
LeFT

GREG MARKEE

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STaRT PRiNCiPLeS

SeCuRiTY oF KNoWLeDGe

aM GoD oF MYSeLF, aND iF

LiMiTS oF iDeNTiTY

aCTiViSM

NaMeCaLLiNG

SoCiaL STRuCTuRe, SoCiaL PLaSMS

aLLOWaNCeS

eNDS

begin

I believe. In the vagrancies of thought, how a phrase is put to the social as test, that a person will inherently resist subject as an attempted expansion of it or either to see its matter as fluff. I trust. That attempts at circumvention, at electing doctrine closest to one's nativity, at mistrust in the foreign. I trust mistrust. That a radial arm of knowledge emerge in the eternal characterization of an other until its familiarity, until its republic is open or either liberal or either something compatible with

this essence of my own I am coming to. And if an earth visits the social intellect in grander form than I can imagine, if a rain still charms, if a forest, or either if the mastery of earth, garden, landscaping and pushing

soil, dams, them, if an earth becomes this thought between us, I am natural. And if the surface of human engineering, education and health care, that it touches us likely, that it requires of us, either our consent or dissent, I will be the socialist. Start. But as it begins, the awareness of having been born as one of many princes, one of many knights, one of many Jesuses, the realization of an elected identity is a humor to them having been elected to an identity. Sustainability. I cannot divorce a calling,

and this righteous within, it is how I settle myself at night. How I require so little because the force of social intelligence stops here. I know truth. And its manifest compounds itself. If only I could make a career of it. I am no longer allowed to settle barren lands and I am no longer allowed to freely exist, I have so much

responsibility. To the people who watch other people

and to the people trying to get everyone to believe in something grand. They all require a 'yes' or 'no' because either response is truly a form of participation. I thought and therefore I was. Some people are so

good at gathering responses that they collect them as if they were trophies and they can reflect upon all of the people that they have 'had.' Never mind the substance of language, metabeing exists as that which transcends actual meaning. And mental illness, if you can manage to stay clear of county facilities and live as a metabeing without raising too many queries, be well. By yourself, be well and I may visit to see if you have figured out the nature of social intercourse or

either social conversion or either social inversion, maybe you will someday soon and I will come with notepad.

begin again

Mariposa. Butterfly. The continuity of everything, of beauty, transcendence, morality. I have not begun until a center begins, a one which fascinates itself in interest and disclosure, in the evidence of a world

apart from thought. I am constructed, indeed, so too I construct. The mutualism of existence, that the stars away are of this mind, that this mind is of the stars. Because balance and because development, because faith in development. First principles, and the sign I was born unto, let there be a continuity to diversity,

to religion, for if I believe in this, an educational model can replace a sterile model of anatomical social correctness. Faith, and the concepts bleed like poetry. In the positive possession of oneself and in the believability that a

social will respond to wish, this becoming authority, faith. And what else? If there were a single left, an ideal for an expanded intelligence? Impossible. Because the notion of some polarized being, it exists as a contradiction to some other ideal. Right. And if I became of one

camp and believed in a greater continuity as all of force by whatever name, and believed in the miseducation of those who believed otherwise, I, the fool. For a

social is many I recognize, though I must call a position by some name if I intend its manufacture, and I must allow for a negative camp to exist as an entity where I draw forth the inconsistencies to life. And besides, a contradiction, it is far easier to itemize a social entity by standing apart from it. And if a right I know, and if it be an other, I will be the largest I can imagine of that which is not contained within that body. And if

an authority, then. And I will be one book larger like time, allowing for that selective reason which I acknowledge as principle though also acknowledge as incomplete. For I started in kindergarten, and thereafter degrees, degrees of expanded living, degrees of worship, degrees of reason. And if the left can hold this tempered mind, or either a tempered mind shall be contained within another word, and another, no matter. Change, like

butterfly, the envelope of language, and return or fly away like season. No matter. Because a word.

science

Language, the most primitive of social science. And thereupon people separate. So great an experience which can be represented, that which can change the mind of another. But for a thousand people, a thousand lives and I can only contribute in part. But if an offer of civil service, if a promise, an appeal to the parcels

of social intelligence which span the divergences of many, then. Affiliation. And if, then. Trust and empowerment and the gradual representation of a manner of being until it is either universally accepted or either universally defamed. History is tender. History is small. And

language, the battlefield of reason, the laboratory of reason. And the expression of evidence. Because few can deny particular needs of a population, first ends like social health and welfare, but there is an operative science which transcends general remarks such as: 'people need this.' An operative science which recognizes needs and necessities of societies, but rather concerns itself with method and sustainability. If a hunger, food. If a weather, shelter. Indeed. But the social behaviorist concerns himself with that idea which

elongates the thought of a receiving public to eventually be able to manage their own circumstance. And upon a hierarchy of needs, the ideal suggests that a selected peoples will one day independently govern. I am

open to such a notion, for I care about disenfranchised peoples, I care about victims, and I care about the actualizations of people. But a hierarchy does not end in representation for all peoples, and the constructs

of living among economic prosperity is not an end for all peoples. And such a belief supposes a social science of, first, defining the bounds of that which I and my associates can freely interfere with, and second, defining the bounds of a geography and culture away, and third, interpreting the notion of reasonable assistance. Nation building, it is implied. For I can only wish my good fortune upon another. But voluntary development is sustainable. And language, the expression of evidence, how it grows to that presence between giver and receiver. And the scientist, the consultant. For knowledge is only the beginning of action and I cannot wish for all of the things of your way. I wish not for pollution,

I wish not for all of the mechanics of your industry, I wish not for an inherent public unrest. I wish only.

And science, begin upon those expressions which mark this thought. And in a manner consistent with the world I intend. All, science, upon the foundations of start principles. May we first a history reflect. And gathering, gathering, method compels a destiny.

warrant

An affiliation, how it supposes a group intellect. And upon an outside I observe change. And upon an outside I can observe that which tips, that which initiates. But

I was not born an observer, nor catalyst. It was not until the demonstrations of cause before me were the warrants of that which is now different. And wherefrom preference? Native as want, as desire, as that which sustains this body. Preference. And that which has become, that which is different, I mark it with value supposing a native tendency and supposing a social affiliation which has called a cause as either good or bad. The substance of discrimination. And why? That I be bound for desert retreats or either coffee in a certain way.

Because those tendencies have been the management of this successful life until now. And I continue, upon the warrant of experience or either upon the warrant of genetic composition. No, just experience. For I must

believe a change can still occur. And if Lamarck, that a world can change a biology, I am beauty and I am nature, I am simple and complex. An external can manipulate a biology, and if I am the governor of my own exposure I can make my own biology, if Lamarck. Indeed. For the implications of the control of warrant is far greater to a man believing that an individual can change than that decrepit notion of a fixed mental composition or either the notion I be a slave to history

and the echelons of a men who had once imagined a control across a population by marking them with a science concerned with their ends rather than a science of method grounded in the human spirit of a naturally selected intellect. Grow. Grow. I say grow. And a

body, it will reflect experience and an imagination.
And if an authority, let it be the minor guidance that
any force and any power is discretionary. That a good.
That a bad. And that a legacy begin upon an affiliation
of diverse acts, them believing in the nature of starting.

give

As much a talent to receive as give. Thank you teacher
for having prepared me for reception. And the start
of beginning at zero? This or either beginning with
a positive nature? Man is inherently something. A
material to be shaped? Though even clay has properties,
ink has properties. A blank slate, properties. But I call

them good because they are essential to the next stage
of discern. My essence, the essence of this being, malleable
and becoming. That it follows some order to be called
beauty or either to be called object of science. Essence

can only be called good. But not all literature is profound
and not all days are bright. Not all ideas are good.
And the stuff which becomes of essence can either be
ugly or inspirational, hateful or curious; the character
assumed by an essential material is, thus, open to that
which judges. People judge. As an active force, a
people determine a utility. Nature judges. As the
influent of rain and wind, time, as they are in contact
with a material, they bring about its character with
a reference to their own. And I judge. That that which

I know of my own essence and that which has a controlling
relevance to it, I am the continuing arbiter of this character.

Because of spheres of influence, anything, I determine response, I manage the middle threshold of this psychology and all that warrants. And receive, receive. And more practically speaking, when of an open mind the discerns turn themselves into that which can sustain and enrich social engagements. Or either fuel oneself.

the end of starts

And upon the last of gathering the fundamentals of this essence, I shape. Alongside time and lesson, the watch and consideration of that which is near enough to suppose me, I shape my own. Or either trust in the fascinations of social association and the other elements

like nature and the development of this body, this vessel, that a trust allows one more gift, that this I give to cause. And if, then reason becomes. I grant myself reason in watching this body turn to response and watching this essence construct itself upon the variables which I call force or either inspiration. By my (arbitrarily said) eighteenth year I will have known enough to want this or that, this which sustains or either that which empowers. And I am prepared for the launch of this

second stage, of building upon preference by model and lesson, of responsibility for the exposure to this or that. Because I know enough to start an educated

and mature composition of myself. The transcended and advanced notion of what a material is, a foundation for what I make of that material. And if an association, and if an exposure, these will be the stones of fancy,

of discrimination and discern, of preference which be now the ultimates which shape this material. I prefer summer to winter, the long days are my metaphor for healthy growth and balance. I prefer natural fibers against my skin, the idea of a fabric being directly

associated with that which would occur in any case makes me feel comfortable. And with a preference, that a look within generate some rationale for believing in a manner, I develop reason. And given enough opportunities for the development of preference I become able to assimilate a language which parallels my own being. Representative, indeed, for not just any sound carries meaning. That which carries reason, it evolves by its introduction and its ability to draw a response

from a social entity. And given enough talkers, all of those confident enough in their own preferences to desire social intercourse or either social change, I match myself to a group I can be a formative force within, or either a group I trust enough to once again advance.

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existence

On becoming, and thus. I am a knowledge, the snorkeled ocean, the watched night, the heard wind. I am a museum of things, and confident as settled history. And upon the rested thoughts, the certainties of presence.

