

ABOUT THE RAIN

GREGORY MARKEE

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PRITY LIGHTS

Madison

SILENCE MOURN

Gaping mourn silence
for time is gone
done
hurried away and with a question remaining
were absence replaced with nature
but for time for time there is wait
wait
[yes]

Death is
death is not

and I do move forward into smaller spheres age

clinging neatly to memory

believing memory

I have run out of answers
but what I see
the season still through a window blows the fallen leaves
I have run out of answers

WERE I TO ASK OF FREEDOM

and were I cause
were I to ask of freedom
I

choose a constellation
with old words attached
for memory

over and again every night
the story
when the nearest star first appears but for the clouds

but for the clouds in the way
I have memorized
you

THE ANIMAL THE PET

The animal fashioned for pet

collared and domestic

groomed

named

walked heavily at first though was given a treat

OH LIE

Oh lie
to life
the faculties bending truth
I am not my own
I hold a million stars inside I hold a single star inside
what I am already given
is contorted
and closely held [do I not learn in age]

They are under another sea
causing social formation causing questions
I know a single answer
again and again
Oh lie
to life
when they want for order
what it is I offer is close and reasonable

There is a star the size of anthropology
and a deepest shade of orange
burns slowly
like a fetish
claims only honesty
and holds honesty without answer
like silence
and asks only of itself

Oh lie
to life
what happens without my knowledge is yet
but I was away with my own
where there gladly is no surface
I do not know your language
I do not hear your weather
my senses are limited

FATIGUE

All of the muscles in the human body
knotted and done
and thought is littled
and lifted
found into sleep when the soul does stir

A dream is let away
sent
I do forgive
nor I can manage a control when
I am done and with no force for thought

And were I apart from life
in a claimed pause
where all to do is watch
to be
like healing

And were it a good dream
the mind is let down in the last
is carried
from the day
I will not remember

HEARTENED

A thought lets a star through the cloud
cover
I receive

And then it rains
and then it rains
down the sweetness of the night

Watch and smell
take this for order
a thought lets a star through the cloud

INDIFFERENCE

In my absence
were it all to exist
the land the clouds the elements all
were it to continue
nor a burden is mine to speculate
As I am present I am
and a range of colorform what I see is
now and my own extent
and were it to exist beyond my senses
and without title
There are no names in my absence no language
and I am sovereign for
where I then exist
aparted from spectacle
is my own invention
And were I to reinvent all
compacted with my own smallness
nor realizing an elsewhere
say what I dream
too is valid
But the limits of experience are
to the limits of the universe
and when I am done
so too the universe is done
done
Were there reason for care
[mention legacy]
and were I my own legacy
as my own child
were I to come again and again
And were there a greater completion
to every word I start
I can only measure what
parcel of being I am and what I contain
without speculation

THE LAKESWIM

A silted bottom

[it was a glacier which pushed pushed and went away]

and weeds near to shore

[where the light does reach a bottoms]

the lakeswim

[in cutoffs]

from the pier where a towel is

[and deep enough to dive outward]

the surface is glass

[the surface is glass]

[reflects]

and fish to consider

[the surface is glass]

It is sunrise and there is dew on the grass

THE MEANDERING MIND

The meandering mind
drifting without effort with
the social winds
crossing the urban the suburban
the rural and seaward
to where a gathered thoughts
collect
like a camp

nor I am caught within myself
but willing
and writing

ART AS EVIDENCE

The plastic melted together
 and fake feathers of chiffon were put
 and it took a drill for the rod to prop it upright
 [though it had no upside] [until the eyes were applied]
 [and given the name Morphia]

It was only a scale model and
 the larger filled the warehouse
 and would eventually cast a shadow
 the length of a city block if a sun were in the proper position
 [there was something to prove with feathers] [and eyes]

When a form is animated like
 a resemblance to the familiar
 and with character
 it can be asked questions
 [there are allusions]

The artist was found at the library
 already entered into another task
 and were his name not attached to Morphia
 he would not exist at all
 ever

And the other artists experimenting
 with material and materialism
 and experimentalism
 were really inventing new words
 [inductively] [from the nifty] [from the animated]

