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**Sun and firstling
clear pine gleam
I am not angry
enough to be you.**

1 April 2013

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**Things change shoes
shadows march, laughter
without a bicycle
trying to be at home
strange callers the light
a broken door.**

1 April 2013

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**The Lady steps down
nimble from her chariot
the whole sky condensed
in the blue of her clothes
has the sky come down
to earth, what is that
roaring in my ears.**

1 April 2013

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**42° and bright sun
is Delius on the deck
but the actual music
on the radio's Rameau
glad gears of his mind.**

1 April 2013

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**Someone running
in white shoes
what more need be said.**

1 April 2013

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**The fugue is the only
way that sounds right
the natural habit of mind
to carry it all at once
far from always here.**

1 April 2013

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**Sun shade to shield
moon roof, the car.
Being small again
is all I can.
April again.**

1 April 2013

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**Her voice in my head
trying to forgive me
for what I didn't do.
Her arms in the car window
her breasts on her arms
her smile the last time.
Never say no.**

1 April 2013

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**But there was waiting to be done
in the noodle shop,
the bald man passing outside smiling in his earphones,
the people neither poor nor rich.
Come back to Erin, I thought,
everybody came from somewhere, go home
when you can, like flowers, like rain.
Only I ever came from here.**

1 April 2013

HER VOICE IN ALL THESE YEARS

In blue depeynted
throned erect
in her own nakedness —
the inner robe or chlamys
perfectly translucent blue,
the blue of summer morning
just before the pink of
sunrise alters it,

no
passion yet,
the outer
robe or circumstance
October blue
of cloudless apple weather
and she rides the sky
unmoving.

And up to her
you find climbing all her dears,
servitors, abstainers,
absconders of her wisdom,
Heraclitus gazing at her lips,
the moist refulgence of that health
from which she speaks,
but she is silent in your moment,

**Empedocles is climbing
old-muscled slow up
along her left thigh to
hurl himself one last
time into her lap,
perish in the heat of her
union of wisdom and compassion,
all-knowingness and rise as
somebody else some other time**

but now applaud,

**he's on his way,
way down below
very near us,**

**Friedrich Nietzsche
has risen already
from his strange Lutheran grave
and sits, silent as she,
on the instep of her great
naked foot, his back
turned to her, turned away
from all her other lovers
disposed about her body
and the shining landscape she
begets around her
wherever she travels,
 and yet his eyes are open,**

back turned in denial,
fearful of that

passion to be shared,

that *Mitleid* that made him mad
at Wagner,

mad because he took,
mistook, compassion for pity.

It is not pity.

It is feeling what you feel
whoever I am.

Leid is suffering,

sorrow, passion, *mit* is with,
in compassion I feel what you feel
and you feel me,
it is a path, the only path
to knowing everything
by way of knowing everyone.

Color means the shape
or body we inhabit,
it is translucent
to our hopes and fears
but perfectly transparent
to compassion.

But he is a child down there,
he turns away
closes his eyes so he won't be seen.

The mirror phase is broken,
her body, even the least of it,
sustains him,

if he opened up
he would see the host of her deniers,
Saul of Tarsus on her other foot
and his eyes are closed too,

for all of them belong to her too,
how could they not,
the muses mean her
and money is her shadow,
the queen of coins *is* the queen of swords,

I have found you poking around
in my orchard,
rifling my desk,
opening up my cupboards
and pulling out my deck of cards.
my silver dollars,

my map
of purgatory, *Fegefeuer*,
my father's green tweed suit,
*Now everything you find is yours
because you looked for it*

I hear her say
far up above us both

**I want that kiss too
her playful lips
her words inside us
strangely spoken
as if we were her too,
all of us,
open all our eyes,
the truth is only in the other ever.**

2 April 2013

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**I see you sitting in the other room
a miracle about to happen.
You're reading a book. Before
you know it, all the words are yours.
And you know how to give them
away, you know how to talk.**

2 April 2013

THREE COMMANDMENTS FROM THE NIGHT

If the father has no son, there is no sonship in the world.

(ca. 4 AM)

Let the window find its own way home.

(ca. 5 AM)

Numbers faster heaven nearer.

2/3 April 2013

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**Now the world the time allows me
victim of a semaphore I raced ahead
where the Affhan drummers held the pass
and shot me down with bolts of sound,
O bells
of Christendom preserve me! The sneering
shawms of the Himalayas, eerie plink
of snakeskin mandolins, aroint ye!
Then I woke up, no wester than before,
in love with Everest and my sadhana,
a little past my self again, but glad of winter.**

3 pril 2013

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**The moon has provinces
and each one influences
you and your oncoming life
in its own special way. Buy
my moon map, pretty lady,
learn the roadmarks of your fate.
For I have mapped them all
in sleep, charted with red ink
the blue ambiguities of Luna,
Mother of *nefesh*, Queen
of all you don't know you desire.**

3 April 2013

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**The symbolism of it
continues to elude.**

**There is an animal
uncertain, hefty
four-footed gait
but spry in sinews.**

**There is a shadow
it casts round itself
on red clay where it
verges on swift streams.**

**There is sunshine
all round to make
all of this happen.**

**Not much else is known.
There are sounds
though, coming maybe
from the animal or water
or the sky itself in
order of probability.**

**What does it mean?
My heart ins your hands**

**it seems, or the churches
are empty, exiles
everywhere, walking,
trying to buy a book
that explains all this.
Or most of it, or some,
but I can't find the door.**

4 April 2013

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**Tempered mediations
sleeves in winter
pf two strangers
sitting in adjacent
cheap seats at the opera
rub as they listen.
Rub. nd somewhere
deep beneath the wool
and skin and meat
the bones are listening
to the two things
one music says.**

4 April 2013