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## THE GREEN MAN

Too late for corn  
the green man stands  
indecisive at the rim  
of the clearing — should he  
seize her now or wait  
till pumpkins get smashed  
by yammering yokels  
his fierce religion  
masked by mere revelry  
townsfolk at play  
and other nightmares  
that scare the poor owls  
in what should be their  
own night?

                  He waits  
for the maiden. He has  
been waiting for centuries  
for the right one.  
Is that you? he asks,  
his voice froggy with green,  
but each one smiles or frowns  
or runs away. He knows  
the one he means  
comes silently to his arms

**expressionless as he,  
just part of what goes on.  
His green god will send  
him strength enough to  
take her after all these years.  
Autumn is his special music,  
he strips the leaves off  
and leaves the needles on—  
two kinds of trees, two  
kinds of mortals, and he  
between them, waiting  
his hour. Soon the dead  
come to greet him, brother,  
at their special midnight  
for they are waiting too.**

**20 October 2014**

## WELCOMING SABBATH

1.

We fill in  
the spaces later  
when the wind blows from the south  
and the flag on the bridge stands straight out  
and one county touches another  
and I am between.

I have lived for the names of things,  
kingdoms, genera, directions,  
times of day. The gloaming now.  
The west country. The marches.

2.

They were waiting for me  
to fill. My eyes  
were alien instruments,  
theirs, aometimes my hands.

*Nomina numina.*

The feel of a thing—  
how granite from marble,  
pine from ash  
and the smell of apple wood  
burning on an October evening.  
No sense goes lost.

**Every one of my kind  
(and that means you)  
is an encyclopedia of experiences.  
And our legs are stored  
with every place we've walked.**

**3.  
But it was names that told us where to go  
and how to feel once we got there.  
Only rarely does a place explain itself  
— Topanga Canyon, Clermont, Cuttyhunk—  
and then it grasps you by the mind.  
You have to lie to find your way home.**

**4.  
I explained too much.  
All you needed  
was for me to say  
Come, beloved,  
let's welcome  
the name of the Sabbath,  
the Seventh Woman,  
every seventh word  
will be our nesting place,  
all cleverness will pass away**

**and we'll rest together  
almost touching  
in the orchard of named things  
where each curse is a blessing  
and the ripe fruit does not always  
shrink from the hand.**

**5.  
For the Sabbath  
is not just of days.  
It is her presence  
*now and then*  
where a whole number  
between six and seven  
hides, and that is she  
and another with her  
on the other side  
of numbers, and that  
could be me. She hides  
between the bird  
and the sky, between  
any number and the next,  
hides between letters  
of a name. All spaces  
spell her, and the shadows  
are her favored house.**

6.

In a certain way of saying it  
Come means Go.  
That is where she hides.  
Come, let us welcome the bride.  
Go, open the door for her.  
We in our feeble know-how,  
we are the groom. Long  
ago she wrote our names  
on birch bark with peach gum,  
wrote them down clear  
and waits all these years  
for us to learn to read.  
Her runes are everywhere.  
When the breeze comes up  
you'll swear it is her fingers  
on your skin. False analysis.  
Your skin is hers already.

Lost in feelings as if I were  
no more but what I feel  
I remember her, she saves me,  
she is the Sabbath, the gap,  
the living gap between

**illusory realities. The Silence  
which is all we know of the gods.  
The silence of named things.**

**21 October 2014**



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**Lascaux in the head the walls  
of the cranium bedight with figuring  
the beast the woman the hand  
the weapon the hand the horn  
the misery of blank spaces  
where nothing lives, they all  
are dead their images persist  
I try to tell them I am interspecies  
am human somewhat with a jag  
of Neander Valley, a twist of Mars  
back from the days when merchants  
plied the planets and understood  
all that we have forgotten, we try  
to paint it on canvas, Turner, Picasso,  
or the innocuous landscapes of Ilya  
Repin which are really somewhere  
else but they don't believe me,  
they believe only their own differences,  
named particulars that hem them in,  
races, genders, religions, but I am  
nameless, or my difference is. Wherefore  
I pray to sit silent in their councils,  
taking in what wisdom as I can find.  
Where do I come from? Who is my home?**

**21 October 2014**

=====

**You get used to the pain  
to the not being there  
anywhere ever again.  
You get used to the silence  
of that voice. Used  
to the absence. But then  
you hear it again, coming  
it seems from inside you  
but you're not sure. That  
very voice calling your name.**

**21 October 2014**

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Headache maybe or stranger still  
a headache with no pain, just blank  
where the ache should be. Study it.  
Write a book about it starting  
right here. The Painless Pain.  
The Empty Brain. The Sleepless  
Weariness. Good titles, they all  
will know what you mean, they  
have been here too, wherever  
this is, the empty place, the street  
that goes nowhere, quietly,  
not even to itself. All the houses  
are dark, the stores are closed.  
There is taste in your mouth  
you have tasted before, indifferent  
like everything else. In the old days  
you could sit on the stoop, just  
waiting for something to happen.  
Once long ago a bus came by,  
its wheel hit a peach pit, spat it  
hard at the porch, it left a dent  
where it landed. It could have been  
your eye. Maybe it was. That's  
what it is, you still taste the peach.  
The pain is still gone. So long.  
You think, I must have left here  
long ago and not got anywhere yet.

