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The illustrious lawn
returns from winter
journey under crystal

illustrious because sun
looms over it and hints
at green, you remember

that color from ago,
your house in heaven.

1 April 2014

=====

The day changes
every time
do this again
be black
against the sun.

The stand
is dubious,
heart-held the breath
inside me
rides me.

Everything
breathes out.
The deep AH
of what there is.

2.

Remains as me.
Too close to forget
—the afternoon
is hurrying forward,
scratchy old record—

whose voice
sounds so thin,
calls the police,
confuses the mother
with the sea and both
are bitter? *Atrugetê*
says Homer, you
do not plow it, seed it,
you do not reap.

3.

Skeletons for breakfast.
A night is nothing
but the day trying
to forget. I was waiting
for you while you
danced with your sisters,
I heard the music
and frowned at the empty
pillow beside me.
Then it was dawn,
vacant time, the children
banished to school.
A day is nothing but revenge.

1 April 2014

RECITAL HALL

1.

The instruments are carried in.

What shall we do with our hands

here on the margins of real meaning?

2.

Suddenly listening in music

I am not anybody.

Clear light

'od gsal

covers them too.

1 April 2014

=====

Help the way, the harder
Principles aloft
above our little deeds,
a rag of cumulus
over the fairgrounds—
who loves me
as if almost ashamed
(hair covering her eyes)
of being who she is.
And the same people
keep coming out of the store.
A door always remembers.

1 April 2014

=====

If ypu can read this
it is a book.

If the word's cry
come to your
where you're hiding,
you are reading.

As long as a book is
it will call its reader.

The lake and the swan.

1 April 2014

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Getting things wrong
is also a kind of bird
green plumage like
the trees it lives in.
It is warm in such lands,
shadows cling snug
to the hips of the swimmers,
quick dips in luminous lagoons.

2 April 2014

=====

Kinds of torture

kinds of well-being

march through the supermarket

looking for us.

We have to hide near the dull stuff,

cans of peas and jars of beets

till they pass us, we hear

their seductive contralto vpices,

their baritone encouragements.

And then we hide in every

aisle, we weep.

2 April 2014

=====

As if they were waiting for me when I fell
those gruesome angels of the light, loud as blue
and sky all over—I meant to be better,
I was a raft for others, I was a smoke
discernible\ on an implausible horizon—there!’

But you can’t see it without being men.
Want to try? Girls know how to do this
when they go he bathroom together,
men understand nothing, are not meant to,
we were built to carry a stone or a tune

and say whatever comes into our fat heads.
That is the explanation, enough cosmology
for one spring afternoon, yes, sun, yes, breeze,
yes the freshet loud outside, the waterfall.
The angle of the sun tells me it’s time
to go home. That’s all the geometry I know.
My wife will explain what happens next.

2 April 2014

=====

Something like a lanyard
on a house,
 to hold
it halfway up the sky
the way we like to live—

away from those swart caverns,
Lucifer! up, up to be heaven
hardy, halfway home,
cloud-daffy, sure
only of the light,

this mess of physics
we inhabit, why?

I see movement in the trees
do they see me,

is it all cardinals and vesperilios,
night thoughts at high noon,
crises of neurology,
 is it just pain
that tethers us to objects,

where is the other side of light
we look with
 at the Gates of Between?

3 April 2014

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Flash of light from a
passing car
semaphore from God.

3 April 2014

=====

Be particular
this knee a stone
meant for you
from the beginning.

Come sit thereon
and hum of him
you thought I'd be
before I was.

O vengeful love,
a cardboard box
shaped like a heart,
full of live sparrows

singing that sad sweet
question mark they do,
white-throated. and when
the box is opened, love

flies awaybut song stays.

3 April 2014

=====

Aurifex, gold maker
you'd say if you saw the word
clear on a purple afternoon
when you were thinking of nothing
but polished leather, polished stones,

and then the word came
and told you what to do, rise up
and transfigure, Moses and Elias
stand above you, coaxing you
into the sky, where the gold
comes from, see, it pours down
even now and sounds like this.

3 April 2014

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Little stone

I know you from my pocket,
shape and skin and warmth of you
half from you half from my hand
but my fingers are colorblind
and think all stone are dark,
strange friends from under the ground,
the earthlings before us,
very wise.

4 April 2014

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The rail fence rides
there are pieces
and there are places
we decide. We pick
up a hillside, sheep on it
quietly working the grass
and we carry it home.
A thing like this, a 'piece'
takes up hardly any 'space'
when you take it out of 'place'
but there it is,
a sund inside you
to which all other images
must defer and yield 'time'.
Time means: unpack space,
unpack images from space,
hillside, sheep, a little
snow left under the trees.
Imagine a highway being by it
and you be on it
hurrying home.

4 April 2014

THE TEST

If I touch you
it must be me.
That is the rule of dream,
the dark regime.
Every pronoun
rhymes with every other.

4 April 2014

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There is no punchline to this joke.
The laughter has to stay in the jar
jiggling nervously. The surface tension
quivers with anxiety and doubt.

4 April 2014

IN BARD HALL

Doctors, uncoil your stethoscopes!
Listen to the wood of this hall
press your gleaming instrument
against every wall and hear,
underhear, the murmur of ancient
celebrated voices still resounding
in the wood, this wood remembers,
this former tree in which we stand.

4 April 2014