4-12-2013

aprD2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/30

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.
Some words of it
falling through the sky

who broke the light?

After rain a little mist

Sometimes the energy that makes you speak
and sets the words in order spills
so urgently we can’t hear what is said.

I have written a book of blurbs
praising the world
overstating the case but not my love for it.

Running is a road
being there is nowhere.

10 April 2013
Be friendly or falter —
this light is dim
a turbulence within
or more precisely a quiet
where there shouldn’t be.
Or at least has never been.
A stillness in me
as if an engine
had finally stopped.

10 April 2013
Why does the mind have toes?
How strange the fit,
that mind in this body.

10.iv.13
Is it possible that time,
old ordinary time,
public time, clock time,
is really our dearest friend,
protects us from
the infinite timelessness
of mental experience?

10 April 2013
The celebration always wants to begin.
There is truth
and there are duties,
there is even sometimes beauty,
iridescent in the Afghan air.

10 April 2013
EPITAPH

Little by little
the letters darken in the stone
children start to have memories
and then there’s no stopping them

we need the symbol that is already
engraved in everybody’s heart
lungs thorax thymus fingertips

stare into your cupped hands and remember.

10 April 2013
And then can we say another crime
a strumous ichor on the bathtub
left from what fierce engagement
love on love until the window breaks?

10 April 2013
Look at this young month
how like a mouth it is
coming to speak

it talks to me in green
after yesterday’s orderly rain
it comes to me and says

however old you are this is now,
the same now you always had
endlessly different.

11 April 2013
Third Lunar Month
The portion of the day
reserved for nothing
is a glass of wine
tastes of clarity alone
like a clean window
on a rainy day. Day again
heart full of habit,
let me thrill you
with my infancy, cry
of a child, headache
of a man, lightbulb
burns out with a little pop
in the dark room
it’s broad daylight.
This is what I mean,
a tool held lightly
the nimble air
frightened of our breathing
escapes. Joggers pant
beside the highway
someday some god
will give them wings.

11 April 2013
Is this how it serves
its master? Blank page
panting for ink?
All of you have been
so good to me,
so many words
so many roads.

11 April 2013
It’s not saying goodbye, 
it is here for us, 
it is a synagogue 

standing empty 
in a part of the city 
most Jews have left 

quiet building 
full of light and dust, 
the last answers of God.

11 April 2013
Always being reminded.
As a tree holds your hand
in the most innocent dream,
rabbits and so on, just so
the cloud veils the shocking blue sky,
that single blue word
that rules our lives.

Death signs: you see
dead people plainly,
they smile at you
but speak a foreign language now
more like the sound of horses
drowsing in their hayey stalls.

11 April 2013
DANTE YOUNG

The gloss of rain
    my manuscript
parchment scraped
in the infancy of weather

    waiting
for the great themes to appear
declare themselves
like sunrise through winter trees

    notions that perplex us to this day
are meant to make us doubt
the hill the daffodil the rabbit and the rain,

    the devil is philosophy
    the word that says
    only this word is true
and all the other ways are wrong.

The devil is always duplicity, the sly immortal dualist.

A child studies his own hands
wet now from whathe handled,
a wet book, a thought of leaves
not yet tonguing from their branches,
wet from what he felt
out there in the obvious,

he wonders
in the long sentence of his feelings
what these lines are for,

the differences in each thing
he sees and no one else seems
to care about or even notice
but he has not met the Roma yet
sly-witted roadies,
or the slim witches
who who will change his mind,

hasn’t met the last old Druids yet
still hiding out in the Dolomites
here Catullus learned his Irish once,

hasn’t yet met the girl yet or the bridge
she stands on,
or read the sign yet
she gave him just by doing nothing,
standing there and letting him behold,

be bold and speak
what is not yet his mind,
now the scrap of paper falls from his hands
in the book of the words said
and then the words is written
and then the words and their paper
floated on the little pool
of rainwater by his feet,

one pool leads to another, rivulet, river
all the way through the weary
mesentery of the years,
the folds and promises of how we live,
how we try to remember, praise her,
harsh spring, frogs burping in the water meadows.

2.
So this is the grand theme
your mouth open
measuring out meaningful praise,

praise the sun and praise the rain,
traveler’s caravan, sultan’s tomb,
praise the stars because they are.

12 April 2013
Day of the bobcat, sleet
at April midnight last
or was it too slow
to be anything but snow,
the languid falling
into our space,
woodlot of the weasels
slithering in leaf fall?

Everything lives here,
gloss on highway in the tumult of morning—
sing away
quick from the workplace,
blond persons, sing
away from the office, brunets,
and sing away from the foundries
black hair and white hair,

everybody lost into music at last!

12 April 2013 / Twelve E
Never mind the museum
sculpture is evident
everywhere,

    it moves all round us:
    hold it steady in your eyes,

    up to you to hold it
    fixed in beauty
    in the fact of being seen.

12 April 2013
Summoned by colors
the grey day declines—

softly softly polarize the light,
no grass so green as at this prompting,

shadows coming to the door
a white cat in the rain.

12 April 2013
The way you wear your clothes
the way the apple flees the tree
the accidental geometries of love—

all these he infant knew
stumbling down blinding white sand
by an ocean blue as memory

and for the first time
she was gone again,
pale, receding,

this time as a wave.

12 April 2013