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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

= = = = =

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

= = = = =

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

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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