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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Good day for going where you are.
The guide says Go
slow go slower into the place

There is no place you feel
there is only feeling

how can you live in what you feel

The guide knows nothing
has no destination in mind
never looks you in the eye,

the good guide.

28 January 2012, the day One-E
= = = = =

The particulars of the crow
the crow
this very crow on the fence
this very beak
and what it speaks.

Every beast round your house
is there to teach
and you to learn.

That’s why cities are so dangerous,
men and women there
live apart from their animal instructors
hence learn nothing, or not much,
only what the rock-dove and the rat can preach.

28 January 2012
The trees
are offering goddesses
lifting up all
or most the time
green contingencies
to Perfect Mind.

28 January 2012
UP

(Wake)

29 January 2012
Try to wake before you sleep
and crow call after
you are a tower
and there are spiders

Harry Martin paints a picture of the whole adventure
all the languages coming in and going away
it hangs on someone else’s wall for sixty years
as history or ownership or art

the colors of a tower

this is the nature of a tower
it goes on speaking long after it falls

after another someone looked down
and smote the world with beautiful differences.

29 January 2012
Thanks honey
I can read all languages
but can speak none

I can read the bones in your body
but don’t know how to
talk to your face

I know this is a diner
in a strange city
I know you bring me food

I have no memory of eating
I think I grew fat and thick, thick,
from everything I don’t know how to say.

29 January 2012
The pure morning
one of those days
when I’m alone with the light.
And then the dark rider came.

29 January 2012
EROICA

1.

He tried to remember
what a girl looked like
or the taste of apple cider
the burn of alcohol. The word *blue*
came to mind. Nothing else.
Tried to remember his skin
small hairs on his forearms
or somebody else’s, the feel
of ice, the smell of grass.
Nada. Nothing remembers.
2.
He got up, dressed,
walked out in the street.
The street had nothing to remember
too.  He recognized no one,
tried to fit a few old words
to what was passing by.
Almost desperate he bent
down and touched the sidewalk
with his fingertips.  There,
that is what something
feels like.  Like itself.  Like nothing.
A rough flat nothing
hard to see with the tears in his eyes.
Somewhere inside a bell was ringing.

30 January 2012
= = = = =

But the things not to want
are memory things

snowflakes on a sunny day
tROUT swimming in the gutter

people on their way to work
is the saddest time. Tune.

30 January 2012
So sometimes think a northern thing
room to put paper on the table
room for the arms to rest
while the fingers write—

not much to ask
but a kind of ecstasy when found
and the words, those children our mothers,
the words are waiting

like cars in a trick deck
forcing us to choose them
one after another till all is said—

so stand by the stove
and cook some wordless food,
no recipe but the way things seem.

30 January 2012
BY THE FONTANKA IN PETERSBURG

You stood
and looked into the quivering water
teasing your image as the boat wakes pass
until it cleared and you saw
and decided you were beautiful
Water does that, it makes
you feel yourself precious,
lovely, fragile, a last
horn-call dying away over the hill.

30 January 2012
Where are the walkers  
on their way to and why?  
Can’t I ask questions of this road  
I’ve lived so long on?  
Am I still a little boy hiding in the hedge?  

O a hedge is a holy place  
a wall that lives and shivers and scratches  
any skin that comes too close.  
Hiding leaves so many scars.  

31 January 2012
SCHUBERT

Try again. Violin.
Tells how to feel about
where the piano
says it wants to take you.
Takes two to rondo.
Follow, follow,
happy B-day, Franz,
time hurts but you have to
keep a loving heart
no matter what. Walk
to work, let your satchel
sway at your side
bouncing off your flank
slow piano slow.

31 January 2012
Or yet again. Rib cage.
Lungs inside. Heart quiet.
Fingers on breastbone
feel the quiet life inside,
the press of bone. The thin
between the in. What am I
inside? Or inside of? Is
there a skin around a man too,
around all his space and time?
Do we live inside mind?

31 January 2012
Just don’t want to know about it
the chance to live
with ink on your lips
and still get kissed—

o laurel crown o red convertible.

Bracket poesis.
Don’t cut the tree down
it’s all you have
keeps you from heaven
falling on your head—

it wreathes around experience
the vine of it puts out new leaves

you read each one
and sleep with all of them:
one woman in one bed.

All this needs to become music is music.

31 January 2012
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Moon in yew tree
dissected. Half moon
on its back over river.
The sexual suffering
of all things. No one safe.
No one sorry.

31 January 2012
To be at midnight
after the day  road run.
The shaman told me
nothing hurts you
if you offer it first
to the Directions.
The ones you honor
are everywhere—
you can’t turn
your back on them
or they on you.

*

Whatever else it’s been
from Olduvai Gorge down to now
it is a conversation.
Even now they’re listening
willing to accept even this.

31 January 2012
And the moon is still
caught in the yew,
light of the dead
filtered through the living.
One half a
white word in the sky.

31 January 2012