

12-2013

## decD2013

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= = = = =

When the dark comes down in snow  
it's darker than ever and whiter than ever  
with this milky light you see nothing  
clearly only the cars those sentinels those  
costly noisy planets with red eyes behind  
run their ruby routines through the dim.  
And reproachers like me find it beautiful.

10 December 2013

= = = = =

Novel by Hardy I'd never  
read, never heard of even,  
opened the densest pages:  
the book had your body in it,  
the wet meadow below  
the hill your heart, the  
dark roaring cliff,  
the hurry, the ancient mill.

11 December 2013  
(dreamt, 4:00 AM)

= = = = =

At a loss for words

he yawned.

A word slipped out

and chased him round the town.

Bad enough when other people  
talk you into action, but your own

allowed to push you around—

unfair, he thought, and said it

out loud so that word too

pursued him, word after

word until he slept.

Nowhere a word can't reach.

11 December 2013

= = = = =

How many people know  
how many years  
(to be) me

or anyone—  
measure by impressions made  
by human presence unmediated

unless our hands and faces  
are media too,  
one more technology  
reaching out to you.

11 December 2013

= = = = =

Nothing said yet.

Waiting for the spell

the spell of mind aligned

with otherwheres

finally speaks.

11 December 2013

= = = = =

That music goes up and down  
or the sun does  
or am I paying attention  
to the wrong things  
(weather, music, desires)  
when I should be helping  
highways cross children  
and old women rise again  
into a better land.

12 December 2013

= = = = =

So they walked there

volcano or not

keys jangling in their clothes

I want to say the blue

skin of them they made

over the pale beginnings

all the way, no smoke to guide them

and no god in sight,

we are alone with them,

ancestors,

the infallible genetics of our condition

fold back on the dawns of them

the first of us.

As we still are—

and that's the magic to it,

a ball rolling until it's gone

a thread tied over and



over till it's just one knot.

Nothing loose about us, pioneer

(. . . 12 December 2013)

INFERENCES,

the cold

grue of mind

plugging the gaps

vague attention left:

a monster in the mind.

Do you know by flesh

craft and cunning,

how to make a star

and how to hold it

safe in your hands

so others can see it too?

Read by *its* light.

That is the busywork

they call art.

the savior, the sad

old man, the girlfriend,

the taste deep in your mouth.

13 December 2013

= = = =

In the well of the world  
there is a drink,  
I go back to it  
over and over  
under the hazel tree  
a pool with a fish in it  
we all leave in peace,  
drink the sight of  
water rippling softly  
under a low wind—  
the way it means,  
the way it tastes  
when I sip a cup of it.  
Being quiet by water,  
no heart, no mind, no me.

13 December 2013

= = = = =

We go back not to what we know  
but in the beginning  
what we always wanted to know  
and never did.

                    All our successes  
are a failure of that,

the one thing, over there, just  
out of sight.

                    you hear it  
sometimes, the rustle  
of it in the night.

You back towards it now,  
the only place that really  
wants you, the other side.

13 December 2013

## NORTH SEA

Old flag in the sky  
over the roof over the  
sea. The old cabin.  
And they were walking  
about silently, their  
bodies a species of song.

13 December 2013

= = = = =

Constant feeling of menace.

World licking at my ankle.

How long before it nibbles, bites?

13.XII.13

= = = = =

But even though we'd left the cat  
unfed and alone in the house  
three days was it, was still alive,  
lapped passionately at the new milk  
a while then stopped, played on my back,  
was just our cat again, alive.

And we have no cat, and hadn't gone,  
and hadn't lived in this apartment  
in forty years. And the dog  
was healthy too, on sturdy black  
furry legs, an Airedale, not even  
worried, and dogs worry so easy,  
hadn't eaten the cat even, we hadn't  
gone anywhere, and we have no dog.  
And under the bedstead at the head  
of the bed on the floorboard one  
dead mouse. Whoever slept there  
would have slept above the mouse  
fifty years ago, was it, if anyone did.

[dream] 13 December 2013

## SHEEPSHEAD BAY

My father was the fireman  
who made the house go  
I was the motorman, my paw  
on the brass doorknob  
my cold throttle and we raced  
the furnace room out through  
the roses and hydrangea  
pussy willows by the alley gate  
and out! and south, no matter  
how many houses and flowers  
it always all comes to the sea.

13 December 2013



= = = = =

I understand everything  
about women  
except how they can like men.

13.XII.13

## THE WHITE STORY

Looking at the wind again  
the white on white synecdoche  
of all our sins.

Grief erodes the mind.

*Ma sūch*, don't grieve,  
the blue god said to Arjuna,  
self-vanquisher at last.

2.

The wrinkled old man faces  
look back at you  
from the breccia of history,  
broken concrete pillboxes  
of Cuttyhunk, Jamestown Island,  
Normandy.

The ruins of our wars  
are what we call our culture now,  
civilization the gleaming  
rubble dead soldiers leave behind.

The war we're always  
ready for never.

3.

Snow on snow  
and the light pales  
into evening,  
the when time  
when it finally  
happens or does not.

4.

Eden everywhere again.  
We have had our chances.

And have them again.  
Waterfall, meek deer  
stepping through the reeds,  
cat-ice crackle, cloven  
little footsteps in new snow.

14 December 2013

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