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Count wait change
words that begin me
why? Have no numbers.

Everything is happening
already all the time.
Things try to become
themselves, succeed,
falter, unbecome.
Something is always waiting
counting the minutes
to change me into another.
And the sky is waiting too.

20 April 2011
Ending is an atrocious art,
a filter that keeps the actual away.
Any ending spoils the beginning,
that hush or guess or sharp
intake of breath. So many words!
Lost in them, we live the middle,
we grow from the midpoint out.

20 April 2011
Not many miles for walking.
Mute. The sung material struggles with the thought stuff. Image silences song.

How far the trees are though I can touch them as I pass.
Shade. A beautiful March day at the end of April, this.

At last. Our love affair with weather. It happens, therefore it must mean.
Let them fight it out. Who?

The ones who hid themselves from me from the beginning. They are here now, I feel them just beyond what I can touch.

Always they have been there, they are the known the knowers know. Feel but not touch. Far off as if someone drumming in the woods.

21 April 2011
Turn over the rock with caution. And the orchid also is inhabited. Use the hard way, be gentle to it. Rock unpacked will give you water. Moses struck it with a shaft of sunlight, no further chemistry apply. Fire next time.

21 April 2011
MORNING, MORWENING

If you let the mind rest a while
the words seep back in

miracle it seems
of so much to say to so few

don’t bother listening to me
I’m the one who has to listen

look, I am doing it now.

21 April 2011
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I am using you
because you are the earth
and I know nothing else

I am what you left here
to learn the Lydian
word for wheat

the distance between coal
and cold, the cry’s
meaning when a crow.

2.
Who knows how
well we do.
Something tells

but doesn’t tell me,
the quiet rhythm
disguised as morning,

some aspiration every
one be happy
the other side of pain—
is that where the bird
calls from,
the uncomplaining actual?

22 April 2011
SHELTER

Time to be everyone again
and lift the branch
to catch the sky
on its way down

and so we stand
in a forest of air.
In the desert a voice
is the only tree.

22 April 2011
Casting about for a stone
to cast at the mirror
that impostor that accuser
who tells the same lie
to every applicant,
the lie we learn to live.

22 April 2011
Later all the ink will sink into the paper and leave us no wiser
but stuck with a sudden happiness we seem to share with matter itself our mother.

22 April 2011
Termagant intrigue faltering kids slop deck. Deceive. He meant the other side. Secaucus in wartime stench of pig. Memory is smell. The mean woman nibbles porcelain severe little finger diamond ring Italian speak go fast. Because a street is nobly slow. Whom do you desire, song? You curl the air into whose ear, music? Scream at in the street all the native language lost nothing but a dome redolent of frankincense and Friday grief. Did milt come in yet or are the fish alone disconsolate unbred? Blue Dome. Samothrace horizon count the cod. Bacalà. Listen street, push together every no in one fat yes and squeeze. Pigeons from their coops arise girls in white satin blouses Sundays organ swell and aftershave arouse, arouse. Touch you where? Latin had no words for what we do.

22/23 April 2011
It’s hard when anyone wanders across the tracks of light into the unimagined, a whole world must be created at each step before you can put down the leather of your sole. 

blindly, from cliff to cliff thrown onward it feels, always cast always forward, citizens of the fall.

23 April 2011
BY EAR THROUGH MIND

I heard in head around me
morning, I write it down here
to share, or not so much
share as gospel at you,
evangelist of listening out loud.

*

But I have said all this before.
And why not? Does Swift’s blade
of new grass have to change
color every single year
newfangled in not-green
to thrill us with springtime?

23 April 2011
Find the key that locks the door
and let me in.
I am the wood of being alone
with you, a problem
you can sometimes solve
by counting. Or by bird.
Lean on me. Press
against the fiber of what I seem.
By bearing you I strengthen.

No, it is not a game
though birds play it too.
Lock the door and let me in.

23 April 2011
Holy Saturday.
Jesus is hiding from the terrible churches that turned his compassionate explanations into cruel laws.
Tomorrow they will say he is risen. But today is the truth. Find him in his actual words.
In his word he is waiting.

23 April 2011
Sink deep or touch not the Cartesian spring!
—FW

Earthsigsns prefer percussion
firesigns delight in melody
airsigns like counterpoint best
watersigns thrill to timbre—

on such philosophy is music made:
fierce intersection of sound and heart.
I know this by the skin of my teeth,
I am fire I am air and I love fugue.

23 April 2011
LUDUS PULSANDI

That she could fly.
That she could know it
eye of the hurricane

the heart wears a hat
Easter shantung shimmers
“we have come through”

but the cave palm crimson
and the sole of the yellow foot
and beating the ocher dirt

all dance is beating
and running away naughty
children touch and flee

that she could fly
with one of those
between her thighs or she

athwart a shadow
also ascends!
Caves have doors
hearts wear hats
hands know how to sing
she flies into him and him

flying is hanging quiet
from the sky a sunray
staircase to him and

him she and she to climb
and he and he aspires
(the heart is fire)

helmet on his hood
a lover tunnels in gravel
to get there

where is it, what kind
of tree grows upside down
its crown in Tartary

its roots in his face
he chews her sap
and it too tries to fly

his eyes too dark
against the glisten of her glow
she is apart apart

the hat has no heart!
Goat song, nibble
on forbidden leaves

some barnyard rhapsode
instructs the tardy dawn
(my hat, your head

my place your clothes
window song)
a heart is some bird

we know all that
we are the pronouns
and know everything

your ash has roses
growing, your hat
keeps remembering

a time before the alphabet
wow like an ox
no warm breath in the byre

(the heart is a vowel)
that nobody sang
some with wet hands

their feet beat earth
and the cliffs fell down
mud is our mother too

in Oregon the Blest
not just springtime
not just brown bears

(‘bear’ means ‘brown’)
cuffing each other
because play has to hurt

if it doesn’t hurt
it doesn’t mean and doesn’t work
the animals are our teachers

they teach us to play
play is the hardest song
the meanest dance
hurt the heart
and run away
it wakes the mind

play is pattern
play breaks pattern
play is stealing

someone else’s hat
her hair in my face
play is always this

hat from hand to hand
makes the lost heart cry
a street’s for dancing

no road goes
anywhere a grown-up dreams
(she flies alone

because a sky is
and all her silver coins
fall out of her pockets
it is raining)
and the Dutch asphodels
remember what it was like
to be inside her
before the sky
when she was Crete

she made her marks
her fingernails dried mud
a man must learn to read

or when she soared
on the swingset
on the seesaw

on the hill called Calvary
when nobody’s home
and only the night sky
touches her
know how to grieve
this animal dance

in earth socket
naked footed
till the cave opens

the stone speaks
we rubbed against rock
till we were all new

and when she saw us
sweating in ocher and orpiment
she came back down

capped us tenderly
with the sole of her hand
and closed the glad

heart’s harm.

24 April 2011

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Make things strange,
stranger. There are loops
the eye must follow
in the sky or else get lost
out where nothing waits,
invisible scarlet heart of nada.

24 April 2011