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**Can the blue offering
forget the sun it
stands in? Forgive?
It is all one field
open for us
from the beginning, us
so slow to know.**

23 January 2014

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**If one day we let it
do what it wants to do
where would we be?**

**Would it reward us
or would we suddenly find
ourselves excluded from reality**

free at last?

23 January 2014

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**But there are places
where it can be done
using steel not too sharp
or the dorsal fin of a carp
(*Ferox cupidinus*) or the tip
of a Bic all its ink dried up
or using the second act
tenor aria from *The Woman
without a Shadow* when
the emperor sings to his
lost falcon now found again,
or a plate of gelatin with
newsprint pressed to it
so that there is a transfer
to the gel of all the words
backwards but still there.
Yes, by God, the words
are still there and we read them
upside down and dying.
Or we can use a pledget
of cotton. Or an orange peel
after the fruit has been sucked
off by furtive orphans in one
more tiresome old novel
that breaks your heart with truth.**

23 January 2014

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**The child punished by silence
is not punished by silence alone
but by the desperate imaginations
of what the silent parent is being
silent about, the terrible *absent word*
that for all the child knows is
trembling on the brink of speech,
a word once said that will uproot
his whole life and nothing left of love.
And all his life he fears that word.**

23 January 2014

=====

Enthralled by the obvious

**I wrote on paper and nothing more
and now I find it on the floor
where human language turns to dust**

**and I wonder what I meant
or else I know all too well—the sound
of anything, any piece of crap found
in the street, a note some woman sent**

**and what she said or didn't say
just the way she looked at me or not
how many crows flew by my chimney-pot
and how many suns are in the sky today.**

**None of this is what I had in mind at all.
I meant something subtler, something small.**

23 January 2014

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Not the syllable the *mora*

the *actual*

time the word the part
of a word takes to say,

strength and it are each one syllable
but the song is different

takes longer, lifts the voice and holds
there aloft a while

then lets it fall.

Because poetry is language shaping time
the time it takes

tells.

23 January 2014

=====

die Amme und Keikobad

**Well of course the nurse-
maid must be the devil's partner
since her business is to make
the child into not-a-child, deny
the child-thing wherever it sings
in her poor charges. But angels
all night long do all they can
to keep the child-thing hot inside
ever-wanting ever-knowing
leaving nothing long untouched.
A child is seizure is spasm is desire
kindness everything possible always.**

23 January 2014

SOMETIMES

**the hand sees better than the eye
the mountain top is closer than the hill
sometimes it depends
on where you begin
counting your steps along a marble stair
measuring moonlight in a jelly jar
you can do it all
you know you can
voices from the furthest away you can hear
are your father and mother right inside your ear.**

24 January 2014

=====

**Things walk slow when they begin
they haven't put their bodies on
but when the petals begin to fall
the tiger roars — what a sound,
you can hear it clearly even
if you've never heard it before.
Who are you, after all,
to depend on experience?
It's all there already always
waiting for you at the door.
Open the city and step out —
see, the woods remember you
before you even had a name.**

24 January 2014

ZIONIST MANIFESTO

There's a little black guy surrounded by a crowd of white guys. The black guy is sort of well-dressed, and has money in his pockets. The white guys are mostly shabbily dressed, but a few are natty, and one, in particular, standing a little back of the rest of them, is really elegant, and very rich. Anyhow, there are eight white guys, and they really don't like black people, not at all. Especially well-dressed ones, who claim to have friends outside the black community. The white guys are waiting for something, to make a move, to receive a command, maybe from the rich white guy, or else just waiting for the black guy to say or do something that will give them a good excuse to waste him. They feel pretty confident, since there are eight of them and only one of him. He shouldn't really be in their neighborhood anyhow, should he? What's he doing here? So it's his fault if he gets roughed up or killed, right?

Now just demonstrate that the black guy is the real problem, just make sure the world knows it's all his fault.

24 January 2014

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Something waiting
it keeps saying.
Should I pay attention
to the voodoo of my fears?

Is it just the weather
with us always, always
a change in the air
to distract me from the road

the *moon-street*, its plea
along calm water, walk it
into the reflected light
to taste the original

light where it first fell.
O moon-gate open for me
and show me the other place
this place is supposed to be.

24 January 2014

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**Chord, imaginary,
a splay of tones
in asymptotic relation
to a solid geometric form
that would remind a monk
of the sun, rising through winter trees.**

**And that is enough.
You hear it now, listen,
if you bury your face in your hands,
the air compressed and released
enact that sound.**

**Huxley
healed his eyes he said by *palming*,
resting the palms of his hands
on the supraorbital ridge and the cheekbones
gently rotating, never pressing on the eyeball itself.
those same cheekbones Achilles
protected by bronze flaps on his helmet
and you should too, warrior
of this everlasting war against the silence.
Close your eyes and touch it as it passes by.**

24 January 2014

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**What can I recall
from someone else
beginning to be?**

**Or was it me?
The mystery novel
has no end,**

**we'll never know
who did what.
sleuthless, incomplete.**

**An empty glass
on the windowsill
still full of light.**

25 January 2014

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**Out the winter window
the story needs me**

**I know the other
side of death**

**believe me.
It is the day of the strange Lord,**

**his wide eyes open in our sleep
looking over the shoulders**

**of our perplexity towards
the doorway of the unconfused,**

**those things outside so close
together that look like trees.**

25 January 2014

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**The unintelligible
needs me.**

**To say it
and leave the room**

**without explaining
anything. Here,**

**here it is, all of it,
it's up to you.**

25 January 2014

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Worry is heat.

**Anxiety the burner in the gut
when never enough heat comes
in from outside
where people are**

**how could there ever
be enough love in the world?**

2.

I swear there is.

**I heard it
in the wind,**

**it belled out
in an orchestra, the kind
that grinds along behind the singer
to keep the song going,**

aria.

**how soon the voice alone
loses the way,**

**needs that othering
to find its own.**

3.

**So listening Sunday morning to Rossini's *Otello* speaks to my
condition — never done enough, seldom good enough,
boisterously confident in my false analysis, yet fixed on the
Great Work — a trio now beautifully preparing for the tragedy.**

**O generous music that gives us such pleasure as we descend
into a jealous hell of eternal regret for momentary crimes.**

4.

**A little tune
to remember
as when Swann and Odette
are finished with each other
there is a residue,
the *little tune* still there —
Franck? Hahn? Fauré?**

**The tune left its name behind
to become ours,
hums its way through the woods**

into which only the bravest love trespasses.

26 January 2014

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**Charity as beginning.
All alone on stage
the spotlight sidles
looking for its man—**

**because the light is here
before us
 we inherit
shadows too
 and stand
outlined against
the ratty tapestry of our deeds,**

***ohime!* the grief
of a little man on a big earth.**

26 January 2014