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

8 March 2009
NO NATURAL MEASURE OF TIME.

No standard icicle measuredly melting
on a standard sunny hillside
Tuscany. Maybe how many Mani’s
or how many Hail Mary’s a standard
monk counts on his rosary
with his mind trying relaxedly to pierce
the final mystery of the god’s name
the empty sky.

No time
like the present. No time in it
either. If we hear it
it’s a voice, if not
a car sliding meekly to the right
on black ice till it spurns the road
and falls down the meek ravine
where all the dead leaves
wait for it and us, so count
them one by one
and when you’re finished time is done.

8 March 2009
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
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
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
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 apparenecy
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
Never name a thing.
A name takes power
and never gives it back.

8 March 2009
When the sky is your hat
take off your hat.
When the earth is your house
walk out the door.

8 March 2009
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 Ignorantiae

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
Comes a day to do everything wrong.
Backwards. The neo-classical calm
shivers, turns bright blue. *Maximus*
go 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**\textsubscript{b}^{1}\textsc{ESS} she spelled it
spelling us better than before,
blue ribbon animal, prize self
alone in its urge. Runs the world!

9 March 2009
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  
avy surplus and all the citizens  
of Loveland cherish loose  
capacious vogueish 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
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
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