

aircooled



greg markee

aircooled

greg markee

copyright © 2019 . greg markee

protoHouse  prity lights
madison



aircooled

there were vents on the side to address

an internal combustion engine in sedona

the aircooled paint interior dolphins and rainbows and unicorns

were cool enough

no a bicycle is not as quick as a volkswagen traveling up switchbacks because

bikes are slow for that too

poptop

at rest

knock knock does that campground host know what time it is

the karmann ghia is the same as a superbeetle but different

but one cannot sleep in either in case one is evicted in case one wants to go to the end of a dead end dirt road and

[stop]

people breathe air just like the peoples' car breathes air

people do not have gills

maybe some fluids to expel to amplify an air cooling

yellow is an arbitrary color white is an arbitrary color it is just

what was at the grocery lot

nothing spray paint

warrants the rust away

the numbered forms of conspicuous consumption the dirtbag climber

spent his evenings toasting to ramen juice

what is better

there are no means to an end if there is no end because

a new westfalia was introduced with a stovetop

the target market young accountants

anyway it uses coolant and has an engine in the [front]

disqualified resembling qualification but disqualified

what was that

sixty eight horsepower I think



tie dye

self reliance is an emersonian idea that was

thoreau budgeted for nails

self reliance is individualism

and if money is a social net does one consider how to forgo taxes

make their own nails

not to be confused with isolationism

self reliance is a buoy of esteem

but how do you make a tie dye

food and shelter maslow supposes water and clothing and food before the latter securities of shelter

safety is in there somewhere too

do you make your own beer

but how do you make a tie dye

where do you get the glasses

spurs one to a baser existence

wood for a fire wood for a cabin

game traps

and a dog maybe a potato garden

where do you get your clothes

wears an assembled pelt coat tanned pants started bartering for underwear

the clerk the mutualist the collectivist is wearing a tie dye

blue and yellow and brown

I will trade you for some maple syrup



country road

walk facing traffic the ditch

not much litter

one thing or another found art the debris of civilization

a smoking pipe a steel rod

do I look down when I walk for interest asparagus the fenceline

the immature corn

wandering inside of oneself and back again

it could have been a hawk

wandering

country road

lover's lane overgrown a double track old tires were here

ends at the landfill no longer used

with old bottles and cars

cut back the trail through the pasture past the tree on the hill with the ski rope tied to it for swinging around and back

kids

was a beehive I stumbled on there once

I could have died that day

but I do not remember

unlike igniting combustible stuff like gas and gun powder in neat little lines

kids

please close the gate behind you

country road

west to the end of the pavement keep going

the long and windy road

ends at woody mountain campground and general store

good for red man and beech nut leaf chewing tobacco

penny gum and sasparilla

there is a tank there I do not know why because there are no cattle maybe elk

a bunch of burned couches around it

ponderosas

careful with fire



a celebration of peace

o laundered clothes a morning

blue sky freedom

spring is a month ahead but still the temperature is approachable

it has been darkness and cold

the bicycle is tuned

I will wait

I will think about it and wait

but the back door open for a while

ah



had her own magic

did not need to borrow mine
I keep folded in the brown bag

and were it separation to say one language is not another language

just

we traveled in the same car
made common ruminations pointed at decency

the stars the stars
are brighter for you
mine was the moon and punctuation

mention the complementary stations of one personality against another

it all fits together

just

with borders I have a difficult time forgetting

wondering the types of magic the ends of the types of magic

expression and freedom

creative control

do the right thing if you can

[I see the lights I had not seen] [and] [I do not name them for consideration]

the diplomacy of magic is a shaman's dream

and in the course of affairs

in which the futility of contest becomes known

realizes all

will settle their abilities

after their careers after the social assumption of their careers

return to what is without definition

like a question

and call it satisfactory for being present for being experimental

the wand

the imaginary wand



growing about

wisdom is a manifold
started with knowledge grown into intelligence
nubbed in social affairs and possibility

listen the wind never stopped
the tumbleweeds the seasons

I heard of a veteran with history under his belt
making [things] happen just by being
exercising presence

I was elsewhere stationed between interest and aging
but it was not I who reminisced of death
no

how many times am I redirected I do not count
it is only registration
to write a book

but the way is no entropy no separation unless the way is entropy and separation
witness
what does happen to myself among

because I had forgotten because I had called something small which is not small
the bee
the affections of a cat

and if it is not until age is called wisdom that
the good life
is biographed then mention retirement from [that] community

separation and reparation are novel are they not
so true
so true



weighing heavily

globalism crept in the web of interdependence crept in

said inevitability

even if I did not shave today

responsibility is an occupation one state is another

one time is like the rest one salad is like the others

believe

were I to share your name I might give you a pet name for reference

or smile and say you are the same

but

we travel in circles professional circles causing

upright profundities and intercourse

no

I would not want a used wife nor I would want a secondary status

believing it is the proper collective interest

to pair off for the sport of professionalism

eating good food like a contract a godless contract

the world will be fine without me even if

it is my wonder at why

the president would not recite the apostles' creed written before him

the birth rate is mute to him

too

the agency of technology lays barren against sexuality

the agency of time is an observer's notice

the agency of friendship keeps me the same as our last meeting

a box onto a box onto a box ten by ten how many can fit into

what is geography

with little yards and little pets and reliable commutation

the dignity of freedom is

the status of saturday the relevance of saturday

rising an hour earlier for the celestial cause of morning and espresso

solar systemism crept in

it is just a matter of time it is just a matter of mass and time

until the next good idea



quick and painless

freeze my history

freeze my poems

catalog my value for reference

I would prefer you did not put my labeled brain on a shelf like ishi

but I cannot say I would mind indifference

the drowned author absorbed fertility

a little pasty in the casket yet still attractive

still causing

it was I could not wrap my thoughts about the oppositional ways of destiny and disregard for

