

5-2008

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Let it be an iron lad  
you listen to a clay-made daughter  
clinging to the natural

what is that  
a harmless leaf  
even a seed is full of thunder

think you a seed thinks you  
to think there is no punctuation  
only a stone inside something

keeps coming up in this Taghkanic soil  
a fall of arms a meek of serpentude  
and there's a new boss in the feckless windows

dark dark the alphabets  
you cannot swing to sing  
the symmetry of ignorance

largest of all your designs  
it all means naught and in the same way  
stockyard feet and tender avenues

wake your mother it is the dawn

demon with a checkered flag  
flapped wildly to mock all staying still

till a new Downcomer nailed on the cross  
speaks a word you dare to hear  
and you are the lord he claims abandoned Him

but you are the fool kneeling at His feet  
and both are true as long as you are you,  
your acts of worship prove you miss the point

singing somewhere else secure and fierce  
bright as wet fur on the dusty mind  
God a rat runs through you and you don't know

you worry about the sheep and kill the sky.  
It's dumb when it makes sense,  
you either smile or walk away no sense in that

you'll never be able to fractal your way out  
the spindrift cosines spatter up your knees  
like a girl running through the April rain

you never saw you always wanted to  
– Welsh willing and wombacious –  
laconic lucencies a-flood your mind

speaking in the hex to Waterloo  
like a battlefield the famous ravens  
reside exclusively among the dead

the weather will not wear its crown  
the Isis mother steps across the sea  
every morning to me not just roses

asses and fire escapes and girders my God  
my God he cried there is a city  
where it happens all the time

long as a breath short as a photograph  
nothing watches are you waiting  
roll over till it hurts but it makes sense

sense is not what you're after am I  
every story optioned to the bank  
o tell again the terrace of Lausanne

o mark the bidden weeping in the croft  
a thing once made won't unlet itself  
so your self slips out for supper

shopping is the answer to consumption  
look long and buy short and lick the glass  
and sing until they lock you up

*Somebody likes everything* the rule of life

there is nothing that does not speak  
great Anarch shredding copyright

blue book blows open on the tabletop  
and a swan just flies out of it and gone  
leaving a blank sign that loves you too.

5 May 2008

## PIECES DE CLAVECIN

It was or there was or it is  
something too like a beginning  
to leave untouched.  
Rameau, for example  
but not sure example of what—  
Angel at the keyboard  
for instance as an instance  
of time succumbing to knuckles—  
we too are thugs of the spirit,  
hoist old parties from their sepulchres  
and make them sing. No age  
before this one heard so much  
what someone hummed before.

At that point the music began,  
chords broken over the jolly strings  
all in the middle of the soundboard,  
nothing shrill, nothing down there  
with the dead men, no angels either,  
this is Resurrection Tuesday, mother,  
meet everybody in the doorway,  
all of Paris will be there. I mean right here,  
you can be unhappy anywhere—  
o genius of our human genus  
to run on discontent and envy

the way cows run on grass,

but even pain is intermittent  
'chronic' they say meaning  
belonging to time or time belongs  
to it, over and over, tomorrow  
but seldom now, for example,  
example of what for instance,  
instance of what, just a figure  
of speech but no one's speaking

a woman at a keyboard's all I see  
pale at the organ portative  
in some Netherlandish painting  
maybe, what we call a pretty  
person with her fingers on your spine

for instance and the colors of it were  
prism and autumn leaves and daffodil  
imagine a pale yellow e minor chord  
shimmering into sixteenth notes  
across a green piano – you saw this?  
I saw nothing, I heard the color

in my hands, in skin, in flesh—  
where else could color live?

6 May 2008

SENT TO PATRICIA NO FOR HER MAGAZINE



## COUNSEL IN EXTENSION

1.

Always have someone else paint your face, never do it yourself.  
When someone else does it, you get to see who you also are.

2.

Never wear blue jeans. They are the mineral world trying to leach out your animal soul. They are the 666 inverted, the mark of the global economy beast wrapped round your sacred parts.

3.

Streetlights on lampposts are sacred to you. You dance around them, you climb to the sky on them. They are prime transgressors, hence sacred. They violate the darkness that is their sole apparent reason for being.

4.

Keep out of direct sunlight except when en/chanting.

5.

Never step on a book or put any writing on the floor.

6.

Always wear a mask of some kind, however lean.

7.

Every faintly concave thing is a chalice. Every faintly convex thing is a knife. A hill. A mill.

6 May 2008

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Let moon talk

or tell the other pronouns  
you've been listening.

Dark commerce, skin road.  
a waterbird ascends.

Paltry miracles abound.  
What they used to call grace.

Her heart attack.  
His head mere ache.

6 May 2008

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A day warm enough to be itself.  
The milk in the cat's bowl  
is famous. The cat is forgotten.

Perils of art. What  
color was the cat? Bataille.  
Godard. Do we even see.

The fetish always out of reach.  
The fetish is reach. Weary  
disgusted face of a man

who's gotten what he wants.

