

12-2012

decF2012

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "decF2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 305.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/305

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“HEAD OF VICTORY” *Arturo Martini, 1938*



She looks scared.

It is a terrifying thing,
to win.

To be at the end
of overcoming. To be
alone.

Her eyes
are wide from fear I'm sure
and her hair blown back—
she faces into the wind
of what comes next

because winning
is not just once,
victory means on and on,
the wind from the future
never stops blowing
her identity away.

19 December 2012

DREAM TEXT 1

A man in the garden

all alone.

What did we lose

when we first togetherd?

DREAM TEXT 2

What joy to move in space. Time

is an accident. Dance is radical.

waking, literal

20 December 2012

DUET

I hear the word
stricken across the music
contending,

far away it is
in that country called Time—
so many frontiers
their voices have to cross
so many drowsy border guards
to bribe or bamboozle
on the way to me here

(Walter Scott, Gaetano Donizetti, and two dead men, singing on a record made before I was born, on this webcast from a city I've never seen. That's what comes immediately to mind as I hear the duet from *Lucia*. But most of this thinking is wrong—the record is recent, I've spent days and nights in Hamburg, even recorded in the same studios from which this sound is coming. Years later. The true part of this is time itself. Its borders really are sealed. We can't get across. Loud and clear as they are, the voices I hear are far away. Music is gone as soon as it sounds. The men are singing, but all that's left is my voice, and soon not even that.)

20 December 2012

= = = = =

I have watched the bright cars
I have heard the glass harmonica
I have ridden the great turtle's back
I have opened the rain

and lifted out a blue crystal
I have pressed it to my forehead
and then softly to yours.

So now we know the same
thing and know it well.

We have looked the cars in the face
and stared them down,

space is a leaf now in our hands
but we can never stay where we stand,

we have heard the rain.

20 December 2012

= = = = =

Wet street lights glisten
divorce the sight from seeing
rain goes without saying
legal right to go down

but we animates
poor children of Eve
we are the small figures
in her painting

blue canvas so many eyes.

21 December 2012

= = = = =

Loss of a loving
there's that blue
car again woman
castaway she
too many streets
too many crossings

sometimes it's never
his palinode begins
all those intimate gods
he shared with Fridays
celebrate in glass

and never gambling
that little suicide
but risking every
thing every day to
give the fingers
grapes to play with
give the body
a body to be played

o all that music
and a cat at chairfoot
and one voice

is replaced by another
the words vanish
as if I had never
been spoken or as if
I were the rain
soaking a parched earth.

21 December 2012

= = = = =

The cellphone stalls the car
nobody waits for the mailman
all the trees are moving
leaning a little to the east
in silvery light of a hidden sun
like a countertenor singing
a late Seventeenth Century aria
ritorna, ritorna! because
we are after all so beautiful—
even music knows that much.

21 December 2012

= = = = =

Got lost
just in time
otherwise
I'd still be home

the girl next door
I still can feel
her hips I never
touched,

 how
quiet the world
then, pale Sicilian
broad beans in oil
before I learned

how to listen
and now time itself
does all my remembering
the rest is lies.

21 December 2012

O soave la luna

half-moon today

pale rain light

remembers

from last night

her face

the rain has a face too

turned towards us

wet kisses and hope

the wind will blow

some sense into my head.

21 December 2012

DEAR WOMAN IN WHITE

Of course that woman looked as if she could be your mother but I don't think she really was. The resemblance was close but not uncanny. Only the uncanny counts in my book. She probably drifted across the trading post to be near you, seduced by your resemblance to her image of her own self when she was near your age. The resemblance, on your side, was only plausible. Like an apple falling from the tree—what else can it do? And you were certainly right not to buy any of the tchotchkes you asked her to inspect — maybe to give her something to do, to get rid of her. I came over to you in the first place because of the turquoise beads I saw just past your profile. It stood out from all the fake Indian ornaments and masks and pottery, The beads looked dyed, as you'd expect, but they were blue and pretty, and wouldn't have looked bad around your neck, against the lace collar of your white dress. The beads, I wondered aloud. No, not the beads, you smiled, attracted you. I got again the sense that the whole inspection of the goods was to give the other woman something to do. So we could talk? And talk we did, later, up the long avenida talking Dharma. The most important thing it seemed to me was that someone you said had given you a *bumpa*, and that excited me and pleased me, to know that you had already been graced so to speak with the invisible sacred particles—or animalcules?—of blessing that flow from that ritual vase or urn. Who gave it to you? You told me it was not a Tibetan but some Westerner who had learned to be a lama from Tibetan teachers. I fretted but not our loud about that connection, it didn't seem close enough, authentic enough. Though I was no better myself, Still, I think I am better for you. So I expect to meet again and entrain the transformation of the world one by one. One person at a time. All we can do. See you tonight.

22 December 2012

= = = = =

Bare tree where once pears were
count them now before the snow
and know they're none. Wind
came thrashing in the night, threw
everything around the meadow
but the bare tree looks as it did before.
Strength in having so little to lose.

22 December 2012

= = = = =

Steep winding stair
but what does a bird need
to bring heaven down here
so we can dance too
in the flash of the fall?

22.XII.12

=====

Trying to know more
I swim through singing

lovely danger Lorelei
to drown in sound

have a brain thick
with overtones and after

the beautiful dwindling
they call Secular Decay.

22 December 2012

= = = = =

There have been voices I have listened to
whose singing seemed to be a part of me
I mean the actual tone of them in me
body and blood.

Now I am Gurnemanz
I will steal your sins and wash them clean
again, so your desires are new at last
and you can change them into some sort of glory
you hear even now burring in your chest.

22 December 2012

(Thinking of Björling, Wunderlich, Fischer-Dieskau, Robert Hale, Petra Lang)

MAYAN PROPHECY

See what I told you?

This stupid world

doesn't even know how to end.

22.XII.2012

SOLSTICE

The wind is saying
what it always says,
here now but who knows
don't be too sure

a house is grass
a tree a thunderbolt
heaven seems often
angry with our lies—

sandal-footed
summer wind
told the same story
but whispered it.

22 December 2012