

1-2013

janC2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "janC2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 350.
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sGrol.dKar.la

Eyes in her hands

she sees

the me before me.

7.I.13

=====

**Who knows me
after all, who
answers the ball
when it swims across the lawn,
who dares to open the leaf?**

**Because there is always a going in
always an in.**

7 January 2013

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Crows on snow

interpret

and then forget.

7.I.13

=====

**Think of the first time
that song was heard
where did it go
in those who heard it**

**and what did it do
to the air,
 the walls
of the room, old
oak of the floor**

**did the glass in the window
hear it, did it change
the look of things out there
where maybe they could here it too?**

7 January 2013

IQ BAKXAI

**for I have a man-cry too
the silent one
you hear in the woods
you hear me deep
in the slowly drying ink.**

7 January 2013

=====

These cars up Cedar Hill tell time
to wait for me. I have a cold
(as Pessoa before me said, and got
a marvelous poem out of cough and snot)

and what else is missing, suddenly
to be a member of the uneasy
confraternity of the sick
I never am. So tell time for me

she'll have to wait her turn—
she?—o you didn't realize
that time is feminine?
How else could she last forever?

And I'll be here waiting
before she comes back.
Back? Of course—from
the beginning of the world

till now is just one day
and it isn't even noon.
My time is your time
as the dumb old song said.

7 January 2013

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**Have I ever really even once gone out there
out through the snowy trees or animal streets
or stores full of merchandise I can't understand
in all these years of looking? Where does looking
take a man. Wait, There was a grey wood fence
out the back window on Crescent Street.
In the marshes of Kinderhoek timothy grass
with nutritious tubers I never ate. Wait.
Jamaica Bay. Was it always just looking?
Was it always saying this and saying that
and never stading up and being gone?
What would it be or be like
to get up right now and go there,
there, that place through the window,
and I came to walk there I'd have to leave
my heart-house here? I'm asking simply,
humbly even, can a man enter what he sees?**

7 January 2013

CASTA DIVA

To the chaste

Goddess she sings

as in my folly

I pray to Wisdom.

7.I.13

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**There is no bondage worse
than being committed to your own feelings.**

7.I.13

=====

**Cold and bright
this snow for you
you sprawl in it
to make angel wings.
You ski out the window,
a lake of wine of beer of mead
flows under a bridge.
Trolls live there
and help you with your hair
braiding, untangling,
weaving winter flowers in,
silk ones, peonies showy
and small plumeria
till you smell like an island
your skin like sea foam,
my touch slips off
and blows away.
How can you bear to be
naked in the snow?
You whisper me your
answer as you always do:
the snow is naked too.**

7 January 2013

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**My childhood was all steeplejack
all brave blue boy in a bonny sky
and down he'd come with tar on his smell
and god how near he'd been to God
up there with the cross or the weathervane.**

7 January 2013

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**Perplexed by evening
the snow purpled
I watched
till the light in the dining room
was louder than the sky outside
and the trees had all gone home.**

7 January 2013

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enjoy giving up

—A.L.

the grist in the mill
squeaks under the millstone
the water in the sluice
gushing by turns
the whole miserable history
into fine whitish flour
the miller's daughter
that's her make-up her
glaring crimson lips
try to pronounce my own
most difficult name.
I press my mouth to hers
to quiet mispronunciation,
if she calls me wrongly
I might fly away or she
melt in my arms to dough
mush remembrance love
then where would we be?
No mill, no girl, no wheat.
The image of her lips
lasts a long time
then flies away like a bird.

**I think of all the things
that will never be mine
and I smile, nothing to lose,
everything I have ever
imagined turns to stone
in my mind. The rock
on which I stand.**

7 January 2013

=====

**The me who talks to you
is other me.**

**We
the all of us
are levels
of imposture felt together
to *seem* a smooth person
someone you could name.
So forgive my anxieties
and all the other lies.**

8 January 2013

=====

**The voice comes down the sky
and what it says is the pure
sound of itself — no word
disturbs the clarity of that presence**

**suddenly with us. Later the words come
and the magic goes, now
it's just opera or hymn tune — story
obliterates glory — but how**

to keep that absolute unsaying sound?

8 January 2013

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Hearing
is not listening,

listening
is full of me

intention
desire ego

hearing
is full of you.

You are what is there to be heard.

8 January 2013

=====

**In the land of signs
a color is money**

**I don't have the breath
to tell another lie**

**how can I give you what you need
am I a Viking in a funny hat**

**my red-furred forearm ready
to grab diamonds from the sky?**

**Just curl up on my lap *modo* cat
a minute lost from the annals**

**doing nothing nothing doing
just being here. And where is that?**

THE GIFT

I want to give you something I don't have—
and that's every friend's problem, every
lover's. But the lover can cheat, and bring
you his body or her body, and while it's there
both of you forget what's missing. Something
you can't name, Something I don't know.

So imagine a whitewood frame
around no canvas—just a frame
to define a space of emptiness.
Here it is. I put it in your hands,
now carry it around the woods
the neighborhood the room
and look through it until you see
something you never saw that way before.

And I don't have that either, I have
nothing of much use, But at least
for that moment you got to see.

Or maybe there was nothing there
so you lay the pale splintery thing down
and change the subject. You are kind,
don't want to hurt the feelings of emptiness.

**The fact that there was nothing there to see
is itself a kind of seeing, no? No,
only another disappointment, We endure
our desires and their thwarting. I want
to give you something and this want
is the only thing I have to give you.**

for Susan, her birthday, 9 January 2013