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## THE GLASS OF WATER

A man holds it  
in front of his chest  
but his eyes are not on it,  
they look out at you,  
viewer, querent,  
whatever you are.

Unknown to him  
or at least unnoticed  
there is a woman in the class  
small, perfectly formed,  
eyes open, rather beautiful  
she is, and she's looking  
right at you too.

This is Melusina,  
the elemental  
daughter of water and air,  
you need her to live.

When the man has drunk his water,  
all of it or the only some  
she will still be there,  
sadrift before his eyes

**and yours,  
floating  
out from the image  
into your world  
or whatever you call it,  
this thing around you.  
And then he gives it to you.**

**2/3 November 2013.**

## **THE LAST IMAGE**

**But if there were a final card,  
last trump, a picture all sleek  
and elegant as you know what,  
some young body flexed to  
spring or pleasure, a smooth  
remembrance, nothing  
more needs to be said?**

**Divinatory meaning of such  
a thing what could it be?**

**You have come to the end of asking.  
You are oily with answers,  
when you sit down you are Isis  
and when you stand up, Apollo,  
when you lie down to go to sleep  
you are no one again.**

**It is the picture of a nude  
young man or perhaps a woman  
half-seen through shrubbery,  
his or her hands are holding**

**something you will never see,  
not even when, hours later,  
when the sun is finally setting  
and your cup of mint tea is cold,  
you slip into the picture  
and become him, become her.  
And still don't know what you mean—  
there has someday to be  
an end to naming things.**

**2/3 November 2013**

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**Imperfect sleep amends me—  
before dawn the radio's full of Mozart.  
We are caught in a bodhisattvic space  
where music keeps arising, telling**

**how to use our silences.  
Science answers with its dreary certainties.**

**Could a man sleep in a woman's voice?  
This spill of coffee on my table  
could it be the river  
Danube from Black Forest to Black Sea?**

**3 November 2013**

=====

**The music stops. A voice informs  
Mozart often wore his own hair.  
Daylight savings time has ended.  
Information is implicitly ironic.  
Like a museum, all that beauty  
with a uniformed guard nearby.**

**3 November 2013**

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**Could the river remember  
to flow, the well sit still?  
It isn't much but it is too much  
to ask matter to be matter  
only. Everything trying to be me.**

**3 November 2013**



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## **ICI ON PARLE**

**language of a vanished people  
who still are here—**

**Orestes says You  
can't see them but I see them,**

**always around us,  
the gleaming or the grim,**

**one more day  
fallen from the dream.**

**Light speaks their language.**

**3 November 2013**

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**At 6:30 A.M.**

**the eclipse got**

**itself eclipsed**

**by clouds.**

**Some light in the trees**

**coughed a minute**

**then kept talking.**

**We imagine the world**

**mosaic'd of such**

**moments. A laugh**

**behind a curtain.**

**Bedsprings sighing**

**in an empty room.**

**Who are we after all?**

**3 November 2013**

## **THE ULTIMNATE VACATION**

**I am not the first to suggest  
would be to transfer your whole  
consciousness into someone else's body.**

**Let's assume the willingness of each  
to be entered, and to enter the other—**

**just imagine the vigorous business  
the finding pairs to switch,  
then larger catchments so as to  
orchestrate who goes where, A into B,  
but B spends a few days in C  
who is dancing in Rio in D.**

**Und so weiter. Money, money,  
a lot of it to be made.  
Neurologists, get to work!  
Your feeble researches and feebler  
scruples are impeding economic recovery.  
We need all that money  
to start moving  
from pocket to pocket  
as souls travel between  
their soft new houses.**

**Just imagine the sheer pleasure  
of even the simplest things,  
tasting the first bite of food  
in someone else's mouth,  
what a thrill just to take a leak  
from someone else's genitals,  
or scratch an itch in  
some part you never knew you had.**

**Forget rocket ships to outer space,  
forget the moon. The man  
next door is your Aruba,  
that woman across the street  
your week in Cozumel.**

**3 November 2013**

## QUERENT OF THE CARDS

But what are you looking for  
in all these pictures?  
They're all dead people by now,  
the Husband, the Child,  
the Nun, the Prophet lying  
drunk beneath his tree,  
the Tree, the Cellar Door,  
the Dog. Dead or fallen  
ruinous and sad. Are you sad?  
Do you come to the cards  
the way you'd drink some wine  
or call a friend you haven't seen  
in years? Did you ever know him  
anyhow? The images don't lie  
because the images don't die.

2.

Did you know I'd be here  
when you came in, a sly voice  
no louder than a silken  
dress on a thigh, a whisper  
of light in the dingy trees  
around your yard? Why  
can't you take care of anything?  
Do you want to wind up

like me, a voice yearning,  
yearning for ears, doesn't  
really matter, even yours?

3.

But I can tell you everything.  
You whisper to the cards,  
they whisper to me, I whisper  
to you. A lot of susurrus  
to go round, mice in the pantry,  
tiny endless appetites questing  
like you for anything. Like me.

4.

Because I began out there like you  
then got trapped in it. I asked  
and it answered, I leaned close  
to hear every detail, and before  
I knew it or could flee, the voice  
became my own. And I've  
been talking ever since. Now  
what was it you wanted to know?

3 November 2013

## **THE AMAZEMENTS**

**open their wings  
like a barn on fire**

**corn roasting in heaven  
*o no loss, no loss*  
everything changes form**

**and nothing's lost,  
the amazements open their wings  
and you're an orphan again**

**nowhere to turn  
but the door of your doubt  
and you do you go in and it breaks**

**beneath your timid weight,  
gravity still loves us,  
things are on our side**

**you are free and able, so able,  
the amazements open their wings  
and you are them now,**

**insofar as you are anything at all.**

**4 November 2013**

=====

**Could all of this truth  
be bad for me,  
overwhelm me  
with the obvious permanence of being  
so I never have to be?**

**4 November 2013**



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**So quiet, Sir Mind  
and quiet, Madame Consciousness,**

**the sun must be shining  
all over the cold grass**

**25° just before dawn  
and what are numbers after all  
but the gentle snores  
of sleeping intellect?**

**If you can count it  
it doesn't count.**

**What you're looking for  
is otherhow.**

**And now you're seeing, no,**

**you're being it.**

**4 November 2013**

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**Almost time  
for time.**

**But not yet.  
The euonymus  
is blazing red**

**the young maples  
still keep their leaves,  
we want something**

**from each other  
some broken crystal  
of a new color,**

**a kind of kiss  
that's a permission  
just to stand still.**

**4 November 2013**