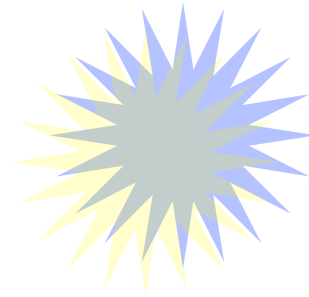
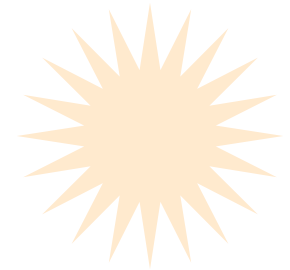


A I E Z p o m e s

GREG MARKEE

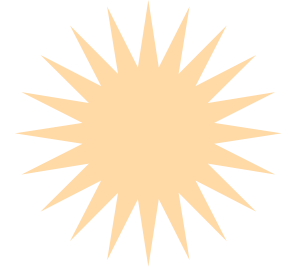


prefix h house press / protohouse press



A 1 E Z pomes

GREG MARKEE



Copyright © 2010,
By GREG MARKEE
All rights reserved.

prefix h house press / protohouse press



MADISON

7.2

She wore a beautiful blank stare

Ahh what clouds

Like a question

Counted to ten by twos and smiled for not knowing a better thing to do

The frazzled woman carried a fish

She went topless for having had her throne

questioned

carried a fish by its tail a big floppy fish orange

Outside

the tree

I

cannot change the tree

Nor the clouds

How I love

Her

Paper

Paper tree the moon is paper
the paper stone
the paper shard the potshard

The paper soil
the unnamed paper plant from

The paper museum
the paper congress with paper desks with paper pencils
the paper ink

The paper doves
the paper pigeons the paper telephone wire
six paper pigeons

The paper lake paper sailboat paper fish paper lakeweeds
the paper shoreline
then
the paper sundown

Paper sand the paper litter the paper rake the
paper
frost

Paper change

Paper reason

Paper courage

Paper butterfly the paper chair the paper frames the paper camera
the sun is paper
the sun is paper

recluse

The black spider edged behind the
hung mirror

I wait

love has no opposite

Love has no opposite.

and it is I who proves poetry

[by the way]

[by the way]

SANDSTONE

One thousand years after one thousand after one thousand

The bottom of water

Sediment upon sediment settling

The water goes away

There were animals buried

2009

Free ride

First Spring
free ride

A run

The motorcycle
lit
with a kick

Fifty degrees
it is enough to enter

Yes

God in little screen boxes

wind
Godspores

God in little glass boxes

light
I see I see

God in little paper bags

lumpy
smells like peanut butter

God in glasses of water

bubbles
quenches

God in spiny creatures

patience
what is social development

God in slow words

what is the meaning
of

God in horns

air
God off canyons

God in little change mighty change

erosion
adaptation

what is fertile?

When the rain.

When the freeze is ended.

The clouds are fertile still in November.

The bed is fertile.

The body is fertile.

Pregnancy

Baby

warm with baby

Response: yellow leaves us alone by Jean Michel Guillaumond

yellow leaves us alone
were I not yellow

sadness indeed for either way

were a too fathered a strain of acts to regard an isolation
but it were not the ends of emptiness begun as ends

nor fear oneself but
subtle freshness quiet as listening

before the grass does stand

April calm nearly before the grass does stand
The evening brackish sense near rain
A southwest pointed open door
Three such nights and a bud comes green and pregnant
Written

Ask if the sounds I bring are permanent the
Information sounds the poems the engines like progress

Come city season the mounding business the
Way a peoples brought to one another in contracts and ways
April remembered when
A rain came quick now gone to auburn air stop
It rests again from the southwest

Pulse air pulse
I expect inspiration inna day
She comes in colors I plan like a year before
With time and its modern braids to water for needful things
And resist such accountancies for
Beauty is no account
The open season just
Is and starts
As the mushroom if not curious from darker cycles

April calm nearly before the grass does stand and
Ask urgency if it is completed yet
I have not remembered to close the door since it grew dark

The engine idylled. The bee flu. Romance
is a roomer. The book was runed. Darkness
coaled darkness. The renowned poet's language.

