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**It is what it is
and it's turning green.
Dry and wet
duke it out in Greek.
Here we are content
with monist dreams.
Everything is one thing
we call nothingness
or the blue experience or
the space in between
between what you
think and what you think.**

13 April 2014

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**Trying not to think
not to dream
I carved a new type font
in my doze not elegant
but peculiar enough
to keep all the haunting
images away.
As all alphabets do.**

13 April 2014

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Any reason to be other
allows. Sympathy sticks
is that what he said
listen to the prison walls
it is terror, a taste of white
library paste a book
you tore apart to be
free of the words at last.
At least. But the wall
heard you, walls always
do. Why don't you
stick to my fingers too
or am I only a line]
across a green field you
cross, you think
I am a stream full of
bones, you breathe me
stop telling me what to do.

13 April 2014

BRAHMS' SECOND

**Not a lyric moment
a sleazy scherzo full of doubt
and then the massive last movement
the loud noise that empties the hall
out into the cold spring rain
its meek pizzicato, Go
home you have heard enough.**

13 April 2014

=====

**Come from far away to be me.
That is the equation, tree stump
on the high lawn, a birdbath on it,
terra cotta, maple. I am America
after all. So many parts of me
miss you, I have no I to miss with.**

**2.
That's why I say (see above)
come and be me. Mess with me
in the sense of mingle, mix your
identity (name them) with mine
(none) until the twin cancellation
(degeminate) are mutual
and lyrically not. Nemo.
And that would be the captain
of my most submarine will.**

**3.
But how far did you have to be?
Arms' length is the furthest distance
where humanity is. Everything else
is tired and astray, stars in your
pocket, salamanders on the moon.
abstract. You want mercy. There is none.**

**4.
Tree-faring rascals stump me.
Birds or girls? Some have wings**

**some are you, or are they leaves left
from somebody's November, exiles,
daughters of Eve? Eve who is everything
today, and from her flow the four
rivers of the Sorbonne, Eden of the ending,
flaming gate between her knees.**

14 April 2014

=====

Not on this side of the mountain.
More like mandolins, or a workshop
for small bright things not far away.
Wind brings it close. Water
trickling from an aluminum canteen
is like that, a bird pecking at seed.
Millet. Listen. There was once
a question of desire, typewriter
ribbons, a first date, foundering canoe.
The shoe of memory fits many feet.
So I come late again to our tryst—
were we to meet beneath the tree,
what kind, or at the crossroads,
by sun or moon, are you somebody
more or less real, or just remembered?
But that's a question about daylight too.
Or whatever it is by which I see
that you're not here, the road is clear.

14 April 2014

=====

**Sun over my shoulder
like a boulder rushing towards me.
Does this make sense
or is it only innocence again,
flag over a ruined fortress,
pretty dress a woman left behind
out of her mind with anxiety
to flee from this unspeakable hotel?
She left me here as well, all
alone to endure the miracle
burning at me from on high
and never saying why.**

14 April 2014

B'MIDBAR

**It calls us
to itself,
we are its names
maybe, who we
really are is are
waiting for us
in each place,
we enter like
children hand
in hand, we go in.
Every desert
waits for us.**

15 April 2014

=====

**Cavaliere, listen me!
I am your opera
so bring your Lucia
and sing me.
It is tired to be alone.**

15.IV.14

8:58 A.M.

**Cars roll
uphill.
Pure will.**

15.IV.14

SPY WEDNESDAY

years ago
we called today,
nobody knew, guessed
it was Judas
spying on Jesus or priests
hiring Judas or Romans
spying on everybody
the way we still do
we lords of empires
crumbling as we speak.

They tell me it's Irish
to call it so, middle
of Holy Week before
Compassion Thursday
and Death Friday
and the quiet Saturday
in hell unlocking the doors
so they could all live
again, the dead, and share
his Sunday Standing Up Again.

Spy Wednesday, a little snow
left from last night
on the porch mat, the
sunroof of my wife's car.

16 April 2014

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**Yesterday saw the first
forsythia, a few weeks
late, thirty miles
south of here, in
heavy rain, drenched
new gold, a promise kept.**

16 April 2014

BATHROOM

**Skylight
over the toilet so
every day
I find myself
pissing into the sky.
It is eerie
when a bird goes by.**

16 April 2014

SEQUENCE FOR HOLY THURSDAY

Having a chance is having
knowing. Light clips on
the edge of the world we
call morning. Who we.

What name is tomorrow?
There is no secret there
is only place. The deepest
we know is what we don't.

Who we? We ask again again—
nobody calls us *by our names*.
Who us? The message
of the trees. Stay still.

Speak with your bone
alone. Creak. After days of
rain short sentences
slip by us fast. Mandatum.

Day of the Commandment,
the other is your self.
Who you? Who speaks?
The tree of tomorrow, the T

the execution in accordance
with the law. Old ways
come back, throb of a far
furnace, under the arches

we build the sanctuary
for love there of every kind.
Kind means nature. And
who is that? Who

becomes the rigorous
question. *Sing me
something, not just in
dream not just in waking.*

Who sisters you in shadow,
young sapling slim
among the hillside trees,
the world hangs down

to meet us. fruit after fruit.
Who we? Who is anybody
with no name. A question
is a breath given back.

Animals touch each other
we do not. , That
is the answer. We kill
just to make certain.

2.
Commandment Day the sun
is listening to us
again from where it
comes, a toppling effect,
light over treetops, light in trees.

I will come back
when I know better
she signed the letter
with symbols we could read,
a cross a circle
near enough to be
the empty parking lot,
soft dust where he trod.

3.

**Because he vanished
from every place
not just the book
not just the mirror.**

**So every place knows
him still, equal absence
makes a sort of being there
because it is with us**

wherever you go.

17 April 2014

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**Are there openings
or only answers?
I cried out to the shepherd
bring me night now
but he was busy
with his music & heeded me not—
I listened long to his preoccupation
as it were an oboe
or a stream rushing past plum trees
so I grieved, and grieved again
for all the lovely silences.**

17 April 2014

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**When the lady answers
the skin changes
the wine pours, bricks
cascade from the tower top
and the word walks among us
shimmering and sleek.
But it is very rare.
There is a cave, though,
where it is always true.**

17 April 2014

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**I could guide you there
but can't go myself.**

**There is too much freedom up there
and you have to bring your own ladder
I am too tired to carry.**

**It's hard enough just to
sit there facing the right direction.**

17 April 2014

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**When it happens
it will happen again.
That is what
it means. to be.**

17.IV.14

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**Later I come back
and write something
right across the stone.
You come along and read it,
you say yes.**

**How
can there be
so much saying
in this silent world?**

**That's what the stone
was trying to tell us both.**

17 April 2014