And were poetry art [first the poet]
 invented a name for that which was not completed
 so the material would grow into a name
 but still nevertheless [and causing questions]
 and their thoughts were indication [he]

Material art

but concepts are material
and light is material
everything is material everything of notice is material
and do I create

And need I continue the act of creation
if I were once noticed
[what does last forever]
[but a social system]
[the artist invented a social system and lived until it was replaced]

And the suicidal artist
having invented something timeless
had no escape from existence
[and still cast a shadow]
[like an idea] [a good idea]

Notoriety is a selfish reason
[but it was timelessness as cause for invention]
[does not every artist turn to the philosophy of art]
[the philosophy of the nifty]
[and eventually arrives at a philosophy of the nifty]

The melted plastic would not be melted
and the welded steel would not be welded
and the idea of chiffon as feathers would not be
and the shadow would not be
nor the question of who

[They would just be walking and not realizing]
[they would just be looking without concepts]
[they would just be going to work]
art is inevitable
art called art is evidence [art is evidence]

BOX OF LIGHTS

Box of lights black
lights resembling eyes
but it had no program [just a box]
square and rested on the pedestal
the first computer

They had not made the neurological leap
to introduce software to the box
the idea of computer was
but realized as material
[they had not realized]

Computer software is material
they had not realized
a computer can be instructed
given metal arms and purpose
given senses

The first generation of
created life is only seen from the outside
sat in a warehouse
shining
and knowing

It is difficult to convince them
a box of lights is useful
but purpose is the imagination
and to the computerists
it was a start

And their eyes opened
propped the imagination
said twenty years is a target
for the next generation when
it will make sounds

WHO ARE YOU?

Who are you
I think so little about myself
my own taxonomy is
registrar of colors
descended from the agrarians of places with four seasons
and if I were what I eat I say
my diet is rounded and balanced
omnivorous
and were my social history your question
I say I have no dietary restrictions
I eat politicians and historians and artists
I consume poets
I do
consume attitudes and philosophy I decide
who are you
I am what I make
I make letters and ideas
I am in love
with what
I just say I am in love
inescapably in love I eat love

I have no answer
I cannot clarify my own
I am different tomorrow am I not

What it is you see

I am tall

TAXONOMICS FOR THE WONDERED

The man chirped and growled observations
upon a textured canvas
called at God like devotion like music like difference
[the other was closer to silence though stole breaths for one hundred years]
[then gone] [having left a legacy]

A mapmaker
for wherefrom the wind did come
a timekeeper
for wherefrom the seasons
the leaves fall for the coolness started

The oceans have always been and will always be
and the clouds and the stars
[the voices]
[say they are born when I am born]
[I have always known nature]

The man assumes ideas and grows grows into
makes art and poems at the inexplicable
gathered his own remnants and put them into a pile like history
[reference is graphite]
[is answer] [material answer]

BLANK SLATE

Government was not first imagined
 it was a home which sent a mind to gratitude
 the efforts of one's own creation
 nor want for justice
 nor calamity
 And upon a start
 with walls and space and moments
 the blank slate for the imagination
 comfort and utility and what pleases the soul
 and acreage for a similar appreciation
 And an encroach of the uninvited and the wanting
 a spirited soul with personal answers
 is answer to social possibility like fairness
 like democracy if a name is required
 where there are a million responses for a million individuals
 Nor protectionism nor solutionism
 it was just a school
 it was just a road
 [were they called libertarian]
 [for wanting to return to the soul like art returns]
 An interior is colorful with pleasing sounds
 like industry like language
 and the daily news to start the daily fire
 gently crackles pops and
 sets one down again to blankness
 And the relentless yet
 [what is a government extended from this]
 [but small] [and without heroes I have not met]
 there are calls for orders of communities
 and orders of communities of communities
 The imperial is imagined and does not go away when
 and borders their borders their stronger borders
 are a dare
 for their silence is reinforced
 [their]

QUERY

The solid surface of nature
the predictability of nature you return
brown is a color
and the gone leaves the monochrome
[they held a concert for the coming winter]
[one last time before the weather becomes too sharp]
[the sounds]
everything I say is nature
and what is written in winter seeds the sun again
when it comes back from the south

