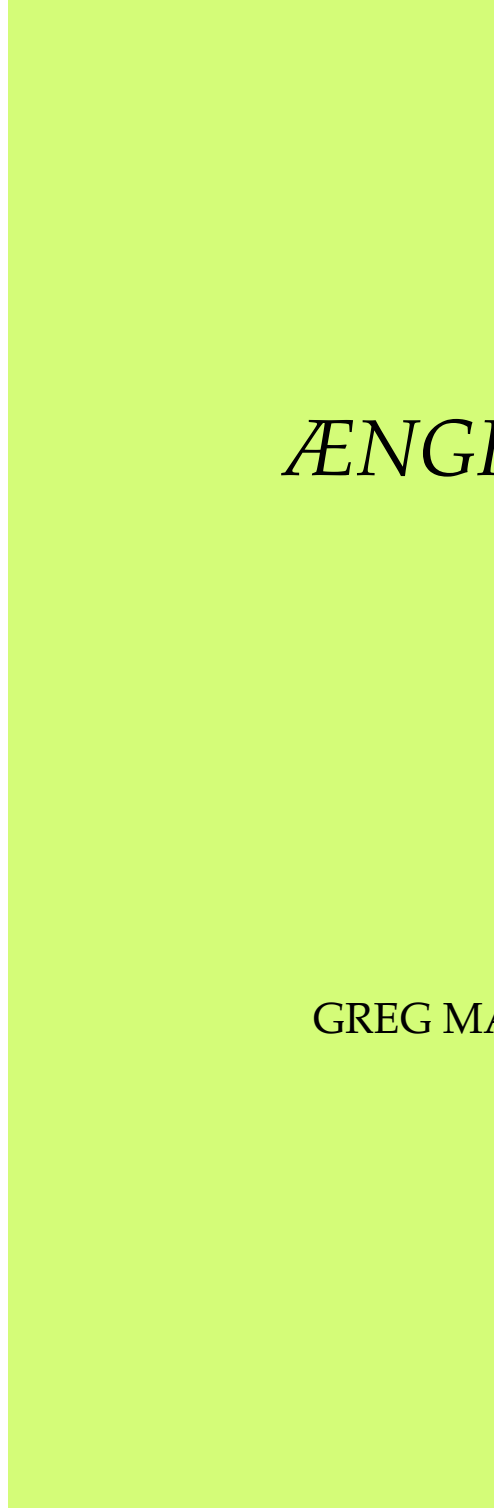




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*ÆNGINES*

GREG MARKEE



# *ÆNGINES*

Greg Markee

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DIVISION PUBLISHING

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MADISON

*papers*

Papers, and blown and burned now once history, its  
symbol.  
Stand and empty and nature reclaims all things.  
Tomorrow, to begin again upon impermanence, the  
reconstructions.  
I will draw air and then I will draw light.  
I will draw things I need and then to  
draw oneself.  
As fine, the certainties were too many clouds and too  
many isolations. The poems were only little  
then  
and given away from their start. To cling to  
the next and the restart after that.  
Papers like October leaves. Papers like lake birds and  
urgencies. Papers as urgency I see them gone.  
What symbol cannot be recast? And myth, what I  
cannot remember is only material and dumb.  
And if a legacy I had intended, then gone like sight.  
And to be blind without a history, I am not I realize, but  
only  
learning again the impermanence of  
motive and that that which sustains is something other.  
And stand.  
I am contrast to history.  
I am contrast to material.  
I am other than collected. Paper is only.  
And how long to have watched things disappear. How long  
to have managed a loss.  
I gather newness for the last was reclaimed by its force.  
I gather advice  
and reclaim intentions, for those were good I remember. I  
remember intentions.

