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**A close-up of some yellow tulips
all close together made him think
he was seeing some far-off cliffs
heavy with noontime sunshine
no red and not much shadow
just the recurving of matter
in on itself and the sky remote.
He shivered and thought: What
if everything is the same thing.
What if there is no distance left?**

16 November 2013

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**Exhausted emery board
all the scratchy ground glass
worn away. Not even friction
lasts. Even pain sometimes stops.
What am I trying to say?
Words have their own way
of telling me. I am one more story
softed out of the dictionary.
Systole, diastole, a heart
and some memories. Paper, paper.**

16 November 2013

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1.

**The importunities of the grave
solicit my dread. If I am dead
there will be another me —
that is the terror — what
will happen to him
and will it all be my fault?
I have to make certain
that my Consequent will be
noble and intelligent and free.
Make every one who comes after us
generous and we will all be he.**

2.

**I was reading Matthew Arnold and it shows.
Dignity of the good old excess,
three words where one will do,
for the sake of music alone,
the hum or river's streaming
vowel music hushing through the heart.
Comme ça. To let language alone
and play beside it, trying to catch the tune
of Cambridge propositions and Sorbonne refutations,
all the while humming like your uncle's wheezes.**

3.

**So if I leave the poem for the yet to be
as if they'll stumble out and breathe it in
marveling (coughing) at the dust that time
let sift down on it and me.**

How long ago I am!

**As if music meant anything
at all. Or if it doesn't, nothing does.**

4.

Teen hithe lathers—
his three words
that don't speak to to us —
two of them mean something else
nowadays and one
rings no bell at all that we can hear.
Sign language on the page —
we lip-read and we get it wrong.
Teen means hurt and malice
lasher the stream gushing over the dam
let's say, could hithe be little riverport
but mind us of the heath and trees
all round it where we walked
and lay down one summer
and held each other against
the green ghostly shimmer of the summer sky?

17 November 2013

TWO TRUTHS

Once I lose it

I will know what it was for.

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Whenever I see crows

I feel at home.

17 November 2013

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**If sleep can't help you nothing can
so wake up and have opinions about the world
it's Monday, the day you turn opinions
into policy and high finance and war
and all the other forms of gambling
our violent shadow knows — all war
is suicide, all gambling suicide,
all sport is suicide, all entertainment —
to kill the little time you have.
Go back and find the other thing, the place
you found once where nothing was
and everything could be. And meet me there.**

18 November 2013

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Zhen log taking hold —
the *feel* at last of revulsion.

18.XI.13

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**A classic sense of poetry —
the poet goes out, things
make her say things.
Things get said
through her mouth.
When they speak of gods
they mean the voice of things.**

18 November 2013

=====

**Study my work
and learn it in your lap
he said, meaning a century
must pass before your
grandchildren understand
this simple thing.**

**My words will remember
for you, any door
that does not open
is a mystery
you leave alone.**

**But they're not really
my words,
they belong
to the other
from whom they spoke —
yours more than
mine, these words,
that's why they
need your care.**

**Attention. Wake
between the lines.**

18 November 2013

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**Who knows what we're busy with
a play within a play, stiff gauzy wings
coupled to a woman's shoulders
don't make her fly but make us bend
to be low before her just in case
she is Morgan and Titania and Queen
of all the Scarcely Visible, the old
inhabitants, the town before the town.
Kneel to water because it flows,
kneel to rock because it doesn't.
A woman made you—the rest is up to you.**

18 November 2013

=====

**The people I know
know nothing about sin.
Things work for them
or else they don't, leave
no trace to think
with or about, no regrets.
Am I the only one
hunchbacked with guilt,
paralytic with remorse?
Sin and defilement
everywhere—the cruel
philosophy of Aristotle
burning in desert
logic, it's all my fault,
nobody here but me.**

19 November 2013

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**If I were a preacher
I would wear a big hat
to keep my pointy
horns from coming out.**

**If I were a doctor
I'd grow a bushy beard
to hide my grin
at such profitable pain.**

**But I am a professor
so I wear a black gown
to hide the pale leper
body of my ignorance.**

19 November 2013

=====

**I stopped crying
one night forty years ago,
all my unshed tears
must be a little pool somewhere
in an Irish forest long ago
chopped down for charcoal
or whatever people do with wood.
Make chairs and beds with.
Build houses to burn down.
A flagpole embedded in the chest.
But no tears. What is lost
had to be lost. It is the nature
of things to dwindle and be gone.
Like the ability to
grieve for them when they go.**

19 November 2013

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**Why am I writing stuff
that anyone can understand?
Isn't my business to carve
arcane symbols in peculiar words,
to mystify, to strut around
like a son-in-law of the Absolute?
Alas, I say only what it says
inside me. The construction of reality
has happened already. That's why
Olson spoke so fast, it's all there
already, it just has to be said.**

19 November 2013

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Next summer it will be sixty years
since I proudly bought one
bottle of violet ink at Joseph Gibert
on that great corner in Paris,
entering the angle, choosing,
paying a tiny number of francs.
Carrying it back to my hotel
(Studia, second floor, still there)
in a brown paper bag. All that
is clear. But what did I write,
and why in purple? How
did I get the ink back home
weeks later on the *Ile de France*
and through customs in New York
where they looked with suspicion
on the *Oeuvres philosophiques et
morales* of Descartes — morals
always worry the police — a book
I've hardly glanced at since
though this cold afternoon I feel
sympathy for him, in Sweden,
serving a demanding queen,
freezing dawns, stiff fingers
hardly able to hold the dripping pen.

[Boul'Mich' et St.Germain]

19 November 2013

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**Hold it up to the light
is November could be January**

**lost in the millrace
shadow of the house —**

water passes, shadows stays

**oh Greeks,
this concerns you**

**2.
To turn a stream
into a machine
trap the wind
in some intention.**

**Not good, Greeks.
Leave sleep alone.**

20 November 2013

**the violins are always playing —
I am the last one in the audience,
stifled with beauty,**

**PULCHRITUDO
VERITAS
VOLUPTAS
AMOR.**

20 November 2013