

3-2010

## marH2010

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**99.**

You belong to me till the moon breaks

and then the alphabet runs out

then you'll belong to the tiny pointy bracts

around the blossom of the reddest rose

tough masters like all small men

rose petals dance in slightest breeze to please him

and so on into the overworked vocabulary

common as squirrels we need a code

no one can break indecipherable monument

stone Calvaries virgins in splintery old black wood

I call it Portuguese you call it noise

an opulent woman sitting on the beach

she may be waiting for the wave to reach her

or for some shadowy personage to find her

how can her thigh be so white in so much sun

god no it is Nora racing through surf at Rockaway

sorry I let a piece of my history in

even if it's true it isn't right

history is a catalogue of wrongs

I can't help my lyric altitudes

some day I just blew away from Bavaria

my umbrella lifted by the wind and I held on

pontifical beauty of 'Western Winde'

anyone can be coming from anywhere to love me.

29 March 2010

## ART IN A TIME OF KOONS

Waded in irony painters stand aloof from their productions, secure in the eternal popularity of kitsch. The same irony shields the hopeful collector who is at once investing in fashionable art and hanging on his wall something colorful that suits his true personal taste. All purchasers are men. Of course. All art strives to be a Burberry scarf, expensive, instantly recognizable, fits any neck, boasts its price. Only the gallerist is safe from irony, deep in the profound sincerity of money.

It can't end like this. Art has had slack periods before, decades at a stretch sometimes. Sing to the brush a new song, coax it erect again, make it do something right.

= = = = =

The line breaks and thought falls through  
now it is India again but the hills are changing  
the awesome confidence of colonists—  
unquestioned right to rule dumb natives  
like Chinese ruling math class in America  
  
the superior man never doubts his superiority  
and never asserts it.

30 March 2010

= = = = =

The wind blows. Last night it knocked  
a tree down. It's still blowing from the north.  
It does not say I am the wind.

We wake in darkness and ask Was that the wind?

but we already know the answer,  
it makes us feel meek but sheltered  
just to say what we think is its name.

30 March 2010

= = = = =

Listen carefully to the other side of rock  
you hear gravel slipping down the walls of a pit

someday all the stone will be at the bottom  
and the music will stop

Music like that can only say  
what has to be said.

It is natural, like gravity and lust and death,  
so you can't learn much from it.

I want the other kind of music  
the music that says nothing  
or nothing that needs to be said



but we desperately need to hear,  
hear or die.

30 March 2010

= = = = =

Who tells me to be small?

Isn't there a violin for that

and a little man in the prompter's

box I carry with me

hoping he'll tell me what to do?

When there is nothing at all to be done,

just sea gulls and wind and UPS vans

and they know their own way around.

Say what you please,

some people never listen.

30 March 2010

= = = = =

Coronal artery sounds good,

like a road around the heart.

If you can find a parking space

drop in and see where feeling's found,

cooked in the liver and packaged here

then sent out to confuse and charm you.

The heart is the distributor

of your wet fate.

Your feelings do you.

Until the day you tame those puppies

they will lead you nowhere fast

as we used to say when people moved.

30 March 2010

= = = = =

Two days of wind and get uneasy  
not scared exactly. It's like the roar  
of the mistral working the house over  
shaking down the trees, the worst  
of it is it sounds like talking  
more than one huge personage  
holding intermittent conversations  
we try hard not to overhear  
since they're probably all about us.

30 March 2010

## IRON

The terror of metal

what fire happens

to it how hard the cold

how can iron go so far

magnet always makes it talk

Iron is a mobster all dolled up

red dinner jacket

girl beside him

always all ready for everything

I see them sitting at the little table

a waitress taking their order even now

and I think: this couple is iron,

an element, God made it  
or however, whoever, it's all round us,  
  
here is iron with us,  
his weak unyielding face  
so quick it ages,  
her waitfulness,  
how pure they are,  
all about wanting and anger,  
determined, soft,  
soon beaten into shape.

The waitress has their number:  
bozo and bimbo but kinda cute.

No wonder witches fear them,  
ignorant and soft and tough,  
no magic gets through their thick heads.

30 March 2010



= = = = =

How can this pen have come  
all the way from Darjeeling  
to write anything but Dharma?

Dharma is what is everywhere,  
the *firm*, what is so, and established to be so,  
and Dharma is the study of what is so

and what to do about it  
so we also can be  
firm somewhere and of use.

30 March 2010

= = = = =

It's raining across the road

it's not raining here

pigs worry about their little house

for the northeast wind

every house is straw.

30.III.10

# 100.

Acting to be law to self a wolf

hurry the woods back to their shades

to fondle Sarah and from such caress

millions be born what would a young man have done

in this republic transparent as a sunbeam

the only tax you pay is story your telling

constantly levied we want your story

what you make up makes you a citizen.

31 March 2010

# 101.

Things tend to fall when no one knows

can we count daybreak as our achievement

we survived the night can we reclaim the stars

some say the moon came from the southern sea

some say the sea reaches up to pull her down

some say the stars have no commerce with the earth

but still those seem to be diamonds round her neck

some say thought moves faster than light

some say that everything stands still

some say that all the roads are only parts of dream

molecular flurry in the sleep of ancient stone

some say the earth is a different kind of blood

some say there are no animals at all

men die in India from the tiger claws of dream.

31 March 2010