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**marE2009**

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## THE PRICE OF BLOOD

changes with the latitude  
the house door breaks  
raspberry canes clustered at the gate  
the thorns of things  
come after you

                                  have you noticed  
the cross-hairs  
that follow you around,  
you are of course the target

all those who otherwise  
are trying to deceive.

The target and the arrow.  
The absurdity  
                                  of running away from it,  
the railroad doesn't run that way  
the whistle reverb through the valley  
long but no way for human  
people to follow that sound—

yes, I have traveled both sides of the river  
and at the same time,  
I have been a sound in your lap and at your back

not enough miracles to go round,  
sometimes my eyes  
and yours are different places—  
the first starlings are back,  
saw one this morning with his yellow beak  
they come back with Daylight Savings Time  
to remind us of the world,

He built this house atop a stone  
foundation with its own old windows  
its low door, it was an old low house  
built against the rock outcrop  
shale of our late glacier  
—this way also to the ice.

Birds of the way  
walk there  
on the sturdy cloud,  
of course it looks like theater—  
you're looking at it,  
any thing you look at comes out play.

8 March 2009

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It looks right  
this flower maybe  
but it doesn't  
say the same thing.  
How can color lie?

8 March 2009

## **NO NATURAL MEASURE OF TIME.**

No standard icicle measuredly melting  
on a standard sunny hillside  
Tuscany. Maybe how many Mani's  
or how many Hail Mary's a standard  
monk counts on his rosary  
with his mind trying relaxedly to pierce  
the final mystery of the god's name  
the empty sky.

No time  
like the present. No time in it  
either. If we hear it  
it's a voice, if not  
a car sliding meekly to the right  
on black ice till it spurns the road  
and falls down the meek ravine  
where all the dead leaves  
wait for it and us, so count  
them one by one  
and when you're finished time is done.

8 March 2009

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Count this too  
the black doorway  
with the red dog in it

this is India  
they worship someone  
inside this door

and you do too.

Remember?

Teeming with particulars

you said, that is the heart  
of old cultures,  
all the lovely gods,

flies on everything.

8 March 2009

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Stop of course and start again,  
I haven't even breathed  
this morning, the light  
was good enough, pouring in  
and out of the new  
blossoming amaryllis on  
the sill though love  
needs no flowers to see  
through though they and we  
are made of the same chemistry  
a trick the colors taught us  
sometimes I think  
the prism is our only friend.

8 March 2009

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But the beginning is always

in someone else's hands?

Or no hands? The snake's mouth?

No snake. No apple.

Eve beside a dead tree

naked as she is.

And still we somehow begin.

8 March 2009



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It lies all the time

it is a man

incapable of lasting truth.

See Proust.

8 March 2009

## UNANIMITY

*(Op.18, No.3, third movement)*

Only is there is one mind  
is there any. Nothing obvious—  
the stroke of the bow  
makes music war.

I think of him now,  
the leper at my elbow  
marketplace India  
mountains of regret.

I have caught  
the disease called life  
and can be only cured  
by living.

8 March 2009

**a charm against Parkinson's**

*for J.G.*

Named for one long dead  
but you are living.  
That's the point. You are the proof.  
The uncertainty principle  
speaks in you.  
you are the tremor,  
the shudder in apparency  
that tells us nothing is fixed

in place forever. You are change  
and you hate it.  
We all do, change  
should stay outside the window  
outside the door.  
And here it is in your hands.  
You are the prophet of the real:  
movement in the dead of mass.

8 March 2009

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Never name a thing.

A name takes power

and never gives it back.

8 March 2009

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When the sky is your hat

take off your hat.

When the earth is your house

walk out the door.

8 March 2009

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You feel something  
strong. At the same  
time you think of a future  
when this feeling will be gone

changed, worn-out,  
forgotten, satisfied—  
but not being felt anymore.  
Does that make

the strength of this feeling  
some kind of lie,  
insincere? I am afraid  
all feelings are insincerities.

8 March 2009

## **Encomium Ignorantiæ**

Hearing music

I am glad for once

to have no vocabulary

to get in the way

of what it means

to feel what I hear.

8 March 2009

## **BARTOK'S SIXTH**

In this music  
there is no street  
from one feeling  
to another.

In time, time abolished  
till's only now.

8 March 2009



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Comes a day to do everything wrong.  
Backwards. The neo-classical calm  
shivers, turns bright blue. *Maximus*  
goes back on the shelf and you  
need to strut the heart-stuff suddenly,  
all balls and angels, sign above your door,  
blessed bad break of being who you are.  
**GOD<sub>B</sub><sup>L</sup>ESS** she spelled it  
spelling us better than before,  
blue ribbon animal, prize self  
alone in its urge. Runs the world!

9 March 2009

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To be high on you.  
Powder like spores  
of ordinary mushrooms  
rainy sky. Evidence  
of calm behind all this  
fuss. A civilized enough  
conversation with some crows.  
Could it be that I'm alive again?  
Another faustian soliloquy  
old woolen cape slung  
behind the door, Slovenia  
army surplus and all the citizens  
of Loveland cherish loose  
capacious voguish raiment.  
Inside which all the evidences  
lurk, ready for love's warcraft.  
I admit some rage against those  
who do not do what I want them  
to but not much. Anger fills  
too much space in the mind  
better fluffed out with grammars  
of foreign languages, art  
history, sheer animal reverie.  
You again, your soft fur in my palm.

9 March 2009

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Or a day to think whatever comes along  
for you to think it. Build a fireplace  
to use what winter left or leaves around—

wings to hold aloft  
patterns in the sky  
to teach the green men  
alphabets,

                    rub cotton on their skin,  
gossypia, there's a problem  
in every world, the feel of skin,  
the feel of cloth against the skin

or clothingless to seek distinction—  
will it be by *bearing* alone  
or noble mien a person must stand out  
among us nudists?

Beautiful body, each wants a different part of you.  
Any is every, as we used to say  
counting heartbeats in a crowded room.  
The drinkers leave the beer untouched—  
a horse is coming through the door  
I hide behind my father's legs

if it were not for fear I might  
be riding it even now, fist in the air,  
every child a condottiere now,  
pudgy thighs all sweaty from the brute.  
If you want to be a poet said Olson  
begin by giving sugarcubes to horses.  
Horsey. Without generosity  
cometh no Parnassus, the muses  
love a generous mind though seldom find,  
for generous means all-begetting too,  
all-conceiving, and all you make  
you give away, promptly, raptly,  
the way a great bird, hawk or harrier,  
from its cliff perch gives itself to the air.

9 March 2009

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But I need you to be my weather  
not enough a note in the mail  
I need your tongue in my ear  
and my tongue in your whatever.

9 March 2009

