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Well done, you Portuguese,  
decision,

    the High Brazil  
our land of dreams —  
who makes it so?

Is there ever

    an answer coming,

        a wild goose

honking down the autumn sky,

        alone

for once,

    this inscription

left behind,

        a bird

at peace with the sky?

        Why cry, then,

rational animal?

        Why speak

if there is no one near

        to hear?

A question I ask myself

and have the sense that Pilate had,

the wit not to wait for an answer.

2.

**So the cities of the Amazon  
lost under natural exuberance  
will resurrect themselves  
born out of greed and capital,**

**we'll come back to the buried  
stone courtyards of the Xingu,  
the lost agoras of an inconceivable  
Amazon.**

**We are born blind,  
blinded by what we see.**

**We think we are the first ones here  
but every hill and hummock by the Hudson  
shouts out**

**the agency of women and men,  
or before even them.**

**Before we were,**

**we are.**

**21 November 2013**

=====

## **Merging**

with the cloth  
of mirrors,  
the burn of will on will,

the wool of it

the workman's cap  
rubbing on the collar  
— sounds of far away  
catastrophe, collapsing,  
a bear in the cellar.

## **Fear**

in all flavors of the calendar.

**Unite.**

Bring on the liquidation,  
backwards into blue seeming —

now you know I was your mother  
treat me with scant reverence  
but don't take my tree away,  
this little stanchion of my liberty,

**my body**

**from which you and everyone  
alive proceeded  
when you and I were Isis long ago.**

**No punctuation on this page  
the furniture van arrives,  
a deaf man with has sound implanted.**

**Or what can we do with ourselves  
before we come alive,  
before the rhapsody  
falls out of the radiator  
and the pussycat  
answers us in Greek**

*mê auton*

**and not this either,  
  
raptor, leave the sleeping muse alone.**

**Or are you waking?**

**Then squeeze  
between the dryer and the cupboard,  
linger where it is smuggest a  
nd suggest  
long memories of how**

**the world would be  
and with thee and me,**

**all human love is incestuous.**

**We are born of us and die into each other.**

**21 November 2013**

## THE DUCK

*(Tarots)*

The duck moves  
without seeming to.  
The white duck.  
Moves along the pond  
as if propelled only  
by her own purity.  
The duck, the pure  
white of will  
uninflected, the pure  
going without effort  
to be there. The pure  
will. The white duck  
as might be seen  
in Regents Park  
just past the Queen's  
rose garden or at  
the base of les Buttes-  
Chaumont, a white  
duck anywhere  
by will alone,  
no feather out of place,  
body obedient  
to the quiet will.

**The duck. The will.  
The water knows  
what to do,  
the world understands  
the purity of will,  
we go and it lets us,  
we are drawn  
without effort it seems  
to where we are bound,  
moved all the while  
by what Eddison called  
“the policy of the duck,”  
little feet paddling  
below. To do  
without seeming to.  
The duck  
rides the pure  
energy of the world,  
purity on purity, see  
Malevich’s mystical painting  
of the duck’s pure will  
called *White on White*.  
The world is wide,  
the world to ride  
and to be beautiful,  
serene as you go,  
soothing the souls**



**of those who see you,  
the duck. The duck  
means to be pure  
as your will,  
to allow the inherent  
destination to sing  
you towards it,  
pure, the roses  
seem never far,  
not far the roofs  
of the town,  
the windows  
of pure glass,  
to live in pure will  
glistening in sunlight,  
sometimes crying out  
abruptly, to warn us,  
to show the way.**

