

animal control

Greg Markee

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coffee don't mean nothing

coffee don't mean nothing there never was
a vatican mosque coffee
China never had a coffee syndrome when the museumists
landed
it don't take coffee to get
the moon right
coffee never damaged a rainbow it
never shot a bear it
never stole attention when I asked for love
coffee don't mean nothing and not sugar nor
ice can cure that
and when direction is necessary coffee
will not give you that
there never was a coffee dance except that
free trade social movement
but I cannot live on beans nor favors and
I cannot cause social movements in
naming liquids divinity and Italian shit words and
Ethiopian shit words
paint with coffee
paint with absinth
it is color
coffee paraphernalia
I am old and sit in corduroy chairs wondering
why the percolator lost favor
what is conversation anyway that
coffee starts
coffee don't mean nothing and to drink it means
nothing
except for everything else in the anytime
glaze of self arrivalism
yes I do arrive
and everything the Colombians have on me I
insist
I do change necessarily
every time
or else I would stop would I not?

picking up philosophy after the flood
what was left on the ground when the
modernists cornered time and called it
clock
for what is ideal is action then and no thought
to evidence
and when the zen mindreaders in fast cars
declared buddhism as the closest word to
doing good without
prescription
and who to ask when things go bad
what things go bad then
except for death
and that can be picked up with flowers
and when thought is measured in material
I wear flannel and
leather and
sit quiet
telling no one I was actually thinking
and that smooth stone
I only looked at
and I picked it up inside of me feeling empty and
museumish
how to empty oneself of the course of
material
and who did bring material to every
thought
the path was there
and to walk backward out of that
calling words material and declaring
concept as important and authentic as natural law
for
it is the only middle out of material imagination
and if a word represents this
to lift that into a denim
pocket
hold it for a day and
set it down gently when the
emptyists and the callers finish their flood

to stand in broken doorways

hold what travels pass
middle know two ways the broken jams
I do not mind for
I do fit with
energy and philosophy
let the wars I cannot stop
that which is futile except
for reason
and the acts of love
for to bring curiosity the birds the knowledge geese I cannot stop
that which is futile except
for reason
and to be empty like cloud
the doorway hangs
and little things and dust
the invisible things I cannot stop nor
do I intend to
and how exact and fine it is
to know two queens
and when the night I do not move but
only see the edges of
life in flutter
who is alone and without commitment
nothing is heavy
except death I cannot stop pass
nothing is heavy
the rain is not heavy I cannot stop
nor do I try when
it bends on wind pushed from trees
hold what travels pass and
men to be tired
you go and reveal what I had not and
make games of urgency
and nothing does fall nor
fail
except what is wasted

buffalo

beasts and passive passion the
rolling dust and wheels no fence
rivers stop this only the
Mississippi lines the flood hairful thought the
chirping dogs and
quiet sunrise another
day of passive passions running
prairie fire stars
tabasco tequila guitar
what is not right
I gave a wooden nickel for this open world
I stole a wooden nickel for a thought
beasts and hardness
buffalo fight buffalo ring American American
buffalo rodeo
buffalo camp
the sunned flowers were weeds until I loved them
the let grass
low river then intentions
who does not name the beasts who consume
who does not name a way
2,000 pounds urgency what is not respect
homegrown religion
prairie chapel the stars are silence
I make the stars I hold the stars
and find their way
rolling dust and wheels no fence
starved winter
wind and inward snow ground noses going
nowhere to time
when calves come outright
strong and surviving
a thousand families and solutions what
I fear is nothing changes
buildings steal this first in
fences

the kids for want
ambition for want
sweetgrass satisfies
language security old remarkable things rebuilding
hickey music
hickey beer and sex
what brings religion
what a rose as tattoo
there will never be a greater design than love
what is love
there will never be a greater design than love
the ocean stops things
runaway highway
resistance education authority knowledge
idealism is a self of many places
idealism is a word
the metaphors are fertile
material and time
important buildings iconography
bundled thought
take one
nothing stops the night
radio peace
radio war
and leather songs freedom
what is free will the animals
modeling animals with language impulse
the desert
silence sundown medical records
everything is holding hands
ambition trees ambition grass
ambition for want
the river
tall fire dancing moon ugly and painted faces
hickey chants and time sex and
loose clothes
the river what is
not forgiven carry what is
not forgiven away

