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= = = = =

Light snow has  
lovelied it again.  
The sheeted living  
drive the silver street—

snow is always echo  
of something said  
far, and you hear it  
always after, calling you,  
calling some word  
you almost understand.

10 January 2014

= = = = =

The need of it  
to be now!

Giving and giving  
the unstinting answer

one more of those  
all worlds are full of—

if you can perceive it  
at all, that's what it means.

10 January 2014

## INKWELL OF THE ROSE

One wants. A top  
spun by another child  
wobbles into your life.

Yours but you don't  
own it either.  
Transference

is always too easy.  
Cross the street  
walk the other side

the shadows longer  
and no children play  
scaring you with their

happiness it seems to be.  
Be happy with me  
instead is what you say

to any shadow  
by the lamp post  
stone steps to the café.

No one belongs  
to anyone you think,  
our miserable liberty.

10 January 2014

= = = = =

Shake the book  
till a word falls out.  
That one.  
Now parse its past,  
etymology, run it  
(Olson used to say)  
till it tests out  
and you begin to know  
what is is carrying  
to you. All those years.  
No book can tell  
till you do this. Do  
the work.

Run with the word  
all the way back  
then comes again.  
Now in the prison  
of the ordinary  
you have a key.  
It has begun  
for instance to snow  
and you alone know why.

10 January 2014

= = = = =

The pronouns are the most technical vocabulary we have. Each depends on an intimate awareness of a vast, intricate array of locations and motions. How else could we know what *this* means?

10 January 2014

AVORIAZ

**means snow in Venusian  
I know it only in summer if that  
a decade between summers  
in the High Savoy  
between the Little Boundary  
and St John of the Alps.**

**A sign, an arrow, a distance in meters.  
What more do you need to know a place?  
As when I was a child the little wooden  
parkway signs at the end of the West  
Side Highway said New England and North  
and I have lived there ever since.**

10 January 2014

= = = = =

Dense mist  
and crows in it  
sailing big  
to little branches—  
high thirties  
and the snow  
messy, ice  
lurks underfoot  
wariness of  
come and go—  
short-breath'd  
the day anew  
This sumptuous  
light half  
hidden in the seeds  
of water this mist  
must. I want  
to be like this.  
And want to  
be forever.

11 January 2014



## POSTCARD FROM A RAINY MORNING

Yesterday nine  
deer in the yard—  
who am I telling  
this to? They  
knew already.

11 January 2014

= = = = =

I think in Sicily  
a stone father  
crushing his son  
tenderly I think  
inside the stone  
the ancient yearning  
of the interior  
to be out there,  
here, among the  
arrogant daylight.

11 January 2014

= = = = =

American birthday, mine—

*One Deer*

the one I saw at dusk last night  
(when the Mayan like the Hebrew day begins)  
nibbling dry corn—  
one of the nine who'd been earlier to visit.  
Shapes in the snow color of the trees  
can only see them when they move,  
color as if the earth they stand on  
were bent to feed, feed on itself  
and he's a part of her  
and we too, and so  
may it be with all the year,  
happy birthday to me.

12 January 2014  
Day 1-Quiej

= = = = =

Wait and find the rule  
mathematics  
childbirth in the sky

but could one of us really be  
the side of a triangle  
and all love dependent, codependent?

Which side, which kind?  
The glamorous soprano comes upstage and sings:

*I am the hypotenuse  
of a scalene triangle,  
you are the little side,  
chéri, I'm all my life  
waiting for the long one*

and all that turns into music.  
We listen with null ears—  
surd — and then the number  
begins again. But we have  
ears only for our eyes,  
the lovely personage down there on high.

12 January 2014

= = = = =

It's good now and then  
to watch the sun rise  
we've seen it go down  
so many times.

13 January 2014

## **A BOOK OF IMAGES**

**Image:**

**a small lily  
white, pinkish within  
its structure down there  
obscured by a woman  
dressed for business  
holding a newborn  
fawn in her arms.**

**Image:**

**A large map  
of South America  
laid out on broadloom.  
Two white children  
are asleep on it.  
Their cat is keeping watch.**

**Image:**

**On an open palm  
a coin: a denarius  
in the middle of it—  
a man's voice says  
"denarius" in puzzled  
tone, French accent.**

**(See, sometimes an image speaks. Only a fool thinks  
images are silent, or are only images of seen things.)**

**Image:**

**A chair creaking  
no one sitting on it.  
The moon  
almost full  
in the windowpane.**

**(It isn't that one wants one image or another. An  
image wants us.)**

**(It's not like some famous writer who chooses an  
expensive woolen jacket to be photographed wearing as  
he sits like a squire on a rustic bench. No, the jacket  
chooses us.)**