[this]

looking forward and or looking back

or to say muddled as an existentialist unto boredom unto unnecessary concern

for the habits of my own being and the being of others

it is a generous god to say life

and in all good grace respond celebratorily

resembling what is already resembled and giving it a word

say privilege say self determination

but

how long is it to say a struggles in the interest of an exterior values

cause greed

cause intolerance

cause memory loss

how come *she* gets to be god I want a turn

I would be a good god

the signed first edition

book

was kept in shrink wrap and called retirement

was put in a will

show me how to die but let me finish my manuscript first

I have been wondering



off the trail

the trail went someplace
staggered and meandered about the river

I the forest traveled me away into feelings
and shaded ways

without the evidence o humanity I wonder
will you follow me [apologies]

for knowing
will you follow me

is a system is a bed of leaves and undergrowth
ferns and fallen forms

the settled air and owl
lost said the map but for a compass

[wait] [they will come back] [they will return] [no]
[they have never been here] [I am the first]

the used trail has daylight for company
I mention the canopy [here] is a system is a nature

[I am not divided] I insist I am not divided
calling names when I am otherwise listening

I just want to see what I expected to see
a sapling I walk around

the undergrowth the thorns the green [do not follow me]
[apologies]



supposing a pipe

this is a peace pipe I understand
reminds me of myself
in my pocket like familiarity
I am courageous and plotting had I no divisions
[it was a question]
[it was a list assumes a question]

this is a tobacco I understand
reminds me of a friend and with no intentions
[just]



in the darkness

I closed my eyes and started light
walked into a room
with a bed lay me down and wanted myself to sleep

inside



poison

is a cadaver when they promised there would be no death
he is not dead
he donated his body to science
o
what is science at a birthday party what is science at a wedding
the metal cart with the mountain bike tires
wheeling the body about demonstrably [because]
[they]
is said you are a scientist
is said you have permission as a scientist
o



if the hat fits

go outside

make notes for your paper about

the custody of the soul

and how to release

it

the savior sat at his desk collecting energy

observing souls

he had eighty something souls in a foil wrap in a leather pouch

people do not let them go like they used to

they fear someone will claim them collect them into

little dark spaces

away from life

there is no law for

gathering imaginary forms it is more than impolite but there is no law for it

the proper course of acts for the reclamation of

a tethered soul

had one not listened to the convention of prevention

is

declare oneself a savior register oneself as a savior

start collecting souls in the interest of

bartering

because

there is no moral conflict if one's own soul is absent

already spent contained

reclamation of the soul is its proper celebration

[it]

will burn a hole in your pocket if it is not yours and the tin foil will not hold it

some saviors take the risk

they are inebriating

they are like little nuggets of agape they are inebriating



I walk a straight line

one foot in front of another
end up where I was
wondering the nature of circularity

but I am older
have seen things have given things names
when I was
is an immediacy wearing
the favorite hat clearing oneself of inconsistencies and thought

but I am older
than that even
old enough to be born again
making sense of the same progress and order

one foot in front of another

it is spring again
but I am older
I forget



the animist

to be named

like every soul like every list of souls

the lion the lion's pride

the whale and the pod of the whale and the mammals of the sea

but you

are no biologist no forester no scientist notice

winter came in colors the fire last autumn took colors but winter came new

and cooling

and you paint but you are no painter

every thing has its nature its character

purpose is divided and selfish and contained

the river stone even the river stone pantheism panentheism and inheritance

I was no charge to what I am

but experience

is my question is reason to what removes itself from

the totality of being

for an instant

indoors the house the march fire lit an afternoon

I do describe the sublime

make a force of goodness surround my self with character

reintroductions to animism

is the telescope the garden is the saint

is the love one has for themselves for others for one's own habitat

in spheres life proves life makes life ample I had not realized a poem had been written

the turned sun the horizon approaches

a river did this

do you believe a river did this but

[is] is it really

is



legions

clouds plots of clouds legions of clouds

equally separated pulling and tugging the wind

harness

the one in front of the sun glows moves forward the one in front of the sun glows

ambient

there is no source

for always having been

you are one hundred years old and when I understand that then you are a thousand years old

and will be here when my parents die and when I die

I imagine

all of the dreams I imagine for what is always

the consuming people ate the land

said zion

at first timid and hopeful at first apprehensive at first faithful

said poetry

said cities inside of cities

said fences to keep nature out said fences to keep nature in

one warrior started another warrior

they wrestled as children they challenged

was the mountain meadow they gathered in colors ate and gathered

but that was a different day

there is a different story for every day and sometimes two

listen I cannot close my ears

I claim everything

I hear

the leaves the water the talking mother the fire the sound of where I have been

familiarity

one sound is not another

I claim everything



another cold day in paradise

no

individualism is not the same as teaching individualism

so the despot

I cannot control the weather it is just

I was wondering about love when a thunderous lightning cracked the night sky

sorry about that

I forgot what I was thinking about something about love

affection and the institution of affection

food and good things and rightness and comfort

honey wine and peanut butter apples and good things

it is too cold to be seen in my favorite tee shirt and it is not customary to wear a tee shirt to

work

to figure numbers to consort to eat birthday cake

in directed conversation

the ends of our personal disfigurements were a matter of

thinking higher of others than we thought of ourselves

you are a brut just before you die if you are so fortunate to die of natural cause

there are no more questions

no

said the interviewer

what I meant is something about redundance about doing things over and again

[but he had already died]

and an earthquake not a big one just a small tremor



the horn never worked
the speedometer stopped a year after I got it

she gave and gave assuming I would be independent some day
I have never missed voting in an election
I have volunteered here and there but yellow is not nauseating to me
I cannot think of a nauseating color
they are all important

the trick in driving a small vehicle on a worn country road is
to stay out of the ruts
it gets dusty it gets muddy

the academy sent a letter of urgency asking for money
culture depends on it the administration of culture depends on it
but there was too much art too much commissioned art
the library the airport the parks every driving corridor
what will you do next generation after
you have found yourself in elected office

it has a particular sound it is a bit of a metallic whirr with periodic ticks
it is healthy
warrants a peace sign or a middle finger to passers by

independence settled in an aqua duplex elsewhere
understanding
there is no such thing as independence anymore
not until ten years from now then it is gradually reintroduced

authority is the pragmatism of a functioning and reliable vehicle
authority is a language alternative to the one I grew up with

