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Waiting to see
is a window.

Job of things
to attend. We

are agency.

2.

It seems.

Face wills,

bodyfeels.

In between

a glimmer ever

a kind of hope.

3.

To live there

in between.

We do that times

each other.

Going in is being out.

1 February 2012

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Could it be ready already
a soft grey world I slept my way to?
Offload the obvious
and what's left
is the national debt,
the accountant's trick that tells
how much the poor owe the rich.

Once they walked the dog back home
once they were children
children of God.
Now the other old man
comes to bury us one by one
who were born all together in a burst of light.

1 February 2012

ENCUENTRO

1.

Same sex caress
among the angels.

[dreamt]

I too had brain surgery
years before, wouldn't
admit it or recognize
the surgeon of it now
as he came towards me
in some weird station
—horror fiction began
when the railroad age
began—he studied me
closely but passed by,
a steel-haired man still
prosperous, I let my eyes
flicker past his lower
face to miss his eyes—
knowing is in the eyes
then he was gone.

2.

He would have said something
I would have had to answer

speaking from where I had been
and lose the safety now
of being no one—but a no one
with a pretty woman at my side
and the sky all over the sky.

2 February 2012

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Caustic turn signal
veers the car
under big white pine
little road in.

We follow signs.
We make signs
and follow them.
We color in

we make the trees
green the road
color of lead
morning wet

we blur. Signs
wait for us
to notice them,
sinister borscht

belt comedians
with fatal punchlines.
The car knows
where it goes.

Mercury up
and down the tube,
crocuses and snow.
Some day they say

the sky will open
and the son of a man
will come to us
saddled on a cloud

they say every
sign is a sign
of that arrival.
Even the rain.

2 February 2012

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Understanding something better than it is
how fast things go
so many destinations
love holds lovers back
alternate sand storms
driving fleets of light
flowers of artifice
the kind of people
who go jogging now
what did they do before
jogging came to be
in the Vietnam era
empathetic masochism
they run when no
man pursueth?
how sad they look now
paced through ear-buds
by music only they
can hear or is it
Latin grammar Spanish
idioms dear god the terrible
cruelty of human speech.

2 February 2012

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Bring me something to eat
the night of reason is beginning
and I'm alone with my cartoons—
what did Hegel look like in his window
when he saw Napoleon float by—
it has so much to tell you
if I can only let it through
through me to you!
but really it and I are not really different
it only seems so to me
a healthy humility in face of genius
—the word of the other on the subject's lips—
because there is only one who speaks
and I am he and so are you
and they are too
walking in the same woods
since the very beginning
with fauns at their side
unnoticed or momentarily seen
as unscheduled shadows
—matter adores you!—
sign of the paradox
it is when the cloud cover
is lowest and the sky one

almost uniform grey
that it seems most immense
subtly variegated vastness
the eye sinks into it as it rises
the color of all of us together.
A blue sky's just the
ceiling on your little room.

2 February 2012

MOVING ON

You don't do it anymore
the song on the wall and wild geese tolling
wake of the canoe and the oar goes missing
trill on the black keys the drama queen

you stopped all that and stay white all the time
corsairs from Hollywood amuse your local sleep
but my face punched with holes was long ago
ripped from your archery butt and replaced

by the ordinary concentric circles of the working rich.
Or is it art? The treetops gold with sun at dawn?
The mirror hazy with sprayed insecticide?
I carved your image out of my chest too

and now we are a juiceless we
all argument and one-way gossip and I don't care.
Sometimes I really do want less of things.
Sometimes a kiss-off's like a mother's touch.

3 February 2012

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It is the day Knife quarrel with your friends
and smite your enemies in this tiny Holy Land
a man's head or a woman's hand. Back then
I used to think the body was the soul
but now I am a common atheist and you have no name.

3 February 2012

Seven-Tijax

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Sometimes you have to
wake up before your mind
and wield another's
for these slim minutes while the sun comes up.
Taste of freedom.
The fang of liberty is in you now
when mind is common.
Beautiful morning.
It could be like this all the time.

3 February 2012

INTERNET OPERA

This is the best I can do
and wonder where it goes
later into the empyrean or
what Shelley called the Inane.

Now we stand up for the tenor
because the throat is a silver road
up which the red queen travels
to trill a seme or two

into the broken world.
Musicians! Those brigands
of the inner ear,
we balance on their tones,

cream at their high notes,
succumb to their ancient
mood. Mode.

4 February 2012

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This is what it only is
a screen in the middle of the forest

and the fox with her girls
teaches the shadows how to wait

it is dawn and the pretty concubine
is being led to her execution

because it is history, the music
no one knows how to hear,

and the other waiting
the broken hearted evil king

who lives in my heart too
kid and dont you forget it

—writing even this
requires
the open stance of
who are we now?
The candid animal wants us to remember.

4 February 2012

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Lissome eye saw
boy kill a throne
but the Queen thereon
rose hurtless
through the ascending air
and knows us still
the sound of her
rising

code, code
is all we hear
the poor old ears
translate
to this old music
as if the heart
hears—

and the words I lost
thrum alluring vague
in the back of my head
only the words
only the sound of words
make me see smoke rising
shot through with shabby flames

from Troy on fire, the smell
of what the burning did
and tries now to hide

far away smell
like the same
stupid boy
sitting under a pine tree
strumming his stupid guitar
to woo a girl
who isn't even there.

4 February 2012

VEDETTE

she jogs on by
and all who see her
dream thereafter
a hasty movie
and she's the star.

4 February 2012

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So here is February
bleeding from the pores
and this morning even
springish birdsong
as I stumbled outside
to interview the light.

4 February 2012