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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I SHARE I ISN'T

What kind of animal has me in its name.

Who is that in my mouth.

Make the sound of someone speaking.

Spare body parts.

The catch of the glee assorts the owl's hour.

I always want to talk about owls.

Be kind to too she.

Tying shoelaces in the trees.

Down in the cellar the black light goes.

Infamy of riding coats our fox deceas'd.

Children dawdle their way to school grownups drive fast past.

Things you notice how the keyboard cheats.

Shadow of the bowing arm stains his starched shirtfront.

Is there a nearby animal to speak.

Varicose profits in a downturn hum.

I star my cable box delete to who.

This is of course how it yearns to speak.

Come back loving or come back tall.

Use me every day or silent night.

Red string caught in bush doth bird delight.

Do the colors change from year to year.

Does red always mean what I said.

He drives in blue a paper cup to church.

May Day and the green is almost donned.

Marxism was a primitive form of global capitalism.

The proletarians won but the proletariat is very small.

The masses now are gainfully unemployed.

Tax cap days, laws are the rosary beads of the rich.

Politics is the opiate of the intellectuals.

I wanted this to be just for you and me but.

The almost of ever.

Rebound pedestrian from the sunside of the meat.

Light is the purest aggression.

Trees teach us to wear clothes.

The crystal structure of sugar unfathomable cube.

Substance is pure mystery aren't we.

Water comes dripping out of a book.

You're not rich because you have money you have money because you're rich.

Simon is inelegant but eloquent tonight he says.

We Tuesday gulp our oatmeal porridge quick.

Of course this is an island.

You can't go any distance without getting wet.

Everything means something else too.

That is the problem with water and oceans more so.

Sunday jogs but bless relaxes.

Care for I share don't mean me.

Look at the cost of that old car.

Moneychangers in the temple stubble on the jowl.

The sloping of the maid.

I'm tired of religion it has to lie down.

Frictionless intercourse the maiden's smile.

Not Caravaggio but mother naked anyhow.

Thus I refute approximate shadows.

Without knowing what the word means.

Scum the light leaves behind.

Three women in black dresses pull people's legs open.

Mean mind me well.

Taking a risk is what this all is about.

Sit on the sink and hear the mirror.

All the famous women of the safe search off.

Suddenly the sun at midnight.

It is well to be well past midnight.

The book opens to an almost unfamiliar alphabet.

From the open book strong light falls out.

Light has a tendency to come down from.

We have a tendency to be some kind of ladder.

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By phone bad-jazzed
on hold in horror
a top-hat cheezy chitter
and disco to follow,
disco! Taking the wrong
door out of Purgatory.

2 May 2011

= = = = =

A good grump from Mon. morn.

Cherokee as me is hardly anybody.

Nip nose of fave niece.

When in doubt abbreviate.

Cherry pie ripens in a novel's stained leaf.

Bric-a-brac at Saltonstall's buy boutique.

Goshen ponies wonder where they're headed.

In tall rows of wheat men hunt for chaff.

Grass over head top the sunlight whiffles.

We need someone to whistle the wind up.

Feebly remembering Shostakovich.

Children in these days sang in the street.

(2 May 2011)

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Which was the other way when it began.

Always the alternatives abound.

Bad child ignoring mother's piña colada drinks milk.

Which but which future is the one we have.

There is a line that leads there crisp cotton of its flag.

Blood goes there to be cleaned.

Immortal ones that understand the gap.

Given an operation using land and air brutality he.

A kind of infestation like a clock.

Sometimes the warmth of Avestan scriptures argue.

High pitched laughter as if a sea bird knew it.

Take a deep breath before your profile shows.

Come up here pretend to be a lap in a listener.

I used to read the papers in my sleep.

The fish of miracles swim upstream in the dark.

When we remember animals our souls are comforted.

Church suppers for the unruly poor.

I flee the mother of my current infatuation or hide.

This is certainly the same as where I come.

The bottom of a barrel stained with olive brine.

Luwian alphabets strung across the Bosphorus.

Ishmael was black.

Aeneas and his Trojans became Etruscans not Romans.

The Romans came later and killed them most.

You learn to read by thinking against the words.

Think against whatever they tell you in school. (2 May 2011)

These are the utterances of gnomes who live beneath the grind.

One thing after another light through a billion windows the same light.

Hear the yearning spoken in the shadows corner of the room.

A shadow knows everything of form and music a shadow is the same as time.

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God is the mirror of our best intentions.

More live compassion towards all beings.

All living things all thought-about entities.

The closer we come to the brightness in the mirror.

Such things we dream and wake to scribble down.

Try to catch the shadow of the Speaking Angel.

Furies are as hard to catch as angels.

Sinuuous a-slither in black around us in us.

Called The Kindly Ones because they live in us.

They're named Compassion Kindness Wisdom.

They rebuke us when we fail the best in us to out.

When we fail by failing to acknowledge failure.

And rain comes from the sun.

The king of a thing stands up.

