

5-2004

mayend2-04

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayend2-04" (2004). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 850.
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WRONG

Number every mistake
and make it again
wronger this time
next time again
and again.

Almost brutal
to be right,
don't. Wrong
gives comfort,
wrong is scope,
sense, space.
Wrong lets.

29 May 2004

EXAM

Take wrong answers to test questions and make them the base. Reconstruct the world (chemistry, math, history) so that the answers are right. Construct a universe where $4+4$ meaningfully = nine, or where Austerlitz was the battle where Napoleon was finally undone. Every wrong answer is a right answer in some other system. Find that world and enter it. The mistake is your best guide to that necessary elsewhere. The mistake leads. Wrong rights.

29 May 2004

A DIAMOND YOU CAN DRINK

The examination of fossil remains
seems more frivolous than inspired.
No one knows how long it takes
for such things to form. It could be
while we are having a mojito
and everything goes on outside
as usual or like Hoffmann says
(following Hebel) it takes
a woman's whole lifetime
for her bridegroom to turn to stone.
For us to be sure. Who knows
how much geology can
happen in a single afternoon?
The wind? The scattered regatta
of little cars beating homewards
drunk late Saturday night?
This clear, mere, glass of water
could be a diamond you actually drink,
nobody has a clue, any more
than they can figure of how come
one morning I have turned into you.

29 May 2004

BIRD TALK

But I could try again
as if a sparrow finally were sure
about some power line he perches on
reading the slow transmission from us to us
beneath him of what he simply knows
instantaneously, and holds to
with his tickle-delicate dry feet,

because he is the current all the time
and has no dream built social in
to turn the transmission ever off,
the everlasting same old news that loves us.

30 May 2004

WORK

There is a blue window
called the sky

God wants me to open it a crack
and leave it open

that's all I've ever tried to do,
let the god breath in.

30 May 2004

SIZE

Maybe if I write this size

the worm would crawl
safe between the grasses
and the robin fly home fasting --

hide what you mean
the way the King of France
is hidden in the citizen.

Stay small. Be a miracle.
Write a sutra on a grain of rice
and write one word as big as a wall.

30 May 2004

AMAZEMENT

Gradually learn the small
writing of the *brief amazement*
we call life

can you hear me,
obvious merchant of ideas

isn't this enough, this asp beneath the hedge,
this well in sunshine,
this foundering canoe?

Dip your tin cup, lady,
and taste another meeting
where the kindly trumpets growl
and will you remember my eyes?

Balance, it's all about balance,
a quick memorial to the last moment,
each thought a gravestone of the thought before.

30 May 2004

JUDGMENT

A living ermine
might dart out of the books,
those fake-calf thick tort tomes
lawyers live by or near at least
while their wives and sons are motorboating

elsewhere in this religion.

Wait for me on the courthouse steps,
the smug invaders bivouac in the park--
it's up to you and me to save the city.

Mostly you. I'm still trying to
figure out its name. My efforts
keep me from falling in love with them.

30 May 2004

DE NATURA

1.

Then nothing would happen
again and the child would cry
just once when she scratches
her hand on the white rosebush
small grown wild shivers
beside her path in
morning wind and nothing happens,

just a little cry like a mild
infection of the air, a little hurt
and nothing happens, a little horror
of what comes, the skin, the blood,
the songs she's heard about
might happen, nothing happens.

2.

I am disappointed with myself
years later, myself, dyself, a split
in a bad character, upset
for doing a few bad things and
not so many good ones,
there is time today to change this,
this deception of me by me
like a log the sawyers forgot
left rotting in deep grass.

3.

What you never understood:

my brain is in your body.

The socket of your spine

controls the tides.

The union hall between

your thighs milks

every industry. It is the Era

of Romantic again,

the clumsy big machines

that soak up all the streams

and bilk the air. Do you

grasp at last the Nature

of Things, the tide

of this man's resentment?

You are more natural than I --

the least you move

compels me to behave.

Because you were born

in this very place and I

am not born yet.

31 May 2004

THE UNBORN

let me sign myself so
hoping to trick
the Angel of Death
one more hour,
one more harbor

because of the truth
I admit at last,
I am the approximate
in love with the exact,
the wordless animal's
verbose importunities,

unborn but honest.
Halfway home
to the place I never was.
And is it you
beside the water
that's what the water means?
Is it you sleeping on your belly there
that shows me what it means to wake?

31 May 2004

MERIT

Merit is a garden
no one goes to

but a breeze
blows over it

bringing you
the scent of flowers

lilacs roses jasmine
depending on your season

your night time.
We deserve exactly

exactly the delight
that comes to us.

Turn it to make itself
more -- give the fragrance

away, do not hold tight
to what can't be held.

Another evening you will be
close enough to smell the sea.

31 May 2004 <late>