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rabbit rabbit she cried because the month began
and we are citizens of time bien sûr but really!
expostulation is as bracing as a cup of Assam
with the tigers growling nearby in your mind
o I delight to hear such travesties of truth
as old Omeros conferred on his pale Greeks

before dusky Asians came sexy out of Lydia
where rivers run with gold but no fish to eat
hence the parable of Midas and his golden fingertips
for everything we think becomes commodity
and money makes a prisoner of mind o god and
Kant and Fichte and Hegel are just music,

and music means nothing but Nietzsche *means*
I rest my case in those piquant palabras
that wake me mornings with a taste of sugar
granulated like sunlight on this week-old snow
is this enough for me to believe, philosophy
is the symphony of men who can't carry a tune

**blink (the last man blinks) blank balance sheet
the world is new Bruckner's 7th is alive and now
try to learn that green forever the same rabbit
the pillow sweaty from sleep how hard we work
to muscle through that other consciousness
and grip some of it to nibble when we wake**

**but when is that Our Lady of Intuitions
where we conclude like a ship on a rock
there are tendencies that do not know me
(a kind of ruffle around the new-plowed field)
conscious of your spelling a hint of underarm
language is the working class's vengeance on the rich**

**we wrote this war too, we win by word
and all the pyramids take off to heaven
till every acre is a shadow of them
why don't you advertise the moonlight
that smells here better than anywhere else
you thought it was just a glass of milk**

**no, but I am, the engine idling, the train
ready to north its way into vacancy
I am the empty polar regions ear to ear
thick with rock oil to keep the girls away
leave me arctic sunlight and a bear
until the stars come out to stab me**

**Back to life again mavourneen, a sea
between my feet, my shadow topples
over all your steeples, okay, no protest,
only the lipid aftertaste of light
you are you are most blessed in so moving
ice dance of the frozen Hudson**

**hummocky and buttocky and almost free
the one lane icebreakers kept open
so the barges can bring the flame to Albany,
god, we all are made of skin and not much else
a hollow house with snow on the roof
a crow lands on it and makes a few remarks**

**you think I'm talking but the wind knows better
the name of our discourse is transportation
even now a diesel horn honks southly
yes yes I'm getting somewhere
just like the train from Rochester
and it will be a city wherever I stop**

**and I will be your mother, metropole,
my fetid breath your blue cathedral,
those sins your mothers explain
to pass winter nights through your mind,
the greatest mystery of all is sleep,
the why of it and the someday of why not**

**so it ends at Glastonbury after all
in early spring snow trudged up the Tor
that modest mountain starts below the sea
and reaches to the nearest star,
St. Michael's Tower links both together
an arrow of light comes down and replaces the spine**

**the only weapon we have in our war with heaven
you lift it whenever you open your mouth
to give or chant melisma or to forgive
when I build a city I'll you for canals
so full of life you make the meager sunlight
and every shadow comes alive with counterglow**

(1 February 2014)

agnosis the best treatment in most cases
case means fall, fall means happen
happen means chance and there's no such thing
I rest my case *im Kristall dein Fall*
cries the weird old woman to the poor young man
my first Anselm ere Hollo came from Bothnia

or any other word that fits Homer's meter
he's a Baltic, too, a ship foundering on land
much snow has melted over one mild night
fear of river pirates Chinese paper lanterns
I'm telling you the kind of truth retired
Brits tell on Caribbean verandas

o history, you can read me in any book
these words I pilfered from the lexicon
so you won't see the scum of handsoap on the sink
wouldn't hear the telltale finches of high noon
squealing from the bird clock on the wall
and you'd forgive me for one whole life

get me ready for another, a house
holds almost everything, I give you
everything something, wooden blocks
sufficed me as a child, A especially
and B and C, blue gouges fit together
build them my fingers and forget the war

but the puzzle thing comes back
Orpheus caught between his need
and her *identity, ohime ! identity*
is the mother of needs but not
necessity, there's always something wilful
in being somebody in particular

me for instance, my shadow cast
by porchlight on the snow, forgive me,
I can resist being in a body, even mine,
word-soaked adventurer with wind up his sleeve
and in the straits twixt north and south the dolphin Jack
spared the life of many mariners, but me

**I'd never go to sea, once was enough, came here
over the addictive Atlantic I still drink
when I can but never walk again that deck
speak unFrench and think I'm on my way home
because no language has a word for house
any more than English has a word for you**

(2 February 2014)

what it looks to soon will be
to *seize before* is make it so
remember instead not the picture but what it said
in me as I turned to look, gather to me
it cried out to the lens in all of us
see me into your own dark, I am yours

