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**Pigeons live in cities and why not  
Lots to eat and few small-bore rifles  
To test tgem ouyt of the sky, Churches,  
Consider churches, how comforting  
They are to doves of all kinds  
Symbolic or practical, in sky or fresco.  
Try to believe me—it isn't for want  
Of trying that I can't fly, I do what I can  
With meager equipment. Strong stubby arms,  
Many bottles of ink—black, blue, violet  
And one scarlet to make rubrics with  
To help you find your way. To me.  
This is after all an invitation  
To a seduction — we go to Bluetooth  
And thus to Budapest, the strains of Bartok's  
Opera churn in, we listen enthralled  
To the kind of love that has no meaning, no end.  
It just goes on forever, like Tristan  
On his bleak seacoast and no s ail in sight  
Ever. To draw from another opera, the hard-  
Wired suchness of my mind.**

**I think I shall presume and call it that,  
This coat of fret that rounds my me,  
Scratchy with dendrites and glial accidents.  
,Oh you mean the brain. I knew you'd say that  
And you're almost right. Time of year  
To get the sickles out and lop the branches  
You want spring to shape. A tree  
Is just a picture of the nervous system  
With a few apples in it. Or pine cones,  
Such that Romans tossed them in the fire  
To hear them crackle, tossed them at the new  
Married the way we toss rice, or used to.  
Now we do not much but smile. Marry me.**

**2.**

**History has nothing to do with it. I know  
You're married already, and I am too,  
And to each other what's more (the French  
Have a common diom for that)  
But none of that means we cant do for the  
First time what we've done already, time  
Belongs to us, not we to time.  
That's what I started all this to say,**

**Just that. No matter how much it  
Snows the deer still step down the hill.  
And all of us suddenly are fed.**

**10 February 2014**

=====

**On the other hand it could vary us  
As weasels white in winter ermine to their peril  
Or hares safe in snow. I wonder what color we  
could take to hide, when even bluebirds  
they tell me aren't really blue.  
But they tell me all kinds of things,  
The only truth is in the telling. Say  
That again. The only truth is in the telling.**

**10 February 2014**

=====

**Glint of quick car far  
On highway over there a glint  
Of an animal in the wood between.  
It all happens in the eye.  
The mistakes are footprints in the snow,  
Are owls hooting on cool summer nights  
Are names we lay on things. Even I  
Am nameless, though you call me  
My sounds soft in your throat. I'd come  
To any one of them, or all,  
None of them mine, all of them mine,  
And you I've bothered all my life.  
In the old house the closet smells of mice.**

**10 February 2014**

=====

**Words dried up on the boat,  
landed in a country where no  
word makes sense.**

**Your body has to begin again  
to be the simplest thing  
they might understand.**

**11 February 2014.**

=====

**I felt that in Le Havre  
the first time France,  
my body was all wrong  
it was my body  
that had to change —  
when the body is right  
language takes care of itself.  
When the body is right  
everybody understands.**

**11 February 2014.**



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**It isn't easy  
to be the day  
they say it is.**

**Everything slips ahead  
away and we  
limp later, dazed**

**in yerterday.**

**12 February 2014**

=====

**Why ever go there again  
where you have been  
is where an animal  
you need to capture  
a maiden to rescue  
from your own dragon  
clutches? No going back.  
Experience is painful  
enough without the round trip.  
Stay where you are—  
it might even be here.**

**12 February 2014**

=====

**So it was gnomic  
this morning  
the language that meant us.**

**It is winter,  
we feed  
what comes to the door**

**three hundred pounds  
of cracked corn  
so far, not**

**counting the birds.  
Tell what happens—  
it's the only way out.**

**12 February 2014**

=====

**Dream me  
for a change  
I'm tired  
of meeting  
you dark.  
Let me sleep  
till morning,  
that pale maybe.**

**12 February 2014**

=====

**Sacredness**

**is to be outside.**

**Perhaps afraid.**

***Homo sacer* is an outlaw**

**any hand may strike.**

**To be outside in the danger**

**which is the *power of the other***

**be in someone else's hands.**

**As in the snow, low**

**visibility, to be in the clutches**

**of the weather, the wonder**

**out there, the harsh whatever.**

**To be awake at all**

**is to be outside.**

**13 February 2014**

=====

**Outside and inside same  
heft of shovel  
same time,  
light snow on heavy  
old on ice compact.  
The weight of bring  
being afraid.  
Some you can shove  
some you have to lift  
and pitch, but where,  
off the steps till there  
is no off left, everything  
is up to here. Beauty  
makes us afraid  
just like this, too white,  
too much, too here,  
crystal by crystal amassing  
Byzantium of pure light.**

**13 February 2014**

=====

**You're still sleeping  
or again,  
I woke once and saw you  
reading, device-light  
soft on your face  
and carried that sight  
into sleep and wake  
now, morning,  
rooftops white  
magical and dangerous,  
wait for you to wake  
and tell me about love,  
tell me your dreams.**

**14 February 2014**

=====

**We have to hear the door  
when it warns or whistles,  
hear the sump-pump in the cellar  
summers when the rain impends  
pools down through rock strata  
this house is built on.**

**We have to listen to things—  
they know us, they read  
our doubts and desires  
better than dogs or children can.**

**But we have to listen.**

**The water boiling in the kitchen  
knows a song we should learn,  
teach it to our children,  
whistle it while walking  
the dog we'll never have.**

**14 February 2014**



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**Day after day  
the adventure insists,  
the day itself—**

**'adventure' is  
what comes to you  
and you encounter**

**weather by weather  
weapon by weapon  
and then it's night.**

**15 February 2014**

=====

**Yew tree  
crushed  
down by snow**

**and a silence  
in me  
is the strangest  
weather**

**can I talk  
my way out of this  
or is it over**

**the word  
whatever it was  
once and  
forever *said?***

**15 February 2014**

=====

**It is a time of time.  
Image emits radiance.  
some sapphire can focus  
into a blue laser beam  
headed to heaven  
healing.**

**Was that Babel?**

**A word turned upside down  
until all the time in it  
fell out, and we were left  
with the carapace of sky,  
alone under the dark dome.**

**15 February 2014.**

=====

**Suppose we and  
everything we know  
are one big animal  
part by part, messy  
as life always seems to be,  
perfect as a tetrahedron  
balanced on apex —  
from far enough away  
every system is symmetrical,  
orderly, intact.  
But inside the light  
a howling wilderness  
from which we speak.**

**15 February 2014.**

=====

**At every moment  
this house could fall  
and where would the wind be  
then, that winds us up  
and makes us sing?**

**Or are we just Europe still  
and the war, and all again?**

**15 February 2014.**