

12-2012

## decH2012

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## ELEGY FOR LIGHT

### LVMINIS ORIGO

Light sneaks into the body  
countless doors

the muscles see  
from inside out as if  
maybe the light we see by  
comes from inside us.

stored  
there from the beginning  
or absorbed

from all the filaments of suns  
the sky lets down.

Our sun. Who knows?

Light pervades the system.  
The system pervades us—  
is that what Paul was really after:  
to be apart from the system,  
to be liberated  
into the dark,  
that primal thing  
he passed through once



glow  
in a lampshade, suburban window  
twilight of a snowy day  
o darling we know them  
by their Latin names  
for we were Catholics  
before the engines came  
and the machinery began to sing  
the way it knows how to do in the dark,  
Brunel's iron bridges  
spanned my fears  
led us across to Pagany again,

o listen  
to the wind  
today, my canto,  
snowing again,  
my mind like oakbark  
now, rough and hard to touch,  
firm, uncomfortable,  
depend on it,  
the light is gone now.

Lean on me.

27 December 2012

## **ARCANA (1)**

My dove is left-handed  
c'est à dire  
I'm deaf in my left ear.

27.XII.12

=====

When I was a child  
the sky was a parrot  
with a moon in its beak

They told me it could speak  
I fixed my eyes on its green  
its yellow blue and red

till my eyes ached. Pain  
is mostly what it said.  
At night it flew away

and left me in the dark.  
You were the dark and  
night was my only book.

27 December 2012

## ELEGY FOR THE WALL

Woman and wall  
the same

the paradox  
of each—  
to wall someone out, or to enclose—

we have to go on,  
go through the wall  
go through the woman  
Eden over, and then  
spill Paradise again.

A woman standing against a wall.

“I leaned against a long cement wall on Shattuck this afternoon, in a whole ray of sun. A single ginkgo leaf next to me. The sight of a woman there on the sidewalk, pressed against a wall... seemed to move people. I don't know what it was that they acknowledged in this image, but something tacit, shared, known.” *(Beth Snowden, December 2012)*

Feel of body against wall. The press  
of soft against hard, the meeting—  
—meaning—  
of two same things so different.

The wall is feeling her. The people watch.  
She is giving birth to something in them,  
a sudden knowing,  
                          the world is alive, I specify,  
the world is animate,  
matter means, it lives all round us,  
  matter lives us.

Otherwise all we would be  
would be memories of a thinking  
that no one thought.

                          The whole world  
is this woman pressing this wall,  
We are each others' mothers.

The world itself is a wall you also are.  
World a wall  
                          but what is on the other side?  
That is the country  
I have pilgrim'd to all these years,  
  the other side of you.

28 December 2011



## **ARCANA (2)**

The blue light  
finds its own way in.

29.XII.12

## APPEARANCES

You call it plastic  
this cup I honor  
and honor with  
those to whom  
I fill and lift it

but I call it the finely  
powdered horn of an  
unicorn mingled with  
menstrual blood from  
a mermaid, made  
into a doughy mass  
rolled out flat, curved  
to the right rhythm  
its shape, then baked  
in a virgin oven  
on an uninhabited island  
found on none of  
your sea charts, admiral.  
I call this precious  
and a gift from heaven  
that place inside us  
where we know the world.

29 December 2012

### **ARCANA (3)**

This chanceful world devoid of meaning

I refute.

    If ego is the only meaning

it's better not to be.

29.XII.12

## ΙΑΙΑΣ

Imagine three thousand years ago  
a mouth speaking. Consider  
tongue upon teeth, lips wet,  
the smell of human breath. Then what.  
Listen to what you never heard before.  
Or did you? Were we all there too?

29 December 2012

====

We stay home for winter  
the light goes out  
we wake up anxious  
in the dark.

What  
is happening everywhere  
else? What makes us feel  
this uneasiness, this fear  
to be honest, in here?