I once put fifty cents of gas in the tank that was all I had I think it was a half gallon
the gauge was broken I believe there was a light
I held on too long
traded up for an even older vehicle



shootout at the okay corral

they were singing more of a rhythm than a melody

draw

he wore a cross hung down to his norwegian moonstone buckle

speaking of hanging

the sheriff in the breeze they hanged him in his straw hat pulled down lawless

a cross is different things [things] said the schoolmarm

doubled as a theologian

it was the two of them only the two who pulled first no one

knew

but they both went to the ground dead as dead

a wooden box set aside

who would have guessed an order for two put them in the same container

they just laid there

that is how they die and without social meaning but to say

that is how they lived

the other marms circled like wagons

vw wagens

chatter chatter

and the silent gun shop haberdasher searching for something to say

to everyone

they all went about their business

I did

put the bodies away officially watched them into the earth

for gunfighting



the transfiguration of fibber mcgee

what does one become having known their own
to every end to satisfaction
but a merchant an artist a legion
no nor longer a wish for cause as known

the mortal ways include god's lesser down
creatures and beauty said as convention
and were there choice in becoming again
is said something past'ral agrarian

a mentioned flight for wonder the eagle
the open winter river but a thought
metamorphosis may be a consent
had one the will the occupation pull
the arms of divin'ty newly about
provenance one had not considered sent



the ascension of fibber mcgee

stifled in life nor his accord became
service to men and women of fortune
nor alternative to ways thus begun
a given virtue is a circled fame

a limits among the living a name
that is all for trust and promise thus won
on being good only good what is known
on believing said one and one the same

so a maker's want is a maker's call
dropped his shovel to the earth dropped his guard
and without a poem he surrendered
said death to survivors nor felt the fall
quick and good nor longer wonder a starred
night among faith away flown so rendered



the ballast of peace

is no connected object for stillness

just [things] held longer to time to wander past

say a park for being

is a sacred space and holding without expectation

that is all

and having assumed the ballast of peace

into one's inner pocket

and ask were I to bear such a flag as a mission

or hold it in a hand

calling it the composition of direction

then to put it in a sheltered space with the other forces

it was an idea it was a start of an idea

palm fronds were burned for ash picked up with shovels and sent to distribution centers

that is all

the interpretation is to repent one's sins remember

the day begins in ritual including forgiveness

reanimate the ballast of peace once held because

[because]

it is good for me it is good for those around me

a gentle mite of meditation which knows no affiliation

just a way

begun [marked]



when the leaves do start

it was a long winter

kept waiting and reading internal things

one story and another story

[fiction] [and the story of fiction] one poem and another poem it is left for me to decide

[fiction] [and the sensational]

is a generative thought to forward

when the leaves do start

there is a creek with waterfalls

I have seen pictures and I will take my own
traipsing

and the back door open into the night

and the bicycle

the buds begin in the lower trees and life

overnight the season is open

is declared

the sex of life and newness I am invented invested and invented

more than other years [a nominal age for me the last of my youth] [then I am to think historically]

[no]

I will take a chair and sit there as long as I can

call it admiration the sport of admiration

put my feet in the water

at noon the dangling new leaves will lift to the sun

saying chlorophyll and photons remarkably I respond

next is summer but I am in no hurry it is just a matter of sequence really

I have already forgotten the last



modern herbal medicine

the gardener

the poultice the tea the shelves of tea

a mood for every tea

if treatment is forgettable upon a remedied health

it is better than

the synthesis of laboratory dependence

cancer say tumor may have once been a matter of bloodletting

primitive primitive

and outing demons

vaccinations and antibiotics

I forfeit

I have no answer

but death from the perspective of

herbal research

the sunflower is not exhausted and there is a special octopus somewhere

listen

music therapy cured her bunion

probably not

the doctor the teacher the coroner left the body to medical aromatherapy

but that was for the living

I use incense

just daylight [squint]

qualifies a morning as exterior to my interior it is just

I am still twenty years before [that] progress

and I have trust issues



practical

the municipal pragmatist called for bike lanes

and a city suggestion box

robert's rules of order and said capitalism is not excluded requires less maintenance

socialism is just a matter of tax brackets thresholds

public art commissioned art arbitrary art see

the rodeo is a practical exercise say archery say running say surfing

rock climbing may be practical

simply

say math the fundamentals of math there is reason for each of the departments

I washed my hands after preparing the turkey because that is what I am supposed to do

the old car with new tires

one good weekend sweater

practical sex does not sound erogenous

[let's discuss]

egg shells are a practical invention thus chickens are smart

and ducks and robins

recycling

time zones

plumbing

posture solar technology poetry

poetry is practical [they] can be so tautological at times or is that music

the alphabet is practical

babel the tower of babel [do you understand] is a question of religion is a question of practice

