

12-2010

## decD2010

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Help me lift the bond  
the money meaning is so heavy  
the hook won't hold

a folding cane for an old lady  
a washing machine left at the curb  
why are there sparrows

life answers its own questions  
and silence becomes noontime  
when the petals surprise us by falling.

15 December 2010

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Billeted already, as with troops  
stalled in a big house, its owners  
cowering in the dower house,  
so quick ideas take up their  
residence in the mind. Vendetta.  
Advertising copy. A young woman  
on the trapeze and what will come  
of all her leaping. Down the silk  
later she comes. Matter smiles  
at some of us. The ladder breaks.

2.

This is the form of things: the steam  
radiator hisses, the train is on time.  
On frozen nights we wait for sunup  
but dawn seems to be the coldest time,  
the cold ardor in the furthest east.  
Come back to me, please, let me watch  
as you walk before me up the path,  
let me know the land the way you do,  
each footstep an analytic tool.

(15 December 2010)

### THREE EMPHASES

Enzymes of union  
the *fermentation*  
of the space between.

Lewd alchemy.  
People will talk—  
aboriginal energies  
link leftwards

the Opening Screw.  
Enter *of your free will*  
negotiate your fur-lined closet,  
sell me your shadow.

There: that's what I've been wanting  
all along, that your body  
live up to your mind  
in *comely musculature*  
give to me and each  
vagrant potency  
resemble every other  
till all are matched in flesh  
articulate angelhood.

16 December 2010

## DOMESTIC ANIMAL

A.

The bark of your samoyede  
prowls through my sleeptime.

Who would embed you  
must bear the growl,

tundra jabber

in its stained teeth—

what

do those dogs eat?

B.

Relax, let me tell you,  
we're safe beneath the quilt,

it's just a noise, a coarse

biology that lives in me.

A.

But not me. I alchemize  
anxiety, I am bitten

to the bone

by the sound of it alone.

Why is a dog?

B.

To know me is to be with it  
because my love is general  
and every animal is a piece of me—  
God grant the difference!  
I want it lovely as I think.

16 December 2010

## MORTALITY ODES

1.

I am the X-ray of a dead man's skull  
or once on Tamalpais found  
a deer's jawbone, left mandible of it,  
the girl was naked though  
and we shared the bone.

2.

How much of what is left of me  
is what I meant?  
Or all the meaning gone  
wherever sense and yearning go  
and left behind this  
dry bone or this  
cracked urn I guess is me?

3.

It is sixteen-something on a field in Norfolk  
it is cold and quaggy and almost dark.  
Time is its own archeology.  
I stumble over something and lightly fall.  
What I tripped on is my father's skull.  
I brush my knees off while he talks to me—

Oh the bones are living  
but their man is dead,  
I stagger homeward  
though four centuries  
to reach this wooden armchair  
in winter sunlight warm.

4.

And that is all that happens!  
How hard it is to be now  
among all those women!

This is a book, remember,  
a living bone,  
a sepulture that speaks.

16 December 2010



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The spiritual connection  
might be a horse or a cat  
or a finch ever yammering  
in a cage offstage

we hear it we hear it  
I have seen you walking  
and sitting still your body  
is a dream

precisely made  
of dream matter  
eloquent and mysterious  
ungraspable dream.

17 December 2010

= = = = =

Make the numbers big on the wall  
so we can't count the grains of daylight left  
before the music comes  
and the sky happens to us

one last time, the way you dreaded it  
in the dentist's chair under the big window  
the way you begged for it to come  
in the hot dark under the so-called comforter.

17 December 2010

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Waiting under the awning and  
the closed car carrying sheep  
the Brooklyn days the semaphore  
telling trolleycars to smoke  
belaboring the obvious one whole life  
he got to heaven it was precisely  
the way that he imagined it  
and not one glory more the book  
they made him read constrained him.  
Every book is a trap.

18 December 2010

= = = = =

The moral and the mammary  
should never be at odds.  
Both should welcome acts of love  
but keep them far apart.

18.XII.10

## A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR HEATHENS

reminds that Jesus was a Jew  
and Jews were all Egyptian once  
and Egypt came up from Afrika—

paganism is always in peril  
of some big idea  
that swamps it with raiment  
dynastic and dignified and dangerous,  
fatwas from the Vatican, martyr at the stake—

*O precious is a Pagan heart  
with room for every goddess  
and love for every beast and boulder  
and no rules except the real.*

18 December 2010

= = = = =

Come calling come be closer  
there's nobody here  
but me and the sun

you can do everything now  
you always wanted  
you can even ride my lion—

somehow without trying  
I have a big calm lion in my house  
go find him if you like

he's in one of my rooms.

18 December 2010

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Sensualist rehearsal  
hang the mistletoe  
from your eyebrows  
serve wassail  
from your lap

or in another gender  
walking towards it  
with a blindfold on  
the pressure on your lids  
makes stars appear

horoscope me with them  
till I am born  
inside you for a change  
paperclip heart  
to hold in so wild wind.

(18 December 2010)

## THE PHYSICS OF IT

You're the only one I'd let do it  
because the balance of forces between us  
immense flux of energy the intermagma  
gives as much as gets, we each  
increase and nothing lost, we flow  
into each other in equal measure,  
*halte Maaß !* we hold the measure

whereas all others are too weak, swallow  
my power into their audient void inside,  
most people are built out of waiting alone  
but we are built a quarter-hour ahead of time,  
we are built of now and onward, are built  
of saying and doing and making things be so.

18 December 2010



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all of it turns

it breaks its wheel

there is a dark kind of pirouette

that words know how to know

18 December 2010

## VARIATION

We keep coming closer to the other  
side of time, where the albatross unharmed  
soared out of sight and the clouds curvetted  
into slow horizons and no one died.

The journey is continuous, is us  
in fact, we sail seas of pure forgiveness,  
trouble in our sleep but peaceful wakings.  
Yet I keep looking over my shoulder.

19 December 2010

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It wasn't the oxen, the cow and the asses  
that stood respectfully behind the crib  
where the newborn was probably asleep,  
it was the four horses of the Apocalypse  
waiting for their riders. It wasn't the sheep  
who kneeled before the crib, nibbling  
sometimes idly at the hay around him.  
It was a dream of wolves resting in disguise,  
anxious to wake up for the chase,  
capture, taste, devour. It wasn't Joseph  
who knelt there, it was Lazarus, still young,  
half-drunk with sleepiness, but he knew  
something important had to do with this,  
keeping vigil with this newborn kid. And she  
who knelt there on the other side  
was the other Mary, the one from Migdala  
of the towers, hauntress of shadows  
and queen of arches. They were all here.  
And Satan perched on the roofbeam of the stable  
twanging his Babylonian mandolin  
to keep the timid angels far away.  
For this was time. This is world. This is time  
and into it the child had chosen to come down  
and time had come to meet him with its own,  
the killers and the harlots, the aggrieved

and the repentant. For their sake he had come  
and here they are. How anxious  
the vigil that they keep! No vestals,  
no saints could be so tender by his sleep.

19 December 2010

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One Christmas day in the woods  
we found a patch where snow had melted  
and in it a periwinkle the mild day had bloomed.

There it was, flower blue as October skies,  
leaves green as next June. He had come  
into time and time was changed.

19 December 2010