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Robert Kelly

Bard College

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Born again normal in a nullish world
dancing in the drugstore waiting for your pills
description is prescription
checking into the old St. George for her
you’ll see why later she explained
walk along the esplanade all the ships are thee
nothing’s better left unsaid
or are you Irish before all and grassy
I want to know where the lost ones live
touching our fingertips together is enough to start the dance
a flaw in the pattern is the meaning of the weave
a gnat drinking salt from a child’s eye.
231. 

Music finds you
it was made to do that
to be small and get in everywhere
the crawl of beauty through the null
you don’t hear anything if you listen
don’t listen to the quartet like a mechanic checking the engine
listen to music the way you sleep all of you at once
anything else is college stuff
required courses in reality tonality
a proud humility is the way to do anything
listen reverent as a king hearing the first robin in spring
can you do that can you take it gently in your hands.
232.

Of course do it for the other the hot blue sky
what hurts us helps the corn
protein factor in cultural history
egg white is intellect tempera and madrigal
for I was another country when I slept
and now am you
Interdependence Day each man a king
belonging to one another we are said from Being
he was the only one who made a little sense and look what happened
marauding mind trapped in a stale idea it had
horror of hurting another for the sake of an idea
Bruno burnt among flowers.
Too dear too dear don’t need me to tell
Boston marathon and Berkman
the Nazis scurried to their shadows
only the numbers are different
to kill one person is to kill the world
capital punishment brings a curse on the states who do it
only the numbers are different
Texas twang of the guillotine
to kill one woman destroys the human race
no one ever has the right to kill
this is the only thing I know
and out of it I lift stone by stone my feeble tower.
But from its top I can behold the sea
across the street our little stream in spate she said
ironies and departures
you know how to get here start from here
a little movement in the leaves says I live
everything I give you is a sign
this is the blank sign
carry it with you till rain or sun
shadows the blankness with message
then think it comes from me
who have nothing else to give you
just one word after the last word.
Pause in the middle of meaning and mean something else
there is no road or rule just treefrogs singing
just blue sky gleaming through dense green leaves
everything is an interruption
the newborn innocent screaming
a day red in the face angry at wordless men
they try their ruler games but weather is god
I’m not saying I’m just saying
if this is not me talking then who are you
from the torn purse no gold coins spill
long low quiet run of Avenue R
civilization is built from discomfort.
When I said enough you weren’t listening
a phone rings far away and only there
why do we care about the colors aren’t they the whole story
all the colors of the 21 Taras the single color of the Medicine Buddha
look around you’ll see them everywhere
use different instruments how can the note be the same even if the cps are
or there is no such as same
when the mind is busy we are no years old
night and morning fragrant linden flowers fading now
lindens and cicadas and sunspots who else is there
tiny homeopathic breeze to make the skin joy
color is the other word for it.
Does it even sound like this
is it music or does it mean
he asked an anger like layer of low cloud
but there was only blue and shapeliness was you
verbs for being am are the verbs for states of being
too many people were far away and didn’t care
the pink and tinseled rider in the circus
who knows from where the people come
if people they are if come they do
I started watching as a child and never stopped
in the barnyard with ruddy feathers
the names of creatures are the same as sleep.