3-2006

marG2006

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There is a homecoming built right in you just have to unscrew the sea to find it. Step back a little when it comes roaring out to swallow you then kiss goodbye this weird elsewhere the place where you *really* belong.

25 March 2006
SEEING

Orange oleander also
though I’ve only seen it once
from the train in France
already missing this province
I was about to enter
for the first time. Christ,
how slow a window is
and lasts forever, why.
Why is remembering?

25 March 2006
OLEANDERS

Scarlet is the ordinary kind
the way ‘ink’ is black or blue.
Though anything can be any color
the way some days I can be you.

25 March 2006
This very day
a swallow decided
to topple from the sky
where he spends
most of his time
and tell a lie

I am a dove he told her
the nearsighted virgin
looking up from her book
I am a dove and come for you
to tell you a story
so strange and wonderful
you won’t believe
at first, he began

But she said Yes I will
I do already
I know what you’re going to tell me
it’s all right here in the book

and she pointed to some blurry words
with her delicate fresh finger
but birds can’t read
so he just looked at her,
baffled a bit, the way
birds usually look, but let her
take and hold him
gently on her lap a minute
then he took heart and flew away.

25 March 2006
Wanting things
not to bad as getting them.

Vice versa though
is the actual truth.

What sounds right and what is right
are as your mother says like night and day.

26 March 2006
Around the edges of the day I come to you
unknown word

or you come to me

27 March 2006
Or working men are suicides when
only that last day off
the despair of never other.

27 March 2006
Cast the light inside iron
or pack the fateful simulacrum
—me – me with amber beads
and mayonnaise and sand,
there is no mineral like a man.

27 March 2006
Things have forgotten to remember themselves.
There is a cave where they do it
dep deep into a hillside overgrown with oaks
and sunlight is not welcome there

but there they are, fingering
each other’s collars and lapels, touching
the way a forgotten memory can touch,
all proximity and breathlessness.

No meaning. The pain of feeling never ends –
but that is another place, no cave for that.
A beach in moonlight where lost pains walk.

28 March 2006
THE LIBERTINE

Sometimes I think people are envious
of my affairs with language.
But I don’t care what they think
as long as English doesn’t mind
my little Portuguese.

28 March 2006
PROCUL

Far from these women
a man is a kind of owl
who lives on mice and moonlight.

28 March 2006
Spill something
it might be ink
if so it might
make sense

make a stain
might stay.
Who knows
who knows?

29 March 2006
OPERA GLASSES

poised as matrons scry
one another’s latest try
to find the diamond
that tells you
the throat on which it’s worn
is still beautiful.

29 III 06
If a jewel could do what desire can
I wouldn’t have suddenly been in that strange upstate city
I can’t name now. I close my eyes and park the car
get out and walk a winter street.
No meaning and no snow.

29 March 2006
Everything is so long ago,
the inconceivable yesterday.

To wake up now in this strange
place, a body.

And nothing but your eyes
to focus us.

And you’re not even here.

30 March 2006
TELLING

Telling is wounding.
A tale is a wound and

to tell is to wound
anything anyone

to tell
punctuates the world
breaks time
makes a spur
out there from here

the tale told
grows inside you
like a child

we are born from a wound.

31 March 2006
Tell a stone what you want.
A stone knows how to listen.

31 III 06
Basking lightsome
in what he thought
he thought

a scarf
around the softest neck
privileges the wind

things make men
do things
and women too

A thought is not worth thinking.
Thinking should never
turn into a thought he thought.

31 March 2006
MYRIOI

One presents this to another
like flowers, tulips
unwilted but not fresh,
eggyolk yellow
conspiracy of the sky

there are so many things
he wants to know

before he knows.

31 March 2006