

11-2014

novE2014

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novE2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1350.
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ON THE DAY TEN-BIRD

As an eagle
the day
rare here or vulture
frequent
scoring the earth
with great wing shadow,

the day
Ten Tz'ik'in in the highlands,
Ten Bird, and here
among us high Scorpio,
last decad of it
when my friends get born,

I look
into the grey sky
thankful for such
honest love,
music many,
time voluptuous,
a renaissance in every nod,

all we do

**is express time
and there is no time,
only space
who has no word
but what we say—**

**anthroponoetic,
the whole scroll
just for us?
How could it be
so simple?
How could it not?**

16 November 2014

EXHIBITION GAME

 the rubies
aren't real,
 the clocks don't run,
the roving spotlight
has been painted black.

I touched you
 but you weren't there,
the sonnet had a thousand lines,
you whispered in my deaf ear,
there is no music like turning back.

Turning your back,
 dead leaves
scamper up te spine.

 It's Sunday, November 16, 2014
we gfo to Mass in an apple tree.

16 November 2014

**This is how they study.
This is research,
 using arteries and lungs
to examine,
 parsing by breathing,
 decoding
the numberless mathematics of the Law.**

16 November 2014

THOMIST ON THE ROPES

**So imagine it this way, a wheel
broken in its fellow, spokes
sticking out off the plane
and still we say 'wheel'**

**we recognize said Thomas
the essence beneath the accident
and say 'a broken wheel' we don't
say 'something odd, its purpose veiled'**

**life is a system of recognitions
we guessed he meant, eyes clear or rheumy
doing the best they can. But are we right
and was he right before us? No system**

**seems to last all that long. Consider dinosaurs
for whom the system must have long
been meant. And we in the anthro- what
are we to call the timeplace we inhabit?**

**Not ours. The outback of elsewhere, maybe.
The lost mine. The tinderbox beneath the sea.
The woman knitting behind the rising sun.
We are nowhere and have nothing. Piles of ash.**

**Animal interlocutors. The fox knows how to look
no dog remembers, curious but détaché, in love
with his own apartness. The bird says don't touch me.
The fish says nothing in swift silvery monologue.**

**But all of them are after us, observing
(as Rilke told us) that we're intruders here
upon a system that is someone else's,
we are at best permitted, fire's tolerant smile.**

**We don't need love we need a toxicologist
to warn us off what does us wrong, or find
some mithridatic nostrum that will keep
us more or less active through the skirmishes**

**until the jig is up. Our profiles cleancut in crystal,
Memoria, then shatter and dissolve. Is that
how it's all supposed to be? The book doesn't say,
the same book we think says everything else.**

**Like the lion and the unicorn, the land itself
is half real (if unlikely) and half imaginary.
And that's just this any island of it. The false
is the enemy of the preposterous, while the true**

is not the enemy of anything at all.

16 November 2014

LOVER

Examined by lamplight
the furry specimen revealed
only a docile nature.
Could it be me? Could your candle
have flickered out once too often
and now you had to go by oven-light,
rush-light, broken moon limping
through the window?

Was I even there?

Yet in my dreams I feel your probing
mind and fingers reluctant to take hold—
why should they touch a thing
they've never seen before
and do not understand, don't want
even to know, yet there it is,
quiet on their pillow,
too big to ignore.

16 November 2014

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**There is left of us
broken glass
but from that vessel
all-healing medicine
we drank. So it is
over. We are complete.**

16 November 2014

