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Every qualm to be  
new or be true to,  
the breath rests.

Long tube of the shawm,  
the chalumeau, quests  
then quiets.

The dark seeps in  
from the gently rounded lips.

Where the dark touches  
the monk's lips  
he plays again.

This has been going on  
for centuries, a score of them—  
eventually everyone  
will get to hear it,  
*kairos*,

**the appointed time,  
gentle snarl of the gyaling,  
kiss-purr of the bassoon.**

**15 December 2013**

=====

**At the foot of the mountain  
ordinary things**

**they need  
to be me.**

**Otherwise the mountain takes  
into its silence**

**I stand between  
the things that made us  
and the things we make.**

**15 December 2013**

=====

**Do I have to know  
the things I say  
or is it just enough  
to say them and let  
another mean them,**

**that Other, maybe,  
Dante hears them  
talk of down below**

**(the long below,  
don't call it hell,  
Hell like Hades  
is a person's name,  
Hel was a woman  
Hades a man  
but neither ruled  
where Dante went)**

**or said he went  
all ears and eyes  
attending the excuses  
that eased the sufferings  
of those who live in that place**

**where he head them speak  
this or that happened  
*as pleased Another*  
which is as close as in their pain  
they could come to saying who.**

**So one speaks and another listens  
and between the both a thing gets said.**

**16 December 2013**

=====

**Ice at shore midchannel free  
who knows what year it is  
or who is that Druid  
asking which way this river flows?**

**Water is made of numbers—  
when the population grows too great  
the land turns into the sea  
and we begin again.**

**Lamarck was right  
but about the social body—  
acquired traits do pass  
to the next generation,  
DNA of cash, DNA of poverty,  
their four amino acids:  
Debt Interest Ownership Sale**

**and if you listen to the pack ice**

**grinding on the river**

**you'll hear the voice**

**o father**

**do not sell our house.**

**16 December 2013**

**Amtrak**



## **THE CHRISTMAS TREE**

**The Christmas tree is at its best  
before you put the baubles on.  
It says what it means by being  
there and being green. No tinsel,  
no fragile shiny balls, no candy cane.**

**No star. Just a tree in the living room.  
A tree in the house. The world  
is in you and you are in the world.  
Impossible intimacy between  
every single thing and you.**

**Here it is, eight feet of shapely  
and when you touch it needles  
are soft moist on your fingertips  
for a while. By Twelfth Night  
are dry, shed all over the floor.  
Time has passed. Time is also alive**

**before you bring it into the warmth.**

**Epiphany they call that day, when  
something inconceivable happened  
right in your house. Just like every day.**

**17 December 2013**

=====

**Something else.**

**Something politics.**

**A round of beads**

**slipping through the fingers,**

**amber, old Greek businessmen**

**from the islands, fiddling**

**with their *kombaloia*,**

**saying the prayer of silence**

**our bones know so well.**

**They sit at seaside**

**watching the waves**

**come in and never stay,**

**watching, watching nothing.**

**17 December 2013**

=====

**Words away  
the link  
is light alone.**

**17.XII.13**

## **WINTERWORRY**

**A.**

**But isn't this what im supposed to do,  
these poems, plays, statements, books?**

**B.**

**Depends on who's doing the supposing.**

**A.**

**Suppose I didn't,  
suppose there's something  
else I ought to do.**

**B.**

**Same answer:**

**Who's supposing?**

**Whose ought-ing?**

**A.**

**You answer all my poignant questions  
with snarky questions right back at me.**

**B.**

**At least I answer.**

**17 December 2013**

**Examine or hold fire  
but not in your hands**

**there is a flower  
needs you**

**it means you too  
to attend**

**the college of its corolla  
graduate faculty of the stamens**

**all the gaudy petals  
to confuse you into clarity**

**your own  
your own house.**

**17 December 2013 (27.IX.13)**

# **ORPHAN**

**Start again**

**be anonymous**

**the words you speak**

**are your mother**

**you have no other.**

**17 December 2013 (27.IX.13)**



=====

**Part it to me afresh  
lives in a cold room  
the snow misspelling everything  
out there to be beautiful,**

**I am allowed for one  
moment to judge and praise.  
Criterion. Men in white  
collars presuming to decide.  
Museum-keepers, fancy-men  
on Babel blogs, mes frères.  
I will curate the weather  
and no one be the wiser.**

**18 December 2013.**

=====

**There is no unicursal hexagram.  
It takes two to make it happen,  
this crystal, this reality.**

**One triangle needs a man wise as Solomon  
any woman that all  
knows how to make the other.**

**18 December 2013.**

=====

**By the end of the century  
every noun and every adjective  
will be trademarked  
for some process or device.  
Then we're back to Latin  
the weeping queen,  
and Arthur come again.**

**18 December 2013.**

## **THE CLOUD**

**I think my true love is.  
ever-changing, ever  
saying, always itself.**

**It goes everywhere, sees  
us all. Can't tell one  
cloud from another,  
all one humidity, so many  
exhibitions of shape, play.**

**This cloud is our minds,  
a heap of white,  
slow, unstable, one  
smile aloft.**

**When this cloud turns up  
it means you must  
take care of everything,**

**herd all your cats,  
dot all your i's,  
sign all your letters  
to the newspaper,  
and you, are you even  
the same as you were yesterday?**

**19 December 2013**

## **THE TABLE**

**Is made of trees.**

**Oak legs and maple top.**

**The sliding drawer is pine.**

**On it sits the Easter**

**ham, Christmas goose,**

**Thanksgiving tofu turkey,**

**the roast beef to celebrate**

**new job. New house.**

**On the table the novelist**

**scribbles the chapter, the girl**

**does her calculus.**

**The lawyer spreads out the will.**

**Everybody listens**

**when a table talks.**

**And it's all in the trees**

**to begin with, they**

**deep rooted in the earth  
know about everything  
and the birds tell them more.**

**The drunk man  
sprawls on the table,  
with unfocused lips**

**Kisses the wood,  
mother, he sobs.**

**And the cook messes  
with the maid on it,  
the kids play checkers  
ahundred years go by,  
they play Monopoly  
pinochle, and die.**

**What the trees don't know  
the birds make up for,  
they know all the rest,  
there is no room  
for tables in the sky.**

**I spread the mail out**

**on the wood,  
don't bother opening,  
sit there and cry.**

**19 December 2013**