I do not know how long I will remember certainty
again and again
before brown too passes
before it will never snow again
[is the promise of one hundred years]

THE EXAGGERATED

In a quiet room alone
the articles of peace fall into place like curiosity
I remember the stars
loud enough to tell a story through the silence
[there is a crack that begins on the ceiling]
[and culture is invented]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHILOSOPHY

For their genius he gave them a category
a room
with a basket of fruit and a loud clock

There is a writing table with pencil and
a stack of cards with different problems
each with enough room for an answer

For which they received twenty five cents
for every
answer

THE MYTH OF CERTAINTY

Because
evidence the winds do shift
a jog into experience [but you are not completed]
nor could I have expected a vote
about the rain
that popular opinion thus
is truth
[but the waters gathered into a new lake when the dam went down]
nor is it volatility
but humanity pushes itself unto nature
and only upon the catastrophic is there a realization that
nature is something different
[I have not seen the greatest extreme]
[there are outliers and outliers again and again]
what I know is
there is a word for skin and a word for language
and does translate as character
[one's own]
and when the sun went down again and again
a life is built about
the reliable
the most certain is a dare
material is certain and in death I leave material
[speculation]
and a frame is a clause unto certainty
that
within a given frame a given conditions are
reliable
call life such a frame
yet mythical for learning
I am not done with astonishment
nor could I have expected a vote about the stars
and how a social sway is a line to my own
it is a minority opinion to say they are
watching
but nothing is proven otherwise excepting
comfort for what is otherwise disruptive eruptive

THE ERUPTION OF

The ruptured corruption disrupted

[what they believed was freedom]

[and lived within]

The eruption of questions followed

He spewed answers volatile answers

she spewed retorts and reports

until it was cooled into magma'd cinder

until it became fertile soil eventually

THE MOON DOES NOT MOVE

The stalled air everything stalled
there is no wind for the clouds
it is daytime forever

The insects still and suspended
in flight like the turkey vultures
and the waves capped white suspended

As they are
and the moon does not move
the daymoon does not move

RIGHT OF WAY

Authority is policy
understanding

[they were traveling in opposite directions]

though she had to slow for the oncoming budget

[make arrangements]

[for rightness is no reference to size]

BLUES THE MALCONTENT

Blues the malcontent and the disarrays of all
 cast no votes for them in office
 she held the highest office but it was love I favored
 too busy for the idea of love after all
 the food is alright and enough to make a day
 through
 late at night questions
 about doing the right thing laying the right course
 life is a ship an easy vessel
 no control for the weather the storm coming
 up and down at the surface up and down
 Blues the malcontent and the watchers
 the most challenging conscience is mine
 believe what they think what they must think
 running side by side with the wind
 but not for no reason
 going places quietly in subtle fashion
 take hunger with me take want with me
 read the news about old places same as before
 they took up music had an idea about
 starting a band
 the others made money and listened said yes no
 Blues the malcontent and the absence of some thing
 have not quit church though been a while
 nor pray like wishes hopeful wishes
 and to praise struggle I do not know struggle
 called struggle just the weight of living
 all of the days lined up in a row already planned
 the weather is as it should be October cast and balm
 the hardest word is perfect
 says they are satisfied know no better
 all else is an apology to learning I have never seen perfect
 actual
 Blues the malcontent never had enough time
 busy gone away into my thoughts
 into quiet rooms cannot complain about peace
 the demands of waking into modern space

all of the tasks lined about and floating about
 choose one choose one
 keep up with maintenance stay abreast of the proven
 there is a formula a compulsory formula
 nothing can be taken nothing is important when
 there is no use for courage no use for intuition
 there is no use for solutions
 Blues the malcontent I got time on my hands
 never made time for industry but got time on my hands
 watch them put together signs
 they are not done yet figuring they just
 formed a quick circle like a lock out a trust
 my area is a shield I too lock I too am a trust
 put a protective order against what is not explained
 try to figure their thoughts for their language
 they have no poetry
 poetry sets down
 poetry is a stop
 Blues the malcontent watched a vehicles collide
 the traffic kept going on around the mess
 and the paid help with ambulances and trucks
 the paid help the paid help the paid help
 someone did telephone I suppose
 conscience is a heavy weight
 how to account the day away when thinking of vehicles and tragedy
 though not a cynic though saw no civilians
 the tidy culture no one is banished the jails are full
 per contract the jails are full and the schools are full
 I keep my rhythm

