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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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The heart is a stone,  
eventually cracks

But till then  
build your church on me.

18 April 2008

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Gulps of mind gasped out  
no word makes sense  
have to sleep on it to see.

18.IV.08

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Could less care cark  
core? Corncrake call?  
My sky is full of words,  
a skull, words stalk  
my woods. Fingers  
close on words. Kingdom  
of Wessex. Another hour.  
Another queen. The meaning  
is woman. Meaning is woman.  
*Gyne, kona*, queen  
is all it means, remember.  
Queen was every woman once it means.  
Words are doors not windows,  
break the locks. Let all  
the animals of meaning loose.  
Let every word go. A hillside  
in spring still brown from fall.  
Down here a daffodil dares  
among the blue-eyed grass.  
Squill me the name I somber member.

18 April 2008

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A week away the water watches.  
Dragons couch nearby the clefts—  
my repression only bends so far  
and then amazement comes.  
a hum as of a puzzled audience  
fearful they will never see again  
the pretty blonde in shiny tights  
who stepped into the magician's  
cabinet with the magician  
and nothing happens but music.  
What does the violist know?  
Why is the stage itself slumbering,  
tilting backward, why am I out  
on the street again alone, carrying  
my whole forest with me?

18 April 2008

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But there was something.  
An ideal. Or long shot  
you can feel coming through all  
the messy plotlines of your life  
you make. I speak to myself,  
have somewhat the right, to say,  
what comes to mind, what comes  
to mind is mostly what has gone  
from somewhere else, the broken  
fireplace, bottles full of fire,  
water spilled on the moon  
from nowhere, serene and limpid  
sky explaining that the business  
is finished now. Something is done.

18 April 2008

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Or the word that spun me round  
decisive if an afterbreath a mint  
meant for an almost leman old  
anguish changes its vowels often  
pronunciation holds a gun  
to someone's head a metaphor  
explodes and children sob.  
But the mother dry-eyed stands.

19 April 2008

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If one day  
I studied the ground  
and saw the shadow of a bird  
pass over what I saw  
would that be enough?

19 April 2008



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**Write down  
what has to be said**  
it said, then my head  
was spinning,  
the ceiling tiles swept  
past me, I could see  
nothing but being  
not able to see.  
This must be  
what it meant  
me to do with what I heard.

19 April 2008

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Everything suppositious.  
Especially desire.  
Suppose actually  
got what  
you wanted  
what then?  
The leaves still must,  
and all the trees  
and nothing changes  
but what changes.

19 April 2008

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I wish it were very early  
always in the morning  
and the day still keen for me  
any time of hour

as a horse could be for its rider  
or a wife for her son  
come back from the Indies after all  
light just now come over the hill.

20 April 2008

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Deep nostalgia for a time of light  
that's gone today but comes tomorrow

but is never here, never rests,  
fades into brightness as I watch

yearning for the minerval lucency  
of something fresh just beginning.

20 April 2008

## DAFFODILS

Daffodils. At last today all over.  
Why are we paced through our year  
by such miraculous inventions,  
that every year the gods create a yellow  
thing and every year we know to call it  
daffodil, as if any flower ever happened  
before, or any thing at all existed  
before now, or as if those hyacinths  
that were like Achilles' hair  
had really blossomed somewhere else  
chalk blue and black in shadow  
looking out on an unfriendly sea.

20 April 2008

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When all else fails make a list.  
I am sick and almost over it:  
*convalescens*. Charlotte  
is very sick from me, where I  
was three days ago now she.

The last time I sat out here  
the blue flowers of the squills  
were profuse over the whole little hill,  
now the grass is up around them,  
hiding their eyes.

Two mourning doves are playing.  
The last time I sat here  
there wasn't a leaf on the trees  
now some are showing  
that breathless virginity of green.

And next door are magnolias.  
A wasp working to get in a window.  
There is a man too who thinks  
his way through glass. The blue  
squills are like little flakes of sky

so much is lost, more like a limit  
to sight than something seen.  
Can't focus on it. Blue  
is at the middle of the eye.  
Reminds me of all the lies I've told.

20 April 2008

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As if a ferret in everyone's pocket  
or sunshine easy, could you remember?

Oafs and freshets and a few guitars  
broke by the waterfall, graffiti limestone

anyone you can, amaze me, holy  
inquisitors, ask me what I really mean

what my kind of people actually believe—  
don't ask me jive, don't ask me theory, ask:

who is your god and where does he elive  
and in what stone do you hide her when you walk

here and there over the weary planet  
and how do you recognize her when you come home?

The *gleam*: we know her by the gleam.  
Work backward from the gleam and find her yourselves.

21 April 2008

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It is not that the slim trees  
sway in the breeze. The trees  
breathe. They appear to move  
the way we speak.  
Something on their minds.

21 April 2008



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I tried to be close, it could  
but I couldn't. Lilacs  
any minute but not me.  
At the top of a twig  
a drop like dew

but no rain. Earth  
has a humor of its own.

21 April 2008

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A part like glass. A part like water.  
The love poem is a broken boat  
half-sunk in pondweed, the love poem  
is a swinging fence gate with no lock.  
A drawer full of wedding rings and no wife.

21 April 2008

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A dragon or a loop  
of air that talks  
a house inside out.

Great Wind.  
Give each child a rock:  
eat this.

Let each study  
the texture, the marks.  
See if they are marks.

A sign  
is something you can read.  
Can't eat a rock.

A sign is more like bread.  
Give each child a sign,  
break the rock

now which hand  
holds what sign?  
Do you go right or left?

Listen, the crow  
will tell you.  
Give each child

the shadow of a crow  
and the call,  
caw, voice of a shadow.

Each word you hear  
deserves you.  
There is an animal,

chubby, low to the ground,  
color of dust, gentle.  
It waits in every shadow.

Give each child the sun,  
dare them to pluck it from the sky.  
A few dare, but can't.

The animal settles down  
and waits by the wall  
of the garage. The sun

is all over the lawn  
out there. I am wearing  
a shirt the color of how things were

a thousand years ago, rust  
along the edges of the mind,  
the colors of time.

Ashen pallor. Animal  
maybe asleep now.  
Give each child a bed of its own,

give each bed a pillow,  
each pillow a slim book with pictures in it  
give each picture a lot of words

otherwise the child will never sleep,  
never know what the picture shows.  
Will never dream the truth.

Without words, a picture  
is only a picture of itself.  
Give each child a self.

a self is a sleek animal  
like a seal but smaller  
it swims in the dark water

under everybody's footsteps,  
we all walk on water,  
nothing firm down there

nothing to hold,  
an animal is always running away.  
Give each child a way of letting go.

22 April 2008

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If you look close  
but loose  
you get to see  
the structure of the sky.

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