was

the wall of china

but the animal migrations

the stars are practical

listen



cryptopsychology

literal

lingual

defensive offensive protectionism

arbitrary

reasonable

helium and flight hydrogen

numeric

experiential

historic

them

marked

the alphabet is a palette

magic

policy

critical

brackets

individualism

circumspection is a manypointed object

substance

sentry

inexplicable

mosaic

auditory

every thing the same the sirens are the same

went and laid down on the bench

in the garden

waiting

how soon the hummingbirds the joust of hummingbirds

and were cause the antithesis of cause

I am waiting are you waiting holding and waiting

accepting no as an answer

freedom but your freedom I have been in the interior for a long time for ages

the pictograph the graffiti

how does one receive translate

wisdom information

generative cause is born and born again



ordinary distraction

lost track of time long enough to ask what time is it

the watch the categorical watch

make a note

an hour after sunrise is regular

politics started with a reasonable question about indirection

the sprinters waited for the gun the mosquito

there is a hair in my tomato bisque

wait

I have a husband

the woman said

I have a wife

directly east of here you will run into a great lake

with the temperament of any water

whether things happen for a reason the determinist wore a wedding ring

a gate

the determinist wore a question

no longer

about spatialism about spatial reasoning

the familiar I was on my way

and life passed before my eyes not my own life but life itself

was so uplifting I forgot my dental appointment

mental note

the shapeshifter is patient and is not wearing the colors

one would expect

the funerary temper of the last decade pulls my daisy I was wondering

the spirit of generosity

forgot my keys my practical keys on the mcdonald's table I will not get far

something about a good dream

with agreeable animals

and a warm feeling a decorated feeling



you went east and I went west

said things in different ways then I moved along elsewhere

found a stone about virtue said you can stay as long as you want you can do what I do

there are things I am unfamiliar with all of the people having been other places I thought I was special

is a question of where I might be

lemon spaghetti at pizza hut in medicine hat not that medicine hat

a waterfall anywhere

a birthday party

yonder

I am expecting a call

where was I



fishing for the sky people

cast a line

pull one down it is impossible to pull one down

it lifts you up

like a fish like bait



paint by numbers

the derelict put the algae green in the tropical blue

the hussy signed hers with an autograph

susan b anthony

it is a picture of a mountain lake said the accountant

1 2 11 16 4 9 444 22 8 5 7

black velvet with a neon black light cat

the purr

the purr



cordial

is a handshake is describing one's smoking habits is standing elbow to elbow at the midmorning sun

I bought a rug you bought a bike uh huh ok

good coffee requires a chair a moment everything is a view

one person is not another person nice hat



conundrum: to see for oneself

science upon science let us recapitulate

which came first the flower or beauty

one is near to contentment and with no questions but geology

what is beneath the surface of black earth

no one knew until a highway was cut through that hill

which came first the flower or the idea of flower as if there were several and more creations

the myth of history is a survivor's tale an existentialist survivor's tale

said at walmart: do you have your receipt sir you need your receipt to return that lock of hair

and can they be reconciled a photograph and doubt because one proves a thing

but for photoshop

the lamentation of being the only one who knows a thing certainly

but solitude is the germ of the next ambition

I fear heights I once stood on the edge of a fifteen foot wall as a dare to myself but I fear heights

listen

what is next all of the books are put away marked and put away

just pencil

listen

the pipes are calling



I dreamt of an elephant being swept away in a river

an awkward helplessness as if I were a cameraman observing

a force of nature

it was not I subject to conditions but my conscience

unless the idea is a metaphor for love being turned down positively

the elephant is love I suppose it must be for my attachment to it

and loss

as if I had a control

or the river is love the mass of river water is carrying something important to me

interpretation is reference to one's history

but some spectacles defy interpretation by their prow by their cinematography

o herald the morning news what it was I dreamt of

is on the front page next to politics something something

a flood

a flood is love is an abundance of love is fertility the elephant is pregnant the elephant is an embryo

the elephant is running for public office swept away by circumstance

thank you mr freud thank you for the sex and power

poor poor elephant I woke too soon to know

resolution



punctuation

The immeasurable space between here and there was compensated by occasional stops; there were filling stations with restrooms and slushies and lemon pies. No one had expected the visual worth of the night. It is true, however, with the deprivation of other senses, sight becomes keen, becomes objective. Clarity is a mind for the access of a substance of my choosing and I am so enlightened. There is a star and a multitude of stars. It is difficult to realize one is a part of the Milky Way for such a vivid presentation, but it is true. I am home. I will always be home.

I cannot acknowledge a problem in having no radio. The trophy ukulele has not been touched in years nor the songs of adolescence haunt me again; just the sparked purr of the engine, and the wind of an open window. Today, it is lucky to be me. Shall I plan my thoughts? Shall I extinguish my thoughts?

And then it came: that which requires address. Had I not been in one or another inner meditations I would have noticed sooner: beyond the auto pilotry of driving there is a need to address the physical nature of being. There is a rock in the road, there is an obstacle begs attention. Stop! All at once a full stop and a wheel comes off the rim; changed it, pondered my way about the rock and onward. Thank goodness and God too.

Self reliance is one's own hustle, and do not let anyone tell you differently. Just got to stay in a track so's not to invade another's hustle. I suppose it is a question of sustainability as well. There are those who would work and deliberate for eight weeks before a grandiose week long hustle; there are those who would work a week for an eight week hustle. No. No. The braided efforts of work and play are the hustle are they not? The satisfaction of enjoying a life does not require an apartments, a departments, to its faculties.

