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**Look for colors as we try  
to be seen of one another  
bird-close and feathered true  
— how else could we tell? —  
There is a morning in us yet,**

**Neanderthal and cunning hiding  
in our progeny, those pale  
pink revenants we drive  
our minds around in  
days without end and nights**

**fevered with imagery  
till we know a thing or two.  
I hide in you, you can feel  
my quest inside you and you  
in me most palpable and you.**

**1 November 2013**

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**Good morning, measure —  
let the tabled roses  
rise to refute again  
the arguments of design,  
*how different I am  
from all my sisters*  
is how they smell —  
and so should you,  
unwritten book.  
The wind is rising,  
always something new to know.**

**1 November 2013**

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**The Colonel's wife  
investigates the ceiling.  
It still stands between  
her and the stars.**

**The Colonel's wife  
imagines the new continent  
entre Afrique et Australie  
pale birds on a silent shore..**

**1 November 2013**

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**We reach for things  
that not us.**

**The refusers  
maybe angels  
are. Or maybe  
a piece of wood  
torn by his back  
ennobled every other tree.**

**1 November 2013**

=====

**So there is a chance to say — a  
marvel of remembering  
strikes an archive, Books lose their dates.  
Long division smites our calendars,  
finally nobody is anywhere  
but here, and anybody could be  
is easily anybody else.  
Our famous identities —  
clamshells huddled in wet sand.**

**1 November 2013**

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**So a touch  
means being  
there again  
where you always are.**

**1 November 2013 (dreamt)**

## **FOXGLOVE**

**Alternative energies elude you in love.  
Or as the ancients say a beast is a mouth  
on legs — don't believe them. The spring  
of any year is conscious in them as you or  
more than you and all that meat and fang  
is just the flourish of primeval fear — each  
animates some matter to keep house in.**

**And then o woe! Catastrophoid!  
we can't get out of this chosen fabric.  
Mew, growl, hiss, poetry, all sounds  
of captive spirit urge rethinking.**

**2 November 2013.**



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***You* in our work, like *God* in old poetry, is an ardent creed, a goal of everything. To come to you at last. All the way to you. Indefinable as God**

**2 November 2013.**

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**$\Sigma$**

**Sum of striving.**

**Sometimes we remember things from infancy.**

**But what do infants remember?**

**Anything at all? Is memory just scar?**

**2 November 2013.**

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**I caught myself  
looking out the window  
and there was no window**

**what I saw was  
somewhere with trees  
indicating some north**

**the way they do  
the dark of them  
telling me to come**

**turn my back on south  
that self, travel kindly  
towards the Emperor**

**that quiet face  
in the furthest north,  
the shining face**

**of ancient intelligence  
and young sensuality  
never not speaking.**

**2 November 2013.**

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**1.**

**With every word  
I stroke your brow  
and down below  
an answer tells.**

**2.**

**This is bell.  
This speaks only  
when you touch it  
hard or soft.**

**3.**

**Or book, the pale  
flat thing spread  
across your lap,  
a map of nowhere,  
  
but here you are.**

4.

I don't think the numbers  
matter so much,  
I remember your voice,  
it has not much to do  
with miles and days—  
but still, but still.

5.

See, I confess my simplicity,  
I am in fact that No One  
you fell in love with long ago —  
no face, no name,  
something barely awake  
from the longest sleep.

6.

Call it love if you must,  
Venus of Cnidus, the  
great statue by Praxiteles  
straight nose and full mouth  
laughing, touches herself—  
modeled it is said  
on his own girlfriend,  
famous in in her day,

**who can say?**

**Venus can, and dance,  
and does, and every  
shimmer of the leaves in spring  
or autumn fall claims her.**

**And she is at peace  
in sweet agreement  
with everything that falls.**

**2 November 2013.**

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**I could almost try to tell you  
the story all over again,  
two bodies in warm mud,  
a wind from nowhere  
and we began to talk.**

**Was it like that? Were there  
crimson berries on a dark-leafed tree,  
was there a furry animal nearby  
attending to its feed, a stream  
full of trout, a pear  
half-eaten on the grass,  
somebody walking away?**

**Or was it what it is  
in this eternity called now,  
always the same, just this,  
bodies in the warm bed,  
saying nothing in particular  
close to the heart of the matter?**

**2 November 2013.**

## **THE TAILOR**

**crosslegged on his table  
in strong sunlight  
finding old stitches  
in an older coat.**

**He will unpiece it  
and take each scrap  
and make a new coat  
for a naked man.**

**Meantime he squints  
at the fraying thread  
praying to the God  
of seams and sewers,  
Hera's aunt,  
the Spider Queen  
of Anatolia  
who taught us  
to connect.  
And why not?**



**Magic lives between  
the skin and the cloth,  
silk or hide  
makes no matter.**

**Magic is all.  
He unstitches  
and stitches afresh  
in fine red thread—  
under the table  
wind is blowing  
scraps of linen  
here and there.**

**You and I are  
just a week from being born.**

**2 November 2013.**

## **THE SAILOR**

**she wears a T-shirt  
a white sailor's cap,  
nothing more.**

**She stands at the bare  
mast pretending  
to be the sail.**

**The wind is deceived  
and comes through her  
driving the boat  
across the almost.  
She faces forward,  
the wind insists,  
the wind intuits  
her destination.**

**The moral of this card  
is give yourself  
to your goal, all  
the everything else  
will help you  
and hold you  
and understand.**

**2 November 2013**

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**Women of the *huldra* the hidden  
roar into love or battle  
naked, with tails like foxes or panthers  
swishing as they scream,  
just like some of the the wildest  
Bacchantes raving  
into India with Dionysus  
when He set out to conquer the world.  
Or did he just mean to conquer us?  
Lucian, whose mother tongue was  
Syriac or some such thing, declared  
the startlement of things,  
what the natives felt at such a sight.  
I have gone into those forests.  
I have seen the panthers and foxes.  
I have heard the voices of the unseen ones.  
There is nothing more I can do.**

**2 November 2013.**

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**If I stood there  
at the foot of the cross  
like Huysmans a hundred  
years ago would I kneel?  
Of course, to be closer  
to the earth that great  
dying nourished, nobled,  
took into the sky  
later with him, where  
it still rolls, rides,  
carrying us home.  
Buddha nature in everyone.  
Is everyone.**

**2 November 2013**

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**With this ink  
you can write  
the sun into the sky.  
And no one can prove  
you didn't, you  
are a part of everything  
that happens. There are  
no causes, only effects.  
Your shadow on the pillow.**

**2 November 2013**