

12-2012

## decC2012

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**Tibetan *me*, ‘fire’**

***me.tog*, ‘flower’**

Flower

you flame of a dark fire  
rages in the unseen world  
where all our weather’s made,  
our will  
that animate fire  
that stirs every energy and all desire,

our will

we share with wind and water—  
the weather is a copy of our dreams  
and as we sleep we rouse catastrophes.

9 December 2012

= = = = =

Hurry to the work,  
                          the undecided  
throng our poor street,  
                          a grief  
to elbow through their grieving

and reach the quiet square  
where language swoons  
after all it has heard and said

and we can lie beside her  
while she dreams,  
maybe a little bit rubs off on me.  
enough to chant hymns  
to imaginary deities  
                          or serenade  
the shapely absences beyond all things.

9 December 2012

## BY THE WARM RADIO

This music heard me  
as I sat beside my father  
a sadness in that glorious voice,  
Caruso on the old record,  
Xerxes and his tree,  
shadow that sheltered him  
once on the empty plain  
as we too  
take shelter sometimes in the sound  
and keep it  
ever after.

Largo they call it, the slow  
broad instruction  
to grieve like me, sing  
like me, tears in my father's  
eyes who once saw the living  
man  
taught me how to hear.

9 December 2012

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And sometimes from music something speaks,  
years pass, words  
form, forget their meanings,  
a road  
doesn't know where it goes,  
can't tell uphill from downhill,  
only our legs know,  
only the working lungs can tell.

9 December 2012

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How long is anything?

What does it mean, to *last*,  
to be part of what continues  
or find the doorway in the wall  
that isn't there, pass through,  
nothing to open, nowhere  
to go, just through, through.

9 December 2012

= = = = =

Gull over headland  
how can I doubt  
the wind's voice  
lifts the bird  
and teaches me,

each being receives  
what it can use,  
and I have no doubt  
what we call angels  
is listening too.

9 December 2012

= = = = =

First a wordy  
like a bunny  
something easy something soft  
a fairy tale  
to tell the stone  
a kiss for oak trees  
in their restless  
winter sleep—  
love with the things  
that are always  
with us, the road  
the sun, some animal  
over there, the fitful moon.

9 December 2012



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*Asperges me Domine cum hyssopo  
Et super nivem dealbabor.*

Scatter me with hyssop  
and beyond snow will I be made white—  
to be literal is to stay  
half-drunk in a too sober world,  
dust in my nostrils, red gleam in my eyes,  
the snorted poetry of lust and terror—  
for Eros never comes all by himself.

I took the prayer and took it at face value,  
prayer never tells much about the one you pray to  
except the Great Prayer, *seat of gold  
tower of ivory*, or is it seat of ivory,  
golden tower,  
herself in native splendor praised  
and me the wordy hymnode rabbiting along  
down here in Mudville of the kindly lusts,  
that word again,  
the one that foxes know  
and beetles trotting dung balls home.  
I think upon her ivory seat  
and call that prayer.

10 December 2012

=====

*(on the day Six-Toj)*

1.

Jade for thee  
what year be born  
six is a middle

a balanced hammock  
with you in it  
all sway forgot

O doze in gravity  
my masquerade is done  
you are the face

the rapture after  
6-toj this rainy day  
go talk to Tamalpais

talk to the mountain  
that understands your breath  
your aleph is my beth.

2.

you know your end  
when the floor subsides

Styx overflows  
your cellar floods

there is a sump-pump  
in the heart sucks

old loves out  
and have you had

a lover from each sign  
all but Aquarius

Mozart he was  
too pure for me.

3.

you know you're over  
when the music stops

until then you get to swallow  
my dictionary fruitcake

Turkish delight  
haunch in my hand

carved inscription  
on my boundary stone

all too easy to read  
Vote For and then

a century slides past  
light a candle for him

the pink of health they say  
then they walk away

4.

Thy thigh  
my cantilever  
thy whiffletree  
my oxen team

thy spot of grease  
my silk necktie  
thy mirages  
my Sonoras

thine abundance  
mine avoidance  
thy middle  
my last riddle.

5.

