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= = = = =

So lovely now outside the bird to thought
a wind comes up and changes things.

3 April 2010

= = = = =

How many houses there are in Massachusetts!
Little wooden houses with some ground around them
little wooden white or tawny Massachusetts houses
people living in each one, people I'll never know

I spend all of the long ride home guessing about them,
little houses, two storeys, porches, neat fences, even
some forsythia full-bloomed in Springfield
but still who lives in all those houses, I want names

I want to smell the living room when I walk in
every house has a different smell but I want names,
I want to hear their music, the prayers they say
out loud and the real ones they whisper in the dark

I'm overwhelmed by a million mystery houses
how can I live with not knowing who they are in there
and what they do and what they care about?
If I love them, does that cure my ignorance?

3 April 2010

= = = = =

So it's a robin I've been listening to all this while
and only now the name comes to mind
to match the sound that for an hour
I've been calling bird or some word heard in the trees.

3 April 2010

= = = = =

I have marked you for my own
no matter where you go
there is a portrait of you
on all my post office walls
a price on your head
a smile on your lips
all my posses on your trail
and for all I know
you may be tracking me.

4 April 2010

= = = = =

Risen just like the sun
surprisingly after winter east
even the bare trees know it
through which he comes
as he always tends to
keeping his mind on fire
muttering that single mantra of his love
the syllables of all our names.

Something like that.

Not *love*,

not *mind*, not even *he*.

But something happens on this day
we wake and know we are have been remembered.

4 April 2010

Easter

= = = = =

Love in the fingertips
analyzes skin

tender pressure
how guess how welcome

another music still resounding faintly
from an instrument long gone

as to touch the keyboard also a clavier
it makes a sound for words to happen

from across the room you can't tell by sound
adding up taxes from writing an ode

democracy of the machine
numbers make everything mean.

4 April 2010

102.

Wide awake and watch myself sleep
a woman slipped inside my shadow

I demand names from everyone
the ship comes close with its strange flag

woman holding schooner in her arms
church front in a fishing town

see it and forget it into your deep inside
the flower grows there Old Men Young Again

you have to endure the road of your monstrous identity
you have to go silent through the woods of speech

and there you baby are being begin again
not even a shadow yet to call your own.

4 April 2010

MASS OF THE BODY

Introit

Who told you
you could go in?
This is the very garden
from which you
and all your kind
have been exiled
from even before the beginning.
And with great love
sometimes you can enter
the beloved places
but you cannot stay.

Gradual

To climb up to you, to bear
the weight of your muscles
crazed with life, electrochemical surge
of body, a snake with arms, all
power, all power in the meat
I also must empower myself to climb.

But the piano part makes no sense. A child
in swaddling clothes suddenly breaks free.

The body is the only destiny.

Psalm

Look how it rests on the hillside
how it roams through the trees;
consider the blue shadows in the vineyards
or the way a woman sits down on a chair.

Epistle

Even the weakest body, brethren, of even the oldest person, still has in it a huge spasm of energy – that devil in our flesh. A word or a gesture can release it. This energy is the inside work that runs the body. The body perishes but the energy is everlasting. Outside the body's local time it turns into light, that all may see. And thus are we all risen from the dead.

Gospel

At that time he spoke to his disciples, saying You do not remember choosing, but you chose to be in the body, yes, the very body you are in now, the very body you call yours. You don't remember how you broke open the urn of wine, and poured out the wine freely into whatever measures you could find. You do not remember the cup or the drinking of it. Yet here you are, strong. Try to be true. Try to remember.

4 April 2010

Olin

103.

Working towards the fire
with a special kind of water in his hand

he burnt down a whole pronoun
there was nothing left in the sentence but a verb

nobody to do it
nothing to be done

he is not yet prepared to be virtual
he still needs to see your face when you see what he says

he still needs a touchable world all around him
they flee into symbols too soon

but they are wiser than he
out of the body and into the mind

where all bodies and substances reconstitute again
playful intact eternal we all belong

we all belong to everybody but him
he is Kierkegaard he will not dance.

5 April 2010

104.

It could be another day or same
gold ingot brought up from the cave

deceptions everywhere and on the hill
squills from Siberia and daffodils

a little rhyme like that to give pleasure
a straw hat blown off in an April wind

yellow flowers and blue flowers flag of a world to come
we ancient Hebrews live among its rivers

saltire for St Andrew St Peter upside down
we are poor children of geometry

the rain is your mother's childbirth sweat
the sun is your mother's hand

held high to shield you from the dark
like a hammer grieving for its nail.

5 April 2010

= = = = =

Cloud now. Soubrettes
of Heavenstan. And it is,
a garden that is,
where we are grown.
I don't look like a flower
but wait till you taste me.

5 April 2010

= = = = =

Let it be from me here
to the ornamental fountain
a new kind of water spewed
from the lion's lips

fast-fauceting my blue come
into her own basin.
But in the old days we
named things what they are.

6 April 2010

TRUTH

After anger

truth seems what is left.

No wonder the Greeks

called it by a privative,

a-letheia, that which is not

forgotten, what is left

when emotion boils away.

6 April 2010

OPERA

We understand only
what we can sing—
history is the ash of song.

6 April 2010

105.

Have we even yet begun to wonder at the wonders
taste of the wild honey where do things come from

in no heart hid the blood aloud
makes oceanly her *silly* daughters

ancient word the secret goal of marriage
your wife all young again and all for you

lost no more in bearing and rearing
just all naughty smiles and smelling of shampoo

thugater the same root as *thelema* but not
but only to fulfill destiny all love is incest

for shoes though he strapped bricks to his soles
for hat we poured some honey on his head

eight feet tall and almost flew
a broken branch with lilies in her lap

to walk into a house is still to be outside
there is a way out hidden in each thing

milkmaid marry me for my milk
miller's daughter marry for my mill

I have a stone only you know how to speak
this stone is every also and a grass.

6 April 2010

= = = = =

Maybe I'm not who I am
then it's your problem
who you're talking to

I am something from the sea
can't find my way back
no names no candles

just some trees on fire.

6 April 2010

FRAGMENT OF AN OLD TAPESTRY

for Cameron

Two women and one apple tree
no man this side of the channel
the women were on an island or some say
they were an island

but who is not,
we stand beleaguered by emptiness
and the wind knows our names

1.

but these women these
women these one fair one fairer
stood on the cliffs of themselves and saw
out there, out there
the thing that is always beginning and no one knows

what is there to know
and who is there to know it

nobody but these women and their so-called apples
they have given me everything and I never understood

you need so many mothers to get born
every true child has two mothers
your own mother and the mother in her

that's why a baby sprawls restless and squalling like the sea

2.

So much the scrap tapestry showed or at least so much
of what it showed we understood or tried to understand

really, nothing is simple, nothing easy,
two women, one tree with red things in it
all out of scale if they were supposed to be apples

if we are supposed to eat them
I who can't swallow an aspirin or drink a glass of wine

3.

so maybe they're not apples. Looking close
I hear Heifetz playing Debussy's *La fille
aux cheveux de lin* with a piano bumping around
in the shadow of what the clean thin sound says

or looking close I feel the skin on the inside of my thigh
quiver minutely with little lightnings

as if someone far away were thinking towards me
or someone else is saying her prayers.

4.

You make me believe
again.

What else
could music do?

5.

Looking close
my mind fills with this thought
I am looking close

this is as close
as I can look

but it is not as close as there is.

I argue
from my own feebleness
that there must be more

or why else did God become man
as all these waves and women swear He did?

7 April 2010