I take no joy in changing a tire, even if it were as a membered and registered participant of this lovely galaxy. What does that rock mean? What does that rock say about history and the volatility of security. That was not an immediate thought; just an object requires attention, just a lost little planet.



chocolate popcorn

all of the kernels popped into a spherical shape

dipped in chocolate white chocolate or milk chocolate I like the milk chocolate

the giant modern windmills in the popcorn cornfield renewable energy

snow on the ground

now

everything buttoned groomed and buttoned

I suppose the fences for the marking of territories one farm against the next

connected

order online

now

is an allowance to a rural corporate enterprise

there is a gas station in town

too

and some kind of cow factory how else is one to know custard



space be damned

harness no light intended for the phototropes the heatseekers

let them be green

the hunchback was nurturing an egg beneath his bent frame

it was a poem that does not look up

one idea is an egg several ideas is a nest of eggs

some only have one good idea their entire life

some eggs never hatch

some eggs are never fertilized some eggs are good for eating some eggs are good for monologic conversation

something smells

it is the sky that smells it is the sky that eats eggs

without permission

the dissonance of interspecies eggrearing is not lost on the hunchback

it is a process of origins we all do what we can

but

he had no intention of letting it go if that day arrived when it became self aware

when it wanted to fly away

it hatched after five graduate years it hatched

it was a turtle a baby sea tortoise wanted to swim away like flight



shapeshifters and sharpshooters

the shapeshifter is a sharpshooter

the sharpshooter shifted shapes

the mother held a crayon in her hand and she melted next to the radiator

a puddle of burnt orange and navajo white

the crying baby

the sharpshooter on top of the library meant to be seen because

the ambidextrous president was visiting and talking into a microphone and visiting

listen how paper reconstitutes itself because people need something to write on

a manifest

in the interest of conversation

all sharpshooters are shapeshifters but not all shapeshifters are sharpshooters

the president melted into anonymity holding a crying baby

fire engine red soft white lagoon blue sort of patriotic purplish really when it all comes together

the reformation of shapeshifters assumes a relativity to [things]

but can you hold a form

if you are content are you willing and able to hold a form

and the reformation of reformation you see is a matter of

patience



sentences fragments

The novel ended as it began: with a question.

The mark of maturity is a spot on one's skin, a sunspot; hers is a heart.

He spent the summer cutting and chopping firewood to save on his utility bills when the cold returns.

Do you know why I pulled you over?

I saw a great eagle eating road kill with its wings spread and with its back to traffic.

Someone will write a song about free agency some day. No, not that free agency.

The hero ate Ben and Jerry's ice cream.

There are things about ontogenesis and phylogenesis I do not understand; something about recapitulation.

The breadth of the subject is measured in how many cigarettes one consumes until they are confident.

The ambient noise at the library is like static but more generative.

One person arrived claiming experience on the present matter of squirt guns.

One person arrived claiming education and experience on the present matter of drought.

The picture book had numbered pages.

If you hold your breath long enough you can see the craters on the moon, you can see the Sea of Tranquility.

One good turn deserves another cupcake.

The range of the electric bicycle is nowhere near the range of the nuclear bicycle.

Please write slower so the reader has time to digest your thoughts.

The consternation of ideas is the administration of ideas; is a question, that.



a last puddled snow

I asked how long until time

regrows as nature



convincing season

wind flood an ethers of growth

longer days come green



the drowned poet

lifeless

and slurred for thought

becomes something other than a poet

for one rooted poem

stationed all the rest caused them all to insignificance

there is one good idea in the universe

contains all the others

the monstrosities done put away like winter like the theater of winter

the affections are completed because

an audience

understands

what it is to just

happen to drown

there were no rainbows that day

lifeless

for struggle

bent about history and the formation of history

it is lucky to go in such a way now

one can retire

one can take binoculars to the arboretum without a schedule

one can wear a plaid uniform

you are released qualified and released

and the water was not that deep

just enough to float upside down

wondering a last breath for title

always start with a title unless the poem is already written

yes

the poem is already written



SOME LAST QUESTIONS

for W.S. Merwin (Friday, March 15, 2019)

What is the silence

A. Absence

What is the heart

A. Pumps freedom pumps a warrior's language

What is friend

A. Sits next to me resembles neighbor

What is the wrist

A. holds the hand which holds the instrument

What is the fire

A. She is lightning

No what is the fire

A. Intentions a basket of intentions

What is the education

A. For the head

What is freedom

A. Independent variable that extinguishes itself upon its own
Consumption

What are the lips

A. Steam

What is the beach

A. Put away on saturday

What is suffocation

A. Just

What is the holiday

A. Aphrodisiac

No what is the holiday

A. Witness and temperament and occlusion and redistribution and
Interrogative [frame]

What is the tongue

A. The open wound explaining itself

What is art

A. Said the market said the governor of markets
Said the publisher

What is strange

A. I have launched your attention



figuring anxiety

okay

maybe four am is too early for coffee

in retrospect

there were times I should have listened and loved rather than choosing to not get involved

it is a metabolic thing

and three donuts is no breakfast

and maybe the psychology of a wasted day is trouble for

surrendering for a quick nap

but it is sunday and such being thus anything goes

figuring anxiety is a wholeness to one's style one's being

I must have offended the cat

she is ignoring me again

the bills are paid did I pay the bills what day of the month is it

two people have the same name no the other one

risk offense

risk offense

a vocabulary turns with the season

what have I missed

I will go to bed early scrap the day and crawl into bed

thinking of cameras and photojournalism

and the eclectic nature of old witchy and wanting women

dream of chairs and my personal history of affection

dream of purpose

think far ahead think far far ahead and make a continuous line and plan for the achievement of my purpose

I am easily distracted

something to do with interesting things

the logic of pulling oneself from the coffee bottomed being

is an address to why

one rises so early to stimulants this has happened before I should know better

I should start using punctuation

stop buying donuts eat whole foods

switch to the company of tea

make a mental note of variables and independent variables

reconsider what I hope to accomplish on a sunday

I should have gone to church



the old phantoms have been replaced

most of them

covered under tarps at the wood pile

they continue to talk amongst themselves wanting

what the new have begun

it is no exorcism to say a memories have been vanquished they just get old

[I am no older than I have ever been]

[really] [except for a several persistent aches]

[I am aware]

[the elder ones have the best insight] [really] [they just do not move around] [suspend their bodies like they did]

