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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 nit 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

=====

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,  
never 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