Broad as sheetlightning or either the time of summer, narrow as life, the parameters of this, indeed becoming but also having been. Of place and home, of canyon walls by the mind of condor, I am an imagination, a want to that which has happened and its alternatives. Because I must know a something, either the simples of being one day to the next or either the driving pleasures, the assorted constructs which allow an establishment and then letting go. I must know a something before

an ability to its offering or either its letting go. I know war, enough to let go in any instance, I know enough of time to only sample its body, and indiscriminate discrimination, I know enough to carry myself to its own establishment. On becoming, and thus. To the next onward and again. And the social plasms, how

an identity, personality and worldview, how I prefer the tango or either why. And the certainties of reason, this indirect knowledge, the philosophy of math, the philosophy of exact morality, the philosophy of science, the philosophy of philosophy, how it can be more principled than its object. And wherefrom care? Affiliation springs social reason and regardless of why, I do care, yes, regardless, and thereupon certainty, the driven nature adopted by an essence. And the other knowledges,

the fundamental social knowledges of word association, the colors, and the higher, the advance of the mind upon number and logic and relativity. And if I wish,

leave it all behind for the transcendent being of a mind of service. For strains of intelligence are curious and may be useful in the construction of railroads and airplanes, but a mind of service is the art of forgetting or either the art of forgiving. And a discipline of this

nature, how it feeds upon the other disciplines into some mixed reality type compound I call modernity wherefrom the notion of social fusion is launched. Because not all is similar and each requires a varied sort of certainty. I address this from the position of which I belong to, experience, I can only. And that which follows, service.

defense because

And if a confidence, the last will be a transmission outward. I defend, like the positives of having been, I act. And from the tethers away, them away, otherness (because I acknowledge that which is away), how it asks, how it must gather some sort of certification, a knowledge, before it passes to the social. It must be accompanied with the rhythms of the variant peoples or either it waits to the lasts of eternity as personal as a matter of selfism. And if a question as to the confounds

of this philosophy, a truth, a reason requires assimilation or either an accompaniment of principles and structure which will sustain it as a versatile thought. A worldview, a science, I defend because I can only. And if a problem

too great? Return to the last stage of being to begin once again the constructs of thought. I am nothing to begin and I have made a comfort of nothingness, but I prefer the activities of some sort of knowledge.

A that which transcends the fundamentality of primary existence. I have a dream too, thank you King. I have a thought, though I am not so prepared to color a society in righteousness if it be incomplete. If it be incomplete, indeed, but I am also not of a mind to

pass upon a legacy or either truth in the face of force. Two? Perhaps. An other which parallels? It is not that strange an idea. But the sounds of soundness, the enchants of knowledge, I am confident. And if a success, among the economics of dollardom, or either a success of health, the success with the prides of creation, art, one of any successes. I am accustomed to recognizing my own success, -for who better? And if a success, I will be social cause and social warrant. I will be model

if a success becomes public. And the hows of having become, knowledge it be, and I am the caretaker of such knowledge. I the teacher. For what better shape to assume than that person who is in the position of defending defending. And knowledge builds like fractal, a something becomes, and another becomes within, and another becomes within. And another becomes within. And. The security of knowledge. There will ever be the social component to this living, or either I to the simple passage which defers all responsibility. I would rather not defer. Sometimes, yes, but I am

no hermit. Not until I am aged and have no sense
will I become an egg, sheltered sheltered from otherness.

what I know

That a social force requires participation. That a personal
space I require. That a beauty requires value. That
a knowledge requires discernment. And skepticism,

in moderation. And profanity, just an extreme of language,
an expression to the highest degree. That a language,
at its best, that it be transparent, for a world exists
apart from my arbitrary divisions. I know mathematics,
the logic of numbers, how there is no contest, I know
enough in any case. In the fundamentals of etiquette,
I know enough in any case. I know personal preference
and I know personal accountability. I know commitment,
I know enough in any case or either I know that I demand

enough of myself. And knowledge, its structure of a
beliefism which parallels the senses, I know knowledge.
And the familiar, that which is consistent and that which
continues in spite of change, I rely upon. For the day
into another, there is a certainty of that which transcends

time, the seasons and the material expression of nature
that is. I transcend seasons. I hold to things which
allow a constance to my being. I subscribe to a more
efficient society than a one which implies a death every
winter. I acknowledge winter, I can only, but I know
I am no seasonal greenery. I am perennial and I am
inclined to look toward a larger sphere of living lest
I, lest I. I know that not all is model. I know that I be

only a portion pantheist. Good is not everywhere, an arbitrary collage of objects exist in this world, at least with a reference to me in any case. But I also recognize that the arbitrary may be beautiful or either profound if only in some disconnected fashion to my own, -may, that is, for only I can make a something of.

losing

After having had subject upon the acquisition of object once and again, object is no longer a matter. After having held the source of knowledge, source can return away for the next celebrating soul. And subject, after having held this, a certainty becomes, a reason attached to the lessons by which it arrived. And if

it is proven as otherwise, as bound and incomplete or either as silly and without utility, -I once was that which is now unreasonable, and that new reason attached to the dissent of earlier, it is now subject upon the objects of history including those immaterial objects of thought. Losing a something, a lesson in this. The clouds, them familiar and representing the freedom of Saturday. And now, them clouds, representing the weather of summer rain, representing an indoor day or either representing a colorful harvest to be. And

now, them clouds, representing how the weather affects the course of being. Them clouds, blown as I. Them clouds bending upon an eastern horizon, I shall travel

there. And the subject of clouds, all. Cloud is metaphor like few other objects, moon, sun, season, and having

such broad social borders, it is a favor to poets. And if a poet can take an object and suppose it into a form, if a poet can make a subject of cloud, I will be the audient and listening for value. I will agree with a language or either its intent. I will agree with cloud for how it is represented. And this, upon the nature

of my assorted histories. Social constructs in any case are the representation of the poet, that reason is attached to that experience which is the interpretation of that object among many. And that which becomes... subject attached to cloud. Big deal. Semantics. But

a lesson upon this knowledge is the segregation of that which I acquire socially and that which I acquire originally. A cloud, it is my own. A cloud today is this, according to me. And original thought? I will be the passer of constitutionals and social artifacts. And if another notion be profound enough or either simple enough to attach to my social engagement? Okay, then. To replace. And lose the last, for modern referents exist.

reference

Why? I need not always ask. For the suborbitals of the mind often exist apart from needs or knowing. And the reason for social governance, the reason for allowing a social force, I need not know everything.

But the freedom to acquire reason must in any case exist for the sense of citizenship and the sense for following that which I am curious. I do answer to my own conscience, and this social entropy, this social

mass, I deserve a reasonable response if that be which I seek. And the answer, the answers, I am willing to accept a truth for what it brings, I am willing to accept a cloud as this if thereupon positive consequence.

The referents and their attached meaning, I accept if. And the truth of meaning, upon the objects I have known as something, I am prepared for the next. The peace for what it is, by the force of knowing history and its cycles. A psychology, by the force of knowing sociologies, by the force of knowing religions, by the general force of knowing and how a knowledge comes to be. And the balance of that which has ever been introduced, I take a responsibility for assorting

experience, that which is primary and original, and that which is hearsay. I cannot be everywhere and I would rather not exist in isolation. The balance of becoming, though with the notation of that which is known through another, that it be flagged for its test at the next convenience. And the personal truths be absorbed into social truth, and the social foundations return to those individuals in language and art, representation. Primary, original reference, and secondary, social reference. I value that which is original more than

that which I am told, I am more secure in this, but there are ideas away and I begin to trust sources gradually gradually. The subject of that which can be trusted as to how to advance upon my own, I learn this originally.

discipline

And if the streams of knowledge are one, the cosmologist I be. And if the separates remain, that I allow for the apartments of thought and specialisms, that I rely upon a type of ingenuous otherness to exist away from my own studies and my own efforts, and that I corner my own making, I am that solid division. I am the economist.

I am the engineer. I am the astronaut. I assume the responsibilities of a type of being. And all from this threshold, it is identity. And to become the better carpenter, the better senator, the greater minister, to watch is

to learn, to absorb from the elders, the disciplinarians, them having spent a lifetime among a single tribe of thought. And the trust in reason associated with a field of thought, it arrives secondarily. How I subscribe to journals, how I have attended lecture lecture. But in the future I will have stepped away from foundations, I will have begun a primary exposure to the atoms of this discipline. A payment, time spent as tenderfoot, as green apprentice and underling. I will have gathered the knowledge of assessment of secondary knowledge.

And upon my release I will have known the nature of that representation which manages a voluntary interest in readers, in listeners and becomers. By my sixty-fifth year I will have become an elder of the chains of a type of science. Expert. Because an ear to the social thresholds, and response if I may. Because I have earned the right to primary exposure to the elements

of this discipline. And because a knowledge, that I

do exist as a component of a larger social machine.
And I recognize how I fit among the other strains, them.

egg

And in the end release. The divisioned existence of
disciplinarianism unthreads itself for the union of being.
Because I have not spent enough time entertaining
the remainders of my thoughts, and because I wish
to lastly be complete. For if I return again upon this

knowledge, I wish it full and I wish it sustainable unto
itself. Or either if I be without sense, sight, touch, I
wish to be the potency of dreams, the greatest or either
the least, I wish for this choice if. And all of certainty,
if it never passes beyond my own I will have gathered
enough for contentment and I will have gathered
enough for it to build upon itself universally within.
Universe within, all of the character of living in the
nether matrix and all of the lessons, all of the beauty
and the fascinations, all within and I take them to

the interns of existence and I know no difference. And
forget that which was the start of principle and the
cause of becoming, for all is this within from now on.
And divided, I, for I had not learned everything. No
matter, for a world within is the imaginations of the
last. And in the end release, disciplinarianism for
the certainty of wholeness, self like time into nature.

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economics

What I wish upon myself and the ethics of acquisition. I am prepared to endure the troubles of supervision, if an ends, a contract. Hardship for rewards and I am aware in advance or either I float without seems and touching down upon resolution. How far I go. The value of love, of adoration, of respect. The value of

that which comes about only if. And I, king. King. For only I, the circumspection of why. And reason, because a thought, because an anonymous hundred men have a value greater than I. Or either a family, that its reproduction at any cost be the greater to a contesting social fabric. The economics of experience, the analysis and its related activity of preference. How I demand a something for these efforts, something reasonable and meaningful or either there is not a contract between us. The social manners, and how

I elevate divinity because I know what it represents, and how I elevate the mind of adolescence because I know what it represents. And how I elevate that which is near to me, and how I elevate myself because my position is the table from which bargains arrive. The economics of effort, how far I travel and what endurance survives these lessons. And if an ethic, and if all things be channeled through the clusters of meaning, this sound and this unsound, this sustaining value and this arbitrary, and if an ethic supposes a will, I will

be the representation of goodness, this good in itself, inherently. And lesson, for by these acts, the social

will follow that which survives struggle and awkward principles thrown about. And of the mind, the world is addressed affirmatively or either that it owes a something. And of the mind, people are good naturally or either they can only become good. And I, that which reinforces or either takes because the economics. The economics.

God

That which dissolves all. And the complete without bounds, without reference. There is not an article, not a specimen which exists, lest everything be contained.

