

11-2014

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## **WINTER MORNING**

**The trees have kept  
their tracery of snow  
three days now  
not seen before  
the lace so long  
in place, scant  
wind steady cold  
museum of pure air.**

**All of my poems  
are weather reports.  
Sometimes all the  
weather is out there.**

**29 November 2014**

## **TOCCATA**

**So much for the ancient Chinese  
octave of my personality,  
now for the Persian magus,  
sun in his pocket, beard  
full of mourning doves,  
moi. Emperor of  
self-delusions, the chief  
of which is that I'm me.  
Any fool could tell you that.**

**29 November 2014**

## DUBITANDUM

Might it meet the march  
of being, being me  
would be easy if I were.

But I demur.  
There's more to ontology  
than being me,

more than meets the I.  
There is the supreme  
passion: to be another,

*the* other, the goal,  
blue flower, the lady  
with a lake of her own,

the beast in his garden—  
*that* other, the one  
you say you love, or I do,

the one waiting for you  
forever across the road  
the field, the fallow

emptiness of all time  
and only you to plant it—  
that's what I mean by being.

**29 November 2014**

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**Does it walk better here  
does the light recur  
yearning for the rational?**

**Is it soon? Can a camel  
feel cold of course.  
How can wild turkeys walk  
in dep snow patiently  
as if they didn't feel  
the way we do? Who are we?**

**As if we didn't feel.**

**29 November 2014**

## **WELCOMING**

**A scale model of Jerusalem  
with the Temple rebuilt  
that's what she is,**

**that girl you ogled on the E train  
ten thousand lives ago.**

**Live for sensation. Die for relief.**

**Release She was eating a ,mango  
left the slippery shell  
behind her on the wooden bench.**

**It's still there. The Sabbath  
was coming on, I hurried home  
my nose in a book  
I would not taste that fruit**

**and still do. The map changes.  
Come, let us welcome what comes,  
whatever it is  
we will call it the Sabbath  
and make it glad,**

**it will be her again and again.**

**29 November 2014**



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**No silver  
spoon for eggs  
she says,  
something happens  
to the taste,  
everything is chemistry  
after all, Alyosha,  
all we can do  
is cry salt tears.**

**29 November 2014**



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**Right hand  
left cheek  
soft soft  
dew feel?**

**29.XI.14**

## **WOLVES**

**remember something  
about the moon.  
Dogs remember  
a little of what  
they knew as wolves.  
They teach us what they know.**

**The Full Moon  
wants something from us.  
And every Moon is hungry  
but the Full Moon  
is an open mouth.**

**Wolves howl, we hurl  
forward into desire,  
anger, ownership, war.  
That is how we howl.**

**One day the Moon  
will be an Earth like ours,  
our tears its fountains,  
our seed its seas.**

**29 November 2014**

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**Trying to outlast the music  
that winter of the mind  
all one color**

**broken churches  
roof-down barns,  
                  tomorrow a field  
we have to learn,  
the land is always waiting,**

**won't let me be silent for a minute,  
same with music,**

**it takes so many to keep silent.**

**29 November 2014**

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**I will give a dollar  
to anyone who can stand up  
and tell me what I'm  
talking about. Myself,  
I am as poor as I began  
and have no clue to  
what I mean. Have you?**

**29 November 2014**

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**Can it try  
to fly again  
the way our last  
glacier came  
and went, left  
Whaleback  
over us, a tower  
on it now where  
once eagles lived?**

**29 November 2014**

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**Cast every maybe  
as if another  
opened the last door  
into no one's house  
and I live there  
forever, is it?**

**29 November 2014**

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**Admetus husband  
whose life was worth  
a woman's death, Alcestis—**

**to think of that,  
first play we were  
given in Greek—**

**I always knew\* I wanted  
Greek but they got  
their priorities wrong—**

**I wanted Artemis alone.**

**30 November 2014**

**\* When I was five years old I rode with my parents down Nostrand Avenue and asked what that was, a schoolyard above street level, a grey building beyond. They told me it was a school, Jesuit, and they taught Greek there. At once I knew I wanted to study there, and I did so a decade later.**

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**Now they'll all come home  
pigeons to church steeples  
students to class after holiday  
always and everywhere too brief.**

**Holy Day now what is that.**

**Light comes back to the streetlamps  
the streets come back to the woods.  
Land is all. We belong  
to where we stand. It is the goal  
to which our karma compels us.**

**The picture with you in it  
is the only movie you'll ever see.**

**30 November 2014**



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**When we are in another place  
the music changes.**

**What place?**

**Dragons there,  
green ones, as a child conceives  
and maybe saw once pr twice,  
long ago in the mist that sometimes  
clears and shows a child,**

**green ones, with golden claws  
and red eyes, blue smoke pouring  
from his mouth, a mouth  
strangely like a smile.**

**That place.**

**What music? I don't hear anything at all.**

**That's what I mean, the dragons  
breathe in and everything is quiet,  
still, still, the soundless forest.**

**Then tomorrow they'll breathe out  
and chattering comes back to leaf and man.**

**30 November 2014**

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**For eating of the corn  
a midwinter  
deer's wanted.  
In this northern island  
parables many,  
chapels few—too  
many churches.  
We need quiet places  
full of grit, a maze  
of goings around  
one simple coming.  
Any animal knows that.**

**30 November 2014**

## **AERE PERENNIUS**

**To be wonderful be brief  
he said. I never could.  
And so I have built  
a monument (here it is)  
lasts more years than bronze  
he said. I listened, knowing  
the years are revenges  
too, the sweet weather  
inside the cathedral forgets  
the air outside, the marketplace  
where pharmacists and lepers  
rule the day, bankers  
and insolvent hookers,  
people just like me.  
And you too, I wanted  
to tell him, but he proved  
dead two thousand years.**

**30 November 2014**