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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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**Change my name  
I've had it so long  
take off these vestments  
and learn to ski  
listen to what people  
put on the radio  
learn to eat fried chicken  
buy a car.**

**20 January 2013**

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**The tree has changed its shape today  
what power the night has**

**and there's a wind in that tree  
not this one**

**welcome to the mystery.**

**20 January 2013**

## **UN CRI DE MERLIN**

**I'm being too clear  
soon I'll have  
nothing left but breath  
then not even that.**

**20 January 2013**

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**Take longer to tell  
in this mini-time**

**build attention spans  
an hour in your**

**company darling  
worth ten thousand**

**four minute songs.**

**20 January 2013**

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**Sunday morning  
not too cold  
people running  
up and down roads  
what a strange  
god they must serve.**

**20 January 2013**

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**Then she talked the clouds out of the sky  
persuaded the sun to go down  
showed herself to the moon  
then it was evening  
and I began to understand  
what the world is supposed to be about  
and why I think I'm here.**

**20 January 2013**

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*Ego scire cupio vim...temporis*

**I said to Saint Augustine I love you anyhow  
and he said you like my Latin more than my soul  
well not exactly but I can understand it  
and you're only showing off with your prose  
but that's what we're supposed to do before God  
witness David prancing before the tabernacle  
and we call it a dance and we call is language  
and you're terrific and I guess I am too  
and sometimes we get brave enough  
to call the whole megillah by a word like soul—  
we find out what it means by how we live.**

**20 January 2013**



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**Lost things. Like the Alps  
lost into Italy. Austria.  
The language of the next  
valley we can't understand.**

**And when the sun goes down  
the cliffs turn red. Every  
night we think the same thought:  
there is something up there,**

**something we should know.  
Find it, find it. But tomorrow  
we forget all that when the cliffs  
look like ordinary stone again**

**and things have their way with us.  
We waste our time and time wastes us.**

**20 January 2013**

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**Letters are about their senders  
as the blackbird flying across the common  
is about itself. I mean the sparrow  
I mean the trine of battered winter grass  
fruit trees and spruces sees my house.**

**I want to belong to what they know.  
The bird. The sky. The woman who wrote the letter.**

**21 January 2013**

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**In the old days  
sound sounded different  
and the moon was brighter  
but the sun less bright**

**things came closer  
in the old days but women  
were further away  
from men and likewise**

**even now all people  
with the same name  
are the same people  
and rain still comes down**

**in the old days the priests  
said their breviaries  
walking in the garden  
rabbis walked quickly in the street**

**the difference between noises  
was clearer then, this  
was a dog barking but that  
inside the room was music**

**nuns taught children  
how to play the piano  
but we had no discipline  
nowadays all children are good**

**but in the old days children  
just wanted to eat or hold  
new things in their hands  
and cry in vacant lots at night**

**in the old days people were afraid  
there were ghosts but no machines  
nobody knew about the weather  
and cars smelled good inside**

**and all the things you loved  
had handles on them  
so you could carry them with you  
all the way through sleep.**

**21 January 2013**

=====

**An idea long frozen under the ice—  
then the explorers came and loosened time's hold  
and it leapt out again free to be thought.**

**What did Amundsen bring back from the Pole  
or Scott send posthumous? In the brittle masts  
and rigging of Shackleton's ship what ways**

**of thought tinkled crackled spawned?**

**21 January 2013**

## **CATHOLIC INTELLECTUAL**

**“Epicene spokesmen  
of a lost cause  
dressed in lace and crimson”**

**he called them  
but when they came into  
the room he still knelt down.**

**21 January 2013**

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**Still, I heard her—  
she was stirring in the dark room.  
Didn't she need a lamp  
to see what she was doing?  
But the body needs no light  
except its own, feel  
of a box, a blanket,  
drawer tugged open,  
shawl draped around shoulders.  
I don't know the answer,  
Any minute the door will open  
and she'll be there in the fearful light.**

**21 January 2013**

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**But will there ever  
be time for today  
in all this history  
of tomorrow,  
                    bears  
fossicking in dumpsters,  
sailboats at the bottom of the pond—  
o Sodom I have loved your streets  
busy with the merchandise  
of pure ideas that needed  
only yielding bodies to make sense.**

**21 January 2013**



## CALL IT PALAESTINA

where the Celts first  
divided into Irish and Jews  
one to go all the way  
west and the other to go everywhere.  
Galatea. Galatia. Celtic. KLT  
the Celtic wave  
swept in over bleak Anatolia—  
and I don't even have the force  
to overturn the rock  
and see what's written under it,  
carved on the underside of things—  
it is the Celt's habit to hide what he means,  
Göbekli Tepe, upend the earth  
and read the bottom,

For everything

is hidden there

from the beginning—

and always the Celt driven west  
the cruel sunlight keloiding his back.

look at the back

to see where he has been

and what his Luck has written there—

then the phone rings, the smashed

crates on 13<sup>th</sup> street near the river,  
where the meatpackers were  
when there used to be meat in this house  
when there were men and women in the valley  
and the rock  
gave us what passes for our name,

the breaks of consciousness  
by which the banks are sustained,  
cognitive capital—  
but there is no property  
to thought, no moral  
to remember.

No right to music you have made  
and even this song is  
a broken branch, the withered  
apple tumbled in the snow.

21 January 2013

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**Bridge over the lugubrious canal  
the Maestro's dead  
the blue sky of Russia bleeds for him  
cathedral of the Precious Blood—  
so many years this wood of my desk  
has endured so many words.**

**21 January 2013**

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**I thought I was another country  
my hat blown off my head  
a girl perhaps named Emma  
smiled past me from the pier  
s the dirty fishing boat docked  
but I was another country  
thr opera was still moving  
in my idleness I had strung  
together a chain of paperclips  
I looped it round her neck  
like a lei but she wasn't there,  
it tinkled dully to the dock  
messy wood wet gore of fish  
man shoes a little rain,  
a rough patch on my knuckles  
I rub with oil I find somewhere.**

**21 January 2013**

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**When it is fire  
who is the burn?**

**When air, where?**

**We hide the elements  
the way music is  
hidden in the spruce wood**

**flute or fiddle  
anything me.**

**In ourselves to happen  
the broken path.**

**21 January 2013**