

10-2012

## oct12012

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## TU ES PETRUS

*You are Peter*

says the papal hymn  
reminds the pope  
who he really is  
or should be

but who reminds me?

Who tells me  
the secret name I bear  
or what day this really is  
on the last authentic calendar  
of some ancient people  
when still the dew collects  
in curled-up fallen leaves  
and we are drunk with seed.  
Or we drink what the dead  
give us, we drink the dead  
and all the rain and tears  
that ever flowed are here  
compact in one wet maple  
leaf don't ask if I dare to drink.

22 October 2012

= = = = =

Hide a piece of bread  
under yesterday's paper  
so the ancestors  
have something to eat too.

The dead. Every  
lost and every hidden  
thing is theirs,  
the sun goes down  
to give them comfort

keep them company  
while we in our exhaustion sleep  
hiding from one another  
and from ourselves.

22 October 2012

=====

Sometimes a car amazes me  
to see the smooth of it slip along  
under autumn trees on sunwarmed roads  
confusion of what we have and have not made,

all this that moves around us on  
the way to winter. Trees stay  
and cars go. Not much else to understand.  
But how did we ever learn to make them go?

22 October 2012

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Can a leaf fly up  
does it have to be a bird  
seen in dream to do that  
or is a bird all color  
a leaf all fall?

22 October 2012

= = = = =

Soon the night forgets  
and the sun comes on  
willful on earth

the orange maples come back first  
and green's still black.

Who made the colors?  
Why not just black and white  
or as the Hungarians say  
feher-fekete white-black  
like the profound movies of Béla Tarr  
that explain how a world without colors works  
when rain is the closest we come to blue.  
Or red. Or yellow. Or pain.

23 October 2012

## CANDID EMISSIONS

It began that way—  
not asking for anything  
just the do of it

the few things who  
got to do, or wanted to,  
no more.

Measure  
accounts for much—not all.  
The rest is something left  
over near the thinking—  
something it can't do without,  
this place.

This not so weary way.

23 October 2012

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Whale voice heard last night  
human phrasing intonation—  
shocked me so deep  
go parse it quick for language sake!

23.X.12



=====

Eerie to be left with it:  
spangled. How curious  
that modiste's word  
to prink an anthem with  
over our endless war.

23.X.12

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Only one stone left and one chisel  
and the stone was small  
the chisel big and broad  
what few words would  
it be worth my life to carve in it?

23.X.12

## **THE WRITER**

The writer is the last to read  
almost the last to understand  
what the writing says.

23.X.12

= = = = =

Close answers to a side door  
just wiggle your fingers in the latch  
until the right description  
cracks the door open—

no, no one can come in  
it is today already  
and the past is closed.  
All your sob stories stay outside

to console you  
like a raincloud no one milked.  
Cast aside shame and live with with your memories—  
at least for a long time they will seem to be yours.

23 October 2012

=====

What modulus would I accept  
to rinse my house  
of dark and clutter?

Is there a box of light  
that by its nature would resist  
all but the seemliest raptures

of thing with thing, furniture  
and reading matter,  
a slim bound book floating in midair,

my wife reading it?

23 October 2012

= = = = =

The trees are still.

The air that's moving  
is inside out

quiet as when we speak  
saying lots of the, the, is  
before we say the word

that moves the mind.

What is the said  
not saying?

Flaw in mind's ear  
to grasp so little of  
what even the wind is saying.

24 October 2012

## Day 11 Ik' = Wind

Something almost balanced  
inner wind and outer wind  
of like substance standing  
beside itself, same  
with substance, frightening  
the way a number is  
when all systems mesh—  
sudden pain of remembering.

24 October 2012

= = = = =

Can the equals sign equal itself?  
Is there a mouth inside the word  
so it says something different from it seems?

We are caught in null-equivalence  
nothing on either side of the sign,

x = all the rest, and all of it  
lost in the Pleroma,  
                                found nowhere,  
fairy tales, bacon and cheese,  
fermented things, clouds  
in the trees,  
                                surf up to your ankles.

Null. The numb in number  
silences me. I am a child  
of all your counting,  
I wanted to be there,

“the whole number between one and you”  
where all the answers are stored  
under the grandstand: look up—



ankles of everybody!  
and beyond them only the sky.  
If you think this is a game  
you think there's no money left  
for ordinary people, the artists  
hog it all? You think love  
is a simple matter of will?  
Nobody loves you. Only love loves us.

24 October 2012

= = = = =

Walking further to get here  
not close as the emotions are  
emotions are just weather anyway  
look out the window—that's  
your sly psychiatrist, no expert  
knows the heart, no willing victim  
slung on the analytic couch.  
Stand out there in the blizzard  
and decide. I am against.  
I am against all this, it stands  
between me and the thing I mean  
I'll never know until it comes  
walking from its own place to be here.

25 October 2012

= = = = =

O still the light stay on  
the need the more  
as our night littleth

it's only round  
some light that darkness  
comes, knows  
itself the opposite  
of see

    this world  
a choice between  
seeing and being,

what kind of words  
to use by day  
in a dollar store,  
recession rapture  
leaving empty shoes  
behind, the feet  
of poor people in them,

I am the hypocrite  
you are the earnest brother  
this is the whole

history of poetry  
the anthology between  
your thighs so  
hard for the haves  
to read,

                  only  
in emptiness this  
music rises,

only the wordless  
body finds its way  
to itself there

where a sudden  
word waits,

                  wakes.

Turn on the light.

25 October 2012