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Finding things that are lost

as Dante tells, a pebble – small
white stone I think – albestone – all
best one – can get lost in
the sweetest grass

or in your also hair I sometimes lose
a sense of myself and time passes

then we are wading through the grass
looking for lost keys or you find a pencil
the keys get found, the pencil
writes this down,

it is like a play,
Jack gets his Jill, the night fits neatly into the dawn
and people like to be smilingly
quiet over breakfast,
studying the coffee in the cup
as if something had gotten lost in the depths.

16 May 2010

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To be in heaven is to be old.
For all your youthful beauty
ardent enterprise of every
moment you have only now.
Now and almost infinite
memory and no future at all.

Whatever you think about
ahead of time will not happen,
you've used it up already.

17 May 2010

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To become the places near you
all the time prevaricating
because an answer needs you—

gods come down to humans to learn the future.

We know what is to come.
Look hard inside and know it.
We have sold ourselves not cheaply
to a Buyer who installs us in language
the longest museum of all. . .

and I answered Homer
(whose name is naught but
Hebrew *omer*, 'he spoke',
a little Greek'd)
You are the one who spoke
whose mouth first meant
these sounds we take for meanings
and a war, a woman even
and a river angry and the gods
divided,

he said There is
no destiny but what I spoke
until you speak,
one word cracks
the shell of another
and the way things are
changes, the word
changes how things seem—
we know no difference
between is and seem,
you dream now you wake and right this down.

17 May 2010

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But how much is true
broken flowerpots
back into red earth
clay crumble,
 unglazed revert
to their *substantial soil*
 their first instruction.

What do we do?
The sexual taxonomy
of desire indifference repulsion
writes us into bleak relationships.

Draw a map of what you want
and see how large the rest of the world is—
the shadow from which your death is coming.

He rows upstream
such an animal in him
makes him he is

no who about it
he is entity, not identity.

17 May 2010

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Morning grass, Melchizedek
sunlight fading in and out
here forever, waits for us to notice,
waits for us to know.

17 May 2010

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for Aviv

I have stood at the open grave
from which monks lifted long ago
the corpse of Arthur—bigger far
than men were then or men now are.

They said it was the king, by size
alone you could be sure. But my own
awe was for the place itself,
bare sky among the ruined abbey—
a separate awe I saved for the king

for he is living still
my instincts tell me
in a lake far west
of anywhere at all
not far from here.

17 May 2010

RIVER

Only by running away
is it always here

We are such strange people.

18 May 2010

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silk flowers
and the opposite
out there
heaven is
so many ways.

18 May 2010

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Sometimes I can't turn
the pages fast enough
it must be here somewhere
the word you meant me to find
when you made language up—
the optional necessity
we have to choose and choose.
But if you are not there
I am not speaking.

18 May 2010

== == == ==

I want to be out there
just walking around
in the gentle seasons
between lilacs and hydrangeas

there should be a name
for everything but I want
just once to walk around

I yearn for it the way
some old people keep wishing
they were back in college
learning what they once
thought was important.

18 May 2010

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Sometimes I think
or just once I thought
if I could forget how to spell
I could really learn to write.

18 May 2010

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I am Osiris the self-widowed
I am large and long but have no weight
all air inside, I float.

The fish the English call the bream
has swallowed my genitals
and sure enough the sea is fertile now
all salt and spermy.

But me,
the thing the English call "I".
I lie on my back and look at the sun
and the sun looked down on my scooped-out body
still oozing blood a little and we plan,
a man who looks at the sun
is always planning something—
the sun is trying to become a mouth
to suck the whole of me up
into the old stone age caverns
of its dark meanings that lurk
behind its upbeat remarks.

Sometimes I say the wrong names
and that slows down the process.

The air feels good. but feeling
too slows down the process.

Still, there is a process

and by its mercy soon
I will be lifted through this air
into the synagogue between me and heaven—
the learned will discuss me there
and the wife I had will grow
impatient with their subtleties—
when they have finished understanding me
she will take me home through the moongate
and that will be the end of naming things.

19 May 2010

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The wind
a little
while in leaves
then not.

19.V.10

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Heart in India
head in hipboots
though, though tide
is never right
it still is there,
ichthyoessan,
the fishy depths of
what he needs to know.

20 May 2010

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The city was fallen from the beginning.
Eden was no garden, had streets,
an old geezer on his porch and you rolled
your young delicious selves before his stringiness
and he was the Serpent, the old botherer,
the noontime pest and sundown lawyer—
he told you tales of implausible pastorals
goats and two rivers for each of you,
made you fall in love with tilling soil
with dung and groan and gravel
the organic the so-called natural, the old
man *was* nature and caught you in his coils.
So you left the shining city meant for you.
God was that young man who held a flaming torch
so you could see to find your way back some day.

20 May 2010

BIALY'S BIRD OF PARADISE

For a long time I thought the earth

was a bird, a blue one, wounded
by a heavenhawk or who
would dare to do that to

this bright broken business

and now the image answers information
it always does, one picture
spoils a thousand word,

nobody knows what I know
nobody knows the bird it is
the bird will be

savagely like a drunken sage
indigo-winged wobbling up
to be new

we hurt nothing.

We are only who we thought we are

and the bird thought too

but the bird was right.

Apocatastasis a feather fall'n.

22 May 2010