

3-2013

marB2013

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marB2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 204.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/204

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Empty words to scare apart the working day
a word to sleep the eaters
or dull the snowstorm coming
into what is need.

I call emergency a tree
beyond gravity,
 a look
out of a mirror and
what does she see?
The changers are only intimate,
no one needs the other side of seem.

2.

Be particular and get away with it,
canyon in freefall,
 startled by grief
at being born that way,
 crippled into flesh. Body itself
this rusty anchor mired in the channel,
how far the sea.

This misty orchard where the poisoned apples grow.

3.

Some names are problematic from the start.

“This strange man haunting in my life”

or so she must feel,

and all I ever wanted was the good.

6 March 2013

ROADS NOT BUILT FOR WHAT WE ARE

The open door

remembers the traveler.

A lion waits just in the bushes —

he looks green in full moonlight,

he also is busy remembering —

that's why the felidae sleeps so long,

so long, the heavy dreamland

from which they can so quickly come.

Rouse me like one of them,

wake me into your skin,

flesh I would have said in Christian days,

Christian nights.

The door is done with all that,

the lion is caught between two stars —

all animals are, he roars

only when it hurts, it doesn't hurt now,

he accepts the shadows of the leaves,

his own shadow billowing beside him,

light in his eyes. Now I'm afraid

to go outside, the silver moon is bad enough,

the green lion is worse, I think

not so much about his teeth as of

his mauling paws. Claws,

the terrible hands of remembering.

6 March 2013

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**Call it a bird, call it morning
when such things consent to sing.
Call me from sleep to hear it,
I'll come out on the porch barefoot
to hear your bird. Your
agency to make the air speak.
My feet are maybe cold, the note
comes again and again. Then not.
I try to find it in the trees, you point
vaguely treeward. He could
be anywhere, could be saying anything
to you. To me even
and I'd never know.
Why do I want to see him?
Isn't his word enough?**

6 March 2013

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**Being close
is almost better
than being there.
But where is there?**

6 March 2013

THE GATE

**Walking through the same gate
I walked through before
the green one with stars on the roof
where going in and going out
are at the same time**

**and on either side of the gate
children are crying.**

**They don't know for what
and I don't know for them**

but the gate must know.

7 March 2013

QUESTIONS

**If you have to ask
you can't afford to know.**

7.iii.13

=====

**Things want to know
themselves in you.**

**Small shiny things
on their way into the dark**

**when all the links join firm,
an ugly sound of fetters forming —
we are chained to what we see —
to perceive is to be captured
defiled by what we touch
brainwashed by what we hear.**

**And on the other side:
we made all this
we wove our meshes
and weave them still.**

The wound of word.

7 March 2013

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pro GQ: apud lectionem Libri Preverborum

**Walking all the way to the mind
is fun turned inside out, tuned
to a stringed instrument not yet made,
Saraswati lets me play it anyhow,**

anyhow, anyhow song of flowers
snoozing crocodiles the banks of mud,
her golden vina with silver strings
I'm not sure how to spell her sound

**this river this outflow from the town
clean cloaca cleaving through the clay
and palm trees actual alongside it
all the way from Panopolis to home.**

**The fun is untranslatable, turned inside out
even more so or less so depending on
direction, erection of the gnomon, sundial
on which a great bird is sacrificed**

**without being harmed in the least. Holy,
holy from the start, the way any
actual thing is, it makes me holy too
to rub my hands all over it**

**and the mind is listening, the mind knows
how we have suffered for its sake,
how we have taken hold and let go
and thought and let go of thinking**

**until the comfort of confusion knows us
and we lie down by the river smiling.
But no man is ever safe from lotuses—
a frowning mind repeats Keep walking.**

7 March 2013

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Let the horse blow off your head, let
the camel-worked side-saddle tourguide
lead you past the saline layers down
to the saltless sea deep under earth —
we float on thee, wise metal! — and the song
recorded on your father's tinny disk
is more beautiful than antelopes.

