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**Last things saying lands  
and water on all sides  
the waves are words you think**

**but it's midnight, Frater,  
the Angelus a whole sleep away  
and even then you've just begun—**

**darling, you know what's coming,  
I call all women Brother. Midnight,  
a dory slipping on dark water**

**once even I did row, the oars  
squeaking in their locks the only  
sound apart from breath and lapping—**

**what is mine is yours, even this memory,  
because you made me  
and made me think it, made me touch**

**this pale float that marks a mooring  
but I row past, imagining hard  
a harbor, clam shacks, gulls**

**waiting for dawn the way they do.**

**But I'm lying to you again,**

**I was never there, the night**

**knows me but not the sea,**

**the sea is a stranger**

**so you and I can still fall in love**

**because you can only love a stranger.**

**24 March 2013**

## **ANNUNCIATION**

**The call that comes  
not just to everyone  
come to everyone**

**It speaks you in the air  
and feels like light  
sometimes a ray o light  
finds you through pine branches**

**or just the light around  
you, the word is all around,  
you listen with your skin  
that sheltered place  
you take the light in**

**and hear it inside you**

**Later they'll ask you  
questions about me  
or what it was you heard—**

**just say the first thing that comes to mind.**

**25 March 2013**

## **BREAKFAST AT THE HERESIARCH'S**

**They all are different, they're all the same.**

**So now you know. See how it goes:**

**Lord Jesus is the Nirmanakaya form.**

**and God the Father is the Dharmakaya.**

**Only a few disciples saw and some still see**

**the Sambhogakaya form of what they call God—**

**Jesus' transfiguration on the mountain with retinue**

**of Moses and Elias—the Eastern Churches**

**make more of this feast (August, I think)**

**than Rome does, they're closer to Tibet**

**where all these things are made explicit.**

**Just like now. With us. Just stay ith me.**

**25 March 2013**

=====

**Finish things  
and then begin them again.  
In that way the weather comes**

**to beat the heart  
that red-haired doubter  
who questions every move**

**Begin again and get it done  
joggers are running up your veins**

**the Messiah is born into peril  
He came once so you can come again.**

**25 March 2013**

=====

**Squeamish sentinels  
look away from the invaders—**

**before we know it  
the brain is beset  
with alien imagery**

**holograms of people  
who don't quite exist  
but there they are**

**some of them are even dancing.**

**25 March 2013**

=====

**Calling for the mere  
the mother wept  
the crown away  
from his small head  
still damp from borning**

**‘let him be easy  
let him live long  
and find himself no  
woman worse than me’**

**but the angels  
of such matters  
paid her no mind  
burnished with their  
silver sleeves the  
danger of his crown  
and softly set it on—**

**and now he was one of us again.**

**26 March 2013**



=====

**Myths ready to go  
myths and loving kindness  
maps of the lost goldmine  
a poem in Getic  
stiff and latinate  
by a great gay poet  
greenhorn to the language  
plus that man unborn  
who lives in that village  
where no one ever dired,  
and Morgan's kiss  
and Ninue's gown  
let fall on the wet lawn  
where I still sleep.**

**26 March 2013**

=====

**Somatic prone hybrid**

**(revulsion crossbred with desire)**

**I saw a woman on TV**

**the lean entablature of her contempt**

**excited me to leave that chamber**

**where I was king**

**for this other place outside**

**unreclaim'd, uncircumstanced**

**but sleek with departures—**

**feel the wind blow down Bellevue Hill!**

**The orange globe**

**that marks the pole**

**that bears the fire alarm**

**is the same size as the pale moon almost full—**

**Give evidence! The lover**

**is waiting for nothing but that.**

**26 March 2013, Boston**

=====

**But the purple phase of life**  
*the union of coming and going*  
**called the Universe**  
**around us that rounds us—**  
**we are its predicate—**  
**but where is that dominion**  
**our dream gave us,**  
**when it stood before us**  
**in the shining garden**  
**pleading with evening**  
**to linger in our hearts**  
**as quiet hunger before the dark?**  
**What the dream foretold**  
**the day denied**  
**so time began,**  
**that breakup of old space**  
**into our neurology alone.**  
**Nothing else happens at all.**

**26 March 2013, Boston**

## TOMBEAU DE NARCISSE

*for Cameron Seglias*

1.

Nice work for normal me—  
take a globe from the schoolroom  
and puncture it on the 7<sup>th</sup> parallel north  
then shove a bamboo shoot in there  
and fill with water. This is Goethe.  
Or choose a livelier disaster,  
a red cock running from his hens.

