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LEMMATA

And when the some
are all
the clouds change

*

Let the children out
they have been in school
so long their childhood's lost.
The killers are loose
in the books, in
the qnatomy lesson
the dead instruct the living.

*

This is grief. Too many
'the's in a sentence,
too many lusts without
a single love to hold them.

*

Dream is a wet mouth
waking dries.

*

Superficial animals, tedious angels.

We are characters in a lost novel.

**A man looking out at his city
like a cow looking at a piece of cheese.**

**In Sanskrit *lila* means play
as gods or children play,
even the wind needs dead
leaves to play with
or twirls your soft hair.**

**Daylight but no one moving—
I diagnose Sunday and thank God.**

**Who is God? God is the man who makes
one morning quiet every week. Or woman.**

**Judge me by my students
while I turn my face to the wall.**

**A savage carries a tall mirror
through a crowded street.**

*

**Walking in Paris, walking in Delhi
same difference to my poor feet.**

*

**I say what I don't know
in hopes to find
someone who knows them
I say what I dare not know.**

*

***Quod scripsi, scripsi* he said
and him too the Queen may have taken
home beneath her slyest lake to heal.**

*

**Wait for the wood — it always
how and when to begin.**

*

**Tasting is testing.
Touching is toccata.**

*

**Mist in the trees
is more than I mean.**

*

**A philosopher goes to confession
kneels in the dark before an empty wall.**

*

**It is a consolation for me
in my ineptness
that not even the ocean
knows how to swim.**

*

**Narcissus drowned his mirror,
fell in love with a girl across the stream
and we are their children long ago.**

*

The single sin of Cæsar was the state.

*

**Streetlight on one side of the road
sun on the other. Who is my brother?**

14 December 2014

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*Everyone goes time away
but who will stay?*

**inscription on a sundial
set up in an overgrown garden—**

**for us sinners
the sun moves the earth stands still.
Open the wooden gate
in the old brick wall
and now we're out of time.**

14 December 2014

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**Fear is a cloudless sky
multitudes are waiting for your answer
be swift and ambiguous—**

**teach them doubt. A man
with doubts is no danger
to anybody but himself.**

14 December 2014

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**Associate string theory with
varieties of silence
(name them) our most
precious of all commodities—**

**round it everything turns,
everything matters.
Did you hear something just now?
A light in the trees—**

**follow light to find someone,
anyone. The enthralling art
of being witnesses.
The art of witness.**

14 December 2014

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**All I meant was the particle
the sweet silverquick *enactment*
that seems out as bone or stone,
but is not, not a thing,
only we can make a thing
by seeing or sensing it
in itself it is a whirl of thinking
part of all the thinking this world is
no boundary, no contour but our grab.**

14 December 2014

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Answer me over the no.
The far roads are no flower
to close us in one color,
even the mountain is closer
with the broken temple
on it, the old hotel, the black
protector serpent who
owns that road. You are
in the far machinery. You blend
your voice with wind,
or with the meaner clamor
of the trees. gravity, downfall,
leaf scatter,
 to smash a shadow
and drink the strange
that gushes from it
while the night is young
as men say to women
they have in mind to conquer
but there is distance too,
thank Love, there is a score
of miles between the wish
and the tousled bedclothes,
the broken glass on the bathroom
floor, the smell of lavender.
And everything comes home
but none too soon.

14 December 2014

=====

(for 28 ACRES)

There is a song to find here
ask Whitman where it is
and who it honors.
bare people walking on the ground
humani—

no bridge over no river
we just have to go through—

follow the guide. the shadow
looks enough like a human body
to cheer you on,

 ensnare
the distances, take
all this space to your bosom
and go,
 that's what it says,
the song says
 but can you sing it?

*

Always the likelihood of thunder
even in winter.

Punor, Perkunas,

**ancients of ways,
how late the Christians.**

**On every side
the trees stand
between me and heaven—
that is what pagan means,**

**things have feelings,
things are always thinking.**

15 December 2014

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**It tastes like coffee sometimes
it can hide in a handkerchief
the sky was bright through the trees then
the sky dulled, what kind of morning
must you be? Don't try to know
me without touching me, it says,
the world is dirt and loves you for it.**

15 December 2014

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**Can I tell you things
I've never told anybody?
You know them all
already but it is good
to let out for once
the festering within—**

**but no, you say,
don't tell, real
knowing doesn't need
to say, sometimes
saying is second-best—
bitter deep keep
what no one ever says.**

15 December 2014

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**O to be at such peace
with the daylight
like Matisse
with a stick in his hand.**

15,XII.14

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**A bird swoops down
into disappearance.
Eyesight. Enigma
of the obvious. Holy.**

15 December 2014

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ki leolam hasdo

**Now the sky is bright again—
as if someone remembered.
All the images asleep.
Mercy, *hasdo*, the ancients
called this, at least
when they too remembered.**

15 December 2014

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**Wilderness wages.
Awake before anybody.
Ground squirrels
of the Takla Makan, the
Mohave, the backyard
next door. If I were
really part of this place
I would be silent.**

15 December 2014

= = = = =

(for 28 ACRES)

I am your Moses man
to lead you through
the desert of what I am

but she smiled at me
and would have none of that,
walked always a few steps ahead,
her feet skillfully
all by themselves
skipping roots and branches
while she kept her eyes
fixed on the sky.

“You could not lead,” she
said, “an oak tree to itself.
But here we are,
the place appointed,
heart of the matter—
let the *temenos* appear!”

And from her fingertip
a ray of golden light
shot out and struck
the distant earth,

**she whirled just once
around so the light became
a line that stretched a golden
boundary around this field
and the consecration was done.
No desert anywhere.
The land beginning to be known.**

15 December 2014