mayF2014

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/166
Home again
who never
was sure.
I am a hero
afraid mostly
of the smallest things
my conquests reach
into desperate afternoons
the empty bedspread
then swoon the night away.
Dream in color and touch
don’t understand what I see
today is the meaning
of last night’s dream.
Before now I never was.

20 May 2014
(waking at home after hospital)
Entering the mysterious humanitarian spaces between crime and retribution there is an upas tree good to look at poisonous to touch. Forgive the criminal isolate him from his victims actual or potential. In dream he can do what he wants but try to reach the dream too, teach the dream. Conversion the priests call it, though for them it means another kind of jail. For us it is the freeing of the mind. a list of everything, a glorious zoo with no cages anywhere. More or less like London or Detroit.

20 May 2014
The road to somewhere else begins there, not here. You have to be there before you can get there.

Arriving is always a river full of salmon and eels and you are the only bridge. To get to any place at all