

3-2012

marE2012

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marE2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 193.
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9:58

They're coming to work now
work is waiting for their cars
they hurry to the dragon's gorge
to placate him all day long

in hopes to flee at evening
back to the workless world again.
How did we get to live this way?
How do we belong to someone else?

13 March 2011

= = = = =

Walking the no dog
I leave it to you
in me to find
the path. The woods
are the same
everywhere. Never
the same. You know.
You are in me,
you lead me along.
To you. Where else
would I be going?

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Just enough ink left
for me and my friends
to get it said
before the sun comes
up or goes down or
whatever things do
outside us almost
touching together
miles apart as
usual until the right
time comes when all
things will take
their cue from us
and just stay put
time just a quiet
dog at our feet.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

That a cast of dust
fell down and knew me—
read slow, ye archers
of the night, and aim askew
your infatuated darts—
my safety is to mean you.

Say: Everything that happens
I accept. I am the cause
and the effect, the crime
and the punishment. Nothing
comes to me but
what I own. Or owe. Or what I need.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Things that are alive

but listen.

Then it gets colder.

Then the night sets in.

I have set you moving

the bus goes through the trees

you abandon everything

just to be you.

The wind made it

happen. The sun fell—

everything has happened before

and is terribly new.

But listen,

I read a book with you in it.

It was the end of me

because I was in it too.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Give me something
to start another day with
now at the end of it
a knob of night
to wrench open
dream and let me in
out into dawn door
to rescue another one.

The river of self
deceiving flows
as what-I-know,
the think I think
is me. Night
knows better, speaks
languages I don't know
ancient and modern
and even one soft
tongue yet to come,

13 March 2012

= = = = =

She rode into the mountains
and slept in a tree
all safe because
she was homosexual

and the tree knew it
slept on a branch
panther outstretched
woke clear of illusions

there are no mistakes anymore.

14 March 2012

= = = = =

Tell the story without the people
tell what the trees knew
when they danced

tell what the moon saw
with his old eye
tell what lasts a hundred thousand years.

14 March 2012

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Erasing old e-mails
till there's nothing but memory
then not even that

but the words stay somehow
into the world, a word
once spoken never is silent,

it changes the air around us,
our weather comes
from everything we forget.

15 March 2012

In deserts people have such good memories that they have no weather at all.

= = = = =

A natural pause
before entering the gate
they are there before you

the kings and all their queens
bored as flowers in a knot-garden
wait for you to change them

only you can
the world is imperfect
with longing

but you, you scatter
color wherever you go,
I'm coaxing you to come in,

make it different
just coming through the door's enough,
entering changes everything.

15 March 2012

= = = = =

I don't mean to be mysterious
but there's a rubber band in my pocket
and a hawk overhead.
Try to understand. I'm all alone.

15 March 2012

= = = = =

So I thought love
meant love and love you
meant me and
when we are somewhere
it is us all round us
till we sleep—
but that was taking words
as if they marched
personless out of the wordbook
I clutched them to me
but felt only my own arms.

15 March 2012

ARIA

Can we understand what she's saying
when she's only singing, the syllables
come from words but are not words

they are colors spattered on the ceiling of the mind
maybe, they are what you forgot you meant
before you began to feel

and what is feeling but a boat forever leaving
and you never get to the dock in time
and have to watch it through your tears

drift away with insolent slowness
why does it take so long to reach the sky
and you barely remember who you are.

15 March 2012

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Orpiment at least a name
a native element. And *ego*
is the me of me, the rest
(that holds you or you hold)
is the ore. We are mountains
to one another.

15 March 2012

DELACROIX

How flat the head of his tiger
biting into the haunch of the horse—
always the haunch, they know
where the fire's stored, they're always
trying to turn fire-orange all over
to be one single flame of meat
dangerous in dark trees.

The flatness of the head is scary,
a snake head, or as if the lower jaw
is on the far side of the world
and all of us are in the tiger's mouth.

Poor mare. Poor stallion. Strong
as we are, he is more voluptuous
than we are, his love more focused,
his reason keener to understand
us profoundly with his teeth.

15 March 2012

= = = = =

Can it really be you
born again for me
to be my part-time river
my Brazil?

Can the Touch

live without the skin
and come down later
to be wielded
mind between mind?

Is it you? I thought I saw you
writing on the wall
and then again you tumbled
on the lawn and then I knew
I really knew. But what
did I know? And who
am I to think I know it?

16 March 2012

IN BROOKLYN

Big deal we'd say on b-days,
everybody gets born
what makes you special?
Did you change the world
by coming into it?
And we'd be sneerily silent
but each of us hoping the answer was yes.

16 March 2012

= = = = =

A cool rainy day
said to an old Celtic soul
remember when we
were wet together
and died and got born
a thousand times
and you were a salmon
and I was your pond
and over us both
a wise trees spread
grey branches with new fruit?

16 March 2012

= = = = =

Is it time for me yet,
is it mother?
It is material,
my fetish, and each thing
particular. I admit it
I'm a fetishist
of matter, just be there
and I'm excited.
Once I met a matter
and a mother
in one moment, because
we stood on simple
wood they all
belonged to me.
Now carry my raptures
out into the actual
and make everything speak.

16 March 2012