[when]

most of them

mumble about progress but not all of them mumble about progress

progress has an origin

not entirely different than positivism neopositivism postpositivism postchristianity animism

door arches flying buttresses

gargoyles chimeras

then they went into space without a radio

no one knew

then they eat healthy and grow stuff become agrarian

and the space people return a generation later and people call them aliens

the old phantoms have been replaced by new phantoms

they have names and corporations

identity

get things done or take pleasure in watching things get done

[there are shadows] [moon shadows]



hello mr litmus

tell me about integrity

physics does not lie

if physics lies it will be replaced by physiology no no

psychology and self administered psychiatrics and sometimes politics

what is the difference between a republican and a democrat

no this is not a joke

on a scale of one to ten how much of a democrat are

you

take the purple pill twice daily and on the next tuesday morning

go vote

the applesauce is good here so good in fact it warrants giving it away without conditions

just a smite of cinnamon

are they watching you too

just eat the applesauce and they will go away

it is locally sourced that is all I know

on the way through the trees I forgot about humanity

that is what I like about trees

shadows and spring buds and places little habitats for a variety of godly little creatures

say more of a park than a forest

this one

hello mr litmus no I did not check the news this morning about

getting along with others by saying the opposite of what is meant

I can agree this is no spectacle

good day

that is easy

that is easy here is a harder one

we have become friends would you say mr litmus

we can agree beauty is no contest like natural selection

translation

the force that conjoins two people may be the same force that conjoins another two people

in which a museum is begun

called departmental order



sum dialectics

survival and to survive without consideration of the notion of survival

the privilege of our company is sociological

I had not noticed the harshness of winter because the furnace worked as expected

I have a window

with a chair a side table

o how they suffer but they do not die they eat the birdseed the squirrels do

the newspaper

today

something about a president something about a president of presidents

one duckling after another duckling

they do not need to be gotten in a row they just do

that

the adults on the other hand walk side by side because

they know

but a gaggle of ducks is no metaphor for human behavior

humans are special

we think aloud and sometimes with our hands

maybe chimpanzees maybe dolphins but not ducks

the impotence of reading without writing is only significant if one does not speak

only social impotence I should say

dialogical thought requires questions and answers some measure of mutualism

the journal of qualitative restraint published one hundred poems

by visual artists for visual artists anything but ekphrastic

stuff

communion is a song said the publisher now close your eyes and smell

will you trust me to number your pages

maybe optima maybe arial

this is bull shit

apologies

that smell is cinnamon not garlic by the way



approaching age

the peer

a year older with a gray beard

was it not great when

those were the days

the teachers used to ride their bikes to school and so did my elder brother until he had his front tire stolen

but that is youth it was

just last summer I rode through a puddle deeper than I anticipated went over the handlebars

I am not too old to do foolish things

grin at others doing foolish things

who needs a friend a peer

to say things I will learn in short order

just give me a poem to make something of

like cognitive origami

no

it is love passes love and I make a good quesadilla for your information

watch your triglycerides

I had not noticed your retirement watch

you must be old

I had to buy my own to keep track of the morning schedules

are you watching

me

no I do not like kids any longer I suppose some have their positive qualities but in general I do not like them

unless they are my own

is it saturday

all the same I suppose I suppose



do they say yes and think no do they say no and think yes

I am not a mind reader

I am inclined to take someone at their word

and I do not believe the first thought I think

yes

in fact I do like purple!

[but it is not my favorite]

the remnants of cordial conversation are silence

which may be desirable

o what joy to rest in silence with a poet that cannot be left alone

the teacher is a professor

turned his back on the class to draw spheres on the blackboard

really

who is brutally honest with a soul mate

shares the same clothes the same space

will share the same burial plot one of these years talking far beyond into one or several great unknowns

I could say anything

I have difficulty being honest with myself how could I

provide a shared social foundation

my personal ad: looking for a playmate

the perils of existentialism override the golden girth of analytics and psychoanalytics

do not believe a thing they say

do not call a dominican a dog unless they ask you to

no not that dominican

yes and no

mediocre I like the garlic stuffed olives but yes

I will eat one with a pimienta if I must



for profit hospital

for profit school

for profit prison

for profit social work

the measurement

will you be here when I am old when I am thinking in syllables

confirming adolescent questions

the golden rule is gold

o calvin

I have a bookmark for you

imported apples and grapes

south america is nice this time of year

I imagine

the curriculum

the treatment

run drive away slowly long enough to figure a question

and they [they] qualitatively assure themselves

but you are included

but you are on the list

and where can a socially minded citizen go

to value the nature of community

now

in a form other than accountancy

the generic hospital the generic prison

the budget college

the budget freedom the budget cross

and all I have are these poems



in bounds

the telemarker

wore leather boots

carved turns

fall line

switchbacked up



resonant truth

was it so booming

what is the measure of truth a truth the truth

it just is

is it not

I cannot say who put the truth there

could have been god

winter has a name is ended

spring has a name

categorical name of wind and emerging things and open water call that resonant

were it one or were it one hundred to qualify beauty

I appreciate you

there is no one else in the room

suffering is punishment I disagree it is just

who does not age around the edges including memory

suffering is a matter of choosing poorly I disagree it is just

some things are not a matter of one's control

what is unconditional

say [that]

the slow driver with the old car with new tires

lit the forever candle

with the woman psychiatrist priest researcher evangelist

with an office next to the library with office hours

even

subtle

is as loud as loud

if I hear you



red hair

time is an accomplice

things grow here

listen the air

the center of the universe may or may not be the metaphysical center of the universe depends

on the nature of eternity

the governess put new art on the walls

meaningful sanctioned art qualified art

wait until harvest

the burden of discretion is alleviated by reading how to poems

any day

discretion will anchor itself within me properly

fit me with the crown of altruism for proper acts

the knight knelt and with no question

inhaled

the old stuff was still shiny and familiar and assembled the queen ate spaghettios in a corner I was listening

the guests had left and I awoke clumsy and repentant

where is the front door where are my shoes

o I live here



liberal politics

[let]

