

12-2002

decH2002

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "decH2002" (2002). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1003.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1003

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

THE EMBODIMENT

of what falls inside the circle
when there is no circumference

and children run away to join the Machine
glamorous digital across the valley

and Sally has no tambourine ever again
but all the old diseases wait the return,

doesn't anybody ever want to be alone,
not plugged in, not on some phone

just busy in the bed with silence?
That's how it would have to be,

a big yellow house with birds
screaming in and out the windows

because someone said a word again.

30 December 2002

Or is it life end
dove snow
seed trail lead
to a stone wall
at least at the end
something to recall
firmer than wanting
clear as no.

30 December 2002

Cheer up and blame somebody
lust in the twist
ready to give up he suddenly conquered
things happen that way cities arise.

30 December 2002

Things left alone in the woods
who have nothing lost
stories a street spills
Magdalene knees
movie over night begins.

30 December 2002

woodpecker research
information kills
distances different underwater
fish swim as we breathe
it is not like walking
walking is only ours
air way I dreamed a kingfisher
heaven quick again.

30 December 2002

Carfare a kid
easy buses to
an unimaginable
presence an other
city when
there can be only one.

30 December 2002

WHAT IS OURS

Cast it away as
you cast a glance
something moves
letterbox on fire
angry at language
that lets talk
tell its version
before we feel.

30 December 2002

SILENCES

Silences silences not
silence not one
each one particular
bred in this one's bone that
one's flesh our
silences meet
need each other
our silences speak.

30 December 2002

GENESIS

Is anything left to feel
Caligula looking around the morning
deciding not

meanwhile a vole or mole or something like that
shakes in his burrow
relaxing after one more scare

his breath begins to come again.

31 December 2002

TO THE END OF TIME

Why would the bird
abandon the sky
just to eat

did Bruckner do that?
Is there as my mother insisted
a time for everything

(meaning the opposite
meaning there is no time
for whatever I was doing as she spoke)

I know the banal way
the phrase is used
but I also know the words themselves
stand for the greatest of all promises:
a time for everything

and all things I can think or touch or be
can fit themselves completely
into time and I will have the time for them

forever, is that what she really means?
And we fit in time like a girl in a snug skirt
or does time fit us like a glove

we also can take off?

LETTER TO THE SPHINX

I suppose I have spent my life
answering childhood questions

Please be careful hereafter
the riddles you set before a child

Oedipus's fate wasn't killing his father etc.
it was solving puzzles

that's what got him into trouble
blinded by the clarity of his solutions

even at the start of Rex he can't
leave decipherment alone

so the tragedy of Oedipus
all through his life was trying to explain

to figure out the sentences
he heard as a child

is father saying You'll be the death of me yet
or Jocasta murmuring Show how much you love mommy.

31 December 2002

TO BE BETWEEN

Agitated why not
rainpuddle toad
garage door shimmer
on water sleek
on his skin how
come we lose everything
all love a barrier

or barter a train
for the feeblest destination
in tender tunnels
speaks to me
with ashes listen

trapped in desire
exiled from it
only the river chooses.

31 December 2002

FATALLY OVERHEARD

Be an article in this page
be elegant, be another language
be the eve of something
a day of granite, still the sun is shining,
be the sun, be mine
we would once have written in cuneiform
ax blade chopping the letters in
ancient tablets broken into flimsy books
my mother's lingo, the foreign
language I was born to speak.

31 December 2002

IN THE ANCESTRAL

the place that knows you
heal from the year
year strange of terrors,
some to them quiet
subtle in challenges

take comfort in knowing we
are part of the secret
commonwealth
the one that has always
been with the world
and loved it and made it clean.

31 December 2002

THE COLOR OF THINKING

But can this speak too
a color
waiting like a harlot by the wall
to get into the Bible
just by being beautiful or available or kind

to be a parable
even an example of something

mentioned once never forgotten
sacrament of touching you.

31 December 2002

EVE

And the new year
moment came
the drunken acrobats
fumbling down the stairs

last setting sun of the old year
and no one born yet, ever
just a piece of paper
slides along the floor

blue paper,
civility, civility
the highest human virtue
to treat everyone that lives

as if they belonged.

31 December 2002