

4-2002

aprA2002

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### Recommended Citation

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COLD COMPLACENT THING THE ART LIFE BECOMES

But dawn's remembering  
the hard of it

a hand  
waiting  
the spill  
of mind  
into a considerable west

all the arroyos are rational  
the national logic

do you know what it means  
when no dream comes

only a child could write with that pen

empty letters  
a petal maybe April

alas at last a letter lost

who were you trying to be  
was it dam

the notional  
defense canal  
the slim

blue vein of sense slip  
believers through the unwaking state

selling art in a city  
is selling salt in the middle of the sea.

1 April 2002

## THE FRESHNESS

I and be born again  
asking for you

no older in that  
moment

twins  
to share a cycle of renewal

this makes us one animal.

1 April 2002

## APRIL FOOLS DAY

What are they really waiting for  
The waves the clouds the shadows  
They come from nowhere  
Stand over the earth as if they owned us  
Maybe they own us

I write my name down in the dust and wonder  
Am I enrolling in catastrophe  
The simple death that breathes out the best of us

This game does not reward inattentive play

1 April 2002

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Suddenly the grass is there,  
there means here, where I see it  
as if the sun did it in the night.  
Reviewing your work. The troops.  
But I digress.

2 April 2002

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There should be a name for something  
very small, sympa, an Easter  
duckling with orange feet, coming towards  
and actually being here now.

Call this the sun.  
Imagine planets all around it  
and make us live on one of them.  
It's always Sunday in a Muslim land,  
you go to work as usual, only  
the pigeons notice the difference,  
those birds born from the sound of a bell.

2 April 2002

## AMONG THE GNOSTICS

But what do they know?  
You put them up to it,  
this knowing. What  
did you know to make them  
know it, or know  
another thing, or no  
thing at all but only where  
such things (as what?)  
are made?

                    Knowing  
how to know,  
is that what you said,  
tracing the instruction  
with pale blue anxious veins  
on the faces  
of those who love you,  
an image you can hardly see?

And why an image?  
You can't no an image  
can we? Isn't knowing  
a pictureless certainty?

Isn't all sensory evidence itself  
just a metaphor?

                    But what for?

If you see it  
you can't know it,



only in silence  
your famous Bach  
is that it?

Why don't you tell me  
what they know  
and how they know it,  
otherwise I'll think it's  
a kind of dance  
on a cold night out there  
men and women each apart  
dancing slowly on a moonlit field,  
not a graceful dance but here  
and there a graceful dancer.

2 April 2002

## OVERINHEARD

*Don't tell how much you enjoy it  
they'll take it away.*

Who says that as I write it down?

Is this the very voice of the problem,

fear of avowal, which is fear

of attachment to what is fragile,

fear of feeling one thing forever,

or never, fear of losing, fear of *they*?

As long as I keep quiet

it will endure, it will be real.

Authenticity fades into publicity.

All my life is trying to choose

revelation over disclosure,

keep the paradise of feelings as source

(not subject) of everything to tell.

2 April 2002

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but something wants me, who

a carrot extended meekly  
to a carnivore, I know what you mean  
but I'm not going to bite,  
I won't go where you want me  
but I'm on my way

be careful with those vegetables  
they too have presence in the world  
not souls not sentience  
but they're here, that counts,

maybe that's all that does, you care  
I care and we lie down together,

schluss, paradise is now. Ditto hell.  
Do you think they'll understand  
in Paris what I dreamt in snow?

2 April 2002

SIXTY MINUTES

disheveled episodes of  
takes the viewer a week to  
figure how the parts go together

glimpses of prowess and dismay  
essenceless accident

a kiss without a mouth.

Everybody understands  
everything but me.

Who do I think I am when I'm watching what  
why am I doing it and mostly who mostly who

the left fielder slams into the wall but makes the catch  
the Palestinian blows up

the fabulous slow soaring song seagulls of home runs  
senators denying everything

who are these people and how do they live in me  
ambiguity of visual experience.

3 April 2002

## RAPTORS

at the sky door  
something cracks

some feed  
on me

a park  
is over us

Monitor Street Nassau Street Mahler's 5<sup>th</sup> is playing on the changer heavy shellac disks clatter  
down every four plus minutes it is the middle of the night I have learned desire and to hear  
music I still don't know how to listen to touch to take hold the music tells me I don't listen

crow  
over east

fifty years pass

the difference between light and sunlight

men walk around with their telephones  
who could ever listen enough to hear them all

the difference between me  
and what I sometimes am.

3 April 2002

## THE ANTHROPIC CURRENT

as if I were a man  
a uniform  
facing the beginning  
of things  
before I was people

every line is provisional  
a rare bird  
in the silence factory

are we the shell of something  
or is this planet purgatory?

ask again the blue amazements  
just enough to keep the soul alive  
beauty is the wrong  
a vein of agony runs through

everything gives if you leave it alone.

4 April 2002

## MANHATTAN TRANSFER

The vision of the two  
and how they did

together was the other  
that so rhymed with sharing  
such energy of interfolded  
seeing, feeling, keener  
order of transference:  
the self enOthers,  
embraces the vision of the self.  
How intricate it is to be.

4 April 2002

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If we come back we will say  
the place we've been to is a holy place,

moon in the sky, streets on earth  
and everything talks. That's how we knew.

5 April 2002



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Silence inside

can't all

be waiting

on the other side of anxiety

a quiet room

it's all right there

I don't know what to say

about it, it's all

the time and never

he was the door he said

a door implies a room a space

a presence the possibility

of going between

this place and that absence

of entering of being there

alone or with another.

With others. Then they

can explain

who you used to be.

5 April 2002

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The blond window  
opens the room

throws its tricky light  
across the obscure avenues

of not your city.  
It is a science

of coming into the room.  
Soldiers in camouflage

believe everything they see.  
Water stairs water in air

one flows through the other.  
Airport. Escalator

on which one rises  
still flustered from the frisk.

Metal detectors, anxious armed men.  
The urge to go anywhere

in the first place is strange.  
This is the first place.

5 April 2002