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Hide the light from the day.  
Sometimes I want to clutch you tight  
and crawl beneath your comfort and be held.  
Why is this me?

*In weakness  
is my strength.*

Carve that  
on my mantelpiece, a brave  
tattoo on a dying man. Rejoice  
in the am! For jubilee  
comes every year, and all injustice  
stands down. I am afraid, I hold  
tight to you, support me,  
in my terror is my bravery,  
I admit it, I am long  
for this world, the grey light  
of evening has walked  
into my maples. Living  
is like leather, supple  
with use, cracked with neglect.  
Live me hard and hold me,  
I am afraid of being me,  
I'm trying to tell you I'm afraid  
and need to be comforted.

No need for explanation.  
Just hold me till it's over.

15 October 2012

= = = = =

Some lives are just waiting  
for someone else to pick up  
the burden of being me.

It seems.

Then there is weather  
and soldiers marching in loud sleep  
across imaginary frontiers  
or killing sleeping people from the air.  
What have I done to stop it.  
If we could just take hold  
of the simplest rule: don't kill.  
Everything good would come from that.  
The simplest, terrifying solution:  
let them live till they die.  
To which the messrs. Kurtz  
who run our planet answer  
"Exterminate the brutes."  
And on mornings like this,  
half an hour before dawn  
it all feels like my fault.  
And why not? We all did this together.

16 October 2012



= = = = =

All the policemen in the world  
a soft ballet  
riding out the weather  
means nothing, just came to mind  
come home to mind  
I've never seen a lark  
for all the music that they spell  
a broken mountain a fallen bell  
the Book of Changes tells us  
animals always show the way  
but which way? And are  
you sure the road is clear  
to what they show,  
that the road is ours?  
The road makes time,  
a bullion on the stove awaiting  
integers of vegetable  
count way past ten  
if you want the stars to go  
on shining there are clothes  
if I were more an animal  
or someone leads me  
I dream a tenderness  
no man deserves

I summon you before the court  
and you and you have no explanation  
for why I feel so sad  
animals die all the time  
why shouldn't I? The pipe  
leads to the harbor  
there were two dolphins  
playing in the channel  
I have no right to what I see  
I have no right to say  
what comes to mind —  
these are the perhaps crimes  
for me to be guilty of  
to see to say and live another day  
that's a lot to ask  
when Fimbul winter hurries close  
*imagining the obvious*  
I suddenly feel like a child  
watching crimson tail lights up the hill.  
I rest my case. Your honor.

16 October 2012

= = = = =

Born not to know the difference  
the differences I lived  
maple trees gamboge and cinnamon  
ash trees paler, the tea-stained light  
around the long ago, autumn's feathers  
color lets me come close  
write my prayer book and carry it to church.

16 October 2012



= = = = =

This finch would fly —  
still here in all the cold rememberings  
a color merchant falling down the air  
we give him thistle seed he gives us  
a sleight of feeling at the feeder,  
a thrill no bigger than a sparrow,  
but yellow, sometimes, sometimes even now.

16 October 2012

## **KNOW**

I have to know  
what other people know  
before I can know  
what only I can know.

16.x.12

= = = = =

Now I am Wallace Stevens  
double-checking  
that my door is locked  
and windows too  
going around  
in my dark house  
to do it. Just me and the dark  
in the dark,  
wondering if everything  
could be worse.  
Every night the same  
ritual, protecting  
us from someone  
or someone  
from me.

16 October 2012

=====

Mist autumn maple  
religious conversion of the trees  
everybody admits to believing  
something anything else  
the Statue of Liberty  
is a free translation.

17.x.12

= = = = =

1.

But what did you understand  
when I hit you, how else  
can a father touch the most precious  
woman in the world  
forbidden fruit apple maple able  
at least it was the flat of my hand.

2.

And that the dream said,  
he put her to sleep among flowering roses  
and if she stirred in her dream  
the thorns would prick her  
back to wakefulness —  
there is no fathoming a daughter's dream.

3.

Silence the night in her  
feelings and desires,  
she is free to do everything  
I don't know how to do.  
I want to be her,  
she who is so much me,

I will make the bruised anemones  
blossom on her pale skin.

17 October 2012

## PROVIDENCE

In all that city  
not one person stood at the window.  
Cars were moving, pigeons  
swirled around the over-lifesized  
statue of a famous admiral  
high on a fluted column but  
no one looked out of  
all those windows, I counted  
713 before I got tired  
and no face no form no shadow  
saw me counting.  
What was so interesting indoors  
at that ordinary hour, mid-afternoon,  
so exciting out here  
in public emptiness, just me  
and all the cars and birds  
and the numbers, maybe I should  
have kept counting,  
maybe I would have reached a number  
Kabbalah would interpret for me  
and I would know something  
at last. Maybe all those people  
I can't see are busy counting too  
or looking up numbers in old books,  
learning new alphabets, frightened

of that populous bluegrey city sky  
that makes me a little nervous too—  
so big, so far away yet right on top of me.

17 October 2012



= = = = =

The problem with weather is it doesn't answer.  
Every day a new set of questions and no book  
to turn to the back of to find the right answer.  
No hardbound red algebra book such as Mr. Breen  
smashed on the head of a laggard freshman  
back in the days before concussions, when pain  
was understood but damage not yet imagined.  
School by its essence was about discomfort  
at best, boredom and menace. Which brings  
me back to weather. There are fields out there  
that know nothing of trees, there are kegs  
of cider hidden in rickety barns, old people  
speaking Polish. grey angry dogs, pregnant  
teenagers and all the while the secret ferment  
of the world busies itself with wine and miso,  
the little weather locked inside things grown  
in earth and art. And everything has to change.  
And why is algebra anyhow? What did the mind  
ever do to us that we want to hurt it with thinking?

17 October 2012

## IDEAS

are mostly packaging—  
a toy box with nothing in it,  
all cardboard and bright images,  
nothing inside.

We buy labels  
(independence, integrity, freedom)  
and die for them.

17.X.12

= = = = =

Catching things as they fall

there is a sky

and it is never far,

not even the stars

carry it away.

But some days it comes

closer to our faces —

that freshness in the air

is sky returning

to our embrace.

We think we have

to take care of the earth,

no, the earth

takes care of us.

What we hurt

is always ourselves.

Or we are the earth

and sky loves us,

only sky knows why.

18 October 2012

= = = = =

Carry over. Carry on.

Keep the misery under the door.

How. Rage

from what dogs have.

There was a coyote

on the lawn. Day *Tz'i*

that kind of dog.

A wolf at anchor

under the maple

yes. But years

also know how to stay.

1972 is with us still,

awkward, pimped music,

sleek as purple. See.

Follow the fact

the feel gives. Esther

was a starry queen,

Rachel a sheep. Animals

everywhere. Everything

you can *name*

is an animal.

Infinite zoo

this thinking business.

Only enough gas

to fly with

we call it air.

This morning is trapped

in terminology,

the Iroquois civilized

the settlers. Teeth

and telling time,

telling the name

of each day.

“Medicine of time”

tired of knowing so little

he opened another eye

saw the days slip past

chanting some language

scarily new

he had to learn,

he learned

to apologize

to everyone

and they all answered.

Apology is a way of making

things aware of themselves

so that they begin to speak

apology makes things

answer. An answer

is the same as forgiveness.

Day 5-Sinner repentant

my hand held out  
forgive me please  
I have wanted wrong  
and seldom reckoned.  
Listen to me  
with your hand too  
makes the one of us  
complete in each.  
Think they will always  
make me talk  
or think me away  
to forgive me the sky.

18 October 2012