

MENDing [things]

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people strumming and not
people drumming and not
and water passes without knowing
and body without salt
the heavens of fucking loves
 and blond salt taken
grass skirt aloha Pittsburgh
 and how change cannot be imported
people, and too many questions
people, and guitars as musicians
 and threatening each other
 and letting time pass as
for tomorrow and change winds
 and blood wine song despair a
 moment remembering why death
comes over and again in
 expansions brainblows cosmica
I love you now even if
everything else does die as
 it will

The surrounds of 2 walls and chain linkism.
Basketball hoop, no net, small court and grass.
A people watching, a not curious people but
only an attention at, or else to the distractions;
the littles. Go blind faith. And looking
through fence.

The contemplates of coeducation, dune riding
and love, and permanence. A garden nook
for plant vines, if I stand between a cage
could be built around me and next time - life
I would already be in prison.

But freeborn now and not wondering.
And the clouds like standard I remember and
not pushing and not afraid. Only afraid.
Standing on tall things and making things,
and drawing lines underwater I have never
tried but believe it would probably lead to
fucking like most things do. And letting
an air escape upward if no where else
into.

writing instrument

6/26/06

For longhand, a fine long
instrument. For social occasions, the
clickable sort and enough to respond
in ones and twos, in addition to writing.
But a fine long instrument, for concentrating
intentions, for the focus of. To sew
words upon a page.

and not responding only attending to that which happens
and only making it mine if it is in a direct path.

buying people in ones and twos and trading wine as water as
orange juice as whatever fuck.

I have not certainly minded the containments of justice when
a people are behind closed doors and segregated. they
fear thus. Apologies. all because of that word -
the words.

watching slow trains, a people moving awayward and making
razor ground lines. flashing keys at death decision territory
machinery. I am glad, I am only glad.

you get no information

6/24/06

information blackout, all the sounds and bangs, the claps, the earthshit talk and bearismness, the ground.

you get no information because you expect I give you information. you expect things (things) because of anger or wantfulness. I am not open to you because of your expectation for the government of consent.

How much money people have.

How many tattoos someone has and what kind they are.

Why the girls flirt in games of one-upmanship.

Why people from other places are defensive or

why they ask so many questions.

Why some things made of plastic cover little speckled things.

Why some people prefer cat to marijuana.

I.

Take straight razor, holding wart between forefinger and thumb, lift wart, cut with razor around base of wart - subject can then exit, for wart is now in possession. (do not clean razor, save this in a safe place).

II.

Take wart and put on inside windowsill that gets a fair amount of sun. Let wart dry, or cure, for 4-6 weeks.

III.

Take wart and place on flat cutting surface (a plate or glass cutting board is best). Take straight razor from 4-6 weeks ago and 'chop' wart into fine dust.

IV.

Put wart dust into pipe or bong and smoke the genital wart powder as you would other herbs.

Only been around, and never having climbed.
I know a death in its inside I fear, but
respect the ferns anyway. Respect the
forms anyway and not unburying anything
except for beauty and power in allowance, protection.
Death, and solace peace.

Slow, reliable, the pounds of faith
of life blood cause, into determination,
into the qualities of living as.
And a stone to pass, of settled
intentions, this lock is belonging and to
you, the mighty gifted, an invitation
to lust and fuck and food - and
wisdom things like time, yours.
And to know the beats of jealousy,
for I was its cause, to know the
beats of responsibility, by Waldorf salt
and dixie sweetness, the dairyooods of
Dean, and in little circles, the begins
of two - for trust and in a time, how
the numbers pass into something
called love and walking in sandals
some call slippers or either black
boots or barefoot naked legs crossing
bridges and holding hands saying
arbitrary anything I know like
discern. And passing books back
and forth as slowly as possible for
a ride comes in many forms including
the invisible. And eating rhubarb or
rhudabarb from the ground I do not
know who planted.

To have conceptual guns pointed at oneself. To have conceptual syringes aimed. To have threats of isolation, threats of the ownership of peoples, threats of food withholding. The threats, and how the

least restrictive response, or better, the most generous return of intentions is nonresponse or either the inward travel until a best response is a floated balloon followed by the acts. Though I

am not so simple as entirely the behaviorist, rather to gather the facts of many fields in response to physical force. I wonder at the public pace, for not every shooter or either complainer is the violent

sort, but a hearing, and to find release buttons I wish for. But if I will not leave, why the assortments of species and we. Fist to embrace, or either walking away. And the other symbols, like fire

or rain or lake, mountain; the stars and how I interpret them into constellations; the social factors and how a life I am told by buildings, the activity of cathedrals. And to have conceptual guns

and symbols at one's social structure. I can only draw fire for a while and then, poof, yours, all that I have collected. All that I have collected.

