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TO PUT IT SIMPLY

Too old to explain
it just is
and this isness divides
countlessly leaves
of a single tree
all of them true
not one of them
able to explain.

It just is.
Things done
have to be
by some rule
nobody knows.
The law. The
scientific mind
rejects this feeble
not-knowing
and makes up
strong lies instead.

Explorers.
All of them.
And we are liars
who roll the words around
in someone else's mouth
until they say
(we make them say)

some axiom
that soothes us.

A leaf in time
forgets its tree.
We have to be
abandoned
by our own deeds
until we're done.

Let it be simple.
My palm hurts
I have held
too many things.

13 November 2011

=====

Sometimes I think it's almost now.

Amor fati, love of one's own fate, love
of what has been spoke, been decreed.

But there is no one to decree it. God is dead
he said. So who spoke what is spoken?

Who is speaking? Do I love

what I have said? We don't simply live
we utter our lives then dwell
like gods in what we have said.

13 November 2011

HEARTBREAK

We break
only we
can break
our hearts
own hearts
trying to
live full
the glorious
contradictions.

13.XI.11

====

The body remembers music

that is the problem

that is the dance

fünf Stücke im Volkston

one lifts one is sudden

earthless to ascend

one flies. Ibn Arabi said

the truest image of *the Real*

was herself

upraised, the formal perfect

and in a minute the sadness comes

to know us differently

because we know everything

and are not known.

2.

Of course quick music lifts

the legs quicker, the long

consolations of the cello

quiet lovers into one of those
embraces where their heads
are close their legs are far
as if two beasts meeting one
moment in the woods of
fleeing from each other ever.

3.

And then the familiar
melody makes them pause—
as if the body
could not remember
and move in one same time,

and all the songs they heard
seem like this one now,
the way silly
lovers say that's Our Song

this one was everyone's
and then none
and they could move again.

(13 November 2011)

=====

Body be for once its own explore
too many radicals not enough roots
be kind to the young before they turn into you
and there are others waiting too so much better
star people and first voices and in the doorway
your coming home with cereal and roses.

14 November 2011

=====

Be rest today is need
to still the thought
the local mind.

14.XI.11

= = = = =

Fill with woman spaces
he dared to thought
(a past tense is a different verb
I went is not the history of I go
but altogether other—say how—
I couldn't and can you—there
was no way to touched)
o gorgeous intellect to come to life
inside her, to was in her
as it be in me, a pure invention.
I made the insides of another—
Pygmalion wept when he hears of me,
tears coursed down his stone-dust cheeks.

14 November 2011

=====

Will I ever get
to the bottom

this mystery
this cup this page?

14 November 2011

HIJO DE HOYA

Son of a
leaf falls in a forest
and from its shadow
falling a race
of men stands up—

we are born
from shadows

no one made us—
the everlasting drift of thingliness
is our mother, this little
girlish leaf our father,
lobey oaky early to fall.

14 November 2011

= = = = =

This little ridge that rides me home
or saves me from flood—a shelf of shale
deep-leafed now in autumns augment
so secret it seems I hardly ever walk it

as if these bare saplings and few trees
were themselves a Moses bush on fire
and the red leaf-fall sacred flame.
This place is holy. Take off your shoes.

This very ground is entirely its own.

15 November 2011

====

Or make an outside out of it
a pile of clouds the sky sings
clean in the mercies of the mind.

1.

Forget her soon
she is a child
testing the waters on the moon—
she smells of all the men
she came through
to come to you.

You taste of no one.
You are still waiting
to be the one you
think you are.

2.

She helped
a little bit,
a miracle.
A shadow by you
but soon enough
sauntered from your side.

3.

Or we forget the stuff
we knew about each other—
what kind of song is that

no tune at all
just heavy breathing.

4.

Childhood is like this
all life long,
burrowing into her,
running away.

5.

Crickets chirping feel
like a two-day growth of beard.
Her hand touched you there
where the jaw's hinge controls
what it lets out or takes in.

Her hand meant
this too is a joining,
this is survival.
Living in a big country
is always a kind of goodbye.

6.

It does feel, doesn't it,
as if she new you
right through, saw daylight
from the other side of you—
and she herself passed
and her passage through
fitted like a song
you heard years before

and never caught
the words of even now.

7.

Leave it at that—she's
pure cause and you're effect.
Scientists love watching
things like you two make
mistake after mistake.

Everybody leaves everybody
and that's the rule.
Love like death is something
you always get to do alone.

15 November 2011

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Slowly invisibly the rain
the road glistens that's
how you know. Joggers get wet.
You think of their damp skin
and know you know nothing.
Nothing. Not even (as the old
poet sighed) the rain.

15 November 2011

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The resistances of matter
where the axe divides
year rings in the apple tree.
Something's always left.
Why is not a meaningful
question here. Now.
There is iron and it rusts,
wood and it lasts. Things,
things, they color each other.
Trade everything in
for one thing you think.
But one is always many.
Making many. Everything
is an axe. Or an apple.
And only you to decide.

15 November 2011

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The boring cosmology of love poems.

Guilty. Here they come

cars on the way to work. Nine o'clock

on an unrepresented earth.

Read each thing as it passes by

and understand it, then let it go.

Love affairs. Lines of poetry.

15 November 2011

FICTION

1.

So the purposes
of fiction
are what?

Wozu, wozu das ganze Spiel
the why of it, why do we tell,
our laps full of irregular verbs,
the milk scare dry on your thighs.

2.

Having a dog is like training
your coffee table to walk alongside you
with lamp and ashtray and tray of hazelnuts.
But no nutcracker.

The man who used to
walk two greyhounds every day this
year walks one. Man and dog walk
slower than before, and on this cool wet day
the hound wears a snug canvas coat.

Is the purpose of fiction to replace dead dogs?

15 November 2011