

1-2007

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= = = = =

Hollow Earthers who  
surround a secret  
safe below us all.  
Sink to find. Come  
down with me. Go

down. Here stand  
The Mothers, the real  
*place* of which our  
surface is only  
a ripple on the ceiling

of the sky, *la vecchia*,  
reflection. Down there  
is origin, the place  
with no face or we  
are its only face

now think inward  
from the eyes  
or sink down through  
all the orthodox entrances:  
this is the place

dreams come from,  
it calls us all the time  
the calm women  
harp and loom, pools  
listening us the way.

11 January 2007  
for Cyrus Teed (*Koresh*)

= = = = =

Calm day mind sits  
watch the lilies  
in the blue vase the  
mind no different  
from what it sees.

11 January 2007

## EVENING GLASS

Only in the darkest room  
dare turn the light on before the mirror

the mirror has its own twilight  
I love, it leads my eye  
deep inside another self inside

room after room to a far away,  
a room turns into the sky  
beyond all the plausible forests.

And only one enemy I every see in there,  
look around him,  
beside him, beyond him  
to find the truth of things deep inside.

11 January 2007

= = = = =

There was a man who ate with his ears  
who ate with his eyes  
everything he heard turned into wheat  
cornsilk was the hair of the women he loved  
so many of them because he could hear them too

he married them for their voices  
he ate how they looked  
there was a man who lived on a map of the world  
and out of his fingers every morning  
flew pictures of birds.

12 January 2007

## PARISH PRIEST

Now I can water the dog  
and walk the radiator, slow, slow,  
its heavy ribs, its little feet  
and me with my breviary in my paws  
saying my Office it's called  
the work of the day they say  
*sanctificatio temporis*  
making the season holy or  
sanctifying the passage of time.  
The dog shakes itself, the radiator's  
lean spine hackles up  
in front of the women's clothing store  
gazing up at the array of knee socks,  
it knows what's lacking in its life  
but not in mine, I can walk  
the sidewalk and I do every day  
and never have to lift my eyes from the book  
when they read such long psalms such  
useful stories – as just today at matins  
I read of Saint Sandarac who exchanged  
his blood with an aging stranger  
only the find the stranger was Christ  
whose blood made him immortal  
and he's still alive, some have seen him,  
he lives in a condo outside Verona  
and he has a little dog too, and someday  
I plan to visit him there, but I really can't go  
until after my radiator finally dies.

12 January 2007

PROKOFIEV'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO PLAYED BY IVAN MORAVEC

1.

It is uphill, Sam,  
this snowfield of the living room

and there are women to help us  
but only with their prayers

rosaries we hear their murmur  
canaries too, the few that we let fly in

before we set out from the kitchen door,  
Sam, to try to make our way to the window,

at least once every day  
we have to try to see what's going on outside,

we have to climb the steep carpet,  
help each other, help me, Sam,

catch my breath for me, it's trying  
to get out the window before me, don't let it,

it's caught in the music, all the uncles  
pummeling the pianos

all the aunts dancing in each other's arms  
fox trots, help me, sambas, help me,

only a mile or so to the blue  
glass coffee table with the ashtray on fire

then a furlong to the sofa, we'll make it,  
we'll lean on the back of it as we climb,

the heavy drapes are in sight now,  
scarlet damask, they cost the moon,

gold threads in them and a soft tender  
dust comes out of the dragon pattern when we grab,

pull them aside, we're there, we're gasping  
but this is the window, we're here

now look out and tell me what you see—  
cars and golden meadows and a horsecart full of apples,

Sam, it was worth it, hold me,  
we were born in the right world after all.

2.

But it is a bird  
unfolds its wings

no it's a book you hear  
talk to itself in the dark

flexing its pages  
letting them fall

who knows if the words it reads  
are the same as we read

later in daylight when we lift  
the pages for ourselves

heavy heavy  
read and let them fall

and let our eyes jitney down the lines  
picking up random travelers

but maybe it is a bird  
shaking out its wings after all

a midnight cormorant  
come here to get dry

it's always nighttime in the second movement  
the pianist's fingertips flickering candle flames.

3.

Of course I lived there  
over Carbondale Mountain in summer snow

how odd, bear pawprints  
left on the trunk of the Pontiac  
my father could never wash off  
something about bear sweat bear fat  
something the water couldn't move

down to the river, pebbles white as clam shells  
dry the stream only a trickle  
dryness always scared me  
I was born here for the water  
used to drink a pitcher of it cold  
at every meal, what ever happened to me

where did my thirst go?  
sometimes I feel it coming back again  
and then I know, no,  
it's you it's you the only one  
I ever wanted, the water  
that walks towards me the water that smiles.

12 January 2007

= = = = =

Nothing is numbered  
a waltz used to count  
tree-birds in the castle hop  
a tweet like spring  
midwinter rain the edges  
shear off in new places  
glaciers come to town  
terms, we're at the end  
of something, sense, since  
when the waltz the hip  
the dangerous commodity  
of packaging experience  
rutilant the crystals  
upright in the cabochon  
give the impression of a star  
without the inconvenience of a sky  
to store it in, here, on your hand  
alone the dog of light learns how to bark.