**21 October 2014**

**=====**

**Absurd I think it really is  
the daytime dreams, the fidgeting  
in the back of the mind where  
memory starts getting ideas  
as if we didn't have enough  
already to remember. Nothing there  
but feelings, so we have to limn  
(fine old word) images to suit  
as if such things happened once  
to me and made me what you find.  
But do you find me? Or have I  
hidden myself in all those images?**

**21 October 2014**

= = = = =

**Longing, the long luster  
on the name of her,  
queen or quickest dancer  
leader among the Gauls  
those forest fighters, gloom  
be on their enemies  
she roused to attack.  
Pulchra Bellona fair  
face of mental war  
against the wrong idea,  
using just the sword of art  
she lifts in the ordinary  
muscles of a hand—  
the mind moves all.**

**22 October 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Those who wait for me above  
the earth and the ones below  
with rings on all their fingers  
and in those rings are jewels  
they will give to me and all  
I have to do is sing their songs  
for them my whole life long—  
garnets shaped like our hearts**

**22 October 2014**

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**Rewards. Nothing given,  
everything gotten.  
We are born.  
Everything comes after.  
The transaction  
lasts eighty years or so,  
the merchant lives forever.  
And we belong at last  
to everything we see.**

**22 October 2014**

## LINLITHGOW

**The volunteers  
can do little  
but stand around.  
The fire burns itself out,  
no harm done.**

**They speak some other  
language here I fear,  
made myself understood  
with feet and hands.  
*I go. I touch. I see,***

**But people become young  
when you look at them  
too long. I alone  
am left in the field,  
some kind of weathered rock,  
a stone with eyes.**

**22 October 2014**



= = = = =

**Tell him your pain  
*for crying out loud*  
we used to say, let  
everyone hear  
the situation, the doubt  
hissing in the heart  
of love that desire can  
sometimes muffle.  
Tell him pain is there,  
measure it out for him  
in pounds and miles,  
tears and sleepless  
dawns. Every person  
thinks he is alone  
in suffering. Remind him  
you too are there,  
right there, baffled as he is,  
confusion is common,  
confusion is pain.  
Let him know you're not  
there forever but are  
utterly here now.  
Let him understand  
now is his only chance,  
now is the only time there is.**

**22 October 2014**

**=====**

**But suppose there were genders  
as they were in our original planet  
before we mixed and grew intolerant  
and rendered seven genders by two  
all-purpose sexes as we thought—  
ah, efficiency, thou bane of beautiful!**

**Suppose the double suns still  
warmed us but not too much, and  
half a dozen moons moved respectful  
around the big Seventh, the Sabbath,  
one moon for each gender. And when  
we came we lost them too, one cold  
amphibian up there and one sun  
mad with flame and heat. Suppose**

**we could be as we once were, suppose  
we could think those orbs into orbit  
again all round us, and we could play  
in all the permutations of our bliss  
and nobody gets hurt. Are we brave  
enough to think us back to peacr?  
Angerless, warless, deep in earnest play.**

**22 October 2014**

**= = = = =**

**We will sleep together  
in the wide bed called music  
and each of us wake virgin again  
purified by what defiled us.**

**22 October 2014**

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**It slept me today**

**nor wake could yet  
sparrowbusy though  
thoughts might**

**it sleeps me still.**

**2.  
should I tell you  
of all people the no  
of all my yesses  
the not yet of  
all my always  
the bleaks of all  
my kind of gold?  
no you must know  
already being you.  
Sometimes pain  
and times never.  
What's happening  
in the house of my head?**

**23 October 2014**

## MY URCHESTRA

Primal sounds  
to unsuspection you  
and lull your weary reason—

nothing to understand!

This is the ur-chestra  
playing right now in our head  
between the mastoid and  
the pineal it all boils ober,  
listen to the grunting luba,  
the plainting massoon,  
the whining oboy making glad moan,

listen as the fabric of the world  
tears itself to shreds  
under the claws of the violince,

be consoled for the wound by the fatherly bello,  
the feathery floops on high, the wee my-angle  
winking at time itself, ting-teen ting-teen

and it all makes one mass,  
high or low as souls require,  
one mass, one sound, one baptism of noise

**that wins your heart, yes, yours,  
you skeptical iPhone wielding  
snarkopod, even yours.**

**This sound, *digo*, is all there is.**

**Schwitters called it *Urlaut*  
and made it with his voice  
but voices are too recent,  
we humans just got here,  
we need the sounds that spoke  
before volcanos and plesiosaurs,  
before the earth detached  
itself from Her Majesty the Sun**

**and by a paradox (I decided)  
our hand-made instruments  
can be older than their maker,  
right now can blow the primal  
note! The tune that began us  
and not just us. For the stone  
is our uncle and the air  
our nursemaid, and every sound  
tells us what will come to pass**

**as they say, in time to come  
though what passing and coming  
have to do with it I cant guess**

**since everything happens right now.**

**23 October 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Variegation of textures  
a man on a horse  
riding slow a green field  
in sight of a simple hill**

**Freedom waits  
always across a border  
you can barely make out  
from here. But the horse  
knows the way.  
Ridden and rider  
are strange to each other,  
I know his sister,  
he knows a man  
I went to school with,  
things like that  
on and on. Cold  
out here, we are  
so far from home.**

**23 October 2014**

**= = = = =**

**There was a mean man  
and he died.  
Children rejoiced,  
I never got over it,  
I mourn him still.**

**23 October 2014**