For even I was Wyoming once, the wind
analyzed my reddish hair, mosquitoes
lived beneath the snow as we to this day
survive under capital. Enough of me,
she was a waitress in Rosita's taqueria,
what more need be said? Ladybug,
hummingbird, the calendars of ancient peoples
all trying to account for me, this moment,
this new snow, this paradox planet,
these new-laced trees like mezzotints of trees.

Please don't be old. Your ears
prick up at the dripping of the watercock
off the house wall — can someone be footsteps?
Is there arriving to be done? Welcoming the stranger

**in whom the angel nature ripens and it's up to me
to nurture with forbearance that maturing?**

8 March 2013

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**Do I really look so much like a tree
with or without malid exuberances dangling?
Who do I think you are? Come be
whoever you want. He asked in the interview
what about the daimon or the demon. What
about it I wanted to know and still do,
still snowing, still a picture on the mantel
can't make it out with the shimmer of smoke —
could it be a house on a lake, could it
be Noah's freighter far from Ararat?**

8 March 2013

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**It is so hard to get something to begin —
they thought the Devil made them
feed pages from the Bible to their goat
then make the milk to cheese
and feed it to the priest who comes to call
and smear across with goat shit on his shoe.
On the hillside they invoked the Devil, asking
Now what will you do for us? He answered
as an owl clearing his throat and they
understood A fine wife for one and a prince for the other.
Always believe in owl. Always feed your goat.**

8 March 2013

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**Now you know all the answers
start working on the questions.**

9.iii.13

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**How strange one's own body is,
however it is, however normal
it might seem to others, it
is always a mystery,
your body is always wrong,
always in need of improvement.
If only it weren't yours, if only
you could see it and feel it on another!
Another what? Soul, personality,
character, dybbuk. Not a chance.
It is the whole of what you are.**

9 March 2013

HASARD

is a misspelling of the future,
a ruined keyboard,
a page gnawed by mice.

Who shred and make a nest
from what you wrote letter by
letter, where little mouselings doze.

Chance, says the dictionary, and as he said, taking
a chance will never abolish it,

Mallarmé I mean, who discovered
a way to write down on ordinary paper
(the kind the mouse can chew and use)
the underbreath of poetry.

9 March 2013

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Never safe, the word, words.
You could speak it suddenly in dream
and be heard, the whole word,
by a husband or something
not quite asleep beside you, or asleep
and roused from it by your word said aloud
(and it would be your word now he hears)
he hears and wonders what it means,
a word is meant to wake you in the light.
Maybe that's all it ever means.

2.

But suppose it was a secret,
suppose you were saying it to someone else
altogether, someone lost in the latitudes of dream,
a message barked out between worlds,
and the poor thing beside you has to hear that —
should he pretend to be the one word meant?
Or gnash his teeth in eternal jealousy? Or answer,
yes, why doesn't he answer, say out loud
the first sweet fierce thing that comes to mind?

9 March 2013

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**Walking the way the deer do
three of them in the back yard
to see what's there, what there is
to eat or praise or remember.**

9 March 2013

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**What passes are not years
but petals plucked idly
from an immense flower
by her hand.**

Whose?

Wouldn't we love to know!

**There is an absolute
that bears its breast
in every single thing,
the pure object
freed from us at last
shows us the way.**

Kind of divine. Nobody home.

Irrefutable. Simple. Solid. There.

**The moon is dark now
but the chair is holy,
holy as Isis, ready
for anyone to sit down
and the cup is holy
the way the sun is holy
anybody can drink its light,
drink all you want —
so much water on this planet,
so much salt to help it stay.**

10 March 2013

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**Carry them all away
all these meditations on**

**and let there be
only the meditation in**

**in and in until in too
is out and out is everywhere**

**and I am nothing more
than a buzzing in my ear**

sleepy in bright sun on snow.

10 March 2013

