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LAC

Is there a case for a bottle in the snow
a milk inside it from no known beast?
Can you listen how it tinkles, the milk
have frozen, tuneful little chips of ice
nick against the glass. It still is glass.
It still is the world we almost know.
I tripped and fell, my fall was broken
by a leafless bush. This too is the world,
full of scandals and protections.
Redemptions. It’s the water content
in the milk that freezes; the fat
is soft and greasy still, the mouth
would understand such physics
already from the first touch of the glass.
Who would put a bottle in the snow?
What kind of animal produced it and why does nobody know? Is there a secret mammalian order in the world, big uddered freemasonic beasts who turn starlight into what we drink? With bay leaf and clove and sugar to be your chai. On your lips one more mystery disguised as love.

23 December 2013
I’ve seen my wife’s face
seen the Ganges flowing through Bengal
the Adriatic lapping at San Marco
seen Mount Everest on the skyline
the Bridge of Tears in Donegal
Da Vinci in the Louvre, the lavender
fields of Provence, Yosemite, Niagara,
the Baltic stretching out in snow,
I’ve seen the sun rise over the Vineyard,
I’ve seen my wife’s face.

December 2013
The trouble with entertainment is it leads us away from Fairyland which can only be found within the mind. Too much entertainment and we may never find our way there again.

December 2013
THINGS

Things try to tell me about themselves, victors in ancient combat holding their own against the lust of atoms to be elsewhere or not even in our sense of it be at all just moving, moving. And things endure, a mind—maybe ours—

has them and they stay.

24 December 2013
[Footnote to THINGS]

Ergo the persimmon
and the deacons’ bench
toothbrush and shillelagh,
they tell no lies.
Or the rock in my backyard.
And maybe the moon.

24.XII.13
And the music’s matter
after all, a fingering
of the passing air atremble
with instruction,

thing
thinging in your ear.

24 December 2013
Bare young trees
close together seem
to do something
to the air among them
as if to walk in there
squeezing through saplings
would be to breathe
a different atmosphere,
some other world
where trees talk and we
are always immigrants—
as we here also are.

24 December 2013
A READING FROM THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY

In the year, from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become Man of the Virgin Mary.

1.
The last day before history happens when what is absolute condigns to the relative
and more than that, becomes the radiant limit of the flesh— which we slowly learn is the inside-out of limitation, it is the infinite within that carries us since that day or when ever that day was when history ended and we began. *Nos homines*, said the prayerbook, us humans, for whom history ended and time began.

2. Justice was the animal that stood and whinnied by the cradle where what had to be born was trying to remember us one by one before the state set in. Justice and Forgiveness and Desire were the angels on the roof, memory was the ox by the stall, intelligence
the sleeping shepherds worn out
with vigils and glories, they know
when to sleep and let dream decide.
And wisdom is the cock on the roof
to vex the town’s inhabitants,
drunkards and priests and wizards,
ordinary crazy people hard at work.

3.

So what really did happen on this day?
All the crib and baby stuff
makes us think about a time when
something happened to time

or to our flesh our DNA our
chance.

    our liberty
    but what?

Is it what happens every day
when the sleepy Shepherds is in you
wake up to those loud angels
who are always singing, 
what else do they have to do 
but that, 
wake you and ease you 
and start you up afresh? 
And all the animals you’ve ever eaten 
stand around and watch you getting born, 
forgiving you, hoping this time 
you remember to thank them 
or even let them live 
as much as you can? 
And all the virgin world 
will be your mother, 
every man your stepfather 
who will teach you how 
to work the wood of the world? 
And everyone you ever meet 
is a wise man from a far country 
come to give you gifts 
of radiant and frequent identity? 
And you wake up changed? 
And this change is what you mean? 
Mind enters time and you can see?

24/25 December 2013
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Enschede, by the German border,
skaters on the drift of pond
no cross on this church
made of young trees,
no stone upon a stone.

No time upon a time.
Among the local girlery
nymphs invgeigle swains
to mild neerdowelling.

It is as it always was,
a masque for dancing
or understanding.
Far away the city is asleep.

(19.XII.13)

25 December 2013
Can we work together
bridge over no river
just the touch
of silence alone?

(20.XII.13
25 December 2013
GRADUS AD PARNASSUM

Poem as every writing. and conversely.

Poem as revelation
tells you what you never knew.

Poem as practice
breath of the day
breath on the mirror

Mayan calendar, all calendars, gods of the Week

leipogrammata: writing by exclusion.

Poem without pronouns.

Pound’s Three Powers of Poetry

Precise description of an actual feeling, without adjectives.

Meditation on a word.

Etymology. Take a word and run with it.

Olson, *Projective Verse*
But: constraints!

Pick a number from three to ten.

Translation as creation.

Superstitions as instructions.

Listening:

first word, first line

listening to what’s just been said

listening long

The Line

and how it means. Open juncture.

Silence makes music.

Impregnation of a text.

(Writing into a text)

(These gists I have found useful, taken here from old notes)

25.XII.13
What I was waiting for
maybe this other place
the beaches of Dunedin
the porpoises of Nashawena
what can I mean?
Why is it always somewhere
else and I want to be here?

25 December 2013
Otherwise the waiting
what is known
burr of the pen nib
writing a new world down—
latitude known, longitude
guessed at by the color
of her hair. Follow seals
to find the beach.
Analyze the sky.
On the other side of the mountain
information is given in Basque.

25 December 2013
I lost a moon along the way
not even this one you
sometimes see a pair of
nuzzling over the hemlocks.
poor old eyes, lost into today.
The way was hard. the dream
kept forgetting its lines:
  Fall, fall as the leaf
does, rise
  as tree’s blood
does, later, later.
Or something like that.
As if a love poem from
the mind to me. Love
always looks as if
it’s just about to snow.

26 December 2013
NUDE LANDSCAPES

allowed to be.
Clearly they see us too.

Would music change it
for me or what
anything decides?

Fewer and fewer words
in the fatidic circle

—the system saying
to me the same
over and over
the same words

this is my text
and all my sermons
must speak to it

curious grey light of winter
I have my reasons.

26 December 2013
Crystals — as of snow — know how to lock together as if love were at stake, love to hold against the fall, the full field of us one long fall, a durable anxiety rehearsed every morning reading the signs.

26 December 2013
MORNING PRAYER

I am listening to *The King of Lahore* wishing I were close again to this place where I sit listening with my best friend the sky.

26 December 2013