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# 117.

The in-season season is all round us  
beasts fall from the sky at the sound of drums

trumpet call C natural never ended  
in running water tinnitus sometimes lessens

he drowned himself to stop the sound  
poor Florestan we hear you in our heads

busy buzzes in rock musicians' ears  
someday all young people will also be old

battered neurons of a stricken culture  
we gave up God long after he left town

always hoping always buying something new  
once Hebrew alphabet parsed the night sky

the letters wrote stars down all we have to do  
read any book at all the answer's there

the secret has been shouted in the street  
we are murderers and sons of murderers

as long as we kill we will never have peace  
and love itself will be all plumbing and diseases.

18 April 2010

## Hg

Dear new friend

how shy your metal is!

Do you fear

as any gold girl should

the corruption of

my fluent mercury?

Quicksilver bonds prompt

with every golden surface

and makes it dully silver—

all chemists have damaged

wedding bands)

And despite the clever

line breaks

darling, this is prose.

18 April 2010

= = = = =

At least the window lets in light  
he groaned, at least the ottoman  
holds up my heels. At least the door  
still opens. No two thermometers  
sing the same tune but the sun  
still warms the fledgling linden leaves.

At least the cup holds the coffee still  
and has a bottom so there's an end to it,  
I can't go on drinking forever, he said,  
at least the mailman loses some along the way  
I can't read every word they send me  
can't buy even one item from the catalogues.

At least I pay my bills, at least they come  
reminding me of heating oil and telephones,

at least new bristles every morning sprout  
on my chin, there's life inside me still,  
something must be going on. At least the dog  
ran away, one less set of legs to take walking,  
at least the car still runs I suppose  
but where would someone like me want to go?

18 April 2010

= = = = =

Catch an ink spot on a white handkerchief  
and call it alien sperm. Pretend  
the cloth is pregnant now. Unfold it  
and press it open to your face, eyes  
closed. Whatever comes to mind is what is born.  
Try to forgive me. Everything happens to you.

18 April 2010



= = = = =

I need you now to speak

there is another chemistry beyond our ken

he said there are mirages on paper

your eye will not soon recover from,

there are messages screwed into cracks

in every brick wall. Find them.

Spend your whole life on this one street.

It's all here. Even the cat. Even the ginkgo tree.

18 April 2010

= = = = =

One waits at the door  
which is only a window  
which is only a mirror  
which is just a piece of wood.

18 April 2010

# 118.

The meaning of this meaning is not what I meant  
any more than a cat walking through the snow

no snow a pale simplicity of space

Christ's only anger was at the money lenders

at the barren tree I gave you voices

and you did not sing

you wax fat on the emaciated poor

he said and we were patient with his bony beauty

we knew the way to be famous and rich

break all the Commandments especially the fifth

at every foot children was waiting to come in

keep them out out in the land of images

let the donkey carry a moon on its back or a man

let a tin whistle have power over the heart

lock the children in the images assigned

bestly homework media set their minds.

19 April 2010

## 119.

Not that I lost the line but the man whispered

by the cellar door I must go down

down there were papers from a former life

for everything that is written down slays the one who writes it

we are all impostors claiming to be  
the ones we were ten minutes back

all the passports are forgeries  
there is no continuity every photo is a lie

but when I opened the little window  
the whole spring came in.

20 April 2010

= = = = =

Call it not plagiarism but alleloism  
taking and speaking the words of the Other  
into own mouth and speaking them out

Every quotation is a kiss  
public or very private  
sneaked behind the dusty velvet curtain

The one that keeps the air out of churches  
or hides the penitent in the confessional  
we build our life upon exquisite sin

20 April 2010

= = = = =

A quotation is a kiss  
those lips as mine  
my breath floats  
the sounds they meant to make  
way back when  
in the days when words were new  
the day before tomorrow  
when the other speaks  
so clearly in anybody's mouth.

20 April 2010

## LITIGANT

Take it to a lawyer  
and leave it there  
with your new  
English topcoat and your old soul.

20 April 2010



= = = = =

## **Strange year.**

All those earthquakes

Haiti Chile Mexico Tibet

those mudslides,

so many thousands died,

volcanoes erupting, Europe

stifled with volcanic ash,

a sky without planes.

And here for the first time in fifty years

the lilac bloomed before the apple blossomed.

20 April 2010

## **IN THE BIBLE**

So many more sons  
than daughters  
more suns than moons  
so many more  
doors than windows.

20.IV.10

= = = = =

The trouble is

I am all these people

or was, I was the poor

putting up with everything

my only comfort was resentment.

20 April 2010

Kingston

= = = = =

I was a bellicose young poet  
then I either got what I wanted  
or else just ran out of steam.  
How can I tell? Envy  
seems to be in a coma, that  
seems a good sign, I look round  
and like what I see.  
Could it be contentment,  
wisdom even, a long slow  
healing of the heart?  
No one ever hurt me  
but some wound heals.  
Or is it old Death  
thinking towards me  
like a girl asleep on the lawn?

21 April 2010

## **BENEFITTING THE SELF AND OTHERS**

Lift the letters off my name  
and make some runes  
with these repopulate the skies  
align the stars at last

With what's left below  
refashion me a man  
without consonants just breath  
and let me breathe on everyone.

21 April 2010