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Something also caring.

Clock.

Midwinter any season  
sound.

Means bell.

Sometimes the clapper  
stays still the bell swings.

The arrangement of steeples in a town  
chain the air.

Hudson for instance, the needles  
by which Christians get the sky's attention—

this also is meaning.

Rain in the night. Somebody's name.

10 April 2009

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The horse in the saloon  
and other sonnets. Other  
childhoods, baptism,  
salt on the tongue to tell  
what we remember  
is not memories, memories  
are birds in a sky of their own.  
Remembering is a kind of violence  
remembering is a gun. A bird  
falls blue to the streamside  
where you sit naked on a rock.  
You heard nothing. No one  
is guilty. The moral universe  
minnows quick around your feet.

10 April 2009

Olin

= = = = =

The taste of cheese  
has never changed, cheddar  
cut from the wheel at the A&P  
still in 1941. The taste  
has never changed. The way  
cheese tastes changes all the time,  
the color changes but colors  
do not change. What I know  
is less than I know, more  
that I remember learning.  
What I remember is more  
than my memories. The taste  
of remembering never changes,  
the memories always do.

10 April 2009

Olin

= = = = =

Something's capable of remembering  
any number of things far from my mind  
but somehow accessible from my bones,  
call it that, who does know what's in a bone,  
I hardly know what's in my hand, and that  
too has to keep remembering what's in it  
or else it falls. Whatever it is falls.

Lost, but presumably will also be  
in some manner remembered. Someone  
pretending to be me will ask himself  
or some other, What ever happened to  
that cup I was carrying when I came  
just now into the room, I just filled it,  
what have I done with all my fresh coffee?

11 April 2009

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But every blessing is a book  
it takes a while to read,  
and unlike a painting say  
it makes you do it

turn the pages of the days  
to get to what it meant  
the quick glint of sunlight  
off the percolator

you carry with you ever after  
as one of the kindest  
definitions of light. Light  
is a blessing, a gleam

you have to open carefully  
in sequence or a random  
browse but always, years  
later, come back to that

moment when the seen speaks.

11 April 2009

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and when days later he decides  
or it is decided that he ascends  
we all have to stand there on the road  
gawping up in the meek spring morning  
into which he is vanishing,  
a man in the sky, or else we look down  
at the snake skin on the rock  
beside the road, the rough rock,  
and again it is the woman who knows  
the samenesses and the differences  
the differences she drinks like wine

11 April 2009

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Maybe there is some time  
between the stone and the telling  
when the cave mouth opens  
and says "Light."

Was there light before the sun  
swallowed it and held it captive  
and lets it out now and then?  
Was there life before death  
took it away and stored it  
in the tomb? Was a door  
the first of all things in the world,  
a door before a wall, before earth,  
before inside and outside,  
a door before all?

He said "I am the door"  
and they shut him in the earth.  
I am the door, he said,  
and walked through himself,  
they found an empty tomb  
and ever after that is the sign of him,  
  
you walk in, you find an empty room.

11 April 2009



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And when the balcony wakes up  
the movie's over  
hard to get up out of the old seats  
the smell of sleep is everywhere  
the body's still asleep, you move it  
outside where the air seems dead,  
used up, the long walk home  
through empty streets carrying  
some images broken off from what you saw.

My religion is a long empty street  
between dark houses, some of them have hedges  
with flowers, too dark for colors,  
my religion is an empty street  
I bring the glad tidings  
of stuff left in my mind from what I've seen  
and wanted, the hard sidewalk, my clattering  
footsteps, they hear my steps in their dreams  
they count them, they try to follow,  
they think I'm leading them to their  
desires too. Arise and follow me,  
you too can possess my beautiful empty road.

11 April 2009

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There are too many far  
to be tomorrow, Lord,  
you are the different one,

you went away  
like all the others  
but you left your voice

installed in mine  
my only comfort  
left to speak.

12 April 2009

Easter

= = = = =

Opulent doorway  
your blonde wood  
deceives the bird in me

Trapped in grammar  
the traveler  
forgets to speak

Say what's on your mind  
blood and beating  
a membrane called the world

What is on the other side?

12 April 2009

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It is hard to be  
a vegetarian  
but harder still  
the horror of  
eating meat  
like you and me.

12.IV.09

= = = = =

Meat marries us

what can I say

we are made of it

but something more?

the something more

makes me say

inside my meat

your meat is safe

my animal my husband my wife.

12 April 2009

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But is there virtue in us  
or sword or rope?  
How can we hope  
for mercy when we don't?

12.IV.09

## **POET**

Fat star thin star  
their sky's the same

looking up at all  
I understand

I think I am the cloud  
between you and what I see.

12 April 2009

## **EASTER**

Call from the wood  
of the water tower  
on the warehouse roof,  
Manhattan muezzin,  
He is risen  
into the Christian air  
all the religions fade away  
the way words do in distances  
leaving only the overtones of holiness  
a far hum, then none,  
only the light of day.

Be enough! he cries  
out to what he sees,  
the day is bright on you, be enough!

12 April 2009



= = = = =

Crawling inward  
towards the red one  
pick a tune

long enough to hold  
the ship to the sea  
and the sea to the spin

of this globe you're taught  
to believe in  
by all the lying sciences

that tell the truth  
but what does truth help you  
know what you feel?

Start with that.  
Be a malady of feeling.  
Study being in what you're in.

Study forgetting what you forget.

12 April 2009

## **RULE ONE**

Nothing could ever  
have been different  
from the way it is.  
There is no past.

There is no second rule.

12.IV.09

= = = = =

Look out the window.

Ask for a second opinion.

Then decide: Do nothing.

The question comes  
after the answer. Yes,  
there are blue flowers

all over the lawn,  
you are the man  
who lives in the house

where every April lawn  
is littered with these blue flowers  
little ones, sky blue or darker

sheltered among grass halms,  
you live here, you must  
have seen this many a time.

12 April 2009

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The only news is in the ads  
pretty people buying things to buy  
and the Caribbean still looks blue

this planet of commodity  
salivates Sunday morning.  
If I were food I would eat me.

12 April 2009

= = = = =

How to resist what's happening  
is to happen it.

Ablative of Attendant Circumstance  
they called it in Latin class.

Just be like that.

The subject of any decent sentence  
is only along for the ride.

12 April 2009