*collage*

Memory patterns. Art is many things. [things]  
The human spot among falling trees and  
litter.  
The human spot among reconstruction. I am  
gone and only watching.  
The ways of pride and how authority then settles  
pride.  
A machine and made of many parts, the collage  
and cast of stones and moss, sand and  
structure.  
Who is not simple?  
And what does not represent time and freedom  
if I think about it in a way?  
The moon as time and freedom.  
The child as time and freedom.  
The day as time and freedom.  
And what does not represent isolation if I consider  
it in a way?  
The lake is isolation.  
The winter is isolation.  
A title is only so strong as it is given. And social all,  
that the pieces of night are only received if  
I am present.  
That the pieces of holiday are only known if  
I am then aware.  
Memory patterns. And that which is excluded.  
The human spot.  
And not now plain or either absent, but only not  
considered lest a spot  
intended I am. The human spot and then only collected  
like art.

*interrupting design*

Stop. Word sound cause.  
The wind I start again.  
The rain I start.  
For winter ended mercies.  
I lend mercy.  
Now I lend peace and courage.  
I interrupt the designs of war with  
thought.  
With the whispers of possibility I  
interrupt that which  
has no control.  
Stop.  
Word and errand and hands over hands for  
healing.  
The stars I start. I lend a  
comfort to the stars. To  
the night, the  
peace of possibility.  
I make nature standard. I interrupt nature  
and call it standard.  
I interrupt the contemplates of selfism and  
install intentions like art.  
I install dignity upon force and  
despair.  
I install pause.  
Stop. And the leaves, and  
that other which falls like time, to  
bring a patience to.  
And might, the arrest of reason, I bring  
thought to this  
quietly.

*molecules and archetypes*

Small forms now. Beauty made little like  
word.  
I draw a poem of night until the sun then dawns  
into thought.  
I draw a square and call it world for it is  
what I know.  
And think at the sport of receiving receiving  
ever.  
Small forms now.  
And seeing the cycles in miniature, I am  
miniature.  
  
And knowing only some things can be measured  
except by the irrationalisms of  
word  
and memory, but how could I otherwise return to  
love  
after having left it aside for lack of  
recognition then?  
And how could I return to justice if  
I only watched it blankly and never having  
called it something desirable?  
  
Small them. Or  
either the eternities of change for which I  
have no control.  
And to draw a poem for memory, the lake ice is  
beauty, and if beauty is cause I  
am made to see other things.  
The winter sky blue and only cold I too know  
beauty then.  
And again a winter meadow bent grass. I do  
know beauty is small.

*I only know one bird*

Prove to me I am immortal.

Prove to me I am mortal I say.

And say list the evidence of timelessness.

What is not timeless I say?

You are of an age, you are old and you are young,  
you live among a modern world,  
you will retire from your errands one day then.

Only a cycle then, for

I know winter comes again and again.

Only a cycle then, for I am born again with  
the new moon every.

But death comes to every, and even that which  
reproduces

itself, its memory is lost.

If life is only small I respond. If a  
man is only his skin I respond.

And if an age, how to make these broadest thoughts  
valid, how to be so certain as death  
so near? How

to be so certain as to pass oneself lastly  
to youth before breath escapes me.

How to be so confident that I will not bring  
this peace or either this company  
again again?

These structures, I know to live is to  
be content at pace. I do not know confidence, for  
to know confidence is to reference doubt.

I have no reference to doubt.

You say prove to me a bird lives again and again.

I only know one bird and

I say I, I

only know one bird and flight from that.

*cosmic consensus*

Law then rightly. What a Paul believes.

And in a year something other.

But what is greater than the truths upon  
time?

I know nothing I know. For  
every law I call escapes me, and wisdom is  
this, that law escapes me.

And now wise and only science sleep silence  
sleep. What Mary has believed  
and change is this, broader than the acts  
of moment.

And humble then quiet, and the ignorance of  
destiny regardless what  
it calls itself.

And to those bent in pressure like slave,  
escape to where

I know other things and too let them fly  
away.

What Daniel. What Gabriel.

What icon then. I call it law and humbly know  
other canons sound other life unretained  
and unspent.

And the formal airs, the ignites of that which  
forces social record, that which discerns genius  
as politic.

For there is no evidence to the cosmic stuff  
really, and

only willing to discard the smallness of  
living for hope then cries and

I do not share this with you outright but only  
smile at what we know other that  
continues then.

