

11-2012

novD2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novD2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 38.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/38

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.

TO MAHLER

my own youth
is here, is his,
light movement of the Third
never heard till I was thirty,
still young enough, immature already,
listening to the end

always the climax.

What did I know? First, Fourth, Fifth, Eighth.
Song of the Earth. The Dead Children Songs.
The Wandering Journeyman. Lamenting Song.
The Boy's Wonder Horn. No more.

And from it I built my music.
Poor little child who had so much
so little.

And then the climax comes
the woman standing at the top of the stairs
the face corona'd in light
her open robe
sends more light out.

Dazzled by sound
it mounts. All of Mahler
brings Christ to Zarathustra —
put the two together and you get Moses,

wet with the waters of life, baptized, Mahler,
Egypt prince in poverty, baptized, Moses,
the first King of the Jews.

Up the mountain and up the mountain
and God only knows
who he met up there,
if anyone, a wind, a bird,
a blinding light that spoke to him,
he heard,

 he thought he heard
and Nietzsche wept.

10 November 2012

= = = = =

Listen because.

Nothing more to be said —
frozen canal, gold dome,
tears in her eyes.

Glimmer, what precisely
is glimmering?

What does it mean
and how do you do it

do you have to be big sky
or pale eye or someone
very far away?

Can you be small?

Can you forgive me
for your not touching me?
It should have been your hand
not a postcard of the cathedral,

shouldn't it? We know that now,
we have not always been who we are.

11 November 2012

= = = = =

I am so deeply exiled
I don't even know it
mostly. On the margin
of the margin, I suppose
myself at the middle of all things.
And I may not be wrong.

I followed my goats, they led me here
following the natural
givingness of earth,
herb and weather
water and sun.
Where else could I be.

11 November 2012

= = = = =

The political.

Where it began

in the soft necessity

of time (it slides

beneath us and we go)

to build

without a state

or sleep without fear —

but public fear is useful

as the fascists know,

to alleviate personal anxiety —

no neuroses in the concentration camp —

lazy misery of a woman's

silken legs remembered.

11 November 2012, Boston

= = = = =

1.

But there are ways of listening
little moths fly out of the cupboard
it is an alligator sort of day
again, there are not so many
fates of men, not so many Iliads.
But women weave many destinies
for themselves, and for those few
men who lay their lives in women's laps
offerings in green permission,
Lammas comes midwinter, all things
change, needs reborn as music.

2.

And then they'll listen
later, when the high tune
seeks out the lowest ear.
Skilled workers needed in Nevada
and all of skill is taking care.
For there is an alphabet of being in the world,
of following your own feet down the street.
There is no neighborhood you can't forget.

3.

Listen hard and you can hear them thinking.

Sunrise over Boston, I smell the sea,

the thing the ocean does to air,

Apollinaire remembered it

my first love

who let the language

do it to me —

a child's memory is so keen

because it has nothing to remember.

4.

Listen to the first love

there is no other

sit at the window

to explore the world

one person at a time

using the simplest alphabet

and never stop until you do.

Millrace of meanings —

it's what they mean

not what you do, you

just say whatever

comes into your head

and it will be true

enough for a passerby

who chances along
and tries to listen.
Hard enough work
following the words
out the window
and down the street
filling the houses with light.

12 November 2012, Boston

=====

Name-stuff.

What is name-stuff
and how is it different
from ordinary words?

Sometimes they have to get drunk
to be who they are —
and woe betide the neighbor
bar when they disclose.

Act your name
for Christ's sake.

Enter politics.

Sell your timeshare.

Buy a kayak.

Everything loses you.

A song beginning "lonely
lady." A happy song.

12 November 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Waves under waves
arriving
 the grief
that carried under waves
the voices that she heard.
Severn. Sabrina.
Voices in the head
stones in her pocket
head under waves.

We care enough
not to listen, lovers don't listen
to the voices in their
lovers' heads, do not listen
to the words unsaid.
Only the water listens.

12 November 2012, Boston

= = = = =

This is a pleasantest height
for this man to write —
picturebook princesses
looking in the window.
Let them talk
in their Grimm *plattdütsch*,
let them reason with me
of love and longing
till their velvet gowns
fall from their milky thighs
and all the stories start again.
And Schiller licks his apple.

12 November 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Knowing the world
from the inside sort of
on the felloe of the wheel
Fortunae,
 or spoke
from the center out to the rimless rim,
a word takes you
all the way there,
companions of the crucifixion
cross + wheel pierced
by the arrow of time
broken at last
in our day.
Puberty of the race.
Soon we will be able to beget.

2.

Or any number
beyond this guess
this haunted zero
that says I am.

3.

Beyond beyond

no phantom
but a rigorous
empiricist

 like any animal,
wolf or rat or squirrel,
disappointed maybe
but never deceived.

4.

Beyond beyond my miracle
a breadloaf soaking in the brine
wanted you wet against the mountain
till all the movies washed out of your eyes.
Then who are you, art form?
Who is your baby brother
lurking down the alleyway
a wraith among garages?

Oh I have no brother, sir,
for he has me,
and I belong like any girl
to those who know me least.

5.

Nothing personal nothing private
the closer you come the further I am.

13 November 2012, Boston

GLAUKOPIS

It is how their eyes align us
strangers to their dispositions
and yet they tell, in us,
tell to do and which way
the market faces the rising sun —

oh I have seen you,
with young deer browsing
in the shadows of your eyes

I have even seen the wind
paging lightly branches apart
so that you see me too
and I am the convergence of your glance

all the Irish oceans in your eyes.

Call them Welsh if you want
or Scots or Brittanish,
it's all one green same Barbary
that wiped the Caesars out
turned empire into neighborhoods,
Broceliande, Breezy Point,
Gerritson Beach, the Isle of Avalon.
The Celtic people did it and you do it still.

To me, who am beholden
to a glance, a sly regard, a wordless “empyry of signs”
I refuse to be less than a person here,
it is not a general history,
Raleigh is right here.
This aching body is his tower
and the woods at Clermont my Gyana,
I know the names of everyone
who ever lived
everyone but yours and mine.

So I am like any goer
a more or less willing victim of what I see
what shows itself to me.

14 November 2012

=====

Yesterday had no colors in it
good morning blue
you hidden flower
seen silken
over the lank green lawn
and sunbeam sneaking through the trees.

14 November 2012

DE SENECTUDINE

But doesn't it feel sometimes
that it's all hurrying downhill
slower then faster and you just noticed
and you wonder when the hurtling will begin?

14.XI.12

= = = = =

To come to work
before the world gets made
busy engrams of the clouds
persuading us. I don't drink.
My delusions are real,
pivot on saying something,
on finally answering you.

14 November 2012

= = = = =

Man who said No once too often —
the Faeries took him
and you can hear his sad voice
whimpering in the yew tree hedges
as you walk along the road to Hiesse.

14 November 2012