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THE PRICE OF BLOOD

changes with the latitude
the house door breaks
raspberry canes clustered at the gate
the thorns of things
come after you

 have you noticed
the cross-hairs
that follow you around,
you are of course the target

all those who otherwise
are trying to deceive.

The target and the arrow.
The absurdity
 of running away from it,
the railroad doesn't run that way
the whistle reverb through the valley
long but no way for human
people to follow that sound—

yes, I have traveled both sides of the river
and at the same time,
I have been a sound in your lap and at your back

not enough miracles to go round,
sometimes my eyes
and yours are different places—
the first starlings are back,
saw one this morning with his yellow beak
they come back with Daylight Savings Time
to remind us of the world,

He built this house atop a stone
foundation with its own old windows
its low door, it was an old low house
built against the rock outcrop
shale of our late glacier
—this way also to the ice.

Birds of the way
walk there
on the sturdy cloud,
of course it looks like theater—
you're looking at it,
any thing you look at comes out play.

8 March 2009

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It looks right
this flower maybe
but it doesn't
say the same thing.
How can color lie?

8 March 2009

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Count this too
the black doorway
with the red dog in it

this is India
they worship someone
inside this door

and you do too.

Remember?

Teeming with particulars

you said, that is the heart
of old cultures,
all the lovely gods,

flies on everything.

8 March 2009

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Stop of course and start again,
I haven't even breathed
this morning, the light
was good enough, pouring in
and out of the new
blossoming amaryllis on
the sill though love
needs no flowers to see
through though they and we
are made of the same chemistry
a trick the colors taught us
sometimes I think
the prism is our only friend.

8 March 2009

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But the beginning is always

in someone else's hands?

Or no hands? The snake's mouth?

No snake. No apple.

Eve beside a dead tree

naked as she is.

And still we somehow begin.

8 March 2009

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It lies all the time

it is a man

incapable of lasting truth.

See Proust.

8 March 2009

UNANIMITY

(Op.18, No.3, third movement)

Only is there is one mind
is there any. Nothing obvious—
the stroke of the bow
makes music war.

I think of him now,
the leper at my elbow
marketplace India
mountains of regret.

I have caught
the disease called life
and can be only cured
by living.

8 March 2009

a charm against Parkinson's

for J.G.

Named for one long dead
but you are living.
That's the point. You are the proof.
The uncertainty principle
speaks in you.
you are the tremor,
the shudder in apparency
that tells us nothing is fixed

in place forever. You are change
and you hate it.
We all do, change
should stay outside the window
outside the door.
And here it is in your hands.
You are the prophet of the real:
movement in the dead of mass.

8 March 2009

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Never name a thing.

A name takes power

and never gives it back.

8 March 2009

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When the sky is your hat

take off your hat.

When the earth is your house

walk out the door.

8 March 2009

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You feel something
strong. At the same
time you think of a future
when this feeling will be gone

changed, worn-out,
forgotten, satisfied—
but not being felt anymore.
Does that make

the strength of this feeling
some kind of lie,
insincere? I am afraid
all feelings are insincerities.

8 March 2009

Encomium Ignorantiæ

Hearing music

I am glad for once

to have no vocabulary

to get in the way

of what it means

to feel what I hear.

8 March 2009

BARTOK'S SIXTH

In this music
there is no street
from one feeling
to another.

In time, time abolished
till's only now.

8 March 2009

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Comes a day to do everything wrong.
Backwards. The neo-classical calm
shivers, turns bright blue. *Maximus*
goes back on the shelf and you
need to strut the heart-stuff suddenly,
all balls and angels, sign above your door,
blessed bad break of being who you are.
GOD_B^LESS she spelled it
spelling us better than before,
blue ribbon animal, prize self
alone in its urge. Runs the world!

9 March 2009

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To be high on you.
Powder like spores
of ordinary mushrooms
rainy sky. Evidence
of calm behind all this
fuss. A civilized enough
conversation with some crows.
Could it be that I'm alive again?
Another faustian soliloquy
old woolen cape slung
behind the door, Slovenia
army surplus and all the citizens
of Loveland cherish loose
capacious voguish raiment.
Inside which all the evidences
lurk, ready for love's warcraft.
I admit some rage against those
who do not do what I want them
to but not much. Anger fills
too much space in the mind
better fluffed out with grammars
of foreign languages, art
history, sheer animal reverie.
You again, your soft fur in my palm.

9 March 2009

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Or a day to think whatever comes along
for you to think it. Build a fireplace
to use what winter left or leaves around—

wings to hold aloft
patterns in the sky
to teach the green men
alphabets,

 rub cotton on their skin,
gossypia, there's a problem
in every world, the feel of skin,
the feel of cloth against the skin

or clothingless to seek distinction—
will it be by *bearing* alone
or noble mien a person must stand out
among us nudists?

Beautiful body, each wants a different part of you.
Any is every, as we used to say
counting heartbeats in a crowded room.
The drinkers leave the beer untouched—
a horse is coming through the door
I hide behind my father's legs

if it were not for fear I might
be riding it even now, fist in the air,
every child a condottiere now,
pudgy thighs all sweaty from the brute.
If you want to be a poet said Olson
begin by giving sugarcubes to horses.
Horsey. Without generosity
cometh no Parnassus, the muses
love a generous mind though seldom find,
for generous means all-begetting too,
all-conceiving, and all you make
you give away, promptly, raptly,
the way a great bird, hawk or harrier,
from its cliff perch gives itself to the air.

9 March 2009

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But I need you to be my weather
not enough a note in the mail
I need your tongue in my ear
and my tongue in your whatever.

9 March 2009