Saw his shadow
 the person stepped around him
 someone answered his question
 flipped a light switch
 consumed food ate dinner
 there was evidence he is
 there is evidence he is

CITY LIGHTS

The shadows bent down dusk
the city lights
Prowl the night the artists prowl the night
the prowling poets
At brick walls and permanent words
indoors the printer the rhythm of the printer
One two three
answers at a time
Who makes deadlines but ambition
near dawn sunrise
[They were gone all night telling stories]
[inna way which will be edited]
So too the sun
when they have not slept today
So too the sun
will be edited

THE MANDATE

For moderation a subtle majority
 the mandate strung a line about the entire population
 is now common to say
 the requisition to live in a way is
 healthy [as it should be]
 so it is said
 Mention authority
 they were empowered to drive a social sphere
 to push a way of orbit
 and I am affected and
 grace to regard I am among though not always included
 but for now I am necessary
 Were there no other citizens
 and a mandate to a population which does not exist
 ask how is authority were there no subject
 [one empowers their own and with no vote were I alone]
 there are consequences there must be consequences
 [actual]
 Politics continue to talk
 like utopia like idealism and there is a responsibility
 for every citizen
 so it is said what can be done and to follow
 authorities' regard were there consensus
 because a constitution
 'Do politics work' is a question and
 in the midst of discern mention
 the rules of order say politics is just a style for ideas
 science is introduction though substance is idea and consensus
 though representative
 for not all get a vote
 Though all are affected in rule
 and oversight to the executive
 is there enforcement or are there incentives
 the mandate the universal mandate
 is a construct a social construct
 and who is subject who is watching without a voice

THE MANDATE

Judge steward social opinion was asked a question
and people listen
respond in ten silent days

The weather went
with their heads in the clouds
and they bathed in the sun and they walked barefooted in the water

Ten days passed and
a consequent is issued to them who remained at home
to form a laboratory for how else would they know

EARLY UP

Early up a morning
intentions casting east will fill the day until
the sun does drop on the other side

Early up a day
risen with clarity the single cloud is
underside lit like coffee

Early up a start
and them with aengines for work
bustle industry bustle silence bustle nature

TURN

Forward turn
the question of principle
again for every day I reset

The jittered memories of cause
and control
the readjustment of memories for tomorrow is in sight

I am only searching again and again
nor have I forgotten yesterdays' conditions are
unique and other

I hold quietly hold and do not move
it is the day which does turn me [how I choose to respond] [upon yesterdays' being]
[I am turned upon my own history]

SHUT DOWN

Slowly the cogs
winding down winding down to
silence eventual stillness
and purpose is done completed

And the last human as presence
turns out the lights
shutters the windows locks the doors enters
the out of doors where the wind

THE OPERATIVE COALITION

Questions pressure questions

[the uprising]

[they dressed similarly]

[took down ropes took down blockades]

[started a congress]

[they had not divided into specialties yet]

ABOUT THE RAIN

The weather came in with the season
change
along with the leaves change along with the attitudes of
being
about the rain
a chorus of congress

They get along fine
with the weather
were there no weather they would not have language
mention the sunrise
speculate about the tide
they get along fine with the weather

Today is rain
he said she said
and wind and clouds cool
the deadlocked vote is something other and has nothing to do with the weather
[just mention the weather once]
[and go away to your office]

About the rain
there is nothing to say again and again
there is a problem that cannot be compared to the weather
[the stubborn clouds]
and patience to her desk thinking upon a new constitution
the rain outside

THE RAIN OUTSIDE

The rain outside
carwheels in the rain
the sounds

The rain inside
the gentle drone of congress
the sounds

The water travels unto history
downhill down capitol hill
to where it rests stops

