

11-2012

novE2012

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novE2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 35.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/35

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How can you expect me to remember
a thing like that
when I

and who are you anyhow
your face looks easy on my eyes
but my mouth is empty

so it really is
the body after all,
only the skin remembers.

Or as they say recalls.

Calls again

or calls to mind
breathless with anger or desire
I knew you once

if you can call it knowing,
so many things call,
call out,
how can you expect me to call

louder than you do,
 song of the opening door

count the nays
and divide by yeses,
breakfasts, empty
streets,
 mystery
of the sad police.

Then call it a marriage
or more
 a warm
hand slipped into yours.

Bracketing fellowship
I've told you before
how to smell the difference
between a window and a door
that's all that science says
about the other side of there
shape of a seated woman
little mouse under her chair.

15 November 2012

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Peeing after asparagus — see
you are part of the world
it even comes inside and changes you
like a song you didn't know you knew.

15.XI.12

= = = = =

Listen to the latitude
you always know that
and the sun will show you
where she is,

listen
to the flat, the place
beneath your feet —

querencia George
says Lorca says,
the place the bull so
quickly finds
to stand on
his spot, his
place of power
in the arena —
but *arena* is sand,
sand shifts, the place
moves below his hooves,
can't help him, help him,
the matador, the killer,
comes towards him, long knife,
the place does not avail.
The sword finds its place in him.

Find the place that doesn't move.
Be colloquial till you find it
then be priest and god and church all one,
atone for all your movements.
Or be a bird,
carry your place with you,
even now, ten seconds
perch in my yew tree this freezing morning.

16 November 2012

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A white house
in the woods is
all we need.
Burr of a buzz saw
infrequent, apple
wood burns sweet
in the valley.
It takes a while to think.

16 November 2012

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Exquisite rubato
of birds slowing
just before perching
on a trembling branch.
Why do I need language
when white-
throated sparrows speak?

16 November 2012

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1.

The heartfelt things
hurt. The broken contracts
heal. The lease runs out.

2.

I've been your taxicab
a long time now, and over the years
have learned to tell you,
show you, where you want to go.
I am made of destinations,
you of desires.

I can get there
but can't be there
without you.

3.

We need a lawyer.
Someone who can distinguish
between this and that.
We can't. Not anymore.
We walk down the street
and hear music coming from
somewhere. That's where.

4.

But law has its own toxicity.
In one year we read through Torah once.
It tries to make all the years the same.
Literature abolishes weather.
The regularity in us
 appalls.

Do you ever get tired of trees,
clouds, sunshine? Of course —
that also is a law,
diminishing returns.

 The coin
seems to sweat in your palm.

5.

So it is about agreements, signatures,
wax seals on clay jugs,
sincerity. Mithra
god of contracts among men.
Mercury, god of balances,
bills of exchange,
 poetry.

Or that phase of it
that is eloquence.
The tears in your eyes. The lies.

6.

Call the doctor
I don't believe
my body anymore.

7.

But the real poetry stems
from unknown deity,
unnamed, though every real
poem tries to name her
just so the reader can
get some sleep
and dream the matter further.
Real poetry, indeed —
what will they think of next?

8.

It is a contract
language makes with us
so that we can tell
each other things
we do not know.

Say it. Spit it out
the truncheons of grammar,
the masked inquisition
of your personal experience

try to beat it out of you.

Just say it. There it is,

real or ready, nothing

more to be said.

And then there is.

17 November 2012

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Not to witness
the display
whereby one thing
turns into another.

Enough to hear it
happening, enough
to write it down
on a postcard

and send it home.
If you had a home.

17 November 2012

JOGGER

How far away from home
she is. And everything is.
To come back
to where you are
is hard. I hear
her panting from across
the road, her breath
is louder than my own.
That must make her
some sort of deity,
kritophany, inspiration,
an unknown passerby.

17 November 2012

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Waiting for more.

The gold on your finger,
the forest outside.

Language lets
us be definite
more than we are.

The ring. The tree
as if it and no other
were real, really there,
breath on the mirror
and a word shows up
some finger traced there
the last time you breathed.

The defining part
is what matters.

The deer crosses the road.
Find good in everyone
and stay away from doctors.
Irish religion. My mother
knew these things. A seal
her ancestress,
swam like one and
didn't care for the sun.

Taught me there is only
One of anything. This one.
This one right now.

17 November 2012

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Everything stopped.

The fish were gone
the book had no more pages.

We sat on the dock
wondering where the waves went
and then stopped thinking

Were you there beside me
or was I alone
or was I at all

or was I gone with all the rest?

18 November 2012

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Differing analyses
of the same weather.
Guilt is a powerful
leader in social event.
Action is almost always
remorse. Scale the ladder.
Kiss the angel's feet.
Give all you have
to the poor it's not enough.
There is no enough.
All your life you've held it
night and day the same,
one single cry.

18 November 2012

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Riding the speed of the day
come to the place of arousal
querencia where the bull
is 'emboldened,' home base,
the place. Micro-
feng shui of the living room,
cocktail party. Every
gathering is an orgy
of weird repressions.
For a moment I'm alone,
hint of hoarfrost on the grass
but why am I talking
and to whom?

18 November 2012

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I sleep too well
after I've seen you
all the wakeful
energy dispelled
without even
the inconvenience of a kiss.

You wear me out
is how we used to say it
even five minutes
depletes me. I am the victim
of unconscious mind
no blame.

18 November 2012

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The way the treetops
tangle with the stars
talks of human vision
how we see, and other people
who are not humans,
what do they see
in the trees the skies

the formal rapture of the given world.

18.XI.12