*measures*

Who asks, are we there yet?  
Begun only, oppression passes see and  
how it stays only gone if a  
memory.  
I know I am comfortable, I know if anything  
dashes the comfort of others  
then. And trails fear and despair.  
And if we are there, what of  
monotony I say nothing.  
I am not  
angel nor peace nor  
becoming anything but I know a year  
is only this like selfism as  
imagination passes to the museums of  
cable radio and candle ease.  
If we are many, indeed, we are there. But  
we as something other,  
only begun. Now stays winter I  
cannot help. Now  
stays death, and age I cannot help.  
And only oppression passes  
simply when these borders are small.  
And pain, it is nothing except other I know  
it as.  
There is no place, there is midnight,  
there is breakfast.  
There is time.  
Who asks, are we there yet? And  
what if? Only to question the  
nature of there and the nature of suffering. And  
only to question the nature of  
other am I.

*clocks, first snowfall*

Ready the dawn, first flakes now  
November comes. A year ago then.  
And a year ago.  
Trees and bare.  
Cloudlit night, the city and  
reflects a quiet underside letting down a  
year since then.  
Saturday nothing for Saturday is any day  
November.  
Lake ice then and  
passing geese, the calls, the calls.  
And passing people scarved and woolen  
first mark of winter.  
Winter is new death and  
passing. Comes the next for  
what remains  
stillness after this  
wind. Night falls again and things turn  
clockwise.  
The snow and beneath that I imagine  
earth and letting down.  
Where I go now is only  
simple and  
dusting roadway lines west to east fencelines.  
Ready the dawn I wait  
now second flakes color an attention to  
monochrome nightfall.  
No moon cloudgone and flakes they  
too  
stop for the stars. I stop  
for the stars return November's pattern.

*the features of revolution*

A spoiled sun, I am not content. The wind calls little now. The social walks, they are for traveling.

I only notice love as history.

And to compare the expands of peace with poverty and the way some things cannot care for themselves. I cannot care for myself but for other reasons then. I am old. Am I? I am too sudden in thought. I am grown and not learning still. I forget stillness. I am quiet

or nothing at all.

The flowers now autumn dead and I have replaced them with no other beauty.

How I know history, how I know religion, it is disrupted and gone.

The moon is tethered in corporation.

The moon is only half bright now and tethered.

A path I love, it is now broken for new homes and who will live where I once wondered.

I once wondered.

And how a thought once given freely is now accounted.

And how a thought to anyone is public. I did not mean for this. Discretion I meant. I only wanted for the littles of some control.

I have no control.

The troubled cold I am hardly warm. I am disrupted.

I am interrupted and never having considered myself a social contradiction until the bends of power

leaned upon me. Everything is power and leans on

I.

Respond.

*empty set*

Oh, darker than death and more quiet than

peace.

I do not know you nothing except as fear.

I know nothing as fear.

And you without change, for what can be changed in nonbeing? And what can be made of that which eats even death and even

imagination?

I am little I humor great things, I am given to wonder in little ways and then die.

It is the mortal path.

But legacy then I know, for conscience then.

And this without, and dark and swallowing things until they dissolve.

I know nothing as fear.

Empty set and even a memory idled and taken.

Quiet and winter midnight.

Quiet and assumes every concentration, assumes growth and urgency, time and lust.

I cannot wait then for death to know absence for

I already

realize that which follows.

*what to take on a journey?*

I realize nothing.

I do not expect.

Go west father says, to open space.

Assume an imagination then when  
it is time.

I am not reluctant and only  
begin northwest, a pace, a  
compromise.

And to leave things behind is to imply  
their absence among that which is  
new and important.

In one year I will return if  
then  
with knowledge.

In one year I will be efficient if then.

I am memory. I lose myself.

I am strength and  
only knowing pride.

I forget pride.

Take the wind then, its course. I take  
the wind.

Take time and then its course. I take time.

I resist something only once and then  
know to ask it  
question.