LAW

Inconsequent

law

it had no teeth it had no foundations no money

a rule established

though a beleaguered executive could not enforce

nor praise

the law rose as reference

unto conceptualism and a status of

if

FORETOLD IN NUMBERS

Foretold in numbers
the evidence ten years prior
the budget
listed and complained
bellowed and smoked now

TIME IS PLUCKED (FROM A TREE)

Time is plucked
from a tree begins
the day and all stations
and the names for telling stories
for having been

Time is plucked
and slowly eaten away
it is the season for answers
and now I know beauty
and now I know life

Time is plucked
and put away for memories
it is a picnic and delight
to be a part of all
that is a matter of history

Time is plucked
from a tree continues
I was watching the river
and the slow clouds
I remember

SHE GOVERNS

She governs mother nature she governs
the moon the natural moon the reliable moon
in orbit and the stars
and the daily sun she governs
She governs the river and its tributaries she governs the rain
and life she governs the systems of ecology
and when the winter the closing
she governs the bell when the leaves are gone
and the lakes are covered with ice and when
the snow gathers and rises and all is quiet
she governs my place among with a dole of ideas
for being and for becoming
and when winter is answered in longer days
and a mind of freedom she governs
the waking forests and the newly born
and the colors aloud become the visions for the year

AWAY IS AUTUMN

Away is Autumn
the quieting season is near completed
nature is nearly let down
with the leaves and last warmth
unto Winter comes a patience
and silence but for wind and answers
I have seen the last leaves quietly down
themselves and
the foraging animals finish
and the shorter days now a quickness
for light
Away is Autumn

SHUTDOWN

Shutdown the people for leadership
stands still silence

There is no conversation for ways
and strategy is identity the camps

Them for and against quash compromise
apparently balanced and matched

They are equal and one for one and
strip each other of authority

A remaindered thought is impasse
for both camps are logic

Each last within their own power
though a station is no fulfillment

When the others are as categorical
with limits and impatience for listening

Shutdown and their thought is
absence is greater than a mixed kind

The still air in the chambers

The stillness

TIPPING POINT

The stillness crept into thought
and the nervous one with tapping foot
bellowed suddenly change
simple change
in a voice without having cleared his throat first

There is a consequence to inaction
social systems decay

÷ (DIVISION)

For so long they multiplied
made force and genius of numbers
filled places with souls

And then they divided
each gave half over and again remaining as a quarter
small

Diaspora nor anyone recalls where it was
they said they were going
though they packed a lunch

WALKING MAN

With walking shoes the city end to end
rain and sun and snow
the walking man
did not count miles but days he counted
the cars drove by

HEAVENS

The heavens there were many
and consequent to the particular variety of
admission is a series of acts of the living
[somewhere with a beach
[a place with fresh towels every day
[and good food

What do I need to know

THE PROVOST

The terms of being are curricular
[age is curricular]
and satisfied when I am satisfied
[this is voluntary]
and there is no adjustment for them walking alone
[but they must listen to the wind as well]

From the West and circles over the peaks
with snow on them still from last winter
squatted and listened and the clouds
turn dark with lightning danger
retreat from history call back
space and triumph tomorrow is destiny

If not today

UNCONDITIONAL

That earth responds I am
unconditional until I am no more sense
and assume the weather will yet
fire lightning and principle in its
construction
I am but registrar though to my limits
being

MIRROR MY MIRROR

With all of my faults registered
she is the same sinner as I
and the same penitent walk we travel
nor having crossed a path
for knowing except voices
the same as my own and
I have no image but myself

OPEN THE WINDOW

The moving air through and nighttime
Open the window
The moon is in my eye
And the day completed is blown pushed
There is no memory but the present
I only know pictures and
The autumn balm of temperature
Upon my skin
It is time to rest to go away
To create a different dream of travel

BECAUSE YOU ARE SAD

Because you are sad
the forest is tangled is no entry
and the rain without wind just down
Because you are sad
and with no money nor fascination
the paint is the wrong color
Because you are sad
for having given happiness a high post
and out of reach
Because you are sad
for having slept through Sunday
and Monday is the same
Because you are sad
for mentioning freedom twice
for seeing freedom elsewhere distant
Because you are sad

