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The heart is a stone,
eventually cracks

But till then
build your church on me.

18 April 2008
Gulps of mind gasped out
no word makes sense
have to sleep on it to see.

18.IV.08
Could less care cark
core? Corncrake call?
My sky is full of words,
a skull, words stalk
my woods. Fingers
close on words. Kingdom
of Wessex. Another hour.
Another queen. The meaning
is woman. Meaning is woman.
_Gyne, kona, queen_
is all it means, remember.
Queen was every woman once it means.
Words are doors not windows,
brake the locks. Let all
the animals of meaning loose.
Let every word go. A hillside
in spring still brown from fall.
Down here a daffodil dares
among the blue-eyed grass.
Squill me the name I somber member.

18 April 2008
A week away the water watches. Dragons couch nearby the clefts—my repression only bends so far and then amazement comes. a hum as of a puzzled audience fearful they will never see again the pretty blonde in shiny tights who stepped into the magician’s cabinet with the magician and nothing happens but music. What does the violist know? Why is the stage itself slumbering, tilting backward, why am I out on the street again alone, carrying my whole forest with me?

18 April 2008
But there was something. An ideal. Or long shot you can feel coming through all the messy plotlines of your life you make. I speak to myself, have somewhat the right, to say, what comes to mind, what comes to mind is mostly what has gone from somewhere else, the broken fireplace, bottles full of fire, water spilled on the moon from nowhere, serene and limpid sky explaining that the business is finished now. Something is done.

18 April 2008
Or the word that spun me round
decisive if an afterbreath a mint
meant for an almost leman old
anguish changes its vowels often
pronunciation holds a gun
to someone's head a metaphor
explodes and children sob.
But the mother dry-eyed stands.

19 April 2008
If one day
I studied the ground
and saw the shadow of a bird
pass over what I saw
would that be enough?

19 April 2008
Write down
what has to be said
it said, then my head
was spinning,
the ceiling tiles swept
past me, I could see
nothing but being
not able to see.
This must be
what it meant
me to do with what I heard.

19 April 2008
Everything suppositious.
Especially desire.
Suppose actually
got what
you wanted
what then?
The leaves still must,
and all the trees
and nothing changes
but what changes.

19 April 2008
I wish it were very early
always in the morning
and the day still keen for me
any time of hour

as a horse could be for its rider
or a wife for her son
come back from the Indies after all
light just now come over the hill.

20 April 2008
Deep nostalgia for a time of light
that’s gone today but comes tomorrow

but is never here, never rests,
fares into brightness as I watch

yearning for the minerval lucency
of something fresh just beginning.

20 April 2008
DAFFODILS

Daffodils. At last today all over.
Why are we paced through our year
by such miraculous inventions,
that every year the gods create a yellow
thing and every year we know to call it
daffodil, as if any flower ever happened
before, or any thing at all existed
before now, or as if those hyacinths
that were like Achilles’ hair
had really blossomed somewhen else
chalk blue and black in shadow
looking out on an unfriendly sea.

20 April 2008
When all else fails make a list.
I am sick and almost over it: conualessens. Charlotte
is very sick from me, where I
was three days ago now she.

The last time I sat out here
the blue flowers of the squills
were profuse over the whole little hill,
now the grass is up around them,
hiding their eyes.

Two mourning doves are playing.
The last time I sat here
there wasn’t a leaf on the trees
now some are showing
that breathless virginity of green.

And next door are magnolias.
A wasp working to get in a window.
There is a man too who thinks
his way through glass. The blue
squills are like little flakes of sky

so much is lost, more like a limit
to sight than something seen.
Can't focus on it. Blue
is at the middle of the eye.
Reminds me of all the lies I've told.

20 April 2008
As if a ferret in everyone’s pocket
or sunshine easy, could you remember?

Oafs and freshets and a few guitars
broke by the waterfall, graffiti limestone

anyone you can, amaze me, holy
inquisitors, ask me what I really mean

what my kind of people actually believe—
don’t ask me jive, don’t ask me theory, ask:

who is your god and where does hs elive
and in what stone do you hide her when you walk

here and there over the weary planet
and how do you recognize her when you come home?

The gleam: we know her by the gleam.
Work backward from the gleam and find her youselves.

21 April 2008
It is not that the slim trees sway in the breeze. The trees breathe. They appear to move the way we speak. Something on their minds.

21 April 2008
I tried to be close, it could
but I couldn’t. Lilacs
any minute but not me.
At the top of a twig
a drop like dew

but no rain. Earth
has a humor of its own.

21 April 2008
A part like glass. A part like water.
The love poem is a broken boat
half-sunk in pondweed, the love poem
is a swinging fence gate with no lock.
A drawer full of wedding rings and no wife.

21 April 2008
A dragon or a loop
of air that talks
a house inside out.

Great Wind.
Give each child a rock:
eat this.

Let each study
the texture, the marks.
See if they are marks.

A sign
is something you can read.
Can't eat a rock.

A sign is more like bread.
Give each child a sign,
break the rock

now which hand
holds what sign?
Do you go right or left?

Listen, the crow
will tell you.
Give each child

the shadow of a crow
and the call,
caw, voice of a shadow.

Each word you hear
deserves you.
There is an animal,

chubby, low to the ground,
color of dust, gentle.
It waits in every shadow.
Give each child the sun,
dare them to pluck it from the sky.
A few dare, but can’t.

The animal settles down
and waits by the wall
of the garage. The sun

is all over the lawn
out there. I am wearing
a shirt the color of how things were

a thousand years ago, rust
along the edges of the mind,
the colors of time.

Ashen pallor. Animal
maybe asleep now.
Give each child a bed of its own,

give each bed a pillow,
each pillow a slim book with pictures in it
give each picture a lot of words

otherwise the child will never sleep,
ever know what the picture shows.
Will never dream the truth.

Without words, a picture
is only a picture of itself.
Give each child a self.

a self is a sleek animal
like a seal but smaller
it swims in the dark water

under everybody’s footsteps,
we all walk on water,
nothing firm down there

nothing to hold,
an animal is always running away.
Give each child a way of letting go.
If you look close
but loose
you get to see
the structure of the sky.

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