

12-2011

## decA2011

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "decA2011" (2011). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 280.  
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And seven makes nine.

The crew catches fire.

The wings of the catamaran  
shadow illicit doings down below—  
bright sunshine on the sand sea floor  
miraculous variety of fish

and there the new people swim  
gill-handly, open eyes, migrants  
to the underplace. the safe sea—  
could it be we? Could a swim seal  
new tired oxygen in us, try us?  
And nine makes none.

We breathe through skin  
the whole great scroll of us  
the endless story told  
of us, down there  
sound travels so well  
no need to speak

the story knows us  
skin deep we breathe  
the new us in,

resting on a rock là-bas  
lip-readable mouths busy  
kissing the medium.

Are you home yet, father?  
Why has sister taken off her clothes?  
Do we belong now?  
Are we nature yet?

1 December 2011

= = = = =

Sometimes a duck overhead  
normally a crow. Season's  
fleeting. I wonder  
at the umber of tree trunks  
in so much shade. Good  
month now ended, now  
the incarnation starts, the dark  
ending, the Something Else  
changes the nature of the fact.  
Are we ready> The dead  
are waiting for our answer.  
We are the only ones  
to whom they can appeal.

1 December 2011

=====

*(how to read a poem)*

Speak it slow  
slow under the water slow  
late night slow  
after talking all night slow  
as dawn begins to show  
herself abaft the window slow  
almost everything is finished  
slow, you're done with Hegel  
and your boyfriend slow,  
streetlights starting to come on slow,  
slow as a day, slow as the word slow.

1 December 2011

=====

pleite schraube  
elend drehend  
merkmal in staub  
wo wohnen  
deinetwegen ich.

1 Dezember 2011

=====

Cars following  
trucks uphill.  
Gravity means  
courtesy. Hold  
the map tight  
the road changes.

1 December 2011

= = = = =

Lucre lady leave me some  
hang it on my fireplace  
though I have lovèd you so well  
you never delighted in my company  
*o the money the money*  
the old refrain, from the Duna  
to the Danube it's all the same.  
Five women for Thanksgiving  
in the house, shot .22s at  
beer cans on the fence, the guy  
killed a buck because that's all  
a guy knows how to do, the girl  
helped him hoist it, the dogs  
ate the guts.

No wonder  
I think about the money,  
purest of all our symbols,  
money is all hands and no brain,  
an old man falling in love  
with a pretty girl he sees on the train.

2 December 2011



=====

Love chatter

children at the pump

leave it to their elders

to draw the water.

We die of thirst

in a world where no one's grown up.

2 December 2011

= = = = =

I am not Hafiz, have not memorized the book,  
not even the book of my own heart  
if a heart can be said to be anybody's own  
but the sun was shining though the other stars  
were quiet that morning and all my favorite words  
danced around in my head, their thighs squeezing  
the pale blue mushy miracle we call the brain.  
Hegel happens. "They all pretend to understand  
and that pretense bewrays them—there's nothing to understand.  
It's all just a sonnet that doesn't rhyme, a lute  
with severed strings but such a lovely shell."  
Only the linkages were clear—wind,  
leaf scatter, street corners, neutrinos  
rushing to Italy to arrive in time for art.  
Relax. All art is forgery, a dull  
or brilliant copy of something seen indoors  
in the sunlight-shattered shuttered mind  
where all vision happens. That words again.  
My vocabulary sucks. Poor Jack!

3 December 2011

**LOBA**

Cantilevered over thick Friday  
the sleek s[an of freedom  
arrives me at this Sabbath hour.  
Weekend. *Wochenend und Sonnenschein*  
they used to sing. The car  
goes slowly through the woods.  
There used to be a wolf den on this hill  
then they stuck steel storage structures up,  
sins against the sinuous of life.  
She walked right towards us, immense  
dignity of an animal intact, secure  
in her own place in the mystery—  
and we too were not blundering,  
walked past her also belonging to the place,  
earth neighbor to her, candidates  
for that same old religion, meaning.

3 December 2011

= = = = =

Sometimes to wonder  
give a window  
the cobwebs on the sill  
quiver almost  
meaningfully in the winter  
wind, this sight  
belongs to me, this stream  
I seldom visit  
these woods of mine I've  
never entered.

