

11-2013

novD2013

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novD2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 37.
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THE YEW HEDGE

**give it a chance to speak —
the old religion
takes you by the dream,
it touches you,**

**a bird
flies into the hedge,
things hide in things
 but what hides in them?**

**In the grace of no feelings,
the stone of you can think.**

**But thinking is a two edged thing,
so don't think, do
tolerate time passing**

**and there is no time.
Now I'm almost there.**

6 November 2013

BY IMPLICATION

**the thing I meant,
the white church in Venice
where the waters meet,
pale green stucco leaves of Sankt Gallen
when I still could trust
the colors I see,**

**now who knows —
the dark decides,
 and glare miss me mercy.**

**Wait longer and the brightness
myths its way inside.
But there are no wonders
wild as this absence.**

**I come back from that Africa
with all my genetics changed —
I could be anyone in my no one way.**

6 November 2013

THE NUN

At first glance
we think we see
a slender waterfall
hurtling down
between silvery rocks.
We look again
and see it is The Nun,
perfectly still
in her flowing robes.
A woman made of water
dressed in quick air,
her mind aloft.
She is married
to the light, the light
used to be human too
before it reached
the goal of humankind
and became
the ordinary light
bending in from far away,
the sun, we think,
bending in to light
our way. And marry her.
We want to too,
and she is used to that,

how many purposes
she has served
in our literature,
she has been
the emblem of silence,
devotion, modesty,
obedience, repression.
She is used to our
silly comparisons.
In truth (she explains)
nothing is like
anything else, and I
am barely like myself.
Naughty children,
do you think water
is repressed? Water
always knows its mind,
goes where it wants,
gets in everywhere.
That's why I am so still,
be still if you can.
That is what I mean.
The stiller I am
the everwherer I can be.

6 November 2013

THE TELEPHONE

Eventually technology
goes away.

The Roman road
still goes there
but nobody's on it.

Nobody uses it.

The telephone is black and shapely,
oval base and round dial
with little holes for our fingertips—
a very sensual device
nestled in our palm, pressed
along our cheeks to our ear,
squeezed between shoulder and neck,
a bold Italian lover
must have thought it up.

And from the hard cup
a thin voice comes.

We use things
to hear each other.

Without things there would be nothing to say.

It is a kind of weather in your hand.

When it rings you rush towards it
or hide under the pillows
or stare out the window determined

never to hear his voice again.

Whoever.

The telephone

is a devil's hoof,

an angel's battered bugle,

the end of the world.

The telephone is everything

you don't want to hear,

the past catching up with you,

a bad date, an invitation

you hoped would never come.

It is a bad thing

that feels nice in your hand.

You have to think

of all the things that are just like that.

6 November 2013

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**Woodpecker woke me
and the sun wasn't there
but the light was.**

**A man alone for a moment
at daybreak all by himself
is a Greek tragedy—**

everything catches up with him.

There is nowhere to hide.

And no one to hide from —

that's where the horror begins.

7 November 2013

Rx

Is there a religion
wider than war?
Write what ails you —
the real thing, write
all of it down
steadily, for an hour,
all the dreads and doubts
and longings, even those.
Then condense
all that into one
postcard
and mail it to yourself.
When it comes
a day or so later
read it. See
if it's still true.
And if it is,
send it to me.

7 November 2013

THE HIGHWAY

Imagines us together.

**Four lanes, no median
to divide us.**

**Four lanes
stretching into the North
between meadows,
forests, meadows.**

**You can't see anything
but going.**

To go implying to come back.

**The road could be anywhere
where there are trees and grass.**

**Not like a highway I saw once
in the Empty Quarter
when I flew to the Persian Gulf,
red land with white road,
no meat on those bones.**

**Will you go with me
it says. Someone
wants to ask you
something important.**

**If this card
shows up, some**

thing is soon.

