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**aprF2012**

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The gods move from house to house  
in us, they fly through our sleep  
wearing the pajamas we discard,  
we dare to sleep nude. A god  
is never naked, always veiled  
somehow in his function, a web of doing  
around his bright seeming—  
the gloss of god.

But now it is morning, a girl runs up the hill,  
everything busy pretending to be what it is.  
But I know better, the secret effort  
that holds things pantingly in place.

Nothing is easy, though some  
things are simple. Her hair.  
The empty road. Experience  
is the fancy word for loss.

17 April 2012

= = = = =

The leaves come back  
we try to listen  
to what they say,  
tell us in Greenish  
where they've been  
and what it's like  
to live in nothing  
for a while  
and then to be.

But they're infant still,  
they all talk at once  
so we get only a soft  
conception of what it means  
to come again.

And the wind anyhow  
talks louder—  
it has been everywhere  
and knows it. And tells.

17 April 2012

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I hope the little truck still  
runs up the Point d'Evian  
just west of Saint-Jean  
zigzag up that steep mountain  
delivering (it's yellow) the mail,  
I hope someone down here  
still cares about the strange  
people who live on the mountain,  
people who live with animals.

17 April 2012

**[SQ—more blue]**

I will not name you.  
You belong to everyone  
as much as me.  
Or I belong there too,  
part of the texture of the sky.

*Trees caught in ice.*  
*A child's first dream.*  
*An angry mirror.*  
*Soldiers holding up the sky.*

I will not see these here.  
I want to see it  
not what my mind makes of it.  
I am tired of my mind  
I want the mind behind my mind.  
I want the sky.

(I stood in her bright studio  
and it was always in the corner of my eye,  
I looked at it furtively from every side.  
The woman who saw it first  
stood next to be at the window,  
we pretended we were looking at the sky.)

17 April 2012

## **Sein/Sin**

We lie because

it takes

so many years to tell the truth.

18.IV.12

## **THE FIDELITY**

The muse of the moment  
is the moment.

18.IV.12

= = = = =

Let me remember the palpable  
in the broken air  
the place we dream and after.

18.IV.12



## **KARMA**

From thrill to thrill  
in the dark  
the life stretches  
its trembling thread

and when it's done  
the web is woven  
all around me  
and I am trapped in myself.

18 April 2012

## **TO THE READER**

Never think the word 'you' in what you read  
refers to you. Though it always does.

18.IV.12

= = = = =

Lines to wait in  
towns to have behind you  
—my dust on your shoes—  
tunes to stop hearing  
before you begin to believe  
your ears, trains  
to get off from nowhere  
and stand in emptiness  
watching the glistening rails  
go away from you forever.

18 April 2012

= = = = =

Enough to go on with  
worrying allnight  
the Saracens round my citadel  
their radios blaring—  
it's hard to believe  
in God and in music,  
one seems to obviate  
the other, the log  
sweet darkness of  
not thinking, the shine  
of silence at the back of the mind.

18 April 2012

**EVENTUALLY**

she got tired of being young.  
One does. I never did.  
What then? How to be old  
was not easy to learn.  
Role models are available.  
The skin, the hair, the lips.  
The conversation. The whole  
sheen of glory—*elf-shine*  
of the ancients—fades away  
if you want it to. Why would you?  
Weary of being wanted, of wanting,  
of doing what you want. Just sit  
down and succumb. To the dour  
vocabulary of time. All  
the fascinating sicknesses. The lure  
of easy death around the corner.  
Over the hill we used to say.  
I never will, I will cherish immaturity,  
my life-preserver in the sea of years.  
But she, why do you think she?  
Being young is like a jogger,  
finally you want nothing but to stop.  
You're tired of being watched,  
admired, desired, tired of being  
so interesting. Tired of being you.

19 April 2012

## COMEDIANS

die old.

Unless they do the Last Word trick  
with overdose or suicide.

They live long. But why this risible longevity?

Do they laugh everything off? Does laughter heal?

Or does making people laugh make them happy,  
and making people happy makes good karma,  
a good long life? There was a famous comic once  
named Bob Hope, he lived to be a hundred,

I rode once with him on a little plane  
from some desert to some other, I remember  
there was a gila monster on the tarmac  
when we got off. Along the way

Hope made everybody happy,  
walking up and down the aisle (you could  
do that back then, it was still America,  
not the Homeland yet), he was smiling,  
joking, being really there. The man  
just glowed, sharing his celebrity  
with everyone, his shine, his fun.

Maybe that's why they last so long,  
they enjoy sharing whatever they are.

I guess that's good for the immune system  
as nowadays they call the human soul.

19 April 2012

= = = = =

An extra day slipped into my week.  
Between Wednesday and Thursday  
something happened.  
Who was it? What did they want?  
Was it a god like all the other days?  
Some god who had been  
left out all these years,  
a woman, angry Hera, smart  
Athena? Something happened,  
the week is out of kilter.  
What is a kilter anyhow,  
who made this system,  
what dark Assyrian conspiracy  
is still with us, a week,  
a turning back,  
a never getting onward.  
Can I slip sideways  
out of the week  
the way this goddess  
seems to have slipped in?  
Who is it standing there  
between me and the day?  
Showing me the way?

19 April 2012

## **LOVE SONG**

You look like a chair  
someone sat down in once  
and fell asleep and still  
is breathing gently there.

19 April 2012



**[SQ – the road down goes up]**

Everything is going to the sky.  
That seems to be the secret.  
Heraclitus to Heidegger they  
all seem to say so.

There is a road that goes there,  
a line to follow, trees  
and other sentinels assert the way.

To say the way  
is to protect it.

We go as far as we can—  
that is who we are, we are the ones  
who go as far as we can.

We follow any tree.  
A tree is what *Dasein*  
actually says.  
Or sings.

Men argue about whether  
there's anything on the other side  
of the sky, some other  
sort of being. Or Being.

But we keep going. This picture  
grows lighter as you look at it,  
the dawn is coming, make sure  
we get there in time.

Or sunset. Only fools  
think there is a difference—  
*it is the same light*

constantly growing.  
Wherever you look.  
Already the trees are all behind you.

19 April 2012

**[SQ – the road again]**

Look at this,  
just a poster for the present,

an ad for here and now.  
A seduction.

If you believe this  
you'd believe anything.

And you would be right.

19 April 2012

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Walk around the room until you see it.

Walk around again till you find the way out.

This is the whole matter of education.

Listen and leave. The road knows  
everything else, and shows you all you need.

19 April 2012