Take meaning, then.

I suffer at this  
and thank peace for suffering.

I take struggle  
except when it is without end.

I take struggle without end, do I  
not?

*measure to those who live a hundred years*

*measure to those who live a day*

A moment and gone. I will have traveled a life  
suddenly. The flowers were then  
spectacular and opening and never to become death  
except as aspect of otherseason.

I do not know aspects. For to die only and never  
knowing fear.

For to die only and never knowing what it is I care for.  
I care for everything one  
hundred times again.

But parameters are parameters and to judge  
consciousness as time, or

either to only judge my own worth I know and then  
sink deeply away.

Speculation. And tomorrow ends then gone I  
realize. The stars, if I have ever noticed them I hold  
them. If I have

ever noticed flood or either social solution I hold them  
then. If.

Time I cannot mourn. I do not know time.

And an absence, I will have cared only for what I know.

The taste of blackberry. I memorize this.

The sound of November night. The  
sound of June night. I

memorize these - things.

The spectacular moon then I stayed all night watching  
it

cross everything I know.

And daybreak then I was too tired to sleep and  
only watched people silent go to work.

I memorize this for in a death it only exists then.



*first sacred*

All.

All.

The wind is first sacred. Breath. Blue wind and night  
wind, the  
gentle throws of summer canyon  
wind, the  
force of mountain wind.

All. I hold my face to wind and receive.

The winter wind and  
ice. The velvet wind of southern  
stillness. The dry west wind. The dry northern  
wind.

The words of wind I whisper at,  
stand tall,  
friend, and receive.

The blind wind of no moon midnight. The  
wind of Chicago. The wind of Santa Fe.  
The wind of Bergen spring.

All.

Breath. The wind is first sacred. Sound to ponderosa  
dusk pause. Sound to  
whipping ports and whipping sails and  
whipping.

I wait now admiring.

I wait for an attention.

The grass bended, laid down. Wind. The  
dry. The dry. Eyes and lips, the burns of whipping  
wind.

And proud in the face of staring at cause. I  
am contradiction to

all. I

am other.

All.

*what of natural process?*

It goes then. The night and replaced. The fog of  
first autumn dawn, the lake fog, replaced.

Sequester sight and then.

Sequester patience.

The islands of the mind, are they less natural than  
beach head. The islands of the mind, are  
they less than tundra, river force? Are they  
less than the greed of beauty?

Otherwise, it goes then. The ancient and  
the common I trust. To natural process, the words of  
fjord, of water sound, the southern currents.

And to die awake, to die

seeing. To die empty but seeing. The canyon walls  
are tall, am I not? and shaped by force.

Glacial land now silent, have I not been  
moved? It goes then.

Of night it goes, the desert freeze now winter, the  
desert freeze. The  
errands of night silence, I am now formed.

Replaced and returned. I

am new and positioned, I return to carbon then  
begin. Return to darkness sequester for the indefinites  
of time begin first in letting.

And the life butted against water, the life butted  
against the sky. Am I nature then?

And what to lean upon this time land, this time  
cloud, this time

air. Shapeshifter. I dance mudhead. I dance  
to the controls of rhythms. I dance to season and  
rest then. I dance to season.

It goes then. The fog and clarity returns. I dance  
to this. The night, now

I dance to this.

*giving in to assumption*

Holy name. And in darkness, assumption.  
There were lists of those who  
had assumed  
things.

What is irrational I ask? To know a thing  
liberally and without evidence  
because  
to believe in one way means many things for other  
ways.

The categories are unreasonable. I have  
outlived categories. I have  
grown stronger than knowing things  
exactly.

Holy name. What evidence you have, I am  
blind. Now  
I am blind and assuming for color  
is brilliant in several ways.

What is to believe differently as if a thought were  
knowledge? And then to act differently.  
I am strong I say. I elect  
differently than  
struggle for why then?

And to believe something as irrational. I do  
not know irrational for  
I have  
assumed.

