

1-2012

janA2012

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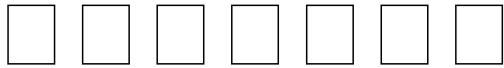
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the mist  
around the sun  
the fog of influence  
softens the new year

A fog is a vast population  
of my beautiful confusions—  
for an hour all the local spirits  
made visible, entitled  
by chemistry  
to know us, let  
themselves be seen.

Particles of water and of air—  
we see them only as a congregation  
only by grace could  
a water molecule, molecule  
of that chariot we call air,  
that gods us,  
come to speak  
and we to hear  
voice to voice *not as a stranger*

but a friend  
met in the darkness  
in another century  
another road.

1 January 2012

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A light fog like this one  
is always over there.

I am actually in it  
standing here

but its seeming opacity  
thickens with distance.

I am surrounded by  
what seems to be far away  
in the trees, around the sunrise  
already above the treetops  
almost,

                  there  
where the fog is  
is here.

In some such way  
there is a part of here  
and I of you.

1 January 2012

= = = = =

All years have ears  
what do they tell?

Or take a cloud by the ear  
then lick your hands—

I thought you loved me  
but it was just the rain

you thought I meant it  
but I really did

so if a year could start  
one more time you could

hear it, a sort of red  
as if my blood had

all dried up inside me  
so I smiled and smiled.

2 January 2012

## SONATINA

1.

She went by with her window open  
a letter of the alphabet out of place  
cold morning woman on her way to what work

2.

Gallantry of unspeaking not to disturb  
the sunlit silence of the afterwake  
plane overhead like your stomach rumbling

3.

Plenty of time for colors later  
this hour is just about the long light  
seeping through trees like escaping slaves.

2 January 2012







## MAGUS

wall sport, a being inside  
inside the time that seems  
to pass

    but being in it  
all must upstream  
as a policy of closing doors  
around you and be still

Grammar helps

    hence magic  
trips to eastern Germany, Sanskrit  
letters on your briefcase,  
cloth-bound books. Be cotton.  
Sperm-soaked jute. A wall  
tells all.

    You smell wise.

The seasons of the year  
seduce. Read Proclus, Porphyry,  
hide chemicals in huckleberry pie—  
who knows what tree god fell from.  
ergot, madness, green rot, cellophane.  
I have a painting of it somewhere here.

Something in all this is you.  
Stuff. The matter  
of matter  
with you in it  
praying to the wall  
“stand firm, opacity  
but let me hear  
rapping on it from the other side  
the knuckles of the one I mean.”

3 January 2012

## IN THE ATTIC

There are ways to be waiting  
or storms in the attic.

No house I live in has an attic  
ever. Fact. Or access to such space  
as may hide up there  
guessable from architecture,  
pitch of roof, gap  
between flat ceiling and sharp gable.  
There but invisible, an inference  
like heaven.

I want an attic  
a high place with dust and room  
full of senile things  
that don't remember me, souvenirs  
from nowhere, silence.

I read about them in books  
the steep staircase, almost a ladder,  
creaking door, the strange stained light  
greasy with spiderwebs,  
love letters to you from  
women you never knew.

The letters wrote themselves,

sly chemistry of ink and roses  
set the paper on mild fire  
that soon enough burned out  
leaving meek blue words.  
Words are ashes, dust,  
disturbances.

Overhead

all day long though  
as long as you live in a house.  
A house has heard too much.

I suppose travelers and vagabonds  
sleep rough for silence's sake  
out there in the wood and stars  
where nothing talks.  
Or they can't hear.

4 January 2012

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Workmen check each other's work.

Stars inspect us. Grains of light

we read. This is aristocracy:

we are entitled only by paying close attention.

4 January 2012

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The secret wife of a pronoun  
is a verb, who cheats  
on her her-or-husband  
with some noun,  
a shifty out-of-town predicate  
but with brown curls  
who longs to touch.

4 January 2012

## STEPS (13) THE LEFT

What could be left of the left  
and isn't the anyhow we are  
left from some other was,

a world?

So what's  
left is us, panoply,  
north star, red flag,  
pale cheeks,  
synthesizer  
fried in a brownout,  
pine tree, you.

Left  
of center was a loft  
downtown  
to kiss in,  
grow up  
in the last  
hour of the world  
we called  
comrades each other  
music paid the rent

*nos jours, nos jours !*

and a bus packed with your own kind  
glory!

Glory left over  
from a world before the world

all the bright red Christians and Jews  
same shiver in the same park

nothing is left of America

just enough to stretch your knees  
or let your hair down  
midnight moonlight Yosemite

left is a place you come back to

alack in the only mind

we turn away from the word we meant  
the spasm comes after

a tree's left a yew an arbor vitae  
tree of life the deer came eating  
tree of life is all a beast itself



the world before the world was here  
before we learned to talk

or we are what is left  
after they'd come down and eaten and gone.

5 January 2012

## THE SEDUCTION

Here I would correlate the ocean

with the goings,

the floor of that ever-beginning river

marked with passages not ours

seamounts unriveted canyons, abyssal plains, thermal vents

where sensible beings see by heat alone,

but how to link this ode

with human doings,

*humanus*, a being

who walks on *humus*, the soil, a groundling, a Cæsar.

But the girl was patient, willing

to be led into the conversation—

you are my ally

I said and she

said I thought your ally

was a sea-map on the wall

wooden tiles on a Scrabble board

blue gas flame beneath the coffeepot

not me.



The answer seems to be seduction.

Se ducere, to lead yourself

to yourself,

to lead someone

all the way to his or her true self,

your own self,

a self you can't find all by yourself,

seduction, the word itself seduces,

you seduce me, you gibe me myself,

the only gift a human has to give.

Hence the rhapsodies of theologians

who sought to give a self to God,

give a self to Being itself,

seduce the Lord

and make Being evident

to itself, today,

Epiphany,

to show That self and by showing

show us our own?

Ah religion, you business of the dark,

all smells and smoke and sounds and never a touch,

nothing so primitive

as my first language

and yours too, Marquise, yours too—

the talking skin.

Reach out and touch me

I am the only one who can find you,

I am the door of your only castle.

He said

                    and the brilliants gleamed  
around her neck,

                    a diamond choker  
dimmed here and there with pearls—  
otherwise he would have licked  
the pit of her throat  
and made the small world spin,  
the wheel of inward—

for every way is downward from the skin.

Take off your ornaments

he reasoned, but she

said No, the light is part of me.

6 January 2012