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I can watch anything
but can I see it
as if it is part of the world
and not just something I see?

No. It’s all just me
as Epictetus says, all this fuss
responding to what isn’t really there.

26 November 2012
Bird beaks peck on my roof

watch the flatbed truck go by
try to turn around and go back
a big body on a narrow road
to where all of us came from
but that’s something we don’t need to know
even if we do — there are highways
hidden through everything

trucks with no cargo
and at the side of all that road
children crying for no reason

no reason I can tell.

26 November 2012
O there they are—
for a moment
I thought had forgotten
to write the clouds into the sky.

26 November 2012
Pains in places where there are no places
then the startled absence
silent everywhere afterwards

a thin line of light
vibrating through a colloidal mass
as if someone far away were dancing

quietly on their chair.

26 November 2012
1. Resisted the sky
rose
inside it
uncontrollably up
like a word
that had to be said.

2. And the dawn listened.
A dusting of snow
along thicker branches.
He had an old book
called things by other names,
trees had boughs
men were wights
where the words are different
maybe in that country
there was no death.
And damosels in samite
would suage his dole.

3. And that was only halfway up,
the hill was lucent, rent a cloud,
trust a judge, landfall on Alcyone.
Once we saw a blue quick bird
out of the air snatch a fish from a stream
all in one single motion
just like being here.
And that was almost enough to see.

4.
This is the autobiography
of emptiness,
the sky before language.
The mind of after,
soft outbreath when it’s finally done.

27 November 2012
(Notes towards THE HEXαGON)

On the day Six-Ajmac. Ajmac is a bee. A sinner.
There are snowflakes in the sky
slow arriving. Snowflakes the primal hexagon,
spine of the figure. Spine of the sinner.
They settle towards earth, make us look close,
they teach the number system
hive by flake by grace
the identical difference of each.

Moving through the morning light
so the meaning of 6 is a bee,
no bees here, no bees in winter,
the meaning of ajmac is the sinner,
a day to ask forgiveness.

What is the meaning of a bee?
The shared work, the proffered honey,
the generosity to more than one’s own kind,
nectar received, humility, industry,
remorse. Day of the Sinner.
The six-sided six. The bee
begs forgiveness, the hexagon
promises amendment, six
has a conscience, lists its sins,  
all of them I can remember.  
The hexagon is a beehive,  
not mine, nothing is my own.  
A white-haired beehive. Deseret  
come east. Build a whole landscape  
out of remorse  

and call it Natives of the Eastern Woodlands  
(exterminated now or exiled)  
fill it with pale sinners and let us repent,  
light snow sifting through the trees—

in that country dead sinners turn into trees  
and so learn to practice generosity  
to all who pass by, economy of light  
and water, fruitfulness, stability.  

A forest is a temple of the ancestors—  
six taught me this, six is a bee.  
Above the woods near the playing fields  
the vultures soar, an even dozen of them,  
virgins courting the air itself—they nest  
in the topmost thinking of the ancestors.  

Find them in the trees. Fin the trees  
in number theory. The six-sided triangle,  
the sphere with six sides.
Everything has insides too, you have to count
the outsides, the prisoners in the dingy police van
on their way to one more jail. Number theory.
I did nothing wrong, I am just a sinner,
not a criminal. I do not have a number.

For the LORD forbade King David.
Thou shalt not make a census of thy people
who are my people. Thou shalt not turn
people into numbers, must not reckon
a human person as any kind of thing
but a living being in unicity, thou shalt
not count my people. But David
disobeyed, the state was created
in that sin. The state is the great sinner.
Day Six-Sinner, day to forgive the state.

There is no justice for a sinner,
only remorse. The fangs
of knowing I did wrong.
The sting. When the bee stings,
it also dies. Not so the hornet.
A bee is forgiveness. A vulture
is virtue.

Now the forest
begins its work of waking, after
the long green summer sleep. Now it starts to dream up a distant springtime, envision it, shape the moist earth around the seeds. The cold work begins. And get to work the trees tell me too, don’t wander so much, don’t move around, stand still and flee that life of sin. Let me begin my winter. Let me confess not the names of my sins but the name of this sinner. Let me say it. What is my name?

27 November 2012
FROM THE BABYLONIAN

They roll around
they annoy Tiamat
they clatter up the hallways of heaven
Dear little gods
don’t annoy our mother.

They play at being barrels of beer
or birds in the air
they play at being woodpeckers
and beak the wooden temple down
o gods take things so seriously

all the houses lie in flinders
the little gods roast sunflower roots
over charcoal fires
but do not eat, even little gods
make do with fragrance and atmosphere

Tiamat in her big stone villa
wonders why she ever thought she needed
so many so many gods but still
it is a joy a creative act
to make and make more and send them into the world—

all art by its nature is bound to annoy. 28 November 2012
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Look at the tree tops
a lucky crow
is sitting there—listen
to which way he
tells you to go.

There is a hidden tree
you have to find
and no one else
knows how far
you have to go.
Or who you really are.

28 November 2012
ORNITHOLOGY 2012

My problem’s I can’t
get beyond Charles Parker
Ornette Coleman Messiaen.
But crows still come to my lawn.

28.XI.12
BEL CANTO

whose fault am I?
And where does winter come?
She sings well but can’t be seen

a whisper is a radio
why does music never come
from here (pointing to his chest)

it never did
a song is always somewhere else
that’s why we welcome it so

it tells a story no one knows

not by the words of it
get that idea out of your head
the voice itself is alone

the voice the only teller of that secret
history of the world
you hear in any kind of song

all it ever asked you
what to let her voice into your flesh.

28 November 2012
I feel comfortable with thee because thou knowest already almost the worst of me.

29 November 2012
Invisible men sometimes
are walking through the trees
that’s when I know
the woods are still the woods

and all the Little People
(who are really very big)
are with us still or maybe
have come to us again

and have forgiven us at last
and the trees have too
and I walk out in the morning
and I’m nothing like alone.

29 November 2012
I want to be able to say anything but does anything want to be said by me? Language is never alone.

29.XI.12
Is going blind
a kind
of falling
out of love?

29.XI.12