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So that's what all the music was for!  
To get there and get beyond  
alone or together makes no difference  
the night is only a hotel, the day  
is only a shiny new car, you  
go as far as the word is with you.

5 November 2010

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The hand is a miracle  
time made out of a few bones  
while angels supervised  
chanting instructions in Old Winglish.

5 November 2010

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The alternative is never obvious.  
So lift up the stone,  
dislodge the toad,  
raise the leaf he was sitting on,  
turn it over and read the secret word  
Masons have been looking for all these years.  
Pronounce it. Rise  
into the sky—the experiment is complete.

5 November 2010

[End of NB 330]

## SONATA FOR UNACCOMPANIED VIOLA

1.

Rapture of when the hand finds it  
the sweet spot on the trunk  
where the sap seeps through. Then  
you are Lord of Winter calling  
time to spring into your fingers.  
Mouth. Everything is maple here.  
It comes again and again,  
crazed with colors it persists  
and persists. Everything at all  
wants to be sky—  
that big, that changeable,  
always here because so firmly there.

2.

Stand there laughing  
smart as a crow  
beginning to suspect  
that all stories  
are the same story.

3.

What else is there but going and getting,  
having and losing? Only the names  
change. Names also are the sky.  
If you're really smart, you'll lick  
the say wherever it springs,  
taste and never tell.  
Leave it for the crows to say it to the sky.

6 November 2010

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Try that ruby-glistening streak of light—  
is it a stem, is it a gap  
between cloudbank and horizon  
when the sun is deciding which way to go?

Is it more than you can handle?  
Sweet Lord, you thought, is it a blade  
soaked with some childbirth beyond the world?  
Are we the rich dense crumbling afterbirth?

Where does this crisp autumn air  
go to get itself and clean? It loves us  
so knowingly, immense relief of gold leaves  
after the birds fall silent.

6 November 2010

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Never force it. Always hydrangea  
to black-eyed susan to rose of Sharon  
to resurrection oak leaves on the ground.

It takes care of itself and you—  
let it. Your business is to notice  
yourself noticing these things. And be kind.

6 November 2010



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Count the whitecaps  
divide by three.  
You know my number.  
It will work  
as long as the sea.

6 November 2010

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I'm trying to get started again. Confession.  
And the fairies who bring flowers to the table  
—tiger-tawny dahlias, meek  
chrysanthemums—are autumn animates,  
hidden hallelujahs in the swirl of leaves.  
Yes, I believe! I believe in everything.  
Everything with a name is real  
and everything not yet. They're all around us,  
they swoon around my house in summer  
and czardas now in wild November.  
A flower! Or a candle flame! Or two crows!

6 November 2010

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See how loud time is?

A branch falls on the lawn.

We all know what it means:

a stick, a stalk, a caveman's  
cudgel, a crucifix.

It falls and we know.

From one half-broken sound  
our world takes off.

Clatter of hooves on stone courtyards,  
groan of battle, fox yelps  
cornered by baying hounds,  
quaint tanks crush through the Ardennes woods,  
Kuwait burns. Wood burns.

A branch falls on the bare picnic table,  
the picnickers turn and stare at it  
amazed from their meadow frisbeeing.  
What is this sound? What city  
do we have to build up from the ground  
now? It is so wearying being in time.  
Even our little dog is trying to bite the sky.

7 November 2010

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Will I ever have enough to be me?

What a stupid question—

nobody is me, nobody even yet  
in all this world has enough to be me.

Me is the other side of the moon  
and it is 512 B.C. We assume  
something is there. Or who  
lights the moon up most nights?

The sun. And who is on  
the other side of him?

Maybe if I had eyes in the back of my head  
I could get a glimpse of me sometimes  
when me gets bored with my company and drifts away.

7 November 2010

## ISTOPEIN

(Language is investigation  
implicitly  
language is history

when we name a thing  
we locate it in space on time

when we say anything  
we commit ourselves and are committed  
to historical process

There has been said to be a country  
where men and women can be silent  
and thus outside of history  
outside of time

But that's just someone saying so  
and every saying is political  
commits us to this time this place  
this warped economy double-digit unemployment  
the wars of sheer resentment  
shrill identities who don't know who they are either,

suicide as self-assertion, murder as a language  
at last that needs no translation)

7 November 2010



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Are we close enough to going with the Need?  
Or not a question either. We are ink  
in someone's pen—uh oh, what will we say now?

For saying in this world is doing in the next,  
*ha-Olam ha-ba*, tomorrow, the minute after  
now, the world to come.

7 November 2010

## WET

Blustery morning, gusty,  
lusty as a broken downspout  
gushing full but I haul  
nothing from dream.

Why's that? Who waylaid  
me on the wakeway?  
Stole all my meanings,  
my rehearsals, my dream mes?

Hermes! The lord,  
Feathered Forgetter,  
who eases off your mind  
the stuff you thought was you.

They call him Thief  
but he steals only what you  
wanted gone. Needed gone.  
He led me through the gate and said:

Nothing you've seen is worth  
recalling. What was good in there  
(he pointed back into the dark)  
has become you already



(here he pinched softly my upper  
arm), the wind you hear  
out there blows through you too  
and you are clean at last.

8 November 2010

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Music needs  
to say something else.  
Something I can take home.  
to whisper a friend's left ear,  
something like a word  
but much shorter  
and makes more sense.

8 November 2010

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The flowers that waited for you  
to come home are still here.

Satisfied with attention they soften  
and grow old. A lily tilts

to the southeast, a leaf bedraggled  
at the western window.

These things are important—  
saying them is what language was born for,

to give us back what time  
tries to take away. Takes

away. This world will last  
as long as I can watch these flowers.

8 November 2010

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Have I been guilty  
of dispersal?  
If so, are seeds.

Who knows who finds.  
Or when what words  
written in air  
decode themselves in crystal  
or notes of music  
and someone knows.  
Someone, this is all for you.

8 November 2010

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Now we know what must be spoken:  
wind in the bare trees, a spitting drizzle,  
the day. The sapling fence quivers  
at each gust, a healthy shiver  
not worried yet. The meek  
idolatry of weather hold me  
willing captive in its temple. Our own sky.  
We need answers, Wind, not rhetoric.  
What is all this commotion about?  
And then a voice from the other  
side of my eyes answers: Any  
answer is an annihilation.  
Adore the meaningless, rarest of all things.

8 November 2010