

5-2010

## mayB2010

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= = = = =

love life

softer after

sudden sodden

tasteless

appetite

for more.

2 May 2010

(dreamt)

= = = = =

Touched—that's what the skin is for  
not some bag to hold your heart in

skin *is* your heart the outer and inner all at once  
touch this gently and be inside the citadel

or what do you call it where you keep your you?

2 May 2010

= = = = =

Something bit the Times before I read it  
and the sun too is nibbled by a cloud

we never admit how deeply we belong to weather  
act and suffer through its quiet agency.

Someone's head is a glass ball full of fake snow  
but the women at my knees are made of rain

we have nothing but what the day gives us  
and you never know how long this day is—

for me this is the Hill of Tara ten years  
still counting and a little cloud above

and I try to persuade myself I see the sea  
far off in a future you passed long ago,

who knows this day is and where it's been?

2 May 2010

= = = = =

But you see I'm not sure about it  
this sunlight in the trees. Who knows  
if it comes from our old true sun  
or from some alien visitor who came  
by stealth and silenced our own night  
with lewd imaginary brightness and  
made all our clocks run wrong?  
Who knows when now really is?

2 May 2010

= = = = =

This strange light. Peculiar warmth.  
Maybe it is time to be another place  
around the corner from the world, hide  
before the Organ-grinder's monkey comes  
rattling his fatal tin cup in my face.  
I woke up on the wrong side of me.

2 May 2010

= = = = =

When I look close  
I really like this shirt  
sort of green,  
the weaving thing,  
the work of color  
in the world  
each thread an argument,  
I wear a silent book,  
a manifesto against  
those hate-filled  
white people who stole  
America the Blest.  
Learn love  
for the least.  
My old green shirt,  
I explain, a song  
against slavery,  
to love us all again.

2 May 2010

= = = = =

I spend so much time  
hiding from the music

runaway mind  
sick with thoughts  
unhealed by thinking

sometimes I close  
my eyes and let it.

2 May 2010, Olin



= = = = =

*(hearing Brahms' Op.109 Quintet)*

This terrible permission

I've never heard him

so angry,

a fist raised

against silence

which is all he

ever knew of God.

2 May 2010, Olin

= = = = =

Every tone a scar  
feel that face  
with your fingers

do you recognize  
me now  
the one silenced  
by your clamor?

sip the milk  
leave the water  
take the shape alone  
into your arms  
leave meat behind.

2 May 2010, Olin

= = = = =

Music. Mourn the loss  
of what you never had.

I walk across the Praterstern  
deciding if I deserve the park

or if the thing I meant  
by coming here, on foot,

in sweet autumn rain,  
was long ago unmeant

by time or whoever it is  
leaves us puzzled

in so many doorways,  
no way in but no way out.

2 May 2010, Olin

= = = = =

Inside this room  
they keep the winds.

It has no door  
a chimney and no window

to reach the world outside  
they have to go straight up

as if God alone  
were the road to other people.

2 May 2010, Olin

# 127.

The animals pay taxes too  
nothing is easy inside the lunasphere

we are too far from food  
the bird wakes us who wakes the bird

how much does the wind weigh  
sunlight is asleep behind my eyes

but suppose it is the *body* that is identity  
the face just a screen we more or less control

shall I not read your inmost heart  
by studying your hips he wrote

the wrists says more than writing fingers do  
a drum beat in a handy jungle

be quiet now and let it  
listen in you it said he heard.

2 May 2010

= = = = =

When is the dance  
supposed to begin?  
It's on right now—  
don't you feel it on your skin?

3 May 2010  
(dreamt)

## DOHNÁNYI'S *CANTUS VITÆ*

For once the rain  
does the singing for us  
the rain also has a drum  
the rain wears pretty skirts  
no tree without its bird

Why do we call them blades  
of grass? I know the answer  
I just want to hear you say it.

\*

It is not raining but it has rained.  
It is not language but someone says it.

3 May 2010

= = = = =

This must be the other side of town  
where the bars never close  
and all the stores are bars

the streets are full of drunken folk  
and the trees are full of birds  
and there's a little word on the tip of your tongue

pressing soft against your lips  
to get out into the world  
this little world means anything you want,

just say it, animal, say it.

3 May 2010



= = = = =

Where the leaf was waiting  
a young girl in her window  
looks out at what she knows  
she is bound to become

safe behind now glass  
half mirror half reverie  
how faint her face is  
dissolved in light

*someday I will be  
this whole tree out there  
and let you see me  
and I will call that liberty.*

3 May 2010

## A LEAF

1.

A leaf?

Something a tree

lets go

a message surely

to the one who finds it

and the one she gives it to

the same message?

I think so

the only one a tree knows.

2.

But every, doesn't every

kind of tree

have its own

kind of message?

Doesn't the ordinary

world stick to its guns

and work to keep us feeble

coaxed into ordinary

no ear to cock at random trees?

You can't persuade a tree

of anything, it says

what it has always meant.

2 May 2010

= = = = =

On my own road  
my own meaning

but what it says  
is something else

there is a reason  
for everything

to make you ask  
my hat on your head

teach me Russian  
and don't come back.

3 May 2010

## SNAPSHOT

I saved this picture for you  
because it shows what I am  
but I've slipped it in an envelope  
with several dozen others  
that show what I am not.  
You're the one who gets to decide.

3 May 2010

= = = = =

Where can it have come from  
to be here where the stars fell  
first, gold spattered lawn love  
seekers stumbling in the dark

here I am I am please find me  
for I am lost in youlessness  
they cried but who believes them  
voices in the dark are empty sound

when words don't mean the words.

3 May 2010, Hopson