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REMORSE

and who am I
to dream about you

I am mycelium
dreaming through the earth
that is my dream
in the lightless world

going is everywhere

we bring our light
it must be that we
see with our fingers

since I wake left with
only recalling your touch.

26 April 2005

VOIX D'ENFANTS

for Kimberly Lyons

1.

There is a form to that,
something busy forgiving.

So loud the window,
strange animals
arriving, in my dream
I looked a word up,
it said 'musk ox'
swimming quick,
this book is too thick
to think

my hand is sleep
your hand is waking
this is a grammatical
relation

a gift pen

to fondle

a friend in trouble,

adjective agreeing with its noun.

2.

We learned yesterday
the sun is a stone the moon a cup of liquid
viscid like the juice of mistletoe on New Years Eve
or the stars are tigers hunting in the forest
and the galaxy has the shape of not one but many trees.

Today we learn that our skin
is a subtle kind of glass
and our blood a sort of mercury
and we are polymers
but we are mirrors mainly
and our thinking is the shiver in the glass.

26 April 2005

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I kept waiting till nobody came.
Then I sealed it in an envelope,
soft old one, left over from the days
you paid bills by check, and glued
postage stamps on the northeast corner
of letters you sent to far-off friends
and hoped for the best.
Now a letter's only good for hiding in.
But what have I told whom?

27 April 2005

NOSTALGIA

And while nostalgia rages
let me pray to Mercury
whose naked image, fouled
with thick cable round his private parts,
and himself brandishing lightning
used to be on every phone book,
god of commerce and discourse,
when communication
still meant 'giving
gifts to one another.'
Are any parts of a god truly private?
Your image gods me still a little o
you who have us the alphabet
and still lets us talk and talk
as if it just meant playing
with our sweet lips and your sweet air.

27 April 2005

=====

Reading someone else for a change
if you can find her
'lights up the world' as Cégeste said,
referring to another glass,
another light, everlastingly
alone. But reading
somebody else does something
lovely to the lungs, an afternoon
suddenly turned dawn.

There is a peculiar flag on the post office pole
and you don't know where at last you are.

27 April 2005

RELIGION MAYBE

I want to know enough of it to pray to,
light candles, doodle
the divine name while I'm on the telephone
making small talk with old friends.

Nothing means much but the names we invoke
I think, light sticks of incense to adore
if that's the word for something so intimate and cool
rose and eaglewood and red santal have
something to contribute to the conversation

soft as the holy name on the roof of your mouth
and you busy saying it to yourself.

Or writing it down. Or lighting yet another candle
to flicker in the ruby glass votive holder
for hours while you sleep
deep inside what the name was saying.

27 April 2005

LET IT BE LONG

Like rain. Amaryllis
on the windowsill
may also apply.

Now then, a cardinal, male,
hops through deep grass,
a goldfinch arrives.

All the colors
are at hand, waiting for Newton
and Goethe to come quarrel about them
fiddling with little bits of glass.

I have been careful to tell you nothing.
You can hire a cab to take you and your family
out to see the Pyramids but even there
you won't find a single color that is not here,
already, waiting for you.

Let's hope I'm right in thinking,
and that colors are after all all we need.

27 April 2005

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That one can say it lightly
even politely
something about rain and breakfast
or shoes, especially brown shoes
needing to be polished,
we still have to take care of our clothes
and by doing so
show respect for other people
– wrinkled jacket is no kind answer –
as if the alienist sent by the government
to analyze animal behavior in the Zoo
(they pronounce it *tsø* over here)
accidentally started observing the observers
with grim prophecies and midnight angst
clueless in Berlin with smutty shoes.

27 April 2005

WAITING

in the order for things to be said,
waiting to be said,
winged, interrupted

by shafts of light, integrals
carved through warped measelwood
and waxed, waxed,

live in the town
'given off by the heart'
fiddler on the village tower.

The power
of music is unquestion. It asks
nothing, we answer from the heart
what isn't even there to ask,
fiddle-faddle and the fugue,
evanescent
melosophies.

But when it starts,
nobody else's.

28 April 2005

OR RADICAL AGREEMENTS

Marriage brokers cloaked in real estate –
money always makes us trust a future,
makes a sort of contract with the sun
rising per schedule over named places.

I could if of such a disposition take
comfort from the immensely numerable blades of grass
I personally own on my personal lawn –
each blade a prophecy and a fulfillment,
une promesse de bonheur as Stendhal said

about harder working businesses than watching grass.
Relax, dear self. You're among friends,
stars, death, woodchucks, week-long
extravagant fleshy-white magnolias. The world
is a letter that answers itself.

I don't have to do anything.
Not even sit here and think. Let the goldfinch do it.
The heart has to be hollow to do its work.

28 April 2005

ALREADY

Let you be already part of memory
as if we had already gone and gotten done
whatever the shape of us requires
to be true. And we
already inside one another
but not of,
 just riding there
in me, say, like a maharani
on an elephant,
 sumptuous,
caparisoned with all my thought,
or me in you like an arctic explorer
joyously hungry on his way back from the Pole
stumbling through drifts of you, leaving tracks,

and we are all around us
and nothing needs to be done
anything about,
 no more than the sun.

29 April 2005

CAUTIONARY

like a cat

careful of his shadow

topples softly awarely

onto his left side in the right angle

where corner storefront meets sidewalk

and licks his thick paw,

could be tiger

or ocelot of Catskill cougar

called 'painter' and the angle

would be softly the same,

only the words are different,

the etymology of the day.

Awareness

awarely relaxing into what is there –

that's what I suppose what draws me to this scene

I saw in a dream late in the sleeptime

and we talked about together, discussing

the ways of cats, darling, and what it means

to relax, geometry.

29 April 2005

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When my eyes are full of rising sunlight
and I turn away, the red fence
is redder than it ever was
and the green is full of green –
overmeasure of colors stored,
stoked in the fire of being seen.

29 April 2005

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Sparrows waiting
speak a new pen

the light scratches
across the soft world

shadows become cuneiform:
we fetch old parties from their studies
to try to read.

What poem, aged sir,
is buried in this clay?

What hothead fuck and pantherine amours?
Dust in your mottled fingernails
and has the god too turned to dust
these hymns so celebrate?

Unlost, unpronounced,
sitting out time.

Sing it,
sing this dirt. Make it make noise.
Myth it to me.

I want to know what shadow had in mind –
then we'll crack the code of time –

be big!

Be daffodils in April rain,
be mine, or somebody's,
cold-fingered, constructing one more identity.

30 April 2005