

1-2002

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## NEONATE

With the humility of an ordinary mirror  
I begin to blow oak leaves up the hill  
no it is a swanboat though tenorless  
an opera though musicless, a mute with words

all the least things I am are you tomorrow.  
Happy who year honey and an egg of space.

1 January 2002

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Now that the music's done  
I call the chancery

Revise the constitution if you can  
this year we will be human

we don't need the shadows of ideas  
but this time don't get rid of them

by turning off the lights.  
This church, keep the year open.  
This girl, let her keep her man.

I lost my place in the hymnal years  
and years ago but I still love you  
is anybody home?

1 January 2002

## BAPTISTS

Offering a white almond almost a new religion  
when can words be solemnized again  
means holy marriage betwixt  
mouth and meaning, father and mother,

Elizabeth stepping soaked from the Jordan  
adult christened in white robe  
the wet cotton speaking on her skin  
and I'm a radio knows how to hear

this intimate nowhere only words can touch  
and having done so leave us just as far.  
It is strange to think of sacrament  
but there's always something going on

some symbol happening to skin  
beneath the gorgeous tragedy of what we see  
this mediated touch between us  
lost in the saying so.

1 January 2002

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The way ink makes paper crinkle

I like that  
to tell by fingertips alone which  
page is worded and which blank

so can hear a little bit with skin  
alone the rustle of words  
I would not have understood  
if I had read them  
with ordinary eyes in any language

language being what we are given  
to shelter us from understanding

or defang the verity of actual life.

1 January 2002

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Get from here to there, count syllables  
From cocktail to Jerusalem o you old words

Don't you know that smoking and thinking  
Are old hat now, like hats, like being old

Like going anywhere so you come back and say  
I have been to the place where Jesus died

I have counted the waves in what they call a lifeless sea.

1 January 2002

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More branches fallen on the lawn.  
Who wants to hear about my trees?

1.I.02

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I chose a child's pen  
To be born again

It is dangerous  
To be the first one up

All alone with the sun  
And no one to tell.

1 January 2002



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Catch one more tune  
Before I let the morning go  
Into the snooze of sunlight  
Silent as money working.

1 January 2002

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Too breath  
the little  
smart stars  
to recite  
forgotten information  
the burden  
of the imaginary  
is very great

all those lovers  
powerless to call  
a simple telephone  
all those towers  
can't even fall

locked river  
mind amber  
river's heavy  
presence presence  
of absence  
palpable

you can take  
all the properties  
of anything and  
unimagine them  
all but the space  
it occupied,  
space only  
you can't think  
away does every  
breeze have carnal  
knowledge of trees

*I.K.*

my trees  
my fallen branches

he cries out  
like a congressman  
suddenly caught  
among the truth  
the laudable  
absence of feelings

but this morning  
is terrible  
in what I remember  
the absence of gesture  
what did I know  
in the night time

and fail to do  
something simple as  
years of failing yes  
to say it sitting  
in a wise old house  
waiting till the time  
is right

it takes  
a long time to time  
the actual  
to attend  
in the cockpit  
of desire  
the radar of the heart  
that habit

to know the time  
to sit at the controls  
controlling nothing  
presiding over  
the silences of me  
in a high tower  
imagining a world  
mine to eke out

magus and poltroon  
a man far off  
praying to what he wants

to manifest  
in the commodious instant  
eternally caught  
in the vow of now.

1 January 2002

## DUTCH POEM

Brine ale Deventer  
In winter Erasmus  
Polymath studies  
Rhododendron quill.

2 January 2002

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Winter writer  
the blue  
herring.

Sea me,  
Fish.

Not much  
is wasted there  
you mortar and you pestle

irresolvable, parse.  
Brine. Wide city  
with no wall  
nude terrestrials  
shadow of a broken  
sky no one fell down

apple pleasures  
lewd semaphores  
of wind in wheat  
hurrying secretaries  
study screenplay  
parks benches stymied

marriage is everywhere.

2 January 2002

## WINTER OLYMPICS

Does a robin know  
how long her winter

tailbone in grease  
slide home on they's street

sleek with weather I lend you  
I still believe in trolls break bridges

your money falters but I catch you  
coins long gone

your eyes  
their pockets

because you represent me as a man.  
Dream horizontal pleasures.

2 January 2002

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The sun rises long after it becomes light:  
You could see I'd be somebody before I was anybody.

2 January 2002



## AUTORITRATTO

Malevolent upstart this would-be monk  
Glories in god's weather and forgets the mail.  
If you can't answer your letters  
It means you actually must live in jail.

2 January 2002

## MY FATHER REMEMBERS LENIN

A man could be a lion or a sleeve be tight  
Skin on a herring bark on a tree  
Metaphors if perfect fit yet I don't know  
I think I fit you better than all that

Who you who me the hammer  
Speaks the reasonable Russian of his later years  
God is lonely God's cry distracts us  
From our natural state. Sleep now,  
Your arm is paralyzed, the sky is sick.

2 January 2002

## BERLINS

1.

I thought it was a love song is was communism  
the girl in the Tiergarten was just propaganda  
when you think about it only money tells the truth  
how could we come so together yet live apart  
money knows, each soul a different telephone.

2.

that day you were blonde in black a book  
on your lap you pretended was me or by me  
you never looked up from the zoo to the tower

what did you think you were proving  
not talking to me do you think this is theater  
just because I'm going to live forever?

2 January 2002

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dark spruces hemlocks love you shield  
me from daylight keep my windows safe  
from the false images of what passes by  
we are protected by what simply grows

2 January 2002

*ton thé t'attend*

but don't drink it  
ever

the more you buy  
the less pretty you are

don't you know that yet?

Don't hold your breath  
Like that I might be right

I learned my rule  
from starlight

I read the word  
sun spilled on the earth.

3 January 2002

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I am an empty room  
waiting for a wall

a fly come sit on it  
and tell me what he sees

only the actual eye  
can tell the whole

fable of what goes  
on in emptiness.

3 January 2002