animal control

them gone to animals
see them closely and without affiliation lest
species be affiliation
and saving them as souls
when a coyote comes to golf and
when they only wanted to be trout and swim for
there will always be water
and who could continue the
races of people when
confidence is wrapped in
self identity and
nature is so damn beautiful
the winter was cold and slept
the summer brought many things
over and over
again
to animal infinity nothing changes animal
the cycles
the whales and language kept
the elephant kings
and if there is a structure to carrying
ideas
what is a thumb when peace is minded otherwise
death and only for food
we all go back to earth and
even that which dwells in greater portions of
conscience
all is brought back to material when
the soul is released
and if the antagonisms of hawks at
cars I
do not mind
for you may be right
but I am only waiting for reason
when
the moon returns from prize and
back to beauty

the good fight

keep up the good fight
friend
I go
the saturns and remarkable things I travel
then no fight is good
I go
and snow when it comes in
six months I wonder
how the good fight goes the geese
and a decade I wonder
and if now is permanent
the settling leaves and sense
the airpoems the waterclouds and sundust
I go
for to be second is not
a division
I trust
and commitment to that without
borders
and commitment to that which
opens
then no fight is good
and to say that calls everything I do
empty
the stars last and
water does
crash I am not afraid of force
lest it determine for me free will
and the stones and
other divisions which are not force nor free
to not call them divisions and
lines then go
I go too
but not empty
until I am released from
service

note cards

greetings thank you congratulations
inkspot thoughts
there was a thing now over
and stages are grace I tell you that
the next is fine accomplished be wellstrong
make lust and other things
make time
and drawn figures
pencil figures creation
things are light and air and
sometimes complex and natural and
what does not need to be known
when change is stronger than passion
but then
what is stronger than passion if
and to call things in wavy lines and language
and to call things absolute for want of
otherness
I do not want for otherness and
to realize how it begins
though it is okay
when it challenges
though it is okay and
only a matter of being
greetings thank you congratulations
and if a word to limits
I make no word for limits
I make no cause to limits
for direction is mattered in degrees and
to make no change without reason
forward and time from ends
good will and freedom too
and ink to that
not too highly brung lest open
intentions are
highly brung

inna chair what are you building

a pound for reason
education started administration and
who then questions starts and
the way things are accomplished
and if why is change slow then
what replaces starts
a pound for reason inna
chair
remarkably what are you building now that
is quiet and secret societal
I have my own problem invested in
the way things are and
necessary change
what is necessary change and
when did change become an object and necessary
and who does expect people to consider no more and
sit quietly around
the thinkers and
who does qualify thought
and if I do qualify thought
per manifest intelligence I refuse to
submit
things are strong which expect great things
and I do qualify greatness
nature without me is great and accomplished
I am germ
and if I do replace things
then what can I admit of
an involuntary being among greatness
inna chair this time
what are you building
I am only wondering because I cannot
yell I have no problem
a pound for reason
and call it education and how it attaches to
me

fourth booms

what age booms proud
and summer mind away sparkles
things are distant and becoming
and the way metaphors for
social control
who uses gun metaphors and calls them peace and
who uses Jesus
metaphors without the heart of Jesus
said America
to be proud and inventive and
watch the streams of
celebration
summer Wednesday hot dog
fireflies
it is a small world after all this
pride and what we do
pride and what is out of my control
I am only partial
to the cogs of everything turns
I am only partial lest I
steal to Walden pond in efficiency
and make a whittled home and grass
and think of nothing
what age booms proud and
if a spirit to happiness
for this is the goal is it not
or either to forget happiness and to account for
that
later
and if I stop once for pride
forgive me then I am only late for
walking in essay circles and
marking some sort of linear intentions with
hillside peace and rattling sounds I
consider
annually if it is soon enough
or not

