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**Catching up with ourselves
like the sun coming out —
who is it who calls her
every morning from those spaces
she swims down to
leaving her night cloak behind?**

2.

**The sun is one.
And everybody else is two
except you. You are three
so with you
I am four,
your favorite number.
Which is why you let me
get away with things like this.**

3.

**Or examine the slowly cerulean
happening right now while you sleep,
adjectives slowly turning
into nouns as the day begins.**

4.

Look (or wake and see):

**there are things all round us
all belong to us by being
not just by being seen.**

7 April 2013

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**My hand is a rope
tight tight
around a bundle of bones
like the fasces carried
by the lictor in old Rome.
If the rope slackens,
the pen will fall,
ink all over the world
but nothing said.
Only by writing can silence be preserved.**

7 April 2013

=====

**The orchestra
makes the ladies sing.
The man in the cardboard shadows
has no freedom either,
a man he can't see
controls the breath in his chest.
Words made this happen
long ago to someone else
and now he is them.
No agency, pure celebrity.
To be in the spotlight now
is the supreme obedience.**

7 April 2013

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**The chorus says nothing.
They are townspeople,
they just want to go home
but need to stand in the street
having opinions about
everything they see. These
opinions are their only
history and soon forgotten.
Then they can go home.**

7 April 2013

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Declamation

**your deck of cards
the light increasing
something happening
to the sky.**

King Herod

**is coming or the girl
is taking off her clothes,
what kind of opera
is it is really
up to you. So many
voices in my chest
how can I know
who is speaking?**

7 April 2013

=====

**The things you need before you begin
you can learn only by beginning.
Everything is like that, one word
much like another. The lost city
but what does that mean?
Voices caressing absent bodies.
The first product of alchemy
is that woman standing there,
rubedo, but with yellow hair.**

7 April 2013

YS

**City sunken
into the shallow
bay of my memory.
I don't know any more
the name of the woman
who gave me the key
or why I opened
such a strange door, bronze it seemed
and the whole sea came in.
Who left it there
for me to be?**

7 April 2013

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**Not so proudly waiting
like a piece of soft white wood
for the whittler's hand
or wit or skill
to make something of the day.
Let wisdom grow all night
like the hair on my face
bristly in the morning.
Razors and knowing
the accidents away.
Take accident by the arm,
is it thirst after all,
lechery for essences?
It is everywhere the same
undifferentiated.**

**The beauty
shows up in the mistakes.**

8 April 2013

=====

**Not a gospel, a tree.
Or a girl playing a fiddle
for her father. Or a gate
opening by itself. Midnight.
Streetlight dim.**

8 April 2013

=====

**A body to do anything
with is not.**

**In spring birds sing,
they're up to something
music knows,**

**I ignore
the implications of the hour
people go to work, this
on my day off.**

**Weak sunlight seems
tangled in the branches.**

**It must make sense,
doesn't have to be wrong,
the word is made of stripes,
held together by color
and a glass of water
by no means full.**

**Miracle. Every tomb
is empty today,
this word this other word
the king's daughter
let the ocean in,
we listen, we who live
by the shore, listen**

to the dreams of clams
(millions of shells
along the Hudson shore),
oysters, all the shelly tribe
because all that they do
is dream out from their shallows
images they have
no eyes to see, we
see for them,
we dream language
out loud to answer
the miasma of their meaning
seeping into the pearly air.
Those who live far from oceans
hardly ever dream
or speak. Or see things
that aren't there,
the way we do,
children of Eve,
apple core and seed,
oyster shell ashtrays
full of our past,
hung over angels
asleep at every house door.

8 April 2013

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April after April
the blue-eyed grass
comes up the hill.
From books I've read
I'd call it squill,
the old woman next door
told me years ago
they all grew from my
half-acre long before
it was mine. And now
they're up and down
the road, blue surging
quietly grasses
everywhere. Something
lingers after us
I suppose, they feel
meaningful, like a mind
remembering houses
or a mother's birthday
long after her death.
They're always out
on that day, and forsythia
her favorite too.

8 April 2013

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**And in sleep
that other country
knows me**

**where the miracles
are made, baseball
stadiums full of dancers**

**around a great bull
seems to be alive
those horns tipped with gold**

**those chattering priests
and the wind from Crete
nibbles at our heels**

**for we are dancers too
clumsy as can be
but full of that devotion**

**to pure risk that
makes the dance, makes
men dance and women fly**

**and in those days we
will live in houses
the walls of darkness made**

**and the roofs of crystal
can you hear me yet
in Mexico? In that mild**

city where the moon never sets?

9 April 2013

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**The grass is thinking about it
but the daffodils aren't sure yet —
some up the road have risked it
but yours, ours, here, green
yes but no yellow yet. Time
is part of space and waits
for the proper starbeam
to ascend to its own color.
Time, I'm trying to say,
is our only flower.
I hand it to you,
with some birds to
warble and flutter and distract.
Or do I mean distraction
is a flower too,
a sudden red, or blue eye
like the squills that have
always again come up,
are here now, shimmering
small up the little hill,
an actual flower.
Look away and the world looks back.**

9 April 2013

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**The wind closed my book for me
should I pay attention? I'm trying to right now
by opening the book again and saying this.**

This. This. This is not very interesting.

Maybe the wind was right.

(What do I mean maybe?)

**Being colloquial is scholarship on its back,
naked at midnight in the cold corridors
of the old museum. Marble, terrazzo,
carved wood, hard benches, moonlight
through dusty skylights, a statue overheard.**

9 April 2013

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What do things say?

Spring sudden

and my house has an outside again

**I have to confess to thinking about flowers,
certain flowers, just like poets long ago
when there was hardly anything else
to look at but such natural things.**

**So I confess to daffodils and lilies,
fast shadows of crows across the lawn,
a rock pool in deep woods,
someone venturing in
and coming out again, slowly,
shivering a little, the cold skin.**

9 April 2013

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**A bird saying chew chew chew
(or chee-ew chee-ew chee-ew)
and there are subtle variations
in each repetition, sometimes
a distinct catalectic, once
the third chew left off
do the distinctions mean to birds
and if not are we likewise
encumbered with meaningless distinctions,
like light and dark, like me and you?**

9 April 2013

CONCERT

**Exalt the *animal*
part of anything.
The lights go down,
I hear the best
of sounds, the dust
sifts in the piano.**

9 April 2013