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April Seventh

In the way we move now
cool morning in warm day
happy birthday mother
I miss you I miss
the responsibility in me
the sun and the jonquils
almost up don’t make
up for the absences

and spring annoys me
anyway less now than before
all that buzz in my veins
to go breed and be busy
mating all the copulation
on the scorecard to make
always another one come

I always hated being
jerked around by my own
desires other people’s
are bad enough but at least
they can’t help it I can
so just say no to spring
flies bees buzzards albatrosses
just say no to the sun
and paint a frown on sunset
just say no to what takes
all that we love away.

7 April 2005
Night is miracle
the wing closes
shutters the mild earth

April. Earth is a bird.

I felt needed
then you stop breathing
you are black
except where the moon

is, is, is.

When I wrap my arms around you
it is the same as falling asleep.

Strange city
golden only by night
white canoes glide on the canals.

7 April 2005
as if they were sleeping and we found
a key to their door and held it a long
time in our soft mouths until we knew
which door it was we bring it to
wet and silvery and slip it neatly in
and the charm works yet again
the physical world functions as designed
and their door opens. we see them
sprawling on their tousled bed
we note the warm smell of the sleepers
the evidence of life of breath of time
slipping through them dream by dream
the awful holograms we spend the night
trying to get out of, in our solidity
is our strength, we think, we wake
and never dream, we see them dreaming
we are filled with pity for them
tenderness and some desire but not much
they are too simple to excite us
too lost in the muzziness of dream
down there in the wallowing mattress
we tiptoe out and toss the key away
and watch it land like a little slug
a gleam soon lost in arrogant shrubbery.

7 April 2005
One of my students has written a book called *Finding the Mother* and where she finds it is in the life of Jesus

not it seems finding Jesus’s own mother but the Mother that lives inside the life

your life too, a wild woman from Brazil half rain forest half grand opera

or my life, what is she telling me, every life has a mother of its own.

It ends at 8:32 on the morning of the Crucifixion.

8 April 2005
[dreamt]
all wend
burn over field
a halt web
glistening

listen: lie
on this pavement
hearing your bad decisions chant
in the organ of your ears

blood runs
through all of it
fame drunk
drink desire

a scholar’s scrotum
shriveled at dawn

all I ever am
is an appetite
waiting on you

a sidewalk wolf
a year
shaped like a
sunny afternoon.

8 April 2005
any seems to be enough for me

a bite where you come in

bitten to begin

8 IV 05
Bell tread
the worn out sky
settles
like nylon fleeces
around you
spring breaks

nothing changes
but the weather
this is called
‘world’ a thing
wrapped up in itself

you fly with me
to that other planet
where there is no weather
it all keeps
changing the
change is god

8 April 2005
Bell
hard as horn

a wind hits
a neck back

nape.

8 IV 05
CONSPIRACY THEORY

It goes like this
no one is awake
and everybody follows
the terrible script
that no one write

the amateur ballerina
pivots on smily lips
the tall dwarf
scratches at the sky

a plane full of Uighurs
is shot down over China
men being returned from jail
for ‘resettlement’ far
from where Uighurs are

we don’t get it
it rolls on and one
using our hands
Everybody knows its moving
something’s wrong
but who to blame
blow yourself up
out of sheer vexation
resentment at not even knowing

it must be the Jews
they are the masters of knowing
it must be the Arabs
who look as if they know
and will not tell, it must be
the Catholics who celebrate
ignorance so much,
it must be the bankers
who write everything down
the lawyers who do nothing
but remember, the Masons
have a smile that always
makes me feel bad
excluded, it is all
of them and all of me

we’re all in it
all of us spying on all the others
everyone against everyone
and all of us asleep
dreaming dreams hot and cold
sweet and terrible

and when we think we wake
we think we bring our reports
to the Himmler in the heart
the only one who truly
understands our hate
tell him name by name
all the ones who hurt you
who make you feel bad
all of them will be punished
all of them will die
wretchedly, craving
one more window full of light

Guessing there is a conspiracy
is part of the conspiracy
Lee Harvey Oswald for example
played his part because he guessed
there was a part a scene a gun
and all by himself, with one
or two accurate rifle shots
murdered the whole world

some of us came back to life
through the miracle of forgetting
and some of us did not

the ones of us who did are standing
waiting at the doorway
there is nobody waiting outside the door
and hears everything we say.

9 April 2005
THINGS TO ASK ABOUT WHEN I DIE

Why is there so much more light than we need?

And more stars than names?

And so few stones to tell so many ways?

And no many things to see and so few days?

Nature is not natural, nature is a construct.

A squirrel running through the woods looks like an animal, trick of the light. Why are some people more alive than others even when they’re dead?

9 April 2005
A CONVENT SCHOOL

release seeming
the frill
is essence.

Clothes have smell
nothing to do
with the girl who

the smell is its own
distant quiet
starch and shimmer

ants in the attic
not bothering
with us

threads of sunshine
the girls
learn French

the clothes
do all their
remembering for them

we who are uniforms
keep the world
from going mad

from all the little
things they have
to choose.

9 April 2005
Low point in the knife cycle
can’t carve this wood nor
whittle it away

hug the chair rung
till the wood way
soaks into the hand

then it can touch
its child its mother
in the made thing

10 April 2005
Have heard too much and so little about how to have then it’s gone again in the being and is just is.

10 April 2005
Another color rapture
all blue people
go up the sky cave

sun ocher scrawl
on rough wall of light
star bison starving for dark

stabbed with bright.

10 April 2005
Brief means letter
a lawyer listens out loud
cut down to size
a thought walks
In the morning I limp
at noon I crawl
at night I prance
over the hospital wall

what malady
am I or man?

10 IV 05
Men too
run out of ink
the pen
is brighter
than the word
it writes
in dark vowels
find your meat.

10 IV 05
Scant praises
luminous tree

aroynth thee

whistle stop
coax the citizens

to undo
the witchcraft
of the actual

10 IV 05