

3-2008

## marA2008

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Telling stories everyone's asleep  
is politics. Waking  
in serpentland to hear these dreams  
that pass with us for action.  
Deed after desire it sleeps.  
Stockade. A stiff  
climb into a cloud rock. Snow no.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

A chair for a counselor  
a chain. For one another  
with good noises cheers—

“Of course I’m not just saying that to make you feel better, you only get in touch  
with me when you’re depressed”

now have to write a whole dumb play  
to fit that in it.

Too much religion. Not enough money.

1 March 2008

## ODE FOR SAINT DAVID'S DAY

Moss on a rock by the sea  
and yellow lichen up the shore.  
To know the names of even  
the least of things  
is the business of a king.

A king should be naught  
but a book with a sword,  
a cock with a clarion,  
a name you can't forget  
even when you're fast asleep.

Remember me, you cry,  
and he comes back as a bishop,  
comes back as a beast, children  
are dancing in the air,  
their feet can't reach the street

it is the month the colors  
start to come back home  
but still the only green to see's  
in your lady's eyes  
as she wakes and looks about her

almost willing to forgive the snow.

1 March 2008

= = = = =

But who is that  
waving at us from the sun  
so glad, like a plane  
in a war movie  
limping home  
to one more island?

Who is that  
waving from the merest word  
with a real hand  
you almost feel  
but never,

and who is never?

1 March 2008

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Something you never said before—  
I want what everybody wants  
a candle burning under water.

1 March 2008

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## CROSSOVER NETWORK

I is a descendant  
of a thousand me's.

All of them end  
begin in me.

1 March 2008

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The ring is not round.  
The blue  
has another color on its mind.

1 March 2008



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Name the day  
it goes away

Name the light  
comes night

What I swallowed  
follows me

speaking  
squeaking

the tortured people  
that we eat.

Breakfast  
a terrible disease.

Fatal.  
Try not to tell.

2 March 2008

= = = = =

Contractual remorse. The sighting  
as of a blue hour. Or a string  
overturn, as of a dumpster  
skyward hoicked and the gods  
up there delighting in our waste.  
Excess! Excess is art! No,  
Ruskin counters from the permanent  
purgatory where we are trained to live,  
Art is excess! It is glad, he sobbed, glad.

2 March 2008  
Amtrak

## ETYMOLOGIES

Eiders. And a bald eagle  
swooping low over the North River.  
Named for where it leads,  
like the Boston Post Road  
or the thing called *man*, an animal  
on its way to *mind*.

2 March 2008  
Amtrak

= = = = =

Is it a disgrace  
to write a beautiful poem  
with a lousy ballpoint pen?  
Maybe not. Or maybe  
I've grown used to sacrilege  
kissing as I do your  
wondermouth with these dry lips.

2 March 2008, Amtrak

## RIVERDALE

Enlist in this.  
Cliffs there. No snow here.

While I was reading  
we crossed some line.  
Goodbye winter.  
Carolina Wren.

Quick cars  
Sunday rare  
catch sun over there  
along the Palisades.

2 March 2008, Amtrak

**GWB**

Dear Rebecca I see the Bridge  
I think of you. The train pauses  
entering my home town  
to give me a good look  
at what I lost. You too.  
*Pale sky that once was blue*  
I quote from some song  
that is not written yet.  
Maybe you'll be the one  
to get it done, sing it,  
*Surrey early April rain.*  
The intercity express  
waits for the commuter  
local. Courtesy,  
rules of the road. A red nun  
in midchannel. Red right return.  
Our home is everywhere. Is gone.

2 March 2008, Amtrak

= = = = =

Leafless underbrush  
glistens is not wet.  
What are we doing  
against idleness?  
The train creeps ahead.  
A carnation in  
no one's buttonhole.  
The old days fold back  
like a lapel, still fresh  
inside the crease.  
Like dreams, not  
nightmares not sweet  
dreams. Just yours.  
Look at yourself  
some time. You are  
everything you lost.

2 March 2008  
Amtrak

= = = = =

Last light mauve and a star  
in it a bridge  
beneath it. A zee.  
I suppose it means a lake  
in the river a light in the sky.

Little tunes no one whistles.  
Lovely people of another time  
so much is gone we  
can hardly see what's left.  
What we call now is pure congestion.

2 March 2008,  
Amtrak



**Talking to the star.**

The god you guess  
is worth the little candle. Ruby,  
There is a church you carry with you—

this is not clever, it is granite  
or that mica schist Manhattan's made on  
we saw glitter in the railroad cutting  
yesterday no rain. Sparkle. It bears its light  
in the place they use to call 'within'—  
we've lost the word and the place it meant,  
we don't go there anymore,

there is a rock  
things stand on  
and the rock stands on the sky.

Because what we call 'standing' is a nervous walk.  
Lesson 9: Vocabulary. Honey. Asbestos.  
Pilgrim wheat. Metamorphic rock. Impatience  
is a flower. Exercise 3: Tell your mother  
she has kept you waiting too long. The little  
boy is sick. (Remember, there is only one gender.)  
The church is tall. The people listen to someone.  
The stone weeps. The railroad station  
is closed for the night but the train stops.  
Waits a few minutes. Nothing happens. Goes.

3 March 2008

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But I was trying to reach you  
why don't you listen  
write it on the tablecloth  
what does the busboy care  
write it in pencil I'll call you tomorrow  
on the lawn of the country place  
wild turkeys hobble on old snow  
you never answer  
you just want me to keep calling  
to show that I care I care  
plenty but there's room in the sky  
for all kinds of birds  
that's the point isn't it  
you don't have much to say to me  
old routines rehearsed anew  
love affairs are mostly shtick  
you're not even trying to listen.

4 March 2008

## DELPHIKA

It was from before.  
It was from because.  
It serenade. Or surd.  
Redflower's window.  
Each to leap cliff  
under it runs fast  
Pactolus fetch home  
golden sand.

        Slim  
shadow cast.  
And you were Lydia.  
Time passed, the sludge  
of music, empire  
impacted in cloaca,  
a city stifles  
itself in the mirror,  
mother. The andante  
eventually ends. East  
of Providence west  
of the sea there is  
a little Chinese vase  
that waits for me  
full of moonbeam sperm  
everything rains down.  
Peace, peace under  
Herne's Oak midnight  
be there instead of me  
call out any name  
you please, minuet.  
If just one whole  
day I could be quiet  
it would suddenly speak.

4 March 2008

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Once they made music to dance to  
or pray with.  
Once they made music to march to  
or make love to.  
Now they make music to write about.  
O so brief that little patch of time's  
skin (maybe 1770 to 1930)  
when music was to listen.

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Call it sturdy rain or rather  
the other side of rain which is  
whatever you tell me

an angel fits inside an ear  
All night heavy rain into our snow  
and snow not changed at morning

no, brittle causes, flabby effects,  
the minister for weariness  
gives a press conference every evening:

I am the newspaper. I am obsolete.

5 March 2008