

1-2012

## janG2012

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= = = = =

Good day for going where you are.

The guide says Go

slow go slower into the place

There is no place you feel

there is only feeling

how can you live in what you feel

The guide knows nothing

has no destination in mind

never looks you in the eye,

the good guide.

28 January 2012, the day One-E

= = = = =

The particulars of the crow  
the crow  
this very crow on the fence  
this very beak  
and what it speaks.

Every beast round yourhouse  
is there to teach  
and you to learn.

That's why cities are so dangerous,  
men and women there  
live apart from their animal instructors  
hence learn nothing, or not much,  
only what the rock-dove and the rat can preach.

28 January 2012

= = = = =

The trees  
are offering goddesses  
lifting up all  
or most the time  
green contingencies  
to Perfect Mind.

28 January 2012

UP

(Wake)

29 January 2012

= = = = =

Try to wake before you sleep  
and crow call after  
you are a tower  
and there are spiders

Harry Martin paints a picture of the whole adventure  
all the languages coming in and going away  
it hangs on someone else's wall for sixty years  
as history or ownership or art

the colors of a tower

this is the nature of a tower  
it goes on speaking long after it falls

after another someone looked down  
and smote the world with beautiful differences.

29 January 2012

= = = = =

Thanks honey

I can read all languages

but can speak none

I can read the bones in your body

but don't know how to

talk to your face

I know this is a diner

in a strange city

I know you bring me food

I have no memory of eating

I think I grew fat and thick, thick,

from everything I don't know how to say.

29 January 2012

= = = = =

The pure morning  
one of those days  
when I'm alone with the light.  
And then the dark rider came.

29 January 2012



## EROICA

1.

He tried to remember  
what a girl looked like  
or the taste of apple cider  
the burn of alcohol. The word *blue*  
came to mind. Nothing else.  
Tried to remember his skin  
small hairs on his forearms  
or somebody else's, the feel  
of ice, the smell of grass.  
Nada. Nothing remembers.

2.

He got up, dressed,

walked out in the street.

The street had nothing to remember

too. He recognized no one,

tried to fit a few old words

to what was passing by.

Almost desperate he bent

down and touched the sidewalk

with his fingertips. There,

that is what something

feels like. Like itself. Like nothing.

A rough flat nothing

hard to see with the tears in his eyes.

Somewhere inside a bell was ringing.

30 January 2012

= = = = =

But the things not to want  
are memory things

snowflakes on a sunny day  
trout swimming in the gutter

people on their way to work  
is the saddest time. Tune.

30 January 2012

= = = = =

So sometimes think a northern thing  
room to put paper on the table  
room for the arms to rest  
while the fingers write—

not much to ask  
but a kind of ecstasy when found  
and the words, those children our mothers,  
the words are waiting

like cars in a trick deck  
forcing us to choose them  
one after another till all is said—

so stand by the stove  
and cook some wordless food,  
no recipe but the way things seem.

30 January 2012

**BY THE FONTANKA IN PETERSBURG**

You stood  
and looked into the quivering water  
teasing your image as the boat wakes pass  
until it cleared and you saw  
and decided you were beautiful  
Water does that, it makes  
you feel yourself precious,  
lovely, fragile, a last  
horn-call dying away over the hill.

30 January 2012

= = = = =

Where are the walkers  
on their way to and why?  
Can't I ask questions of this road  
I've lived so long on?  
Am I still a little boy hiding in the hedge?

O a hedge is a holy place  
a wall that lives and shivers and scratches  
any skin that comes too close.  
Hiding leaves so many scars.

31 January 2012

## SCHUBERT

Try again. Violin.

Tells how to feel about

where the piano

says it wants to take you.

Takes two to rondo.

Follow, follow,

happy B-day, Franz,

time hurts but you have to

keep a loving heart

no matter what. Walk

to work, let your satchel

sway at your side

bouncing off your flank

slow piano slow.

31 January 2012

= = = = =

Or yet again. Rib cage.  
Lungs inside. Heart quiet.  
Fingers on breastbone  
feel the quiet life inside,

the press of bone. The thin  
between the in. What am I  
inside? Or inside of? Is  
there a skin around a man too,

around all his space and time?  
Do we live inside mind?

31 January 2012



= = = = =

Just don't want to know about it  
the chance to live  
with ink on your lips  
and still get kissed—

o laurel crown o red convertible.

Bracket poesis.

Don't cut the tree down  
it's all you have  
keeps you from heaven  
falling on your head—

it wreathes around experience  
the vine of it puts out new leaves

you read each one  
and sleep with all of them:  
one woman in one bed.

All this needs to become music is music.

31 January 2012

= = = = =

Moon in yew tree  
dissected. Half moon  
on its back over river.  
The sexual suffering  
of all things. No one safe.  
No one sorry.

31 January 2012

= = = = =

To be at midnight  
after the day road run.

The shaman told me  
nothing hurts you  
if you offer it first  
to the Directions.

The ones you honor  
are everywhere—  
you can't turn  
your back on them  
or they on you.

\*

Whatever else it's been  
from Olduvai Gorge down to now  
it is a conversation.  
Even now they're listening  
willing to accept even this.

31 January 2012

= = = = =

And the moon is still  
caught in the yew,  
light of the dead  
filtered through the living.  
One half a  
white word in the sky.

31 January 2012