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**Is the sprinkling of snow we had
also a snowkling of spring?**

**Are all weathers
enwrapped together?**

**Explain to me Emily
you classicist with earnest
eyes so easy to surprise
with Attic innuendo**

**am I secretly your brother
too, so we live for one another
no more separate than snow
flakes in he drifts at Borodino?**

**Are we the same? As if name
color and all those accidents
just counterfeit a difference?
Are these words themselves now
really coming out of your mouth?**

6 January 2013

ELEGY FOR SIN

Bees are our ancestors
living all at the same time hiving together.
Ajmac. Day of the penitent
kneeling in the snow
a vulture overhead.

What snow?

What sin do I confess?
All of them.

To live
is to take life.

So apologize
and go on living.

2.

In the past dozen years or so
vultures have become common in this region.
I first saw one here in the apple orchard 1990
but only later came many.
We remember these things,
we are the ancestors, we take stock
and bear things in mind and get confused.
We are always apologizing
so apologize to us too.
And most of all, apologize to things,

things are so beautiful, chaste, remote—
it's an ecstasy to pick up a piece of wood.

3.

The distance moves.

Crow on rooftop eating snow

we drink where we can

we run on water and on air

most of which is everywhere.

Apologize for telling lies

those cognitive adulteries.

Apologize for eating meat

which is a part of what you are.

All food is human flesh

and every restaurant cannibal.

4.

He carries me in his beak

he means me

he is a crow, he carries

what I think is me

something fragmentary raw and cold

he brings me to his house

hidden in the air

and feeds me to his vulture friends

**then I tomb my way
soaring into heaven
where I rule alone
limitless blue emptiness
my sins are forgiven.**

6 January 2013

Day 7 Ajmac

=====

sGrol.dKar.la

Eyes in her hands

she sees

the me before me.

7.I.13

=====

**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 standing 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

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

7.I.13