

4-2007

aprF2007

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "aprF2007" (2007). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 682.  
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## METAMBESEN

Gentle rain on a sinner  
quiet highway in a little fog  
really this stream of ours  
big enough to be a river now  
one that fits the meter better  
like a swan sulking in the shade  
even now of so dim a day  
a heron I heard landing  
in the pelt of rain. Means skin  
I know, rain makes a little stream,  
*amnis*, that wanders like a river  
down from the hills until.  
It has banks it has water  
it has flow it has origin  
destination gorge and cataracts  
quiet delta and a sleek lagoon,  
what more do you want,  
Mark Twain hooting steamboat?  
We've got ourselves a river,  
if I dropped a letter in it  
someday it would make its way  
to her, then I'd be in trouble.  
Then only the River God can help.

28 April 2007

***PROGRAMME:***

MOTS SANS OPINIONS

DIRE SANS VOULOIR

NOUS SANS MOI

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Rain drop on porch rail.  
Ecstasy. In every shimmer  
I see her swim.

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**The gone-ness of a young girl**  
thirty years after. Then she speaks.  
Give myself longer to forgive.  
The playful words a little creepy  
how my heart hops to hear them.  
Her. Words that once included  
me. But I chiseled through the wall  
and made my getaway, so her words  
could mean everybody again.  
I wait for the rain to wash me away.

28 April 2007

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**Magnolia Two Trees**

the house next door.

Now I'm caught naming things.

A dog in a barrel. No.

A dog in a stroller

wheeled by its owner

across the Rhinebeck street.

The older dog. Now naming

turns into remembering.

History spews out of that,

the place where the poor

dog dies and its old woman

cries and some fool

writes it all down

sobbing a little in his turn,

a moment, a brief magnolia.

28 April 2007

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I'll say this for Epicurus  
he knew how to be happy  
no matter what. Foolproof  
method: Virtue. Or right  
mindedness. You know yourself  
as one who has done the best.  
Not just the best you could  
but the very best. The absolute  
is happiness. This means pleasure  
turning into pleasure, forever.  
The orange with an infinity  
of segments. Why don't they see  
how happy I also am? Is it the tears  
they see me shed them, for us all?

28 April 2007

## CLEPSYDRA 4

The command of the coming the  
cataract of the obvious the fall  
of the familiar around the corner  
of the eye and the dust settles.

Things finally are clear  
er than we are who's talking?  
The command of the obvious  
is the captain who runs us.

The sun is a second lieutenant  
after all takes orders from the clock  
that watery annoyance your heart  
held me in its gooey valves and then.

And then all talk of me and you and when  
forgotten just because. The case  
is different when the cock has crooned.  
The disciples scatter like his hens

alarmed by constables. Siren  
means so many things don't you?  
The fluffy clock. The cataract of suppose.  
The command center from which war

engages the human imagination bright  
as a scratch on an old bronze table lamp  
you tried to clean with a nailfile  
omigod. What mothers say. The man

came to maturity and began to speak.  
Fan dance never took at the Stork Club,  
the white tuxedo tops were bling enough  
and all your dinner was a burger rare

though costly as suppose. The clock  
has the drop on you. It's later  
than you could possibly think, nothing  
ever is beginning again you know



who? Well isn't it? The command of no  
supposes an intention to be accurate  
nobody I know possesses about time that is  
or was but never likely to become so that

(this is a quotation) nothing happens. Mothers  
did you say? Of course Poughkeepsie  
is on the way to it you can't miss it a tall  
ruined town with a waterfall tucked in it

splashes the train tracks in spring flood  
go by on your way. Way as if there were.  
Flood as if it could. Good as if a goblin  
rose out of the dusty park to prove

the existence of its opposite. Devils  
are useful inferences. Three young men  
reading Kant looked up at the turmoil  
me struggling with the borderguards again.

Don't they know that mules are useful  
herons overhead bless lovers' trysts  
all my bags are full of tyrant wheat  
I mean to scatter in a dumbed down field

so that the proteins of intelligence  
can churn again the innards of these dopes  
sorry kids I don't mean you I mean  
the ones who keeping turning the lights out.

Don't you know I'm good for you  
like prose and aspirin and summer rain?  
And even then we could tell who's speaking  
not that we cared all that much

history being what it is and time's a wasting.

28 April 2007

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Do it systematically, the praise before the bread  
and then the quiet bite bite bite you know we love it  
we were put on earth to touch each other rightly  
but rightly is the weirdest music sometimes  
and nevermore can be a kind of total kiss  
or swoon down the cushioned stairs of dream  
into an imaginary but satisfying government  
where children sleep a lot and men and women  
every now and then wake up and there you are.

I have some postage stamps from that country  
in my little album, lilac and bistre whatever that is  
and leaf green 3-something with a face on it.  
Sometimes it looks like you and then I cry  
forgetting that I'm an infant once again and saw  
all this before and sailed down that wide river  
in a dhow whatever *that* is and a palm tree  
sheltered me from the gaze of princesses  
each one of whom demanded I be her little son.

But we know where that leads – desert and law  
and something more. Something we still  
are searching for skimming the old books  
pinching the people who saunter past us  
pretending to be so innocent but they know.

28 April 2007

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Grief comes from mixing  
traditions. Take an idea  
that paltry thing  
across the border.  
Leave the statue where it was.

29 April 2007

## MILDEW

Some people are young  
young enough to fall  
fall through the cracks.

But walls are old, walls  
need doors to go through.  
Go through the door

come into an old white room.  
Mildew on an old white wall  
a kind of comfort, a color,

color is a kind of earnest  
of time and weather and meaning,  
color is meaning,

that things do change.  
That you can do something  
to change what just happens.

Maybe. If you are young enough  
to fall, fall for all that meaning.  
The word meant sweet once, meant honey.

end of April 2007

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Train call  
comes up  
little canyon  
down Met-  
ambesen falls.  
Recursion.  
City in country  
folded. The lost  
place found.

end of April 2007

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Joyce's photoshop language,  
bend a story round your knee

like a bow. Like a person.  
People sitting on people's laps,

a century of certainty, post-  
nothing. Little gnats at morning

fascinated by bare skin, warm,  
mine in this case but could be yours

sanity is general through the kingdom,  
we taste the salt, we taste the sweet,

how close the earth is!

29 April 2007

## WALPURGISNACHT

Sabbat tonight  
on the high hill.  
One meets all one's  
selves dressed up  
in demon faces.  
Elves are selves  
night sets free.

Beast members  
tremble in cold  
spring wind, ripple  
through fur,  
one kisses oneself  
base of the spine.

The night dissolves  
into mere you.  
When the sun comes up  
it is always too late.

30 April 2007