

4-2005

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## THE APPETITE

Death is hungry this year,

tsunami, and the passing  
of great princes  
in their divers degrees,

Creeley laureates, Rainier  
of the Riviera, in Rome  
the dying Pope.

Each in his degree  
conspicuous, Terri Schiavo  
famous for her death  
alone,  
    celebrities.

A good time to bow my head  
hide in my collar  
and make no noise,  
let death's heat-seeking vehicle  
pass quietly overhead.

1 April 2005

**BETWEEN VARDA AND BURBERRY**

An octopus  
walks on two arms  
up Spring Street  
its other six arms  
wrapped around  
its monstrous head  
to efface the sun

Water of shadow  
we walk below

dark pilgrims  
trying to find  
a quiet land

But land is light  
light and far  
away where  
the same sun  
is slipping now  
down into Jersey.

1 April 2005  
New York

**Two found texts:**

Hill questionable (shin)

(from the ESPN crawler)

\*

Je m'axe sur toi

(Larousse)

=====

Setting out to celebrate a departure  
silence round the death house

nobody speaks any names at all  
nobody says the name of the dying one

let one sit quietly beside one  
letting one go.

Let there be a house  
into which one comes to go

let there be one quiet one  
to say what has never been said.

Candles quenched. Gold  
of its own light gleaming.

Let the windows stay open  
till the sky is closed.

2 April 2005

=====

Given rain  
and green shoots and cold  
one feeds the birds  
and calls it spring

one breathes a longer  
song, long urgent  
meditative lines loop  
over the ease of music

and drag us with it  
to a fiercer place.  
Faced with interminable  
knowing, like a man

falling down a flight  
of stairs conscious  
helpless flexes  
the few muscles he can

control. from the beginning  
of the world till now  
always and vainly  
trying to help.

2 April 2004

=====

*securus iudicat* – Augustine

People will get around to knowing.  
They too are a kind of weather,  
snow squalls and bonny days, wind  
common, floods frequent. People  
are so weak for the work entrusted  
to the, to carry it, consciousness.  
The Gospel blind man saw trees walk,  
I see men and women as houses  
moving, temples, godowns, garages—  
all of us have roofs and cellars,  
oubliettes, attic over attic and then  
so many rooms. Why people  
are so happy when they dream a new  
doorway in the wall, a new room  
in their house, a corridor to mystery.  
Because all we are is conscious  
constructions moving around.  
So few rooms we usually inhabit,  
painting and papering the same suite  
while empty hallways of them spread  
out from us through the world,  
the wind in them alive, shadows  
hurrying, all of it waiting, stirring.  
Darkly afoot. That's how people are.

3 April 2005

***“I am [...] parasangs inside you”***

I wrote fifty years ago, I forget the number,  
nine I think, I forget how long a parasang  
is compared with a verst or a kilometer,  
I'm not sure I knew even then but it was true,  
I was in you, it still is, the numbers  
always change, that's what numbers do,  
the measures give way to one another  
but I am always some number of some measure  
inside you. Inches and miles. For then  
I was a Persian and a Celt, a Greek,  
Chinese, finally came home. A man  
has no nationality when he's at home.  
I'm still there, inside you, here, speaking  
Youandmese, the oldest language  
hardest of them all to learn or to forget.

3 April 2005



## DAYLIGHT SAVED

Time ruse, rush  
past so fast this week  
it burns my cheek

I can't shave I sit  
and watch the mild  
grass grow, hold  
against the hurtle

blue stars of new squills.

3 April 2005

=====

Being sure  
is like being short

a shout  
outside a locked door

no one hears  
cares

your certainty  
gets into the wood

runs  
along the grain

coffee in a napkin  
sopping it

now it sounds  
like us again

your child your car  
your flashlight

falls  
from the rowboat

gleams ten  
feet down

longer  
than I thought it could.

4 April 2005

=====

Or *if* a flower  
then such a tribe  
as Snorri posited  
hurrying  
out of Russia  
fit to be gods  
of all the islands,

id lands,  
Hecla and taboo.

Today on this shale outcrop  
not one trace of snow at last  
after the rains

you don't need to know  
what day it is  
only the gods need that

what you need is the time of day  
the shadow across the piazza

Mary Henderson's  
dog's dead

and the pope in Saint Peter.

4 April 2005

=====

Cast about

to guess more  
unspell the sudden hyacinths  
around the dead Achilles

the sky keeps healing  
no matter what the cities do

hyacinths and daffodils  
in front of Penn Station

nothing changes.

4 April 2005

=====

Night. Berlioz.  
Aeneas must Rome

what scalene triangle  
must I ascend

pyramidless triremeless  
romeless marenostromless

a stucco ceiling cunning  
worked with divinities

cupids and cupidesses  
their chubby fesses  
the last Rights of Man.

For we have sung our way  
beyond politics

beyond liberty.

4 April 2005

=====

Asking to become  
is a way of not  
being here at all.

4 IV 05

=====

Philosophers,  
of what are you citizens

what pilgrim syntax  
takes you so far from

that girl in the market  
who needs only you?

4 April 2005

=====

Caught looking in the mirror  
I can only explain  
I was waiting for me to appear.

4 IV 05



=====

Halt meant lame  
aim meant miss  
the obvious and let  
arrows make their own way  
we read as stars

coursing the night.  
Waterfalls of dark guesses  
bring me to you.

I thought a white birch tree  
was growing at your door  
but it was my own bare arm  
raised to shield us both  
from what will never come.

4 April 2005

=====

I am a heretic of which  
in sun  
all the meanings  
the gods are in the laps

elm twig, small y  
grown out of big y

broken at my feet.

5 April 2005

=====

I forgot to answer  
the phone  
it sounded  
like a natural thing

not far from a bird  
happening overhead  
and me too comfortable  
to bother looking up

it fits the sky  
perfectly without me  
it needs nothing  
beyond its cry

I would have thought  
if I had been thinking  
but I was forgetting  
letting it pass.

5 April 2005

=====

speaking in vein

the blood path  
a simple word  
runs

reach you, only you  
it is all about  
you tiresomely red

5 April 2005

=====

Trying to measure  
use an old rope  
no marks but the weave

use a hollow stone  
formed that way: it  
holds the right amount

it always will, things  
do. Trying to say something  
let your breath

out to play,  
see what she says,  
this little god who runs your house.

6 April 2005

