

2-2013

febF2013

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "febF2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 336.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/336

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**I am the same emptiness
from which they come**

**Snow flakes from blue sky
frightened hours feed the clock**

**Ransom fully paid, bird
flits from the feeder**

**Do you deserve your life
friend, do you serve it?**

**There's enough of me to go around
but so few of you at the table**

**Or do I mean the other thing
tall woman outlined in a narrow door**

**Cadging drunks in haughty taverns
I light a borrowed cigarette**

**Evidence of otherwise easy to find,
hard to lay hands on actually is**

**Costermonger an old word for poet
in his rags peddling blank paper to the Muse**

**To tell the truth on paper
is keeping a lie safe in your heart**

**From how fierce the wind is blowing
I infer that I am standing here alone**

**When I called the second floor a mountain
I feared I would fall so humbled came down**

**The voice is the same
but the man is different**

**It take two sentences
to say the simplest thing**

**Aptly reminiscent of ancient trees
A yew twig sticks up from the snow**

**Snow today and go tomorrow
winter is will and spring forgetting**

**From the old days a song
that has never yet been sung** (= *body*)

**Light still loves us even
all we've made it reveal**

**I study the lines in my hand
— if only I could understand**

**Too much literature
not enough poetry.**

**O mark *I am*
as nobody's name**

16 February 2013

LIFE IS A NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE

**They come from Romania and tell us what to do
they throw pigeons off the roof and watch them soar—
these are their alphabets
so many letters and all the letters the same
or almost the same and they all fly away**

**I have torn the Iliad and the Bible apart
looking for just one kiss, the round dance
that I can join, the naked men in moonlight,
thousands asleep at twilight after a bullfight**

**Nothing there, I have torn silence
apart looking for music
and all I found was theory, people smiling,
book after book in Western languages
as they're called, *we write books*
*we do not read.***

**I wanted
a new Iliad, a Bible made of calculus,
I wanted stones to fly,
wanted to drink six glasses of light every day.**

**Nothing got there, but carried me with it.
The letters are all here, shake them
till they stop sounding like something I said.
My father was fond of horses— there
that's enough to know about me.**

16 February 2013

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**I want to decide for myself
what is long and what is short
and where roads should go
and who should be there when they arrive
and now much is enough
and which way is up**

**I want to challenge memory
to get out of the way of my mind,
leave experience alone, stop comparing!**

**I want to ride bareback
on animals that have not yet evolved,
sturdy ones with wings and clever hands**

**and why do all the leaves have to be green
wouldn't geosynthesis be better
the earth is always here, leaves
would be the color of rubies,
sapphires, tossing in a light breeze?**

**But I can see my wants are already
getting in the way of Nature's somber work
and maidens will spurn me for not being
the least bit green, for being an abstract
unnatural monster with his mind
always busy with something else.
I hate dogs, and can live without cats.**

17 February 2013

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**Remarkable adventures in the lions' den:
they'd eaten all the Christians and were asleep.**

**I tried to rouse them by spouting heresies,
anti-imperial remarks—but *ZZZZZZZ***

**Nothing is more natural than sleep,
all our fussing about gods and freedom, *ZZZZZZ*.**

**I stood there demanding to be martyred
or at least growled at. Notice me,**

o natural beasts! But they slept on.

So much for nature. I need to find

some place where what I'm thinking matters.

17 February 2013

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**The taste of it matters
wind in the trees
in our mouths.**

17.II.13

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**To be in the middle of something
almost at the end. Rock pool
a skin of ice on it.**

**It is hard to spell my name
in human letters. So I'll use
birds and hope you understand.**

**The crows back there on the hill
have built their nest on the highest tree—
how large the nest is! Stay with me.**

17 February 2013

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**So much wind today—
solo jogger with flapping hands.
Once on days like this
people went to church
and prayed about the hurricane
the famine the war.
I slept late. I am like you,
nothing to report
and always wanting more.**

17 February 2013

GLAUKOPIS

So now on the 17th of February 2013 we are on earth.

How many 17ths of February to come will that still be true.

Will we always be here or is there someplace else.

You there, tall blonde woman of a certain age, you know,

you have been here since the beginning, Deathless

they called you in Athens, and took their name from you.

You with your eyes made of skies, you whose night

is full of owls and foxes and secret rituals of love.

About which I dare not speak. Not yet. Not while

we're still here. . But a dawn will come when all

is made known. New planet, new gods. And you.

17 February 2013

A SHOE

**A shoe says all
the streets it's been
how sad the mind
whose body's foot
fits therein—**

**things are so *far*,
the cars of Christians
cannot get all the way
to where this shoe has gone,**

**where in strange sunlight
this shoe's man once stood
and almost understood.**

17 February 2013

Fisher Center

PENDERECKI'S CONCERTO FOR VIOLA

**To strike the string
again again**

**resist the flow
a flow just goes**

**a tune's a flow
and where it goes**

**is always away
away away**

so much wind today

**stay here stay here
dwell in the sound**

**a clutch of tones
sets up house**

**around you
and why not**

**why not?
where else to live**

**but in the ear
house of what you hear?**

**A sound like a word
but safe from sense**

**like an empty room
spacious and warm**

**empty room
full of waiting for you.**

**17 February 2013
Fisher Center**

LA FAUTE A MOI

1.

**To get it to be gone from
and so a motor. White rim
of soda round the pond.**

Brackish for cattle. Try

**anywhere else. Two meters
between him and her shadow.**

**Know-it-all. The way they are,
you know as well as I do**

**the numbers can't count,
they just pretend to help us
know our minds. The shadow
in this case knows how to talk.**

**Stamp the envelope in the old
fashioned way, even lick the flap
with your actual wet tongue.
Shiver. Licking a piece of paper**

is the same as kissing the dead.

Consternation. Now you're upset.

**I can't help it, the tall grasses
are salty too. Hide in there,**

let us guess each other's location

by watching the wind in the grass.

Soon we'll forget each other.

But we'll never forget the wind.

2.

But there are miracles to be explained

in the life of Spinoza, strange bilocations,

strange catoptric vigilances where himself

saw himself clad different in the mirror.

Because you never know. (I told you so.)

**The great pianists of the century
were not all East Europeans. Windmills
in Livermore before anywhere else,**

**o power is delicious when it's free
and all the shadows race down the hill
because a little flock of clouds is over
running fast to meet the sunset.**

**And you think nobody loves you!
There is a ship that sails along the crest
disguised as a highway, a man
disguised as a woman disguised as a bear.**

**These things are true but not necessarily
in their own way. He twiddled two
emery boards using one on his left
nails one on his right as if it mattered.**

**I know you think that nothing matters
except love and money and you may be right.
Or those really are sheep and not clouds
and the shadows are substance instead**

**and all the world is naught but evidence
of some truth just out of reach. Sing
after supper and you'll be close to it.
But not even midnight knows for sure.**

17 February 2013