2.

More of me than meat can tell  
the shanks are slim the head in heaven  
because the *sound* of logic dwells,  
insouciant riverboat of numbers  
only found in dream and yet  
they run the everyday machine,  
my hand telling you this.

3.

Note the singular. Sound  
of one hand writing. Scratch  
of nib in notebook,  
the narthex of the mind  
congested with imaginary information  
anxious to infest our interior ceremony

**that features their theology,  
their shabby muscular passions,  
or do I mean molecular,  
gibbering metabolisms, all  
somehow available to heaven.**

**4.**

**And heaven to her.  
It's your fault, Cameron,  
over there in Brandenburg  
among the Turks  
who operate Berlin while  
sleeping Prussians waltz  
through corridors of cash—  
the world alliterates!  
And somewhere not far away  
maybe off in space or  
down your mother's well  
there is another earth  
that front-rhymes with our own,  
where another Word  
became another Flesh  
and dwells still in another us.**

**27 March 2013, Boston**

=====

**Old Egyptians had grey hair  
so shaved it all off to look  
young again. Or no age at all.**

**We never slept together  
had no need to, the link  
was abstract amorous and true.**

**I was a man in those days  
and you were a little town in Utah,  
no cactus, nothing to remember,**

**we never ate together either—  
I think we were linked together  
by sheer futurity alone,**

**never happened, still to come.  
The horizon habit was in us  
and talked us through the silences.**

**Why do I seem to be saying hello?**

**27 March 2013, Boston**

=====

**Up-to-date carrion  
fresh crowfood fallen  
from the quick wound  
arched over us and  
no one left.**

**Sometimes first thing  
in the morning you  
hear a white  
throated sparrow till  
the line between long  
ago and now blurs out  
and you become  
a troupe of children  
herded through the zoo,  
they see everything  
and everything they see they say,  
white eyes of the new-born lemur  
peer out from the snug redoubt  
of his mother's body—the world  
we're born into looks  
just like that, darling,  
something always between  
you and what you think you see.**

**27 March 2013, Boston**

## VICTIMS

**Blame the victim  
blame who I am  
I stare at the animals  
as I stare at men  
around me, looking  
for the link. We move  
and we are matter  
but what more?**

**2.**

**Morning. The stock  
of images depleted  
we wake.  
It is another  
whatever it is.  
Things seem same  
only the sky changes  
I am permitted  
to observe.**



3.

Who lets me see?

We walk among pathogens

we breathe in destiny,

we city our way along

asthmatic with lust.

How can I get enough

whatever forever?

Who did the wrong here,

me with my word book

you with your guitar?

Villainous victims

on the verge of song,

trapped by what we sing.

4.

I heard the implication

in your invitation,

the thing you didn't know you mean,

relax you mean it means

less than you think,

it doesn't matter what was said

or even done, a line

yourself with time and let it pass

in lucency you meant.

You want me to relent.

5.

It is my nature to make more  
than was there before.

It is my excuse for eating all this air  
light water heat and perceiving.

The guilt of being me is endless  
and you know it. The power  
quivers in your flesh  
to absolve me or destroy  
bit by bit the tower I pretend to be.

6.

But enough about me.

So much talk,  
so few images.

The wind woke me  
or the planes huffing  
up the sky out of Logan —  
flight paths are changed since I was here —  
the few lonely creatures  
in the depleted zoo  
yawn at the dawn, a few  
gibber like children lost in the woods.

7.

**We looked at one another yesterday  
and nothing said.**

**Again and again I woke in the night  
the way cats do, to sleep again  
no wiser when I woke.**

**So we are animates at last  
sparrows and conquistadors.**

**28 March 2013, Boston**

=====

**Home and a crow.**

**Habit is hard.**

**The dark bird**

**dreams me**

**into my place**

\*

**It is as if a sea, a whole broad sea  
with no land in sight ever, has  
in the miracle of sleep been crossed  
and I am suddenly a conqueror of morning.**

\*

**By virtue of itself,  
it opens its savannahs  
to me, the sun inscribes  
golden blueprints on brown earth  
I'm supposed to go and build  
using whatever comes to mind.**

\*

**So waking up is building a house  
and makes me an architect,  
I am ignorant of beauty  
and only know to crave.**

**\***

**This is what the crow said  
in its ten seconds above my head.**

**29 March 2013**