Mr Porcupine  
climbed up his pine  
to see what he could be

up there he met  
a halfway man  
too nervous to climb down

so this is or  
any place is  
heaven where I have to be

the animal ever  
anxious not to displease  
said I myself

am not worthy  
of this elevation  
forgive me my folklore

forgive me for borrowing  
your human words  
and I will come at last

to forgive you  
for borrowing my tree  
do you agree?

6.  
there's more heaven in your head  
Horatio than tricks below  
where things impregnate the mind  
so we don't dare to look around  
the busy negotiations at our feet  
we dare not look for every glance  
has unending consequences when  
the seen thing rises to adore—  
who could ask for anything more.

10 December 2012

*for Tamas*

they that give you  
waiting for you to be  
at the mercy of their grace  
to eat or be consumed  
thereby and thereby,

the beast way  
that lights along the sky  
can't see tonight with fog  
is only cloud on earth

clawed up by the hammer of  
what god dare say its name?  
Not sex. The other side of service.  
The woman carrying sandwiches around the room  
like Attila pouring his crazy intellectuals  
across the illiterate steppe  
into plausible Europe.

The puszta needs us. It rings  
around the earth like Ariel.  
She puts one down in front of you.

10 December 2012

= = = = =

Encounter Lily.

Girls named for flower.

Susan. Rose. Violet. Daisy. Jasmine. Lily.

Consider lily. Consider qualities.

Consider Qualia Physics.

Mute brutality, numb number.

Thrive. Consider Lily.

The vacant smile the curious smell.

A smile that smells

of something far ago.

Monoecious enterprises. Fear

the dangers of sexuality. Consider

Lily in her sitting room

sitting on the floor her back to the wall

sitting in her pale clean space.

In comes Daphne with the vacuum cleaner

making a clean masculine kind of noise.

Consider names.

Consider people named for things.

Daphne. Laurel. Cypress. Saffron. Heather.

Or are trees people too, and bushes,

grass? Consider Lily

how pretty

and see her sitting with an empty smile

listening to something not too important



like music or a friend on the phone,  
vacuum cleaner in the other room,  
a song outside.

Things are so clean today,  
someone looks through the window in,  
looks at old snapshots on the floor,  
looks at Lily.

When I come to know love at last  
I will name my lover Shadow  
and she will never leave me.

11 December 2012

=====

What things are going on.

Mail-e-volent e-arriving.

Impersonal ads aggress

in person in my hand.

Device as Devil. Wait.

My turn will come. My thumb.

11 December 2012

= = = = =

Let things look the way they do  
until they don't. The rest  
is art. *Persicos apparatus*  
if memory serves, with a long u.  
Leave it alone—the only thing  
that's truly free is talk.  
Just write it down  
and hide it away in the world  
by speaking it loud as you can.

11 December 2012

= = = = =

Think of those who never felt hunger  
pity the rich who never felt cold  
except at Garmisch or Vail  
never had weary legs but in the gym.  
Pity those who left us to experience  
life on earth alone with one another.

11 December 2012

= = = = =

Start anything, Amy,  
just get up and go outside,  
spit at the sky  
see if you can hit the sun  
it needs a little  
backtalk from down here,  
rub against a neighbor tree  
and try to make it speak,  
go to the mountain  
and write down everything  
it says, be a good  
secretary, sit on its lap  
and listen with your fingertips.  
When you've filled a little  
book with holy teachings  
go home and type it up,  
send it to me and half  
a dozen friends. Now  
you have changed the world.

11 December 2012

## **The Waltz of Wilting Organs**

>

>Walking the corner I see you waiting my

> effort: different steps circle around you

> a fading figment is what i am, like a shadow

> of grace. Their fugue they call it but I call it

> almost gone, each voice creeps into your pocket

> touched tip of 13th, void of ordinary pennies

>

> Window me, light me; chair slips under you, the rug

> does it circle around her? Can she be waiting too?

> Point ground, barrelling in her father's chariot

> down three beats. Runs red light.

>

> Pull. Rubber banded double-jintd palmist

> with rennet, part toast, still hungry after such lunch.

> External removed socket. Intentions eye you with

> bald yearning. Prior to saying yes abscond,

> remove sudden impulse like a triad,

> cream tender the skin of someone gone.

*(by Masha Mitkova (first half of each line) and RK (last half))*

11 December 2012