I had not yet begun to snow, a cougar
walked later over the hill above the yard
they have so many names, years,
they have fire in their eyes, and diamonds
often in their safe-deposit boxes, glisten
on the edges of their prayer books

gold is greasy nowadays, the ground
is asking for it, weather is always an answer,
some Utah Protestants are praying for rain
one week this song has worked
I embarrass myself with particulars
need the argent fountain of sheer must

did you say childhood or wildwood
did you say caravan or yet again
lick my ears clean o lordly lady
so I can hear the consonants divide
sacred breath cleaves or makes them cleave
and did you say weather or a feather

spend a whole life listening and get it wrong
bu hao, this is New Year's I'll never know your name
dim sum in paradise busy street outside
invisible diners plucking palpable food
to be served dinner is to disappear
only the waiters are there the deep *personnel*

for them we are phantoms, we eat out for them
we sit invisible with joyful wallets,
braced by their *stronger existence*,
those eyes-away girls and wifty boys who carry
heavy plates and beefy arguments around the room,
we sheep look up and think we're fed

**the servers are the only people here, we vanish
into agency, chat and chomp and soon are gone,
oh what a bistro this sad earth is
and winter waits outside, a week of this
no fins no feathers just a clock remarking
evening news from Budapest catch a word or two**

**it will be over soon they say the snow
and say the pine tree shelters in the mist
I will not go where such things live
angry partisans belonging to their guns,
I use the simplest words I can
because my journey up the river is so long**

**I'd give all this to drink the light
among the trees thicker, it grows the snow
Faust gets young again with strength enough
to be hurt again by what he thought was done
but nothing's there and nothing's then,
old age is a permanent condition in some men**

(3 February 2014)

**“you are or will be the Prince Nova
who changes the way we do the world”
(dreamt, in Armenian, before woke
into sun on snow with more to come)
(end of my history of the American Republic)
but who is this prince I or another must be?**

**who knows to whom a dream is talking
if I swam it would be against the current
sub-heroic but it functions this way
with any old book for my larder
and a man shoveling snow quietly outside
remember that lawn we saw the northern lights?**

**I am not finished with this form
who pulls me downe? Irony of rapture
we give so little and get everything
each one a springboard to the next
but there is a cenote in this world
where lost things sink to rise in their time**

like Easter through the snow-laced trees
yes something is coming miracle or otherwise
the counting numbers never get you there
a quiet moment's Eden enough, the four
rivers of it or what the compass shows —
to move at all is to lose your direction

certainly tried to tell the road
from the river the moongate from the sea
trampled snow smell of a horse
the Prince has fallen — now you know he's a prince —
raptors busy in the lower air, where Greeks
were mostly free of gods, safe from all but self

so be contrary all you choose
the secret name of this is everything
help the prince up from the mire
avoiding the hoofsteps of his horse-machine
put a word in his mouth and set him loose
now comes the revolution the voice set free

**and all those rights you dreamed you had
your body all your own with what it does,
hollow network of a vast enclosure
fence round nada but how the nada gleams
don't you sometimes wish you were
the only one the language means**

**but the frost of snow on the yew trees
everybody wants to get into the idea
Japanese *No* mask you carry in your eyes
ready for the hour of disguise
when a hand reaches out and makes a sign
your skin makes sense of before the mind**

(4 February 2014)

**let me be light
and be of use to dark around me
let me learn something
and give it to you let me
be you as much as we can
until the sacred difference sleeps.**

5 February 2014

=====

The beauty of film (as earlier the still not fully grasped beauty of photography) back to him and him and him and is that it frees us from plot contrivance, and grants us pure presence, the presence from which everything can come.

We no longer need to see what people did. (All narrative is *past* by nature.) We need to see what people are.

*

A great story yields a single moment.

6 February 2014

=====

**But is there nothing left to tell
a crumb of bread
left between two empty glasses
last testimony of love**

**yes I use those words
the way the world uses opera
to take what joy it can
from endless grief.**

6 February 2014

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**Because of me this spirit
understands all islands as this one
the sea is same
and grinds us into identity.
So the palm by your house
is my yew tree
scripted with snow.
Because the only place there is is here.**

6 February 2014

=====

**Cast by number on the long coast
sand in his teeth and salty-eyed
there was a reason. Apollo meant
a man alone on the beach, particular,
not specially analytic, maybe even
humming a tune. Like you or me
but not like both of us.**

Everything is coming to tell.

**Then there are frequencies
when the white spider chooses its house
between the poet and her song
like a bar at midnight ready to begin.
Once there were children in that world —
try to be lucid and calm, the hospital
is on its way, bankrupt but still busy,
money only seems to be involved.
Vast buildings stand unoccupied
and the homeless come back,**

**where have you all been
behind shuttered windows of the lazaretto?**

**And *who* have you been, more to the point —
and why do I find menacing
but I used to find bracing,
a cold night, fierce sun on snow?
Is the whole world just an adjective?
My itchy skin, your diamond earrings?**

7 February 2014

=====

**This will wake you up
a white truck running through the snow
are you sure? Are you pure?**

**It seems to me religion is all about
a kind of organized waiting —
you feel it in the crowded church,
they come to wait for mass to be over,
come for a sermon they can't wait to end,
and all the words referring in so many
languages to elsewhere and some
other day and never now.
Because there is no now anymore.
Of the white truck is long gone.**

7 February 2014