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**Whalebones on the beach  
ice all around them and a bird  
shelters by a rib  
from that white wind.**

**It blues me after  
in cities. A deep  
no answer.**

**10 November 2013**

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**Breath room, animal  
out of your dream  
becomes the morning.  
This one, brass.  
Silver. Confusion  
among close-set trees  
new growth big old  
mist continuous.**

**10 November 2013**

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**The little left  
leavens the white  
remembered.  
To be allowed  
the simplest things  
seldom.**

**All round you  
parents. The stones  
your school.  
Miracle of bread.**

**10 November 2013**

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**He opened the mirror  
and took himself out.  
How bright in there  
now. Music  
is no comparison.  
Wave of the hand,  
Botticelli of absence.**

**10 November 2013**

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**When there is no trust  
best say less though  
it wants to keep  
talking. Let it  
but don't listen.  
Lavender  
grown indoors.  
oil from Palestine.**

**2.  
Can't help it green  
oil of the West  
Bank is best.  
Trees thrive on suffering.  
Olivewood beads  
your crucifix.**

**10 November 2013**

## THE CHAIR

Stands upright square  
on the bare floor.

It is a miracle.

It is both symbol  
and instrument

of a greater  
miracle. We rose  
from bast.

We got off the floor.

We set our hairless tender selves  
upon a chair.

It is hard so we can be soft.

It stands so we can sit.

No fur, no feathers.

We weave cloth and wear it,  
we sit on chairs.

This chair

ready for you.

Sit on me

it says, a soft

square song

like a Sunday hymn,

a piece of white bread.

Sometimes it groans

**or creaks when you  
or I sit down.**

**The conversation  
is material. Things  
make us.**

**When Egypt  
tried to show  
the highest god  
it drew on the wall  
an empty chair.**

**10 November 2013**



## THE TOWN

I stopped one midnight  
cold in the empty  
town square where  
Tyl Eulenspiegel  
was hanged 500  
years ago.

Owlglass

the trickster,  
laugher, charmer.  
He made  
the maidens dance,  
made people laugh  
glad to be cheated.  
The priests and police  
were not amused,  
they tend to murder  
those who make us sing.  
North Germany, not  
far from the Baltic  
itself frozen over  
so we could walk  
on it far out  
from shore, a little  
magic of our own.

10 November 2013



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**When she asked him for help  
what could he do.  
I'll ask my mother he said  
and pointed to the risen sun.**

**10 November 2013**

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**Dream with me  
the lances of the sun  
assegai. No news.  
Death sown deep  
in shallow memory.  
So much to hold  
when it doesn't.  
And then flower.**

**11 November 2013**

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**Mesmeric as of old  
only the shadow of  
the passing hand  
touches. Skin  
is mirror not  
machine. My  
eyes see you also  
passing.**

**11 November 2013**

=====

**Self smell the child  
fingers. All we  
know. The evidence  
hidden before  
and then we wake.  
Upright. Crow call.  
The city,  
                  a city  
reaches out  
to claim. No eyes  
left to see.**

**11 November 2013**

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**Soap sticky  
fingertips. What  
cleanses defiles.  
Tiny paradoxes  
mount up. The sky,  
your eyes.  
Mathematics  
or human,  
the sum of these.**

**11 November 2013**

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**Topple over only  
as a roof seems  
when clouds go  
over.**

**Perspective  
invented us.  
What is the opposite  
of Renaissance.**

**Redeath.**

**Till the new skill  
makes us  
again.**

**The air of it.**

**11 November 2013**



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**We read the secrets  
and translate them  
into clichés.**

**There must  
be a meaning  
buried in these words,  
cabalist. Discern.  
Discern. They heal  
but how?**

**11 November 2013**

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**It topples over  
it lies on its back.  
Children take it seriously —  
this could be actual.**

**There could be water  
in the marina, a boat  
could on it and we  
on it and go. This  
collapsing shadow  
tells more than its  
body does. Silence  
of living things.**

**11 November 2013**

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**Modes of old  
music. Lydian  
unsinews us  
mild as money.  
Plato said.**

**Reach up  
and touch  
the sunlight coming in  
stands on the table.  
On your skin.  
Your hands' awe.**

**11 November 2013**

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**Only one waiting —  
the quality of air  
— almost missed,  
                                a breath  
from the ground. Shimmer  
among dense trees —  
the air lures us into —  
for us to be lost in  
always found.**

**11 November 2013**