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**May Day workers
last night's witches
oil of wanting
flame of labor
a dangerous option
pale blue pale green
colors tell it all
and name is old
as a car on the road
soon as it's made
so little to say
the words flow free
free as the workers
who these days, these
woods do not march
too weary to protest
the way things are
religion is the crack
cocaine of the masses
crazed with identity
they miss the target
religion always protects
the system, is the system
cosmos, our struggle**

**not with flesh and blood
he said, no man
is your enemy,
a van goes by
all those empty seats
to bring one man
to work for some
other nightmare
o I am lost
on the edge of the woods
bird cries
in English too
the birds are students
at the same seminary
makes priests of us all
angry apostates later
or hunting heretics,
priests serve the wrong
god, the evil god
of other people.
Beautiful music
of self-delusion
it is enough
to touch your hand
from which the book
falls, thud of
Bible on the ground**

slay bells
banging in the steeples
kill for heaven
falling birthrate
color of money
the minaret collapsed
blown up by believers
do you hear violins
tanks rumble streets
but the stars are on
burning our principles
away the ethics
of bayonets obsolete
ingenuity, a wheel
to go nowhere
Jesus Maria we
were a kingdom
I thought but now
a mile of white
fences an expensive
horse and no trees
horses don't eat leaves
Mercury flits by
on silver ankles
laughing at the half-life
of money, the toxins
of communication,

**black mold of entertainment,
for the gods decided
long ago they do not
believe in us
even a minute longer,
humanity is dead
they say in heaven.**

1 May 2013

THE THRILL

**High school labs all over America
prove money keeps
the whole animal twitching
as old Galvani showed
poor little beast
long after dying
still made to dance.**

1 May 2013

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**It is not a small thing to have shared the earth
for three years with William Butler Yeats
or five or more with Joyce, fourteen with Richard Strauss.
No wonder that I'm so presumptuous.**

1 May 2013

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**Always another beginning to begin
there is a rule to it
an ethical injunction
a barnyard simile
a deft enjambment on the
banks of the Nile
and there your sermon sits,
a haiku on the rock,
a tadpole in the sky.**

2 May 2013

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**Months minding May
for one week it is licit
to have sex with the dead
in the astral neighborhood
where you first met
in the shadow of fallen elms
watching the sheep shift about
in the lost meadow, frisking
of a lamb you ate ten years ago.
Because in this season Time
is an oil that sticks to your skin,
and a little tickling trickle
down your back,
that soft innocent back,
is the future getting ready for you,
its sly conversation already begun.**

2 May 2013

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**Her singing voice
the plains of Judah
hill hide slattern scree scatter
down waste slopes,
a voice
reaching D over high C
explaining something about love
— all effort and no gain,
all feeling and no meaning —
your chariot driver will
take you thither
where from a low cliff
you can see the dead
pretending to enjoy the afterlife
whenas they had hoped
for sheer oblivion,
the absence inside everyone.
Who knew that music
identical with theology?**

2 May 2013

=====

**Because you can enter the voice
the sound it makes, the tone
it sustains is a gate
and any child in you can walk in —
and once you're inside a sound
it lasts,
 no decay, the bright
cavern all around you, lit
from some source you cannot know
and a little trickle at your feet
leads to a dark lake
where the waves quiver most gently
in sympathy with that sound.**

2 May 2013

THE GHOST OF CAIN

**Then Abel of the flocks
slew upright Cain
the hurtless gatherer.**

**His body rotted
but the ghost of Cain
fled into empty spaces**

**the human unconscious
where he lives and teaches us
music and all technology,**

the ways of matter in a spirit world.

3 May 2013

**(That was what the dream woke me with
early, first open window of the spring
the stream's voice heard again.)**

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Tree bark
my last book.

3.V.13

TIME, 2

**Or no time left
so translate me
across the border
into space alone
that monster mind
that all things thinks.**

**Then I can wake
into this day again
made for once
out of sunshine
that alien glow**

**effrontery
of being known
nowhere to hide.**

3 May 2013

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Sun builds patriarchy.

Autarchy. Moon

builds family.

Let

me flee into the realm of stars

sheer multiplicity.

3 May 2013

