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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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1.
 Experimenting with the obvious
 night of the dog begins
 sweet dreams
 a memory memory
 skin yields
 the first time of everything

2.
 Missing something
 waiting for something else
 a concerto by Cimarosa
 comfortably recondite
 accent on the brass—
 copper and tin and something more
 why do you shine so
 when I see you on a morning
 or think I do,
 am I a phantom too?
 Does it take one to know two?

3.
 As I(afterwards) omm
 might watch a curl of it
 ascend on an April breeze,
 just lie there, don't waste
 on jogging the force
 G-d gave you for building
 cities and the houses in them
 but all your haunt is girls and cathedrals.

gevurah

4.
So changes are needed,
hello—
 a house
is what someone else must live in.
You're in the open, weird wind,
forest murmurs, wendigo.
You scare me, mirror,
with your tendency to lie.
Hello yourself, impertinent
means not touching
the matter at hand.
In hands. The hope
of heaven, pillow conversation,
under the heavy quilt the whole truth.

5.
Of course in pieces—
nothing is whole.
 Hear
you raving and rave myself.
Taut metal strings,
cheap guitar
tossed on the capfire,
how it sings.

6.
That's me, he confessed,

I'm always like that,
I see and remember
and slide my way
into people's sleep.

Hence the edge,
the serrated vocabulary,
the trace of blood
on the rim of what I say.

I confessed too.

I am guilty of you.

7.
Warm up the space
the ink will follow.

swallow, swallow
said the poem
long ago, taught me to stand under
the weight of what we know
and groan my own confession,
profession,
a rubbler with desires.
scant savvy.

a taste for morning
and for saying 'you'
to everything he knows.

8.
Of course personalize.
What else are things for?

Mercury taught me this
before I knew to call him Hermes,
he stood naked on the phonebook
ensnaked wit cables and lightning flash
and said You can say everything
and then he said a different thing,
Everything everything can be said.

9.
By this point the girl
was tired of listening to me,
she liked language that was dialogic
and who can blame her,
there are only two of anything.

10.
lissomaisi the poem said then
the other one, another
language you pretend you slept with
and always woke alone.

11.
I used to walk more in the woods
but the roots are tricky now

and rocks lurk sly in years of leaves
and who am I anyhow
to bother such trees in their
infinite variation on the theme
reaching up and outwards to the light?
I'll take the luminous right here,
swallow. Swallow.

12.

Is it ready yet
tge other side?
Underside of what I meant?

13.

Passer deliciae meae

My girlfriend's sparrow
has flown away,
 a bird anyhow
has flown off, a passerby.
And it wasn't a sparrow
it was a chickadee.
It wasn't my girlfriend, it was my wife.
The poem always gets it right.

14.

So we leap on and off the stage
little rainbows in two shoes—
she'll smile when she reads that,
knowing where I got it from.

But she'll like the colors anyhow,
like being in a church at twilight
stained-glass colors all over her skin.

15.
Waiting is the same song ever,
no matter who.
It's always raining, always cold
always thirsty, always hot.
Turn the petcock, let the coolant out—
soon enough the engine seizes.
Then you wake again
with your own thoughts
for once in your head
and no one to think them but you.

5 April 2014

= = = = =

Empirically implausible
alchemistically necessary
intercourse by inspection alone

::

In ancient time
before we were only we
we propagated
fully and lightly
by looking at one another
we made a child be born
a full-grown other

Later it is said
it was no longer enough
(what had happened
to would be us?)
not enough to look
you in the eye—
we had to smile
and from that archaic gleam
(we still possess it,
don't know how to use)
the stranger came,
our child was born.

And later still one had to fall

out of the world of light and meaning
into the tougher regimen of space—
we had to touch

finger tip to finger tip

to make a child
by willed contact alone.

Now in this mixed time
in desperate muscularity
we strive to propagate
by clutch and clench and intromit,
and shove a cloud inside a continent
full of interspecies violence
where children are born howling
with their mothers' pain.

::

We have to begin again.
Align the hands, the smiles, the eyes
into pure reality again

so it will make itself in us
as us.

::

So when all this had been sermon'd up out loud
came a woman along to me
leading a big black horse by its reins.
This is for you, she said, because
you remember what you were told
long ago when this lesson began.

She handed me the reins
and no sooner had the leather
touched my fingers that I knew,
know, how to handle this being,
I know whete to pasture him
and maybe someday soon he'll
tell me who's meant to ride him.
For I myself am done with animal.

6 April 2014
(begun in, as, dream)

=====

And martyr's-breath
that noisome flower
uproots us from the world—

but set authority against authority
and slip out from in between
free from all your tired convictions

Blake's infantile rage against the Father God
was the outcry of the victim Son
to whom the Holy Ghost the comforter was slow to come

but came and came and came again.

6 April 2014

LIEBESLIED

That instant bond
I felt in us—
or was it just your smile?

If I were Byron
I would ponder this
for six cantos full

of racy anecdotes
sly tendresses
and sheer speculation

with a last song near the end
might make you cry
and maybe even me.

6 April 2014

= = = =

Blue sky drives
on the wrong side of the
road this must be
April and lilac soon—

there is a little wooden
bench in lilac land
fortunes are told there
and poems understood

sky and flowers soon to come
the press of slatted
wood against the flesh—
words are pure analyses

desperate as we sink in stuff.

6 April 2014

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Who I am
nobody knows
nobody needs to know

but from the *love-cress*
round her delve
dream says they'll come

a perfect monument
to me, perfect
likeness of everyone,

the new-born child.

7 April 2014

HEMERODICY

Hope such a small thing as this
serves to justify the day.
To make it worth its while
to come and come again tomorrow.

7 April 2014

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Car rolls by slowly
ominous. Drive-by
shooting. Funeral
but bwhose?
Real estate developers
looking rhoughtful
at my house. Go
fast if you must go past.
Lingering is purgatory.

7 April 2014

=====

Get something going
and be gone. Different
alphabets, different
measures. How sly
to be Georgian or Thai,
read newspapers nobody
else can understand!
And still be under the same
sun, same moon, , same
animal inside that runs
the show, queen of savvy,
the four-lettered heart.

7 April 2014

=====

Envy me antiquity.
I saw China before the wall
they built to keep me out.
and Egypt was a broad lagoon,
Stonehenge a field of April rye.
I was there a day after the world
and still don't know if I made it
or it made me. But all the stuff
you ever saw or heard about
is no news to me. I laid my head
on Cleopatra's knee, walked
with Solomon through his House
of Four Thousand Wives and he
touched none of them and I
touched few. There was
a sorrow in the world back then
that you forget, we built
such hills of stone to hold our
hope in place. But stand some night
beside the Pyramids and you'll hear
the soft moan you think is just the wind—
the lament we chant for all we haven't done,
all the slaves we still have not set free.

7 April 2014

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Examination comes too last
for some of Ireland's woodcocks

who tumble eerie from the cloud
ever grey-low over Erigal

where erst I learnt to single.

7 April 2014

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We lose things or
it is the nature of
things to be lost

sometimes we get
lost too, people into cars,
cars drive into woods,

predicaments unfold
like lightning from blue sky
astonishing the priests

their business is to know
the sky and everything below
everything that comes down.

But all I need's a tablet
of beechwood to write on
and a few hundred words

from a language nobody knows.

7 April 2014, Kingston