Including knowledge, the properties of knowledge, language and numbers, including time and its constructs, including the chronology of eternity, including space like meadow, space like kitchen, space like the vastness of nature, all of nature, its compounds. Vastness. How large I consider and even greater. The concepts like beauty and truth, justice, that which is profound and that which composes, parts. All. And if a conscience to God, only that which I consider ever remarkably tiny because I am only. I am only. And if God be the animate, mountain I call him. Him I call him. Song

I call him. I animate God because I am only, and besides, if I am in control of that which is the animate of God I am in control of the idea of God, all the same, operatively speaking, socially speaking, personally speaking. But humility, I, for in truth I must know better, that God is greater than gender, greater than wind. God, greater than kindness, than wish, than ideology. God is constant, if a word, this. Because I must make

a something of God or either forget altogether that I am becoming. But in verse, that change be as much a constant as that which does not change if I consider a micron, a world, and these, the operative bounds of letting go of that which is greater, indeed. But a system, a division, this I can learn, and set aside a sabbath.

although I

And if the greatest muster, I am I. For a control away, indeed, I defer. But this I am minded to shape, I have the faculties of decision, the knowledge of histories. I have the awareness of how constructs can be suspended by my acts. Potence, I. That an institution I muster, I begin, unto the throes of selfism, because I can only

assume a responsibility for the course of my own. And declare its fashion as driven by God, that which I understand in any case. And that which I understand, the force by which I respond or either initiate, the composition of this self is driven by me. Ultimately. And if a reason, I am not iron. And if the hungers or either the pain, I am not wood. And if a social, the consequences of being one of many, assuming a control for a degree of that which exists outside, I am not stone. God of myself, and if. And if the referents push

this mind to acquire, to gain, or either to tether the bounds of science, to sequester poetry in light of its beginning animosity. And if the referents push, judge as if the economics of believing in yet a greater force is enough payment to that which would otherwise control me had I no mind. But stop. I am referent, that I consider

the needs and the force of this being because it would otherwise be the mash of all hallowed souls, them thinking

alike and deconstructing alike. I must be my own because I know better than the standard program of living exclusively theocratically. And if the asides of living as my own maker neglect an outer cause, I can only mention that I shall deserve that which comes.

bounds of self

The limits of this self, this body, that which it affects. And this mind, driving body. And the coils of sense, I can see for miles, I can hear atoms, that which I receive and then return in positive action. The limits of receiving, for I exist in some bubble, and the outer limits of receiving even further by the interprets of others' sense and the

technologies of sense amplification. And turn, upon the cognitive interpretations in a mesh with theory and determination, I affect. I can shape this body, I can shape a land in which I dwell. I can force a social position, the advocate, I. Upon knowing the properties of an object I can use it for personal ends, these valued and these which return favors. The bounds of self, evolving sense and its technical reliance, evolving, this arriving to. And that which is sent. Am God of myself, because

recognizing the force of this character, its potence, and how it coexists with the physics of this universe, and how dreams, how they coexist with the physics of this universe if they may ever be actualized. I can only recognize a domain of activity, its properties,

and recognize a manner in which I may institute and apply this force. And what forced, these hands, indeed, and their extensions, the technics of metal arms and cranes. I can move objects. I can bring together the separate natures of objects. And among the social,

that I understand a human nature, I can reinforce, I can be the minister of pride, of justice, I can be a moral authority. And if. And if a social button is pressed, the motivation to begin becomes the affect of this institution.

ends

To what ends? Them explicit or either implicit, I am cause. Justice, a word. Beauty, a word. Education, a word. The fuzzy labels of concepts, how they become banners to hold. But if I know those actual determinations which a social steers to, if a school we shall build, or either a hospital. If a cancer we wish to destroy. I

am the application of this personal energy. If a program for agricultural production, if a protection of nature. If a program for the arts or either mental health, if I wish upon the specifics of change, I am applied cause. And the roadmap for becoming, it is a matter of outlines and paper, the application of social resources. And if a personal ambition, physical health, knowledge of the classics, a home addition, I am the cause of a personal shift. It is a matter of outlines and beginning. Am God of myself, but in recognizing an exterior to

this existence I must navigate the mines of the physical world. The application of dreams, it is in a reference

to that elsewhere which cannot be denied. For he is God of himself also and need be given reason. For she is God of her own and requires reason. And the collaborations thereupon this ambition, it is a matter of coordination and social appeal. Because I cannot

be the isolation of grandiosity if I sequester these thoughts. And I cannot be the keeper of time without an applied map of beginnings and ends. Lest a God be thought alone and absent the mind for turning and shaping. Lest a God be less than potence. For an idea without cause is only an idea and made for nothing but a bed or either a wandering mind. Sometimes perhaps.

new book

And if there be an appeal to the social containers elsewhere, I am reasonable. This God is the appeal to mass, the exercise of consequence and promise, the knowledge of the possible and that which such a knowledge will satisfy. Lesser, the particulate Gods

of humanity, for them, a reason. For the social, reason. And if I neglect reason or either favor its abortion because I have collected the chits of elderdom or either the general force of proclamation, that a discipline I become without ends which satisfy efforts, I become socially littled and spent. For the currency of acquiring authority is quickly spent. But if the reason of social

matters is sound enough for support, and if an answer like language is enough to engage social effort, this Godism, tempered and either temporary, the structure

of collaboration, the outerness of society begins an envelope that I began. And I am finished or either lent to inspect a dream become, because I have spent an idea to that which I could not have achieved alone. Naming rights? Perhaps, society's thanks. But the God of this origin, it returns again to that middle of

being whereby I am alone. Original. But alone like reason without company. And if a conscience were company, I would be separated. But God, to this frame, and whole including conscience and desire and all of that which is included. And sometime I fear or either foresee, I will be without language and without the quality of being among others, and with all of that which participated in the development of this form I will have reconstructed or either adapted this essence. To a world without sense, I will have known it as its last.

doctor

And if a social reliability becomes these bounds, doctor of sorts, of fields, is passed upon this. Manifesting the credibility of the history of this strain of observation and creation. This God assumes social identity. No less the isolated and original individual in all spheres of knowledge, but socially content and called upon in the particulars of one. Because a puzzle, because a specialty, I am a unit, and serving the social as that

which is compatible but of a different variety, and essential to that which the comprehensive social serves. The common being of collective sustainability and efficiency, all that which this isolated being serves, likewise

for the Social God. And what I can, by way of reason and the export of this fair certainty, I am a participant. For as a child, a path I elected or became, and that which I had gathered was a knowledge. And left to

mature in the ways of studentry and discipline, this beginning idea, field and strain and all of its assorted psychologies and governance, I became. Because a start. And if a question, I am to recapitulate that which was an epoch ago and why a transcendence. I can walk you through the mines of discovery unto modern theory and contemporary thought. In regards to this in any case. And label me for want or either because of the facts that somebody must know this. And when our business is done, shed that label as I can only, for any social label is the bounds of its reason. And this completed is my return to Saturday and the God which compels a walk or either cigarette. And if.

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LiMiTS oF iDeNTiTY

aCTiViSM

NaMeCaLLiNG

SoCiaL STRuCTuRe, SoCiaL PLaSMS

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doctor again

Social affirmation, professional identity. He is learned in a way. I can assume an exact response if I am to approach in a manner. Title. And upon the acts after the graduations and the degrees of adolescence, a type of mind becomes the institution of this character. And all of thoughtdom and all of manner, the social

constructs align themselves with the word he is known as. And personally, regardless the Godisms and the recreations and the routines transcending social identity, if they become public, they fall within the domain of that identity. The writer known as much for personality than words, what better example. The professor with endless opinions in the class hall without direct relation to engineering or either mathematics. The police officer as moralist. The priest with ideas about social reproduction.

The postal staff as carriers of good will. Of course a person is larger than an identity, but a social, we all operate as the carrier of a type of being. The classification of experience, because doctor or teacher, lawyer, there may not be a need for further introduction. I act in a manner in the presence of. And if I am other in isolation, there is no social relevance or either the social construction of the identity I hold becomes enlarged at my new public intercourse. I am separated or either the social wholeness of my being is inclusive of those aspects of my desires and personality which fall outside

of the traditional and formal identity descriptions. But no social body knows the entirety of that which exists

outside of socially ascribed boundaries. Every person is unique, every doctor is unique, every bureaucrat is. And operatively speaking, a social identity is the match of what can be expected of a person. And a classification, upon my assumption of that which I am called, upon a settlement, I will have known there is more to this character than that which I socially represent, but in the interest of being a social creature, I accept.

limits

And if a social identity is only a portion of the self, no matter. In the interest of sustaining oneself as a member of this community, I give that micron of experience away, of which I call the professional self. The limits of professionalism are exact. The social cannot accept the obtuse personalisms of self promotion and idolatry when it expects a particular answer to some regard. Minor characterizations can be expected, indeed, for they are unavoidable, but responsibility is a charge to a social existence within the confines of that type of professionalism. Or either

find a new profession which endorses the wayward personalityisms of everythingness. Or either bring the professional character to reason, that the ends in which we seek make any character arbitrary if those ends are achieved. And if. A society turns to cause and effect and away from the Deweyan pleasures of living without the confines of ends. Two extremes, the wishy-washy existence of two-year-old discoveryism or either living solely upon the achievement of social markers. Reason falls in the middle. I wish a journey, who would not, with the spontaneities and all that it entitles, but

I also wish to live upon some exact knowledges that only can be achieved by the consideration of goals and achievement. Some exact knowledge. And the

professional being I be, I know its limits, and within those bounds I wish to know it well. And upon this satisfied knowledge I am now to become something other with a new social identity. And the universalism of this self, though it does not change, its new point of entry into this society be now as librarian, as stock broker, as grocer. Social identity, I can govern my own. I can take my own and throw it or either gently

pass it to those I meet, or either hold it tightly to my self. And if this be the course of Monday-through-Fridayism I will have adapted to living outside of the responsibilities of social service. Because I am larger than social identity but I cannot tell you why. And if.

the professional

The title I hold, an entitlement. And that which sustains any asocial being. And in this bag of community I hold, chits, and apply them to ends, reproducing ends and reproducing other chits. And the accumulation of power and authority, never mind the sense of value for now, the accumulation. That if I foster that which

others seek, I become the personification of will and service. The philanthropist, how a name becomes by the acts of giving. The athlete, how a name becomes by the acts of physical participation. And if I shall be the representation of acts, if a name, any other with

that name will be the comparison of this. If I am first known I will be the standard, or either if I am the thousandth successor I will be by the consideration of all those before I. And a social returns the investment of quality, that which is reliably that which it calls itself. The economics

of social identity. And the favors, if there be a market for weavers, if there be a market for architects, if the sport of being is received, the tokens of appreciation, them money or either acclaim, there is a social affirmation to being and to offering that which cannot be otherwise acquired. But at an end, the professional requires a something other. Indeed a life exists which does not respond to money or acclaim. There is the being to

which professional socialism protects or keeps as separate if for no other reason it is not socially relevant. And this which is not meant for reproduction and this which is not meant for sale, personal as I have said. Which leaves that social as incomplete as its economic structure. Only that which is of social worth is for sale. Only that which is of a curious nature, that which is a valued object of some sort, it will be the determinant of this professionalism. Even among friends, the baseline of social is that which reinforces the gifts and the reception, the exchange of something tangible, including language and thought. And identity, profession, it is the limits of that which I can offer, that which I can be with reference to that which I desire. And professionalism, that each be.

the sense of value

That which returns upon a service or either the presentation

of something. What I wish for that will sustain an independence of self. I have offered something at a market and the economics tell me of success. Because

I wish to gather that which will sustain the unbounded qualities of personalism. But that you need not hear. All that matters among us is fair trade. Value for value. And if I have the need for giving, and you have the need for receiving, simply we are compatible. Value for value. And if my presence is the institution of belonging, be comfortable, be well, consort. I am a professional, a bean bag chair peddler, I give coffee away, and peanut butter sandwiches. And this I am known for. And after, never the social minds.

