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## novC2012

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I'm never afraid of saying the obvious.

I had a father and a mother.

Just like you. And a sky over my head.

How about you?

What makes us not be brothers? Sisters?

Children of one another?

You are all my mother.

7 November 2012

= = = = =

As an imagination one animal  
watches easy alongside ship  
sail or motor vessel makes no difference  
an animal is a part of the wind  
as in “atmosphere is an animal”  
or a rare east wind  
stammering over the Taghkanics  
like a rose who never smelled or saw one  
or like a lock on a canal  
or hair drifting behind her as she swam  
Guinevere in hindsight  
faithful as she could be  
or Jennifer in Cornwall,  
white wave or palest field of barley  
new green from the last snow standing —  
that kind of animal the living truth.

7 November 2012

= = = = =

Last night the first snow a dusting left  
*when men were all asleep* the joggers woke  
to trot companionably up the dry already road  
talking mostly with their elbows and puff of breath  
up Cedar Hill while no one watched  
and sparrows skittered in the gusty leaf-tattered  
air at the squeal of the hawk right over there.

8 November 2012

= = = = =

When the land goes up  
they give it a fancy name  
hill or mountain or tor  
maybe it is a thing  
in itself not just a  
fold in something else

a wave is nothing  
but the sea itself's  
move but we say wave

yet this small hillock  
past my house just  
one shale shoulder

and some trees is still  
a being of its own  
that speaks to me.

8 November 2012

=====

Only a patch of snow  
left here and there.  
Reality is fugitive.  
A lonely man imagines cities.  
A busy man imagines trees.

8.XI.12

= = = = =

Infrastructure.

Break the noise

between words

is easy, is poetry,

but break

the noise

inside the word

is hard.

Is real poetry.

8 November 2012

## BREAKWORDS

To let the special silence  
of each word out —  
that is the whole point  
of what we do.

Poetry, has always been  
the infolding of silence  
into the stream of speech  
thereby eliciting  
the silences inside words  
'making them stand out.'  
Now needs new silences  
in a world so much noisier  
than before. The lawnmower  
across the county road  
makes more noise than  
anybody in Cicero's or Dante's time  
ever heard in their whole lives —  
and we are trained  
to ignore it as best we can.

What else have we tuned out?  
Poetry is desperate now,  
by snark and incoherence  
we try to break the noise —



and mostly the noise of what we think,  
what it's so easy to think,  
what the consensus wants us to think.

Classics serve capitalism.

Classics serve consensus.

Seulement l'inconvenable chante  
that is why the fifty years of Creeley  
gasp, the forty years of language gabble —  
poetry must always be hard.  
Hard as Shakespeare. Hard as Basho.

We are the interrupters.

Childishness of poetry — never lose that.  
(That's what's wrong with the canon —  
childhood lost. Poetry is always  
best seen as people sitting around  
charming one another with lies and truths.)

8 November 2012

= = = = =

Looking in at the sound  
through a window screen,  
smell of new-baked apple pie  
then a frowning grandma  
slams the window down.

8.XI.12

= = = = =

And that things come to their ends  
and we go on.  
Someday even this word will be  
louder than silence.

8.XI.12

= = = = =

That it could be something remembered  
something blue or fallen  
something grievous or a salute  
to the wrong policy or even

or even a smile instead of tears—  
you never know how wrong you are  
until Mawet's feather is let fall  
in the balance pan and up you go.

Or down. The terrors of the afterlife  
come every night. And someone  
deep down inside the furrows of your brain  
writes them down in a little purple book.

8 November 2012

## BASIC ENGLISH

1.

I met Richards once his wife too  
Alaska bound, Alashka  
of Tarn and Rodney, oh  
the wives I've met.

2.

Leaving the mountain intact.  
The beautiful hair of the mountain.  
The pure cold news.

3.

Arising arising  
like a penny in the pocket  
not very useful but very bright  
like an old song left in your ear.

4.

The beauty of the place  
the bowtie of the Mountie  
guarding the approaches.  
Do you dare speak  
to your daughters? All  
of your daughters?

5.

Cantaloupe on white linen  
half mounded with berries in it  
torn clothes of the mountain  
terrace scattered  
moon still unsettled.

6.

You think it's random  
I'll teach you a thing  
or two it is I'm not  
there is a paradise  
not far from here  
there is a mountain  
that never comes down.

7.

And you're here too, or  
your hair too, I can't be sure,  
you never answer  
you just let the moon  
shine off the mountain walk  
mostly happens to somebody's  
head, somebody else.

8.

By bus travelling because

close to the ground  
never been there before  
the actual underfoot of it  
the bump in the road  
Point Barrow bound  
and noreason but no reason  
the best way for language  
to flow steadily north  
with no intention  
nobody gets hurt.

9.

Meditation, this, on  
nobody goes.  
Each one of us  
a mountain is  
who dreams it moves.

10.

And you there  
not daring to listen  
you mountain  
with closed eyes.

9 November 2012

= = = = =

Where are they going with their labels?  
They changed the number of my house  
five times, soon there'll be  
a barcode on the moon, that  
empty bottle way up there  
we're still drunk from down here  
with all the time space gives us  
to sober up before the universal  
sunrise comes and back to work again  
in other bodies, other names.

9 November 2012



= = = = =

To open the sky  
what more do we do  
use it as well as we can  
lift the pen up now and then  
to let the paper breathe,  
healing blankness  
of nothing said.

Here is the sky.  
Nowhere else but here.  
A knife is a kind of fish  
that swims nowhere.  
Listen, this is the sky.

9 November 2012

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Always ready to say another sort of this.  
A truck for pumping septic tanks goes by.  
A jogger minus dog. This is the system,  
our partner with a damaged brain.

It only seems. Actually keener than me.  
Inside the grammar of the heart  
the whole world is a predicate  
and I am the only subject. And please  
  
somewhere somewhere there must be a verb.

9 November 2012

= = = = =

1.

Most rains rainday

mouse in heather

who let the girl in

asleep in the window

fortified by spirits

leapt into the uncontrolled

sky! Or jungle me

to lick the leather off

the sun is sleepy too

you want to see

my scars? another

time another pilgrim.

2.

Wastebasket wicker

as headgear worn

cast of former Christians

dreary coastal spa

killing time with canfield

till the hands feel right

and morning mends  
their maudlin wallets  
and the sun sulks

in the sea glint  
and gamblers go  
to sleep glad

but their dire dreams  
undo the benefit  
inauspicious envelopes

arrive in the mail  
packed with particulars  
of plunging investments

no wonder nobody knows.

10 November 2012

## DOMESTIC THEOLOGY

I keep trying to wipe away shadows  
it is my eyes  
at fault

I keep  
trying to wipe away my fault,  
keep trying to wipe away what I see.

The sin in seeing.

Unless we offer somehow each act  
of seeing each sight to some  
unseen reality. we sin—  
is that it?

Is that the stain on the white enamel stovetop  
my fingers can't find when they reach for what I see?

10 November 2012