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Haunted by lily smell
the felled hour sprawls
under the last day of a month
with no new moon coming
and all the angry liberals
those squirrels of a despised
economy scold in the trees.
A goldfinch is not made
of gold. But sunshine does.
All you can trust is
the weather, brother.

26 April 2006

=====

Water buffalo
be my name.

26 IV 06

=====

Rosary beads
in her hands
count her bones
back
 to the start
they tell her fingers
when to be born
again,
 new
moon.

26 April 2006

STRATEGY

Suppose a scissors
led an army across the map
and a glass of milk
still fresh preached a sermon,

suppose the troops slept on their feet
as they marched down through Normandy,
suppose the city they came awake in
had not been there a minute before.

Waking up is just another kind of dream
is what the rocks mumble in their sleep.

26 April 2006

=====

No matter how far away the music comes
it is insistent in to be heard.

Sometimes loud music is softer,
you can pull it over your ears and go on sleeping.

27 April 2006

=====

Bodies.

Why walk around in one.

Colors.

Why distinguish

one from another ?

27 IV 06

SCHMELZER'S SIXTH SONATA

A string is our faith
it leads us
out of the labyrinth of the ear
where the monster the self
crouches
at the center of everything he hears,

it leads him out, leads me out
into the unwalled brightness of the other.

When I write music I will call it Ariadne
and she will guide me out of the whorls and selfish windings
into the straight path to the north
where brightness only looks like silence,
the condition towards which every music strives.

27 April 2006

=====

What country was that I was living in
talking about football in the street in the sly
garages under peoples' houses in the new brick row
and the elm trees were just the same
and I wore mackinaws in winter and the wool
smelled of sweat and chalk and I was afraid of witches
and Charlie Lyons got a little plastic doll
caught on his penis and we all ran home ?

27 April 2006

=====

That men can be defeated
while the polls are still open.
And they never close,
death means nothing to an island,

the lighthouse and the cormorant
still bother the otherwise
serene self-disclosure of the mind.

One day the mind thinks:
but what does *it* mean,
the mystery that is not me?

Then all is lost.
The light still flickers from Gayhead,
big white, little red, big white
and you have knowledge all night

but nothing you can use.
You think: I will study instead the weather.
It will eventually make me what I am.

28 April 2006

=====

how come I've lived my whole life in America

and don't know what a wide receiver is ?

how do they even let me watch television

void as I am of the most rudimentary sense

of what's going on

maybe nothing's going on

maybe nobody knows anything either

just talking and talking and changing the subject

till it's over whatever it is.

29 April 2006

=====

why am I thinking this way or is it me
doing the thinking the amber beads
swing in the wrist wind he says
the names he finds inside the god
I am trying to be vernacular to do
the right thing by everybody stop
the war make the bus come let love
rise albaceous over a ruined planet

prayer prayer prayer parapet
from which I see a surprising silence
marching towards the cliff beneath
as if they come to overthrow me
I a naked man with no keys

29 April 2006

DAY OF THE ROAD

But let a road come to me instead
we live there three roads join
the Triangle or Common
fruit trees soon in blossom
who knows who they are
and no one eats the fruit
of all those April colors
that face my house. How many
we fit in memory. How broke
the sentence. And who means.

29 April 2006

=====

I am on the thirteenth or highest floor
of a building near the lake
and can't see the lake. The fog.
The coffee I am drinking now
does not put me in mind
of the coffee I was drinking then.
Then and now. Which one is now?
Now and then I lose the track.
A big black bull elephant by the lake.
Things wait. I hear him trumpeting
even from here. Things rush at me.
He rushes towards me meaning
memory. After memory what?
Memory is in love with memory,
any memory just wants to make
love to another. Not just 'mirrors
and copulation' are abominations,
memory too multiplies men,
me now and me then. Desolate
recurrences forgetting to forget.

29 April 2006

LOCAL HISTORY

The time taken

to write even an unknown word
inscribes itself

time passes even more slowly

among the dead than among the living

you can give a man a penny give a man a dollar
the unit the unit!

the ambulance is always waiting

to take you where your body

is no more your own

than a word you wrote down once and forgot

o don't let them stop here

with all their ambiguous information

what you have spoken stays spoken.

Hide deep in your house.

29 April 2006

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Ready for a discourse that doesn't arise
ready for the other side.

Listening again to the war.

I've listened to so many
and all of them were far, are still far,
we fight in other people's gardens,
but they sound close.

And why are we always on the losing side?

30 April 2006

APPLE

I see an apple a little over ripe
and two more, younger, on a flowered plate.

I think of how the old men years ago
used to cut a good-sized chunk of apple
and tamp it down in their tobacco jars
to keep the pipe tobacco sweet.

Prince Albert. Granger. The pale
burleys of another time. It makes me
want to cry, thinking of old men like that
with their pipes and little secrets
they passed on to the young, how to soap
a woodscrew, keep tobacco fresh,
how to tell the weather from the way the cows
walk or stand in the trees or lie down.

Sweet old men with pipes and secrets,
there are no old men now, not like that,
old men are sour now, wretched, cut off
from what they were sold most to value.

And everybody knows everything already,
nothing to learn, nothing to pass down,
scorched wooden pipes cold in some drawer.

30 April 2006

(SMALLNESSES)

What's the story with
that slate-grey bird
and pointy beak, a little
darker cap, and who?

*

I want to misspell words today
break little rules
fly below the radar of the law
step on the cracks

*

inauguration pie
an animal wrapped in leaves
stars bruised with stripes
ourselves.

30 April 2006

THE DUBIOUS DESIRES

Can anyone be binoculars?

Can I listen to the field of your skin

the listening place the doctors call the *pulse*

where we feel little peas squeeze by

and know we are alive, we count them

for some reason part of reason

as if the body needed to remember

all the miles it still has to travel

before what? No wonder I'm mad,

staring at a scare-crow in a neighbor's field

and falling in love with it, the way the wind

busies itself in those exiguous clothes.

30 April 2006

=====

Something. Or wrong.

Waiting. As by a tree
parasol-like its dense leaves
mulberry they called it

could it really be the thing
people said it was?

Are words ever true?
Waking, like morning.
A blue finger
laid across red lips.

A word is a hard silence
no one can ever break.

30 April 2006