what I once formed

what I once formed
talking

the grass lays flat early spring and
brown
the early monochromes
birth
what government recognizes season
to be institution
I recognize melt and cloud and
coldness

and timeful things

to be old and
full of language
the stars do never change
to go to that and
full of language

the trees I know their name
is it enough
to have called someone a thing
and what theater
among time when
things circle in forever programs

nothing is hardness and
what I once formed
talking
I wake to that after
I put my thoughts down
and make sense of the composition of time

among erosion and
language

gargoyle

stand at door squatted chin in hands
penis and wings
100 pounds stone
keeps out thinking birds
what is the password
Guillermo rum
intentions for art I call intentions and
myth
the sloppy moths know nothing like
intentions
the sly chipmunks
calling clicks and spying altars
the women chipmunks spying altars
do not pass penises
and wings
when I turn away to midnight trees
and loyal
starlit trees and
eats thinking hairy tailed possums and
bird feed I do not care
pet
stone is nothing and
holds no souls lest a soul want
for being held
patience is time and
defense is genius and friendly and
ugly
the garden is quiet the grounds and
silence gargoyles
no wonder no imagination but only
to watch
in fixed eyes character
Guillermo rum
and thanks for quiet company
peace is
curious

the problems with globalization

how to empower local control
the separated powers of what is locally important
how to keep money local
the contradictions of ambition and kinship
what are the responsibilities of education
financial order and capitalism and the
appreciation for place
is democracy important when
power is morally rested
religion as opium
health care as religion
congress as religion
democracy as religion
mathematics as religion
to act upon problems when not to act is
profitable
the maintenance of natural resources the allowance
and
who does monitor agricultural development
evolution theory as a tool for social control
communication systems uncontrolled and uncontrollable
social workers as narcs
the stars are not beauty
the moon is not beauty but prize
social groups are ordered and only representative models of
social groups
are public and spoken and
elected for their
global mind
and the antitrusts of global existence
forever the externs and watching and
not voting
calling themselves poets and calling new code ever
and if there is no war then everything is war
and what to do with boredom but to grow fat and
thoughtful without limits

voting for representative objects

what art has known
to call a thing concept
to reproduce concept until a voice
until a language
to empower that which represents a concept
and who does order equality lest
they are unequal
and who does order passion lest
they are lonely
to reproduce that which is absent
what art has known
future
and the summons of concepts
and any way to bring ideas
and capitalism has slowly let this out
with time and stations for
social development
the social mind clicks in material desire
when a representative form of
concept
was enough
a poem was enough for
urgency
when two thoughts were opposite and
unbending and
when revelation was the incompleteness of
either
we move ahead
what art has known
and to those who wish for every object
to be food
and to those who wish for every object
to be sex
let it be then
that which is absent
summons

afraid of insignificance
what is immortal
to attach oneself to that like family
to cling to legacy
to thought and
that which is sustainable
and who would like to live forever
or either to
start a thought which
does live forever and without the
cumbers of actually living
and no wonder to resist the
otherness of immortality when
one is not included and
when one is pushed to eternal service and
cubic antdom
and how a mind is cornered and unsettled
when
the threat is profound and
who could not interpret
the outward acts of resistance to
insignificance as
insanity
and how to allow for an outwardness of every soul
but I do not speak to rocks
and if I am certain am I not a
rock
then
and who is certain and
do we operate in parallel without
language and
Godless between us
we are both small then and without
pores
and speculation
it is only that and
to fear that speculation has no
certainty
at all

the Barnes and Noble incident 7/8/07

poets gathering monthly
the socialist's turn
loud voice
about rape and pillage and Lebanon
about Jews and power
about the bible and Jesus
book looker gets manager
manager tells group to be quiet or leave
said there was a complaint about lesbian bashing
poet says 'free speech'
book looker says there are kids
another book looker
earlier identified as day job writer
says she was not bothered
'one to one' then she says
poet leader says 'the buck stops here'
goes to quiet corner with manager
later says to socialist poet
'he may have been muslim'
rating
I give him PG13

