

11-2012

novD2012

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novD2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 38.  
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## TO MAHLER

my own youth  
is here, is his,  
light movement of the Third  
never heard till I was thirty,  
still young enough, immature already,  
listening to the end

always the climax.

What did I know? First, Fourth, Fifth, Eighth.  
Song of the Earth. The Dead Children Songs.  
The Wandering Journeyman. Lamenting Song.  
The Boy's Wonder Horn. No more.

And from it I built my music.  
Poor little child who had so much  
so little.

And then the climax comes  
the woman standing at the top of the stairs  
the face corona'd in light  
her open robe  
sends more light out.

Dazzled by sound  
it mounts. All of Mahler  
brings Christ to Zarathustra —  
put the two together and you get Moses,

wet with the waters of life, baptized, Mahler,  
Egypt prince in poverty, baptized, Moses,  
the first King of the Jews.

Up the mountain and up the mountain  
and God only knows  
who he met up there,  
if anyone, a wind, a bird,  
a blinding light that spoke to him,  
he heard,

    he thought he heard  
and Nietzsche wept.

10 November 2012

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Listen because.

Nothing more to be said —  
frozen canal, gold dome,  
tears in her eyes.

Glimmer, what precisely  
is glimmering?

What does it mean  
and how do you do it

do you have to be big sky  
or pale eye or someone  
very far away?

Can you be small?

Can you forgive me  
for your not touching me?

It should have been your hand  
not a postcard of the cathedral,

shouldn't it? We know that now,  
we have not always been who we are.

11 November 2012

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I am so deeply exiled  
I don't even know it  
mostly. On the margin  
of the margin, I suppose  
myself at the middle of all things.  
And I may not be wrong.

I followed my goats, they led me here  
following the natural  
givingness of earth,  
herb and weather  
water and sun.  
Where else could I be.

11 November 2012

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The political.

Where it began

in the soft necessity

of time (it slides

beneath us and we go)

to build

without a state

or sleep without fear —

but public fear is useful

as the fascists know,

to alleviate personal anxiety —

no neuroses in the concentration camp —

lazy misery of a woman's

silken legs remembered.

11 November 2012, Boston

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1.

But there are ways of listening  
little moths fly out of the cupboard  
it is an alligator sort of day  
again, there are not so many  
fates of men, not so many Iliads.  
But women weave many destinies  
for themselves, and for those few  
men who lay their lives in women's laps  
offerings in green permission,  
Lammas comes midwinter, all things  
change, needs reborn as music.

2.

And then they'll listen  
later, when the high tune  
seeks out the lowest ear.  
Skilled workers needed in Nevada  
and all of skill is taking care.  
For there is an alphabet of being in the world,  
of following your own feet down the street.  
There is no neighborhood you can't forget.

3.

Listen hard and you can hear them thinking.

Sunrise over Boston, I smell the sea,

the thing the ocean does to air,

Apollinaire remembered it

my first love

who let the language

do it to me —

a child's memory is so keen

because it has nothing to remember.

4.

Listen to the first love

there is no other

sit at the window

to explore the world

one person at a time

using the simplest alphabet

and never stop until you do.

Millrace of meanings —

it's what they mean

not what you do, you

just say whatever

comes into your head

and it will be true

enough for a passerby



who chances along  
and tries to listen.  
Hard enough work  
following the words  
out the window  
and down the street  
filling the houses with light.

12 November 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Name-stuff.

What is name-stuff  
and how is it different  
from ordinary words?

Sometimes they have to get drunk  
to be who they are —  
and woe betide the neighbor  
bar when they disclose.

Act your name  
for Christ's sake.

Enter politics.

Sell your timeshare.

Buy a kayak.

Everything loses you.

A song beginning "lonely  
lady." A happy song.

12 November 2012, Boston

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Waves under waves  
arriving  
    the grief  
that carried under waves  
the voices that she heard.  
Severn. Sabrina.  
Voices in the head  
stones in her pocket  
head under waves.

We care enough  
not to listen, lovers don't listen  
to the voices in their  
lovers' heads, do not listen  
to the words unsaid.  
Only the water listens.

12 November 2012, Boston

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This is a pleasantest height  
for this man to write —  
picturebook princesses  
looking in the window.  
Let them talk  
in their Grimm *plattdütsch*,  
let them reason with me  
of love and longing  
till their velvet gowns  
fall from their milky thighs  
and all the stories start again.  
And Schiller licks his apple.

12 November 2012, Boston

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Knowing the world  
from the inside sort of  
on the felloe of the wheel  
Fortunae,  
                  or spoke  
from the center out to the rimless rim,  
a word takes you  
all the way there,  
companions of the crucifixion  
cross + wheel pierced  
by the arrow of time  
broken at last  
in our day.  
Puberty of the race.  
Soon we will be able to beget.

2.

Or any number  
beyond this guess  
this haunted zero  
that says I am.

3.

Beyond beyond

no phantom  
but a rigorous  
empiricist

                  like any animal,  
wolf or rat or squirrel,  
disappointed maybe  
but never deceived.

4.

Beyond beyond my miracle  
a breadloaf soaking in the brine  
wanted you wet against the mountain  
till all the movies washed out of your eyes.  
Then who are you, art form?  
Who is your baby brother  
lurking down the alleyway  
a wraith among garages?

Oh I have no brother, sir,  
for he has me,  
and I belong like any girl  
to those who know me least.

5.

Nothing personal nothing private  
the closer you come the further I am.

13 November 2012, Boston

## GLAUKOPIS

It is how their eyes align us  
strangers to their dispositions  
and yet they tell, in us,  
tell to do and which way  
the market faces the rising sun —

oh I have seen you,  
with young deer browsing  
in the shadows of your eyes

I have even seen the wind  
paging lightly branches apart  
so that you see me too  
and I am the convergence of your glance

all the Irish oceans in your eyes.

Call them Welsh if you want  
or Scots or Brittanish,  
it's all one green same Barbary  
that wiped the Caesars out  
turned empire into neighborhoods,  
Broceliande, Breezy Point,  
Gerritson Beach, the Isle of Avalon.  
The Celtic people did it and you do it still.

To me, who am beholden  
to a glance, a sly regard, a wordless “empyry of signs”  
I refuse to be less than a person here,  
it is not a general history,  
Raleigh is right here.  
This aching body is his tower  
and the woods at Clermont my Gyana,  
I know the names of everyone  
who ever lived  
everyone but yours and mine.

So I am like any goer  
a more or less willing victim of what I see  
what shows itself to me.

14 November 2012



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Yesterday had no colors in it  
good morning blue  
you hidden flower  
seen silken  
over the lank green lawn  
and sunbeam sneaking through the trees.

14 November 2012

*DE SENECTUDINE*

But doesn't it feel sometimes  
that it's all hurrying downhill  
slower then faster and you just noticed  
and you wonder when the hurtling will begin?

14.XI.12

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To come to work  
before the world gets made  
busy engrams of the clouds  
persuading us. I don't drink.  
My delusions are real,  
pivot on saying something,  
on finally answering you.

14 November 2012

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Man who said No once too often —  
the Faeries took him  
and you can hear his sad voice  
whimpering in the yew tree hedges  
as you walk along the road to Hiesse.

14 November 2012