Though the origin of thought, the origin of the ascription of value, perhaps they become in isolation, dreams become in isolation. Thus social relevance becomes by the underhands of personal experience, the marks of that which I am willing to part with for the acquisition of some thing. And the greatest, some things are too costly. The judgment, it also comes in the quiet development of personality. So much comes in quiet. But all that a social mind is that which can be exchanged, including language and thought. And perhaps identity becomes by that which I consider to have been successful at. And perhaps identity is as elastic as my willingness to adapt to the modern conditions of culture. I am

willing, I am sport, so I say, but that which I gather, the investments of social economics, how they represent the actual state, the degree by which I am successful.

And I am to judge. Money or either notoriety, land or either access to special people, I am to judge this success. And the conditions of identity, am I what I wish to be considering the value of that which surrounds me, including language and thought? And I am to judge.

ism

The social surrounds of that which I participate in. Membership because I believe likely. And the acts upon the social orders of being, it is a structure, and whether I believe in its compounds and principles or not, I am shaped. The matter of facts of that which makes I, never mind what I believe, the truth of reality

is the economics of integration. And call it something, for I must, but aware that the representation of these forces, this force, it must change because I do not know all. The stops of belief, they are important because they be that which I act thereby, but it is not Truth, capital T. Only the science of living, a knowledge built upon experience and that which flatters the personal ideas of social constructs. And if it can be put to words, this knowledge, this epistemology and this belief, and if it can acquire the minds of its recipients, if they too believe likely, we are a match. And for all of us X'ers

or whateverers, we call ourselves by an ism. As religion, as social theory, as schools of thought, as discipline, those likely minded are of an ism. Social identity, because. And those outside of such belief structures, or either the skeptics, they are usually the ones to name that which has no control or that which is unique. And

if a media applauds the representation of such an ism, if an ism matches critical wit and critical theory with reason, its adoption comes. Until the next in any case, the next best. A person at a time believes and then, whoopee, thereupon acts. And the classical schools of life, those which propel the ideas of humility and goodness, an ism unto themselves they be, a forgiving ism which is not afraid of lesser isms, for there need not be an either or, just a compatibility. No contest.

bounds

And if I believe, I must also believe that I believe. I must also address the notion that belief is theory, it is not certain. And a general belief is limited. And if an ism, an operative domain of belief is established which is born with limits. Belief is good, I cannot say otherwise, it is natural and it is the constitution of social persuasion and participation. But dogma is not good.

Dogma is the adherence to belief in the absence of reason; it may be good for an exclusive group of individuals but in the larger notion of society it is not sustainable. The bounds of belief, and the recognition that there may be a greater construct in time, this is the earth of humility and the breath of education. For

I am still learning. I have not become robot nor program, I have not become the fixture of social intellectualism, that which represents the old alone because everything is old. I have not become this nor do I aspire. But some myth I do propell because there is not a competing theory closer to reason. The ism of age and moral authority,

the ism of the goodness of rainbows, the ism of God. Godism. There are no reasonable grounds for such beliefs but I act upon them nakedly. And the sciences, the isms married to evidence, evolutionism, healthism, I act upon them also, and with less of a social contest. Because who can deny evidence? If I believe in creation, perhaps, but usually I call myself a creationist only in the face of boisterous science. I believe in defense.

left

And that which arrives, I catalogue from perspective. The social has supposed me as something and if I agree I will be the outlook of everything from that position. And value, the associates of what will be the greater freedom and the greater dialogue, the associates of what will be the greater anything, for the social environment or either for my own self and

my own reproduction. And if a social consideration, what will be the course of belief which will provide the greatest sustainability? And what will be the measure of living in gradual improvements? I know the needs of learning, I know the access to knowledge. I know the access to health care. And the freedoms, them to speak freely, to worship freely, to associate freely.

And to invent. Monitoring a social environment, I realize perspective, but I am confident in the proposals and the reasons which justify these thoughts, these beliefs. And I am confident that the transmissions of

these beliefs, the acts upon these foundations, that they reflect the constitution of this character. As I wish, the

outwards of this self are for the improvement of social character, that it reflect this personal character as knowledge becomes me. As authority becomes me. And reason as it becomes me a closer synthesis between.

synthesis

And if the contradictions between living personally are an affront to the limits of social identity I am bound to the service of change. Either becoming change or forcing social change. Because the matters of existing among multiple identities, perhaps a reality, it is something to be forgotten. Because I wish a continuity to this self. And the associates of value, how I will struggle

and engage an approaching social until we have met reason. Until a social reflects I, until a social is the extension of this sense and this ideal reproduction, until a harmony is brought, question and act upon belief I can only. And the limits, until this self evolves into science, and until a social paradigm is large enough to allow for these dreams, question and act upon I can only. Identity is little really, it is a threshold, it is a hat, it is a cover which is the best character at present for living among these conditions in light of a history. And if I can suppose the adaptations are only beginning it is a start to the notion that these limits will become greater or either they will become whatever form I wish. And the catalogues of social groups, it is no

wonder that people exist in several at a time. Because social frames, they become the strength of their members. And as interests change greater emphasis is placed

upon one foundational idea or another. Perhaps identity is fluid, I wish identity to be fluid. That a change freely occur. And I can take responsibility for personal change, but social change, it is a matter of representation to members and it is a matter of pushing the right social buttons. And recognizing the limits of social identity, identities, perhaps it is the beginning of a knowledge of how to draw apart and draw outward the stops to free association between this self and other.

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activism

To change. To change. Ends and the tethers of accomplishment.

I wish upon this social, for justice and independence.

And either carry a banner as if I had no other course of demonstration or either act subtly, reinforcing that which I believe. This beauty will not be a covet, this land will not be taken by corporation, this air, it will

remain free and learning. And access, to health and prosperity. Who has not heard such a dream? But in a manner it will become, in inked acts and discretion I will be the fortune of change, in a manner. A charge, to public education and to policy, to that which determines social insight and to that which undermines social insight. Move quickly and explicitly or either slow with the implied fascinations of living goodly and toward positive cause. Because a model, that is all, because a social requires model, learning requires model and not always the loud announcements of proclamation. And in the forums, the debates and the

community hallisms, this bill shall be the first as minor step toward the fullness of open society. I will never use the word activism, for its mention is exclusive, its mention suggests a greater force that I act against. But no, I am the greater force, and listening to that which tries to change me, for it may be correct in one of several ways. And respond to the social calls of those less fortunate or those in need of general assistance.

For ends of helping, this personal utility, a social constructed upon respect, and this more significant

than a society eloped only to the discussions of financial equity. There is more than this. And a form of activism which I shall not call as such, rather service which compels one who has been touched to also extend a helping hand to those in need, twice. And becomes, the genuine artifacts of care compounding upon themselves. Again.

but against

Human nature, it is within a person as that person sees it to be. Either innately good or only capable of becoming good. The first implies a population inherently just or either intending justice. The latter implies another notion of people in which people are born only to aspire to goodness, that justice be a learned quality. I am against no social body if I believe every body be inherently good, rather any interference I represent will be directed at a reason which sustains that body's interpretation of it. I am against every social body if I believe every social institution can only, through educational means, be brought to a single notion of goodness, that which I believe. Both interpretations

of human nature require reason in regards to social intercourse, though a belief in the goodness of all peoples implies a manner of reason which need not require force nor defense. I need only understand a position and represent its contradiction or either learn to agree with its foundations. But if one who believes in an inherent goodness of peoples encounters one

who believes in the variant travels to goodness, them beginning from neutrality, how can one describe the

position of being good without representing themselves as merely righteous? And how can one having traveled a difficult path to an esteemed knowledge recognize a simple person as equal without them having had reasonable experience? Struggle is inevitable, the base notions are irreparable lest an inherently good person humor a person of acquired goodness with a listen to his reason, or either the learned man concede his education in the interest of avoiding conflict or the recognition to some degree of some eternal nature. One's gotta give.

a social never tires

But the balance of perspectives of human nature may have more credible boundaries by a more rational division. Perhaps the grounds of becoming are from a fixed origin. That a learning upon the belief of a good nature is inevitable. That a social encourage those innate aspects of personhood with a curriculum

of bringing together diverse experience. A tiring notion if I consider the acts associated with such a philosophy's administration. Or either allowance it be, that there need be no administration, that I defer authority to interest. I am listening. And the election of becoming is a reflection unto oneself, that I agree with an object and I make it known, that I disagree and form the bounds of protection against against. Every day, every stimulus, it is a discern of preference and I am to gather each of that which I believe to be an asset to this character and this evolving self. A social never tires, it is an organic creature beyond the control of singled minds. Process,

and only identifiable as history. And if a prophet, perhaps an educated guess upon that which shall become, perhaps a generalized notion of futures by the want of knowledge. For if that which I believe becomes true, I, representer, will be an authority to determination. But a social never tires, and the prophet is as good as their education because a social line precedes a prediction, and this line continues into time. And if

I believe the provisions of humanity will remain fixed and the provisions of exposure, that they will remain as they had, I shall interpret the future. Or either upon a belief a social is propelled into that which was the prediction. But a social, ever the stimulants of spontaneity. Thank God. For I wish no catalogue of my being upon my birth. And if a prophet, I, for believing in the want of diversity. And this social, a want becomes upon an allowance and the protection of that which is good. And this may be the greatest I can muster, an allowance to nondetermination, and an allowance to the conception of an organic social which responds to good ideas.

good idea

But I have not passed upon the notion that the social can be turned as I wish. And if I reason as a prophet I apologize. Because it is effective. And I do anticipate upon that which I know. I wish for economic prosperity and I call upon the histories of oppressed peoples. I wish for an educated population and I call upon the noted integrities of learned cultures. I wish for personal health and I call upon the personal reflections of having

lived in health. The social can be turned as I wish, but I recognize the limits of prophecy and I am quick to try against the misfunct of errant social prediction. But upon a knowledge I persuade like a mind and like an intellect because physical force is not sustainable. To engage a mind, to shift that which I believe is a

humility, but truth the greater. And I can only hope the contrary positions are open to the engagement of reason, or either I can hope for their susceptibility to degrees of appeal. If I can avoid cornering myself among the isms of being, perhaps. If I can avoid being known as reckless or martyr or easy or disenfranchised or loud, if I can avoid the social nominations and retain a clean self for the base of reason, I will be more likely to be received in a manner. And if I dress nicely.

