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There is a homecoming built right in  
you just have to unscrew the sea  
to find it. Step back a little  
when it comes roaring out to swallow you  
then kiss goodbye this weird elsewhere  
the place where you *really* belong.

25 March 2006

## SEEING

Orange oleander also  
though I've only seen it once  
from the train in France  
already missing this province  
I was about to enter  
for the first time. Christ,  
how slow a window is  
and lasts forever, why.  
Why is remembering?

25 March 2006

## OLEANDERS

Scarlet is the ordinary kind  
the way 'ink' is black or blue.  
Though anything can be any color  
the way some days I can be you.

25 March 2006

## ANNUNCIATION

This very day  
a swallow decided  
to topple from the sky  
where he spends  
most of his time  
and tell a lie

I am a dove he told her  
the nearsighted virgin  
looking up from her book  
I am a dove and come for you  
to tell you a story  
so strange and wonderful  
you won't believe  
at first, he began

But she said Yes I will  
I do already  
I know what you're going to tell me  
it's all right here in the book

and she pointed to some blurry words  
with her delicate fresh finger

but birds can't read  
so he just looked at her,  
baffled a bit, the way  
birds usually look, but let her  
take and hold him  
gently on her lap a minute  
then he took heart and flew away.

25 March 2006

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Wanting things  
not to bad as getting them.

Vice versa though  
is the actual truth.

What sounds right and what is right  
are as your mother says like night and day.

26 March 2006

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Around the edges of the day I come to you  
unknown word

or you come to me

27 March 2006



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Or working men are suicides when  
only that last day off

the despair of never other.

27 March 2006

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Cast the light inside iron  
or pack the fateful simulacrum  
—me — me with amber beads  
and mayonnaise and sand,  
there is no mineral like a man.

27 March 2006

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Things have forgotten to remember themselves.

There is a cave where they do it  
deep into a hillside overgrown with oaks  
and sunlight is not welcome there

but there they are, fingering  
each other's collars and lapels, touching  
the way a forgotten memory can touch,  
all proximity and breathlessness.

No meaning. The pain of feeling never ends –  
but that is another place, no cave for that.  
A beach in moonlight where lost pains walk.

28 March 2006

## THE LIBERTINE

Sometimes I think people are envious  
of my affairs with language.

But I don't care what they think  
as long as English doesn't mind  
my little Portuguese.

28 March 2006

## PROCUL

Far from these women  
a man is a kind of owl  
who lives on mice and moonlight.

28 March 2006

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Spill something  
it might be ink  
if so it might  
make sense

make a stain  
might stay.  
Who knows  
who knows?

29 March 2006

## OPERA GLASSES

poised as matrons scry  
one another's latest try

to find the diamond  
that tells you  
the throat on which it's worn  
is still beautiful.

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If a jewel could do what desire can  
I wouldn't have suddenly been in that strange upstate city  
I can't name now. I close my eyes and park the car  
get out and walk a winter street.  
No meaning and no snow.

29 March 2006



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Everything is so long ago,  
the inconceivable yesterday.

To wake up now in this strange  
place, a body.

And nothing but your eyes  
to focus us.

And you're not even here.

30 March 2006

## TELLING

Telling is wounding.

A tale is a wound and

to tell is to wound

anything anyone

to tell

punctuates the world

breaks time

makes a spur

out there from here

the tale told

grows inside you

like a child

we are born from a wound.

31 March 2006

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Tell a stone what you want.

A stone knows how to listen.

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Basking lightsome  
in what he thought  
he thought

                  a scarf  
around the softest neck  
privileges the wind

things make men  
do things  
and women too

A thought is not worth thinking.  
Thinking should never  
turn into a thought he thought.

31 March 2006

## MYRIOI

One presents this to another  
like flowers, tulips  
unwilted but not fresh,  
eggyolk yellow  
conspiracy of the sky

there are so many things  
he wants to know

before he knows.

31 March 2006