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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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TU ES PETRUS

You are Peter

says the papal hymn
reminds the pope
who he really is
or should be

but who reminds me?

Who tells me
the secret name I bear
or what day this really is
on the last authentic calendar
of some ancient people
when still the dew collects
in curled-up fallen leaves
and we are drunk with seed.
Or we drink what the dead
give us, we drink the dead
and all the rain and tears
that ever flowed are here
compact in one wet maple
leaf don't ask if I dare to drink.

22 October 2012

= = = = =

Hide a piece of bread
under yesterday's paper
so the ancestors
have something to eat too.

The dead. Every
lost and every hidden
thing is theirs,
the sun goes down
to give them comfort

keep them company
while we in our exhaustion sleep
hiding from one another
and from ourselves.

22 October 2012

=====

Sometimes a car amazes me
to see the smooth of it slip along
under autumn trees on sunwarmed roads
confusion of what we have and have not made,

all this that moves around us on
the way to winter. Trees stay
and cars go. Not much else to understand.
But how did we ever learn to make them go?

22 October 2012

= = = = =

Can a leaf fly up
does it have to be a bird
seen in dream to do that
or is a bird all color
a leaf all fall?

22 October 2012

= = = = =

Soon the night forgets
and the sun comes on
willful on earth

the orange maples come back first
and green's still black.

Who made the colors?
Why not just black and white
or as the Hungarians say
feher-fekete white-black
like the profound movies of Béla Tarr
that explain how a world without colors works
when rain is the closest we come to blue.
Or red. Or yellow. Or pain.

23 October 2012

CANDID EMISSIONS

It began that way—
not asking for anything
just the do of it

the few things who
got to do, or wanted to,
no more.

Measure
accounts for much—not all.
The rest is something left
over near the thinking—
something it can't do without,
this place.

This not so weary way.

23 October 2012

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Whale voice heard last night
human phrasing intonation—
shocked me so deep
go parse it quick for language sake!

23.X.12

=====

Eerie to be left with it:
spangled. How curious
that modiste's word
to prink an anthem with
over our endless war.

23.X.12

=====

Only one stone left and one chisel
and the stone was small
the chisel big and broad
what few words would
it be worth my life to carve in it?

23.X.12

THE WRITER

The writer is the last to read
almost the last to understand
what the writing says.

23.X.12

= = = = =

Close answers to a side door
just wiggle your fingers in the latch
until the right description
cracks the door open—

no, no one can come in
it is today already
and the past is closed.
All your sob stories stay outside

to console you
like a raincloud no one milked.
Cast aside shame and live with with your memories—
at least for a long time they will seem to be yours.

23 October 2012

=====

What modulus would I accept
to rinse my house
of dark and clutter?

Is there a box of light
that by its nature would resist
all but the seemliest raptures

of thing with thing, furniture
and reading matter,
a slim bound book floating in midair,

my wife reading it?

23 October 2012

= = = = =

The trees are still.

The air that's moving
is inside out

quiet as when we speak
saying lots of the, the, is
before we say the word

that moves the mind.

What is the said
not saying?

Flaw in mind's ear
to grasp so little of
what even the wind is saying.

24 October 2012

Day 11 Ik' = Wind

Something almost balanced
inner wind and outer wind
of like substance standing
beside itself, same
with substance, frightening
the way a number is
when all systems mesh—
sudden pain of remembering.

24 October 2012

= = = = =

Can the equals sign equal itself?
 Is there a mouth inside the word
 so it says something different from it seems?

We are caught in null-equivalence
 nothing on either side of the sign,

x = all the rest, and all of it
 lost in the Pleroma,
 found nowhere,
 fairy tales, bacon and cheese,
 fermented things, clouds
 in the trees,
 surf up to your ankles.

Null. The numb in number
 silences me. I am a child
 of all your counting,
 I wanted to be there,

“the whole number between one and you”
 where all the answers are stored
 under the grandstand: look up—

ankles of everybody!
and beyond them only the sky.
If you think this is a game
you think there's no money left
for ordinary people, the artists
hog it all? You think love
is a simple matter of will?
Nobody loves you. Only love loves us.

24 October 2012

= = = = =

Walking further to get here
not close as the emotions are
emotions are just weather anyway
look out the window—that's
your sly psychiatrist, no expert
knows the heart, no willing victim
slung on the analytic couch.
Stand out there in the blizzard
and decide. I am against.
I am against all this, it stands
between me and the thing I mean
I'll never know until it comes
walking from its own place to be here.

25 October 2012

= = = = =

O still the light stay on
the need the more
as our night littleth

it's only round
some light that darkness
comes, knows
itself the opposite
of see

 this world
a choice between
seeing and being,

what kind of words
to use by day
in a dollar store,
recession rapture
leaving empty shoes
behind, the feet
of poor people in them,

I am the hypocrite
you are the earnest brother
this is the whole

history of poetry
the anthology between
your thighs so
hard for the haves
to read,

 only
in emptiness this
music rises,

only the wordless
body finds its way
to itself there

where a sudden
word waits,
 wakes.

Turn on the light.

25 October 2012