sweet poetry

can sweetness counter bitterness
enough sweetness even
to absorb bitterness
sweetness keeps on rolling
bitterness is a poke
what is satire
then sweetness to be enough if
bitterness is qualified
and how long to consume sweetness before vomit
and how to address a problem
and what are the expectations of poetry
to be none and inflammatory
to be inflamed by sweetness
my poetry talks back kindly
my poetry responds
and to these moral issues
why to spend a moment countering bad inflammatory poetry and
why to join the sweetnesses when I am not partial to sweet poetry
all the time
especially
when it is forced as response to bad inflammatory poetry
and
apologies if
I to ever have forced sweetness as counter to being negative
without apparent reason
and
apologies if
I to judge apparent reason
then why to attend circles if
inflammation is expected
then what poetry should only be secure
to only write without reference then
and attend
to read without conditions then among
several sorts
and if I stand then
independent and with
balance

the animal say what you want
the truth is you cannot say anything
without measure
oysters live in the sea
elephants are not people
cigarettes are irregularly good for you
museums operate in spite of religion
schools are for social control
coyotes are not wolves
the truth is
that what is said is said in reference
the truth is
that to annoy only a little is acceptable and
inoffensive
even thoughtful to reveal deficiencies
though I think an offender would
defend such a thought
and what is nice
the animal say what you want
and what does come
I learn what I am in conversation
robins think too much
blackbirds travel in packs
rabbits know too much
chipmunks are nosy
what is hospital philosophy
what does hospital food mean
what does museum food mean
the truth is you cannot say anything
actually
the truth is you cannot mean anything
unless you are willing to do something about it
and why is language so
noncommittal
for to risk position is
to assume responsibility
for to risk offense is to assume responsibility
and what is there to assume
when one is not offended

to go to a little corner to process poetry
what was meant when that
what was intended with this form
what was intended
what is unintentional
what should be forgiven
does a writer ask too much
does a writer give too much and
appear needy
what are the limits of
this train
does a writer imply death is final
what does a writer imply to be final
does a writer allow for a readers'
finality
and the aspects of place
do I appreciate cactus
do I love the stars
do I adore cities and architecture
do I appreciate animal metaphors
and how much
do I appreciate animal metaphors
does a writer
assume a moral position
is a writer
persuasive
does a writer
acknowledge me
and what is to be believed when
if I accept one thing
another is justified
and I do wish for justification
though I do not accept one thing
and the rhythm
and the title
and I apologize for causing a reference for
this
it was only something other
I liked

education stops

free range retired students

godot people

education cars colors engines and strategy

fast cars slow traffic

little house by the river that never changed

gold aluminum siding

900 square gold feet the gold deck

St. Louis float New Orleans Cancun

look back at what I started

turtles peacebirds feeders keep dangerous peace in a
place

birds andwanna iguana eyeglaze futures starsleep

peddling fruitheads plantain

the peddling second silverists

educationists bringing dictionaries on
riverfloats

education and beer

education and caesar salad

education and remorse

death is yellow shallow yellow

what would be accomplished without education marijuana

the lamplight vigil prayer

stinky fishmarket pearljam

lizards

lava gold lava lamplight vigil prayer

figuring out poets who split their words

the poet who defends things

90 percent then gotta appointment

and if I take the other

50 percent plan on 15 minutes

justice education peacepipe

the eggducks the eggswans the eggferns starting
shit

education stability next generation

plan on that

river person getting old the right way

brown suncracked face

book about education shit

God in little screen boxes

wind
Godspores

God in little glass boxes

light
I see I see

God in little paper bags

lumpy
smells like peanut butter

God in glasses of water

bubbles
quenches

God in spiny creatures

patience
what is social development

God in slow words

what is the meaning
of

God in horns

air
God off canyons

God in little change mighty change

erosion
adaptation

when she speaks her phone rings
talking about listening the
irony of interruption
when the bells go off
two dongs listening there was a thought
and about social enormity
to hear the fire truck
pull to the side
let decisions pass
she decided on love just a moment
tornado siren microwave ding
night silence
two dog barks and
how profound the
relevance of thought to being
and if she speaks in confidence the
smoke alarm beeps the
weather alert comes on the TV the
cell phone this time vibrates before
I check my watch
and if there is no coincidence to
altar bellboys
or the only sense for
related things happening at once is
supersense
I once thought a tree branch out of a tree
I once thought a rainstorm
but she
speaks systems into being
then the full moon comes
then a roadside deer with eye contact asking
how did you do that
an errant horn comes
who brought that I say
must have been love for social
dwelling
brings the phone rings
wake up from oneself

