

2-2009

febH2009

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "febH2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 521.
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LINDENWOOD

Even if nothing happens
it happens.

It is the Earthly Paradise
yes around me
but I won't admit it
for fear saying so
would vanish it.

Everything is a cloud
endlessly changing.

Everything is a sky.

28 February 2009

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Don't be reasonable
be right.

The way children are
obedient to whatever
comes to thinking
in them, no doubt
no anxiety
but to do. Right
that way and no
other way to be.

28 February 2009

PILGRIM

Hurrying somewhere
you meet it
hurrying to meet you.

This is pilgrimage. This
is the way
desire makes things be,

desire is geography
itself, the shadows
of it are rocks,

rivers, orchards, crows.

28 February 2009

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All this ink
and so much to write
but to get it down
I'd have to move
faster than the sun.

O for the authority
to say it once
and have it done.

28 February 2009

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What an arrow remembers
of the bow that let it go

what a bow remembers
of the hands that tortured it

stretching its sinew
until it screamed its arrow loose

and slept again.

Pour medicine on the knife

to heal the wound.

All the body is remembering.

28 February 2009

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The harp breaks
the fingers.
Soft sounds
slice the mind.
The fierce trumpet
eases.

28.II.09

SONATA

Waiting for the next movement
every sound becomes music.

28.II.09

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But if you waited
something would be there.

It would pretend
at first to be the air.

You'd breathe it in
easy as a tree.

Wait, what kind?
Never mind, a tree

is easy, the mind
is easy, what you

are waiting for
will never come

in any other shape.
It is here already

all around you,
your breath its road.

28 February 2009

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Why are they waiting for me
and who are they?

All these animals in eyeglasses
celebrating out loud

the failure of all human
relationships. Late night TV.

28 February 2009

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Every poem ever written
is too long and too short at once.
You know what I mean.
It would take another lifetime
to explain it.
May the confusion itself
utterly enlighten us!

28 February 2009