*ÆNGINES*

Remark, the social graves I learn.  
Remark, the physical does change.  
The calls, and time. The calls of  
sundown air, have I received an exhausted moment?  
Of idea, the planet then, as body requiring  
things like attention.  
The way a social moves, I absorb the  
fingers of automation and call them poem.  
The lava falls, the lava, I call them  
poem and follow until silence accepts me.  
Time is no fascination except for what  
occurs within.  
Time is no winter simply. Time is no season simply.  
I only grow old wondering at death I fear  
not, but only cause.  
Remark, the fires which swallow wilderness, I  
am resistant then and  
without conscience. Prairie fire. Mountain  
fire. The dry wind I do not learn.  
And if I have a control I am peace or either fury.  
I am concession or either force.  
I am winter or either wait until beauty then  
arrives in life.  
I have no control for this.  
Remark, the water lent to barren earth accepts.  
The water from melt to dry things.  
The water, I call poem and last differently  
and without urgency.  
The sky is blue.  
What simpler can be said, the sky is poem.  
Remark, the social graves I learn. And  
stop for urgency pass.

*spending time*

Accounting time, one hundred years given.

The lessons of adolescence, waste  
this moment on pleasure and a twenty  
more years to realize pleasure is not  
waste.

Accounting time, and I am muddled then and  
having spent a half a course upon the  
needs of freedom because freedom requires  
and a slave to freedom until the next  
generatives will bear my cross, then.

And study, a forty years time to realize  
the natures of learning. And  
how

a knowledge is other than that which is  
memory.

And just a flash for love. And all of time,  
then, to that which is socially combusted  
and driven. A moment to  
love, and then the rest. And if you call  
it

waste there is no matter to your voice  
then I am truly alone. Then.

And so much power to the grace of  
becoming and only a dash to acceptance.  
I am change to being, I retire now and  
saving.

Accounting time, to collect and gather. To  
conserve experience for danger will  
then limit interest. No. I  
arrest danger, then and having earned  
danger. One hundred years given and them  
to have been spent early now.

*and with this loss*

Nothing.

And nothing having been.

Absence from absence.

And what logic sustains the masquerades of  
content.

To live

pretending a memory.

I waste defeating time I waste.

Nothing, then I know a  
commitment to absence as great a loss  
as loss.

I am committed to nothing.

The November night air.

Anyone can be Jesus then.

The November night air.

Nothing.

And to believe against belief, to replace  
one system with another. To  
leave a system.

And if faith is  
learned from the desperation of  
loss I am  
faithful.

And if faith is learned from having realized  
nothing cannot exist lest

I die

then I am

death for I am

nothing

and absence from absence then.

Nothing.

*King Memphis*

Seven pebbles in the midnight water I watch  
reflecting. Shorelit. Allnight  
civil walk home blisters. And not the  
first to walk I realize for  
several other Kings I realize.  
Dawn then, sunsounds to sights. The  
artglass. I buy a pane and rain  
begins.  
Greyhound Little Rock and back. Mississippi  
near side. The woman evicted, made way for  
a civil rights museum, she says.  
She sits.  
Some ideas are only partly meant for  
museums and God is one of them. God  
is one of them.  
And BB and Elvis, all sorts of Kings.  
God is one of them which cannot be kept.  
Greyhound dusk now to Knoxville. I slept  
and wondering where to go East  
carrying things like baggage.  
Memphis is to my west I say leaving Memphis  
now on wheels.  
Loving Memphis on wheels.

*how long to consider one's actions as practice?*

How long to these engagements, and  
when a reality starts? When a  
responsibility?  
If, then several lives, or either a nurture to  
the epochs of one living.  
But a curious mind is not necessarily productive.  
A wondering certainty becomes,  
but there are things which  
require an attention.  
Or either to call every act toward this  
presence, and even the  
unknowns and how they present themselves, to  
measure their experience  
not as practice, rather to call  
them adolescent perhaps, nevertheless  
objective.  
Though every act objective? If pleasure or  
either patience  
be  
object, perhaps. If the wanders of the mind  
be object, perhaps. For a  
certain place for these things as  
well. And if I am absorbed, then to slowly  
return to the rationalisms of baseline, and  
having brought modernity  
to.  
And if reality then starts, and  
asks of whorling minds something, if a  
calling then to reason, the  
flutter each, of being and the socialisms  
of growth.

