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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

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

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

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 5th 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

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

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

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