

11-2012

## novH2012

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I can watch anything  
but can I see it  
as if it is part of the world  
and not just something I see?

No. It's all just me  
as Epictetus says, all this fuss  
responding to what isn't really there.

26 November 2012

= = = = =

Bird beaks peck on my roof

watch the flatbed truck go by  
try to turn around and go back  
a big body on a narrow road

to where all of us came from  
but that's something we don't need to know  
even if we do — there are highways  
hidden through everything

trucks with no cargo  
and at the side of all that road  
children crying for no reason

no reason I can tell.

26 November 2012

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O there they are—  
for a moment  
I thought had forgotten  
to write the clouds into the sky.

26 November 2012

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Pains in places where there are no places  
then the startled absence  
silent everywhere afterwards

a thin line of light  
vibrating through a colloidal mass  
as if someone far away were dancing

quietly on their chair.

26 November 2012

= = = = =

1.

Resisted the sky

rose

inside it

uncontrollably up

like a word

that had to be said.

2.

And the dawn listened.

A dusting of snow

along thicker branches.

He had an old book

called things by other names,

trees had boughs

men were wights

where the words are different

maybe in that country

there was no death.

And damosels in samite

would suage his dole.

3.

And that was only halfway up,

the hill was lucent, rent a cloud,

trust a judge, landfall on Alcyone.  
Once we saw a blue quick bird  
out of the air snatch a fish from a stream  
all in one single motion  
just like being here.  
And that was almost enough to see.

4.

This is the autobiography  
of emptiness,  
the sky before language.  
The mind of after,  
soft outbreath when it's finally done.

27 November 2012

**(Notes towards THE HEXAGON)**

On the day Six-*Ajmac*. *Ajmac* is a bee. A sinner.

There are snowflakes in the sky  
slow arriving. Snowflakes the primal hexagon,  
spine of the figure. Spine of the sinner.

They settle towards earth, make us look close,  
they teach the number system

*hive by flake by grace*

the identical difference of each.

Moving through the morning light

so the meaning of 6 is a bee,  
no bees here, no bees in winter,  
the meaning of *ajmac* is the sinner,  
a day to ask forgiveness.

What is the meaning of a bee?

The shared work, the proffered honey,  
the generosity to more than one's own kind,  
nectar received, humility, industry,

remorse. Day of the Sinner.

The six-sided six. The bee  
begs forgiveness, the hexagon  
promises amendment, six



has a conscience, lists its sins,  
all of them I can remember.

The hexagon is a beehive,  
not mine, nothing is my own.

A white-haired beehive. Desert  
come east. Build a whole landscape  
out of remorse

and call it Natives of the Eastern Woodlands

(exterminated now or exiled)

fill it with pale sinners and let us repent,  
light snow sifting through the trees—

in that country dead sinners turn into trees  
and so learn to practice generosity  
to all who pass by, economy of light  
and water, fruitfulness, stability.

A forest is a temple of the ancestors—  
six taught me this, six is a bee.

Above the woods near the playing fields  
the vultures soar, an even dozen of them,  
virgins courting the air itself—they nest  
in the topmost thinking of the ancestors.

Find them in the trees. Find the trees  
in number theory. The six-sided triangle,  
the sphere with six sides.

Everything has insides too, you have to count  
the outsides, the prisoners in the dingy police van  
on their way to one more jail. Number theory.  
I did nothing wrong, I am just a sinner,  
not a criminal. I do not have a number.

For the LORD forbade King David.  
Thou shalt not make a census of thy people  
who are my people. Thou shalt not turn  
people into numbers, must not reckon  
a human person as any kind of thing  
but a living being in unicity, thou shalt  
not count my people. But David  
disobeyed, the state was created  
in that sin. The state is the great sinner.  
Day Six-Sinner, day to forgive the state.

There is no justice for a sinner,  
only remorse. The fangs  
of knowing I did wrong.  
The sting. When the bee stings,  
it also dies. Not so the hornet.  
A bee is forgiveness. A vulture  
is virtue.

Now the forest  
begins its work of waking, after

the long green summer sleep. Now  
it starts to dream up a distant springtime,  
envision it, shape the moist earth  
around the seeds. The cold work begins.  
And get to work the trees tell me too,  
don't wander so much, don't move around,  
stand still and flee that life of sin.  
Let me begin my winter. Let me confess  
not the names of my sins but the name  
of this sinner. Let me say it.  
What is my name?

27 November 2012

## FROM THE BABYLONIAN

They roll around  
they annoy Tiamat  
they clatter up the hallways of heaven  
Dear little gods  
don't annoy our mother.

They play at being barrels of beer  
or birds in the air  
they play at being woodpeckers  
and beak the wooden temple down  
o gods take things so seriously

all the houses lie in flinders  
the little gods roast sunflower roots  
over charcoal fires  
but do not eat, even little gods  
make do with fragrance and atmosphere

Tiamat in her big stone villa  
wonders why she ever thought she needed  
so many so many gods but still  
it is a joy a creative act  
to make and make more and send them into the world—

all art by its nature is bound to annoy.

28 November 2012

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Look at the tree tops  
a lucky crow  
is sitting there—listen  
to which way he  
tells you to go.

There is a hidden tree  
you have to find  
and no one else  
knows how far  
you have to go.  
Or who you really are.

28 November 2012

## **ORNITHOLOGY 2012**

My problem's I can't  
get beyond Charles Parker  
Ornette Coleman Messiaen.  
But crows still come to my lawn.

28.XI.12

## BEL CANTO

whose fault am I?

And where does winter come?

She sings well but can't be seen

a whisper is a radio

why does music never come

from *here* (pointing to his chest)

it never did

a song is always somewhere else

that's why we welcome it so

it tells a story no one knows

not by the words of it

get that idea out of your head

the voice itself is alone

the voice the only teller of that secret

history of the world

you hear in any kind of song

all it ever asked you

what to let her voice into your flesh.

28 November 2012

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I feel comfortable with thee  
because thou knowest already  
almost the worst of me.

29 November 2012



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Invisible men sometimes  
are walking through the trees  
that's when I know  
the woods are still the woods

and all the Little People  
(who are really very big)  
are with us still or maybe  
have come to us again

and have forgiven us at last  
and the trees have too  
and I walk out in the morning  
and I'm nothing like alone.

29 November 2012

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I want to be  
able to say anything  
but does anything  
want to be said by me?  
Language is  
never alone.

29.XI.12

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Is going blind  
a kind  
of falling  
out of love?

29.XI.12