And begin the appeal. Recognizing authority and recognizing that which has the power to alter social decision and social resources. Recognizing buttons. And with good idea in one hand and the educated force of reason in the other, language and measure, begin the appeal. And knowing the ears of those powerful, and knowing the degree of access, and knowing those competing interests, and knowing what can be offered if. Or either forget authority and represent a good idea in microns and gradually

developing it. And if a dogma, I will place a gauge near to this object to measure the integrity of this idea. For a good idea in the first, let it transcend with the ballons of modern history, let it evolve because

an idea is not an end unto itself, lest it be very good indeed. And if, all of the power to you my friend.

science of action

How the acts of idealism are measured. If a social ascension, the qualities, the quantities, they are a refrain to progress. The prevention of substance abuse, the prevention of incarceration, how a census validates an effort. And outreach, how a census validates. And education, how the artifacts of a type of education are isolated against a base experience. For affect,

the ends of social transformation, I know that which I wish, and upon a social stage the question be rather how an affect and not what affect. How can I manage that which is the act of accomplishment. Activism, the management of act. The primary notice of oneself

and associated ends, and the introduction of oneself and one's ideas in a manner which alters a social course. And if the measures, that a happiness or either an enlightenment, how a subjective quality is recognized. Or that a mental health center has tripled its clientele, in the first a measure of quantity, and if a consideration of related phenomena, that a natural disaster, then the speculation secondarily as to reason, and if the institution of disaster relief and a decline, in a binary manner success. But success can be improved, and this will be a measure of quality. That, given two like natural

disasters separated by two geographies, and if two divergent responses built upon equally designated

resources, the question of how will be the determination of quality. And if a cultural difference, and if another form of uniqueness, I will qualify these ends as relative to object types. For not all secular support will be openly received. For not all moral support is welcome. For not everyone responds to psychoanalysis. For not

all care is welcome. And if an absence be the better response, then a documentation as to that which qualifies for nonresponse is a responsibility. Reason and measure.

moral objects

And if a population, the introduction of idealism will be the operative object. For an activism requires a thing, the introduction of idea, the establishment of meaning and then its gift. And if a meaning, if the ascription of value to words or otherwise artifacts, I

will be the power of its placement. And if a population knows it likewise and recognizes its source, I, as having an appropriate nature, it will be the beginning of a programming. Social engineering, how a subject is reflected with a regard to regional variance, how an object is appropriate if it reflects a regional governance and regional markers. And the primary object of an intended change, a social body, that which is affected by the objects of activism and education and programming, it will itself be given to the sum of population upon

its transformation. For it now reflects an idealism of that which once was small and that which once was a subject. And in a manner, morals are transferred to

an object, and if, an idea becomes a thing, including language or otherwise meaning. If morals are ideas that is, to which I say yes, -a good idea I believe to be moral. And the fabric of moral society becomes a museum, POOF. And a defense against museumism, I return to blankness, walkabout forgetting the socially ascribed things around me. Or either I remember my own ascriptions about, the moral morning, the meaningful summer day, the trust of cool river water, I always return to my own in the face of museumism.

philanthropy

Of a mind of giving. To the universities of life, those amid struggle and amid passion. Those with an idea that a directed resource be the realization of another's charms. This dollar, this time, it will be the manufacture of institution, of order, of grouped homes allowing the greatest compassion. I am a mind of service, or either I am of someone else's mind of service. Because

I have not the motivation for details only their insight and their collection. Worth I see, and governing its development quietly, that an end. Paving progress, these efforts and these collected identities, and set to

the universities of life, the frames of knowledge and the faculties. Because I have only known a one, the acquisition of stuff. And this position, a responsibility the likes of any for the realization of power, of authority, if a gift be such. Or either anonymous if I wish. Of a mind of giving. And this resource, to the charge of ministry, the homeless, what research will be that which

empowers a family from shelter? And what research will be the application of an art unto a barren urbanity?

And every intention, how it festers among righteous thoughts. I have made a million songs but this is good because. All but one to be cast among self comfort, and the other, a gift like motive and inspiration. A thousand poems to the wind, and a remaindered thought cast to social change. Or either I take the inkled needs of prosperity, this home shall be enough, this retirement, established, and to the foundations of social change, march. I have always wanted goodness, the particulars

of pride, and to you the trust of will. And if it be enough I shall visit in bow tie and grin upon its discern. Yours.

enthusiasm

Enthusiasm, it is mine. No matter. For the want of passing along strategies and ideas, it is the correlation of the transmission of enthusiasm. This reason, like I believe, and if an earth unto our thoughts shall open. Begin the seconds of careerism of passion and action. And I will hold an esteem loudly amid the politics of words until you can stand as that what you wish.

And if a belief between us spreads as a good sort of social cancer until it goes without name as a matter of fact. No. I wish this identity to be grounded with a face. For the returns of service. Perhaps. Or either as that source which knows the elementary foundations of the history of this idea. Because an invention is the humanization of spirit, the want of discovery

for whatever reason I cannot say. Someone must possess the likes of progress, to carry the cloud, to bear the cross. Because if it exists as idea and unattached to person it is the ends of imagination. No improvement

can be made upon that which wonder is attached to without the source of that wonder, its history. The humanization of spirit, and the rewards to free minded thought, it is essential. And it is responsible like he who possesses responsibility. For this. And make this

the institution of enthusiasm, unlike the bible and unlike stonehenge, that a person assumes responsibility for intended goodness or other. That the appropriations are accorded, that the foundations of discovery are evident. That a potential by that person can be drawn further. Enthusiasm for this. Or either for the gift of anonymity, because some wish for no return and the publicity may be enough to scare them away from invention. I suppose I cannot speak for every sort of enthusiasm, and perhaps this, the humility before those creators, those diviners, they are to know enthusiasm; and they are to respond in a manner I am learning.

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language

Language is all about names. The declaration of a social value upon object. The mountain. The river. The stone. And more specifically, the finer adjectives of being. The volcanic mountain. The southern mountain. The slow river. The brown river. The river stone. The volcanic stone. And the transcendent, the declaration

of social value upon social object. The people. The Catholic people. The adolescent people. The conscientious people. The native people. The greeting. The conceptualization. The thought. The process of thought. For to bring a thing to words is to ascribe meaning. And if a word is received likely by others, a shared meaning. And the intercourse of words, how it follows experience, and how it retains itself only as long as its source is likely reflected. And forgive me if I am rude, you say, but you are beautiful. Like a summer cloud you are beautiful. As a rose, as an expression, this smile is

my approval, you are. And my qualifications for this declaration, I am person too. I know the utility of fine skin, of toned muscle. I recognize idealism in your shape or either in your character. You are pleasant.

You are persistent. And your family, your friends, they are all a reflection of generosity, of peace. You are a reflection of that which surrounds you. And if. The words have value. If I am approving, may we engage further, if you have likewise words for me or either likewise thoughts, intention. Because a language is declaration, and if I am to appreciate your honesty

or either believe it genuine, I will act accordingly, to reinforce or either alter your opinion, your perception of I. Or either a social I declare, it will act consistent with this declaration, and we believe likely, until it acts as something separate from which we believed it to be.

the busy people

The busy people, and if, I can expect them to act in a manner. The scientists, a manner to their activity. The teachers, a method to their being. The youth, I can expect an activity. The parent, he is a wisdom to his children, she is an inspiration to her children. The politician. For if I know a person qualitatively,

I will know what question to ask, I will know what regard to offer. The language of science, the language of education, the language of the northern islands, the language of philosophy. And enter, or either stand away, that I have no interest. And insult, the misdirection

of value. The greatest insult, that they are not people. The greatest statement, that I wish for your knowledge. The people with wonderful treasures. The people with wonder. The alien, by which I only know his origin away. Namecalling. And by this middle age I will have acquired enough social information to appreciate the foreknowledge of someone. That an advanced language begin, of types of being, for I wish to know and I otherwise would not know to begin. Or either

I offer my own history as substance, that I trust upon your interpretations of my previousness. I am as you

say or either I will proffer the arrangements for your redirected thoughts of I. And if. And among the peaces of silence, that we continue to name, for there is more to language than sound. And if an expression, I will have gathered the communication for the next stage between us. Until our engagement is extinguished, for the time, for the time. And why I believe, I am more prepared for the next share of knowledge. I will be

known as philanthropic to the next, because the last representation of myself was deficient in this area. I will be known as something other, next time. Because I understand that a social nature to this vessel will be responded to in a manner by how it is known. And for the better, that such a social knowledge of I can be translated into some form of resource administration. The doctor will be given that which is necessary to heal. I will be given that which is necessary for the realization of a type of civilianism. I will be granted the tools to build a political structure. Or either I shall be given the knowledge of justice, if a judge I shall be.

discretion

And the responsibility of namecalling, perhaps it is acquired by one's own experience of having been named. Compassion, by having felt compassion. The loner, the isolationist, or either the contemplative soul. The arrogant or either the confident. Justification and the decision to connote in a manner, by the forms of experience. Because I wish a relationship between

this othered person I will avoid social inflammation.

Because I wish an other to consider me thoughtful I shall represent them earnestly. Because I wish a public to adore that which I adore. Or either because of an opened honesty, I wish for accuracy for my own intellectual investment. Reason, and I not speak as the outward appearance of such. The natural discretion of having announced another's social tendencies or either their character favorably or either in respect

to that which I wish to achieve, the natural discretion goes without saying. Lest I reflect. Lest a psychology bids a reflection. But I am typically too proud to reflect upon why I give a name and why I attribute a character to that which presents itself. Because I am too busy engaging this personal experience. But a thought pervades this solipsism, and if I forego conclusive nomination such a vacuous sense of another's being will be the subordination of myself unto that entity.

And discretion, the act of identifying that, of another, which is important and that which is unimportant, I have separated a person from netherlust. And in so doing I can escape the netherlust of letting into this mind the infinities of someone who I will now mark as finite. In calling a name I protect myself. But make it a good name and make it a creative name. For the names I elect, their application will return to me. If I believe someone to be such and such I should be justified in saying so and I should be prepared for a justification to those in which I use such a name. Or

either I will be marked the intellectual derelict or either

the cynic or either the generally menial person. And prepared, for how I am different from such an accusation. I speak well you see, and a reputation I have acquired for calling things for what they are. And the social builds itself upon the honesties of thought as represented in language. Civil society builds itself upon representation.

law

Metaphor. And precedent. And anything else which means something other than what it is. The social develops upon itself, upon its objects and the ascribed social meanings. The social transforms itself by the nomination of that which is observed. Experience builds upon the observation of experience. Experience builds upon the meanings of relations. And education, the highest sort, it is that which brings about the histories of social

transformation. And the greatest evidence of experience is art. But art is not cornered that easily. What first comes to mind is that which is observed in museums, but, indeed, any representation is art, including the representation of science. Art is accusatory. And that which brings to light something which I had not considered, and something which is profound, or either that which represents a stapled object in an enlightening manner, it is good art. And if I can gather an intended meaning,

and if I can agree with that meaning, the stage of laws begins. For I respond to meaning with the elevated notions of how such a truth (belief) will affect me and how I should appropriately respond. And if I take it upon myself, the responsibilities of this culture I am a

member of, I will consider how a society should respond or take action to prevent. Or reinforce. Art manages experience, and art undermines law. And the continued declaration of peoples and principles, if an art can be institutionalized it can also be constitutionalized. And constitutional art, law, that which is drawn from

the declarations of experience, naming, it settles itself above the heads of daily life. For law presents itself as ideal, it is transcended as interpretation of experience. And it assumes that some forms of experience can be categorized. And perhaps they can, but I believe there will always be an exception to any universalism.

no, you are

And exception, it is the concern of civilists. Because a misinformation is the foundation of miseducation and the foundation of misinstitutionalism. And wars

and isolationism and neglect, they become by the miscarriage of art. You are blasphemous! You are traitor! You are not credible enough to govern this society! You have not the experience to know! And

likewise the object turns upon that which unjustly calls him something and therefore taking away his social force. The worst of knowledge is that which is untrue and that which has the affect of removing another's social disposition. Because there is a trust to living socially. And it is difficult to remove the misdirected banners that people place upon others. Unless one is trained to dispell rumors or either one is given over

to the nature of offering the benefits of doubt. In a moment a misdirected declaration can alter the social belief of what another is or what another culture is.

