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= = = = =

Call the tower. Tell it: lower,  
I can't see your eyes  
from where I'm sand.

Bring ocean over. Tell her:  
motion is a sickness of matter,  
let the crystal ego sleep.

15 November 2008

= = = = =

Try to other side  
a pick. To pluck  
a hidden string and make

sing. Ask the stream  
Do know  
what talking is?

Do know what means?  
All through the seen  
invisible things

to touch. Remember  
night wrapped in morning.  
The empty road.

16 November 2008

= = = = =

If I trade-marked every clever  
say I said I would be someone else.™

16.XI.08

= = = = =

By necessity or gravity  
but sanity but levity  
a darker cloud a flightier leaf.

16.XI.08

## MY FACE

A.

Less and less do I like the look of my face.

B.

Stop looking at it.

Think about something else.

A.

Some other face?

One that should be mine?

Or once was mine?

B.

Or you would like to be – anything is possible.

A.

Since when?

B.

Since you first looked

at a picture of yourself

and were displeased.

A.

How so?

B.

Because displeasure rips off the Velcro

that holds the soul to what it sees.

The soul has to hide then,

under some shrubbery or in some animal,

or in some body passing on a bicycle,

on its own business, going fast.

A.

Leaving the face uninhabited?

B.

Exactly. You need  
something like a dog  
to bring your soul back.

A.

Dog?

B.

Something anxious and full of energy  
and not too bright. Not too bright.  
Something that will take the place  
of a face for your soul to play with,  
to play house with, inside.

A.

Could it be another part of my body  
instead of a dog?

B.

Anything is possible.  
Does your body have a part  
that is as good as a dog?

A.

Good for what?  
I'm still not sure  
about the dog part,  
what it's supposed to mean.  
Are you sure it's not  
a metaphor for something else?  
I'd hate to have to go out and buy  
a big smelly dog and have it around the house all day  
if all I really needed was a metaphor.

B.

You're right.  
I was speaking figuratively.

A.

Look what you could have done!  
I might have gone out  
if I'd listened to you  
and bought a dog—  
then where would I be?

B.

At least you'd have a dog.

A.

I don't like dogs.  
That's why I don't have one,  
if I liked them I would have one  
and this whole thing wouldn't have come up,  
at least not this way.  
I'd get up in the morning and look at the stupid dog.  
But now all I have to look at is my face.

B.

If you had a dog you could look at it,  
that's true. But other people  
would see it too. You could let passing  
children play with it.  
And pretty women passing by  
will pat the dog and talk to it  
and you will hear their voices,  
enjoy their innocent caress.  
And while they're busy with the dog  
they won't notice your face.  
And you can look at them instead.  
Or you could just give it away.

A.

The dog?

B.

The face, darling, give your face away.



= = = = =

A small airplane passes over.  
The doctor will see you now.

Doctor there's no me in my face  
or if there is I want to be a different

person, not the one this frightened brute displays.

16 November 2008

= = = = =

Certain clouds rest now  
float on top of certain trees  
as if the latter were  
carrying them towards me  
offering to change me utterly.

16 November 2008

= = = = =

Suppose there were a house  
big enough to be in  
who would build it?

And more important who  
would stand across the street  
and watch everything

photograph the workers  
lift wood or nail it down  
or stone who knows what matter

workmen do or pause from  
to eat their cheese in sunshine  
bread beside beer cans

noon and the building soars?  
We need a record of *that*  
business, the big thing

between us and the horizon,  
between us and the sky,  
a house is our only hammer.

17 November 2008

## HIDING IN PUBLIC

We can write a poem now  
if only we had a now to write it in.  
Yesterday there came news of apocalypse  
a little boy found it on 72<sup>nd</sup> Street  
rolled it into some gaudy posterbill  
and whacked his little sister, “Sis,  
Don’t take for granted the news—  
we still too young for sex, too old for crime,  
too repentant for redemption, for now—  
yes, that’s where our now has gone!”  
Is that the end? Soapbox announcers  
proclaim yet one more religion, Nowism.  
The false entry of Death  
was mentioned but no one listened.  
Ears pinned back by butterflies,  
knees neatly gartered with Sulka ties  
—the mayor flying by in an Aston-Martin  
tossing Tootsie Rolls to anorexic deaconesses  
knew more about the exact ratio of heart  
to musculature. A man or a mouse?!  
The anorectics hungering for air, a room  
to lie in watching the uneventful ceiling,  
found the proximity of flesh pyrrhic.

(12 November 2008  
Olin, Divisional Meeting)  
Edie Meidav & RK

20 November 2008

= = = = =

The place where the dead go and teach their courses  
is a book the sun reads on winter morning  
near-sighted sun, no one can read my heart,  
near-sighted God, no one can read my mind  
insofar as I exist I exist in and as an apartness  
no one on or off the earth can read. Just like you.

17/18 November 2008

= = = = =

Warm on my cheek  
in the cold room.

Diagnosis: sun, window,  
no draft.

