

11-2012

novG2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novG2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 47.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/47

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

= = = = =

It sparkles
as if ice had come to it
but there is no ice

out there
just the risen sun
glancing at the sides of things

the natural resilience of
to throw back
light to light

branchwork of bare trees.

24 November 2012

THE CHILD

Clouds happying the sky
all of the sudden a world
just as he imagined it would be
when he finally decided to come.

24 November 2012

= = = = =

Solar places
he heard
where the sun
actually lives
though there too
like here she
comes and goes.

24 November 2012

= = = = =

It let him cold

bad in sleep

remorse and doubt

trust the ordinary

extraordinary flow

through all his grief

the elixir comes down.

24 November 2012

= = = = =

Coaxing color

I am Crayola again

with no trade mark

and all my own oil

to do it to things

and make them shine

I will do it

or die in the trying

what else is there to do,

sit back and enjoy

the colorless dusk?

24 November 2012

= = = = =

So he's talking about himself today, is he?
That's what comes of keeping a self,
that sinister pet that gets dirt all over his ~~soul~~.

24.XI.12

- - -

soul - a word used here only *sous-rature*.

PIGEONS

But have I caught up with them yet,
Tommy Lo Manno's pigeons he flew from
his roof five houses down Crescent Street
to the marshes, Brooklyn's Maremma,
and the sea. What do birds like that
want with the sea? Come home to me,
teach me something, of course I can't
fly, I can't do anything else either,
teach me, inscribe me with the shadows
of your wings so I can read myself
at last and learn how to speak
out loud whatever you make me say—
there is nothing left in this lonely world
but some birds in the sky and a man on the ground.

24 November 2012

=====

I am embraced
by contour alone
the outline
all round a glowing
audient emptiness
that loves me.
You love me.

24.XI.12

LAR

stands in the house niche
not visible
to the casual guest
my little god
is not yours
yet both of us are priests
causal guests on a new planet
mountains still growing up
Jomolongma swiftest of all women
she sits on the sky
and there are birds in her house
though not in mine,
not till the death
bill comes due
and I change my clothes again—

and sometimes I let you glimpse it in the rafters,
the household god,
shimmer of him at nightfall
when there ought to be less light up there
but here it is,
moth-quick then passed—
but you have seen.

25 November 2012

= = = = =

I couldn't find the music in the well
look deeper look downer
see that little light
that's what you hear

I didn't see the music
it was waiting it felt like stone
the stone was wet the way lips are
but I was sleeping

it is simple
you didn't find the bottom of the well
touch bottom and you'll hear
inside the sound of water

is it there now is it ever
the page is turning isn't it
catch the word before it
and the grass is fading

I didn't find the perfume in the vial
things are only where they are
do you really think that things are so
dark street full of close-parked cars

a German city but which I can't remember
dimly-lit apartment houses speak
ordinary living rooms some other language
no wonder you can't find it

all the words are trapped inside you
they only spill out as sentences
but a sentence loses all its words
a sentence drains its words of what they mean

makes them mean only what it means
o Christ leave the words alone
let them out along the dark canal
some other city any other water

walk up to her and say a single word
assume in her the darkest comfort
climb down the wet brick
down to where the earth begins

the kiss of mud
that perfect marriage earth with water
as a flame weds air with fire
perfect marriage

listen to the bottom of the well
absurd daylight
stumble through the park
you quiet lens that summons light

the ordinary human eye is $f2.8$
in this well the elements recede
there is only music you can't hear
it glows in the dark runs up the hill.

25 November 2012

= = = = =

But the sky was grey
there was some other
a swill of clouds
gushed past trees
and that was glory enough
for me, a soft beyond
past all our stringencies
look up and lax
then down to knife again
the cut of money
in a dream of fact.

25 November 2012

SOMETIMES

you hear things move
before they do
beasts in the basement
small ones you do not name
there's always something
moving in the unseen

hearing is horror sometimes
the pretty lady takes off her wig.

25 November 2012

= = = = =

We are all transvestites
we walk around dressed as people.

25.XI.12

= = = = =

Who wants to read long books?

I'll write a million novels

each one eight inches long.

25.XI.12

= = = = =

Snow light without the snow
as if it were sifting through the trees
sideways and never came down.
A bird hits the window screen
not hard enough to fall.
Everything is in suspense—
the light holds.

25 November 2012

= = = = =

Can you read the brother I don't have
the sister I don't kiss
is it all about me when I say you

and the pigeons round the bell tower
of what used to be the Catholic
church on Carmine Street who are they

and what are they doing to my sky?
Where does all the asphalt come from anyhow
to pave our streets, can we use it again someday

for something else or at least study the archaic
Chinese characters it makes when it cracks
learn the hidden gospel of brooding earth?

Don't you know the earth is terrified
that one day we will learn to live on light alone
eat light and drink light and farewell sheep

wheat salmon and those dark berries almost black
that grow where the meadow meets the forest
I chewed one once they taste like ink.

26 November 2012

= = = = =

Just once take off your clothes
and be my citizen not my saint

dissolve our difference in simplicity
a word that feels like oil on the skin

feels like a man whistling softly
ro himself on the way to work

broken radio but the car still goes
the oil of uphill so little needed

just do it, it happens by itself
pretty much, you just have to be there

you can even let your tired mind
dwell on something else far away.

26 November 2012

= = = = =

How did I ever connect
with the ungenerous of you
the blue sky in you waiting to dance
but nobody in you on their feet

go on back to Matamoros
and frighten children with your smile,
this is just a rock song with no music.
And you know who you are.

26 November 2012