

4-2003

aprE2003

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "aprE2003" (2003). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 897.  
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## **EASTER**

Now the tomb is open.  
What we buried of us  
totters towards the ordinary  
day, restless to be talking.  
We don't trust anything  
that doesn't talk.

There is a smell  
surprisingly like spices,  
that vague term, smells and tastes  
of elsewhere, medicine  
for meat, to dissuade  
the flesh of those we've killed  
from harming us  
when we take them also in,  
cinnamon, clove,  
clove, clove, clove,  
one for each palm, each sole

and no water, the dead  
do not drink water, lose  
their taste for it,  
what we buried  
stands in the doorway  
talking to us, from now on  
words will be our water,

something has come back,  
the strange sound of a rock  
crunching grass and gravel as it topples  
and lets the light out,  
sound of the light breaking out.

20 April 2003

## **Adam and Eve Witness the Resurrection of Christ**

Your breasts are bare again,  
my loins also,  
suddenly why  
when this one thing  
comes back to light  
is everything visible?

20 April 2003

## CLASSICALLY BEING CLOSE TO YOU

Put your hands on my skin  
I am stained with imperfection  
uncertainty

Color me,  
there is a need  
deeper than burdock roots  
a need that comes calling  
when all the many one  
who are you, my Two, my twin,  
my only one

call out a word,  
mall or maid, and bees  
stumble around new flowers,

spring is so clumsy,  
beauty is always the precarious

a delicate white-veined  
image in a red stone  
like the giant Orion  
or the horse of a hunter,

looking slow at the little  
stone I see a fossil leaf,

make me understand  
how you have such power  
to heal me and complete

or take even this little stone away.

20 April 2003

## **NORA**

Am I weakened or strengthened  
by this one memory  
an empty white beach and high surf  
a girl in loose clothes hurries  
over the dazzling sand after a little boy  
who wants to know waves.

It is before the war. The sky and sea  
are impossibly blue. The girl's  
long brown hair shines in the wind,  
really he wants to know her,  
how can he know her, his whole life,  
I turn and see her close, close,  
she is bigger than the sky.

20 April 2003

## MORNING OF BEAUTIFUL

sky strange concert of crows  
in the rising, notes I never heard

concerto: a striving with or against

blue sky over, alabaster east  
with a molten sun  
like veins in it.

The crows were telling. But this time they seemed to be speaking a language different from Crow. I understand a little Crow but this was different. I am warned. I feel warned. My heart fills with soft anxiety, but clarity. Give up everything but the actual. Benefit all.

Huge amber prayer beads seem to be slipping through my fingers. I walk in circles on the delirious lawn, it is Russia, it is the animal called Time itself, I feel it at my heels. Blue-eyed grass, daffodils, doves running around, is all of this prayer?

This is the world when I let it. When I stop with my woe, my war, my waiting, my waltz and listen, listen like a shrewd attorney desperate for loopholes, who knows that the law always has room for us, and the air opens right before my face.

21 April 2003



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Suppose I really were awake already  
and this traffic all my cars

would this place be this place still  
or would I be a stranger?

21 April 2003

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Reading a new book  
remember  
love beneath old trees.

21 April 2003

## **MORTALITY**

How near? A narrow  
pathway through  
this graveyard of you.

21 April 2003

## **MORALITY**

When it's a chain  
break it

when it's water  
drink it

when it's fire  
take off your clothes

when it's gone  
remember

that way the wedding  
is complete.

21 April 2003

## EVIDENCE

Stertor

of a sleeping man.

The wrong shoes

on the window ledge

the wrong women

wrong house,

wrong midnight.

Did I imagine

any of this will last?

Translated

from the Portuguese

by the sleeping man

wide awake

listening to the sea

a hundred miles away

he knows it to the yard

as if he had a sea gull in his heart.

21 April 2003

## **REMEDIES**

Hear your disorder  
Dr Goldfinch  
at the window  
has come to cure.

Endure. Endure  
by answering, that's all  
he says but my  
god he's beautiful.

21 April 2003

## **FERRY**

Consider the ferry.

It has form, function,  
destination. It has qualities  
relevant to each.

It floats securely  
over usually  
tranquil bodies of water  
bringing people  
on habitual  
(commuting, not cruising)  
journeys. It is the only  
or at least the usual  
way of getting there,

island. Further shore.  
It uses its whole  
body to connect  
two places not it.

It tolerates  
passengers and freight;  
you don't take a ferry  
to the sea. You don't  
sleep on it overnight

usually though you drowse  
in the stuffy cabin

on wet days, or snooze  
in sunlight, foredeck  
in high summer.

Enough about you.

The ferryman  
walks up and down the deck  
swinging an old lantern,  
why? To tell you.  
Who? The admiral  
of between.

21 April 2003



## **PARABLE**

A certain man was going  
up one day from a place  
to some place else  
and there along the way he found  
what everybody else was  
looking for. He stood a while  
and studied it, wondering  
if he should make an effort  
to make it his own, and  
how that could be done  
if after all he thought it worth  
the doing of it, and he did,  
so did, and brought it home  
but his home was different  
from before, it had no door.

22 April 2003

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Love leads us  
to overlapped  
eternities

we  
have been  
in this bed before

before there was  
a telephone  
and after it again

we were we  
will be talking

22 April 2003

***MAESTRO DI COLOR CHI SANNO***

who understand that *gravitas* and *levitas* are the bones and muscles (respectively) of one great organism. When Durante calls Aristotle the lord of those who think, I think he means them, the people who are not-linear in their mind's movement, because the rational and the intelligential need to run together. curvet around each other on their way to truth. And of such liberties poems are the exemplary statements. By levity we lift ourselves off the ground; by gravity we live on earth. Discover those energies, gestures, gorgeous hesitations in the poem too. We need the other. Or, all we need is the other.

22 April 2003

## TROUBADORS

Disguise yourself, desperado,  
we're coming into town. Now  
the sun bonnet and the crinolines  
come out, toss away the cigar.  
You are my brother, the smart one,  
and I have to take care of you,  
my dark side, my bloated plutocrat  
of crime, my slim Valentino,  
my sheik, my almost girl.  
Treat them all nice as pie  
gooseberry though it be, tart  
and tingly, all these houses  
keep their secrets too, slave  
quarters out back, leper in the attic,  
now sway a little as you walk,  
be sweet but don't go biblical,  
we're almost there, the sheriff  
is abusing his fice dog and your  
eyes kindle, I'll never really know  
if it's compassion or De Sade  
that makes you take such interest,  
chill, honey, chill — the law  
is like that, punishments galore  
and no reward, now simper pretty  
at the teller, this is the bank already  
though it doesn't look like one,  
take out your gun and show it,  
giggle a little and take the money,

all the money, all the mama money  
the runs the world, it's all  
yours now, ours now, don't bother  
shooting the poor man, smile,  
back out the way we came in  
hurting nobody, owning everything,  
conquistadors of this feeble town,  
how long the road is to religion  
the dust of poetry choking us, music  
chasing us on horseback, the world  
is horses and we're on foot,  
weary miserable exiles, dirty, scheming,  
we know every cranny in the hills,  
they'll never find us but we'll never  
have a place to call our own, keep  
talking, we've still got all the money.

22 April 2003

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not sure what to call it  
some kind of fulgence or glow  
like an uncle of the light

or your face  
too close to mine for me to mistake you  
for anything like a relative

closer than that  
mine without being me  
as if light staggered coming down the sky

if that's where light comes from  
and fell around me  
leaving me in the dark

worshipping the closest other thing that is not me

25 April 2003