

5-2013

mayH2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayH2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 162.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/162

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.

=====

Wherever we go

nothing but testimony

and then the sky was blue

what could we do

I have sung so many arias

arias without operas

tragedies without stories

glory of grief

I call the sky to witness

the things you've seen

are what I meant

and that's an aria too

one more high C

on the ice floe drifting north.

27 May 2013

=====

**Could you take a dislike to a man
from the shape of the numbers he writes?**

**Can you take the auspices of the day
from the sound of the coffeepot perking?**

**Will all these trees crowding in around me
finally agree?**

27 May 2013

=====

**I demand of myself
a certain number of mistakes,
a choir singing away
long after the Mass has ended.**

27 May 2013

=====

It has no past

no more than a flute

wind out there breath in here

is there a difference?

27 May 2013

=====

Wait, wait again

be a tree for me

or a star, a star

over there far,

far, distance is all.

Distance is all.

How far is a tree.

How long have you traveled

to be so far.

This far. This tree.

This tree to me.

28 May 2013

IF I LET MYSELF LISTEN TO MUSIC

But I don't listen

I write against it

always, *stumm*

***stumm* but setting**

words against tones,

sentences against such

tunes or even daring

audibly to pose

a seventh voice to the

ricecare's fugue,

I write so much I can't hear.

I write so I don't hear.

Or I would perish from the sound alone.

28 May 2013

EVERY POEM IS A DUET

Come to the window

and see the house outside

coming closer

to surround us with its quiet

order, tree after tree.

28 May 2013

=====

The night between cold and hot

is where the living lives.

Her collage of the white lion

leaping out of the black trees

opens my lips. I speak

I hear the bottom of the sea.

Her roar.

28 May 2013 (Rhinebeck)

=====

1.

Leaden light full of angeling

the metal lead is when the light

busies itself with matter

so deep it sinks in

among the common elements

iron in the blood

2.

The temperature reads us.

We trust in numbers

we created them

our fertile daughters, sons.

Or they created us.

3.

Listen to the colors

if you really want to know

full of matter lacrimae rerum

even the cloud is sad

the quiet things around us

heal all they can.

4,

You came in the night

to shine my leaves.

Then the pale inspiration

crept up the sky.

Put me to sleep

better to remember

mistletoe swived up the oak

Chaucer at Gravesend measured the tide

for no purpose but his curiosity

his playful reverence maybe

for the wet hem of God.

And then all this was just a tree.

5.

Sometimes the sun comes out and lifts the wind

a man could lean on his fence in such weather

eager it might be for a woman to pass

her shape distant against the greenery

something must come of all this what is your name?

6.

So any random day

though none is random

rehearses the stages

of the alchemic work.

Goes through the colors—

a sacred day starts

**with the dusk before
ends with luminous sunset
gold sun fat on horizon—
the colors show you how to shunt your mind
through all the phases of the Opus
some of them violent, wipe-out,
white from above,
a pure white cloud abates your grief.**

**Listen to the colors I said
and knew not what I meant
and then the colors told me
until I talked too much to listen.
A tidal river first home of humankind.**

29 May 2013

=====

Local amazements

ring around the neck

six Saxons clambering through the surf

women-ones, not boy warriors,

blond bashers anyhow

out of the green sea.

onto the greener shore

pricked with pink flowers

the way late spring does

a month or more of me

makes me a preacher.

29 May 2013

