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= = = = =

Let the rememberers

file into the pew

but let the forgetters

say the actual Mass

the absence we pray to

will guide us

through this bright world

the silence will save us.

1 April 2010

SOMETIMES THINGS ARE CLEARER THAN THEY ARE

Listen to be.

1.

Sit staring at it till the coffee stain
on the pale wooden table in the trendy café
becomes a map of the only possible world.

Move there with your children
teach them and learn yourself the new language
clean kitchen sink strange newspapers.

2.

Of course it's in the kitchen you feel most abroad
strange cooking utensils peculiar stovetops

coffee pots that make no sense

a bed is a bed almost anywhere but that weird
contraption of wires and sticks to dry your socks
is found only here. And why *are* you here?

3.

Because I listened to the animal inside
all wings and no body but made of eyes

the Greeks called it a butterfly
in Greek of course, maybe it really
means something else. The way I think I do too.

1 April 2010

= = = = =

To begin a new month

even in the civil calendar

where the moon is elsewhere

and do it on Holy Thursday

when he washed the feet of his students

thus welcoming them into his home

forever it might seem

no more to do

than to tell the good news

that there is nothing to do

just treat everyone

as if they lived in your house too.

1 April 2010

Dreyer's *Ordet*.

the power of pose/stance
the face/body in stillness held
thus brought to life.

Rembrandt's figures walk around the room
slowly, trying to understand.

Something waking.

Bringing the dead still images to life.

Film *is* resurrection.

1 April 2010, Boston

= = = = =

Home is that place where we have
never been before.

Home is where we are always
almost arriving.

Home sounds like whom like him like hum
all those are parts of it

home flees before me, hides
in the deepest part of the house.

1 April 2010, Boston

= = = = =

It's not so hard to write a play

you put people in a room

shut the door and listen out loud

it's like taking a glass down to the Sawkill

you fill it from the roily spring flood

then put on the table and watch it settle

things turn clear things bottom out

Semaphore listening and watching, what else is there

and be careful never make them do.

2 April 2010

Boston

= = = = =

Semaphore

says it again

bear a sign

that tells me

who you mean

to be to me

even if you never can

say and I can never

tell who you are.

2 April 2010, Boston

= = = = =

Faces in the morning rain

it is not raining.

2.IV.10, Boston

= = = = =

I am only who I am

it said in me

but why in German

ich bin nur wer ich bin?

who speaks again?

identity always

benefits the other—

my hand trembles

when I write

I must be wrong.

2 April 2010

Boston

= = = = =

The armchair of sudden sorrows

Why can't I get up simple from the sea?

is there something underneath the ocean

something glorious and lethal for us to know

I drowned once and now that all

the beauty of water turns to one mad rush

and you must run faster than your breath

or the pervasive mineral will kill

I sit here and think about all my deaths

as if I had something to say they taught me.

2 April 2010, Boston

(6 April 2010)

= = = = =

The cost of being here

is like a trowel. How?

It licks brick to brick

and sticks together

separate distances of

suchness into what

seems by the end of the wall

to be a single life

a continuity of praise

O holy sun holy food

in my mouth holy mouth

to take it in and speak

I think I am someone

and I'm wrong.

But someone is

I think. Or is that

just the trowel thinking?

3 April 2010, Boston

= = = = =

I have an autistic's sense
of other people's presence
their bodies are all allurements
all defilement

how can they be who they are?
how can they not be me?

why does the touch of their skin
seem like a dream I had but can't remember?

3 April 2010

Boston

(Etudes)

These are studies

maybe even études

we'll see if the nimble

fingers of the brain

can play or not

of if they need the all

forgiving ear to hear

absence into sense.

3 April 2010

Boston

(Etudes)

But for the left hand only
the one that doesn't know

think of a world with no
tones only overtones

a republic of freed shadows
frolicking away from solids

think of an I with no me
that's the tune I mean.

3 April 2010

Boston

(Etudes)

We had words
means we're not
speaking

to each other now
the words we had
we have no more.

3 April 2010

Boston

= = = = =

Things do come home

That is the back

of the Mona Lisa

what her shawl covers

what we don't ever see

blue flowers

growing up the April hill

it's someone's home

the land behind everything

I'd swear the flowers

come from there

I am sentimental that way
like a piece of wood.

3 April 2010

Annandale

= = = = =

Was that just something to say
or was it a word?

3.IV.10

= = = = =

Bird speak, be spring.

The trouble with cities

human hormones in them

distract the Wise

from sylphs and salamanders

This is serious loss

energy spent

on the here and now

is energy wasted

too many knees on too many trains

too many stars and not a single sky

Hence the Wise of old

hang out with sheep

build cathedrals out of cloud

shadows on slow hillsides

reared

after they find

what they were looking for

they speak loud music

and heap mysterious monuments up

so other people find their way

3 April 2010

(Etudes)

This must be my head

since when I close its eyes

I can't see.

The hair on it

must be my hair,

It feels thick and soft,

springy in back and limp in front.

What has it got to do with me?

3 April 2010