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## A TUNE ON THE UILLEAN PIPES TO SAY I LOVE YOU

**It can't be, for my fingers  
don't go so fast my mind  
slow as midnight meadow  
just wants to turn to you**

**and make the sound of pipers  
from a land below our guesses  
to tell you the lake you are  
the lucid the continuous the far**

***water is intimate distance* and  
by you I am sustained. This is thank you,  
for what only love knows how to specify  
you find me in the dark and lead me home.**

***for Charlotte*  
22 November 2014**

## FROM SUMER

Everything away  
recycled, processed  
into the new. *Old*  
*men are young again*  
was the name of that flower,

he lost in by the lake,  
perils of drinking, of sleeping,  
a slender traveler  
took hold of it.

Everything is new.  
We are alive again  
older every day,  
a friend at either hand.

22 November 2014

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**Recalcitrant to retire  
the sun still sets.**

**Morning comes on  
slowly showing  
all its shiny cars.**

**We are just roads  
for their traffic,  
we understand the principle  
hardly at all but we move.**

**We move. Good morning, world,  
and how did you sleep?**

**22 November 2014**

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**Learning to spell  
in a language  
with no alphabet.**

**Here I am again,  
make the best of me,  
my pitiful struggle  
to speak opacity  
clearly, and make  
of murk a brazen  
replica of sunrise.**

**All for you, whose  
name it is not licit to remember.**

**22 November 2014**

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**Being sure is being again  
for the first time even before.**

**The Greeks imagined it bright  
as if cut out of cloth  
and an oil lamp shone through it—**

**and you, why did the furniture van  
park off the road in some trees,  
was it wood calling out to wood,  
a child crying for its mother?**

**Imagine me, you said,  
like a picture on your wall,  
smiling, paper-thin but always there.  
For you. Like photographs  
and landscapes, always perfectly ready  
to be discovered again for the first time.**

**The truck is still there, seems  
like every quiet machine  
to be talking to something far away.**

**22 November 2014**

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**That one got away.  
It was going to you  
carrying a tray of fruit  
mangoes kiwis cherries  
on its head, something  
from every continent  
(our bones are Africa)  
but lost along the way.  
Sundown midmorning.  
Road out of town clogged  
with cattle. What could I  
do about it? Forgive me,  
things lose their way  
in me too. And now a bird  
is pecking on the roof—  
why does that make me  
think of the sea? A real  
question but I know why.**

**22 November 2014**

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**Boys carry guitars  
for obvious reasons  
but why do girls care?  
Ah, the wind has seen  
enough of us, our foolish  
ways but what can it do?**

**22 November 2014**





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**Hearing the pipes does  
something to the calm  
usual inside the head.  
It is the world  
coming towards you  
looking you in the eye**

**and passing by.**

**A sound inside you  
you cannot touch**

**chthonic music  
a message from the ground.**

**23 November 2014**

## **YEW TREES**

**The yews keep green  
all bare about them**

**but yews keep  
their weird vows  
to the god of light**

**we plant them sometimes  
by graveyards**

**because color is the only answer.**

**23 November 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Glad of sun  
unmiracled  
by ordinary  
joy of sometimes  
same, so keep  
a different calendar  
for every self you are.**

**23 November 2014**

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**But if it were a song, say,  
you could hear it far away  
or close as rain on the roof  
bright as a watch-fire set  
blazing on an autumn night  
to understand the dark.  
What else is contrast for  
except to see what each  
thing is in its difference,  
apple rolling on the lawn.  
I'm trying to be legitimate  
the way the theater is,  
real people doing fake things  
before your blinking eyes.  
I want to be with you when  
or whenever you read this.  
I want to lick the grin or frown  
off your face. Nothing  
is worth emotion. Be calm with me  
and let the words fly away  
into the dark or into the fire.**

**23 November 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Rainbright the day  
any accepts  
the burden of being**

**what it wanted to say  
was a man a woman  
walking in rainlight**

**glistenground no need  
to remember they are  
separate together**

**only the telling divides.**

**24 November 2014**

**= = = = =**

**The redhead's right hand  
trills in the next to highest  
octave of his Steinway**

**a woman is singing Bellini  
somewhere around him  
his fingers live**

**a pale quick life of their own  
knowing the music out  
before it even is.**

**24 November 2014**

**= = = = =**

**The way walk works  
is this then that  
left leg left behind  
leaps to catch up.**

**No way we can know  
how horses hoof it,  
the permutations daze us  
infinity of fours.**

**24 November 2014**



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**Alien protein  
never the answer  
we choose enough  
just by breathing,  
politics is money  
only, trick or be  
tricked, alien weather  
on our planet fall'n,  
alien energy trapped  
in money, immodest  
origins, sin for supper,  
should I be engulfed  
by what I conceive?  
How dare I did it  
or even think so?**

**24 November 2014**

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**Nothing left to know  
except what comes.  
Close the eyes of the soul  
especially. After  
nothing after it begins.**

**24.XI.14**

**= = = = =**

**Dark encumber  
midnight grace  
is there a chance  
for unity within  
such a blue world?**

**Ask the fishes  
whose whole life  
is only remembering.**

**24 November 2014**

## FACES

*for Phong Bui*

Like Dombrowsky and De Kooning  
he knows the face  
is the strangest place of all

*a part of your body  
made by someone else*

People see our faces into shape  
or we are  
what they see.

Creation is a face.

Phong's faces of friends and famous—  
the drawn lines of his *reverence*  
speak who they are.

24 November 2014

**= = = = =**

**Excessive continuities  
vex the conductor.  
Suppose the express  
then suppose it never stops.**

**People get on and never get off.  
Card games in the club car  
go on forever. He prays  
for catastrophe, derailment,**

**Indianapolis, anything at all.**

**24 November 2014**

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**The brutality of the other form  
behind the mirror  
cracks through and shows me  
the actual face of me and any  
man who looks therein.  
We are identical.**

**This is the answer.**

**Behind the sky  
all the prepositions breed,  
nothing but directions and destinations,  
origins and insistences.**

**Actual things occur  
only below the moon.**

**Out there beyond  
pure grammar of movement.  
Nothing moving, only moving.**

**24 November 2014**