

11-2010

novG2010

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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= = = = =

The sick take care of the healthy  
the poor most solicitous for the rich  
I read Voltaire over breakfast  
and thought about Shakespeare a while,  
the Henry plays and nothing changes.  
My knee hurts. But does God believe in me?  
That is the question. Red flowers  
on the windowsill, blue sidling through clouds.  
There must be somewhere I feel at home.  
Or is it all Schumann and Wittgenstein\*  
I've been sitting here since first light  
came on in the sky. They rise late  
in these parts, all these houses up  
Bellevue Hill still dark—only one  
attic window dimly lit. Who wakes?  
And there I stood, counting the imagined  
bodies sleeping in those dim wooden houses—  
if you're awake when they're asleep  
with a little effort you get to be  
the field marshal of their dreams:  
collect them, march them in your own parade,  
chew on their images, gasp with their panic.  
O the sleep of a stranger! What a wondrous

---

\* And Frankenstein's sensitive young Golem  
adrift forever on the pack-ice? *Balise*,  
*baleine*. It all sounds a lot better in French

Africa of undiscovered energy,  
howl of beast and shaman's hum,  
all human wisdom (listen!) coming  
downhill from their easy-listening  
Boston suburban moderate snores.  
I am waking at last from their sleep.  
And the flower's name is cyclamen.

27 November 2010, Boston

= = = = =

It's been a while since I've been who I am  
a hole in the ground and now I'm home  
a poet, a dead white male in his golf cart  
the paper mail clutched in my fingers  
o look a poem from a pal, I thought  
I'd have to die before I got a street  
address on earth but here it is, a glass  
GPS on my primitive dashboard  
and the meadow oozing past—  
but how loud the grass is.

28 November 2010

= = = = =

When we were young and waiting for our father  
who was always somewhere else and the street  
very long, not many cars but black pavement itself  
ran all the way to the sky, fear, fear, and he wasn't  
coming from there then all of a sudden  
he was here and the geography shifted  
to Busy Normal Everyday default. Use  
the name you have been given. By him.  
Nothing changes. He was gone, he's back  
your sorrow as frail as your happiness.

28 November 2010

=====

Is that as big as the sun will ever get?

Winter is a bird standing on one leg.

Nothing lasts. But you remember it.

Endure the pangs of all your pleasure.

28 November 2010

= = = = =

When you know enough to know  
which door to go through  
you know the secret of the library.  
A book is a house that laughs at you—  
not only does it have no ending  
it has no beginning. And here you are.

28 November 2010

## **Nothing Is As It Was But It Will Be**

Over the doorway to the garden.

Hardly one name do I know

of all those flowers

let alone the animals of leaf and twig,

how could I have gotten here so soon

and why isn't there any weather?

So cold in these brick walls winter

pebble paths look like snow ahead

but reddish blossoms cluster vaguely

or is it my eyes up there by the pergola

where I can shelter from the sky

under a little dome painted blue inside

concavely to impersonate the Eye of God

which is exactly what I'm hiding from

(the sky is why Buddha has blue eyes)

there is another kind of animal alive

disguised as men among you and I am one

our bodies large and frail our lust



is just for mysteries and explanations  
we are copiously ignorant we know strange things  
it is in gardens we are most at a loss

have no feel for what comes out of dirt  
and the colors are only names we forget  
and don't know what flowers are trying to say.

28 November 2010

=====

Suffer fools gladly.

Start by looking in the mirror.

There is no second lesson.

29.XI.10

=====

So many places  
in time  
to wait for now.

29.XI.10

=====

I'm only thinking because I'm writing.

It would be clever to say the converse

is also true but it isn't.

29.XI.10

= = = = =

Do I seem  
tired to me,  
a little depleted,  
plucking at trifles  
to serenade  
you with bagatelles?

29.XI.10

=====

The morning star  
was so bright this morning  
I thought it was the moon  
caught in a bare tree.

29.XI.10

= = = = =

Eventually things start working  
but why is a girl  
like a mountain on the horizon?  
Distance. Everybody is so far.

29 November 2010

## DESERT MELODIES

repeats something recently heard  
body of that unhappy man  
desert I cannot forget  
it sounds logical but is only lyrical  
whither am I drifting on a Bible boat  
round the street fierce banks  
a dog barks out of sight  
gains maybe  
no animal involved a bird  
an old friend he repeated  
till there were two of them  
then four and so on they all voted for him  
they yearn to encounter change  
thinking does not like that  
important questions solve theology  
easy cases are the hardest  
who whom  
the gathering dusk

morning with the tax man  
when you talk  
talk like the weather  
wet without tears  
early Celtic afternoon



till the sun obtruded  
silent as a lawyer  
setting the table for dinner  
leaning back in his chair  
high amid the Rockies  
devouring widows and orphans  
with slight enthusiasm  
couldn't resist temptation  
rang out sharply  
four queens  
laid the flashlight down  
come to think  
capable planet  
watched him idly  
start today  
attempts at conversation  
when evening comes  
we are at the woman rose  
led the day  
distant dunes she told him  
against the being  
without a body

accepted her suggestion  
I don't know him either  
look who's here  
often expressionless

bordered with something wet

to save all that

much in awe

but I'm no

work before this

enacted in the room

sympathized with

overlooking the first

could not be seen

from the house

they stepped aside.

29 November 2010

This text is composed for the most part from glanced phrases in sequence from Earl Derr Biggers' novel, *The Chinese Parrot*, with Charlie Chan solving crime in the California high desert.

= = = = =

I'll take my medicine  
there is a business to business—  
I mean a money buried inside money  
you never notice till you spend the surface away  
then the real meaning almost burns your hands.  
Me, I'm just waiting for my change.

29 November 2010

= = = = =

Through sapling fence the sky  
and in the sky bare trees.  
The things to see. Things  
that seeing means.

Grey neighborhood  
everything the color of its morning  
picture-still a noonless sky  
why do you need to know

why do I keep repeating?  
Could it be music  
or as music is  
exalted variations on not much

old fence bare trees old sky?

30 November 2010

= = = = =

Let it be easy for once  
like a freight train shuddering past  
slow slow cattlecars  
boxcars gondolas caboose

and nothing has changed  
the river gleams the rails gleam  
new polished by hard traffic  
and you still hear something

downstream the cows  
and the cars groan of destiny  
echoing up the valley at you  
you watched you counted

you didn't have to do  
anything it all went by  
and for this you were born.  
Grasp the going.

30 November 2010

## **WEATHER SPORTS**

Jump over the rain

outrun the sun

catch a cloud

turn the wind around

outtalk the snow.

30.XI.10

= = = = =

When we were this close  
my hair turned grey  
but the bananas were still green

there was music on the radio  
some dumb waltz  
I loved it that we didn't move

just stared as the years  
swirled past, dozens of them  
and then it was now.

30 November 2010

MULLIONS

Opacities  
that make  
possible  
transparency.

30.XI.10