

4-15-2012

aprE2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "aprE2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 27.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/27

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

= = = = =

To wake the water

a bird's enough

the colors of umbrellas

the smelly gaudy colors of poverty

to wake the word

in someone's heart to speak

against the heartless

who make the poor

to wake the water in the heart

a word's enough maybe

to quench the torment

of identity, the claim of me

self and other disappear

in bliss

an orgasm all the time

real happiness never knows it's

happy it just is.

15 April 2012

= = = = =

Partly it's the way things are,
[artly it's the way they sell you things

in a commodity economy
everything is commodity

they sell us water, air, landscape,
visions, rushes, stories, glories, ideas

they sell us things to think about
and things that trap us into thinking

Google goggles, ads imprinted on the air,
they sell you your own mind

time itself belongs to them
and you rent all your experience from them.

These nasty Loki thoughts
just to make you doubt—
pause a minute
before you haul your wallet out.

15 April 2012

THE FLY (3)

Does it matter who does it?

There is no one to see.

When he reaches that point
invisibility is easy.

People think he's flown away
but he's still right here—
he sent his shadow flying off
keeping only his awareness intact

so he could be with you all day long
and he is with you now.

Once someone really speaks
he never stops speaking.

You hear deep down his buzzing in your heart.

15 April 2012

= = = = =

Sunday morning—
people run past my house
as if I lived, as I live,
on an immense gameboard
where such people play
their minds on rules
a thousand miles away
from where they move.

15 April 2012

=====

[SQ, the flame again]

The sky itself becomes a stone

because we believe color

it tells us

and there is shuddering to be done

cold breeze off the river

hot night closeted with remembrance

morning could be a relief

but trees are mostly remembering

lifting soft wet memories into hard dry altitudes

monuments to the forgotten.

What's on your mind,

tall stranger?

Geometry dreams meat.

Flesh of quantum flashes

glimpses of the moon

through everlasting cloud,

And then the sky began to put out leaves
and you and I were suddenly the same

same as what?

Nothing to be known.

Of course night is the ash of day.

Of course you always knew it.

The last light is your first kiss.

15 April 2012

=====

[SQ, start of the blue one]

Pretend they're all trees
your friends. They distract you
from the sky and from the ground

they come in all colors and stand around.
They touch. They say too much,
They mean too much with their eyes.
They know you're looking, you can't
look away, can only look deeper,

looking deeper is your only chance,
deep in, not deep down—
deep in is the way out.

15 April 2012

= = = = =

I always wanted to be your friend
but a friend is a noisy clutching
undependability. A friend is an old car.
A friend is an agency you never quite get.
A friend is Portugal that spoils your Spain.
A hand is an unknown language, an extra
hand at the end of your arm, an awkwardness,
wet breath in your ear, whisper you can't catch,
milk spoiling too long out of the fridge,
a friend is a pony-tail on a jogging girl
cute to look at but soon gone.
So there are dandelions on the grass instead.
Instead of what? We'll never know.
There are just too many kinds of weeds.
But please try to find a use for what I am.

15 April 2012

=====

[SQ, blue one cont'd]

I talk about friends
because a friend is a lonely thing

lonely concept, these images
are lonely, they long for our eyes,

they yearn for the human presence
they so pointedly exclude,

There never were people in the world.
A human is an imaginary creature,
halfway between a friend and a unicorn—
or why does a body hurt?

What does this have to do with blue?
I've never mentioned blue,
never said the word,
even now I don't say blue.

Don't dare to. A word hurts too much.
All the pain in the body
lodges in the spoken word.
Sometimes. And sometimes it just stays

and hurts where it began.
Where the whimper of pain
slowly turns into a song
and after a while we can't tell the difference.

And that is blue.

15 April 2012

= = = = =

Nothing left to read

the leaves

are coming out

myopic trees

a blur of green

so far away

the cloud

still covers us.

16 April 2012

= = = = =

Leave it at that.

Cabs in traffic

so much to worry about

but no time to.

Release.

You have been fired

from anxiety.

Take a breather.

Decades pass. Remember

what it was like to care.

Even now you see it

all too clearly,

the man-child with special needs

stands at the roadside

his hand stretched out

trying to stroke the passing cars.

I saw this myself.

It was my mind

the wind was blowing

so it must have been true.

16 April 2012

= = = = =

Where were they going
when they passed by?
A human a day
drives the animal away.
And in that country
they have no word for dog.

16 April 2012

= = = = =

Marks of unison and dread
stain the virgin's skin
along her collarbone the jewels
of shadow cluster,

pearls of terror, so frightening
to be with other people
in a crowd, all those feelings
might be your own.

Whose fingers are they
at the ends of your arms.
You shiver. Somewhere inside
it's always winter.

And there is fluttering
in the heart organ
as if there were someone near
someone you once almost knew.

16 April 2012

= = = = =

Because of the manumission
I give the things around me
to stand free, because
Himmel-und-Erde reflect at once
from the bottom of the sea,

because children do not understand
the craving they feel is their own selves
yearning to be out of this trap
this new world with bars and no walls,
all laws and no liberty
except what you make up yourself

I tend to forget all this myself
and feel sad on hot days
when a smart breeze slips through
the still undressed maple saplings
and reminds me of the world

I used to live here (the soul thinks)
I used to be part of my life.

16 April 2012, Hopson

= = = = =

So many manipulations
locked in one hand

and then the guitar starts
to happen to my head

and where am I?

I am made of a species

of neglect, self-doubt
and imperial presumption--

what will become of me?
I better do something else

before it does me
the way the forest comes

creeping up in that play
and sucks up all the water

from my little earth.

16 April 2012, Hopson

WALKING IN THAILAND

We could be anywhere.

Thailand, the space

between our going

limbs, the space

between us

walks with us.

Walking is the landscape

manipulating us.

We walk along, along

whatever it's up to,

we come to a temple

shaped like the sea,

every wave gilded,

crested with golden going

and the chants being prayed

are all done by seagulls

and we hear.

Walking is hearing.

Space is walking all over us,

meadows and rice fields

float under us, you look
down and think you see
a dragon inked in along
the inner surface of my arm.

It is not there
but it ripples like the real thing,
swarms around the air,
surrounds us, lifts us.

It happens every time we reach out.
Sometimes you take my hand
knowing how easy it is for me to get lost.

But I am lost already.
Maybe we have come too far
to turn back now. The land
won't let us go.

16 April 2012