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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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First sign of dyslexia:

a bird flies past the window

and it looks wrong.

The same thing happened tomorrow

and it's still last night. And people

smile at what you're not even thinking.

By now it's too late.

A few things you try to depend on

still: a trolley car. Vienna.

9 November 2010

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You loved that girl is what it is.  
Then you left, the way you do.

Your emotions befuddle you,  
you are a boy lost in the woods,

with big feet, snaky roots tripping,  
tangled, your ears distracted by song—

Confusing Autumn Warblers bird books  
talk about but you never actually see.

Love is like that, all the translations  
said so. The big feet though are all your own.

9 November 2010

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In love  
but not enough  
like listening to Webern  
when you can  
almost hear the music.

9 November 2010

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Then the others came  
the ones who flew  
and flying saw the city  
same size as the planet,  
nothing but streets  
ever, streets and gods.  
And shadows of them  
passing overhead  
And our shadows spilled at our feet.

9 November 2010

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Cautiously rewind  
a little boy in a sailor suit  
smiles at anybody who watches.  
All of us, smiles at the world  
because the noisy camera  
beheld him, held him  
safe while he grew large.  
Now it's the tincture of a smile.  
The dry old film  
feels like a dead man's fingernails.

9 November 2010

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Things move around downstairs  
in us. What are things?  
What is everybody waiting for  
we've been here so long.  
The calligraphy of marsh reeds  
has written it all out for us,  
when will we read?

9 November 2010

## IS

The blue of silver  
is special money  
for the eye a quick  
change of one  
thing to another

your blood in my veins  
abroad a bread  
to spread the word  
give self-years  
faith must inside  
muscle you never  
notice no matter  
now many years

you need rest  
hurrying to answer  
this pay my way  
into the sky  
pirouettes of  
not even remember

2.

so the tide wend  
gull-faltered



in the north gust  
and nothing falls

where could it  
where could it go  
timbre mistake  
the note I get  
wrong always right  
who hums  
to carry?

Muscle taught  
time to carrt

3.  
safe house  
in the river  
you know I never  
heard a lark  
in all these seasons  
my shoulder blades  
quiver at your strength  
I travel round the sun  
west to east  
like all the rest.

10 November 2010

**(SAINTS)**

But holding by the hand  
helps, and the big brown leaf  
of the tulip tree, and the carved  
Bavarian dark wood frame  
for the little lithograph of Saint  
Thérèse I'm going to send you  
soon as I find one because hse  
knew how to hold your hand  
by a smile in her broken heart.

11 November 2010

**(SAINTS, 2)**

He knew where everything was.  
It would tell him he would tell you.  
When women asked him how he knew  
he looked away and said The answer  
is always built into the question  
and heaven lets me hear it  
in the silence after you speak.  
Snow. Pine trees of course. Snow.  
Forests. Pilgrims. Seraphim.

11 November 2010

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I'm always afraid when I meet  
composers, I think I'm afraid  
they'll take the music away.  
Not just their own—all of it  
and the lovely fugues melt like April snow.

11 November 2010

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Lord let me listen  
he cried out in his hermitage  
Why, have I said something  
(the Lord answered), been  
talking in my sleep?

11 November 2010

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Caught nearby a rill  
running into a brook  
feeds this little stream  
on its way to the river  
on its way to the sea  
where it turns into rain  
the way a word does  
finally everywhere  
you step over the cloud.

11 November 2010

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The theme returns—music  
always answering some question  
I didn't have sense enough to ask.

11 November 2010

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There is anger in the world  
and a strange animal  
you never saw  
no discovery nothing new  
the dandelion's  
answer to frost.

11 November 2010



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Lift the bar from that forbidden park  
and let the lovers creep back in—darkness  
is their meat and silence their champagne,  
simple as a quick breath, complex as a kiss.  
Knowledge. They have so much and know  
so little. The air seems broken round them  
and only their urgent moves can heal it.  
A bus goes by. The angel of the stoplight  
can't make up his mind. We are warm amber  
in one another's hands. In this contingent  
world love alone is unconditional.

12 November 2010

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Putting enough together to say so.

So. There. The birds hear us  
and zoom away like cartoons  
in the dead prose of our intentions.

Look at me. My mother  
struggled three days with the sun  
to set me free—what have I done  
with my life to make sense of her agony,  
give something back? And to whom?  
That's where you come in, the beautiful  
stranger in the heart of everyone.

12 November 2010

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Don't be that way  
be another way  
which way is that?  
don't be like that  
which way should I be?  
the other way or any other  
which way does this way leave  
it leaves you where you are

there are wires everywhere  
wives? wires  
there are still birds perched on wires  
phone lines power lines cable cables  
birds perched  
notes on the staff  
read the birds

music everywhere  
notations everywhere  
don't be like that  
how should I be

list to the music I make for thee  
don't be that way

I am jealous of the birds  
they perch on your shoulders they sing in your hair  
don't be that way either  
you don't actually hear any birds  
it is winter  
don't be that way winter

keep the door closed while I'm away  
what away is that how far does it go?  
don't be away I need you here  
which way again leads here  
nothing you can actually hear.

13 November 2010

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Look inside the machine

the machine knows

more things in your wallet that

cumbersome sunrise

now keeps following me around

like gunshots on a duckday morning

woodpecker too

had thoughts about you

the minute the sun gets over the trees

I'll have nothing to say.

13 November 2010