

1-2011

## janC2011(one)

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The meaning of meaning you

something about snow, something

about flying down the air

with nothing for wings,

with no kind of wings

something about being there

in such a way that any room

organizes itself around you

I can't help it, it's love

makes you do all this

and love that lets me see you do it.

It is dumb and tremendous and all over you

like music when your mind's on something else.

But there is nothing else.

Just this, with you

sitting in the middle of it

having just come back from everywhere.

Something about a boat in the sky,  
something about jungles, something about a smile.

I look at you like a little boy  
who has just found the book he always wanted to read,  
I mean the man hoping for it all his life.

9 January 2011

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There are things

that have faces.

They face us.

Lustrous with distance

to see them is

to be caressed.

This disperses

and regathers.

There is water

on it often

and no ship.

Where would one

come or go from

to be here

he asked I had

no answer but edges

things sometimes

activate the space  
between you have

go slow to hear  
them one of us said.

10 January 2011

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Getting ready to be right,  
write:

*The Wrong of Winter*

not by Stravinsky. What  
do mortals know of winter?  
We who have eaten all  
the colors know  
all the dialects of light.  
A shudder in the wind,  
our knowledge has cold hands.  
But who are we?

10 January 2011

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A good essay is one such that the reader of it has no choice but start writing in response, contradiction. Every word is an investigation. Enough to know that, and everything to be learned.

*Exemplum:* The classic Golden Age detective story—clue, deduction, induction, decipherment—blossomed in the age when Science ascended in public view to be both a fashion and a requirement. No surprise that sleuths were scientists –amateurs like Sherlock Holmes or professional like Dr.Thorndike— or polymaths like Philo Vance. But as time passes, wars come and go, science seems more humdrum, familiar, dangerous with a whole raft of not so interesting fatalities of its own. The scientist detective gives way to the working cop. Procedurals replace brainteasers, and violence spills from the battlefield into gangland, professional detectives combatting professional murderers. Efficiency replaces intuition and deduction. Recently, the procedural shifts from ordinary detectives and ordinary police (however skillful) and turns to crazed personages who are more avengers than decipherers. The passage from calm Holmes’s scarred chemistry bench to the half-demented lethal tattooed lady is a vivid histomap of the last century or so.

\* \* \*

Why should the essay say any more than this? The reader instantly leaps to agreements and disagreements, comes up with further instances, evidences, contradiction, revisions, adding ideas or rubbing them out. Why should the writer spoil that pleasure by preempting the arguments? Is it a gift to the reader, this business of reading, gives the reader the dance to do.

11 January 2011

= = = = =

Does it look as if these things mean it  
a coaster with a coffee cup a vase of flowers  
specify: anemones indigo and pink and red  
we care about these things because we are the living  
and have nowhere to turn but what is here.  
Thereafter in a blue glass vase settled they  
opened in the warm room, snow light, the blue  
light between day and remembering. The wolf  
hour people called it, teeth and running and deep warm fur.

11 January 2011



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The opportunity lives with me  
said the blue jay the seed  
is my savior in all this snow

the cardinal asked if that is so  
who do I who am such a different hue  
find the same salvation in my need?

Ah foolish folks the sparrows call  
we proliferate around your feet  
eat anything and are no color at all.

12 January 2011

## **WATCHING BIRDS IN THE SNOW**

I wish Charles Parker would come back  
music without intelligence is soup,  
real intelligence not learning and not vogue.  
The body thinks its way out through the breath.

12 January 2011

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If I had anything it would be now  
the woman entered the voice  
she saw a body painted on the ceiling  
it was blue and had gold stars on it  
not like the constellations we see over America

it was her own body and it ceilinged her  
safe in the walls of the voice  
in which she was speaking.

The man lay quiet in the listening  
knowing that she had come  
and done to time what had to be done

and the walls were down. And  
all of a sudden hearing heard.

12 January 2011

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## HIS SILVER WHISTLE ICED HER LIVING HOUSE

curling the names  
across the ice  
the Canadian Shield problem  
too many versts for too few names

and every one of them is named me  
I too incolate the tundras  
I too am waiting for everything  
using nothing touching everything

I am a shadow  
waiting for its man  
there's nothing solid about me  
seafoam and roses you know how  
long they last  
wait, how did you  
get onto the ice

I am a margin that nothing meets

but you your twirl, camel, illegal leap  
and now the sit-spin

that screws right down through the ice  
down through the water  
down through the earth  
down through up the other side of the sky

and you are gone from my mind  
with all your cold soft clothes  
but icicles are gleaming in the sun  
on my roof mine mine  
back to the me work again  
the basic broken radio of a self  
plug yanked out of the no-wall  
trickle-charge info of your things  
but now I don't know your name either

asparagus? deep-trenched white cylinder?  
wet mango stone original seed  
all slippery with religion vampire?

the bite was on the back of your neck  
never your throat  
who would blemish or suck loose  
the gorgeous instrument from which  
an ordinary word we need  
keeps coming keeps coming

I hardly needed to use teeth

just a word or two of my own  
let me speak, skater,  
and then you zipped away  
flip-girtled over power knees  
sneering back “no word  
is your own let alone two”

and you were gone  
it must not be too far from here  
this sky-rink with no boundaries  
cars parked all over the sky  
their headlights burning to show her Earth  
this amateur stripper giving the cosmos  
the show of its life

we live  
to be revealed