

5-2010

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## MAY DAY

I think it was a heron I saw over  
omen of the first thing seen outside  
what the ancient Greeks called  
I was just standing there and the road happened

and it spoke to me. Bird word  
what kind what part of sky.  
In the east, flying south, across the rising sun.

Now you know as much as I do  
and the day begins. The lovely witches  
what the ancient Catholics called saints  
wake up in their holy pictures on the wall  
their worshippers kiss the paintings  
and the holy women step down into their caress—

that is the meaning of the Sabbat, the great one,  
the H-less one, ends with a *teth* not a *tav*, a snake  
not a cross, and then the morning comes.

Everything we have ever worshipped comes to us now  
disguised as a round bright spot in cirrocumulus  
lancing down through new leaves on the linden

if you happen to be here. And here  
is very big. I see your face not mine  
reflected in the coffee in my cup,  
I study the back of my left hand  
and see your veins embossed on it, not mine.

To wake so far from myself and everything else so close.  
Or I am the last thing you remember before you sleep?

1 May 2010

= = = = =

Nothing says me of all this answer me  
a cloud looms a tree looks  
like an oak from far off one more old name  
for this young thing the beautiful small  
as with ice cream licked the pliant cup  
I had wandered into your body now what next  
how hard it is to silence all these words  
and say just this, not above so not below  
we turn out to be maps of one another  
o bring the cushions out and sit down on the lawn  
I say goodbye to all my other friends  
you have such a simple name I can't believe.

1 May 2010

= = = = =

The moon was with the jackal last night  
I dreamt about Eve  
how she reached up so gently  
and parted the robe of the holy tree  
and without ever plucking it  
kissed, nibbled the holy fruit.  
No need for grabbing in the garden of love.  
I think I'll make a man  
of this experience she thought.  
And then I woke, perhaps I am  
the man she thought it will be.  
The way we love each other  
not really knowing which  
of us is fruit and which is tree.  
The jackal snickers the way they do:  
you're just the busy shadows of such leaves.

1 May 2010



The Star of David is two  
stars conjoined  
through intercourse and algebra.  
Two and not one—  
no single line can draw their shape.  
The Star of David means  
I always need you.

1 May 2010

= = = = =

A tropic tarn a quick away from isles and  
in hard continents a weather the density! the  
density! squabble for light and upward even  
merest trees Parmenides the trees we have been  
looking for the turn of mind that no one spoke,  
advantage silence, what country are you I am a rag  
I belong to the wind.

1 May 2010

= = = = =

Always one thing or another having  
spirit of the elevator  
touch who dares  
empty car rising through the planes  
kabbalah of the mezzanine  
pause here for a sort of oxygen  
it runs your old books for you  
pause here for hermeneutics  
an old thing with a long beard  
explains why you keep rising  
the words are puzzling but you do.

1 May 2010



## ARABESQUE

I would be as true as the Qur'an  
as eternal as

a word is about the mouth  
not what it says

not about time  
a word is eternal

the word is always true  
no matter what I tell you

the telling holds.

1 May 2010

Kingston

= = = = =

Ope'd a book  
a star fell out  
it was 1735  
I was not nearly  
born I fell back in  
she closed the book  
and wept a little  
gazing out there  
at the deer park  
in the last light.

1 May 2010

Kingston

*(allegretto)*

When I was a child  
fences still had stiles  
and I could still  
climb over them

all this is different now  
but the green field still  
for all our quickness  
holds the fierce red bull.

1 May 2010

Kingston

## **BAPTIST CHAPEL**

seascape of varnished wood

comfortable seats

a great eight-spoked wheel

holds the eight-light lantern up

above the chancel

architecture is God

trying to overhear what we mean.

1 May 2010

Kingston

**Fauré's *Pelléas and Mélisande***

1.

Blue rehearsal

how could she go on living  
knowing so little

I did when I was young  
and was not even beautiful

except as all  
young things are  
shimmering with the soft  
empty light of what's to come.

2.

One dies all the time  
of the slightest reasons  
Death only one of them

there are lilies  
left from Easter  
and girls all the time

how soon they vanish  
church or school  
compels them to grow old.

3.

In church, Fauré.  
Not requiem, love.  
Poetry, not pray.

1 May 2010

Kingston

## ORCHESTRA

The strings  
are almost always  
better than  
the other things.

1.V.10, Kingston

= = = = =

A woman or never.

One by one I seem

to recede them

new grammar

into the middle distance

where Maybe lives

and quiet No.

Being done with one

by one and still

be there for everyone.

No dinner parties

just howling from the hill.

1 May 2010

Kingston



**Fauré: *la Mort de Mélisande***

and who is left  
of all that love?  
an old blind king  
and all old men are blind

see only what they have seen,  
blinded by images  
reach out to caress  
the young wife's body

growing cold beneath his hands.

1 May 2010

Kingston

**Schumann: *Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Op.52***

In this music no one kneels down  
it is a different religion

a stand-up gospel  
we are healed by hearing

and in his day the trains  
started to come in

faster and faster out of the station  
reminding him that all music

is usually saying goodbye.

\*

Later the Valkyries  
would ride this train too

there is in music  
a propulsion to depart

all tonal consolations

soon to be abandoned

leaving us with tone alone

the absent miracle

that happens anyhow.

\*

The maddening sincerity of Schumann that is so beautiful.

\*

Great Wagner comes from this

but something's lost along the way

could it be that words only dispel

the actual story only music can tell?

1 May 2010

Kingston

= = = = =

Christless cross  
over the orchestra

how strange to proffer  
the machinery of suffering

and not show the one  
who offered himself

through such agony  
for the sake of those

he thought were us?

1 May 2010

Kingston

= = = = =

Under the cross  
the music walks  
hand in hand  
with my desires

I try to listen  
with my hand  
writing it down  
what it happens

in me, May Day  
grammar, a young  
witch winds a strand  
of her long hair

around my root.  
Now I can say  
everything wrong.  
And someone is gone.

1 May 2010  
Kingston

