

1-2014

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= = = =

Not doctors

I think

but one another—

we have to cure each other

let the blue selfless through

to find a self

and heal it—

no medicine but the love streaming through us

out to the other ever.

Blue light flooding from within

and this within is elsewhere.

1 January 2014

= = = = =

And if 80 is the new 60 and all that,
the numbers are all different now

all the numbers changed

they still can *count* but they don't *mean*
not the way they did

(we thought they did).

Everything is different.

Religion used to mean the cult practice of the whole town.
worship of its own gods, with its own values.

Now religion is the thing you run away to
to escape society and iust norms,

escape the City.

If you can't depend on numbers
what do we count on?

1 January 2014

= = = = =

Notes,
but for what
music
or remember?
How short
can anything
be, and be?

1 January 2014

= = = = =

1.

Lost the knack of listening
found it again in studying the light.

The green of listening
meets the blue of speaking.

Your nominal heart
succinctly red, reads.

2.

Because the senses
are of the body

and rational mind, abstract despot,
consistently misunderstands,

it is by nature
is precisely what misunderstands,

“mortal mind” Mary Baker called it
when she came back from her visions

into the candlelight of the ordinary
and knew that what she was was not.

1 January 2014

= = = = =

So belongs to body
everything its senses
take hold of,
valid till interpreted,
lucid till understood.

1 January 2014

= = = = =

New Years Day
furnace failed,
snow. What to do.
Repairman came
not too late. just
after dark. Fixed it,
made heat rise.
Left a note, pink
carbon copy:
blead the pump.
All I know how
to do is spell.

1 January 2014

= = = =

Trying to be clear
like the road somewhere
south of a storm and green

I've lost the way.

It is to say.

Keep talking.

someone always knows.

2 January 2014

THE REED

Where is my broken reed
we need
then congregation of ortolans
the mother spider's feast

we dream all our agains

from the flarf bed
of the crowded head

straight out Jericho
the island of my ancestors

an island waits.

The way finds me again
like tonal music,
barbaric clangor
of a young man's ego
still shouts in my dome

they lead such sad lives
who want to rule the world,
glad lives those
who live to pray the world along,

wind with the wind

I rain the rain

I help the sun shine

A radical refutation
to say
this day and no other
no obvious alternatives to this.

2.

Dispersion of ashes. Or
catafalque beneath
an empty coffin. Where
is anything. One
had breadth of satin
it took a life to touch.

Fingering the distances

just then I heard a horn
could be a locomotive
driving south through snow
or Oberon himself
still liege-lord of every wood

and every time he touched a girl
he thought Titania

read your fingertips
by mine
from the chastest hand-stroke
I am made
pregnant he remembered

room for one more day
beat of dawn air
round the crow's wings—

we are in the athanor
of time the colors change.

3.

It may be junk
but it sails
all the way to the island
loaded with jade
and those dried leaves of camellia
called the earth is calling you
every morning without fail

and at midnight rub
carved jade between your fingers.

2 January 2014

OPERA

Zandonai's opera *I Cavalieri di Ekebu* has been on the radio a lot lately. It's on right now. And two male cardinals are sitting on the same bird feeder, not fighting, not driving one another away. As male cardinals usually do. Maybe because it is so cold. High noon and 9 degrees Fahrenheit. And a lot of snow fallen, and more falling now. The story of the opera has something to do with Scandinavia, in their middle ages, which were a little later than ours, I think. When I say ours I mean England and France, practically one country in those days, as you can tell by our language, especially when we sit down to dine in company. If it's so cold now what will it be like tonight? When the snow will fall heavily they say and the wind blow. They. The ones who say such things, I wonder if they are the same ones who decide to put this opera by Zandonai on the radio several times in a short period of time. What are they trying to tell us? Who runs the weather? Who programs the music they make us hear? To judge by the excited voices, the opera has a lot of action. Probably

slayings and lovemaking and betrayals and loss. But who knows? Opera breeds paranoia. Definitely. Meet an opera-lover and you meet someone always ready for the worst.

2 January 2014

= = = = =

Stricken by midnight the snow stopped
by streetlight clarity have we come
out the other side of someone's skin

the skid of light along the snow
starts up again heavy heavy
with that metaphysical obliteration
of the question or sublation

of all the differences into this one
animal it almost looks like it comes so
swirl of muscle or am I trapped again

in the ancient anatomy of light?

2 January 2014

= = = = =

Working idly
through a white dream
shovel in my hands

how heavy it is
to pick up
all this we've thought

and spoken.

This white is words.

3 January 2014

CARING FOR WHAT COMES NEXT

slowly part by part

somewhere, say

“mirror”

green leaf

smooth and soft but still

faintly tough of spinach

fresh

“mirror”

the bread on the table

quite fresh this morning now

a faint fine coating of dryness on it

you hardly notice it

you eat it with something on it

anything will do

but you mother said

“rice”

and you thought of how white

it is when it's been steamed

do you understand

how white such white can

be, can be

“mirror”

shows all the people

who could eat

eat with you

eat what you eat

far away personages

like queens in fairytales

no country to bother them with ruling

just queen per se queen

the one who says

she has to say

“look into the mirror

little boy

I hid it in my lap

so you can see better

what is coming

and what has come

long long ago

before you ever began to listen”

or curly leaf

like kale or mustard greens

purple kale of winter gardens
ornamental animal
see all that in the lap
frightened children
eating the Christmas tree
did you ever
“mirror”
no, rice.
Rice is the same as white.
Mirror is the same as me.
The variations overwhelm the theme
everybody forgets it
by now only the mirror
holds it in mind
“jouissance” “mirror”
nine days roll back
there is need
need in
what we do
we only “mirror.”

3 January 2014