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The Welsh mistake. I made  
apple in the sky I took a bite  
I thought was moon your thigh  
called me on the telephone.  
Everything happens every night.

[21 XII 07]  
April 2008

= = = = =

Facing the wall  
you see right through it.  
Facing the forest  
you don't even see trees.

[23 XII 07]  
April 2008

= = = = =

To be in a place where the stream  
seems right here right now  
has been passing by me in mind  
for all my life. Same gentle  
downhill dapple. The warrior  
I always thought I had to be I am.

[24 11 08]  
April 2008



the message has been clear from the beginning,  
language is the dust of the system.

11 April 2008  
Olin

## Opus 24

And it is spring.  
The world is mostly weather

don't you believe me, darling?  
I don't even know what you mean  
or what that means, the things  
we say to one another

or never say,  
the violin, et cetera. The way  
the nun shaped letters  
on the blackboard with her chalk  
never exactly like the printed models  
pinned above the rail, alternative  
versions of written *r*, of final *t*.

The models  
of all we are, combined  
with all our alternative forms,  
the girls the griffins and why  
do the birds we are  
have so many different tunes,

wouldn't one be enough to say Wake  
up or go on sleeping?

11 April 2008, Olin

## SCHERZO

What should it Schatzi  
what should it Herz

Seelenleide schnell lost

the old familiar

melody comes  
and the carousel goes round

love, love and wooden horses  
gilt and bright paint and flared nostrils  
with no breath in them and love love love.

11 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

Where could they have come from  
to be here? Wings on some of them,  
smiles a few, and eyes have all?

They see me where I am. No wonder  
the Little Girls run away through Chicago alleys,  
the Motor Boat Boys on leave from Bedlam.

Childhood is sanity. Where you know  
your own skin and what it means

to touch. And you know with utterly  
convincing wrongness exactly what everybody thinks.

12 April 2008

## A W O L

When you grow up in a war  
and the war seldom ends  
the letters alarm you.  
Desertion is what it means,  
absent without leave. Notes  
the child: without is two words  
here though I must spell it one.

Leave means to be gone but not  
here. Otherwise it would mean  
leaving without being gone.  
No, here it means permission,  
to leave the room without permission,  
to leave the war. How can  
a child go anywhere anyhow?

Who can grant him that permission,  
is he even permitted to be here?  
Leave. And leaves  
from the tree, what tree, slim  
leathery leaves of the peach tree  
in the back yard, they disappear  
too, every year, and then  
something brings them back.

Remorse. Pity  
for the shadowless glare  
of early springtime when  
old men shelter their  
eyes from the new sun. The war  
also keeps coming back.  
The child (a child is mostly wanting)  
wants to be gone from where he is not  
even permitted to be.

Later he will call it Existence.  
Not now. Now it's four letters  
to say three words he wants to be.  
He wants to be gone. Thrilling,  
to break a law! To be outside  
of something at last.

One more womb  
to vacate and finally be!

He thinks: men make laws  
so they can break them  
while women watch,  
That is as far as he got.

12 April 2008

PIANO WIRE

Operation Werewolf.

A chair in midair.

Where no one sits  
but everyone wants

to. Imagine  
the view from Nowhere !

Nikolai III will come  
and the Moon will fall,  
all things happen by some rule,

something in Vegas makes it run.

Star over desert. A field  
full of maybe. Scant cover,  
creep, soldier, creep.

The sun is one more buzzard overhead.

Freedom says:  
to say something I don't mean.

Freedom is  
to be someone I cannot be.

Decapitating motorcyclists  
partisans' revenge  
stretched across the road at night  
at neck height  
and the moon will never rise again.

12 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

Hold this tone  
and hand it on

the lineage of these ears  
the member of remember.

12 IV 08  
(LvB, Vn sonata #2, 2<sup>nd</sup> mvt.,  
Xianbo Wen playing)

= = = = =

What is the time at midnight?  
What number says the dark?

The skeletons are dancing  
in their old clothes, the smells  
of lavender and orris root and bone,

the outrageous intrusion  
of human feelings  
in a material world.

Overwhelming us. A minuet,  
a weight lifted  
then let fall again, the weight

of being, being here.  
It is not that death knows  
how to dance, death is a dance

and these spooks know it  
prancing desperate even now  
all through my poor meat.

12 April 2008, Olin  
(LvB, Op.30, No.3)

= = = = =

Garden with mirror globe  
shows more faces  
than ever looked in it

mirrors turn everything to faces  
and the face is always yours.

12 April 2008, Olin

FROM AN EMPTY PIANO

Singing as it walks along  
zombie on the strand  
flat broad ashen feet  
tangled in bull kelp

coming for you. Me.  
I picture myself a dread  
on its way, like a clock  
ready to strike,

a cloud  
ready to roll off the sun  
and there you are  
poisonous with love.

O myth my mother only mind.

12 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

As if an other also—

a light lit  
a rag torn,

something like a wave  
overrunning a day.

12 IV 08, Olin

= = = = =

So many feet  
this slim idea  
to walk on  
and be now,  
                    a bird  
could do it hardly  
using two or a breeze  
anywhere. The vocabulary  
of mind gets in its way.

Every sound a city  
and somebody lives there  
and every name  
is at your party  
whispering in your ear  
touching you now.

And every is  
the only name  
I know you by,  
the one thing  
I need to remember,

the tower  
from which I fell  
or flew  
to think this filament  
flower self  
possessed flame.

13 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

In those days they had torches.  
Later we had porches.

But after sex we had decks.  
Time after all caresses

what it passes. The moon  
is mostly useless information.

13 April 2008, Olin



= = = = =

Jersey meadows  
arched by skyway  
even the shadows rust.

13 IV 08, Olin

= = = = =

Sometimes  
it takes no time  
to take time,

some time  
takes hold,  
won't let you go,

and this hold  
that holds you  
to your hour your

exact identity  
is dignity—  
what everything

you've ever done  
has made you be.

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13 April 2008, Olin