

12-2014

## decH2014

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## FIRST DAY OF WOODPECKER

Sentinel pines  
the British are coming  
the British have come  
we'll never be rid of them  
Chaucer and such,  
we live in their grammar

I mean  
a house is everything that has us  
*a daughter a beginning*  
stringed instrument other culture  
something with jungles  
twang of lianas whipping the veranda  
no window screens in winter

*a daughter a departure*  
when you hear this  
you have all that I am

the body twitches with words compelling  
compulsion is the dessert  
to every feast of theory

if she is the daughter of love who is the father?  
who is ever the father?

let me hold the candle while you read

**the book is pale and thick, a mist  
coming over moorland to find you,  
when we are best we are island,**

**let me hold your candle, or be it,  
the shadows on the wall are words too**

**all we are is movement**

**when we sit down quiet  
we are someone else  
not a bad person but not much use**

***sit down quiet out loud inside instead***

**or else you are nobody  
a beautiful rhapsodical nobody!**

**(just an old Irishman who can't keep warm**

**go throw a blanket over the sky).**

**22 December 2014**

## CITY

Edgware Road the corner  
and going mildly up  
music at my back  
comme d'habitude

I was the kind of sailor  
who stays on the land  
moving easy with the wind  
or reefed to stand there

gawking in some window  
at a book I lust for  
but will never read  
not here, this mamaloshn city

on the wrong river  
pretty as a Turner and the air  
gulled enough to cry  
but up I go, my back

to all that, back to all this  
where the language  
is sucked back into the sky  
and I am quiet, happy

**to watch a woman walked  
downhill by her dog  
and a Swami looks like  
climbs into a cab.**

**What am I doing here  
all over again  
I wonder then I begin  
yet again to explain.**

**22 December 2014**

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***Art is the intersection of Showing and Being.***

**Showing, or as Juliana of Norwich spelled it, shewings.**

**Shewing = revelation = dis/covery = dis/closure**

**Art is where Being discloses itself,**

**unclothes itself.**

**Puts on new clothes that show it better.**

**Show what it is**

**to be.**

**22 December 2014**

## **PAGANISM, 1**

*[Dream definitions:]*

**Paganism is the worship of parrots.**

*(I saw the parrots, green three of them, I saw us bow before them)*

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*[And a little later:]*

**Our priests somewhat amend:**

**Paganism is the worship of three smiling girls.**

**But these girls had been boys.**

**So paganism is the worship of nature trans-natured.**

**23 December 2014**

## **PAGANISM, 2**

**Order emerging from the fog  
on this December morning  
bearing Law in its arms.**

**\* \* \***

**So many answers  
so few questions.**

**\* \* \***

**Quiet paganism  
to last a lifetime—**

**it pervades all religions  
in the form of Wisdom Herself.**

**\* \* \***

**Paganism is what we do in the country.  
Religion is what they believe in town.**

**23 December 2014**





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**Appalling evidence abounds  
leap for it  
you'll catch the sky  
under your fingernails**

**you'll stagger back  
amazed at the pressure  
of the light descending,  
the air trying to escape  
from your breathing in.**

**Lie still. all  
you can do is succumb.**

**23 December 2014**

## **MEMO TO S.H.**

**When you have eliminated  
the improbable  
only the impossible  
can possibly be true.**

**23.XII.14**

== == == ==

**The way of the wood  
the ordinary, what Arendt  
a little misleadingly called  
the banal, is not banality,  
just ordinary. Just us.**

**23.XII.14**

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**Snopalescent sky  
why should we worry  
the light gets here  
through the trees  
like memories  
in the patient's brain,  
no way out, no  
way in — frail  
balance of reality  
pale as your eyes.**

**23 December 2014**

## **DARK DAY ALL KINDS OF LIGHT**

**The cars come slow  
down Cedar Hill  
glow of headlights  
slipping before them  
on the sleek road.**

**23.XII.14**

## THE LAND AROUND GALLATIN

And if the love-  
liest wreathed  
the weather round them  
would they be  
nearer to me  
than those hills?

Sight of those browngreen  
moorlands over mist  
and under cloud  
mean who I am.  
That is me over there.  
I am an impostor.

2.  
England of course it felt like  
what else could I feel  
my own county and the one next door  
this is my stuff  
and all it can do  
is mind me of another.  
I have lived here  
half a hundred years  
here in the heart of elsewhere.

**3.**

**It has to be about beauty  
that far-off thing you feel right here**

**has to be Greece and Hölderlin,  
has to be the cliffs of Donegal  
and the blue hydrangeas dotting  
the monsoon hillsides under Darjeeling,**

**no picture, no body even,  
just the tune of feeling this strange  
thing inside me never far.**

**23 December 2014**



== == == ==

**Mists and why not?**

**These trees in love with me**

**again, old Vikings swarm the sky  
mere color is rinsed from the world**

**—and they blame the flatulence of cattle  
for the harm that only money does—**

**fog comes down the hill,  
patient explorers still discovering America,**

**go home to your old world and bring back cheeses,  
without cheese no culture, and conversely,**

**bitter smear of streetlights  
please turn off**

**the light hurts  
the dark hurts too but heals.**

**2.**

**On the inside we smell like fish  
because from sea we come—**

**no logic like history  
that empty set—**

**some deer in the mist,  
that's all.**

**3.  
To call anything  
by the name of another thing  
is to set it free.**

**I call you tiger  
and lick your paws.**

**4.  
Look at the other light  
the heart inside the swift image**

**standing still — the meaning  
is what is remembered**

**not what is meant.  
Whatever happens is the other light,  
black sun, trapdoor, the animal asleep.**

**24 December 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Enduring the particular  
on the way to the dream factory—**

**I am the prom you're on the way to,  
I pretend to be all music and caress**

**but your corsage withers at my breath.**

**24 December 2014**

**== == == ==**

**As if an answer  
to a question no one asked  
it begins to rain.**

**Was I the only  
one who understood?**

**24 December 2014**

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1.  
Recidivist like springtime  
manila folder  
open on the lawn  
to file away the rain  
later, after its words come—

Know me for what I am  
says the sky, know me  
for what comes to you.  
I intend nothing. I persist.

2.  
Because the sky  
everything the same color  
it could be the moon  
or a man across the highway  
signaling for help  
or offering it — how  
does he understand me?  
Do I need him  
and not know it?  
So many cars go by  
without meaning.  
And he's gone when I look again.

24 December 2014

## *CHRISTMAS 2014*

The giving part is over  
now the city part —

the being with  
what we have been given.  
What we are—

the political axis  
Dante called Love  
that binds each deed and every word  
in mutual relevance.

As to say  
it's Christmas, darling,  
I live for you.

*for Charlotte*  
*25 December 2014*

