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**Immeasurable meridian
the line of noon
approach me pagoda
tower for its own sake**

**mister vacancy aloft
for I was brewing
a mushroom ferment
the trees were listening
how could I come
so far and still be.**

**Imaginary propositions
in a meek philosophy
I adored the sound of you
saying no, you spelled it
in another language.**

**The heart is one more habit
haven't you? Explicit
directions to the autonomous
and you breathe me
hearing it as ash.**

**Of course it wanted us
phlebitis of the opera
too many words
to fit the song, blue
was only one of them.**

**Being sorry for what
they did, I recover
what they lost, no need
to use all of it in one grief
the world is itself remorse.**

**Winter grass a speed
of prisoners dry-stone walls
built country slaves a shadow
breaks and from it pours
incandescent memory.**

**To be able to use the world
again after the trembling hand
obsidian in moonlight
judges wring out their bloody robes
this lake is never empty.**

16 December 2014

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**Gates of hell open to the south
is there a verb in here
mouse gnawing at a cracker?
Apollo once took care of such
when the gods were young.**

**The last sentence is in French
the beavers have come back, wolves too,
spindrift philosophy of men in neckties
o Reason, you are so tame a harlot
no perfume no silk no boudoir.**

**Faltering to be done on the way to find—
scrub an opinion till it vanishes
let mist in the trees do your thinking for you
said he and vanished into the mountain again
and there was no mountain anywhere.**

**More fog than mist the Himalayan house
as if it had been waiting there all night
for someone to come awake and say it,
denser now with truth like all things
wants to be spoken, the eyes of animals**

**keep talking to cover up my ignorance
bivouac the truth among appealing lies
how we made love in the Louvre
or was it a cathedral, Apollo
was watching us there too, soft scandals**

**mild hegemony of lust — awake!
is what they usually command, white
as marble black with ink *eyes*
of animals he said and meant you too,
desperate clarity of a cat's glance.**

**All the even numbers belong to you
in plagues we pray on beaches play
the sounds of words get whirled together
shadow of the cathedral *plage de Paris*
sand in your hair sleep in your eyes**

**we used to be afraid to say that
and now it is our song, the generations
shrivel, money keeps on meaning,
last night I turned into an ash tree
breed bad dreams in all my neighbors.**

17 December 2014

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**To dream of losing someone
you wake and find beside you
is a relief, a consolation,
but not the same as
not having dreamt of it at all.**

17 December 2014

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**The miracle of not knowing
determines the any of anything
and the zeppelin passes peacefully
over Floyd Bennett Field and I
am faithful to my childhood —
the stock of approximations
that serve Memoria or what
I think I remember, you too
have such information more or
less at your disposal, places
in mist and shadow with voices
you almost recognize. Me too.
The flock of crazy birds from *then*.**

17 December 2014

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**At least this much,
a folding table in the wind
card table we said
for the rickety thing
the ghosts moved beneath
our cold hands—the wind
is made of ghosts, don't you
know that? Wind
is the breath of the ancestors
— they never truly leave.
They are the water also
in the river, they are darkness
too and wrap us round
every night secure. This table,
this little Ouija board
the woman gave me, we tried
and it said nothing and we knew
without speaking that we
had all possible answers already
stored neatly in our skin and bones
but nary a question could we trust.
I closed the window, the table
settled down. The planchette
slid around like a dying toad
but we were beautiful a little
in our way, feeling along the wood
for what could not be said.**

17 December 2014

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**Catchword. Creel.
A thing full of fish
unlucky. Lucky
fisherman for instance.
A heap of something
in her cupped hands
bringing me. The Bible
is made of things like this.
Ancient well, ancient coping,
people sitting round the rim
waiting their turn to
draw out of the earth this
quick thing they need.
I drink from your hands.**

17 December 2014

ABANDONED

**Let it be a piece of why not wood
or a script the Hittites used and abandoned
let it be abandoned like a house in the woods
where Ted Enslin found a whole library
of homeopathy, a hundred years of books,
and learned what the house had to tell, or,**

**let it be abandoned the way a child is
at the door of a convent then grows up famous
you know the story a swordsman or a queen
something you think you but would never
really want to be, or like a piece of paper
let fall on the sand, a half-written letter on it,
all emotion and no address, no signature,
the whole world suffers like this, sometimes
I think there are massive spelling errors
all around us, or am I abandoned too, like a boy
who brings his books back long overdue
so the beautiful librarian he's in love with
will find at last something to talk to him about.**

17 December 2014

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE CHRISTMAS POEM

**but across the stream
men are piling up
boulders and loose stones—**

**I think the earth
is telling them to do this.
A hollow sound**

auscultation
**a physician pounding
the earth's chest.**

**Not. Earth needs
no doctoring, earth
is permanent enough.**

**The rocks beneath us
we also stand firm.
No fracking in this State!**

**Rock under, sky over—
let it be. Except these
pyramid guys, these**

**insolent carpenters
restlessly spoil.
But I'm Irish, we scarcely**

**know how to walk.
O love, the earth
is so far away, maybe**

this little stone is part of it.

18 December 2014

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**But the grass is not green
it is some has-been color,
the earth is too busy working
inside to waste energy on
being beautiful. Austerity
is he mask of industry, tough
gloves on the worker's hand.**

18 December 2014

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**Wrap the wire round your head
and hear them fighting, the parents
blaming her in Dutch, she answers
in hysteria, the dog keeps barking.
It's better than a play. It's not even
about money, it's about morality,
deadliest of all virtues. Squeeze.
your eyes closed and try to see
the colors of the battered future
when all these people love one
another all over again and the dog
is asleep under the mistletoe,
the girl keeps her thoughts to herself.
Better that way, she finally realizes.
Language is wasted on the old.**

18 December 2014

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**I'm tired of being simple
or trying to. I *am* simple,
that means I say whatever
comes to mind, and mind
has a lot of dirt on its shoes
from where it's been. Me,
I'm too simple to know
what I should brush off
or let stay. Stay with me,
I mostly say, whenever
I happen to think of it.
The matter of matter. So
much wants me to say it
and why not? Stay with me
because I know no other
beauty but the particular.
That keeps me home on
Sunday mornings, praying
to rain drops on the window.**

18 December 2014

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**I worry about piling
things on top of things.**

**Quasha knows how to do it
with stones, his Axial
Art reconnoiters gravity
and follows it home.**

**But a heap of earth —
landfill, Great Pyramid,
great mounds of trash
thin-heaped with earth
new grass growing over
and slim pipes of methane
sticking out, gas burns
blue at night, corpse-fire,
bale-fire, the Viking boat
sails down into the earth.**

**And I worry when we change
her that this earth
gives us for our comfort
and instruction.**

**Look at those
weird hills north of Margaretville
that look as if Atlanteans
came here and made symmetries,
tiny mountains for arcane
industries, a world before the world,
magic scars on our poor skin.**

**How does it feel to walk
along, upon, amid, an ordinary field?
Isn't that love affair and doctorate
enough? Who needs to learn
more than what the senses give
when they cleave to their mother's face?**

18 December 2014