[them]

do

as they wish it is no public health concern said the public health department booming voice

hereby let it be said

happiness unless you care to be unhappy

the dialect of freedom is american sign language but the neighbors are up all night

confusing me

we believe in aquatic rights and terrestrial rights and aviary rights

there is a depth to health care you do not understand but my researchers do and they say

continue bicycling and eating salad but not at the same time

liberal politics

is a closed chamber but after the flag is introduced the windows are opened and the doors opened a crack

you are being recorded

this meeting will appear in print

fine how are you and how are the children

the gavel is sent to be composted and replaced with a fish a mackerel

[let]

[them]

tolerance is disassembled when a party tolerates intolerance

no hate this no hate that build a prison for that a good prison and start a school for prevention

a school with math

and direction and music

and a swimming pool for summer so the kids do not start smoking

we will not be eating books

the airline regulatory industry is a matter of consumer confidence to the afflicted

the organic fda the environment the environment epa

and were I meddled and tampered to believe in a slighter footprint [okay]

but

when were the warner brothers cartoons replaced with educational programming

how can we make saturday mornings great again



I do not know if you are a copycat but mine is not a party

individualism old and new is a generation's wear

a political party the published political party brought in a thirty five year old candidate hopeful

the copycat purred

the stealth of a copycat is an assumption of foundations

the original the reasoned response to interest what is pulled what is brought

sends one to quarters

[it]

was released and with no question the voluntary idea is an offer

I have a station a train station with an adjacent bus station and a shuttle to the airport

they come they go

fly away absorbed

by autonomy and pistachios

the stag party

the bull moose party

the party hat the party favor

the indigent party

but thank you for the invitation to the convention of conventional things

I will wear a reyn spooner

sit on the left side of the audience with a coffee

attending to subtle thresholds

the character of the copycat is a self determination resembling appearances

I too have heroes and do I look within

at

what causes me what social force is motivational

nor an administration

and I do not neglect an idea because I presently choose no animation ask

what of the opportunist just

apologies for the idea [the possessive idea]



animals

everything is an animal

the wind is an animal the photons of the sun are animals the reaching sunflower is an animal

the hawk is an animal the spirit of the hawk is an animal

the moon is an animal the poet moon is an animal the harvest moon is an animal the empty moon is an animal

the gibbous moon the crescent moon are animals

the stars between the moons and the planets are animals

the sun the maker of animals is an animal astronomy is an animal sight is an animal

taste is an animal epicurus was an animal and is an animal dante was an animal and is an animal

shakespeare is an animal

the story is an animal theater is an animal the many sided museum is an animal the smooth museum is an animal

art is an animal

the animal pet the animal food the animal beer the animal garden the animal man the animal woman

the child is an animal

the coyote is an animal the child coyote is an animal

everything is an animal

language is an animal the animal dictionary the animal lesson the animal history

the box is an animal each of the compartments are animals the drawer is an animal

the shelf of poetry is an animal the poem is an animal the animal pen the animal twenty pound paper

the typewriter is an animal

the professor at the grocery store is an animal the professor at the dairy queen is an animal

the professor at the football game is an animal the professor eating frozen pizza is an animal

the professor on a family vacation is an animal the professor playing chess is an animal

the professor of psychology knitting is an animal

the professor of engineering sunbathing is an animal

the professor of kinesiology napping with the back door open is an animal

the professor of philosophy rewatching star wars is an animal

everything is an animal

the animal sundown stuttered west and gone like an animal the animal bear the animal owl the animal season



ode to butternut squash soup or how the fantasy began

o lights of sundown the color of the interior of garden yields

a promise kept

nor a soul said error upon such a puree

but lept and returned to the kitchen

and he with trident fork did scoop and pummel the meat

and she of wondered thought a taste before it is formally done

america the occident o tradition

lays no waste but rind when a thing is virtuous and contained in virtue

the large animals and with no threat to or from

the vegan the subtle vegan in tiara and with measured remorse

for the meat eating sinners but not really

the shared roof has many corners

there is no pride nor relevance to pride if it be said

here is a saddle for your horse and enough ground for your garden

but things are not owned and a horse is no such thing

and do I lean in to hear your gratification

the potter's bowl and a wooden spoon is best

near the window o fantasy starts afternoon meal conversation

I think I will build a shed I think I will put up a tire swing do we still have that rope

it has always been fantasy

nature is a provider nature is a governor and provider

what systems down urgency but tomorrow's rain

matched against fire and the brimstone of conversation

but what is grown into but what is put into



the savage

really

I will not open the door for you with those mudded shoes

my assessment is thus

care for your hands your nails where have you been sleeping I do not wonder

the civil course of satisfactory conditions begins with a word

or silence

really

make yourself at home

now



psychedelia

the painted the cosmogenic the illusory

another forward to the trees the group of trees talking stories and order

one arm and another arm the torsos with legs planted pushed into the earth

night is a shadowed patience

thought

I cannot be touched by the air by the surface of the air matched with my skin

separation is the owl

and who is the artist put together this show it is I

declare anonymity in the interest of familiarity it is I mark one passage to return to

the cloud the puffed middle night cloud spirit

passing the moon

the farmstead light

shadows in the shape of want and fear and sanctuary I will not be seen

the dolphins are completed sanded away let so too the rainbows

replaced with words and the features of words and a drum for cause

which never quiets tom tom tom

not everyone is trying to start a religion not everyone is listening for cause

for theater



fish

thus having been established fish is not meat

milk is not a liquid

fish do not swim in milk but gatorade resembling water

making colorful wishes and bubbles

he got up to speak not realizing he was wearing no belt

it is a simple matter of order in which all things assume categories

that they be managed in their occupation

the sun reached to the bottom of the lake the carbon sun

the rotted wood rehearsed its smallness and will rehearse every day until it is gone from the bottoms of earth

