

12-2007

## decG2007

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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[dream etymologies, 2]

In dream I learn that the phrase

*vain scrutiny*

is a technical term, and means a secret meeting or covert illegal assembly. At first I think this must be a mistake or mistranslation in the book I'm reading (I'm often reading a book in a dream).

But then in the dream I go to the dictionary, which gives that as the proper meaning indeed of the phrase, evidently a calque or translation from a Slavic expression – I see the Russian phrase in Cyrillic.

In the story I had been reading when the phrase cropped up, the illicit meeting had been infiltrated by police provocateurs.

28 December 2007

= = = = =

Every morning I wake I feel  
at last I'm home, having  
returned from, recovered from,  
an enormous journey  
detailed and demanding,  
such exertions my whole  
life might not be enough to restore.  
And so the day goes  
mounting to the glory of noon  
and everything still to be said  
and everything said already.

28 December 2007

= = = = =

Then it is come,  
almost midnight before it got to be morning,

and from the timely darkness  
what animal comes in now for its milking?

28 XII 07

## EMERGENCY

Narcissus cut himself on the mirror,  
the clock hands stabbed him,  
the mailbox cursed him from the curb  
and still he couldn't believe,  
  couldn't believe.

It is about not being beautiful.  
It is about doubt,  
about the logic of establishing as real,  
about epistemology  
and soft little snow puddles that show  
the new risen hunchback moon  
looking at itself in every water.

No glass no sea without its moon.  
Not being beautiful enough  
or never getting enough morning  
or being not someplace else but this place,  
this arm around no one but this very one.

Never get enough of that,  
daybed symphony,  
Sibelius pouring out of her clothes—  
the only noble thing left on earth is nakedness.

28 December 2007

= = = = =

They talk about the deep woods sometimes as cathedrals, the great trees standing for the fluted columns in those huge buildings. Shafts of sunlight piercing foliage, writing bright shapes along the leaf-thick earth.

But just now I saw a dearer thing, a little parish church, made by deep mist around our house, slender trees enough to shape and break the glare of the traffic light at the highway crossing, its red a ruby sanctuary lamp in the side chapel, arguing the Real Presence safe in its tabernacle.

In mist, everything is hidden, everything is clear, everything is the same distance away.

28 December 2007

= = = = =

How much time  
fits in time  
or how much time  
can we fit in?

Time is a weird hotel,  
expensive,  
not too comfortable.  
The Riviera

always seems close  
but never there.  
Even the balcony  
looks out just at air,

we could be anywhere  
but here we are,  
no plausible exit  
marked on the wall,

we feel each other passing,  
I clutch you to stop  
the dizzying hallway,  
the bottomless bed.

28 December 2007

## Mist in snow woods

my mind  
or was it

anybody's

to see the air at last  
is someone's face

\*

The quiet of it  
as if it had just thought me up

and I was glad to be.

\*

Then color came

the higher clouds had shifted east into the rising sun, so that  
a faint blue began in the high west  
and then grew truer, sheer blue through sheer

matrix, mother of everything, the pale

I was a child being shown a prism, how  
from that single sun beginning to be clear up here  
colors happened over there

and colors were born into the world

29 December 2007



= = = = =

Time to get born again  
whenever I look  
at the clock it says  
12:48 the moment  
(PM) I was born.  
Don't listen. Don't look.  
Just get born again.

29 XII 07

= = = = =

So this is straw winter  
string winter  
tie a string of straw around  
your wrist & draw you close

loop a slim pencil line  
or silverpoint  
tarnished meaning  
into the paper:  
your picture

You tied the string of you  
around my mind.

29 December 2007

= = = = =

Let the pope tell you  
how to slice tomatoes  
and not get juicy  
all over your lace,

he knows, he has to,  
the way they  
do him up,  
femininize the father.

29 XII 07

= = = = =

This is the first in a series of  
the weather  
all of this is waiting  
for all the rest.  
The thing that isn't weather.

29 XII 07 Palm

## JASPER AMIRATES

The given that is stone. Find on beach  
bloodstone kind or Oregon.  
Or none.

Once upon another strand  
the bullkelp thick around her ankle  
still could run,  
was that Nausicaa  
or your old friend's wife  
in her glorier days, a feint of white  
against the ruddy sand  
o how you talk.  
Chrysanthemum for you dear sweet  
for breakfast eager and the roar  
of ocean after.

= = = = =

Which is the lie  
the desire  
or its denial.  
The meaning of life  
is never knowing.

30 XII 07

= = = = =

Being

close to the action  
means starlight,

spider on the banana,  
the crushing smell of  
sugar my father hated  
when it was the only job  
on the docks in Williamsburg  
shoveling sugar for Domino.

For we too are tropic,  
we ride on creaky bicycles,  
we inherit names and noses  
from our parents but  
we have to smell the city for ourselves.

It stands there  
waiting for us,  
great stalks of bananas  
swinging in the winter wind.

30 December 2007

= = = = =

Brush precious  
folderol a farmer  
cannot parse his swine—

jumeaux are twins  
juments are mares  
or some such thing

what do I know about  
the parts of horses or  
how many faces has

a diamond only one.

30 December 2007



= = = = =

Wanting to know things  
again, know them  
in their againness

or my own, knowing  
is newing, what did you  
know when you were new

like that yourself, a little  
again fallen into the world,  
any of me, all the time,

that tiny part of you called me  
again, to be new again  
and knowing things

for the first time  
again, as it was then  
when everything was new again

and everything I saw  
was like a sudden  
blue jay on new snow.

31 December 2007