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A rule in himerology:

never have a type.

Go from fair to dark and slim to chub—

a type chains you to what you used to be,

a type is the projection of a dead self.

8 May 2013
TWO DURABLE CLICHES

1.
By the second week in May
it all is green—one fortnight
to hang the whole winter’s work.

2.
*Reminiscences of Soho*

The hot crowded smokeless room
winebreath aand on the wall
invisible images
lost in palaver on the brink of hope.

8 May 2013
I am curt this morning
someone else’s miracle
deep relief of staring into green
green average of so many trees and weeds
receding into the blessed middle distance
and all of it heals.

8 May 2013
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Be gone to me
for I am kind
and you are natural
only no longer—

dream philosophy
trip on the curbstone
spring snow on Rambouillet
the sky drained of caffeine

the river sprawls.
What kind of kind am I?

8 May 2013
Natural waiting miraculous
crabapple fragrance evening
upended concert pale saints
balcony on the brink of being

9 May 2013
At the Cloisters over the river used to have pheasants till the Domingos ate them all and why wouldn’t they a bird is better than its color only Hawaii wouldn’t you? Once they strutted ringneck through undergrowth now not.

Little by little this land makes Indians of us all again, we are born of geology and taught cruelty by time— or we came here to be savage where the rock would let us and all our thoughts just feathers stuck in our hair.

People become what a place wants them to be. It takes time to shape a population of women and men into slavers, avengers, murderers, patriots. It gets scarier every day, America.

9 May 2013
I don’t have to believe
the tells you think me
but I must write them down
let belief grow inwards out
the whole blue sky spoken.

9 May 2013
LAC

1.
Coats of lacquer
layered deep
around a sense
of shape, lacquer
licking itself
sheath on sheath
until a dark sleek
cup holds water

  painted with flowers
  bright in the lac sheen
  naturely on black.

2.
Or so it seems
the make of things
Clean hanky in the drawer
hiding girly regrets, its.

3.
Things are not just things.
The amplitude of evidence
convinces. Identity lurks there.
4. Cup. How many times it turned around itself just to be?

5. Rusty lawn-roller been out there on the neighbor meadow all my years here.

now saplings all up around it and deep things.

More and more looks like an old animal resting there. More and more it talks.

9 May 2013
ANTIGRAVITY

Without that physical energy called Levity (or ‘soul’) a man would sink to the bottom of the earth, the central fire. That second sun down there we live our cool lives uplifted from.

9 May 2103
APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

1.
Or I could hold my own hand
and lead me through the ashes
then long after turn around to see
how many footprints
someone like me leaves.

2.
Like me. A shadow
of a going. Going.
Identity is death.
You live by else.

3.
I say what is not known until.
Makes me the first victim of what is said.
What it said. This mistake I make
before you, woman, let yourself understand.

4.
Now they blame
me for the clouds
as if aloud
sends fumes aloft.
Whenas I breathe
so that you be.

5.
It could all have been
one narrative
an endless lyric
with dragons in it
and girls lured by devils
and dome-studded
cities in the mist
beside famous rivers
and a man in a room
making it all up
by numbers alone—
but it was only this,
only this morning,
new lilacs on the
tree beside the road.

10 May 2013
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Month of all made known
made new.
Intricate fancies
unwoven.
Pieces of blue light
assemble a sky.

10 May 2013
THE CHARIOT OF CHARITY

caritatis, that is,
of love.

1.
Hear the wheels,
love clanking the streets
six floor Midwestern office building
aglow wth strange lights
and the banks become flesh!
Your body presses against other bodies
hips as warm as teacups
you can hardly see
how much you feel,
the skin is your only eye.

2.
It was easy in those little river towns
to be lonely, queer or not,
the red clay made you lonely,
always some lips you couldn’t kiss,
and the trains, always the trains,
when you’re little you climb up the caboose
the dirty hairy men laugh and let you.
But after that it’s all downhill,
the trains go away, and when they come again
no one gets off
to visit or to stay.
How can you have an identity
if there is never anybody else?

10 May 2013
We’ll never know who wrote it
the cchorus, just ended
or who sang it
but does it matter what is matter

the words work their way
out of the ground
it’s not just nature
that gets to be natural

nature is just the opposites at play
the red and the green parts of mind

but mind is more.

There is the blue mind
and the white yellow mind

and the black mind speaks
inside me till I write it down
no small thing that script and print are black
against white mind,

black, that blue or black the Greeks
called hyacinth, and called Achilles’ hair.

11 May 2013
Beneath all our jabber
in cicada season
all the red-eyed revelers
come out, each one of them
with a gospel to proclaim.

11 May 2013
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I’ve heard this voice before
it is a name
it sounds like rain

11 May 2013
Not even Cage
could make a silence
silenter than spring
thunder, right after.

11 May 2013
Each tree a different green.
This means.
You came
home from the library
burdened with so many new words
your body stuffed with them
you had to get out.
In the old days in Brooklyn
we called it shitting through the mouth.

11.V.13
In a land called May
the opera walks unsleeping.
Small clean white men
push brooms along the gutter,
it could almost be real.
We sit, knees touching, in the café
trying hard to stay asleep.

11 May 2013
Or in the Lux
sit side
by side
on black little
metal chairs
they used to charge
ten francs to use
after the war
when everybody just
needed to sit down.

11 May 2013