

5-2013

mayD2013

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayD2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 175.  
[http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/175](http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/175)

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](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

## **OF DISTURBANCE**

**the poem lives in the body**

**the word a parasite**

**immortal bacterium**

**survives its musculature survives its breath**

**the soft flesh that tenses when it loves**

**and laxes and releases**

**and this is all it says**

**it disturbs her to think how close she is**

**or they are or suddenly**

**she is only what a poem is,**

**an animal that says yes**

**as long as someone listens**

**he said I will listen forever**

**but what does that mean, is he time,**

**or is the time they share**

**the same as real time anywhere,**

**somewhere where there is no listening?**

**but when she planted asphodels the earth remembered.**

**11 May 2013**

=====

**How could it last  
this iron animal  
I sent out to find you  
chase you through the marshes**

**but you were Queen of Rust  
and ruined it,  
Queen of Atmosphere  
and buried it in air,**

**but it was my only metal ever,  
I come from a world just after  
witches before the pale priests came**

**whispering their poisonous forgiveness  
for what had never been sins,  
I come from the time between.**

**11 May 2013  
(towards Merlin)**

=====

*for Eliza*

**Everything says**

**says in us**

**we just have to listen**

**a quiet mind speaks everything**

**of course there is nothing to say--**

**if there were something to say we'd say it**

**but writing is something else**

**writing down what no one thinks**

**and no one says**

**but only this word knows**

**and then the next.**

**11 May 2013**

== = ==

**The eyes are skin  
and what they take in  
is touch, and that touch  
goes deep as any  
hand or breast  
pressed against flesh.  
Dante knew this  
and blamed his eyes  
for his desires,  
shape of a maiden  
they let sink  
mortally in.**

**12 May 2013 (waking)**

=====

**Then let it drift away  
as the Grail does  
from a morning dream  
when you wake up  
suddenly complete  
in the empty light.**

**12 May 2013**

=====

**Footsteps from the library  
down the marble treads  
wet with brown leaves  
though it's springtime now,  
lilacs and such, and the rain.  
These books I'll never read  
or read again or wish  
maybe I hadn't read,  
the girl looks at me  
puzzled by my empty hands.**

**12 May 2013**

=====

**Everyday otherwise  
diamond on the hand  
who plucked you out  
grit of time or  
animal stream  
broken statuary  
graveyard clutter  
sneak your bamboo  
into paradise  
and jury-rig airy  
pavilions with  
gauzy topsails  
to soil the sun  
and coax shadows  
down to browse  
along your skin.  
Twilight in bikini  
nobody knows our name.**

**12 May 2013**



=====

**Yes the fruit tree is in flower  
you can smell it from here  
smell of a waltz maybe  
smell of an idea going past,  
eyes dry from lost sleep  
nomatter how wet the river  
claims to be. Sleep now  
fall right through the music.  
Octet. Numbers catch you  
every time. Every clock  
is kabbalah. Every lock  
looking for its lost door.  
Sleep now. There are open  
spaces, holes in walls,  
some lovers are resting  
in the hayloft, dust  
sifts down from their  
inconsequential amours.  
A dancer has I think no body  
he has long ago given it away.**

**12 May 2013**

=====

**How to get somewhere.**

**Rub the skies.**

**See again the cloud**

**trembling and the voice**

**supposing you again**

**to be there listening.**

**And you listen. It is always**

**always the day again**

**when you said yes.**

**12 May 2013**

## DOORS AND DOORWAYS

1.

the difference

the ship coming into port

not a ship a boat

big as it is,'

iron rust and green

its colors Portuguese

anf full of fish

from what doorway

purchased,

the down door

the sea that needs no plowing

Homer reminds us

to be generous

things come through doors

but a door, a door

opens in our opens out

the difference

and who comes in

and who goes out.

2.

The fish  
are another order of this enquiry  
order of no questions,  
question of where are they coming from

or we,  
with our doors and fishing boats  
we who presume to carve doors into things  
and take the live cod out,  
the hake.

The habit.

3.

But that's not me

I am famously

in another part of the forest  
allergic to all this salt

and my magic is with leaves  
and things you write on them

and let flutter down on sleeping lovers  
that dream called reading,

**sonnets of arrows passing overhead.**

**And down below a breath of ocean**

**the one we carry always in us.**

**4.**

**Busses bear us back to school**

**classrooms big as Massachusetts**

**Mississippi, we poor fish**

**jam-packed on the way to work.**

**5.**

**Green mamba of the lightning**

**god-claw of the Greenland wind**

**the world be small around us**

**and no door anywhere.**

**13 May 2013**

=====

**Green member of remember  
the oak leaves come again—**

**so no more remembering,  
everything all around you,**

**it just means you. Spring  
is bad for the mind.**

**13 May 2013**