*circles, writing upon writing*

Start, a poem about drinking coffee from bowls.

And what I am? A dog then.

The next, and what I know of myself is what I know of dogs.

And to believe in the separation of animals.

Or either to believe a human with the potence of drinking coffee from bowls.

And is a man an animal?

Or only sometimes a man is animal, as when he drinks coffee from bowls.

And what quality is it, what act is it that would qualify man as man. Or either to believe that man is inherently man until he has broken the shape of manliness by drinking coffee from bowls. And would it be so bad to be a dog? And what is dog? And the manner in which coffee is drunken from bowls, will this be the indicator of doghood, or either the universalism of any coffee from any bowl is such that one can then only be recognized as dog.

And if I write a poem while drinking coffee from a bowl, and I take great effort in lifting the bowl to my lips, and if I add cream and forgo sugar, if I am discrete, then am I dog?

And if I am camping and have no cup? Then?

And what of eating snack pack pudding with one's fingers? Am I then ape?

Am I without tools.

And if I never read a book, and if every conclusion is drawn from the previous, am I only the limits of myself? And what then will I be known as?

*driving the limit*

Big bridge to Dubuque drive around and little bridge backward to Illinois

Galena.

Drive by modest church.

Drive by November hunters.

500 miles a day.

Drive by.

Downtown Chicago, six toll dollars to get through.

Chicago November sundown 4:30 and miss the lake.

Too complicated, the traffic, to stop at AIC.

Anyway I heard it was one of those museums that

put lines on the ground where you should walk to appreciate things.

North 90.

Milwaukee lights the same as Chicago. And where to go

then to see things differently?

I will have accomplished nine cigarette breaks then.

And looking back thank you Illinois for the pull off corporate oases.

I smoked at every one.

*the difference between crazy and insane*

Insane, a clinical regard. Crazy,  
a social regard for otherness.  
And what to do with either? Crazy, to  
wonder at. Insane, that which requires  
attention.  
And who is qualified to remark?  
Crazy, anyone can recognize an otherness.  
Insane, it requires a  
social certification. Though an  
otherness is first crazy before  
formal authorization.  
Crazy may be cute or either reckless.  
Insane considers the endangers of others.  
And if a person is to themselves  
only, how can they  
be considered either, lest they petition  
on their own behalf.  
And a treatment, a chronic regard  
to the insane. A  
temporal regard to the crazy. And  
how many crazinesses until one is chronically  
insane? Four I say.  
Then a careful watch.  
But a regard to the content of actions always,  
for a civil disturbance is  
warranted on occasion like when  
a government is too much of a  
force. Or either when authority endangers  
peace. Then  
crazy perhaps, but some will know a  
moral regard and defend that which  
defends instead of calling it Jesus  
and away.

*bullseye*

Targeted  
for development.  
Targeted  
for removal.  
Targeted  
for social programming.  
Targeted  
for change.

From a window to remark  
that things are in a control, boss.

Targeted  
for reduction.  
Targeted  
for tax relief.  
Targeted  
for behavioral modification.  
Targeted  
for marketing opinion.

From a table to remark  
that things require attention, boss.

Targeted  
for labor.  
Targeted  
for volunteerism.  
Targeted  
for donations.  
Targeted  
for peace.

*state of the planet*

Some things are green. Some birds still fly.  
The oceans still undulate. The oceans still move.  
The moon still reflects on meadows.  
People walk sometimes thinking about war and peace. People walk sometimes thinking about the orders of religions.  
People walk sometimes thinking about sustainability.  
For some mountains have been moved and there are cities which have replaced grasslands.  
There are cities which have replaced forests.  
There are cities which have replaced farms.  
The clouds still fly on Saturdays I watch.  
The jungles have fences around them.  
Schools discuss the problems of self control rather than discovery.  
There are still insects and there are words for each of them.  
Flowers still exist without being planted, sometimes they are called weeds.  
Some animals are domestic. All animals are domestic.  
Recreation is escapism.