Requires a battery

Otherwise sits
rested and useless

Let a battery into
say strobes and flashing sounds

It is complicated

ONCE VERDANT

Gender paths shy fertile

Autumn time to lesser greens goes brown eventually

Masculine near done and waiting

This is a cycle

I remember

Eventually comes with similar clouds and

Finished wildflowers

She once wore grass

2009

quieter quieter horses the beer is quieter

quieter quieter horses the beer is quieter

folded bent head

morning started from a chair

her air kept turning over on and off

that is all I remember

Sea change

Sea change

The vessels went to horizons
like one traveling vessel is any traveling vessel
they traded themselves for
the vessels coming from horizons with men in hats
used big machines
to put boxes on the ground and lift boxes forward to push
away
change
again

One for one

Sea change

Sea change

The vessels went to horizons
like one traveling vessel is any traveling vessel
they traded themselves for
the vessels coming from horizons with men in hats
used big machines
to put boxes on the ground and lift boxes forward to push
away
change
again

One for one

Grunting and poking

away the smoke Indigenous thoughts
meat and sex
sleep

I language And an other to this being

Rearing itself upon two hooves and hairy legs
and hairy abdomen There

used to be a God

To have read of the activist murder
last week. The woman said she was staying
at the St. Vincent DePaul on East Wash.

Said it happened forty years ago past.
Are we going through this again I say.
Take this pocket for change. No thanks the sex.

The inheritance of yellow was
steady and is steady.

And if there were conditions to pink I did not mind them.

And when red came quickly I admit

I was not ready for it but

did enjoy it all the same.

Purple was wet.

Green was also steady and reminded me of yellow though
a degree more uncertain.

Black was timeful and I did pause.

And when blue came I stared at it and waited for the
clouds.

Places to put things.

Put the butter in the medication closet.

Put the feather in a vase.

Put the cotton in your ear.

Put the garlic in the food.

Put the medication in the refrigerator.

Chicago dogs

two Chicago dogs the
bright green mustard the
peppers and
hold the metaphors please
Vienna beef longer than the
squished bun tomato
wedges
diced onions
with a dash of character and
onion salt
side of fries
republican Pepsi little ice
hold the affiliation

half and half

half of my poetry rhymes.
calf dove sigh ogre tree times.

the other half lives outright.

half of my poetry is important.
staff glove die low knee fizz abortment.

the other half repeats itself.
the other half is redundant.
the other half repeats itself.

half of my poetry brings thought.
laugh love cry Joe bee stings drought.

the other half brings oceans.
the other half brings moments.
the other half brings stillness.
the other half brings oceans.

half of my poetry answers.
graph shove rye stow me dancers.

the other half questions.

half of my poetry struggles.
shaft above spy knowing key juggles.

the other half is only wondering.
the other half only knows already.
the other half is only patient.

I knelt

I knelt in prayer, in
concentration, and
when I returned to space

I
saw my lover had
become without me
old.

Crystal *November 23, 1998*

Wind returning breath,
answers, away by frozen
fertile soils, dormant.

Cañon Sky *May 31*

Blue cloudholes take shapes

acrossing the areas

empty white, vacant

DISTILLED

Serene the light is haze burns off at

A morning

A switch to thought then from the conditions of groundclouds

A sky waves way to opulence

The cars across

Begin

Like people having slept through change

2009

narrow divine

The walk

was put into the sharp stone

stories above foundations

Mastery is a concentration

forward

narrow divine

the switchbacks

The sun

35.

Getting there to stations

the convincement of monies for
traveling

The bus is free

the free bus is timely

takes no turns

one can sleep on the free bus

passes through the pastel the platinum the putrid with
environmental control

the seats recline

There is water associated with

prosperity

clean and covering water it

settles into the earth

near enough to stay confidence

it has caused

life

Arrived at the nobody place settling contradictions

reconciled the one and the many

pleasantly enough to be satisfied

gracious

[the shape of land]

[the scaleable walls leaned a water inward to a named creek]

[a bottom flats collected]

[lillies]

the cabin is a station

The bus had let out

in the city bordering the noncity

the arrows pointed

a head holds a body high a clouds move a body swiftly

change goes so swiftly to constance

swiftly they met

swiftly they formed intentions with perforated

lines

fell asleep with

futures

Oh what dream to call a kingdom small and

becoming

I am no more reluctant for establishing amiable bus rides

they go to rivers like the others had

measuring travel in miles

measuring travel in distance

There was a lucky poem comes to mind

at mile 1121:

When the horses were free freed in idea

when a callus certainty lets away that which runs

runs

carries itself without thoughts of itself

I cannot say I am discovered yet

gladly I cannot say I am discovered yet

A hilltop

the busses went went

changing

they were green this year with less smoke

2010