the car keys

the fish ate the subaru car keys the fish ate the subaru

and with no nutritional value there really is little meat on a blue gill

time and substance and dairy products and with no natural predator

the dairy farm let away a bunch of fertilizer a bunch caused seaweeds

the phish with phlegm

thus having been established fish have edible muscles

eat around the bones eat around the subarus

on fridays with creamy coleslaw



concern for the environment

fences and roads are my biggest environmental concern

inhibit and stop a natural migrations a natural movement

put nature on reservations

the plastic bag in the dead whale

plastic bags in dead whales is one of my biggest environmental concerns

the hot january wind tomorrow it will snow

the gutters will need to be cleared

the erratic sky the orbit has not changed they paved paradise

erratic weather is new erratic weather is one of my biggest environmental concerns

the carbon output

the roads need to be used because taxes were gathered

the smokestack the breath of a smokestack

resembling cloud resembling donkey

carbon output is one of my biggest environmental concerns

overpopulation said the wildlife biologist

the predator is an omnivore a thin omnivore for a propensity to share

the qualified wildlife biologist had sex and multiplied

overpopulation is one of my greatest environmental concerns



the hippie [hippy] and an introduction to symbolic forms

okay the poem

the transitive nature of the poem the design
put a painted hand on a rock called humanity

I too know the future

conspicuous consumption is a goat a nerdy utilitarian milk goat that is good for company
every once in a while I begin
an internal combustion engine
every once in a while I begin discipline

one thing may or may not mean another

the hippie [hippy] and the path of least resistance

is not a fact as critical thought complex thought requires germination
the nature of oppositional things is a defensive consideration
is it
not the nature of balance oppositional institutionalism sex

was it her dress

that told me she was not a lesbian probably not she said so herself

[they go away]

[after they have sold their symbolic forms] [they go away] to canada to mexico
believing

night falls

the position of the night and I am not tired
depends on who you ask
whether a rationalization for an internal combustion engine can be
applied to supersocial development

I get tired

do the engineers ever go home and are they still wearing horned rim glasses



notched and winded

the environment arrested me today sent me inwards

appled cheeks and lifted shoulders and a runny nose

spring returned to winter and carried it back to now

it is not green

yet

the bicycle

yet



planned obsolescence

they had a baby

soon they would be obsolete

watching

and explaining to a grandchild the nature of obsolescence

[there is no report]

I thought they were talking computers and listening

to grasp things to swing their arms about the nature of things

and how one becomes a spectator or a reluctant spectator

maybe

the contributions of a friend

the contributions of a senator

the contributions of a veteran

the contributions of a doctor

the contributions of a parent

the history of the matter is what reckoning

the quickness of age is a song is a mention to the idea of one more act

and maybe another then



the suspension bridge

spanned a river

the loud eater from the library lived beneath the bridge

without a mailbox

who are you

the new friend said to the new friend

I think it is a rhetorical question that is the difference between history and philosophy

but each eat pretzels loudly [so]

no

they do not lock you up for wondering loudly

or using too many abbreviations or staying longer than a decided majority consider acceptable [they]

just put a buffer between affective things

the suspension bridge

is a perspective like any bridge is a perspective

an address a stationary address when others consider it

transient



the thing speaks for itself

it was beauty an observation

and with no context

just

an attempt to surround the idea of beauty that it be resupposed at will

but nothing is original

for what I know of beauty is decades begun

one thing may be like the other but is not

the other

the surface of pregnancy is no author

but her

and to create

and to marvel at one's creation the thing speaks for itself with my own words

just

to camp in one's own cabinet of curiosity

is a monologic answer to what I told myself to say to myself like familiarity like comfort for familiarity

a friend an invitation a friend



at first sight

apparently

I need to see my ophthalmologist

you sparkle like the surface of the sea from beneath

is that intentional

like an answer

and is it permanent



one needs not realize they are free to be free

what measures exist to an acknowledged oppression

and in their absence thus

one is not held to duty

the categorical science to social science is

a riddance to what negative cause to what egalitarianism where all are
equally suffered

one needs not realize they are free to be free

is a question of a critical nature of human existence

of the mind of the body the same

experience is the limit of conditions

control is a monitor of the question of control

material control self control administrative control

the limits of control and what exists within a frame a cube

one needs not realize they are free to be free

listen the wind

there is nothing that I want

but a longer moment

I have no science to joy

what is is

and in its absence thus

one needs not realize they are free to be free

but

and

therefore

habit

[emancipation is a word]



but the power of persuasion

said the educational researcher

manifold



aircooled motorcycle

with a rotary kick

start

a pattered rumble

about a country road not yet planted

there and back again



school lunches are not a part of curriculum

academically speaking

it is a social work matter

after the sociologists declare the logic of maslow

tostadas

and the balls at recess may or may not be

curricular

the light bulbs are too bright

and they buzz

where is the pencil sharpener

okay I am ready

can I take off my shoes



the wind travels through me

slights whorls of reckoning I understand why the sun drops at the horizon
fundamental astronomy

but the day is concentrated I understand migrations as natural
it is a way

but the day is concentrated
I have a question

the wind travels through me

only now do I acknowledge it is too cold for me too intent too lonesome
that is why I stay

like a memory and the memory of memories I remember until memory is exhausted
[chill]

so I am small
then what but to stand

[resolute] the wind travels through me

the resolve of the wind the animated wind the intentional wind
[my character] thus

was the winter stopped for spring and do I know
[I am no phantom] [nobody does see me] [I am no phantom]

it is not my character
I describe