**21/22 November 2013**

***for Charlotte, on her birthday***

=====

**Where is the waiting and why?**

**A dragon does it**

**and the maiden only helps —**

**no need to rescue her**

**a knight is just an interruption,**

**trying to dissuade**

**a maiden from her own nature,**

**her inner fire,**

**the dragon in her earth.**

**The male wants there to be none of that,**

**drag her out into his world,**

**to put out the fire in her,**

**kill the quiet dragon in her lucid will.**

**22 November 2013.**

## **TIME**

**Is it in the eye or in the world?**

**And is time itself allotted to us in quanta?**

**It all has to be done before breakfast,**

**for instance,**

**and there is never any time for time.**

**Let me one day sit down and watch time pass.**

**Or better still,**

**walk with it and find out where it goes.**

**22 November 2013**

=====

**Modern society is a machine  
that stops working  
as soon as you start thinking about it.  
Do what you please  
seems to be the covert instruction —  
just don't think.**

**22 November 2013.**

=====

**Are we going  
or are we knowing?**

**Love me while you can  
he said, before the poor  
take you away  
to be ministers unto them  
in their misery —  
too many and too many.**

**Are we living  
or are we just giving?**

**Are we needing  
or just receiving?**

**What he said  
opened a mouth  
in the desert  
and the rain  
wet our lips,  
food happened to us  
and we ate.**

**The desert was all going  
and then we crossed  
a sentence out  
and settled down  
to knowing  
and we knew.**

**But then we grew.  
It came to water in us  
and plowing the earth,  
and fish nibbled at our bait  
till all for knowing  
lost itself in owning —**

**and to own a thing  
is to make it be  
for you instead of  
it being for itself and  
you being for you.**

**Now we are only,  
and only for our things.**

**23 November 2013.**

=====

**In the interminable childhoods  
when nothing happens but the scrape of mind  
and the death of distant relatives,  
everything was outside and we tried to take it in  
and do and go to that terrible sleep  
called growing up.**

**There is a moment  
when it could be different —  
go to the woods and go on wanting  
  
and never having and never be less.  
Art is a little like that,  
but not yet like that enough.**

**23 November 2015**

====

**Things working slowly by the shore.**

**This is the heart.**

**Things found on the beach.**

**Each time you use a word it changes.**

**Nothing is ever the same —**

**that's why love is**

**so brave, so innocent,**

**always wanting**

**this to be this,**

**just this forever.**

**23 November 2013**



**W**

**[The Alphabet]**

**Divide the W  
into its component V's  
and use them  
to fly away.  
A goose in autumn,  
a tree branch  
caught in the stream.**

**O**

**Pierce the O  
and let its air drip out  
until the wheel  
is light enough to roll —  
  
follow it across the veldt —  
wonder will take you everywhere at last.**

**N**

**Lift up the toppled  
member of the N  
so three men stand  
upright side-by-side.**

**They are your judges.  
Each will speak in turn  
a sentence beginning I.**

**I is their only names,  
the middle judge slumps  
sideways again.**

**Just like you.**

**N is the opposite,  
the mirror that negates you,  
makes you only  
half of yourself and far away.**

# H

**Damaged hair.**

**The roof falls in**

**but the walls hold.**

**Hold.**

**Crossbar.**

**What**

**joins us together holds us apart.**

**How sad he is,**

**can't reach across**

**himself to her**

**or she to him or**

**o how humiliating**

**to be so close so far.**

**The union makes us weak.**

# M

**Miracles waiting always for  
a valley in us to happen in.**

**Between the mountain walls of us  
a delve where we are ancient  
and we wait.**

**The miracles and us,  
waiting for each other  
to happen.**

**This is motherhood  
surely, and music and murmur  
and mumble and finally Death,  
that mummet of all mothers  
we barely hear her when she calls.**

# P

**It does everything.**

**It's a phone, it pours,**

**it carries Saint Patrick up the mountain.**

**It looks, though, like a sword**

**jabbed into the ground.**

**Good riddance to blade-work!**

**Thou shalt not kill.**

**Anyone anytime anywhere.**

**Peace, bro, peace.**

# L

**Leviathan? I can't even measure  
a leopard's spots or cure  
the poignant leprosy of old church walls  
(as described in Leviticus),  
I can barely love ladies,  
I'm so lost—**

**but lately, lucidly, lovingly, lastingly,  
licking each other's lips  
a black flower opens in the loom of light.**

**23 November 2013**