

11-2006

**novD2006**

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*for Charlotte, on her birthday*

How can I ever tell  
I loved you so much  
more when you brought  
down from the attic

the old lined blue  
manuscript translation  
of the whole Aeneid  
you did in high school,

how small I must be  
that something so  
wonderful could make  
me love you more

even than the years  
between have done  
already, as if love  
were itself the animal

and makes us grow  
to accommodate its  
snoozes and arousals  
it makes us travel

upriver always  
into the lyric dark  
of a weird country  
new after exile.

22 November 2006

## THE ZODIAC

One to take the order  
one to cook  
one to plate the food  
one to serve

one to hover at the diner's back  
one to ask How like you this?  
one to walk by and smile and smile  
one to sit down uninvited and shmooze

one to clear the plates away and crumb the linen  
one to bring the bill and set it down without a word  
one to pick up the cash or credit card  
one to bow you out and hold the door as you go out into the dark.

22 November 2006  
Terrapin, Rhinebeck

= = = = =

Measure enough of the light  
to take the picture of that perfect  
darkness called the Visible World

the hills at night we came  
over one by one to get home  
home and turn the light on

the ordinary light and read  
the ordinary mail always  
a word lurking there

that's what home is a word  
waiting for the soft darkling mind  
to spit some light up,

a baby gagging on too much light.

23 November 2006

= = = = =

“Understanding  
is not the same  
as being right”  
she said coming  
into the room  
holding a tray  
of olives, things,  
beginnings  
of dinner, a word  
before and after,  
she said it  
like a huge bell  
fallen from a tower  
huge clamor  
of its tone all  
evening dwindling  
the sound still  
not exactly heard but  
being there  
steady in the mind’s  
ear, an understanding  
after all, and still  
not altogether right.

23 November 2006  
Alligerville, *for Gret*

= = = = =

it came to me in dream  
somehow the light  
that isn't light

so anything I turn on  
turns off something else

fifty years this same blind dream.

23 November 2006

= = = = =

Having lost  
the current of the day  
there is a stumbling  
in me over pebbles  
warm, unexpected,  
the sun

I am a child  
again wordless with morning.

24 November 2006

= = = = =

**But I wanted other**  
things to say me

a word a hand  
reach out  
to say you  
really are there

for me, the bad  
habit of talking  
in bed always

making certain  
you are inside you  
and every breath  
explaining.

24 November 2006



= = = = =

**How slow the community**

woodland practices naiad noon  
wet from cloudless sky  
having passages of sheer bird  
namelessly shadowing the small  
terrain you dare before your eyes  
to have this knowledge to have  
any knowledge eyes of the word  
ache in you to explain  
the prestiges of daylight sooner  
than the old gendarme on high  
agent of a veiled potency  
grudgingly allows even you  
its best-born youngling or hand  
of the morning lifted to greet  
filial the astonishing light  
against which only the sullen heretic  
sequestered in the egoic chateau  
of him even fitfully protests  
and to what goal muchacha  
you who from almost the beginning  
pelvis'd him safe in your maybe?

24 November 2006

= = = = =

Being willing to give up the dream  
and let another wake

but what is that other?  
a who? a state of affairs  
or state of being?  
or another dream?

What kind of thing is this thing, a “day?”

25 November 2006  
Boston

= = = = =

**Short thing in no long say**  
powwow in the all night café  
the years pass. Montezuma and I  
ponder down the sidewalk  
ogling this one or that one  
rare at love's last hour to the street.  
*Hora novissima.* End of some world  
last judgment. This is the panoply  
merely of your next dream  
where all the sins of the day  
are punished by baffling images  
and randy bewilderments  
loving and losing and worse  
loving and getting and keeping.  
Wake. That was hell. It is always  
a nanosecond deep away.

25 November 2006  
Boston

= = = = =

**Whose hood is this over my head**  
and how do I know it's my head  
if I can't see its face?

If I know myself from the inside  
can I trust what I know?  
Does it report a self that you  
also could agree to see or see

automatically when you look  
this way and say Yes, there  
is my friend (the friend  
that I've always called me).

25 November 2006  
Boston

= = = = =

**But why can't I be long?**

Long poems are like atropine  
dissolve the eye in watery discourse  
and then all clear again  
better than ever, a word in someone's lap  
o so innocent let fall.

25 November 2006  
Boston

= = = = =

**So things**

                  have many learned  
an abstract or a broke  
jug tilt to catch  
                  what swarms in rain leaf  
spider dry in all that wet  
cause death's a dry one  
nailed to the transom in iron  
a cross of screwdrivers  
rusty red in winter weather

o they come from all over  
they get splinters from the wooden seats  
it was a scream

                  a polity  
of having no police the blue  
fell through the trees enough to say  
there's sky tonight and sleep with me

all it ever wanted to be was more  
and take me with it please or please  
leave me here with what happens.