**Someone wants to go
with you or in you,
or from where you are.**

**The road is empty
as far as you know.**

7 November 2013

AGAINST

**I'm not an anarchist
anarchists are angry
I'm not angry**

**I just want to rid the world of rulership,
subvert authority in the sweetest way,
bring puffy pink pantoufles for the police,
melt the mayor with Mahlerian moodiness,
take all their guns away
and hide them in the sea — the sea
knows what to do with steel —**

**the only way I've found to do it without anger
is word by word charmed or chained into place,
into t
une.**

For anger is the root of authority.

2.

Angry men run for office.

Peaceful men run from it.

Poison against poison.

Mussolini was somewhat less

**monstrous than Hitler because
he spent more time in bed they say.
Poison against poison.
Maybe that's why we have them.**

**Beauty denatures anger.
All we can do is be beautiful.**

8 November 2013

THE MIRROR

**Too many people in the world
and all of them me.**

**I looked into the bowl
and saw my own head looking up
in the shadow that is water.**

**And then another face
came up through mine,
a person I had never seen**

**The man in the mirror
is far away as the moon.
Or further, even,
there is no way to reach him
No way to flee him,
that man in the me,**

the faraway, the goer gone.

8 November 2013

WHAT THEY SHOW YOU

{t is something only you would know.
Your teddy bear *aetatis tuae iii*.
The snowy path you slipped on
hurrying late for Mass, get there
after the Offertory and it doesn't count,
there is a whole and there are parts
and some parts are wholer than others.
You fell and hurt your knee. And today
it was snowing again, a little bit, a gleam
of crystal in the bright air, then gone,
and your knee hurt too. Or it might be
a voice you heard on the radio explaining
the sarcophagi of Egypt, or a cat you had
that ran away, and why wouldn't he.
Everything is about being gone. How pompous
I can be. Wait and see. Or it could be
a rusty key for a door in a house you moved
out of forty years ago, California, hills
under Mt Wilson. And it was snowing there too.

8 November 2013, *nix prima*.

IN THE OFFICE

A moment alone.

I fall

in love with myself,

why can't I spend

more time with me,

get to know me,

learn to feel

easy with me, learn

what makes me happy,

let's close our eyes

together, sleep with me.

8 November 2013

=====

**What could I do now
to make it better?
Where is it wrong,
where did the bus break down
carrying the team to one
more stupid game so they sat
on a field all night instead of playing
and shared the screams of foxes and
once a raccoon bothered by a dog.
Everything is a fault machine.
The noises mean nothing.
They are stuck in doing nothing
and their bodies are along for the ride
and the night is cold and long.
I worry about them, they all
belong to me, even the foxes,
you can see their eyes in my eyes,
hunger is the best medicine.
I'll be honest with you—
dawn will never come.**

8 November 2013

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Lost in the smoke
of just waking up
I am worried about the harbor,

there is none,

broken

branches yes

but nowhere

for a ship or dory even

to find mooring,

there is no ship,

no sea,

just need.

Just need.

2.

I repeat myself

to please my detractors

who live, most of them,

in my left forearm,

worrying me. Some few

incolate my right knee.

Remind me to write

to that cellist,

**I owe her a sonata
all over again
and I have had
enough of music.
Enough music.**

3.

**But who needs the glamour
of the sheer distances,**

**close up, your skin
is fragrant as Oahu
if I can dare a comparison
based on personal experience,
that lowly and deceitful thing.**

4.

**So here it is, like business
open for itself, like people
yattering up the sidewalk.
There is no street,
the woods are bare of bargains,
and all the lyric measures
have found you where you rest,
earth's beauty sleep avant**

**que la neige ne tombe
and God only knows why you say it in French.**

5.

**But that's lyric for you,
the hold in Hölderlin,
the purity of pure perception**

**how it peers and puddles out
inside the heart,**

remember that,

to wake the eye

to what it sees

**to wake the heart
to what the word remembers.**

9 November 2013

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**Words playing by themselves
in a room down the hall
sometimes they let me in
sometimes they let me play to.**

9 November 2013

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**Internet radio
has brought back the old
midnights of shortwave
huddled over the warm receiver
ear-peering through
the static to hear
a soprano from Brisbane.
No static now.
Clear as music
could anyhow be,
Tchaikovsky from Geneva.**

9 November 2013

