

1-2014

janA2014

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "janA2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 343.  
[http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/343](http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/343)

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

= = = =

Not doctors

I think

but one another—

we have to cure each other

let the blue selfless through

to find a self

and heal it—

no medicine but the love streaming through us

out to the other ever.

Blue light flooding from within

and this within is elsewhere.

1 January 2014

= = = = =

And if 80 is the new 60 and all that,  
the numbers are all different now

*all the numbers changed*

they still can *count* but they don't *mean*  
not the way they did

(we thought they did).

Everything is different.

Religion used to mean the cult practice of the whole town.  
worship of its own gods, with its own values.

Now religion is the thing you run away to  
to escape society and iust norms,

escape the City.

If you can't depend on numbers  
what do we count on?

1 January 2014

= = = = =

Notes,  
but for what  
music  
or remember?  
How short  
can anything  
be, and be?

1 January 2014

= = = = =

1.

Lost the knack of listening  
found it again in studying the light.

The green of listening  
meets the blue of speaking.

Your nominal heart  
succinctly red, reads.

2.

Because the senses  
are of the body

and rational mind, abstract despot,  
consistently misunderstands,

it is by nature  
is precisely what misunderstands,

“mortal mind” Mary Baker called it  
when she came back from her visions  
  
into the candlelight of the ordinary  
and knew that what she was was not.

1 January 2014

= = = = =

So belongs to body  
everything its senses  
take hold of,  
valid till interpreted,  
lucid till understood.

1 January 2014

= = = = =

New Years Day  
furnace failed,  
snow. What to do.  
Repairman came  
not too late. just  
after dark. Fixed it,  
made heat rise.  
Left a note, pink  
carbon copy:  
*blead the pump.*  
All I know how  
to do is spell.

1 January 2014



= = = =

Trying to be clear  
like the road somewhere  
south of a storm and green

I've lost the way.

It is to say.

Keep talking.

someone always knows.

2 January 2014

## THE REED

Where is my broken reed  
we need  
then congregation of ortolans  
the mother spider's feast

we dream all our agains

from the flarf bed  
of the crowded head

straight out Jericho  
the island of my ancestors

an island waits.

The way finds me again  
like tonal music,  
barbaric clangor  
of a young man's ego  
still shouts in my dome

they lead such sad lives  
who want to rule the world,  
glad lives those  
who live to pray the world along,

*wind with the wind*

*I rain the rain*

*I help the sun shine*

A radical refutation  
to say  
this day and no other  
no obvious alternatives to this.

2.

Dispersion of ashes. Or  
catafalque beneath  
an empty coffin. Where  
is anything. One  
had breadth of satin  
it took a life to touch.

Fingering the distances

just then I heard a horn  
could be a locomotive  
driving south through snow  
or Oberon himself  
still liege-lord of every wood

and every time he touched a girl  
he thought Titania

read your fingertips  
by mine  
from the chastest hand-stroke  
I am made  
pregnant he remembered

room for one more day  
beat of dawn air  
round the crow's wings—

we are in the athanor  
of time the colors change.

3.

It may be junk  
but it sails  
all the way to the island  
loaded with jade  
and those dried leaves of camellia  
called the earth is calling you  
every morning without fail  
  
and at midnight rub  
carved jade between your fingers.

2 January 2014

## OPERA

Zandonai's opera *I Cavalieri di Ekebu* has been on the radio a lot lately. It's on right now. And two male cardinals are sitting on the same bird feeder, not fighting, not driving one another away. As male cardinals usually do. Maybe because it is so cold. High noon and 9 degrees Fahrenheit. And a lot of snow fallen, and more falling now. The story of the opera has something to do with Scandinavia, in their middle ages, which were a little later than ours, I think. When I say ours I mean England and France, practically one country in those days, as you can tell by our language, especially when we sit down to dine in company. If it's so cold now what will it be like tonight? When the snow will fall heavily they say and the wind blow. They. The ones who say such things, I wonder if they are the same ones who decide to put this opera by Zandonai on the radio several times in a short period of time. What are they trying to tell us? Who runs the weather? Who programs the music they make us hear? To judge by the excited voices, the opera has a lot of action. Probably

slayings and lovemaking and betrayals and loss. But who knows? Opera breeds paranoia. Definitely. Meet an opera-lover and you meet someone always ready for the worst.

2 January 2014

= = = = =

Stricken by midnight the snow stopped  
by streetlight clarity have we come  
out the other side of someone's skin

the skid of light along the snow  
starts up again heavy heavy  
with that metaphysical obliteration  
of the question or sublation

of all the differences into this one  
animal it almost looks like it comes so  
swirl of muscle or am I trapped again

in the ancient anatomy of light?

2 January 2014



= = = = =

Working idly  
through a white dream  
shovel in my hands

how heavy it is  
to pick up  
all this we've thought

and spoken.

This white is words.

3 January 2014

## CARING FOR WHAT COMES NEXT

slowly part by part

somewhere, say

“mirror”

green leaf

smooth and soft but still

faintly tough of spinach

fresh

“mirror”

the bread on the table

quite fresh this morning now

a faint fine coating of dryness on it

you hardly notice it

you eat it with something on it

anything will do

but you mother said

“rice”

and you thought of how white

it is when it's been steamed

do you understand

how white such white can

be, can be

“mirror”

shows all the people

who could eat

eat with you

eat what you eat

far away personages

like queens in fairytales

no country to bother them with ruling

just queen per se queen

the one who says

she has to say

“look into the mirror

little boy

I hid it in my lap

so you can see better

what is coming

and what has come

long long ago

before you ever began to listen”

or curly leaf

like kale or mustard greens

purple kale of winter gardens  
ornamental animal  
see all that in the lap  
frightened children  
eating the Christmas tree  
did you ever  
“mirror”  
no, rice.  
Rice is the same as white.  
Mirror is the same as me.  
The variations overwhelm the theme  
everybody forgets it  
by now only the mirror  
holds it in mind  
“jouissance” “mirror”  
nine days roll back  
there is need  
need in  
what we do  
we only “mirror.”

3 January 2014