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Let the imagined *one* bend on the anvil of the two  
—two *heatures* and cold they are enough, poor things,  
wet as seals and the caves gaping mammothly  
beneath our feet — just under freezing —  
*keine Nacht dir so lang* — two heavens open

children sing on Easter morning  
and a sandal is lying blank in the desert. Are these enough,  
outposts, for your song? Red poll of the pecker,  
heathen happiness — wind works in a little flower,  
adequate? What nonsense time makes of attitude!

A woman translating from a Romance language  
has to be a little more clever than her devious  
or imagined original — poetry! Has to be a little  
bigger than the room she occupies, a wonder, bathwater  
gushing out of the sky, her shoes fly by, happiness

is often a matter of simple neglect — the tribunal  
closed for the weekend — leave me alone — a stone off duty  
rolls away from the world and we come forth,  
nobody knows us at first, we are everybody's husband,  
the gardener, gamekeeper, blind harper in the wood,

I hammer flowers on the anvil of desire — is that  
what he said? — and our sparks chatter up beyond the sky.

16 April 1995

## WIND

sundown, walking  
into it, the wind  
in my face loud

a bell in an empty sky

a bell  
is emptiness

a thousand of me  
hurrying into the soundless of it.

16 April 1995

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It might be more like a dragnet  
fishing through the bright morning  
for something to say: a word  
remembered. A hand  
brought to another's hip: *By bone*  
she may have meant, *we jar*  
*out of the Conversation*  
*into the real*. Touch and forget  
into pure sentience. Just know this.

17 April 1995

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So what I thought the neck of a swan  
was the prow of a boat. Strange  
the way someone's gentle music drifts along the air  
and becomes arrogantly everybody's.

The reach of summer things. Where does  
this boat ever go? If I have daylight I remember,  
tall narrow houses of Amsterdam,  
what could it have been like in winter

before electricity! Still pitch dark  
at eight in the morning. Bless the candle  
that let them climb their skinny twisty stairs  
and canals hold light long after sunset.

Bless the candle. I light one, it totters  
on its base in the spring morning, setting  
all this winter stuff in motion, dark  
worry, painted candles, claustrophobic, Dutch.

Sound reaches in. But light is quiet  
for all its famous speed. Sits there  
and lets our eyes — all renaissance and wet —  
come reach out for it, what it shows, a sheen

on property. The skin of things we love.  
Every time I see this picture I get it wrong,  
boat or waterfowl, Everglades or Molokai,  
I'm like a calendar with glued-together leaves,

I belong to how I saw it first. The then  
of things takes my breath away. A sound  
comes visiting again. The boat is quiet. Paint the candle  
in the lonely house, come sail the light.

18 April 1995

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Give an accounting of the reason. Stars  
reflected on the bay. Give an example  
you use instead of thinking. There are blue  
flowers on the lawn even now, and yellow birds.  
Give their names. Helena, Hermia of course,  
the world round them revolves. A house,  
give the measurements of God's house.  
A rock garden, an eyebrow, a wading pool.

19 April 1995

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Not just once. Every day  
you have to leave  
the palace. This  
is remorse. Resolution. Every.

Today's first thing red  
shouldered hawk  
glided low over lawn  
then into bare trees,

lost the sight of him  
in there but saw his shadow  
still swooping. Green soon.

We divide  
from ourselves. In sun  
bare trees. Remorse  
in ascension. Soon.

20 April 1995

## P A R A D I S E

Come then as know so few as that:  
a hat perched on a broken marble Maybe  
plinthed up from a rainball street:  
Piccadilly of my dreamest dears, an ankle  
shimmering under a cab door open  
whisk one or all of us away. No park is far.  
It is Paradise, where the rights of man  
are ribs and the wifely nighttime  
covers us with stardown. All is pie.  
I know a city like that and a hurry, real  
woollen liberals in a row, shopfronts,  
and in the cellar of an old chapel white  
as new pine wood a dry old stick stands up  
round which the faking angels ply  
protecting this kingdom and a buried head.

20 April 1995





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Of course I want to take off my body like everybody else  
and be summer wind and silk rags in it and a crow

and the crows have built their nests in the top of my head,  
I promise I'm not going to talk about birds,  
I will keep going on, like Boston and opera,  
knowing no better, a whole bunch of goldfinches now

but I remember my foolish promises — a promise  
is a kind of rose isn't it, so many  
many petals and how long can it live,  
you fragrant excuse.

21 April 1995

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French masters, Fauchon and Montfaucon—  
between these my ire and my grief, an appetite to walk  
up Rivoli like someone else, to nose  
the gilt gateway of the Galérie Apollon — ça  
and only ça the teaching weather, the talking  
horse, the stone that was your mother. There  
or in the Rue Dante, pockmarked with bullets  
from the nights of the Commune, holes that were your womb.  
You come from what you see.

And what you dream about  
(in those long stupid baseball saturated August afternoons)  
(dreams without even the courtesy of sleep) (all that  
daying and saying and hope-a-hoping) was your father.  
Tall and white and greedy, a city  
dancing in an old suit of clothes  
but dancing forever. Paris  
is the only evidence of all there is.

22 April 1995

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As if were enough of all because  
a loop of say God over the crow's flight  
guised as a cloud. And low  
across the meadow an owl  
quick with measuring.  
He saw the bodies carried out  
and knew the smell of what he saw.  
Truth is a kind of religion  
won't let you backslide.  
Even in dream know it was not dreaming.

23 April 1995

[on laptop: apr2495.wri]

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Landing together. In foam  
we reached the same

island. Your hand in mine  
exploring the salty lubricant of number.

You are everything to me. The rain  
custodian, the narrow streets

lead us only up. Near the top  
your little house we made the mind.

Telescope. Mainland. Moon.  
The seals of winter. Cormorants, gulls,

ducks are enough to think with.

25 April 1995

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Given: that every perception is an island  
marooned in an estuary.

The river of us keeps coming  
from so far. It is sun and shade.

Ten directions, from them they  
also come. A blackbird  
(narrow fluty thing) and jay  
(*craintif, agressif*)

then the humble Polish  
of the wild turkey you hear in the wood,  
all consonants, its anxious  
shirking of our neighborhood.

Why am I here? I am a cardinal  
of the oldest religion, my body  
altogether crimson inside —

Fletcher's *Purple Island* maybe me —  
bees nuzzle dandelions — Saint Fran-  
cis's electronic carillon

(how many L's in bells?)  
slongs (rather than bong) out a saddish  
tune for the dim siesta time  
twixt lunch and vespers.

(Siesta comes from *sext*, noon from *nones*,  
but we doze after lunch and things  
swoop from branch to branch like crows.)

25 April 1995

KTC

