11-2014
	novG2014

Robert Kelly

Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1345

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.
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
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
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
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
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
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
SÉAMUS ENNIS

plays a reel
by his father,
learned it
from manuscript

inspired by a bush
the old man “saw outside his window”
every morning
told him
it was day,

the smooth running
of someone else’s calendar,

you need your own
tune every
father tells his son,
tells his daughter nothing
but doubt, or the day
itself same way beginning,

a thing outside the window,
it’s all we ever have.

23 November 2014
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
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
= = = = =

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

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
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