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**A close-up of some yellow tulips  
all close together made him think  
he was seeing some far-off cliffs  
heavy with noontime sunshine  
no red and not much shadow  
just the recurving of matter  
in on itself and the sky remote.  
He shivered and thought: What  
if everything is the same thing.  
What if there is no distance left?**

**16 November 2013**

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**Exhausted emery board  
all the scratchy ground glass  
worn away. Not even friction  
lasts. Even pain sometimes stops.  
What am I trying to say?  
Words have their own way  
of telling me. I am one more story  
softed out of the dictionary.  
Systole, diastole, a heart  
and some memories. Paper, paper.**

**16 November 2013**

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1.

**The importunities of the grave  
solicit my dread. If I am dead  
there will be another me —  
that is the terror — what  
will happen to him  
and will it all be my fault?  
I have to make certain  
that my Consequent will be  
noble and intelligent and free.  
Make every one who comes after us  
generous and we will all be he.**

2.

**I was reading Matthew Arnold and it shows.**

**Dignity of the good old excess,**

**three words where one will do,**

**for the sake of music alone,**

**the hum or river's streaming**

**vowel music hushing through the heart.**

**Comme ça. To let language alone**

**and play beside it, trying to catch the tune**

**of Cambridge propositions and Sorbonne refutations,**

**all the while humming like your uncle's wheezes.**

3.

**So if I leave the poem for the yet to be  
as if they'll stumble out and breathe it in  
marveling (coughing) at the dust that time  
let sift down on it and me.**

**How long ago I am!**

**As if music meant anything  
at all. Or if it doesn't, nothing does.**

4.

Teen hithe lathers—  
his three words  
that don't speak to to us —  
two of them mean something else  
nowadays and one  
rings no bell at all that we can hear.  
Sign language on the page —  
we lip-read and we get it wrong.  
Teen means hurt and malice  
lasher the stream gushing over the dam  
let's say, could hithe be little riverport  
but mind us of the heath and trees  
all round it where we walked  
and lay down one summer  
and held each other against  
the green ghostly shimmer of the summer sky?

17 November 2013

## **TWO TRUTHS**

**Once I lose it**

**I will know what it was for.**

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**Whenever I see crows**

**I feel at home.**

**17 November 2013**



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**If sleep can't help you nothing can  
so wake up and have opinions about the world  
it's Monday, the day you turn opinions  
into policy and high finance and war  
and all the other forms of gambling  
our violent shadow knows — all war  
is suicide, all gambling suicide,  
all sport is suicide, all entertainment —  
to kill the little time you have.  
Go back and find the other thing, the place  
you found once where nothing was  
and everything could be. And meet me there.**

**18 November 2013**

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*Zhen log* taking hold —  
the *feel* at last of revulsion.

**18.XI.13**

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**A classic sense of poetry —  
the poet goes out, things  
make her say things.  
Things get said  
through her mouth.  
When they speak of gods  
they mean the voice of things.**

**18 November 2013**

=====

**Study my work  
and learn it in your lap  
he said, meaning a century  
must pass before your  
grandchildren understand  
this simple thing.  
My words will remember  
for you, any door  
that does not open  
is a mystery  
you leave alone.  
But they're not really  
my words,  
they belong  
to the other  
from whom they spoke —  
yours more than  
mine, these words,  
that's why they  
need your care.  
Attention. Wake  
between the lines.**

**18 November 2013**

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**Who knows what we're busy with  
a play within a play, stiff gauzy wings  
coupled to a woman's shoulders  
don't make her fly but make us bend  
to be low before her just in case  
she is Morgan and Titania and Queen  
of all the Scarcely Visible, the old  
inhabitants, the town before the town.  
Kneel to water because it flows,  
kneel to rock because it doesn't.  
A woman made you—the rest is up to you.**

**18 November 2013**

=====

**The people I know  
know nothing about sin.  
Things work for them  
or else they don't, leave  
no trace to think  
with or about, no regrets.  
Am I the only one  
hunchbacked with guilt,  
paralytic with remorse?  
Sin and defilement  
everywhere—the cruel  
philosophy of Aristotle  
burning in desert  
logic, it's all my fault,  
nobody here but me.**

**19 November 2013**

=====

**If I were a preacher  
I would wear a big hat  
to keep my pointy  
horns from coming out.**

**If I were a doctor  
I'd grow a bushy beard  
to hide my grin  
at such profitable pain.**

**But I am a professor  
so I wear a black gown  
to hide the pale leper  
body of my ignorance.**

**19 November 2013**

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**I stopped crying  
one night forty years ago,  
all my unshed tears  
must be a little pool somewhere  
in an Irish forest long ago  
chopped down for charcoal  
or whatever people do with wood.  
Make chairs and beds with.  
Build houses to burn down.  
A flagpole embedded in the chest.  
But no tears. What is lost  
had to be lost. It is the nature  
of things to dwindle and be gone.  
Like the ability to  
grieve for them when they go.**

**19 November 2013**



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**Why am I writing stuff  
that anyone can understand?  
Isn't my business to carve  
arcane symbols in peculiar words,  
to mystify, to strut around  
like a son-in-law of the Absolute?  
Alas, I say only what it says  
inside me. The construction of reality  
has happened already. That's why  
Olson spoke so fast, it's all there  
already, it just has to be said.**

**19 November 2013**

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Next summer it will be sixty years  
since I proudly bought one  
bottle of violet ink at Joseph Gibert  
on that great corner in Paris,  
entering the angle, choosing,  
paying a tiny number of francs.  
Carrying it back to my hotel  
(Studia, second floor, still there)  
in a brown paper bag. All that  
is clear. But what did I write,  
and why in purple? How  
did I get the ink back home  
weeks later on the *Ile de France*  
and through customs in New York  
where they looked with suspicion  
on the *Oeuvres philosophiques et  
morales* of Descartes — morals  
always worry the police — a book  
I've hardly glanced at since  
though this cold afternoon I feel  
sympathy for him, in Sweden,  
serving a demanding queen,  
freezing dawns, stiff fingers  
hardly able to hold the dripping pen.

[Boul'Mich' et St.Germain]

19 November 2013

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**Hold it up to the light  
is November could be January**

**lost in the millrace  
shadow of the house —**

**water passes, shadows stays**

**oh Greeks,  
this concerns you**

**2.  
To turn a stream  
into a machine  
trap the wind  
in some intention.**

**Not good, Greeks.  
Leave sleep alone.**

**20 November 2013**



**the violins are always playing —  
I am the last one in the audience,  
stifled with beauty,**

**PULCHRITUDO**

**VERITAS**

**VOLUPTAS**

**AMOR.**

**20 November 2013**