

5-2006

mayA2006

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayA2006" (2006). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 738.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/738

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

=====

And *that* don't even let
dream about myself
too hurried or the horror
of getting and being on
other side of waiting as to have
and journey finished.
Get out train.

What now.
Moon over snow so what.
A liberal heart
is quick to fantasize. Alert.
Now nothing. No snow.
The dream kaput. Cash register
kerchunk old movie profit
ha ha. Who never wasted?

All did. All do. All get
out of train this stop.

Not even
end of the line.
Only for you.

1 May 2006

MAY DAY

upon a hope
of sharing
more than the parade.
We belong to one another,
minions all of some benefic power
wants us to have fun,
as much as
fruit flies do,
ecstasy of dance above
the ripe peach of this blue world
we also eat. Time
is the long dream of us doing it.

1 May 2006

TRANSLATION

Blue panda cat in moonlight
fat slips behind garage.
Another language is spoken there.

Can't see cat. Cat says nothing.
This story is over.

Leaves a shadow
like moonlight on a moonless night.

1 May 2006

SNOW COATING STONE LIONS

snow all over the Art Institute
all over Michigan Avenue snow
no wonder their e-mail is artic.edu
meantime in June weather the Limmat
flows under white and pinkish chestnut blossoms
into the Zürchersee, it is *Christi Himmelfahrt*
the day Jesus pilgrimaged to heaven
where we join Him in another panel
of the celestial cartoon forgiving the inept
and encouraging the skillful until
the whole local cosmos sounds like Beethoven
a composer Joan only half-kidding called
that 'damned roaring thing' and here
Russians seem to be everywhere, some
smart and cute, some of them left over
from before the Kaiser's War and some
under my old el in Brighton Beach
Havana Marseilles and some of them
still safe in the future where Interpol
ever inefficient can't catch up with them
with its ethnic profiling and identikits –
did I ever tell you I have no fingerprints?
he sneezes and clicks the Listen Live button
and Haydn sneaks in, welcome for once,
The Creation, it's about time, it's hard

to live in an uncreated world
but we keep trying, meantime the night heron
stands at twilight in the marge of a pond
near you, eating all the fish belong to you
snug as a Lutheran in a gondola or as
you name it snug in the folds of that
other place the one you always want to be
henbane for breakfast and salt for supper
soon you climb the silken ladder to the sky
where the great cartoonist with dripping pen
smiles you into the story, how to say that
in the language of the island of Insist
on the day when I'm supposed to bring you
lily-of-the-valley like any French
woman on the first of May, can't I be clear
about anything, the fluffy cloud over Smolny
or the pilaster carved with a whiskered
muscular River God looking away in grief
from the Bridge of Sighs bent above
its slim lugubrious canal a mistranslation
by way of semaphore or rule of thumb
among the Adriatic reeds, now here insert
some astronomical particular like Lord
Berners insinuating a trombone, no lion
likes to be coated with snow, sneezes again,
blows his nose, nose bleed blossoming
all beards are red in wartime, Fritz,

the northern stretches of the avenue
lost in mist, no, falling snow, up there,
Evanston, Canada, Ellesmere Island,
there came both mist and snow, I'm quoting
from a ruined abbey in the east of France
a lost kingdom and an emerald lake,
picture me sending you once-sent postcards
from people I have never met in places
we will never be and now I send to you
in simple envelopes pale as Chicago snow
meaning all kinds of new things but you
have to decide when you take each one
out of its envelope and hold it to your brow,
psychometry they call it and you figure out
what I meant in sending you this card now,
Laura sent it to Aunt Edith from Lausanne
from the Raw Art Museum where you saw
stupendous boring scary scrolls Adolf Wölffli
made as if a ballpoint pen replaced the soul
in me and everybody else you know, and now
the lake outside makes me remember Pontius
Pilate and our conversation takes a somber tack,
Supreme Court infamy and the newly famous
Gospel of Judas apparently no different from
all the sweet wise old heresies that tell us
God needs men and he was one of them,
the heron's head snake-darts quick in water

and adios little fish, we get reborn
in other bodies just as cute as these
and live in them just as dumb as now
between the Great War and the tsunami
sometimes the world leaves you at the altar
other times the lions roar and run away.

1 May 2006

Epilogue to any Future Deity

But who is that in the stupid canoe
we call them gondolas here you wouldn't
dare to stand up in a canoe oh yeah?

1 V 06

=====

But just want to play games
just one game really
sitting on the sidelines and watching
whatever comes to mind

and I don't have to do anything
with what comes up

I'm not thinking
 it's thinking
same way it's wind
and a late daffodil on the hill.

2 May 2006

=====

Knowing as least
last port of call
a cat in moonlight enough.

3 May 2006

=====

Nature is my little child
looks up at me and smiles

I am your father, little tree
little snake little rock
little everything I see

it all comes out of me
and when it's all out there
I call it you

and sometimes I bow down
and worship you
with a curious thrill of blasphemy
against me

who made thee and makes thee and keeps thee

4 May 2006

=====

The dark clerisy
who grind my hours
deep into the dust of some book
my own mind thought up
whoever I am
 brave as a tree
bound to the place I be.

5 May 2006

=====

I read the bible fish
girl spotted with light
of all the past tenses
clue to how it is
to sound a name now

5 May 2006

=====

Name a part inside a skin
tuned in a star
not sung to in some years
then suddenly all
remembers itself again
a blue morning gone cotton.

5 May 2006

=====

My father taught me how to hold my breath
speechless baptisms
everything has a girl in it
ready for your yeses
he hisses and I swallow
look again through the enduring window
decide: are you
inside or out the wall it decodes?

5 May 2006

FOLK SONG

Bin ik a kleine Vogel

If I were a little bird
with three wings
I'd fly right to you

never know what to do
with all my powers

can you tell me
where my third wing should go?

5 May 2006

=====

Organization of organs

the skin the big one

all those mouths

take in also out

tick tock says the sun

the squirrel in the casement—

we know nothing about the animals

why they are with us

so close around us, why they are *ours*.

5 May 2006

STONES

A small rock triangular in section
long as my index finger
touching a pane of wet glass
pressing it slipping down along it
making it squeal but the little rock
glistens with no sound
mica schist I guess
my finger built from my mother's bones.

5 May 2006

THE INSTRUMENT

Who put that piano
inside the midnight so
you can't close your eyes
without hearing it

and words it knew
words no instrument should know
it knew and spoke
as if it were a prime subject not an object

so you had to hear that too
half the long night
and at times the words would still be there
when you fell into waking

the huge instrument, the wing
made out of wood
makes that bird sing

I try to hear the dark itself
right through it but can't,

a tune is a dull story
that takes me by the hand
soft as a child, clinging,
leads me where it wants to go,
a sound with damp skin.

5 May 2006

DENKBILDER

Thought pictures in a cage

The cage is language

The bars are words

Thought often sits looking at pictures of itself

This is Narcissus drowning in reflection

a word that means calmly sitting clearly thinking

Thought pictures are forms, are formal

things, are pretty concepts in a mind asleep

waking every now and then to breathe, a thought is breath

Käfig means cage, *Stäbe* means bars of the cage

Inside the enclosure an animal in Rilke

paces in ever diminishing ovals – this is thought, or the captured panther

Panther means all-beast or every beast

All thought becomes the shadow of an animal

moving at twilight towards the steps of your house

House means the shade where you sit thinking

Is this thing that comes and stands between us

Time?

5 May 2006