3 December 2011

= = = = =

Walking with the lover  
the need is me  
the tune is Other Side  
where the hawk hurries  
west from the lake  
and pounces—we know  
that whistle—so  
the princes and their concubines  
shiver in their gin mills  
and some neon years go by.  
Amaze me with all  
the new words your skin  
went out and learned  
speak them at and over me  
nude psalms on plastic  
dulcimers, rebel banjos,  
sopping madeleines and  
the old centuries come back.

2.

They are the hawk.  
We dark  
people know the true  
names of things  
not just morning

not just weather  
not just the way  
say that your breasts  
feel in your hands  
when you stand quiet  
in front of the mirror  
and I turn glass.

3.

Am I waiting I think I am  
for something  
for all the names we know  
to speak all at once

my carrot and my onions  
your farm outspread across the hills.

4.

Everything is around me  
there is no way out  
even when I have used up  
all the old words and the new  
there'll still persist  
that ground beneath my feet.

5.

The wind is singing in the oak across the street,  
Sets up a measure, Pindar feigns listening.  
All those princesses, morning smells of shampoo,  
the oak tree keeps its memories to work with,  
souvenirs of summer, racked on its antlers  
to help it dream. It works harder all winter  
than any other of our trees, Fact.

6,

Pallor. No tree across the road  
summons luminous  
cloud. These words  
forget me.  
So suppose  
it really is right measure  
and we fit  
together like soft dead cat  
in a shallow grave.  
Images stalk the mind,  
infest the conscience  
Christians spend so much time  
scrubbing clean,  
white steps of the old

row houses in Baltimore we're  
both too young to remember  
as well as the light  
remembers us.

7.

So you asked the melamed in Hebrew school  
how old is God, he slapped your face,  
your mother complained, yada yada,  
there was a picnic later that season  
and a hawk flew over, dropped a mouse  
on the rustic table, and the poor thing  
was still alive, sort of, and died right there  
while you watched, your uncle  
put a paper napkin over it and nobody  
knew what to do, you moved to another  
table. That was your first death.

8.

Why did he keep  
pawing you behind?  
He wanted to touch  
what you have never seen.  
Wanted to read on your skin  
a story you never read  
but all your life have been  
telling. O the lens



of desire is a keen keen man  
a woman with the most sensitive fingers  
like those women in Vietnam who all  
day long inspect microchips and  
install them in intelligent devices.  
The information reads you too.  
You have the secretest vocabulary.

4 December 2011

## THE PLEASURES OF POETRY

are these

broken bones honey oozes from  
into the pale day of number—  
break a number what pours out?  
Who first thought pain was any kind of answer?

A sound tries to tell itself.  
Sell me your skin,  
are you tired of listening  
with your fingertips,  
won't you listen to the light with your eyes,

listen with your teeth, nacreous fingernails  
scratching open the dull old wall?  
*Writan* meant scratch.  
Gouge the meaning in.  
The *wrainbow* you write  
scratches the sky.  
Everything gouges meaning out.

We carry the cave with us  
wherever we go  
fifty thousand years of  
laying on our beautiful hands.

2.

I take the tips of your fingers  
in my mouth  
to taste what you have written

you touch my tongue my teeth  
you read like braille  
everything I even said.

I taste everyone you ever touched  
you touch everyone I ever kissed

this is what the Ancients meant  
by the word 'city' or 'language.'

5 December 2011

## SIGNALS

Not all likely

the heart habit

the roads are wet

the child stares up

at semaphores

lifting crossing switching arms

the wooden arms

they clack, the stationmaster

explains, the child

remains indifferent

to such explanations

2.

He wants the signal tower

to tell a different message

wave its arms to talk to him

tell me tell me don't explain

heaven is time for explanations

he wants all the questions first

we wants the crucifix to fly

he wants everything to be a sign

3.

He is a stupid maybe child

he reaches out everywhere

he feels around the air

feels around like a blind man

trying to find the door

he feels around the air

finds a doorframe

finds the door

feels for the handle of the air

opens the air and goes through

hooting far away the train is coming.

6 December 2011