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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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*sGrol.dKar.la*

**Eyes in her hands**

**she sees**

**the me before me.**

**7.I.13**

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**Who knows me  
after all, who  
answers the ball  
when it swims across the lawn,  
who dares to open the leaf?**

**Because there is always a going in  
always an in.**

**7 January 2013**

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**Crows on snow**

**interpret**

**and then forget.**

**7.I.13**

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**Think of the first time  
that song was heard  
where did it go  
in those who heard it**

**and what did it do  
to the air,  
                    the walls  
of the room, old  
oak of the floor**

**did the glass in the window  
hear it, did it change  
the look of things out there  
where maybe they could here it too?**

**7 January 2013**

## **IQ BAKXAI**

**for I have a man-cry too  
the silent one  
you hear in the woods  
you hear me deep  
in the slowly drying ink.**

**7 January 2013**

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These cars up Cedar Hill tell time  
to wait for me. I have a cold  
(as Pessoa before me said, and got  
a marvelous poem out of cough and snot)

and what else is missing, suddenly  
to be a member of the uneasy  
confraternity of the sick  
I never am. So tell time for me

she'll have to wait her turn—  
she?—o you didn't realize  
that time is feminine?  
How else could she last forever?

And I'll be here waiting  
before she comes back.  
Back? Of course—from  
the beginning of the world

till now is just one day  
and it isn't even noon.  
My time is your time  
as the dumb old song said.

7 January 2013

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**Have I ever really even once gone out there  
out through the snowy trees or animal streets  
or stores full of merchandise I can't understand  
in all these years of looking? Where does looking  
take a man. Wait, There was a grey wood fence  
out the back window on Crescent Street.  
In the marshes of Kinderhoek timothy grass  
with nutritious tubers I never ate. Wait.  
Jamaica Bay. Was it always just looking?  
Was it always saying this and saying that  
and never standng up and being gone?  
What would it be or be like  
to get up right now and go there,  
there, that place through the window,  
and I came to walk there I'd have to leave  
my heart-house here? I'm asking simply,  
humbly even, can a man enter what he sees?**

**7 January 2013**



**CASTA DIVA**

**To the chaste**

**Goddess she sings**

**as in my folly**

**I pray to Wisdom.**

**7.I.13**

## **NADIA'S ADVICE**

**As much as we know  
everything is far—**

**Go home  
and write your own music,  
Bach doesn't need you anymore.**

**So he sailed the seas  
and came to the Statue of Liberty  
the Big Lady standing n the water,  
she put her torch down and  
grabbed him by the ears,  
squeezed his head in and out  
like a drunken peasant  
playing a wild accordion.**

**7 January 2013**

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**There is no bondage worse  
than being committed to your own feelings.**

**7.I.13**

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**Cold and bright  
this snow for you  
you sprawl in it  
to make angel wings.  
You ski out the window,  
a lake of wine of beer of mead  
flows under a bridge.  
Trolls live there  
and help you with your hair  
braiding, untangling,  
weaving winter flowers in,  
silk ones, peonies showy  
and small plumeria  
till you smell like an island  
your skin like sea foam,  
my touch slips off  
and blows away.  
How can you bear to be  
naked in the snow?  
You whisper me your  
answer as you always do:  
the snow is naked too.**

**7 January 2013**

=====

**My childhood was all steeplejack  
all brave blue boy in a bonny sky  
and down he'd come with tar on his smell  
and god how near he'd been to God  
up there with the cross or the weathervane.**

**7 January 2013**

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**Perplexed by evening  
the snow purpled  
I watched  
till the light in the dining room  
was louder than the sky outside  
and the trees had all gone home.**

**7 January 2013**

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*enjoy giving up*

—A.L.

the grist in the mill  
squeaks under the millstone  
the water in the sluice  
gushing by turns  
the whole miserable history  
into fine whitish flour  
the miller's daughter  
that's her make-up her  
glaring crimson lips  
try to pronounce my own  
most difficult name.  
I press my mouth to hers  
to quiet mispronunciation,  
if she calls me wrongly  
I might fly away or she  
melt in my arms to dough  
mush remembrance love  
then where would we be?  
No mill, no girl, no wheat.  
The image of her lips  
lasts a long time  
then flies away like a bird.

**I think of all the things  
that will never be mine  
and I smile, nothing to lose,  
everything I have ever  
imagined turns to stone  
in my mind. The rock  
on which I stand.**

**7 January 2013**



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**The me who talks to you  
is other me.**

**We  
the all of us  
are levels  
of imposture felt together  
to *seem* a smooth person  
someone you could name.  
So forgive my anxieties  
and all the other lies.**

**8 January 2013**

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**The voice comes down the sky  
and what it says is the pure  
sound of itself — no word  
disturbs the clarity of that presence**

**suddenly with us. Later the words come  
and the magic goes, now  
it's just opera or hymn tune — story  
obliterates glory — but how**

**to keep that absolute unsaying sound?**

**8 January 2013**

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**Hearing**  
**is not listening,**

**listening**  
**is full of me**

**intention**  
**desire ego**

**hearing**  
**is full of you.**

**You are what is there to be heard.**

**8 January 2013**

=====

**In the land of signs  
a color is money**

**I don't have the breath  
to tell another lie**

**how can I give you what you need  
am I a Viking in a funny hat**

**my red-furred forearm ready  
to grab diamonds from the sky?**

**Just curl up on my lap *modo* cat  
a minute lost from the annals**

**doing nothing nothing doing  
just being here. And where is that?**

## THE GIFT

I want to give you something I don't have—  
and that's every friend's problem, every  
lover's. But the lover can cheat, and bring  
you his body or her body, and while it's there  
both of you forget what's missing. Something  
you can't name, Something I don't know.

So imagine a whitewood frame  
around no canvas—just a frame  
to define a space of emptiness.  
Here it is. I put it in your hands,  
now carry it around the woods  
the neighborhood the room  
and look through it until you see  
something you never saw that way before.

And I don't have that either, I have  
nothing of much use, But at least  
for that moment you got to see.

Or maybe there was nothing there  
so you lay the pale splintery thing down  
and change the subject. You are kind,  
don't want to hurt the feelings of emptiness.

**The fact that there was nothing there to see  
is itself a kind of seeing, no? No,  
only another disappointment, We endure  
our desires and their thwarting. I want  
to give you something and this want  
is the only thing I have to give you.**

*for Susan, her birthday, 9 January 2013*