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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Finally they open up  
as if the old wall  
had finally fall'n  
or the tunnel spilled  
out into Jersey and

there was more to your  
being than just going, more  
to staying than just being there—

the light held you.  
And I was like that too,  
all claim and needy,  
and then I was the stone in your hand  
and Abel was dead.

13 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

I thought of you  
and you wouldn't let me

a thought can pierce  
can populate your dream space

with strange characters  
all of whom begin by being me

but after a while who can say  
who they become?

13 April 2008  
Olin

## BRENNER PASS

the fast  
Adige runs  
beside the rail  
and the flowers  
of September  
are few up here  
some blue ones still  
gentians I guess  
along the ice-cold rapids

or is it some other color  
I see as blue?  
My ready eyes  
dismember landscape.

13 April 2008, Olin

(KREUTZER SONATA)

Or candle. The flame  
littled by wind  
recurs. Avers. Lights  
and then lets dim.  
This one thing a dance  
for fire and air,  
two and not-two.  
Just as you and me  
means really me  
when I assert. A word  
avers the unnamed speaker  
of. So much for love.

13 April 2008  
Olin

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Could it be as Tolstoy thought  
a murderer's chaconne?

*Veränderungen* – variations  
changing down  
a little theme  
from God knows where.

Or somewhere on the Baltic strand  
a girl singing to her geese.

13 April 2008

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Out of sunlight  
a pattern falls.

Don't call it shadow,  
it knows more.  
It answers,  
it stays still when you move.

And one day you can leave it behind,  
a mark,  
as if it were something you  
and only you had said.

Because you too fell out of the sun.

13 April 2008

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I don't know what those buildings are now  
but when I was growing up they were temples.  
Splay-foot cattle shambled in and out  
and priests welded crucifixes to every passing stone  
until the shadow stood, high as a hotel,  
green copper rooves all vinegar and wind,  
it made my heart beat when I passed it by  
quick along the little avenue, scary amplitude,  
a building so big and then another bigger,  
columns and shadowy inside. size is the loudest  
word of all, I listened and was afraid.  
I don't know what a house is for. I hurry  
towards some emptiness to be at home.

14 April 2008  
first day of flu

[on the photo in the NYT of Cathedral highschool next to the Masonic Temple]



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## As if waterproof the words

1.

new alphabets, o bird  
o cloud in constant subtle motion  
St Francis hold the weather  
St Antony hold the Christ Child  
or a little pig is at his ankle or  
St Francis is the same as Milarepa  
how many letters in your alphabet  
let me lick them one by one  
and where do you keep the sign  
that makes them soft, a znak  
between friends, a gold star  
in God's window? His son too  
died in this war.

2.

When I was young there were more letters  
and some nights the sky had two moons  
like a couple in the endgame of a tango  
and so much light I could read the paper  
The Daily Mirror wrapped around the fish,  
flake Uncle Joe caught at Broad Channel

and my alphabet could hold a girl's hand  
and when darkness came unzip us both  
beyond the oleander. Scarlet flowers later.  
The time I tell was only lilac, sumac green,  
new born spruce. All my pretty letters.

3.

They all gave light. What's the good  
of writing with them? They're *already*  
written, clear as stars in the December sky  
over Gerritsen Beach. A letter  
has said it all already, can't you read?

4.

One afternoon a Navy zeppelin  
came by Floyd Bennett Field  
and the clouds bowed down  
before it. My lord. My god.  
That you can do it and say it  
both, that gives me hope.  
Come home and let me  
map my arms around your latitude,  
squeeze the empty till its full of you,  
it works like a vacuum only opposite,  
a mouth running somehow on light alone.

15 April 2008

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People who die  
a few years before you're born  
belong to you.

There is a special way of this,  
the decade when the world  
is getting ready for you

certain personages are set free.  
To be you.  
Or to be vital in you,

they represent the outer edge  
of the crater of your birth.  
Cup. Grail.

Explore them – they lead  
as every rim does  
around and around you

until you call to the center  
of yourself. By nature  
we belong to each other.

16 April 2008

[And those who die between your birth and puberty—they are special angels, you are born to hear their message in the cradle, growing stronger as you grow. (For me: Yeats, Freud, Joyce, Richard Strauss.)]

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Nothing gives the right to be dead.

1.

Swift exclusions  
from the actionary sphere—  
and cobalt sneering from the rock  
its blue persuasion,

let me linger, let me be  
the poison in your lips  
so that we ecstasize together  
not too far, always come back,

mushroom or man on a stake or a priest  
who am I who knows where this road goes?

2.

The birds do. That's why they fly.  
Great sweeping straight lines  
but not the one you're on.  
You own this road.  
The distances wait for you.  
Over there. Hidden deep inside your shoes.

16 April 2008

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The beard.

No way through it.

You will die of it.

16 IV 08

MAGDALEN

I was waiting she said,  
wanting my sheeny god  
to come out of his stone  
and make me warm  
again it is so cold  
down there among the languages  
mud mind wedge  
cuneiform, runes  
notched along my stick.

16 April 2008

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Or could even have ironed out  
the affair and no one the wiser  
but the ball kept bouncing on the fountain plume  
and children will scream so, their slightest hint  
a bellow down below. For afternoon or so  
we were above all that, the mezzanine of the bourgeoisie  
has nice settees, strolling players  
charm us with indecipherable mime,  
a terrace invariably reaches the sea. Iced tea.  
Patience was our only virtue, Adam,  
why did we name our sons Empty and Stiff,  
like Cape Cod brahmin nicknames,  
Duff, Gupp, Pud, Jib, Socks.  
Were we trying to be rich before there was even money?  
I wouldn't put it past a pair like us,  
*The Economic Products of the Eden Protectorate*  
in five volumes, each fat as a wombat.  
What good is wheat you can't even smoke it.

16 April 2008

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I should have changed genders years ago  
but the gender I intended  
has still not been mapped out or even named  
let alone claimed for My Majesty the Me.

It is maybe time for me to stop pretending  
I am anything but an ordinary man. I would  
if I could figure what that identity—  
or is it function?— is that I've been fleeing

all my life. It has something to do with babies,  
alcohol, balls sent scurrying over grass.  
I don't feel good about myself because  
it is a self. It makes money and never thinks.

17 April 2008



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Another altar  
no fire on it

Wire leads cotton  
dove down on

Children see it  
as they see everything

a miracle rehearsed  
a genuine mutation of the real

What I remember  
is the only war I was

Read books  
I need your lies

to save me  
from my own.

17 April 2008

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I wake up as an impostor  
but not even the same one,  
not the usual clamorous me  
full of idea –or something—  
but this dull dumb quiet  
headed man who holds  
his head up with his hand  
and keeps his eyes closed  
till nothing comes.

17 April 2008

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Lords of the hyphen  
who marry everything.

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Death.  
Anything you say about death  
is always interesting.

17 April 2008

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An idea could come  
from the wings of a wounded bird

an idea could be a piece of rotting meat  
inside it when the life is gone

Anything could think us.

Anything can save us.

17 April 2008

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All that gateway gone  
and here we are a wall  
among scientists, glass  
walls are best, remind you  
of their impermanence.  
The outside will always be there.  
That is what Love is about.

17 April 2008