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## *April Seventh*

In the way we move now  
cool morning in warm day  
happy birthday mother  
I miss you I miss  
the responsibility in me  
the sun and the jonquils  
almost up don't make  
up for the absences

and spring annoys me  
anyway less now than before  
all that buzz in my veins  
to go breed and be busy  
mating all the copulation  
on the scorecard to make  
always another one come

I always hated being  
jerked around by my own  
desires other people's  
are bad enough but at least  
they can't help it I can

so just say no to spring  
flies bees buzzards albatrosses  
just say no to the sun  
and paint a frown on sunset  
just say no to what takes  
all that we love away.

7 April 2005

=====

Night is miracle  
the wing closes  
shutters the mild earth

April. Earth is a bird.

I felt needed  
then you stop breathing  
you are black  
except where the moon

is, is, is.

When I wrap my arms around you  
it is the same as falling asleep.

Strange city  
golden only by night  
white canoes glide on the canals.

7 April 2005

=====

as if they were sleeping and we found  
a key to their door and held it a long  
time in our soft mouths until we knew  
which door it was we bring it to  
wet and silvery and slip it neatly in  
and the charm works yet again  
the physical world functions as designed  
and their door opens. we see them  
sprawling on their tousled bed  
we note the warm smell of the sleepers  
the evidence of life of breath of time  
slipping through them dream by dream  
the awful holograms we spend the night  
trying to get out of, in our solidity  
is our strength, we think, we wake  
and never dream, we see them dreaming  
we are filled with pity for them  
tenderness and some desire but not much  
they are too simple to excite us  
too lost in the muzziness of dream

down there in the wallowing mattress  
we tiptoe out and toss the key away  
and watch it land like a little slug  
a gleam soon lost in arrogant shrubbery.

7 April 2005

=====

One of my students has written a book called  
*Finding the Mother*  
and where she finds it is in the life of Jesus

not it seems finding Jesus's own mother  
but the Mother that lives inside the life

your life too, a wild woman from Brazil  
half rain forest half grand opera

or my life, what is she telling me, every life  
has a mother of its own.  
It ends at 8:32 on the morning of the Crucifixion.

8 April 2005  
[dreamt]

=====

all wend  
burn over field  
a halt web  
glistening

listen: lie  
on this pavement  
hearing your bad

decisions chant  
in the organ of your ears

blood runs  
through all of it  
fame drunk  
drink desire

a scholar's scrotum  
shriveled at dawn

all I ever am  
is an appetite  
waiting on you

a sidewalk wolf  
a year  
shaped like a  
sunny afternoon.

8 April 2005

=====

any  
seems to be  
enough  
for me

a bite  
where you  
come in

bitten  
to begin

8 IV 05

=====

Bell tread  
the worn out sky  
settles  
like nylon fleeces  
around you  
spring breaks

nothing changes  
but the weather  
this is called  
'world' a thing  
wrapped up in itself

you fly with me  
to that other planet  
where there is no weather  
it all keeps  
changing the  
change is god

**8 April 2005**

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Bell  
hard as horn

a wind hits  
a neck back

nape.

8 IV 05

## CONSPIRACY THEORY

It goes like this  
no one is awake  
and everybody follows  
the terrible script  
that no one write

the amateur ballerina  
pivots on smily lips  
the tall dwarf  
scratches at the sky

a plane full of Uighurs  
is shot down over China  
men being returned from jail  
for 'resettlement' far  
from where Uighurs are

we don't get it  
it rolls on and one  
using our hands

Everybody knows its moving  
something's wrong  
but who to blame  
blow yourself up  
out of sheer vexation  
resentment at not even knowing

it must be the Jews  
they are the masters of knowing  
it must be the Arabs  
who look as if they know  
and will not tell, it must be  
the Catholics who celebrate  
ignorance so much,  
it must be the bankers  
who write everything down  
the lawyers who do nothing  
but remember, the Masons  
have a smile that always  
makes me feel bad  
excluded, it is all  
of them and all of me

we're all in it  
all of us spying on all the others  
everyone against everyone  
and all of us asleep  
dreaming dreams hot and cold  
sweet and terrible

and when we think we wake  
we think we bring our reports  
to the Himmler in the heart  
the only one who truly  
understands our hate

tell him name by name  
all the ones who hurt you  
who make you feel bad  
all of them will be punished  
all of them will die  
wretchedly, craving  
one more window full of light

Guessing there is a conspiracy  
is part of the conspiracy  
Lee Harvey Oswald for example  
played his part because he guessed  
there was a part a scene a gun  
and all by himself, with one  
or two accurate rifle shots  
murdered the whole world

some of us came back to life  
through the miracle of forgetting  
and some of us did not

the ones of us who did are standing  
waiting at the doorway  
there is nobody waiting outside the door  
and hears everything we say.

9 April 2005

## THINGS TO ASK ABOUT WHEN I DIE

Why is there so much more  
light than we need?

And more stars than names?

And so few stones  
to tell so many ways?

And no many things to see  
and so few days?

Nature is not natural,  
nature is a construct.

A squirrel running through the woods  
looks like an animal,

trick of the light. Why are some  
people more alive than others

even when they're dead?

9 April 2005

## A CONVENT SCHOOL

release seeming  
the frill  
is essence.

Clothes have smell  
nothing to do  
with the girl who

the smell is its own  
distant quiet  
starch and shimmer

ants in the attic  
not bothering  
with us

threads of sunshine  
the girls  
learn French

the clothes  
do all their  
remembering for them

we who are uniforms  
keep the world  
from going mad

from all the little  
things they have  
to choose.

9 April 2005

=====

Low point in the knife cycle  
can't carve this wood nor  
whittle it away

hug the chair rung  
till the wood way  
soaks into the hand

then it can touch  
its child its mother  
in the made thing

10 April 2005

=====

Have heard too  
much and so little  
about how to have

then it's gone  
again in the being  
and is just is.

10 April 2005

=====

Another color rapture  
all blue people  
go up the sky cave

sun ocher scrawl  
on rough wall of light  
star bisons starving for dark

stabbed with bright.

10 April 2005

=====

Brief means letter  
a lawyer listens out loud

cut down to size  
a thought walks

10 IV 05

=====

In the morning I limp  
at noon I crawl  
at night I prance  
over the hospital wall

what malady  
am I or man?

10 IV 05

=====

Men too  
run out of ink

the pen  
is brighter  
than the word  
it writes

in dark vowels  
find your meat.

10 IV 05

=====

Scant praises  
luminous tree

aroynt thee

whistle stop  
coax the citizens

to undo  
the witchcraft  
of the actual

10 IV 05