

11-3-2012

novA2012

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novA2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 9.
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You know you're alive
when other people go to work
and you stay home. Or walk
outside and interview the trees

the way you've been doing
a thousand years. No time
has ever passed. History
never happened. Right now

is all there is. Right now
we are Athens, Cluny,
Magadha, Babylon.
Make no mistake:

if you can think it
you are already there,
watch the chariots rolling
up the Roman road

their radios blaring.
It is always, and you're here.
The trees told you this
and the trees don't lie.

1 November 2012

BY THE WATERS OF MOHICANNUCK

I spread out, I luxuriate
on the daybed of the inevident
snoring at trifles, numbers,

sassy factoids laymen
bark my way and women
too and yet

I belong to what I make up.
But console yourself—
whatever I make up

belongs to you.
But I have accomplished
less than I supposed,

all those numbers
dressed up as people
pretending to be pages

in a book never written
till now and still never
and my staircase

still lacks a few more
steps before heaven
and even I get dizzy

way up there
at the top of each day's
ascent, dizzier,

weaker even
but what a view—
gods, gardens, oceans

workshops, temples, you.

1 November 2012

L'AVEU

Even artists have consciences
but that's not what they pay us for.

1.XI.12

POWER FAILURES

or is it that some things

never come back

never come back on

the screen is dark

the way the sky is

glittery

with sparks we

try to tell stories from.

Stories about what we think

there used to be.

But maybe never was.

A man under a tree

listens to a woman tell—

that's all it ever was.

All the rest is hardware,

quincaillerie

if you still feel like being polite.

1 November 2012

[a note for *Opening the Seals*]

The seals are the syllables
that say our mind.

1.XI.12

ALL SOULS DAY

Of course the dead
are listening

 or hear us
even their minds
are turned away.

The minds of the dead!
Those swallows so quick
in an eternal sunset
darting everywhere
over the stream of images
to snatch them from nowhere,

and I have fed them with my thoughts,
and sensitive lovers
can feel in one another's hands
the dead caressing them,

hands, birds, evenings, all the losses
all the light, all the touch.

And now comes their day
November and they hear
me saying even this,

this hand too
moves to the subtle pressure of their breath.

2.

The breath of the dead!
For each of us has two tribes of ancestors,
one of the blood and one of the thought

and each invisible company
weaves through us in all we do,
the fathers and the formers,

the mothers and the minders.
So every word we speak
turns out to be an offering to them,

the bone and book of them of us.

2 November 2012

= = = = =

It is good to be a peace
to let the ocean in me
stop seething up your shore

let us be islands to each other
adrift in luminous consciousness
apart. Or be birds of different species

sharing nothing but one sky.

2 November 2012

= = = = =

A plaster statue of the Virgin
given to me as a prize in school
I loved. Later some part
a hand I guess chipped off
her wire armature showed through.
I wish I could be as good as I was
when they put it in my hands,
before I broke, when I was still
unspoiled by getting what I want.

2 November 2012

=====

Unsatisfied desire is the keenest,
cleanest,
 waiting
for the library to open,
waiting at the beloved's door.

2.XI.12

= = = = =

Politeness of a broken door
a piece of wood you can drink from
slake your thirst on an autumn leaf

a hyssop in the blood that heals you
from the smudges of what you almost didn't want—

remember the star on the Christmas tree
the woman at the cash register
an unfamiliar sheeps milk cheese from northern Spain.

Everything marks. Makes the next breath.

2 November 2012

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Or *be* the leaves

themselves,

lightness

not enough to keep

from fluttering down

at last with all of us

into everlasting afterlife

children shuffle through

on their way to school.

2 November 2012

= = = = =

It could be distant music could
be a truck going by
a pond with pondweed green
its heron waiting for his fish.
Everything feeds everything.

2 November 2012

ALL SOULS DAY

So the dead are with us
after all — bring ink
with you when you walk outside
soft white paper, a clock
maybe to remind them of time
that lost music
they can no longer remember.
Give them words — their words
are almost all gone.
That's where you come in,
to speak their mind.

2 November 2012

**FACING NORTHWEST ON A NOVEMBER MORNING WITH THE SUN
RISING BEHIND ME JUST REACHING THE CROWNS OF BARE TREES
AFTER DAYS OF STORM AND CLOUD**

Something gold
into something blue
almost as if I had
not seen at all
since I was a child
weeks ago

so am a man now
on the other side
of storm and loss
my city lost,
an outpost
of begin again

into the unfamiliar
place I always am.

3 November 2012

= = = = =

Imaginary ocelot
came to mind,
and then I learned
it was the day Eight
Eh, 'tooth' the road,
rapture.

 "Bobcat,
also the Path and the Tooth"
says Jose Barreiro
speaking of where the day
begins,
 the days
of America,
 the America before.

3 November 2012

= = = = =

Charging your gizmos before breakfast
is morning prayer,
 in the long night
the gods have changed.

Devices

we call them now, not Deities.
A deck of cards, that old bible,
in dust sits on the high shelf,

 and me,
I'm happy enough with the changes—
closer now to the subatomic
my true home, closer
to the immaterial thought
of which this body of mine
is ash and outfall only,

almost connected.

3 November 2012

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Grinding away at the infinite silence
trying hard to make it speak.
Make it?! Open myself
instead to its incessant word.

3 November 2012