

5-2007

mayA2007

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayA2007" (2007). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 687.  
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## MAYA

To be caught by such mere things  
Tuesday already and where will it end

so soon without a pilot and a current  
speaking change, change against the shore.

Everything hurtles. This have is hard.  
Spectacle, a two-eyed suppose.

Haruspex was my first vocation  
to be inspector of the momentary fact.

Promotion. Waves of orchestral color  
eroding shale. A shape

left with life in it. Or that Precambrian  
tribrachion, like the seal of the Holy Trinity,

something I saw in a book,  
you could see it too, look, wisdom

slithering through the lower air  
where love is a pirate, and no

traveler's ever safe from making sense.

1 May 2007

= = = = =

*sKu.rTen*

Statue of somebody  
on nobody's lawn.  
It's like a poem,  
all those good words  
spilt to no purpose,

nobody listening,  
hand cupped to ear,  
hard to hear,  
all you hear is hand.  
But his face serene

among the sparrows.

1 May 2007

= = = = =

Talking without telling needs little word,  
and simple sentences a heart can't help  
hearing the way into you you you.

It is you again in my cross-hairs shown  
startled at the edge of sleep. Awake  
at my sound and fall.

Belong to the transaction.  
This is noon's business with us.  
Magic one word for it. Silence mine.

2 May 2007

## SACRIFICE

A dog or a pig to Hecate is slain.  
We make it holy (*sacri-ficio*)  
by killing it. Because holy means  
to be on the other side of what there is.  
The inevident. The unsuspected cause  
hidden in the gaudiness of its effects.  
Dead beast's last squeal shows the way.

2 May 2007

**OAK GALL**

These women asleep beneath my tree, who might they be?

CHANTERELLE

They might be anybody, we must find out.

BLOODROOT

But let me warn you, young as I am,  
that they are not all of them women.

CHANTERELLE

What are they then?

BLOODROOT

I think they are called Men, a shortened form of Women,  
a kind of fetching creature Women cooked up for themselves.

OAK GALL

Women are so clever. What are these men like?

BLOODROOT

See for yourselves, or don't you see,  
their cheeks are roughage and they smell a little off,  
when the wind blows past them  
my white petals shrink

CHANTERELLE

o you're so proud of your petals, you vasculars!

OAK GALL

Now now, children, no hasty words.

B&C:

We're not your children.

OAK GALL

Not mine but somebody's, as I am Mistletoe's.  
Your business is to find out whose,  
whose child you are  
you'll never know by nature's means. [2 May 2007]

= = = = =

Destabilized by a leaf  
my government knows how to fall.  
One coup d'être and I'm gone. Lilac.

3 May 2007

## **RIDDLE**

Lying in my pocket.  
Telling the truth in my hand.

3 V 07



= = = = =

Ribbon to wrap the planet in:  
sunlight. Unwrapped by night  
we find out who we are.

3 May 2007

= = = = =

As sometimes absence is the greatest present  
as when your ex skips your performance  
or the music finally stops and lets me brood  
in peace over the ceremony of hands slapping  
rhythmic in the clustered auditorium  
a word that means a place where things are heard  
then why not this thing that is trying to talk to me  
from an immense distance inside my skin?

3 May 2007

## HOUSE OF PRAYER

Parchment floor.  
He saw  
the words, just  
letters, just  
footsteps leading there.

3 May 2007

= = = = =

Shoulders warm in sun  
a nun.  
The rest of him cold  
is old.  
Things find a way  
to disobey.  
Many a slip  
falls off her hip.  
Shame  
is their middle name.  
First shaved last night  
today his beard is white.

4 May 2007

## MYSTERIUM MAGNUM

Five looms and five weavers  
wove one fabric. This.

4 V 07

## ***LA MER***

1.

Sea plea! Light  
is the great dissonance  
after tender dark.

*I am* everything  
thunder isn't.

*I am* all the words.

2.

A wave is a woman forgetting

This will be my religion  
for a while. The gods change.  
Friday, but not always.

\*

That *was* a gannet chuckling, crazy bird.

The sea is an endless electoral campaign  
and never a vote. Or everything  
votes always and nothing's decided.

A hungry gull hides in the heart.

3.

So much talking. In all this endless  
conversation, wind and sky, a word  
feels like silence. A word is silence.

The shape of silence folds around you.  
And listening is sleep.

4 May 2007  
*for L.B.*

**DWALE**

or sleeping tonic  
this soporific gift  
gives you what night holds

we live among ghosts  
but when we go to sleep  
we see the living  
    the ever-living, bright  
        complexioned in the endless dream  
they move about us, upright, always seeming to tell.

Novalis told me this, or I told him,  
one morning as we sat by the shore  
watching the smugness of lake water  
pretending to control the sky.

He said: this is where Kleist died.  
Or will die. I can't remember.  
Waking life is so confused, just one  
image after another and no meaning.

4 May 2007

## POETRY

ποιεῖν , making  
something out of nothing.

Anyone can play.

Even someone who brings only dreams  
or tones.

Or even stones.

5 May 2007



= = = = =

The smell of morning  
better than ever,  
I must be really here.

5 V 07

= = = = =

Conundrums of the heart:  
I'd set your name right here  
if I could remember  
which one you are,  
the kissing or the telling,  
the god or the very beautiful priest.

5 May 2007

## CHOSEN

Anchises through the straits  
safe from everything but time  
he carried. *Pietas*.

A son is his father's death  
suspended a time in sunlight,  
a kind of amber the old

man carries with him  
fondles even, never puts down.

5 May 2007

= = = = =

Well at least you can watch it coming over the sand  
like the shadow of a cloud when there is not a cloud  
in the sky not even one, and it doesn't chill the sand  
not at all, so your bare feet are happy as ever with that  
granular healing sensation invading those spaces  
nobody healthy ever thinks about between the toes  
and now it feels like sunlight down in there, sun  
you can actually handle safely with your skin  
when there are all too many hazards in the world  
and here you are confronting this one or not  
exactly confronting it but wondering what precisely  
the sky has in mind this time, isn't weather all,  
and all it has at its disposal to bestow? On you,  
always on you, poor soprano of every lost opera  
twirling your elegant coloratura out over the waves  
audible versions of jellyfish swirling the shallows.  
What is the difference between hearing and listening?

5 May 2007