

2-2012

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Waiting to see  
is a window.

Job of things  
to attend. We

are agency.

2.

It seems.

Face wills,

bodyfeels.

In between

a glimmer ever

a kind of hope.

3.

To live there

in between.

We do that times

each other.

Going in is being out.

1 February 2012

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Could it be ready already  
a soft grey world I slept my way to?  
Offload the obvious  
and what's left  
is the national debt,  
the accountant's trick that tells  
how much the poor owe the rich.

Once they walked the dog back home  
once they were children  
children of God.  
Now the other old man  
comes to bury us one by one  
who were born all together in a burst of light.

1 February 2012

## ENCUENTRO

1.

Same sex caress  
among the angels.

*[dreamt]*

I too had brain surgery  
years before, wouldn't  
admit it or recognize  
the surgeon of it now  
as he came towards me  
in some weird station  
—horror fiction began  
when the railroad age  
began—he studied me  
closely but passed by,  
a steel-haired man still  
prosperous, I let my eyes  
flicker past his lower  
face to miss his eyes—  
knowing is in the eyes  
then he was gone.

2.

He would have said something  
I would have had to answer

speaking from where I had been  
and lose the safety now  
of being no one—but a no one  
with a pretty woman at my side  
and the sky all over the sky.

2 February 2012

= = = = =

Caustic turn signal  
veers the car  
under big white pine  
little road in.

We follow signs.  
We make signs  
and follow them.  
We color in

we make the trees  
green the road  
color of lead  
morning wet

we blur. Signs  
wait for us  
to notice them,  
sinister borscht

belt comedians  
with fatal punchlines.  
The car knows  
where it goes.

Mercury up  
and down the tube,  
crocuses and snow.  
Some day they say

the sky will open  
and the son of a man  
will come to us  
saddled on a cloud

they say every  
sign is a sign  
of that arrival.  
Even the rain.

2 February 2012

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Understanding something better than it is  
how fast things go  
so many destinations  
love holds lovers back  
alternate sand storms  
driving fleets of light  
flowers of artifice  
the kind of people  
who go jogging now  
what did they do before  
jogging came to be  
in the Vietnam era  
empathetic masochism  
they run when no  
man pursueth?  
how sad they look now  
paced through ear-buds  
by music only they  
can hear or is it  
Latin grammar Spanish  
idioms dear god the terrible  
cruelty of human speech.

2 February 2012



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Bring me something to eat  
the night of reason is beginning  
and I'm alone with my cartoons—  
what did Hegel look like in his window  
when he saw Napoleon float by—  
it has so much to tell you  
if I can only let it through  
through me to you!  
but really it and I are not really different  
it only seems so to me  
a healthy humility in face of genius  
—the word of the other on the subject's lips—  
because there is only one who speaks  
and I am he and so are you  
and they are too  
walking in the same woods  
since the very beginning  
with fauns at their side  
unnoticed or momentarily seen  
as unscheduled shadows  
—matter adores you!—  
sign of the paradox  
it is when the cloud cover  
is lowest and the sky one

almost uniform grey  
that it seems most immense  
subtly variegated vastness  
the eye sinks into it as it rises  
the color of all of us together.  
A blue sky's just the  
ceiling on your little room.

2 February 2012

## MOVING ON

You don't do it anymore  
the song on the wall and wild geese tolling  
wake of the canoe and the oar goes missing  
trill on the black keys the drama queen

you stopped all that and stay white all the time  
corsairs from Hollywood amuse your local sleep  
but my face punched with holes was long ago  
ripped from your archery butt and replaced

by the ordinary concentric circles of the working rich.  
Or is it art? The treetops gold with sun at dawn?  
The mirror hazy with sprayed insecticide?  
I carved your image out of my chest too

and now we are a juiceless we  
all argument and one-way gossip and I don't care.  
Sometimes I really do want less of things.  
Sometimes a kiss-off's like a mother's touch.

3 February 2012

=====

It is the day Knife quarrel with your friends  
and smite your enemies in this tiny Holy Land  
a man's head or a woman's hand. Back then  
I used to think the body was the soul  
but now I am a common atheist and you have no name.

3 February 2012

Seven-Tijax

= = = = =

Sometimes you have to  
wake up before your mind  
and wield another's  
for these slim minutes while the sun comes up.  
Taste of freedom.  
The fang of liberty is in you now  
when mind is common.  
Beautiful morning.  
It could be like this all the time.

3 February 2012

## INTERNET OPERA

This is the best I can do  
and wonder where it goes  
later into the empyrean or  
what Shelley called the Inane.

Now we stand up for the tenor  
because the throat is a silver road  
up which the red queen travels  
to trill a seme or two

into the broken world.  
Musicians! Those brigands  
of the inner ear,  
we balance on their tones,

cream at their high notes,  
succumb to their ancient  
mood. Mode.

4 February 2012

= = = = =

This is what it only is  
a screen in the middle of the forest

and the fox with her girls  
teaches the shadows how to wait

it is dawn and the pretty concubine  
is being led to her execution

because it is history, the music  
no one knows how to hear,

and the other waiting  
the broken hearted evil king

who lives in my heart too  
kid and dont you forget it

—writing even this  
requires  
the open stance of  
who are we now?  
The candid animal wants us to remember.

4 February 2012

= = = = =

Lissome eye saw  
boy kill a throne  
but the Queen thereon  
rose hurtless  
through the ascending air  
and knows us still  
the sound of her  
rising

code, code  
is all we hear  
the poor old ears  
translate  
to this old music  
as if the heart  
hears—

and the words I lost  
thrum alluring vague  
in the back of my head  
only the words  
only the sound of words  
make me see smoke rising  
shot through with shabby flames



from Troy on fire, the smell  
of what the burning did  
and tries now to hide

far away smell  
like the same  
stupid boy  
sitting under a pine tree  
strumming his stupid guitar  
to woo a girl  
who isn't even there.

4 February 2012

## **VEDETTE**

she jogs on by  
and all who see her  
dream thereafter  
a hasty movie  
and she's the star.

4 February 2012

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So here is February  
bleeding from the pores  
and this morning even  
springish birdsong  
as I stumbled outside  
to interview the light.

4 February 2012