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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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ELEGY FOR LIGHT

LVMINIS ORIGO

Light sneaks into the body
countless doors

the muscles see
from inside out as if
maybe the light we see by
comes from inside us.

stored
there from the beginning
or absorbed
from all the filaments of suns
the sky lets down.

Our sun. Who knows?

Light pervades the system.
The system pervades us—
is that what Paul was really after:
to be apart from the system,
to be liberated
into the dark,
that primal thing
he passed through once

glow
in a lampshade, suburban window
twilight of a snowy day
o darling we know them
by their Latin names
for we were Catholics
before the engines came
and the machinery began to sing
the way it knows how to do in the dark,
Brunel's iron bridges
spanned my fears
led us across to Pagany again,

o listen
to the wind
today, my canto,
snowing again,
my mind like oakbark
now, rough and hard to touch,
firm, uncomfortable,
depend on it,
the light is gone now.

Lean on me.

27 December 2012

ARCANA (1)

My dove is left-handed

c'est à dire

I'm deaf in my left ear.

27.XII.12

=====

When I was a child
the sky was a parrot
with a moon in its beak

They told me it could speak
I fixed my eyes on its green
its yellow blue and red

till my eyes ached. Pain
is mostly what it said.
At night it flew away

and left me in the dark.
You were the dark and
night was my only book.

27 December 2012

ELEGY FOR THE WALL

Woman and wall
the same

the paradox
of each—
to wall someone out, or to enclose—

we have to go on,
go through the wall
go through the woman
Eden over, and then
spill Paradise again.

A woman standing against a wall.

“I leaned against a long cement wall on Shattuck this afternoon, in a whole ray of sun. A single ginkgo leaf next to me. The sight of a woman there on the sidewalk, pressed against a wall... seemed to move people. I don't know what it was that they acknowledged in this image, but something tacit, shared, known.” *(Beth Snowden, December 2012)*

Feel of body against wall. The press
of soft against hard, the meeting—
—meaning—
of two same things so different.

The wall is feeling her. The people watch.
She is giving birth to something in them,
a sudden knowing,
 the world is alive, I specify,
the world is animate,
matter means, it lives all round us,
 matter lives us.

Otherwise all we would be
would be memories of a thinking
that no one thought.

 The whole world
is this woman pressing this wall,
We are each others' mothers.

The world itself is a wall you also are.
World a wall
 but what is on the other side?
That is the country
I have pilgrim'd to all these years,
 the other side of you.

28 December 2011

ARCANA (2)

The blue light
finds its own way in.

29.XII.12

APPEARANCES

You call it plastic
this cup I honor
and honor with
those to whom
I fill and lift it

but I call it the finely
powdered horn of an
unicorn mingled with
menstrual blood from
a mermaid, made
into a doughy mass
rolled out flat, curved
to the right rhythm
its shape, then baked
in a virgin oven
on an uninhabited island
found on none of
your sea charts, admiral.
I call this precious
and a gift from heaven
that place inside us
where we know the world.

29 December 2012

ARCANA (3)

This chanceful world devoid of meaning
I refute.

 If ego is the only meaning
it's better not to be.

29.XII.12

ΙΑΙΑΣ

Imagine three thousand years ago
a mouth speaking. Consider
tongue upon teeth, lips wet,
the smell of human breath. Then what.
Listen to what you never heard before.
Or did you? Were we all there too?

29 December 2012

====

We stay home for winter
the light goes out
we wake up anxious
in the dark.

What
is happening everywhere
else? What makes us feel
this uneasiness, this fear
to be honest, in here?

What is sleep for?
Is it just a metaphor
for all the rest, all
we never knew? Or a place,
is sleep a place,
where things ripen
into which we presently wake?
As through a crack in the curtain
we see there's been more snow.

29 December 2012

THE BLUE DOCTOR

Go to the blue doctor
every day

the lightning
lives inside

at first
the blue corn

drive in and out decide to stay

What are humans
we are witnesses
we are put here
to take note
of all this
whatever it is

to write things down

in architecture colors words and tones and stone and clay and say
what we see, that's all.

And go to the blue doctor every day
to keep our witness perfectly clean.

To be worthy of the weather.

30 December 2012

ARCANA (4)

We are given bodies to play with
play in.

We tend to confuse
our bodies with our 'selves'
and then suppose
we suffer when they do, self, body,
flesh and personality—
but we're wrong so to suppose.

30.XII.12

=====

Time to look
at what used to have to be done
and then the blue sky came
and nothing did.

Everybody ate corn
some steamed some roasted in the husk
and then went home.

Do you understand what I'm telling you?
Do you know how much I care?
Can we begin again?

30 December 2012

ARCANA (5)

All we can give each other
is the giving itself.

All the rest is processing
the gift the glory
of knowing being known.

30.XII.12

ARCANA (6)

The naked route
is the naked root.

30.XII>12

ARCANA (7)

This is a piece of magic
it works
like cardboard or cellophane or steel
it changes the crystal
structure of your need
until it aligns with what I mean.
By the time you read this
you have already changed.

30.XII.12

=====

Music everywhere
but more to think about than hear

sun bright on the snow
the Earth looks safe again

herself in winter and most clean.

30.XII.12

FORKING

Time is forking
As we pass
Each other
On the road to
Where that bird is
Right now. There.

(17/11/12)

=====

Maybe the other side of me
isn't you at all but some third thing

maybe not even a person or a being
but something generous and loose

like a time of day or a sound
yes a sound coming out of the earth

dramatic cave or ordinary excavation
a sound none of us can understand

no more than music no more than light
but there it is you'd swear it's talking.

9 September 2012

(30.XII12)

=====

A friend when I have pleased
her with some gesture or a word
will smile and say *You slay me!*

What can I say then? What word
will bring us both to life again?

(16.XII.12)

30 December 2012

THE LAST DAY

No kisstletoe fare-thee-well
no punch from bowl wherein

Aphrodite stirred her foam
no high palaver of auld times since

no tune no moon just blue
creeping up the grey dome

and some sun, our only one,
crimsonly starting to rise

behind and through nude trees
sixteen degrees, and so comes

here at last, my Now, my fugitive.

31 December 2012

=====

A man with many things to do in the morning
has all afternoon to recuperate.
They jog by his house on holidays but there he sits.
They are saying goodbye he's saying hello.
To live in sensation is to have a big house indeed,
a palace really, safe between mountains and the sea.

31 December 2012

=====

Last day of the fear
the owls, if there are owls,
are white now and hard to spot—
color is a special kind of weather,
it reminds us always of our own skin.
And there we are in the body again
getting ready for tabula rasa
as if the counting numbers
ruled the world. Some say they do—
Fibonacci, Mandelbrot and all that,
Pythagoras standing on a decimal point
in naked space. Maybe they're right.
Maybe there are white owls in the woods.

31 December 2012

=====

We all want the same thing
a room to play in
a tree with fruit in it heavy-hung
near to the hand
a friend like a stream rippling by my side.

31 December 2012

=====

(answering Masha)

What if belonging
was really longing

and in that yearning
you belong to your desire

a kind of joyous prison
you people with shadows

they are good to you
in their fashion

they belong to you too
your lips are bruised

from their *sullen*
kisses a word that once

meant all alone
watching all the ships

in the world sail out.

31 December 2012