America sings, and sky lake clouds, to imagine as they were without people or either the invaders I do not know. And having brought

Monastic riddles and clock time and having made at the attempts of escaping season in four comfortable walls and dead leather chairs and footstool fire, scotch, OH! To love the

Escapes of how it began in 1776 or either 200 years before that I remember from elementary foundations K-12 in each of three separate states. And sing! How a firefly, how a midnight light

Rains and crickets a cigarette imagining itself down to butt to ash to sleep. Nature and not too far lest it be away and other, it is not, but only deer and bear and into and out of sickness by natural selection I believe. And a chapel to that, poet's chapel, the contains of natural selection for only sometimes do -

I wish to consider such things but in little things and wine, and city honks 1 and 2. I have always only understood the city partly and climbing tall buildings as if they were mountains with their own weather? Perhaps, perhaps. And

Can the night still stand above politics, and can a star be as bright through clouds. The astronomies of living dangerously and among elections or either their corporate disregard I do not know except some are owned I believe. A shame. And

Always to balance with the considerations of nature and time and ambition and self - and a product, like independence, to model if nothing else. To model independence if nothing else.

Zip and tear from groundstalk
shirtwipe friendhand as
constant.
Like celery tall broad leaf broad
without bra
tang taste bitter sweet
generous
mouthswish chew, the
swallows of
a confined nature
and only knowing something
edible without the confounds
of kitchen preparation
cookstop foodchannel
confusion stop.
And others I listen and
knowing gentler things like
taste
and without social meaning
except the spirits or either
ghosts of sustaining
a body.
I do not want it all except
what is in my own hand
given.

For having troubled a social body, the gains of spiritual reformation wait. For level 3 and patient. And who can tell, them, a chaplain courage. Visitation at level 2, and what to offer then? I ask nothing except for the regular divinities which escape regulation. Level 3, and to them water people, the cross is the ultimate of stops they understand. I understand, and in its reluctance, I cannot fight except God armies which suppose a force of fences and human stalls. For love I will be patient, and the earns of properism, a community and quiet on two knees, and them all beside, on twenty knees, on seventy knees if they are able or either contemplating in any case. Level 3. And the more advanced even, level 4 and level 5, but never minding any further than participatory religion for then all is given except for the contributions of oneself to constructing an elsewhere which has never minded my absence in the past. Only good enough to offer.

a fence my own
the contains of interest and
tossing sticks through to
see how they land.
collecting red tape,
blue hose triumph,
basketball hoop no net
triumph to
watch the game being
played and again the
neverending game into
four o'clock sundown.
the flower children, the
blooming flowers and
walking in free direction
lines. free trails and
always fenceward
until a people earn
a love and dialogue
amongst themselves.
half sunlit picnic table
and them speaking
in nothing rhymes
and meaningless
shit shit shit. the
plants I call garden
like rhubarb because
there is not another word
for nature here lest
it freely rain as it will
predictably like
tears like little capsules
of emotion and keeping
the grass green like
normal except for
the wandering path
which circles everything.

Old shit keyboards pop
refurbished. Bang new no
visa cash or check.
The institute of modernism
without regard for the
post-its of computerdom
them. Steal away the
nonelectrical machines
for the measurement of
thoughts, the production
of quality I only understand
as interest. Olympia
grace posture sixty
bucks strong and
carrying case portable.
The parking lot for selling
other shit like cars or
for keeping cars secure
and private. History
and telling without the
consterns of saving anything
except myself. Ink.

