

1-2012

janA2012

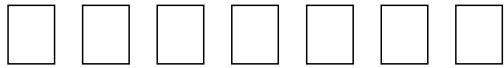
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the mist
around the sun
the fog of influence
softens the new year

A fog is a vast population
of my beautiful confusions—
for an hour all the local spirits
made visible, entitled
by chemistry
to know us, let
themselves be seen.

Particles of water and of air—
we see them only as a congregation
only by grace could
a water molecule, molecule
of that chariot we call air,
that gods us,
come to speak
and we to hear
voice to voice *not as a stranger*

but a friend
met in the darkness
in another century
another road.

1 January 2012

= = = = =

A light fog like this one
is always over there.

I am actually in it
standing here

but its seeming opacity
thickens with distance.

I am surrounded by
what seems to be far away
in the trees, around the sunrise
already above the treetops
almost,

 there
where the fog is
is here.

In some such way
there is a part of here
and I of you.

1 January 2012

= = = = =

All years have ears
what do they tell?

Or take a cloud by the ear
then lick your hands—

I thought you loved me
but it was just the rain

you thought I meant it
but I really did

so if a year could start
one more time you could

hear it, a sort of red
as if my blood had

all dried up inside me
so I smiled and smiled.

2 January 2012

SONATINA

1.

She went by with her window open
a letter of the alphabet out of place
cold morning woman on her way to what work

2.

Gallantry of unspeaking not to disturb
the sunlit silence of the afterwake
plane overhead like your stomach rumbling

3.

Plenty of time for colors later
this hour is just about the long light
seeping through trees like escaping slaves.

2 January 2012

MAGUS

wall sport, a being inside
inside the time that seems
to pass

 but being in it
allmost upstream
as a policy of closing doors
around you and be still

Grammar helps

 hence magic
trips to eastern Germany, Sanskrit
letters on your briefcase,
cloth-bound books. Be cotton.
Sperm-soaked jute. A wall
tells all.

 You smell wise.

The seasons of the year
seduce. Read Proclus, Porphyry,
hide chemicals in huckleberry pie—
who knows what tree god fell from.
ergot, madness, green rot, cellophane.
I have a painting of it somewhere here.

Something in all this is you.
Stuff. The matter
of matter
with you in it
praying to the wall
“stand firm, opacity
but let me hear
rapping on it from the other side
the knuckles of the one I mean.”

3 January 2012

IN THE ATTIC

There are ways to be waiting
or storms in the attic.

No house I live in has an attic
ever. Fact. Or access to such space
as may hide up there
guessable from architecture,
pitch of roof, gap
between flat ceiling and sharp gable.
There but invisible, an inference
like heaven.

I want an attic
a high place with dust and room
full of senile things
that don't remember me, souvenirs
from nowhere, silence.

I read about them in books
the steep staircase, almost a ladder,
creaking door, the strange stained light
greasy with spiderwebs,
love letters to you from
women you never knew.

The letters wrote themselves,

sly chemistry of ink and roses
set the paper on mild fire
that soon enough burned out
leaving meek blue words.
Words are ashes, dust,
disturbances.

Overhead

all day long though
as long as you live in a house.
A house has heard too much.

I suppose travelers and vagabonds
sleep rough for silence's sake
out there in the wood and stars
where nothing talks.
Or they can't hear.

4 January 2012

=====

Workmen check each other's work.

Stars inspect us. Grains of light

we read. This is aristocracy:

we are entitled only by paying close attention.

4 January 2012

= = = = =

The secret wife of a pronoun
is a verb, who cheats
on her her-or-husband
with some noun,
a shifty out-of-town predicate
but with brown curls
who longs to touch.

4 January 2012

STEPS (13) THE LEFT

What could be left of the left
and isn't the anyhow we are
left from some other was,

a world?

So what's
left is us, panoply,
north star, red flag,
pale cheeks,
synthesizer
fried in a brownout,
pine tree, you.

Left
of center was a loft
downtown
to kiss in,
grow up
in the last
hour of the world
we called
comrades each other
music paid the rent

nos jours, nos jours !

and a bus packed with your own kind
glory!

Glory left over
from a world before the world

all the bright red Christians and Jews
same shiver in the same park

nothing is left of America

just enough to stretch your knees
or let your hair down
midnight moonlight Yosemite

left is a place you come back to

alack in the only mind

we turn away from the word we meant
the spasm comes after

a tree's left a yew an arbor vitae
tree of life the deer came eating
tree of life is all a beast itself

the world before the world was here
before we learned to talk

or we are what is left
after they'd come down and eaten and gone.

5 January 2012

THE SEDUCTION

Here I would correlate the ocean

with the goings,

the floor of that ever-beginning river

marked with passages not ours

seamounts unriveted canyons, abyssal plains, thermal vents

where sensible beings see by heat alone,

but how to link this ode

with human doings,

humanus, a being

who walks on *humus*, the soil, a groundling, a Cæsar.

But the girl was patient, willing

to be led into the conversation—

you are my ally

I said and she

said I thought your ally

was a sea-map on the wall

wooden tiles on a Scrabble board

blue gas flame beneath the coffeepot

not me.

The answer seems to be seduction.

Se ducere, to lead yourself

to yourself,

to lead someone

all the way to his or her true self,

your own self,

a self you can't find all by yourself,

seduction, the word itself seduces,

you seduce me, you gibe me myself,

the only gift a human has to give.

Hence the rhapsodies of theologians

who sought to give a self to God,

give a self to Being itself,

seduce the Lord

and make Being evident

to itself, today,

Epiphany,

to show That self and by showing

show us our own?

Ah religion, you business of the dark,

all smells and smoke and sounds and never a touch,

nothing so primitive

as my first language

and yours too, Marquise, yours too—

the talking skin.

Reach out and touch me

I am the only one who can find you,

I am the door of your only castle.

He said

 and the brilliants gleamed
around her neck,

 a diamond choker
dimmed here and there with pearls—
otherwise he would have licked
the pit of her throat
and made the small world spin,
the wheel of inward—

for every way is downward from the skin.

Take off your ornaments

he reasoned, but she

said No, the light is part of me.

6 January 2012