7 May 2008

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You're not my kind of my kind  
so it's OK if we know  
each other the way the wind  
knows a sheet of newspaper  
or a bus ticket to Fort Wayne

and leaves it where it needs to be  
according to the secret order of the world.  
You be the wind. Then later  
you be the leaf. Cold spring,  
sun with its heart in its mouth.

What did the newspaper say anyway?  
You be the news, the new war,  
the broken reputation, I'll be the reader,  
I let the paper fall. You be the wind  
again and blow me away  
trembling like a leaf. It's OK  
if we know and let go and never take hold.

The sacred asymptotic (approaching,  
never touching) relationship  
is shaped like the wings of the Holy Ghost.  
We fly now away, being holy but with whom?

7 May 2008

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*(for Fire Exit somewhere, an epigraph)*

To depart  
from the work of art  
into the daylight  
of the actual—  
impossible.

The day  
is only night's  
last dream.

We stumble  
through our paces,

inheritors  
of one more  
delicate nightmare.

7 May 2008

## BUDDHA'S WHEEL

You see it  
in the center of your eye  
you see it in every rock  
or ground he stood on  
he stood on every one.

A wheel is a remembering.  
It is only an accident

or it is a transgression that we  
who can barely stand  
still on a rock  
dare to use wheels

wheels to go.  
A wheel means to stay.  
A wheel is always at the center of itself.

He leaves it there beneath  
quiet stretched along the quiet ground  
it holds the sky up.

Travel anywhere is losing the point.  
Going is the opposite of being.  
Not in Tibetan where *'gro-ba* means a living creature, 'one who goes.'  
But in rock. In grass. In dirt. In glass.

I look in the mirror and see his eyes.  
The white is the whole white world around a quiet wheel.  
A wheel sees.  
He stands there also looking at you.

7 May 2008

## BAD WHEEL

When a wheel rolls on its rim  
spined to its hub  
and goes and goes

it is a bad wheel.  
Axles and frames around it,  
*carpat*, 'a war chariot,'  
carpenter, one who makes or fixes chariots.

A wheel goes to war.  
But the wheel I love stands still.  
It stands there looking at you.

7 May 2008

## RUNNING AROUND

Good day for running around. A day.  
A round. A good. A run. But  
for is hard to understand. For.  
A for. To be a for. To be for  
someone as to vote for whom . A vote.  
To be for as a servant is to whom.  
To be for as a wife has a problem.  
Good day for running around a problem.  
Cattle and swine. Things to be with  
respect to one another. Milk me.  
I am for. You too are for. You  
three are for. For is forever  
as might be. It might be.  
But what is for? What is for?

A cow perhaps, a headache  
for a head, a tryst. What is for for?  
Ethical Dative they said in school  
to be for or with respect to a person  
or a thing. To be to its advantage.  
Dative of Advantage. To be  
for its sake. What is for, what is sake.  
How advantage this day? Running  
around a good day for running around.  
But what is around. Is it close to away.  
Good day for running away. A way  
is around too but too far. Around  
is too close, away is too far, what to do.  
Away is leaving here for there. Away  
is the furthest place. Circumnavigating  
the globe come home. Pointless voyage.  
Drake. Magellan. Go so far and then.  
Then it's too far and home again.  
Then it's a day again, that is the problem,  
what is a day? A day is a constraint,  
a constant, a punctuation already  
of an unwritten text. Sad. Any day  
is good for running all the way.  
A day is a wolf that runs at your side.



8 May 2008

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All the saccharine remembrances  
pretty clothes on a corpse. It is over.

Anything that finished never began.  
Consolation. Accusation. A hound

on your traces already. Toothless  
animal to nuzzle your thigh.

Memory is slobber. Wash your hands  
somehow. Dry them on the purring clock.

8 May 2008

## A WINDOW IN HUDSON

If a river, then a street.  
Then a hill, then a hospital.  
Then some green along the sky.  
Slung there like a gondola  
from a barrage balloon—  
yes, we are at war again  
though I was born when  
there was almost peace.  
Painful color of reality,  
the truth always in bad taste.

8 May 2008

## A GOOD DAY

Good day to stay  
home seven times.  
I have to go out  
one or more times  
to be home even once

as I go out can I  
carry staying  
home with me  
like a little mouse  
I carry in my pocket

always there furry  
with remembering

because staying home  
knows where everything is

and outside in the wind  
every reed points the same way  
because they're always home  
so they know where elsewhere is

and there I'd be trapped  
in the meshes of that other place

I need that little animal  
who knows where things really are.

9 May 2008

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To be in me smaller  
even than it could be  
an interior hummingbird  
feeding fast inside my chest

anything, anything  
to be alone and alive,  
anything that is always here,  
I have lived long enough  
to find you finally here.

9 May 2008

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To hear sounds  
from inside the body  
and think they're coming  
from the outside—

then the world  
would really be the world  
and you really in it.  
Night is just her blue-black dress.

9 May 2008