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**Let the darkness
percolate through the green
there is breathing to be done**

**and an old man standing on a cliff
and fish in the sea down there
weaving their own language —**

**epic is always a sung text —
woven of water and light
their movements pure inscription —**

**so the leaf after all
in a month or two will unfurl
and it be spring**

**and here we are again,
that's what the dark is,
a pure resistance to the light**

as for example you or me.

22 February 2013

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**Knowing a number is a gift to a child,
tell a child he's Septimus, she's Octavia,
take a number to yourself and be it all day long,
see the eights in everything, honey,
feel what seven fingers can hold.**

22 February 2013

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**The page to call
a kind of fish
swim along the street
slips between
the densest crowd
not touching
never telling
*the moon appalls me
and the sun denounces me*
I have hidden in my name too long,
I am a forest that pretends to be a tree
so you can carve your name in me —
forgive me all the wood that you can't reach
this wants to be a love song but the wind won't blow.**

22 February 2013

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**When all else fails
divide the words into halves or thirds
and start again.
Boston begins at Worcester,
they wouldn't let Freud come closer —
the weather is our secret link,
snow in Josephstadt snow in Natick.**

22 February 2013

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**Let's suppose the situation were reversed
and we looked two or three times out the window
before we actually saw the light
let's suppose we had to decide
weeks ahead if this is going to be Friday
is it Friday it was the last time I looked
but then the last time I looked
it might have been another Friday
another week another window.**

22 February 2013 *oral*

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**Wait till it's not so cold then walk to school.
Even if you don't or can't read Aristotle
it's fun to walk up the road with Greeks like that,
marveling at the slightest thing and making you notice —
doesn't matter that they're wrong about everything.**

22 February 2013

=====

**How many lines are there in it
how come we can keep the ledger blank
and still have all this money, deer in the back yard,
cardinals on the maple tree, trucks going by?
Everything is with us — don't you understand
we live all the time in delight if we let it?**

22 February 2013

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Break the answer
and let the question out—
I am the tomb
of your resurrection,
the vein you split
to try to understand
one more cosmos than

and you shouldn't but you did
and the world is glad in you now
for your doing

 this means
it will always offer more

listen to the water in the pipes
the steam in the radiator
the old wood of the house
coming alive as sound

synods of weird churches
bishops beating on oil drums
and the fishermen of Crescent City
lost in the miasma of the fog
never come home never come home

gap in the hedge
the heart squeezes through
gashed by thorns by twigs
turn bloody by the softest leaves

22 February 2013

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**Angelus. The bells
come, the sun goes.
For half an hour or so
the mountains rise.**

(22 February 2013)

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**The way the word runs
runs away.
I listened till it spoke
and then the silence came.
Could this be me
meaning it?**

(22 February 2013)

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Effects searching for their cause.

**The stone in the ring
glows with the body's light,**

body warmth.

**So far away the towns
the sounds
the bells of no church
soft gong
under water —
oh we are gods maybe,
the song believes in us
and only in silence we
hear it again.**

22 February 2013

(Farberman's Clarinet Concerto)

BRUCKNER

**Blessed moment when
architecture replaces
narrative as
binding force of poetry
of music —**

**when we do not tell
but dwell.**

**22 February 2013
(ASO's Bruckner 8th)**

IN ROW A

**And all the men
sit crosslegged on
their summer porches**

**and my father on the
hottest days in sun
undisturbed,
his lean legs crossed at the knee
and the left shoe dangled
rhythmically
against the right ankle
and the evening was very big
and in those days no
sun ever set.**

22 February 2013

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**Hawks and crows
their hawering**

**we do not see what we don't believe
the fishing dock at twilight, either,
when there is no wolf except the sea**

**wait for me, it's taking me
a little time to break the shell
hammer and screwdriver I used to use
against the coconut, how clumsy
inept and Irish with such fruit
a fruit could kill you on the head,
the famous hard of it**

and that particular coconut was out of ink.

**And he wanted to know what I meant by integer
and the crow came back.**

2.

**I tell my meanings to a brave of law
— in this society, accusation is the same as guilt —**

**the innocent walk thereafter red with shame
one more burden under the harsh sun —
we want to believe ill of one another, why,
to feel more comfortable with our own
guilt they all taught us to feel?**

**Society the shame-maker, the Ajax machine
caught eternally in a country baffling
enduring the smell
of what might be myself**

might be the alderman the rabbi and the pope.

3.

**Axiom. Without the birds there would be no air.
This breath the gift of other lives.
How can I ever give back a tithe of what I've been given,
all the years of pleasure and learning,
what can I give the world
half as precious as what you give me,
let alone all the others, the mountains, the sea.**

4.

**So I have to be bigger than myself,
wander through the ranks of soldiers asking**

**what have I that would ease you
or give you pleasure,
if praise would help you,
here it is in my hand.**

**An old priest licking his fingertips
to taste the chrism of his first devotion —**

**hold what you've been given,
let fall whatever you went and took.**

23 February 2013

QUIET WORDS

Quiet words

shouted over the field
into the angle between
two low apartment blocks
in Polish-Stalinist style,

say them again here, Mousa,
let me shout
the tenderest intimacies
spoken between a woman and her wall
her mirror, her handbag,
the words a woman barely
dares to breathe
in her closet, on the stairs
close to dawn coming
home from a party,

I remember them, I am a man though
hence am not brave enough to say
what even the timidiest woman can

o Mousa the mind
shouts quiet words,
the snow between buildings

**a little dingy now
three days after its descent
and a freezing drizzle
glazed it like a mind at peace**

a mind in place

**low buildings need no elevators
five stories anyone can climb
the clouds need no instructions
no matter how loud they shout
a word is always quiet,
lasts no longer than music
no longer than life**

**O Muse it says in the Bible say Aye and Nay
and let it go at that,
quiet the words still more, Madame,
mute them till even I can hear
with my ears full of snow
and my eyes full of white buildings
stained white walls
the windows steamed over, shadowy
people moving, moving languid
behind the soft glass now and then**

as if a movie you paid me to watch
in some other language
a game or mortal challenge
to know what the women are saying

know the women's words or die,

words the men are hearing
behind the walls the windows the steam
beyond the weather
where people are lost in their own feelings
shivering, sweltering,

know what the words are
from the shape of buildings alone—

and I fail you, Madame, fail you again,
but I adore you, I lay my failure at your feet,
one more in the great mound of them,

you have given me so many chances,
just give me one more,
a red cliff or a broken barn
or the shelf ice on the Baltic, Goddess,
a man could walk half a mile out from shore.

24 February 2013