And responsibility is that which can answer art, the ability to face evidence and discern that which is unjustified and unqualified or either plainly wrong though it may be a popular opinion. And if it were I, the greatest defense I can imagine is to do right by others in the first, that I am represented accurately. And if, in the face of inevitable criticism or misrepresentation I can

develop the tools to alter the shape of that social knowledge which affects I, I will be stabilized, and hopefully not too proud to accept that criticism which may be true. And engage a course of change. For I can accept constructive words as wisdom. I am not without association nor am I without fault, and the communications of social intercourse I wish to be large enough to respond to that which may be true, the recognition of truth, reason. And likewise, I wish to be constructive enough in my own declarations to build relations, to defend that which I believe, and to be the bridge, the institution of progress. Language.

smart

Brilliance. Knowing. And the knowledge of oneself, enough to know the parameters of knowledge. Because there are objects I have not been exposed to. I know this. And you are, smart. For believing in the graduations of life, and for believing in the confidences of becoming. For patience. And for recognizing there are at least

several faculties to absorbing life. Smart is a many-sided thing, and how you represent yourself, and how you present yourself to others, and how you make words of others in a manner which brings them closer to social confirmation and social appreciation. A metalesson,

to the remaindered social, that a representation of others is a strategy for representing oneself. Thank you, for having discerned the intentions of my troubled efforts. Friend. And likewise I pass along the spirit of living socially. And likewise I pass along a version of human nature connected to altruism. And likewise.

ongoing, if

And the structure of language, how it remains modern. By that which is first audible grunt, to the spasm of sound, to slang, and into the formality of diction. Language is process, the trails of thought, and that which is delivered but no more useful, into the vault of history. For translators to draw forth as history compels as it sometimes does. And as this name which so adequately represents I or either you, smart, that it reference a

meaning which changes. For an environment calls upon different types of smartness and different degrees of smartness. An environment will also call upon one's tact in the application of smartness, and its withdrawal. And the structure of language, how it represents smartness, it is the vehicle of the reproduction of experience. I call smart for that which is smart.

And being, I call myself or either accept the label

of being smart by that which I know smart to possess.
Likewise, the other labels: interesting, tidy, them all.
And language, how an object shifts under the measurements
of sound, or either I am to realize that a term is that

which is shifting and the object remains fixed. And
the constance of being, that which exists underneath
dedicated thought, the Real truth, it may never be
known exactly, not in representative manners in any
case. And there is no other way to know a thing than
by its representation. Lest I imagine. But in any case
even the imagination relies upon the forms which have
been presented as particles of experience. Language
will inevitably change, it is a matter of fact, because
nothing can be known representatively, and language
is inherently representation. But ever in the pursuit
of truth, language, chasing, chasing, ever. And never
landing exactly. And likewise, if everything else is
a matter of representation, they cannot be known exactly
either. And if, nothing can be known exactly, only
alluded to. And the allusions, ever more precise but,
themselves, how they be only a more careful spot.

STaRT PRiNCiPLeS

SeCuRiTY oF KNoWLeDGe

aM GoD oF MYSeLF, aND iF

LiMiTS oF iDeNTiTY

aCTiViSM

NaMeCaLLiNG

SoCiaL STRuCTuRe, SoCiaL PLaSMS

aLLoWaNCeS

eNDS

typology

But a language is truth enough. There are those who concern themselves with its development, but for the most part people live their lives in an operative fashion. That a representation is a close enough allusion to an object to share a meaning and thereby proceed with an operative plan. And the assemblies of people, how they may carry their own languages, but upon

reason, most would concede that they operate without deeper thought upon its particles. Intention, and it is shared by having enough of a grasp of allusion to manifest change or control an environment. People

agree enough, just enough. And if I were to take a type of people, civil activists for example (who is not?), I could exact an operative knowledge of types of social transformation, methods of managing social change, knowledge of human development, and general standards of morality. And if I was to exact an operative knowledge of a type of civil activist, conservationist for example, I would assume that this body would have all of the knowledge of your general civil activist as well as the more specialized knowledge associated with natural resource management, sustainability, clean air and water standards, and

even a knowledge of natural art and natural beauty. And the language of generalized social participation, it is sloppy or immature compared to the more pointed efforts of targeted social change. But people are not born specialists. Only experience can dictate interest.

And only social association can build a body of truths by which a specific civil activism can become engaged.

contest

For any given interest there is a contradictory universe. Two forms of idealism, each competing by way of specific reason for the hearts of the general and affected public body. Each have their own language and their own ends in mind, but that which is the surface of thought, that which is the point of contest, it is the overlap of language. And leadership exists in this domain. The avocational interests of civil activists, the conservationist type, is of no concern to that person

who serves as the unifying force of two forms of idealism. That a modern language emerge which is the inclusion of those moderate forces of both camps, -at the exclusion of extremism. But a language is not forgotten, and the language of extremism, how it will hibernate until a social force allows. But even given the baseline

of vastly different principles, and given enough time together, as those forces form a modern thought, a newer contradiction will appear on general principle. That no leader, no matter how unifying, can maintain the acts of integration necessary for restful existence. Congress recognizes this and forms term limits. And no leader can represent every minor interest satisfactorily, hence local government. Even great leadership is confronted with contradiction on general principle, because people need to believe that an alternative exist. Perhaps modern democracy is a theocracy to

that ideal which embraces cultural pluralism. Or either I have not met a great universal leader or either I do not wish to meet such a great person. Because.

plasma

In any regard, sects exist. Those which itemize interest and those which serve as banner to principle. People surround good ideas, they embrace them, until they become the dogma and until they exist at the exclusion of other forms of goodness. And the comprehensive philosophies which encapsulate all of that which is necessary for one not to think for themselves, they exist

because people are tidy. Democrat or either republican, libertarian, labor party, all of the parties, they exist as a comprehensive principle. Or either if I am of the camp of capitalism and economic reform, that all debates end in financial discussion, there is a party for me. And if I am of the camp of social allowance and amnesty, civil reconstruction and eternal social change, there is a party for me. Because each manner of thought is bound by fundamental understandings which allow and embrace a type of thought. But even such parties

are not so mindfully constructed. Because the reality of social intercourse interferes with pure philosophy. The reality of social intercourse admits the necessity of legal and constitutional give and take. No party has a hold upon the interpretation of that which everybody sees, and as such, no application of philosophy is as tidy as its mental construction. And if I am reduced to my own thought for a moment, that I find an error in

the canned peace of libertarianism given modernity,
or if I find error in the notion of worker solidarity as,
itself, a business enterprise, that I confine my own thoughts
to myself for a moment, I will develop the foundations

of personal independence. I can have an idea, too,
a one which transcends social lines, and a one which
is not averse to my own constitution, and one which
provides that which I seek, either money or its power,
time, or happiness. And leadership, by stepping out,
and if I continue by the same party affiliation or label,
and if I reason to that body which entitles my sociology,
I can be the voice of integration. The plasma of social
want, for the security of those less fortunate, the personal
securities of health and welfare, the social securities
of channels for dissent, the plasma of that which is
good regardless of its affiliation, I can be that. But
I cannot give up my party because to do so, people
would start calling me Jesus or Siddhartha. People
need a compartment for my thoughts so they can rest
outside of them if they wish. To consider. To consider.

that which is good

And if I allow a reflection. Arbitrary really, for the
most part, change from within an institution or either
change from without. The allowance of a competitive
alternative, a one which will absorb my thoughts if
I should fall. For sustainability, because I wish to be
concerned for that which follows. And the LeFT, if I

wish, to change that which exists is to consider its history
and its intentions. And all that which accompanies

the LeFT, its socialisms, its pride, and its pitfalls given a present environment. For who would wave the flag of progressivism if that body just bankrupted a school system? Another reason for political change, because an affected body does change. But if I have gathered enough for the foundations of leadership, throwing

my natures into a civil arena may be the responsible thing to do, that I continue to recognize elderhood will exist apart from that which I participate in. Because the idea of a social is that it is more than myself. And with consent, and with the institution of reason, the LeFT becomes a shape which reflects I. And I accept such a label if it will allow a freedom of expression, and if it will allow a freedom of governance, in the path to creating an inclusive though nonintrusive social structure. And if I am never explicit as to the origins of my thought, but I am rightly associated with that affiliation which I respect, no matter, lest it confine.

foundations

For constitutional theorists, that a form exist for the activation of idealism. That a law protect. No matter. For this idea is not contaminated by the labyrinth of policy and officialdom. And no idea needs meet the satisfactoryisms and the requirements of those jobs

at social pathology. Because the network associated with inspiration and free will is better remaindered without such constraints. And if there is reason for such a system, the bills, the laws, bureaucracy and institutionalism, it exists as a filter to mind those intermediate ideas which

require the reluctant engagements of other people.
But this idea, the greater, and a matter of living passionately.
And it requires nothing of those of minor interests or
either those wishing to trade their loyalty for half of
yours for their own project. A good idea transcends

request, reason transcends chits and borrowing, that
all shall arrive to the most original position. But I
forget a world of equals, that a grand idea exists in
the heart of each. Indeed and thank you. And social
structure, upon such a humbled thought, it is the best
alternative to recognizing that I be one millionth of
a social entity. And the channels, indeed they are a
filter, but necessary lest I be the force of ideal will.
Perhaps, in a way. But reason needs channels lest I

dissolve into domination or either wait upon a lifetime
of patience. Or either accept a way in which this voice
will be tendered. And if such a structure becomes the
realization of a passion, and if an exit interview is
allowed, perhaps I may manage some change to that
structure in the altruistic interest of efficiency for another.

managing structure

And upon the receipt of dreams, I shall be the manager
of another's interest. Because I have seen the deficiencies
of legislative appeals and the knocks of social ambivalence.
And a structure more receptive to good ideas is the
settlement of informal unrest. And transcend, to that

which recognizes efforts and personalisms in the interest
of a social body, as my own idea evolved to be. I shall

be a lawyer, a one which marks a path for getting things done. Or either a poet, I shall be that which recognizes everything. Or either a philosopher, I shall be the marker of social form. Words all, the synthesis of reason, I shall be the structure of philanthropy and social evolution regardless of what I am called.