America  
is a hill the rest  
of the world has to climb.

Even now no one  
knows what's on the top.

18 November 2008

=====

Age changes  
as we get faces.  
Eventually  
identity.

18.XI.08

= = = = =

I wanted to be longer but it wouldn't say.  
A thousand words a day every day  
yields Proust every four years. Or the same time  
it takes to get a B.A. or get laid  
catastrophically, June bride and bells  
ring in Hell with a capital H.  
Yet if I told the truth no man would listen  
and every woman knows it already—  
Fear is a master craftsman.  
The deepest value of gold is its surface,  
just the way it gleams by itself in the sun  
and does something to the eye. We make  
all the time, there is nothing left  
unmade in the world, except leaving alone.

18 November 2009



= = = = =

Lovers waiting on a wooden bench  
with slatted back and a clock over their heads,  
lovers waiting while the room gets dark  
and no one is there to light the lights

lovers with no candles lovers with hands  
and nowhere to go but where they are  
lovers because there are floors and doors  
lovers because the mouth opens and closes

the mouth knows everything just watch  
the mouths of lovers moving don't listen  
the words are shapes that happen to other  
shapes that happen to muscles to skin

a word is something happens to the mouth  
the way a body happens to a bench  
it sits on the way a body happens to a body  
and they are together and under them is wood.

18 November 2008

= = = = =

Watch her face as the wind changes—  
being brief she makes you be long—  
she the haiku you the commentary—  
you are a slave of her occasions,  
a paltry literate, a whom remembered.

Now after years though her face  
is not the one she wears. The changes  
inscribed themselves, so she wears  
a face no longer hers and not another's—  
ridiculous that we have the same names

and so much still time dissed us here.

19 November 2008

= = = = =

Anything can come  
in from the woods  
and then.

                  If you live  
on the edge  
it's always beside you

your possible  
animal. Your suitor  
from the sky.

Even now  
because it is always  
now in the woods  
it could be

sizing you up,  
waiting for the times  
of the two of you  
to be right

or maybe it's you  
doing the waiting

without even knowing  
to the trees and say Now.

20 November 2008

= = = = =

Getting lax in the AM  
who are these people  
I see their heads in my eyes  
but my eyes are not me

the only accurate sentence  
using pronouns says  
I deceive myself

and you're another.  
But I'll buy you a drink anyhow.  
Or a piece of cake.  
Play with me  
or are you a stranger too?

20 November 2008

= = = = =

Cunning little mittens  
with holes in them  
no matter who  
week-old cauliflower  
blossoming brown mold

God put hands on trees  
so light wouldn't be lonely  
and lets them walk around  
so earth gets some relief  
from the terrible gravitas  
of people just standings there  
the way we do, worrying ever,  
scared of making a wrong move  
and there is no other kind.

20 November 2008

= = = = =

A bunch of men named Jack  
and a girl named bunch of lilies  
sat around in an old wooden shed  
and talked about times to come

because in such dives is history  
developed from a scattering  
of hopes and fears mostly fears  
of men wanting girls and girls

wanting to be wanted. Call it  
a house. Call it a family.  
Convert them to Judaism, Reform,  
circumcised Baptists in other words,

trembling lambs, with knives,  
Americans. And guns. Boats  
sink secretly in all the lakes  
soggy skeleton dreams we drink

from reservoirs but of what?  
Who wrapped the world around us  
like that snug sweater Aunt Edith  
knitted you ridiculously long ago

you never sent a thank-you note,  
just like the sky? Just walk with me  
as far as the tree. I carved your name  
in it once, in Braille, just in case.

20 November 2008

= = = = =

Why am I a rabbi? Let me explain.  
There are quinces on the apple tree,  
sheep wool on the neighbor's cat.  
You have no neighbors? Tough  
we'd have said in Brooklyn, but now  
I empathize with your depletion.  
I will move in next door to you  
right now. That's my right elbow  
on your hip bone, want to dance?  
I don't either. A fence with a crow  
on it is good enough for me. Good  
neighbors put up with lots of music.  
All beauty is unearthly, like a wind  
making dead leaves dance. Or men.  
Or do I mean a priest, some word  
I read in a book that stayed behind  
as sheer ammunition for an hour  
when the mouth had to gasp out  
something. Something demanded.  
And all the tongue-wool, breath-rust,  
left on you as language passes  
wind up meaning something  
later, don't they? You're asking me?

20 November 2008

= = = = =

But there was something about a war,  
a war and a woman. Buildings on fire,  
howling in the night, some of it from  
human throats. And some of the throats  
will not be heard from again. Still,  
there are always people who will sit  
under an apple tree playing the flute,  
that annoying instrument, ear syrup.  
Even now the snakes are all asleep.  
Deaf, they tell me. No flute, mute  
on them. And as for us the war  
is standard, the normal condition, only  
the enemy changes every few years  
to get us all riled up afresh. Us!  
As if we were here to begin with  
or end with or anytime or yet again.  
Nothing is less likely than water.

20 November 2008