26 November 2006

## CASTAWAYS

Nuthatch. Tree.

Book, benison.

Shadows

stilled

through the first clearing.

No number lyric, step,

step,

seen so quick

from the corner of the moon a

wink blue lawn a step

and here the woodpecker

bangs the wall,

morning dentist, wake to scowl

of sunshine.

It was a morning

where everything was before,

how to catch up,

the sunlight racing across the grass

amazingly green for almost December,

qualifiers everywhere

clustered

around an almost unsayable remark

may be made

imprudent

to a friend.

Or sent to read

so that *littera manet*, the trash

of what you meant

scattered by the wind of her reading

covers the cement pavement of the huge schoolyard

where all memory starts,

now unrowdy with Sunday,

she'll never forgive

such gentleness the sky

delicacy of metonym

veiling desire,

and desire itself

nothing but a veil

for letting the mind-heart linger

in focus,

let the whole self  
be one fixed image  
stuck to the wall,  
world, be-thing itself, certainty,  
fixed in its target  
the arrow eternally quivers  
and this vibration is permanent,  
*is* the much sought-for other,  
happening to the desirer

whence it comes  
that the eyes close in orgasm  
having just for one moment seen enough

enough for what?

The crow  
still calls from the ruined barn  
and even closer the sun  
still laughs at the sluggish amorist  
doddering away from the pillowslips of Carthage,  
don't be so effing diffident, she'd said,  
but she was dead, long ago,  
she and her images, mid-heart her  
understanding,  
her own hand, beyond.

26 November 2006



## HOUR CIRCLES

form, the feet deciding, distance  
from your house  
in an hour  
you can go,  
and then from there, the circles form

## NATIVITY & WHAT IS BORN

Too much light.  
The dark we need, the dark  
left in Mary's womb,

the after the afterbirth  
the dark inside meat  
the honey of her silence

and now to silence  
all the bright weapons  
in desert glare

will the dark child finally come?

26/27 November 2006

*for A Book of Airs*

Man weird newer eye in male  
be born in, man leaped newer iron  
mail in the veldt. Weird is fate.

Eye sees other. Born be dead to some  
before. The veldt is everything  
that kisses space. There, there, blend

in sunlight dust of their going, beast,  
mind? Manned in greed station,  
boast prowess of dumb chief? Hark!

No oak here, appeal for moss.  
Look no leaf. Man leaps newer  
eye to sin what's felt. Man weird,

new. Veldt stretched, blue hill clutch.  
New eye in all weird he's born in.

27 November 2006  
*(after Lortzing)*

= = = = =

Edgemere it didn't  
or know the other  
side of this stream  
you could hop over it  
when you were young  
and now still on one  
of those days you call  
good, not Friday,  
not today, but sometime  
soon as a girl or a smile  
or the elm leaves  
scuttling in wind over  
the face of the water  
you dream and dream.

27 November 2006

## CHORUS

Around it a measure.

A turn into the ash stream, quiet  
burn through wet trees. Prokofiev.

Names stay with us  
somehow. Count the names. Gloritude.  
Maniformed. Help.

The gull  
remembers the sky with hands,  
floats through reflection, dines  
on those weird silver shadows  
that live beneath.

The uncorroded  
evidence momentarily alive.  
Eve in Eden. Berlioz.

I am trying to be the same name—  
a lion chased us through the rooms  
then down the street, we hid in a little  
car with plastic windows then  
we chased him.

Before the library  
was I am. The stone lion  
already covered with snow.  
How quick the tawny lion pranced  
kept close to the buildings  
slipped in and out of time. Snow.

City. Schumann. Iron bridge  
green river. Car. Car. I have  
waited so long in thee  
to become another.

So much music  
must have taught me something,  
meant me going, away, away,  
a sail on the lake, unseasonable, risk.

Music is always a danger.  
Thinking up the long street  
all the way to the mist it hides in,  
even the weather conceals itself from us,

that lion. Mist.

I love this picture,  
it is always long ago when it is snowing,

maybe time itself is made of weather,  
what else could it be, where could they go  
with all that snow except the measure-mind  
that knows how to tell time.

Stow it in the river. It all becomes.  
We stole the car we hid in and drove slow  
parsing the lion as it padded  
yellow through the stone grid of Chicago.  
Still Schumann.

A street named for the dead.  
And all the windows are opaque.

Words spill out of my mouth.  
I follow them, drive faster, the lion leaps.  
We all turn into a building,  
what else does the mind know  
but structure? Room after room of it  
forever. Made of boundaries. Bound.

We are a thing with rooms in it  
and walls and doors.  
Doors are the things that wake.

27 November 2006