And an idealism of efficiency the likes of American democracy, an idealism of social balance and execution, an idealism which is explicit, whereby words are the stones and reliable for their exact representation, and an idealism of structure which is, for the most part, not open to interpretation, this idealism is a blanket. And experience has demonstrated that a structure for solving things before they arise, is responsible, and it is efficient. And in those periods when no problems are ready, dreams and whims may be addressed by the system.

a universe acknowledging local entities

Universalism. How it attracts those who have troubled upon activism. That a constitution be the sweep of realizing collective force, that an army of communities, intellectual armies, gunned armies, them all, that they collect themselves and direct themselves at those external forces which challenge a one of their interests. One in a thousand communities, that it be a member of this republic, and that its contest enact the force of all. Because a constitution. But the limits of these words,

ever challenged, that the nature of the word 'persons' that the idea of inclusion, how their notion is ever expanding. Local. Until the actual protection differs from that which

is stated. Because a social contract. I understand the nature of exclusion, the nature of membership. It is a commitment to family, to community. And if a universe

is framed in words, and the ideas of social intercourse are diagrammed, and the nature of cooperation and representative taxation, the outlines of social expectation, I think of everything including fairness. And act upon that which is near, in the beginning, because this is the relevant domain, and the domain which I accuse, the domain I call. And with respect to the other scattered

dots, we think likely, because a universe begins with two, the assumption of another, the mutualism of two. And if, another. And if a social constitution is large enough to allow for order, and large enough to allow for its own transparency, I will dream like this environment closest to I. Because I recognize the enchants of beginning among safety, the enchants of walking freely as a visitor, a correspondent, and I recognize that all peoples share some constitutional ideation as if it were a portion of their being. As a child. And in defending

a community I have never visited, it is a defense of the idea of innate goodness and innate and childlike constitutionalism. Because I wish a world. And the quality of universalism, I will make of it parts, because I get bored, separating Phoenix from Athens from Rome. Birmingham from Montgomery from Selma from. I cannot wish for a type of universalism which neglects the minors, because they be the things of happiness and wisdom. So spare a part for everything,

but I shall live infinitely among one. Because I am.

tinkering

Social contract. No doubt that a single mind will be the evolution of interpretive experience, I am evidence. But a social mind, how it evolves as well. Social contract. Because people share interpretations and they share determinations. And they share the urgencies of cooperation. And a constitution, how it kindles the notion of social potency. But I wish for it never

to be completed. That there will ever be room for a modern precedent, a modern precedent. And if the explicit notions of social intercourse be enough to trample progress, if a bureaucracy surrounds that idealism which once was great but now appears small and reclusive, I will be the marker of modernity. A modern president, that a history be reflected, indeed, but that its interpretation reflect a shifting modernity. The mechanics of living among many becomes all

the more complex as populations swell, as the borders of religions butt up against one another, as the peoples of various geographies spill into one another. Because a mountain man is of a different nature than a man of northern forests and lakes is of a different nature than he of high desert is of a different nature than one of coastal waters. But a constitution, reflecting the arches of people, transcending their origins and their

experience, it is sustainable if it is willing to listen. I will participate in a larger society if it will reflect the

origins of this cosm I call home. And if a constitution,
and if a security, then release. To the responsibilities
and the pleasures of invention and self maintenance.
For anything I imagine, that it be referenced as reason
and against nothing. Because a constitution is transparent,
in the end it can only be. And free will, how it requires

no social suspension, and how beauty, I need not be
told. And the infringement of one person upon another,
I know better. And the distribution of resource, human
resource and material resource, how a constitution,
in the beginning, how it trains a society to be fair and
then becomes obsolete like educational foundations
become obsolete or either internalized and transparent.

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aLLOWaNCeS

eNDS

gift

Because the pressures of society have not been equally distributed. Because I can. Help. An action which is affirmative, a one which recognizes a striated social.

And if a dollar. And if an encouragement. And if an honesty. To a class. I am not exclusive, separated, perhaps, but demonstrating the nature of effort and social responsibility. Because I can. And if this way comes something wicked, I am large enough to either deflect or allow its passage. I cannot follow, but to allow its foundations, perhaps a grain of truth, a grain of sand, a release of pressure. Expression comes upon me in so many ways. And God. I can only allow such a force, such a beginning, and walk in a stride, that

at my greatest, either shaman or either king, a priest perhaps, I am still man, and tender and becoming like a wind. I allow a wind. And the words, them ugly or insightful, them plain but arriving from mastered thinkers, I allow a word. And that which I cannot protest, that which cannot pass without my attention, a blank stare, I will return it to that authority, that collective conscience, shortly I shall, shortly. With

all good thoughts, the filter of this want becomes the spirit of giving. A knowledge to the social winds, a dollar, a gifted remark, a sandwich. Because every requires a something different and I shall make a line between us, a road, a handshake. Because the pressures have been my friend, and this fortune is a lesson. And the allowance of deeds, of that which enables and

that which affirms, because a foundation separates us I know. And this I allow, and perhaps the greatest gift I can offer, that we be separated by a knowledge, and our versions of success, our starts and this allowance, it is a beginning or either it is our peaceful passing.

giving is sometimes receiving

And I accept. Because I too am shortened by the onset of middle life. I know not all nor do I now have the capacity for metabalance. I accept this wand, this item, this association, for what it represents. This poem. This night. This insight. And if I give it away once more having realized its potency, or either I store it as treasure, as thought, as you once did, because we are of the same mind. That an acceptance was the acknowledge

of force or either beauty outside of ourselves. And I have known the gifts of culture, because a congress, and because the freedom of exchange, I am not only outward. And that which I am a member of, class, and civic structure, family and friendship, I will be the mentor of receiving in grace. And not forcing the likes of equaldom back upon somebody, because one who gives, I will allow your intentions, and perhaps I, the greater sound in not wanting a relationship of one-upsmanship. In time I may return. In time if a

judgment allows. And rest. Sleep in the kind forest of kind representative objects, the force of friendship, for in here dwells the ankled thoughts of how I shall

return wishes for wishes. Giving is sometimes the act

of receiving. And I have no pretense of greater being or skill at acquiring, or either wanting that which is not mine. In fact I have not asked for your intentions, lest a respect, and if, a general peace between us will be the affirmation of our tethered being. Give me this.

how a faith

Because I not only recognize a body away, I recognize its good intentions. And who to thank for nature, the gifts of peace, of water, rain and cloud, of beauty, of the varieties of geography, of the stars? The social gifts are easy, just a letter of gratitude. But nature, if I receive it as a gift, if I believe that every aspect is intended for some participation, responsibility implies I thank that greater creative force. The simplest manner

of thanks is to God. Thanks God. Indeed. But perhaps too simple. For it requires no question and no interest, just a format for the unexplainable, that I not melt away in thought at the sight of every beauty and every enchantment. The notion of God takes all of the far away thoughts of creation and origin and bundles them into a tidy ball, because this allows me to focus my more reasonable and more operative thanks to those social bodies I cannot question. Thank you God, a word, I have made my sacrificial offering, and now

my attention to that which I can affect. But at a peaceful night amid the wind and quiet stars, I think, and this, perhaps a genuine response to nature. Its allowance, I let this galaxy, I let this storm, this corn, this ocean, I let the forest, and I let all of that which letting has let

me, this technology, this shelter, this security. And to those social forces, I am genuine in thanks, for without a shared wisdom I would be animal. Thinking in objects and acting in grunts, and not having been introduced to the concepts I now honor. Thank you friend, for God.

ballooning

This is what I forget. The laws, of peace and what reasons peace. I forget contradiction. I forget that anything which says it cannot be done. The wind, I forget this though it may turn me and push me against horizon. The light, the sunset, I forget this because the word beauty is so much the greater. Myself, I

am no more, and that which supports me, that which carries me, there is not a ride this nothing needs. The laws of nature, the laws of water, of steel, how it bends, or either silk, how it inflates an ego or something other I forget. And about the imagination, and about the words, a language I forget because all that arrives is natural, it needs neither the bounds of sound nor the structure of social participation. I forget words. And how a flame ascends a body, I forget flame in the day, in the night I forget flame. And neither the

clustered birds, the leaves as grass a thousand miles beneath, I once remembered this and then I let it escape me. Blue air, and stars, the cloud. Daymoon. I forget this. The sense of loft, the sense of sense, I am not that which remembers. And this is what I forget. How I

came to be and how I escaped. How a joy or either

how the wind, the sound. And silence, I forget this like yesterday because time I can only forget. I can only or either fall to the earth in science and remembrance. I forget science, now like any cause I have never needed.

but I remember one thing or either two
Because I land. Because responsibility. Because a calling and because this body requires. Because the night deserves a thought. That I collect the applications of living responsibly, for efficiency, for afterthought, that I forget having to remember. Because I cannot float endlessly unless a Sunday. Unless a Sunday I.

growth
And unto this body, I know this for sure. The charge of health and happiness. Of course I allow the strains of goodness but some allowance is the force against others. Discipline, the match to flyabout thought, and discipline, the match to reluctance. I allow, indeed, but the goals of growth and spirit, they require the push through the elementaries of stagnation and waste.

And then to allow, the transcended pleasures of metathought and metadiscourse because I have prepared, I have been educated, or either I have supposed a position upon an effort. I qualify an allowance. Because lazy is not an allowance if it will defeat the envelope of growth. And alcoholism is not an allowance if it is the defeat of an open mind or the defeat of appreciation. And education is not an allowance if it be the pursuit of degrees at the expense of character. The sustainabilities of being expect that one identify the fundamentals of

action, the requisite necessities which will then afford the plateau of an outlook by which I may responsibly allow. And society likewise. If a people are fed and sheltered, they will allow the arts, natural parks and conservation, they will be prepared for those pleasures which would otherwise pass unnoticed. And what may come if I am the mantle of discipline, never to engage the pleasures of ends? Not a rest, indeed.

