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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**



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**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**

=====

**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**