13 January 2007

# W

M upside down. For Murderer. Moloch his true name,  
to whom thousands of children are sacrificed,  
some dressed up as soldiers, some in rags like civilians,  
a delicate difference he knows how to savor –  
M, the child murderer. All the TV talking heads  
keep us confused with phony explanations  
about war and politics. He just likes to kill.  
And we are paying for his frat boy thrills  
not just with taxes but with our souls  
complicit in the society that spawned him,  
tolerates him, and lets him rule. All  
we ever get from war is death. But that's all he wants.

13 January 2007

Saturday. A sad day, a day often wasted writing of politics and grief, and anger, impotent,  
useless, worse than useless, discharging the very animus that might rise up as political gesture.  
Anger that weakens. Anger that swells when we contemplate sheer blossomless evil, Iago  
passing us in church, he brushes against us, smiles, and we shudder but smile back.

[End of Notebook 295]

= = = = =

Alpenstock for Richard  
to climb at last up in the Engadin  
and catch your flower  
live at the cow's foot  
by the burdock  
rank in alpine meadows.

Lean on the stick  
and think of clarinets  
at Jewish weddings in the valley.  
The secret Semitism of Christ  
haunts our language,

when the Jews took over England  
they only came to claim their own.  
Your father's time, or his,  
and the mines blacked more than brick  
and white silk scarves the miners wore  
for god knows what vanity or hope.

Ask the Jews, they'd know, they know  
the meaning and the worth of everything—  
which is why so many of your poets  
were anti-semites, poets of a certain kind  
always want the meanings of what they mention  
to be provisional, surprising, adulterous,  
under their more or less intentional control:  
the song.

We keep hearing about music  
but never hear it. Or we hear it  
but forget to listen, supposing it to be  
something else or new, a Carolina wren  
belatedly burbling in January still  
like an old word put to new employment.  
You lean on a rock and remember.  
Once you owned everything you saw  
by the sheer acuity of seeing it.

Now I think it's not you I'm talking to.  
I knew nothing about you, you were a friend,  
hence indecipherably close, a mystery



**BIBER: No.1, d minor**

1.

The romance  
of remembering—  
that is the wood  
they carved us from.

Oak. Angels.  
Dark. We cut  
the forest down  
to spite them.

Or requite  
their curious love  
caring inward in us  
a word in wood

2.

a soul is  
a remembering and a comparing  
let loose  
in ordinary time

Christmas done Easter yet to come  
there is a hillock in these days  
sore Christians have to climb

the wind sobs for them they think  
but it is just the wind  
what else could it be?

3.

Chatter of demons  
artists applauded  
sweet birds in limed trees  
mild winter rain  
a little line that coils around them all.

14 January 2007

**LIFE**

Compose during one performance revise during another. Could that be it?

14 1 07

= = = = =

Keep the conscious mind at bay,  
like in the old days.

You call that poetry?

I call it thinking out loud,  
smiling though, with your back  
turned on what is being thought.

15 January 2007

**BERIO: DUE PEZZI**

*1. calmo*

when nothing touches  
the skin  
right upper arm  
close as memory

neat fitting near

who can help me remember?

a barn or a farm a furrow  
a wagon tumbling with cauliflowers

flies show the way  
be numerous be vigilant

unPeter unsober

*quia pauper* quotation  
separation is so Viennese

something brown around the shoulders  
span  
inside the little wooden box voice of a man

*2. quasi allegro alla marcia*

heron standing, oystercatcher stalking  
every twig and branchlet sheated in ice  
enough light to go around

ah romance,  
the slim hips of a silkworm  
grieving in us, all  
the misery

Pachamama from Peru  
so evidently woman

but her back's a man a bronze  
you brought home a broken mountain.

15 January 2007

## Biber, No.2, A major

1.

Grain of wood  
copper distilling apparatus  
it rained in the Renaissance  
all thought becomes a child's lost toy

wooden top spun out beyond the stars  
wooden horse buried under the rose bush  
lead soldiers colonize the earth.

2.

And even so there is such dancing  
as love built her marina for,  
wave and courtesan and tender papà

long street in Hudson falling to the river  
and no way to get up again in all this snow  
every place is just a room in one big house

but whose? I call it love, you say it  
with soft esses, housses, the way they do  
in California where the sun even lost her way.

3.

Up and atom I used to hear,  
dawn and design, upper limit music  
are you sure, lower limit a man

holding a fiddle woman holding a bow.

15 January 2007

= = = = =

There is a wild pig kind of animal  
runs around in the woods around here,  
*Sus scrofa*, ordinary pig I think.  
This one has tusks made of silver.  
Though sometimes when you see him  
at twilight looking out at you  
from the edge of a clearing you'd swear  
the teeth were made of gold. Sometimes  
it's hard for someone not a scientist  
to tell one metal from another. Especially  
in sunlight. But in rain it all is silver.

15 January 2007