No government confesses it did wrong.

Maintaining the lie is the machine that wrecks it.

Think of penitent Oedipus.

Think of what it means to lose the people's will.

What can I know about these moral things.

Always wanting giving onward/

Stay away until another say.

Change a blue habit into mindful plum.

Organ voluntary fills our empty stories.

Lissome listeners float a capella.

Hear for once with you own ears.

For a child everything miraculous for us.

An expectant stillness in the air.

Two birds my tinnitus.

Storm soon under noon.

It breathes from this very rib.

Bones of Samothrace in three jars.

One jar for each god the house is full.

Everyone's a skeleton inside that's why.

One-finger exercises beat the broken drum.

Sailorman reef your distances.

The horizon is no nearer ever.

3 May 2011

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Was I sculpture or was I another thing.

The silk rose in Lucite water aids eternity.

Everything sounds a little like something else.

And that was a rose too.

Loving a person's name but not the person.

Endstopped allegro over the frontier.

3 May 2011

AUTHOR

He survived his papers and became

More than a name, a mistake.

3 May 2011

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Always someone waiting.

Why is *waiting* first think morning thinks.

So many days breed one desire danger.

Until they only need to use their thumbs.

Idle on the lap remote control warm knees.

Syzygy and wake the woman let her go.

Any act at all compromises power me.

It was the hairdresser skeptic as before.

Once men wore leather soles in this broad town.

Now we use their skins to patch the sky.

Past centuries leave healing dust behind.

Cocktail of cremains liquefy newed muse.

Swallow the evidence of Bayreuth and Berlioz.

Catullus's bones resemble scented talcum.

Grind and reuse to rouse the unemployed.

Skydiver Biber violin astringent tea.

The long quiet opiate of work begins.

What is the be in before and behind.

To have an idea hard work for the hand.

Things work as hard as they have to.

Bring peace at last to the calendar.

No need for time the princess sleeps alone.

That halo round her head is human hair.

Adobe mansions ideas are more like rain.

There are patterns in the dust love decides.

Late night in northern cities no-account in doubt.

Because you said it she reforests her belief.

By dulling their ears drink makes people listen.

Through the words and in the trees if ever.

There was going to be gone and only he to go it.

Neglect the obvious for once it's sticky from your love.

Interfolded fingers press the thumbs together up.

Do the dead know when their names are spoken.

Do the living know when a friend's thought thinks them.

Are there enemies at all or just more animals.

Wild turkey down this little hill steps mumbling.

Can you say one thing only and still go on.

If this were a question you'd have to answer it.

I believe in what men feel when they say that word.

The awe of other and the mirror bright.

Lie in the sand and make long demands.

Seafowl are glad to message thee.

4 May 2011

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Does not know where last year's go.

Deer meant any animal one time ago.

Deer are pure demand.

Welfare is wild fire.

Skimmer top and idle August seldoms.

Yearned and yearned but never learned.

I was the spindle of a clock a face forgot.

You were my Palatine a stone house.

Measure by fervor the faith of the subject.

Dire is a beast in a thicket or a wild swan.

All overheard by night a little left.

Cry to the night and morning answered.

I spell my way a different time.

Her viola climbs the tenor stave.

A sound *seeks* music *flees*.

Everything has much to say but less so we.

The face was wearing mountains on May Eve.

There was a worn spot where the skin showed through.

One claimed to know the body from the shape of nose.

Every logical proposition is a war canoe.

When you're in the forest you're too close to argue.

Come back to Monday to be born afresh.

When you're crying you sound just like a New Yorker.

Only the lonely sun is sitting on that bench.

So many things to you.

Exasperate the obvious one more time.

Things often break when they do.

It's not fire comes out of the sun pure information is.

Museums close on Mondays do they fear the moon.

What is itself the explanation.

Seek the hare but hide the hound.

A witch lives in your shoe.

Mother green and father blue let little little world be read.

There is an animal inside I think.

The *ba* bird takes the soul away.

The soul I speak's the soul the *ba* bird takes.

Each thing is itself and something else.

Salt and pepper snow on gravel.

Customs fetched back from the Indies.

No time for clocks in this puce cheek.

Spank naughty mothers won't leave the child alone.

They claim that bats are living in the joists.

Soft elbows are too long asleep.

Write or play the piano nothing else he said.

Organgrinder lease your monkey to the wind.

Let me tell you weather is no free lunch.

We pay for every pleasure and even more for pain.

Silly soulish people say what comes into their heads.

The girl who reads the meter trains the lights.

We are trapped in the evidence of thwarted felonies.

At least let me hold your scarf while you shiver.

A sneeze is a confession of complicity with the outside.

Note down her offenses in a little book.

After a while the book becomes your heart.

Any book how long you wear it.

This is true if even that.

Fewer jays less aggress but hawk or two.

I have to keep explaining my job is.

Bees told Virgil: Trojans were supplanted by Latins.

Nobody knows how to read a poem anymore.

5 May 2011