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He might be too marry to have one—
elf footprint, a vague clamor
at the door, could love be here?

ah the lies of springtime men
everything has its shadow
not just she, every interruption

of the light defines you more
shape, shift, mass, cheek, nose
and there you are, an eye or two

on a wilderness of flesh
a brain locked in a hard place
your heart a satchel of drumbeat and squelch.

27 March 2009

= = = = =

Down there where desire tends
chrysanthemums round its tombstones
a field of mistakes all the way to the horizon

you yearn to touch it, you need it
but by the time you do
there will be here, and there'll just be two of you.

27 March 2009

= = = = =

It's the trifling in trouble, your names
are what's the matter,
Wal-Mart on your shoulders
at midnight all the money gone
the trouble is we have nothing to *do*

landmark politics shifting money
from enemy to enemy,

Hakim is right

stay home and curse the light

the human game is money
it embraces every other
no way not to play
except to sing as Søren said
don't ask, I will not dance.

2,

Of course their first names
the ones they share with no father,
we used to call them Christian names
i.e., the name by which you were
pulled out from family and made separate,
christened, Christ-like
who said to his relatives I have no

mother, I have no brother,
my people are the ones who
do the will that sent me here,
worldwill wanting me to set you free.

3.

He said, *hos ephat* ' and all the good Christians
(called Jews in those days)
mocked and rebuked him saying
but that's your mother over there, in blue,
and you are the holy infant
snug in the Holy Family
we see you every Christmas
bedded cute in ticklish straw

and he said again I have no mother
I am a name in your mouths a moment
and then something remembered
that steers you through the night.

28 March 2009

= = = = =

Who am I today
a piece of news
just in
then out again.

28.III.09

= = = = =

When the trees lie down at night to sleep
you'll know how long the day has been

the horse you ride will be your mother
and this hillside was a woman too.

Apocatastasis. The revels
rounded on themselves, renew—

a belch of darkness then a glass of sun
and we sing safe again on the other island.

28 March 2009

THE HERB GARDEN

with Harry in it
stealing images for paintings or
not even flowers just the names of them,

or just names of people in the town,
that cute Miss Robles, oak tree,
or Millicent McGowan,
a hundred thousand blacksmiths in a row
rapping wise wordless music
with their hammer mouths

put that on your canvas, bud,
you who would go down at night
and be a flower

and the man gave you a house to do it in,
a window full of sun
a view of Eden far up to the west.

28 March 2009

= = = = =

Don't imitate another woman's laugh—
you may be reborn as her husband.

28.III.09

= = = = =

novembrine March dawn crow and all
a mist breathes through trees and makes
sex weather everything touches
as if we belonged to the earth and were right
at last to be here, children before dim parents wake.

29 March 2009

= = = = =

Less said than done.

A friend wont come.

His needs are far,

he has no car.

But you have near needs.

And a bus goes there,

all you need to do is will

another place to be

think of the bliss a rock

must feel at mere

temperature we'd say this

only change he can count on

night and day

weather talks to him

in him, heat happens

and goes away

the soft apprehension

inside so hard a person

instructs us, Masons,

we are a mystery to solve.

29 March 2009

THINGS VANISH ERE LOOK

“Cover me white
with your red inscription”
so on the wet earth reposed
understanding Self to be a kind of clay
and time’s the potter of?
No need, no clay, no cup,
the cow has left heaven
the farmer releases you from wheat.
“Drink this, do you still love me?
Do you still hurt?”
We live as broken information best,
startlement, blue lines
that grow out of eyes and touch
everything until ‘this visible world’
is a spiderweb of intersections
you actually can see.
This network looks like me,
ready to catch you when you fall,
when you run out of rain
but still have to keep coming down.

29 March 2009

= = = = =

O blessed book that has such people
running from its pages to live around me
their eyes the same eyes I see inside
their trees these trees, blessed
daughters of no difference.

29 March 2009

= = = = =

Walk outside today has a wing to it
World War II came by for breakfast
grey morning no lights on and coffee weak
back then they had Alligator cigarettes
off-brands of wartime – child, this
is not remembering, remembering is what you do
with your hands in your lap, later,
when the sun goes down behind the birch.
This is ordinary war, the milkman gone
into the angry question, this is fuselage
and sour-sweet canteen, water from it
tastes the sun has held it in its mouth
too long, child, I call you though you are large
but you are mine, and all time
belongs to me, of course we hurt each other,
that's the highway's name, a cranky little
two-seater overhead, doomed, the doomed
physicist and his weekend date, the bears
rumbling from hunters and hunters aiming at the moon.

29 March 2009

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Don't let it be marrow,
just mud on my shoe.
Let my bone not be leaving,
let the friends I knew
come out on the dais
to 'sustained and tumultuous applause'
as *Pravda* always used to say,
of course it's the truth, I love you,
I fondle your identities, each one,
with my cold fingers.
There is stops. No safe deposit box
no house on Tenerife. And only one
diamond but right where it counts,
invisible and very hard.

29 March 2009

= = = = =

Worry ill-suits the dead.

Lineman, string me a pole or two

across my property

let it carry only the shortest message

nothing wordy like the rain

just the two or three syllables

anybody needs to go on living.

But I forget. We move among the dead—

they need more syllables by far,

like old Odysseus snowing the words down

as Homer noted, makes us wonder

was snow more common then

than it is now among the dead.

But I forget. We who move about

uneasy with our fate are the living.

We know all about snow and words

have put up with sermons and syphilis

and still stomp along sort of happy

from one cup of coffee to the next.

Or what are you having, stranger?

29 March 2009

ALPENHORN

From one mountain
to another
a grunt of love.
Hear me, I am a body
just like you.
Our personalities
are trivial, our poor
preferrings more so.
What turns us on
is presence, presence
here, my mouth
in your ear.

29 March 2009

= = = = =

What I want to be
when I grow up—
tree-colored deer
vanishing among
deer-colored trees.

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30 March 2009

FROM NOAH'S ARK

Let the aardvark lead them off
and I'll ride the zebra
keeping all the souls in line,
every feather and stripe in place,
fangs gleaming, fins overhead.
Because the sea is gone now—
there was no mountain. The whole
earth was Ararat
(*ha-aretz*, in other words)
and fish still could fly
and no one drank.

In those days we lived on light.
Then the sea came back—
not with a movie roar but subtly,
softly, seeping under the door.
And one morning it was there.
The fish never came back to my hands,
the birds still don't know what to make of it,
you hear the lost mainland in every sea gull's cry.

How lost everything is. The animals
make other animals, we try to copy them
but don't know how. Our children
are nothing like us, nothing at all.

Each of us stares into every other face
asking silently Are you my father?
What is my business in this place?
We inherit nothing we understand.

Poor Darwin tried to set our minds at rest
with affable Victorian hopefulness
that we too were natural, would breed true
and accurate and decent as finches.
Sometimes I wish it could be so.
But something else is always coming in,
some dark information. A rapture.
An alien dictionary lets a new word fall.

30 March 2009

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He was one of those whose
native country is Utopia.
Hence always was a stranger here,
an irritating know-it-all, pathetic,
a weeping Socrates.

30 March 2009