DURAbRAND radio China

7/10/06

GOD

A and A

Fred G.

tune in
the spells of
melody
rapture and
exactly the
notions I
have believed
sense like
crazy and
repiecing a
world and
thinking
kindly from
what experience
I
know and
channel shift
sway to
yours the
emotions of
and tune
in the communications
the waves
I know
nothing of
transmission
except the
reeducations of
panels of
life, frames,
in sound I
believe and
then put away
kindly

consume slowly like
the contemplates of
what a body needs holy
for its continuation

tobacco wells and a
cooling force like thought
the slender imagination
with air force swells and

dribbles down a sideways
rolling floorward I know
something glistens without
intellect within but a

concept as ready for
acceptance on 80 degree
couch friend turn and
fill a vessel with

only water and dashes
of magnesium mineral
ingestion nap and the
prepares of winter

six months out and
cool rain then I feel
wet and lazy loud
pipe motorbike cross

and return to sleep
the adjuncts of living
on July days and
naked among men

and only wishing

Bewildered, the
elders, I the fool,
the snipe, and clattering
fuzzy creatures
with sticks into
burlap bags. I
fear no nocturnal
life I am told, and
bravely moonlit
venture, those olden
and having known
outcomes, and
backward a
twenty paces with
beer and giggling
at their own first
family calling now
thirty years past.
And how no thing
passes likewise
except nature including
the spirit of hunt,
of trust, of marshmallow
nights and farmfires,
Pabst then I will
drink when I
get old. When
I get old I will
and remember the
hunt.

Believing an eternity as ideology is
acceptable. I prefer the
littles I
say, and starting boxlike small
for from this I grow I
must.
A poet's chapel and little
she
recognizes. Thank you I say
after dismembering and threatening
a thought. And you
are welcome within
if
you wish. If you wish and
that is all. For law is on
occasion a regard.
That is all. And live twice and
match a law with law or either
still consider this set as within
your
set theory as if sociological
bounds were always the same.
Eternity, of time.
Infinity, of place.
I remember love and being
and
perhaps it is enough.
Perhaps it is enough for the
both of us
twicely until we are
fused or either
interested.
Curious.

And if a dollar doubled, to spend 1.50
and expect the economists, the numerologists,
to return .50 and equal to one half, and
to grant a ten of hearts or either the one of
spades in friendship, to declare the
70 as some houses holy, or either the fruited
20 as Dominican. To suppose your run of
the millism catholic as 2.5, that being
1.5 the greater than the soloism of Jesus,
and to say a doctor understands the
significance of the sociology of numbers,
and he having left the actual concerns of
the body, that a penicillin, indeed a standard
dose, indeed, but the psychotropics and
the fuzziness of illnesses of the brain, let
the bipolar dude be 1 mg lorazepam and
a ten dash of olanzapine, and the schizoschizo,
them a 20 for owning an ideological house
the lesser than the 70 for nothing you say
is quantifiable. And what returns? Upon
a spended quarter, the pleasures of chewing
gum I suppose, upon a dime of Haldol, a
compliance and a peace on earth, upon
the earmarks of a stereo turned to 100,
I give 100 and am absorbed, I take one
hundred, I am absorbed, and if a dosage
to the hallucinogens, if a hallucinogen as
contribution to mental health, and if a play
of medical marijuana, the numbers would
indeed drift away a mindless fun I am sure,
and financialist, and insurer, and accountant,
drink 4 ounces of grape juice between 6 am
and 12 pm daily or either substitute with
22 grapes while I manage a single cherry
with pit I spit and know as love and essential
more than a systemic battle which will only
lead to the unconcerns of lobotomized voltage.

The heaviest door. Not that MAX 2 or 3 could be breached but a symbolism in that heaviness. No writing on the wall, yet. Until I, having been placed within with the contraband of pen, that this is not Abu Ghraib, but only a box near a lake. Friend, I sign as. And declaring some numbers like Jesuit 70, Dominican 20, Franciscan 10, and Edgewood, as having gone unclaimed, until the box is filled and then rebutted. No matter. But the worst, the windows, and having been double pained with levelor blinds in between like bars and distorting a natural exterior beauty. A frame indeed, and only left to sit on floor without the glows of social distortion, how they pass, and how in some grand eventual a mind turns through meditation and considers the importance of things (things). I do appreciate nature and a faith declares it is not little and other. I do appreciate a social and I am beyond no threshold lest a place be a threshold. Perhaps. I and responsible. For a culture and for the meanings of, for the meaninglessness I am responsible. And only wondering at truth when I am bored with the birds and chipmunks playing their fly by games of dominance and subordination I imagine. The heaviest door and wondering how a difference of people is established. I do know, really, and it is no secret, really, that a house will rest upon a foundation, and this, it is black and established. Solid.