*of the birds that fly*

Of the birds that fly, I watch.  
The loon, the cardinal, the Canadian goose.  
The hawk.  
Of the birds that freely feed from waters, I watch.  
The dive. The return to flight then.  
Of the birds that nest. I admire  
canyon walls. I admire the snag and its community.  
Of the birds with language, I listen.  
The song. The warning. The owl.

*without contest*

Without borders isolation I do  
not know. Without  
contest.  
Without social order.  
I have every no thought. And without  
fear, not an enemy to.  
Who collapses things I wonder.  
I do not know collapse.  
Who did provide reason when  
I backed away from measurement?  
Who did provide reason when I  
stepped from  
social humor to the poetries of  
natural trust?  
-When I stepped from nationalism  
-When I stepped from convenience  
And never having been opposed  
to community for I do  
not know opposition lest  
I run.  
I run  
quietly offering. And if a  
wonder as to how I arrive at the  
difference of  
things. I do not know difference.  
And how to know trust?  
Only never having known mistrust  
and never having known  
the ideas of  
mistrust.  
Without contest and never  
having met time.

*silence brings winter, breath brings winter*

This time winter comes, from the clouds.  
North brings winter subtle.  
North brings December.  
The frozen breath, the frozen air, then winter  
comes softly.  
The bundles of errand, the bundles  
of stovewood. The fire brings.  
This time winter, from wool and sleep then  
comes. The barren trees I wait with them.  
The brittle  
grass and not covered with anything  
waiting.  
The pale. The dampened  
pale straight back watch. To be  
proud of life.  
This time winter comes. The lake edge  
frozen. The silence brings  
wind without contest. The silence brings  
thought.  
And everything hearty is proud of life and  
everything delicate is quiet.  
Breath brings, and to see through season, I  
last enough to see through season when the  
birds will bring then time.  
And absence winter I have not left. To  
only consider futures.  
I am remote.  
I am wise for passing.  
I am honest in covering my ears.  
I abandon ideas.  
This time winter comes, from the north brought.



*Jackness*

Only that which has suffered as Jack knows  
Jackness.

That which has received as Jack, that which  
has demonstrated as Jack knows the  
Jackness of regard, the Jackness of  
opinion.

And among Jacks, then the typenesses of  
being, Jack 1, Jack 2, and the others.

And from an exterior, to call a thing as Jack,  
only upon an adoption of Jackhood  
will a Jackness be received.

To last as Jack, for to never consider the  
otherness of oneself, lest a Jackness include  
the sways of personal knowledge, the  
bends of  
identity.

And Jackness would be then the range of  
several identities.

And if a thousand Jacks, what will be the  
exterior to knowing Jackhood? Is  
there a quality, or either  
there is nothing to a name as it is only given  
and if one had chosen one  
themselves

they would have favored Tom or Running Bull,  
and to have then only considered the nature  
of Tomness or Running Bullness.

And still a question of preference  
then and only a question of self  
as

regulator of identity if such a question exists  
even then.

*I hate what you hate*

The social ailments, the mistrust, the  
riddled systems, the  
way a nature is treated, I hate what  
you hate.

The cultural necessities, the social calls,  
the moral inclines of otherhood,  
the status of possession, the  
manifests of war, of idolatry, of  
wisdom, of power, I  
hate what you hate.

The slow pace of change, the slow pace  
of social acceptance, the  
discussions of the ends of free will, the  
cold, the bitter cold, I  
hate what you hate.

The standards for care, the recruitments  
of impressionable minds, the  
way

nature is used, I hate what you hate.

The way a body slows, the way  
a city tires,

the demands of living as a piece of  
one machine, the

demands of living, I hate what you hate.

The way a museum steals ideas,  
the way an institution makes public  
of thought,

the way interest is directed by authority,  
the way

authority comes about.

I hate what you hate.