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Halfway home
if I were a number

or a radical
waiting for news from the harbor
a black sail seen

a woman’s name remembered?

23 April 2014
Be sure to me
as a shadow can
but bright and various—
pigeons throng the low sky
a bus come loud

sit with me on the stoop
and reflect the passages
for we were caves once
and crave the pale rain.

23 April 2014
THE ENEMY

Clouds clearing in the north
iam on the other side
of what they want—

the senate house
empties around me,
I have made enemies
of daylight and waterclocks

or I am what is left
when the family and state and gods are gone.

23 April 2014
Music for the wind

to listen to or at,
   bald music
shivering in the forest streets
where the doorless houses
are very tall,

   teach me to listen
when no one speaks.

24 April 2014
That tree over there is not just reaching up in spring the way they do. It’s grasping at something curving its claws around something the air knows it thinks, something outside all of us—we grab for what we already have, or are.

24 April 2014
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As if there were speaking
going on,
    a pool
with nymphs remembering
out loud the order
of the springtime stars,
water lapping round their ankles—

water is always
trying to forget.

24 April 2014
That kiss came
from far away
but every real one does.

24.IV.14
YOUNG MAGICIAN

Her starry robe
sways in the wind
fills out and falls,

her arms wave
slender-nervous
a set of rhythms
she guesses,

all around her
things turn into
what she has in mind,
she turns trees into trees at last.

24 April 2014
Exorbitant energies
girl rests on sea swell

the moon makes
every rain puddle the ocean

you look through the horizon
slightly parted lips of a lover

you look up through loose branches
of a willow, every tree’s

Yggdrasil, world tree, horse
of the god you don’t believe in,
don’t need to,
his hand has touched
the small of your back
and left his mark there.

a flower like leaves and fishes
a twist of smooth-skinned stones
by which the natives tell
never quite accurate destinies—

I touched that flower!
I hid my hands in those ferns
and they ride with her still.

24 April 2014
When things decide to be other things
you are all ready and waiting
to catch them in your spread skirt or
shoo them with your fingers waving
long-armed alarming and they fly.
When things decide to be the same things
you sit on the grass and cover your eyes and cry.

24 April 2014
Things I worry
fond dust
be dark enough
not to see.

25.IV.14
== == == ==

Fond dust
exhaustion burden
near the volcano
I have never been.

25.IV.14
I thought it was tomorrow
or a fire

    something closer
like desire
for someone you don’t know,
have never seen, have watched
the shadow if in mind’s
movie,
    leaping over low hedges
from the pasture,
coming to you
effortless as weather—

you kneel there
waiting for the cup to come and drink and pass.

25 April 2014
I'd call this place snug if I lived here but I do.

25.IV.2014
Less to say
in licit thinking
bird bromides
vase of the sky,
bismuth sludge
in ancient beaker
absorbing humid
language. Bone.

25 April 2014
Say farewell to the bare trees of winter—
that’s the sad of spring.

I love those fingers
scratching at the sky,
writing amazing alphabets aloft—

writan, to scratch or scrape,
scratch a word in,
    a word that presses,
sounds, passes, fades.

And then the green erasure comes.

26 April 2014
But what if we did
and the rain came back and told us
where it had been
before it rose again and fell

and where it will go now
downstream and seafast a while
and then come to us again
over and over till we know

that gleam of water is an alphabet
light uses to confuse
what we see with what we think
thus force us into speech.

For water makes language in the mouth
and all our dreams are what it touched.
touches, come back to us to tell.

26 April 2014
Are there enough to answer
or are the clematis still wrapped
in paper at the pépinière,
ever planted, never purple?

I wonder but I need to wonder,
I need there to be books
that kids read that tell them lies
about what is possible on earth

so they believe them and thus
are forced to turn this into heaven.
Then glorious purple flowers will burst
from that meager bunch of sticks.

26 April 2014
Suppose it so. A loss masquerading as a gain, diamond ring to bind you to the wrong man toujours. I say it French to say it light.

But it hurts to see them trapped beneath the twenty million rooftops of São Paulo.

27 April 2014
To do what thought
hid its house
a mirror for the sound
because you dream
urgent liturgy in this
null-candled dark.

27 April 2014
Abbreviate the obvious?
Let the road remain.
Pine needle pillows
before the War. The Flume
wet glisten wall to walk
feeling the rock way by hands.
In that country the sun was blind.

27 April 2014