

12-2012

## decD2012

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## WHAT THE RIVER SAID

Sometimes the river knows  
and sometimes keeps silent  
if never still. I heard it  
one day explain to someone  
the difference between east and west:  
if you go against the sun  
go hard, go glad—language  
contradicts the natural,  
natural movement of things,  
you drive straight ahead  
into the face of the light.  
But to go with the sun is meek,  
accepts the death of you  
and all the rest. West  
bank of the Nile.  
Necropolis. Stay  
or go or be like me  
and be between—  
and cross me if you can.

12.12.12

=====

*Laisse-musquie*

or capture bobcat  
saw in New Hampshire  
long enough ago  
to nt be me or am I  
child tossing pennies in a wishing well

I feel the wet walls of the gorge  
seepingdown granite  
the water from somewhere  
or in France blue petals  
of that Alpine flower  
gentian or come back  
or cyclamen growing from the rock  
of a devil gorge in the Savoy  
and that may really have been  
me seeing it and not alone  
you were at my side  
before you were you

or where does the music come from?

2.

Images choose sunrise  
light comes round the corner

imagine if the earth  
were really round  
I mean if we felt it that way  
in our bones and bearing,  
if we knew

or what is this place it is  
so hard to stand on and yet we do—  
  
and yet is a funny word for always.

3.  
Some mist walks towards me  
down Cedar Hill—that alone  
should prove we're in this together

I used to drink and go to church  
used to have opinions  
now I have blood in my ears

and sleep late as I can  
still trying to be everybody else.

4.  
*Consolamentum*, final rite  
among the men of Albi  
and sometimes women too.

stepping away from the flesh  
into what? What appalling lucidity  
on the other side of being

or being here? The patient drum  
of long deceiving, that bloodbath  
in the arteries, the beat of time?

5.

Less music, more something else.  
Everything wants me again  
as if I were the one who brought  
this panoply together and set it moving.  
They look at me, each thing does,  
stares at me, everything I see  
lours at me and says *Do me, Do me,*  
*Be me into your language and your love—*  
*for I am mute and yearning, I am the law*  
*you have to bring down from the mountain,*  
*I am the commandment you have to break.*

6.

Now I'll never get there  
it's still the first act of the opera  
I'm larking around the empty stage  
wondering who to kiss or kill  
or who will come along, sly baritone,

curvy mezzo, to kill me.  
Fear and desire flee from music.  
No road for them  
in what is so much here

The orchestra is restless  
tired of its one note after another  
forever and nobody singing.  
What are the words to nobody's song?

The sun rising, soldiers  
quiet as they can march into town.

7.  
Song of the knife  
sings its way into the bread.  
We can handle this.  
Another day. Another argument  
against the existence of God.  
Music, Music refutes  
everything. Even itself.

13 December 2012

## CONTE CRUEL

Suppose I took you by the hand  
and went there too. Would a day  
be any decenter? You flew there  
to appraise some old furniture,  
bid on carpets, see a movie,  
bring everything back to New York.  
You learned the language so fast  
you stayed on forever. You sit  
on the furniture, pace back and forth  
on the sandy Isfahans. Lovers  
come and sometimes go. Your whole  
life you've been trying to find  
the difference. And feel it.  
But there are no differences  
most mornings you'd rather wake alone.

13 December 2012

= = = = =

*and her wedding dress a tree of ghosts*

—Alana Siegel

for so it is we came  
from forces we understood  
only by yielding  
and all round us the bones we were  
and they are speaking

once a woman marries  
she becomes a new nation  
even a boyfriend is dangerous  
a dark in the light

doesn't she remember  
what it is like to be naked?  
a wedding dress  
hides the natural body  
turns it into shimmer and falsity  
and an image of flow

a flow where is no water  
no river runs from such vows

and are you quiet yet?



