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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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The passion of the far
holds true.

He calls
her name over and over.
But his own mother
could not hear him —

the world really is for.
Sometimes
we think there is a road.

And one morning a flower on the table.

18 March 2014

=====

The father of the unforgotten
forgetting. Wood.

We die on what we come from,
the bones last.

Like Aristotle, say,
or that day one autumn
when the leaves let you
and your life began again.

19 March 2014.

= = = = =

And that was Joseph too,
the mariner inside
that midmost sea
always willing for the other
to come first to shore

19 March 2014.

= = = = =

Or on the other side of the wind
where music starts. Friedrich Witt
1770 - 1836, Symphony No,9, in d minor,
who knew such places.
Who knows what else.
All this is hiding in the wood.
In the bone
We walk through hollow bone
forever of those who went before us,
we hear their breath now
renewed by the new wind in their old bones.

19 March 2014.

= = = = =

Or the horn we hear
of Oberon. Hollow-
horned ruminant, aurochs,
deep under weather.

William Purvis on the waldhorn
— no valves — in the Brahms
trio, spectacular
in the ear. The sound
from a column of air
bent like springtime
at the end of the white year

19 March 2014.

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I am allowed
to say such things
because they meant me
what I almost am.

19 March 2014.

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Is it a cow-slip or a cow's lip?
Do we know the moist
fissures in words,
where sense leaks in and out,
no word ever without meaning —
but are there really any
meanings with no words?

19 March 2014.

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Some words to say
under the rain —
water always listens.

19 March 2014.

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I have seen so much
that there is always more —

read one page every day:
a cruiser in the Coral Sea
a Swedish priest in Trebizond.

See all the places
I have never been.
And touch you there.

19 March 2014.

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The lines recede
into Jordan,
there is a map somewhere
of where we've been

the river washes
most of us away
the little left is twisted
tight together lovers, brothers,

all doubt dismissed.
We have forgotten so much
so rightly. Birds
leave the shadows as they pass

linger deep in our eyes.
The quiet interpretation
called one day by one day
the alphabet of all we are.

20 March 2014

= = = = =

Otherwise there will be a stone
such that for all its weight
it floats through the air and gleams
like a blue diamond above us
though it is in no way transparent.
Here it is now, hovering
over our heads weary with study
worn out by doubt. Blue.
Why don't they want of me
anything but me?

20 March 2014, *incipit ver*

= = = = =

Cast adrift

among the music

muses of Sparta,

muses of menhir.

This guff I give

is bold with your blood,

noble with my need

you give me to know.

21 March 2014

= = = = =

Looking at what lets me
close enough to be

There are wedges set in time
they gap us out
from one another
to be another place
before and after the right now—
the sun lit up a fiber in his head
cross my heart and hope to live.

21 March 2014

= = = = =

1.

I heard the words,

and I did not know them.

I thought the language mine,

the words not,

the words

just stars in the sky.

Who can reap them

without a whole life of night-times?

2.

If you screw around

with the words long enough

they'll turn into music

and we'll all go back to sleep.

3.

Organdy in the window

mildly billowing.

What to do

with memory?

Your mother's house.

4.

And the clouds, mesdames,
come down too
to hide in the little woods
across the road,
bare earth scrawled with snow.

5.

The medicine is in its little phial,
the sickness waits inside the bone.

Day waits for night, night waits for day,
there is something here
I still can't understand.

22 March 2014.

= = = = =

Metaphysicians
move us a little
like a zeppelin
over Lake Geneva,
its shadow hatches
the shores of France
where mountains wait
full of goats and cheeses
and old men too wise to ski.

22 March 2014

= = = = =

White car, white car
a space on the staff
where a tone could ride
but we don't know pitch,
duration, loudness,
nothing but white,
white car going by,
one more mystery
one more morning.

22 March 24

HOMAGE TO ALBRECHT DÜRER

1.

Scale changes all.

There is no distance

in a picture

to help the bird fly

out of your eye and

cruise around the actual.

In a picture everything

is just beginning and has

just ended all at once.

Where can you stand

to see the bird land?

2.

The things we are able to need

recede. It is a bridge

over an antique river, the boats

are more like books, the books

are more like women, the women

more like birds. The birds are men
and stand on the top of rocks
staring sternly at us, the fools
and all our water, all our flow.

3.

We learn it in school — a name,
a set of dates. The nun is talking,
walking the front of the room,
almost afraid of the long rows
of boys and girls stretching out
into the deep of the classroom.
Eighty children at nailed down desks.
I listen and stare at the window
where a bird is sheltering from the wind.
I wonder what kind it is. You are.
So many things, so few names.

4.

No one ever drew like you, as if
the drawing came first and the thing
like a docile animal sauntered

out of the absolute and took its place
among us, safe in the outline
you proposed. Or so I thought
when they told me about you
in German class, your self-portrait,
the strange ears of your rabbit,
is it really a hare, what is the difference,
the long petals of your flower
drooping like music fading away.

22 March 2014