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I'm going around the world now  
collecting traces of me  
from all the minds  
I don't want to hold me

I don't know much about me.

When I have taken myself  
out of all the minds that ever  
knew me, held me,  
there still is music left.

Music that no one alive seems  
to know how to find. *Trobar*,  
to fit

words into silence  
so their absence makes a shape,  
a sound even,

where once someone *was*.

21 April 2006

=====

And after you turn the dream  
into something else  
what is left of the cathedral spire  
the plaza, the Graben,  
all the musical people  
pretending to be the color of their clothes?

What is left of the air  
when the birds have gotten finished with it?

and all those sermons  
the stones had to sit through  
hundreds of years  
as the language changed and changed  
but they did not,

why don't we listen to the stones?

22 April 2006

*Ashen Brook*

Hear that stone again  
the one that loves me  
as no woman can

no wonder Wolf my friend  
made it the one  
came down from before heaven  
to marry me

o Wolf

you ran among the money men  
the greasy barons and you loved  
the sound of words and knew  
that words are blind,  
blind as stone, dear  
friend you gave me a stone  
came down from before  
there was time, before  
the sun was a ram.

You never saw it,  
I hear it clearly  
a string plucked –  
bow-string, lute-string  
no man can tell,

a word is blind  
and lingers in your hand,

you never saw it, the one you meant,  
the all-around the far of us,  
the sea, the sea  
is what's left of God's crown  
fallen around us,

surrounds us.

23 April 2006

## WAITING FOR THE OTHER

Waiting for the other side of the other  
to show up, one looks in a mirror.  
People used to call it a looking-glass  
as if the point of it was to look  
instead of all our busy seeing  
or as if that were the only place, face  
one really was allowed to look at,  
hard, soft, as long as was desired.

And then, having looked at that a long  
long time, lifetimes maybe in that minute,  
one could look again to that other place  
they call away, and one could see.

23 April 2006

## CHATOYANT

Under the wrong stand  
or sun. The blocked  
necessity is like a tiger's eye  
stone in grass the haunted  
sestina on the little hill.

We heard Andalusian  
praying. Prayer is *the wrong word*—  
*saying it turns right.*

The pebbles in the very brook  
blaspheme the water  
a crime knows how to shine.  
God save the sinner. Summer.

24 April 2006

=====

Isn't it time now  
to be another?  
His clothes my clothes,  
his skin my new road?

I feel my way along  
another name.  
It feels all different  
to step up on a bus,

to see my hand  
sticking out of a grey cuff  
of a business suit,  
taste his spearmint

gum in my mouth.

24 April 2006



=====

Aberwackie the town the come from  
to haunt me with dead languages  
and all I want to do is probe their tongues  
tangling with my tongue, wordlessly talking  
better nor no Welsh nor English never do.

24 April 2006

## PLACE BY THE RIVER

The river happens holy,  
has name. The place  
has fire, woods, clearing,  
men. An island it could  
but that doesn't matter.

Every place we can see  
is an island. Bounded  
by the sea of unseen.  
And from that somber flood  
interminable Vikings harry in.

24 April 2006

=====

I bless myself and close my eyes  
a child again  
in this mature theology  
all the words in place  
the heart goes to sleep still hungry.

24 April 2006

## STUDIES FROM OSSIAN

her steps were  
trembling harp  
alone on the hill  
descend the soul  
tale was long but lovely

\*

fall I may bend thy red eye  
will not hear remain  
the youth the war my love  
half-worn song

\*

I saw his sails  
like the full-orbed moon  
deer and return no more

\*

locks of age  
lovely the remnant  
lay in night resounds  
not the joyous shells

\*

it was the years  
the clouds have

\*

of gems they stretch the moon

\*

of troubled streams  
dark stream between  
daughter

*no Gods in the story*

rolling stars  
bossy stone in memory of the *future*

\*

[24 IV 06]

he felt it with his breast and his down  
like the harp is faint  
in the hall of his voice

Listen ! a green narrow morning returned with his hands !

\*

the wound will die in their youth  
no time to fill the shell  
darkening designed

\*

sea-borne peace is not its voice he went  
lake of sounding  
roes  
from their place  
but where are my friends ?

\*

darkened moon  
tomorrow spread  
break the echoing

\*

when in a whirlwind  
hand not closed in darkness  
burning

\*

that sunbeam !

far off we saw

loose dark hair

behind their sheets

it is the house of strangers

\*

## THE BRIDGE NEAR ZAMOREK

The male voice said: "On the 29<sup>th</sup> of May, 1904, on the western approaches to the Zamorek Bridge, two cars collided. One, slightly damaged, proceeded on its way to Zamorek without further incident. The other, in which I was, toppled down the embankment into the river, where I drowned. Please read me all the information you can find about this incident, including all the auditorium reports." I understood the word auditorium as the speaker's mistranslation of a word that means forensic. At the next opportunity, I went to the relevant section of the archives and began assembling the reports requested. As I was lifting the files onto the desk, my telephone rang. An official voice said that a Permissions Command had just been issued by the central office, expressly forbidding all research into the very case with which I was busy at the moment...

(At this moment the voice of the archivist ceased, and I woke up, anxious to transcribe the information the dream had recounted, as I have just done.)

25 April 2006



## PICUS

Unless they were closer they began  
a smaller compact woodpecker  
Mars' cap on his head success at seed  
the profligate dove also white  
underwings attends a flurry  
smell of lilies.

25 April 2006

## AGAINST THE CURRENT

The raft is full, darling,  
with just the two of you  
counting me as an access  
or reflex of your skin. You shine.  
The raft pulls against the current,  
who? Is there a cantilever  
built inside, the art of water?  
Go where we want forever !  
Into the little cannulae up the green  
so as we push through heavy trees  
something pushes into us, simul-  
taneous fuck the Old Ones call it  
in their ancient speech lost so  
long ago we have to talk with our  
hands to say anything at all.  
Massage the hip bone more,  
rub it till it gleams above that  
waistband of your shattered  
underwear. We are lost.  
Off the big river among all the  
nameless aftermath of love,  
other people, sketchy music,  
a burnt-out town. Nameless,  
Nameless, tell me your name,

I'll give you all my yams  
and heap them in your lap  
o Christ my clueless skin,  
this leprosy of touch, why  
doesn't the sky get sick of us  
and snuff us out the way it does  
the sun. Fighting our way  
up the endless rivers of the other,  
feathers stuck to our skin  
and only you know why.

25 April 2006

=====

The filled pen  
remembers all the words  
you didn't say.  
Desert talk, a word  
goes far. Silence  
further. Blue shadows.

25 April 2006

## HAGIA SOPHIA

Will I remember this in time  
the way the gold mosaic  
remembers the empress's bare breast  
reflected in its divinizing glaze ?

25 April 2006