What is sleep for?  
Is it just a metaphor  
for all the rest, all  
we never knew? Or a place,  
is sleep a place,  
where things ripen  
into which we presently wake?  
As through a crack in the curtain  
we see there's been more snow.

29 December 2012

## THE BLUE DOCTOR

Go to the blue doctor  
every day

the lightning  
lives inside

at first  
the blue corn

drive in and out decide to stay

What are humans  
we are witnesses  
we are put here  
to take note  
of all this  
whatever it is

*to write things down*

in architecture colors words and tones and stone and clay and say  
what we see, that's all.

And go to the blue doctor every day  
to keep our witness perfectly clean.

To be worthy of the weather.

30 December 2012

## ARCANA (4)

We are given bodies to play with  
play in.

We tend to confuse  
our bodies with our 'selves'  
and then suppose  
we suffer when they do, self, body,  
flesh and personality—  
but we're wrong so to suppose.

30.XII.12



=====

Time to look  
at what used to have to be done  
and then the blue sky came  
and nothing did.

Everybody ate corn  
some steamed some roasted in the husk  
and then went home.

Do you understand what I'm telling you?  
Do you know how much I care?  
Can we begin again?

30 December 2012

## **ARCANA (5)**

All we can give each other  
is the giving itself.

All the rest is processing  
the gift the glory  
of knowing being known.

30.XII.12

**ARCANA (6)**

The naked route  
is the naked root.

30.XII>12

## ARCANA (7)

This is a piece of magic  
it works  
like cardboard or cellophane or steel  
it changes the crystal  
structure of your need  
until it aligns with what I mean.  
By the time you read this  
you have already changed.

30.XII.12

=====

Music everywhere  
but more to think about than hear

sun bright on the snow  
the Earth looks safe again

herself in winter and most clean.

30.XII.12

## **FORKING**

Time is forking  
As we pass  
Each other  
On the road to  
Where that bird is  
Right now. There.

(17/11/12)

=====

Maybe the other side of me  
isn't you at all but some third thing

maybe not even a person or a being  
but something generous and loose

like a time of day or a sound  
yes a sound coming out of the earth

dramatic cave or ordinary excavation  
a sound none of us can understand

no more than music no more than light  
but there it is you'd swear it's talking.

9 September 2012

(30.XII12)

=====

A friend when I have pleased  
her with some gesture or a word  
will smile and say *You slay me!*

What can I say then? What word  
will bring us both to life again?

(16.XII.12)

30 December 2012



## THE LAST DAY

No kisstletoe fare-thee-well  
no punch from bowl wherein

Aphrodite stirred her foam  
no high palaver of auld times since

no tune no moon just blue  
creeping up the grey dome

and some sun, our only one,  
crimsonly starting to rise

behind and through nude trees  
sixteen degrees, and so comes

here at last, my Now, my fugitive.

31 December 2012

=====

A man with many things to do in the morning  
has all afternoon to recuperate.  
They jog by his house on holidays but there he sits.  
They are saying goodbye he's saying hello.  
To live in sensation is to have a big house indeed,  
a palace really, safe between mountains and the sea.

31 December 2012

=====

Last day of the fear  
the owls, if there are owls,  
are white now and hard to spot—  
color is a special kind of weather,  
it reminds us always of our own skin.  
And there we are in the body again  
getting ready for tabula rasa  
as if the counting numbers  
ruled the world. Some say they do—  
Fibonacci, Mandelbrot and all that,  
Pythagoras standing on a decimal point  
in naked space. Maybe they're right.  
Maybe there are white owls in the woods.

31 December 2012

=====

We all want the same thing  
a room to play in  
a tree with fruit in it heavy-hung  
near to the hand  
a friend like a stream rippling by my side.

31 December 2012

=====

*(answering Masha)*

What if belonging  
was really longing

and in that yearning  
you belong to your desire

a kind of joyous prison  
you people with shadows

they are good to you  
in their fashion

they belong to you too  
your lips are bruised

from their *sullen*  
*kisses* a word that once

meant all alone  
watching all the ships

in the world sail out.

31 December 2012