they try to talk but mist is in their mouths  
filaments of understanding  
drift through that brackish marsh  
the *undercurrent* beneath all thought and non-thought  
you can feel it down there  
when you meditate or try to,  
purling nonsensically tragically sexily along

we call it magic when it comes to life  
but it never does

your picture wants to give yourself to me  
starting with you

starting with a church  
steeple of a church  
a long drawn out sigh  
on its way to heaven  
or that is what the woman thinks  
all in black at the door  
waiting for the sexton to come  
shambling along in his old Sicilian hat  
to let her in

let us all in,  
beasts and men and the flowers roll in too  
in their majolica pots their terra cotta prisons

bring dirt, good earth, the soil, the humus  
we get our nickname from, humanus,  
bring the dirt into church and listen  
to the Mass it sings  
no Perotinus no Palestrina no Vivaldi  
just that house on fire  
we call a flower  
and let erect itself from unseen seed  
through our common dirt,  
just listen.

And in her clothes the young widow listens too  
her young husband just weeks dead in some war  
far away has come back, a greyish wraith above her  
weeping kisses on the parting of her hair  
she feels but she can't see him.

We see him, though—

we are good at seeing phantoms  
the shadow of your breasts inside your shirt,  
wine stain on the sidewalk, the round  
earth spins its own libation  
from the all too casual cup  
was it you were holding?

(14 December 2012)

= = = = =

If someone grabs you by your behind  
it means he's more interested  
in where you came from than where you are/

What's behind is behind,  
the whole animal history  
you embody.

Not who you are.  
He's not interested in you  
now. Your face,  
mother of millions.

14 December 2012 (dreamt)

= = = = =

Measure a thing against itself  
and all the rest comes clear  
in what sleep tells you

I'm talking to you, friend  
of so many love stories  
embedded in the light you pass  
through on your way to them,  
the sequencers, husbands, fools.

Yes, things come in threes,  
for us at least since Brahmin  
days when children  
started to count things  
and adults caught on

so here we are  
implausibly numerate  
all made of ones and o's—  
the sequencers do it,  
mix up the many till unity,  
till the one comes.

And here you are  
a cohen on my counterpane  
you have come to me again  
like spring like autumn  
bird banishment echo  
soldiers at the gate  
no rain for several days.

14 December 2012

= = = = =

Be an oracle  
say what has to be said  
you'll never know it  
till you hear it  
coming out of your mouth

so out the truth comes  
leaking word by word  
away from you,

                    you can't  
have truth, can only  
speak it. After that  
it takes care of itself.

Come to me then and be  
my sullen witnesses,  
ratify the world into place.

14 December 2012

## COSA NERA

ease of articulation is all  
do it by assimilation Italy  
*actum > atto*

by assimilation ease  
*cosa nera*  
the black thing  
that follows us home  
could it be nothing worse than a shadow?

And what is that?  
A shadow is a dark thing  
a distortion of our shape,  
our effect cast on the innocent earth

we cross.  
*Cosa nera* is consequence, caused effect.  
karma ripening.  
*Ripieno*, full,  
a shadow is full, coherent,  
continuous. A black thing.

14 December 2012

*“inward upon”*

— WCW

*(for Michael Ives)*

So the restless

sun

works all week

jogs Sunday

(never sitting)

isn't there

a work inside

*athlesia*

to sit still?

Be restless into inside

all the way

wrestle with silence

and let the silence win.

Metabolism bowls from mind,

jog down the tunnel of

where happy happens,

must use sappy words

they alone point pregnant to



what's always going on in you

(no matter).

2.

A cup of liquid runs a car a mile or two—  
two thousand pounds uphill and happy  
because when it's not running  
it's not doing anything at all.

3.

On the eighth day we invented stones  
to teach us how to think.

15 December 2012

= = = = =

Car pulling away.

Could they be going home?

Picture it,

silver in oak leaves

distances to come.

Love and disappointment.

Something will happen,

the car will stop

and new questions begin.

The obvious loves you.

And there's that word again.

15 December 2012

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Put your hand on it  
and call it me

all the rest is snare  
drum and guitar.

15.XII.12

=====

I laid out my solitaire  
every card put down  
was the nine of diamonds.

Paper money flutters home to roost,

15.XII.12

## FLASH

of white:

bird

flitting in the yew tree or

woman jogging up the

road. Indecisive.

You choose.

15.XII.12