**Image:**

**A sky pale behind winter trees.  
A boy looking out the window at them and it:  
his love is divided, not for the last time.**

**Image:**

**A blind man  
is writing with a pen.  
It has run out of ink  
and he begins to suspect it.**

**Image:**

**An old-fashioned  
alarm clock with two bells on top.  
A woman stuffs it down among  
her husband's socks  
in the chest of drawers  
to muffle the sound of time.**

**Image:**

**Earliest morning  
the moment when the grass turns green.**

**Image:**

**A huge figure on the horizon  
straddling the earth,  
doing something to the Sun  
he holds between his hands.**

**(Earth and sky grow bright together. There is deep  
meaning in this. We are one person and only one.)**

**Image:**

**A woman touching her ear  
as if to say Speak to me  
louder, I can't hear you, louder.  
I am language already  
I just need to hear you.**



**(Don't wait for morning to wake up. The deer, with their poor vision but keen sense of smell, are up betimes. They are waiting for you to do something. They have been waiting for a thousand years.)**

**Image:**

**A television screen is showing a snowstorm to an empty room. In the next room, visible through an open door, a woman is sobbing.**

**(Everyone has a mother. Or has had one a while. But who is she now? Or when she is not only your mother?)**

**(An image is not only a what, it is a when. That is the mystery of everything seen. Or any thought at all. Whn is it, and to whom?)**

**Image:**

**An elderly white man shaking pepper onto two poached eggs. Behind his back a young woman is staring out the window, where nothing is to seen.**

**Image:**

**An empty sports car, open, is parked under a palm tree. What can they be thinking?**

**Image:**

**A turtle is crossing a lonely highway. A boy is watching it, wondering if it's safe to pick it up and hurry it safely to its destination. You can see the worry in the boy's face. Danger. Contamination. Disease. Bite. Alien contact. Failure. Could drop it, hurt it. And maybe the turtle wants to do it this way. Nobody knows. Nobody knows. There are tears in the boy's eyes.**

**Image:**

**A clock tower  
casts a shadow  
across an empty  
plaza right to left.  
The hands are at 8:12.**

**Image:**

**A couple in Victorian clothes  
walking by the sea, keep  
to the damp sand near the  
arriving waves. She holds  
a parasol, he holds her free arm.  
Elbow. They are far away,  
just silhouettes, really.**

**Image:**

**A pair of glasses, negative diopter lenses, strong, rest  
on an open book printed in Pali script. Across the  
room a parakeet, blue, is active in its cage,**

**interviewing the little round mirror that keeps it  
company.**

**Image:**

**a large white seabird  
lands on sand,  
stumbles, rights itself,  
comes to rest.  
A fishing boat has just  
come into view  
after rounding the cape.**

**(You think you were born here? Nothing could be  
further than the truth. Every morning a new  
adventure, an education, a catastrophe, a song.  
Everything we see we see for the first time.)**

**Image:**

**Two girls, perhaps mermaids, hard to tell, are  
swimming side by side in the sea, coming straight  
towards the viewer. Will they pause on either side of  
you? Will they pass you by?**

**Image:**

**A zoo, all the cages empty.  
A light snow is falling.  
A sheet of paper blows along the ground,  
you try to pick it up to read  
but it's only an image, only  
part of an image and an image has no parts.**

**Image:**

**A highway seen from above. Heavy traffic in both directions. Below us, three crows pass from right to left in flight — their shadows, distinct on the ground, interrupted by passing cars, so the shadows go up (car roof) and down (roadbed) like music. Like music.**

**Image:**

**a Crow pecking at a dry ear of corn. Each kernel he plucks free he tosses into the air where it becomes a star and flies away.**

**Image:**

**In an apartment building, on the eleventh floor, a kitchen window is open onto an air shaft. A potted geranium is on the window ledge. A butterfly of some sort has just landed on it. Or moth. Who can tell?**

**(The precision of images is not the kind of precision that words know and can recite.)**

**SACRAE IMAGINATIONIS VERITATI  
MARTYRO PRAECLARISSIMO  
SCIENTI SAPIENTIQUE  
IORDANO BRVNO  
NOLAE  
LIBELLVM HOC  
DEDICAVIT AVCTOR  
CAELIVS RVFVS  
VALLIS ANNAE  
MMXIV**

**Image:**

**A child**

**learning Latin from a book**

**his fingers toying with cracker crumbs**

**while he repeats**

**words under his breath.**

**A candle flickers on the table.**

**Graham crackers.**

**13 January 2014**