And if I choose the path of never allowing because I am eternally graduating my discipline, that discipline will exist without purpose. For it needs to be cashed in every now and then, to serve as model, or either to generate an interest in the realistic pleasures of living amid the reinforcements of allowance. I can give myself the tools to shape a future, and I can be the activist of giving society the tools to shape a future, but if I never allow for the pleasures and efficiencies associated with their being, why then? Curiosity?

taking time

Because a knowledge I mark. I know something and allow its passage. The social structures, I let. The wind, beauty, I let. The romance of living sustainably, the dark forces I am learning, that which empowers a personality, I let. The character of integration, the mind for socioeconomics, for collaboration. I stop nothing, for every is the piece of experience. The market, free

and adapting in tokens for desire, the congress, free and adapting with rules of protection or either resource

distribution. The force of family, the elementary force of diversity because really no two people are the same. An emotion, I let. A courage I let. And the belief in human nature, that it be immediately seeking from birth, and how it looks to aspects of this universe to become better. The belief in the machinery of social thought, how a poem, a photograph, how an image

is a history and a directive, how an art implants something like destiny by the capture of concepts. A language I let. And time, because it is the frame of I. Because I can do nothing but let, and how time is a voice which reasons with every other thing. How an experience, and how a knowledge, time. I let. And patience, for there is no greater allowance. Taking time, for there is a mind of learning or either allowing others to learn. And if a question, I will find an answer, an association, and learn to let, because I cannot know how unless I have acquired a knowledge of allowance. Patience, I let.

church and sky

Guitar, for connecting that which is of the mind with that which is an exterior to this. Anthem, the sound of drum and rain. A moral center, space. The expression of allowance, and how many ways can I say, yes. Indeed. And how a fire damaged forest was never really damaged in the first, but only cycling into rebirth

like a city recycles itself. And how a social requires a facility for determining that which is important, and how it then formalizes policy for allowance. I am the better for having been a portion of this freedom,

a portion of this social kindness, and all of its exposures.
The better for having been a product of social curriculum
and social engineering, of social division. And if I
can reflect an interest which was qualified, I am known,
perhaps, but I allow this, a camera at my thoughts.
Because I know they will go away when I have nothing
more interesting to say, or either when I stop translating
things. Things. Church and sky, I am a part. And their

expression, remarkably clear when considered comprehensively.
Because some things can only be considered comprehensively.
Because life is comprehensive. Because knowledge
is comprehensive and character is comprehensive.
All that affects. All that changes. Everything I institute.
And the conversion, of oneself into something grand
and reproductive. And guitar for expression. Constitution.

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eNDS

in the beginning, end in sight

The forms eternal. The night, the language of the night, darkness. And if it begins, a light that separates, how I also grow to trust its being. But a start in the midst of a fixed infinite, how it is the lesser, because it was not there when conscience began. And all of its qualities, qualified as growth and development, warmth and the value of difference, how they reflect a more temporary being to this universe. And when it begins I prepare for its death. And upon the theories of maturation, that I can expect an end to this, that all things having begun as light has begun, amid another, they are an atom to true eternity. The realisms of living are the responsibilities

of accepting that I am an atom. And this process, this knowledge, I was formed in its midst. I carried the flag and I was one to bear the cross for an instant, an instant. And every poem, a mark for having been, and every generation, a mark for the first. Legacy is a greater continent than this flesh. I realize this like I know an imagination in the pitch of blackness. I will

create again, because this is what I do. And if this body passes, and if another, and if a thousand times, I will be the darkness of eternity for having given light. And to begin again with a knowledge of starts, and to write a story for an audience ten years into the future, or ten thousand years into the future, to begin again knowing that I can, indeed, affect a future, but a future that may or may not be eternal lest it be the equivalent of darkness. But all that it contains, I have a faith, I have a camp for the expression of my temporalism. I have lust. And

if I anticipate in brief, and if I mark these bounds, and
if I dream within, perhaps another form of eternity.
Perhaps. A mind within the eterns of darkness. Itself.

the boundaries of clouds

And forgetting space, or either forgiving space for
its infinity, no matter, I am a shape. I have matter and
I am gel. I am plasma like thought, but I am only one
quantity. Amid. Amid. No matter. Because I forget
that which happens outside, that which pushes and
that which qualifies as force, because I am regardless.
And this within, in every spite of eternity, how it manages
change, how it responds to itself, how it is a conscience
like history and how it is an imagination. Within this

space I have formed an operative reality, a one which
reduces an exterior to meaninglessness, an arbitrary
infinity, and this earth and this experience, this plasma,
I will stretch it to all ends imagining its potence. The
boundaries of clouds. But as I develop a sense for
myself, as a reality escapes its confines, because a
daylight, because a temperature, as a consciousness
wants, I will realize the organic nature of being. That
one can operate and maintain its plasma, its form,
at its discretion, that infinity be tackled in pieces and
parcels. That I consent or either dissent to the forces
which govern I. That I return a governance upon the

foundations of that which I know. I am certain of many
things, of that which sustains, of that which corresponds
to living virtuously, and in the eventual, of that which

affects me entirely. And I return a governance to that greatest force. I aspire to be that which controls that which controls. And a way, accepting the properties of myself, and accepting their function, their health, I turn to infinity, the greatest challenge. That a daylight I become, a nighttime, a space, an intuition, I become that which matters, always respecting a cloud for that which I once was, but recognizing that not all clouds are vapor and thought. And if a conscience, and if I leave, I will move plasma in a way that I always wished.

ends

And in parting, I become again. A larger substance, in the first defining, implying features, bringing a history into the model of newness. A governor I once was, in thought and act, but all about a bounded frame. A universe, indeed, but small and only beginning. And governor, I look to this again, of several societies, the cloud, as it was, it is, and the air, continuing and new.

The light, how it reflects, it amplifies, it is of another source than the west. And it all, society. Like change into modernity and I have grown. Accustomed to a fixed nature and now realizing the separates of things connected. And I, now once larger, and no longer the exclusive freedom of response. I now know a freedom is greater in reference to several forces. And I now know a cloud from a parted perspective, that a beauty, as much an exterior form to that which riddles an inside. Beauty, it comes about with perspective. But no longer the bounds of that which responds, for

I am marking change and marking that which allows, forces, change. And if the super ends of being, them having led away the confines of first substance, if the

marks of intelligence expand, then I can suppose they will again. Again. In time, the concentrics, how they pull an intelligence outward, or either a conscience outward. And when I will be no longer atom, to be tossed, and when I discover I, too, am force, and when I am to know how an object, how a push, or either the once greater lesson of how an allowance, I will know I am prepared for that which comes. A degree.

graduation

The act of reflection, from a position. The stage of knowledge by which I can look about with a degree of authority. I now know cause. The nature of objects, the chemistry of objects, the physics of cause. And if I believe in God or either elect upon the agnostics

of elementary interaction, if I settle somewhere beneath in creation, no matter, simply a simpler existence. But I rely upon knowledge in any case, either a knowledge of cause apart from myself that I aspire to, or either that which I can engage by my own without regard to higher force. No matter. Or either I let the strains of being exist as they had, bouncing off of one another. I am amazed, eternally. And if an apple I take, it will be because I want. And wherefrom want? It is my nature, indeed. Some questions are plainly refractive

and deserve no immediacy. Because I want. Or

either because I can. Or either resistance because I wish for an object to realize its own expression. Science is the matter of degrees and every graduate, every mentor, they are the compartment of a type, and calling and summoning things to a want. Free radicals, and free birds, and freedoms of thought, everything upon

a knowledge. Allowance upon a knowledge, the harness of force upon a science. And every expression, every act including rest, how its demonstration is an art which tells the nature of itself if only for a timeful instance. I recognize art and I recognize its manufacture. I write. I am a poet. And my engagement is a science, the act of poetry or policy or management, it is a science, but a product: poem, policy or either project, its demonstration is an art when perceived. And a graduate knows a difference. The graduate knows many differences.

postdoctoralism

And how an education relaxes a determination. How a knowledge clarifies paths and how a clarity stages achievements. The apartments of society, the specialisms of language, of activity, I will know an efficiency of addressing problems, and the trade of approaching problems. As well, the confidence in specializations

outside of my own. Intellectualism, by the strains of wandering the caverns of one knowledge and respecting other knowledges likely. It is a path, wisdom, and the exclusive nature of specialization, it is so often reprimanded as asocial or above the heads of common intelligence. But a knowledge and the divisions of society by the

faculties which anyone can apply themselves to, perhaps it is more democratic than alternative manners any society may divide itself as. But there is recoil, the feelings of subordination to a social machine, and the dependence on the expertise of another, as well, the nature of a token society always trading within itself for favors. And the question, how might a society

allow for specialized expertise while also allowing and reproducing the frame of mind of universal thought. For people must reproduce, they are the managers of their inspiration and the explorers of freedom. And if I have dedicated myself to an exclusive knowledge, if I have established a shop and a professionalism, and if I have entrenched myself in a particular service, why must this occur at the expense of thinking about how

a society fits together wholistically, and how the management of society is a specialism in itself of those trained as philosopher-kings. Leadership comes from many areas and erupts from many interests. And I will reproduce. And the accessibility of knowledge, how it releases the anxieties of a closed intellectualism. Anyone might.

the might of anyone

And a peoples equally afforded opportunities at intellectual advancement, that anyone may acquire the professionalisms of some specialism, that a culture of mixed interest and mixed development, how it qualifies itself as open.

And how a mindship projecting itself from the original position of diversity, how it matures as efficient and the

lines of communication become information roads.
How an information develops. And anything, at the
library or the social club, how the expressions of science
and truth, and how the interference of collective will,
how it all supposes a determination pointed at progress.
And this nature, aparted from social interest, how it
is the model for service. The symbionts of change, the

radicals, the flowers, the variables, the weather, how
a metaphor implies a social participation, a social
storm and social adaptation. The plasma of human
growth is the plasma of nature, but I will never announce
that I am natural for to do so is to release the qualities
of power. Man replaces God. Man displaces God.

Man is book and spectacle and the governor of his
own change. And God, I capture in instances. And
God, the greater, I will never know until. Until. And
if I pay my respects to national forests and refuges,
and if I notice little things, I will have qualified humanity
as lesser, indeed. If the stars, I will have reserved the
passions of eternity for another thought. But how these
disappear in the actual existence of society. How a
beauty disappears unless I have made it my specialty,
but even if, it will not be the universalism it could be.

because

Ends are inherent to the human condition. The nature
of beginning and the nature of starts, the nature of
development, it implies a chronological target. And
this body, how I watch it into what it is. I am an end,
indeed, but speculation, that further ends will be. And

given to the condition of ends, perhaps I am conditioned to gather to those ends desirable. I am so conditioned.

And society, the organic distension of man, it too is programmed to ends. I am not immortal, not in any one form, nor is society, it must develop and acquire

the states of being necessary for adaptation. Sustainability requires adaptation. And death, the hereafter is a speculation, but I believe with every courage and every confession, in the returns of being. It is my nature, and likewise society. Confidence, in the morphic abilities of problem solving and the plasma of adaptation. In governance, in the laws of reason, in bringing a knowledge to reason, faith to reason, I believe. Because.

And in the general interest of ends, and in the insight of not looking too far, I gather that which is a force. In increments, degrees, for knowledge is not all at once and it is not without prejudice. Not everyone receives the same education, the same experience. And in recognizing those factors which separate me from others I can recognize some calling, to saintdom, to service, to interest, or either to self will. But I am also not so riddled with destiny to believe that I cannot manage such a calling. I respect authority, I can only, but I, too, am authority. And these bonds, these bounds,

can call. And I call upon nature, upon service, upon the intentions of charity and hope, by whatever name and by whatever religion, by whatever American from whatever nation. And by the administration of

calls, I am responsible for something greater, a that
which once assumed the force of me. For an instant
in any case, a governing instant I shall keep. And
then return God to God because I am not finished yet.

