5-2010

mayB2010

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/480

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.
love life
softer after

sudden sodden
tasteless

appetite
for more.

2 May 2010
(dreamt)
Touched—that’s what the skin is for
not some bag to hold your heart in

skin *is* your heart the outer and inner all at once
touch this gently and be inside the citadel

or what do you call it where you keep your you?

2 May 2010
Something bit the Times before I read it
and the sun too is nibbled by a cloud

we never admit how deeply we belong to weather
act and suffer through its quiet agency.

Someone’s head is a glass ball full of fake snow
but the women at my knees are made of rain

we have nothing but what the day gives us
and you never know how long this day is—

for me this is the Hill of Tara ten years
still counting and a little cloud above

and I try to persuade myself I see the sea
far off in a future you passed long ago,

who knows this day is and where it’s been?

2 May 2010
But you see I’m not sure about it
this sunlight in the trees. Who knows
if it comes from our old true sun
or from some alien visitor who came
by stealth and silenced our own night
with lewd imaginary brightness and
made all our clocks run wrong?
Who knows when now really is?

2 May 2010
This strange light. Peculiar warmth.
Maybe it is time to be another place
around the corner from the world, hide
before the Organ-grinder’s monkey comes
rattling his fatal tin cup in my face.
I woke up on the wrong side of me.

2 May 2010
When I look close
I really like this shirt
sort of green,
the weaving thing,
the work of color
in the world
each thread an argument,
I wear a silent book,
a manifesto against
those hate-filled
white people who stole
America the Blest.
Learn love
for the least.
My old green shirt,
I explain, a song
against slavery,
to love us all again.

2 May 2010
I spend so much time
hiding from the music

runaway mind
sick with thoughts
unhealed by thinking

sometimes I close
my eyes and let it.

2 May 2010, Olin
This terrible permission
I’ve never heard him
so angry,

a fist raised
against silence
which is all he
ever knew of God.

2 May 2010, Olin
Every tone a scar
feel that face
with your fingers
do you recognize
me now
the one silenced
by your clamor?
sip the milk
leave the water
take the shape alone
into your arms
leave meat behind.

2 May 2010, Olin
Music. Mourn the loss of what you never had.

I walk across the Praterstern deciding if I deserve the park

or if the thing I meant by coming here, on foot,

in sweet autumn rain, was long ago unmeant

by time or whoever it is leaves us puzzled

in so many doorways, no way in but no way out.

2 May 2010, Olin
Inside this room
they keep the winds.

It has no door
a chimney and no window
to reach the world outside
they have to go straight up

as if God alone
were the road to other people.

2 May 2010, Olin
127.

The animals pay taxes too  
nothing is easy inside the lunasphere

we are too far from food  
the bird wakes us who wakes the bird

how much does the wind weigh  
sunlight is asleep behind my eyes

but suppose it is the body that is identity  
the face just a screen we more or less control

shall I not read your inmost heart  
by studying your hips he wrote

the wrists says more than writing fingers do  
a drum beat in a handy jungle

be quiet now and let it  
listen in you it said he heard.

2 May 2010
When is the dance
supposed to begin?
It’s on right now—
don’t you feel it on your skin?

3 May 2010
(dreamt)
DOHNÁNYI'S *CANTUS VITÆ*

For once the rain
does the singing for us
the rain also has a drum
the rain wears pretty skirts
no tree without its bird

Why do we call them blades
of grass? I know the answer
I just want to hear you say it.

*

It is not raining but it has rained.
It is not language but someone says it.

3 May 2010
This must be the other side of town
where the bars never close
and all the stores are bars

the streets are full of drunken folk
and the trees are full of birds
and there’s a little word on the tip of your tongue

pressing soft against your lips
to get out into the world
this little world means anything you want,

just say it, animal, say it.

3 May 2010
Where the leaf was waiting
a young girl in her window
looks out at what she knows
she is bound to become

safe behind now glass
half mirror half reverie
how faint her face is
dissolved in light

_someday I will be_
s__this whole tree out there_
_and let you see me_
_and I will call that liberty._

3 May 2010
A LEAF

1.
A leaf?
Something a tree
lets go

a message surely
to the one who finds it
and the one she gives it to

the same message?
I think so
the only one a tree knows.

2.
But every, doesn’t every
kind of tree
have its own
kind of message?

Doesn’t the ordinary
world stick to its guns
and work to keep us feeble
coaxed into ordinary

no ear to cock at random trees?
You can't persuade a tree
of anything, it says
what it has always meant.

2 May 2010
On my own road
my own meaning

but what it says
is something else

there is a reason
for everything

to make you ask
my hat on your head

teach me Russian
and don’t come back.

3 May 2010
SNAPSHOT

I saved this picture for you
because it shows what I am
but I’ve slipped it in an envelope
with several dozen others
that show what I am not.
You’re the one who gets to decide.

3 May 2010
Where can it have come from
to be here where the stars fell
first, gold spattered lawn love
seekers stumbling in the dark

here I am I am please find me
for I am lost in youlessness
they cried but who believes them
voices in the dark are empty sound

when words don’t mean the words.

3 May 2010, Hopson