

5-2010

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This talk takes the author from his bell  
that like a leper he rings out word by word  
to warn the clean world of his difference.  
Read me and weep. I dissolve love affairs  
into aesthetics, your pain into shapely form  
but only when you shut up and let me loose  
to imagine you with that utter clarity  
that comes from having something else in mind.  
Be the self you read in me. Your own old self  
is just a habit, left over from high school, the scar.  
C'est ça. A self is just a scar. So let me  
carve you one that's beautiful at least.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

Caught will with want  
and then another. Come write  
your name with my pencil  
on that field of lavender.  
Liqueur de fenêtre:  
leave me six weeks in your window  
and taste me ever after.  
This here menacing gush  
is meant to be love song.  
So lie down and listen.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

When things are over and they're over  
a truck as often as not comes by  
and mumbles at the door a while, the mean  
basso moan called idling while you  
come downstairs wearing only furniture,  
dust bunnies nibbling at your toes.  
How fierce everything is, the sun's  
mini-Nagasaki in the window, dead flies  
trapped between your panes. The truck  
is waiting. Leaving is what everything  
finally means—scripture is clear about that  
if nothing else. You try to clutch the doorframe  
but the door swings and pushes you right out.  
Is there life outside living rooms?  
Does any truck know where you want to go?

21 May 2010

## POSTCARD TO THE ANARCHIST

Do not read  
this government  
impersonation of a message  
meant to make you believe  
a mountain talks, a flower  
thinks. Jura. Gentian.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

I am entitled  
to every place I've ever been.  
I am entitled too  
to every place I've ever  
read about, or heard  
people talk about  
where you pick up girls in the zoo.

What I am not entitled to  
is this place. This now. This you.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

The courier *runs*. The preacher  
*predicts* the meaning of what you think  
while dozing through his sermon,  
that listless place of almost listening  
when god knows what your mind  
settles down on like a crow on roadkill.  
Every moment is a message. Harassed  
by angels we hurry through the streets,  
we feel the fingertips of meaning  
brush our skin no matter how we run.  
The sun is like that too. Fear knows  
everything, desire only one thing at a time.  
I am the wolf who ate the fox who ate  
the hedgehog. We mean our way  
up to the sun who eats us all.  
That is most of what a word can tell.  
So be a word. Be it for me.  
Come close and let your chosen sound  
rest round my neck and sink in  
so I can speak. Let me say you.  
Then we are complete. Another word,  
means we have or are *filled up together*.

21 May 2010



## TO A SAD FRIEND

Who is this absent you?  
Isn't it all about speaking?

Isn't speaking by its nature  
uttering, hence outering,  
hence coming towards another  
and being heard, hence glad?

To have brought so many things  
into the light and still be sad—  
how strange that must be.  
You must feel like a bird with no sky.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

Coming back from the feel of gold  
another kind of matter shivers round the skin,  
nothing seen but fiercely felt you walk  
into a room and change is. Just because  
of where you have been,  
what you have touched. The power.  
Slantwise sun of late afternoon  
opens your hair and reads a meaning in.  
And that at least one can almost see.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

And what if it could never speak  
because it has been spoken?  
Shall the few fish of all the miracles  
come again flashing from the sea  
and all the loaves be wheat again  
waving in fields the color  
of the hair of those grey-eyed Ligurian  
women you see in Genoa.  
Shall the colors go back to the sun?  
Am I in the wrong Italy? Or is there  
anything left to remember,  
anything to decide?

The dice—  
as the man said—have been thrown.  
How few the possibilities! Eleven  
ways that we can go—mustn't there be  
one more, the secret one,  
hidden in the symmetry of number? Of mind?

22 May 2010

## HANDLYNG SINNE

All the lurid sins I let myself imagine  
add up to one long small penance:  
things as they are.

*Is* is a code-word

for *seems*

among the gentry who think  
hard about what people do  
who are not them.

\* \* \* \* \*

And birds  
the little vacuums overhead  
inhale our vision  
suddenly the empty sky

\* \* \* \* \*

We are lumber waiting to be a house.

\* \* \* \* \*

Purple irises still know me  
but do you

the absolute question  
always has *never* in it.

Or always in it.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

*for Tom, who likes to eat indoors:*

a three-star cavern  
deep in the Dordogne

at your place a charger  
shows a glazed  
image of the outer world

oaks and larks and motorcycles  
they take it away  
when the broth of truffles comes.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

The organization of it  
is the real problem.  
How the traffic flows  
through the plazas and rotaries of the brain  
seeking what?

The brain  
is an all-day commute.  
It strives to get to work and get home  
simultaneously.

That's why  
we're still here, flow  
never stops.

Every synapse a suicide.  
Otherwise we would know.  
Otherwise we would really go.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

The reign of darkness

roving us around.

Who can sit down?

Everything is the same as something else

if only you could find it.

First principles and petty laws.

Everybody knows someone you don't know—

how sweet the air now it looks like rain.

23 May 2010



= = = = =

Branch rap  
a shake of leaves  
blesses the house.

24 May 2010

= = = = =

Rafters built, something like remorse,  
the way a stranger might  
all too briefly stop and open  
half-wide her eyes

then slip past

and you have no idea  
just what she saw as you, or in you  
waiting to become, or just behind you  
even then (even now) its paw  
gentle near your shoulder—

just so this framework stood

and you had to play  
the role of polite astonished stranger  
gazing at the house you've built.  
stone by brick by glass by iron,  
not too much iron,

the architect unseen.

Who is this house of yours?

Whom does it serve?

24 May 2010

= = = = =

Pens are running out of ink on me again.

Long epic cut short.

Too busy to see what's in my hands.

24 May 2010

## LIFE FORM

This kind of insect  
has sixty-five legs  
and hates symmetry.

Has three and a half eyes  
and loves to hear Polish spoken  
by young women—  
those nasals!

                    but has  
no nose to call its own.

Its shell is big enough for two of it,  
moves slow through the air  
on just one wing—a mystery  
to scientists but they don't care:  
if it doesn't play by their rules  
it might as well not be there.

24 May 2010

## REQUIEM

How small everybody really is  
compared to all the rest!

The sun is over the linden exactly  
like an upside-down exclamation point—

the morning writes Spanish!  
Rest in peace, Jose Lima!

two thousand suits!  
never wore the same one twice!

We are all in this together—  
a chipmunk eats birdseed wouldn't you?

24 May 2010

= = = = =

But I didn't think the answer  
would be so close,

                                a mile along phlox  
spangled road all in the May new  
and there it was, a shape  
made out of twilight,  
the gloss of memory still on her  
and her arms reached out  
like an old poem  
and we were crowded in a host of strangers  
all claiming to be friends.

24 May 2010