social stratification

what levels what lines
specialization of labor
draws a line on income level
draws a line on ability
draws a line on aptitude
as long as people draw
their own lines what are lines
wanders around
drawing lines
starts the stratification of language
starts poetry
poet draws lines
who is not a poet
got old and stopped moving in physical lines
drew lines in his head
walked around social things in his head
draws a line on religion for
people with
given experiences can be
expected to act a way
draws a line on nationalism for
geography brings about social typology
draws a line on labor and management
draws a line on
education
draws a line on neighborhoods on
recreational preference
for to divide is to empower the possibility of
withdrawal
for to divide is to
hold a portion of control when the sum is
uncontrollable
for to divide is to
not be alone
and if life is learning divisions and
greater divisions then
what is with prejudice and
what is without prejudice

brought an astronaut to show and tell

held him up
I found this one at a garage sale in 1973
has a funny habit
puts water on everything he eats
counts backward
carries a slide rule
very very clean
has two changes of clothes
pees in plastic bags
talks like a poet about important things and
about country
talks about frontiers
he comes with his own glass helmet
says wow a lot
sleeps in a closet
is good at following directions
rides a stationary bike for fun
at midnight
held him up
this one is obsolete I say
do you see the eyes
its hard to find them like that anymore
I think he originally came with a
dream
now he mostly just represents and
looks around
asks where Johnny Cash went
pulls out an old transistor
whistles
I caught him sneaking a cigarette once
he grinned
without guilt
held him up
and he comes with a foil suit
you see
very low maintenance

fixing shit

there are a lot of people who know how to fix things
and not everyone is willing to do those things
and to reduce oneself to oneself and
to make oneself responsible for the fixes one
recognizes needs to be done
then you go about your business with a degree of
content and responsibility
because there is no one to blame
and what is learning when
you know how to fix things in theory
many things work in theory though
the manufacture of ideas and solutions is easy
and to put them together
little things require finer attention than broad strokes
and what is learning if
this
and to maintain an ideological mind and
a way of thought which is broad and bold enough to
carry many projects
and ordered enough to consider the fine elements of each
what is motivation and
to address depression as that which stops
inspiration and carry oneself through those periods when
it is enough to be administration only
and to carry oneself through those periods when
solutions come easy though
motivation is small
and otherwise to balance oneself when one
retreats to the microsolutions and wireworlds
at the expense of understanding how
it was originally intended to fit together
and if a change
to be not afraid of that
when cosmology brings a new idea and the old
bigness can be rested without reservation
rested and replaced
there are a lot of people who know how to fix things
and only some things are worth fixing

the intervals of midnight
quiet creeping cars wheels and gravel
walking citymen candles burnt out citylight
longshadow curses country wind downtown
the
dracula clouds and quiet dogs afraid and gone
barman drops a pallet cigarette
the intervals of midnight
borrowing notime only phantoms
alert
indian style
go away and make me home the flannel and cape
people break shadows
they go away dressed differently dark
talking anthems and drunkish
the lurking star and
conscience that
sits forever the lurking star midnight
goes away at clouds comes again to
check
I cannot move the suffered wind
back to the west nor where it goes I have
no control
to not be destiny nor language and the stones
the manufacture of stones
it is not mine nor in me
only them in dryness with eyes in sense
and for midnight walls what is
not alert what is not considered
runes and possessed
and creeping
the vines and them without stations
nor intervals
and to whom the night does not matter
wandering I sit in heads and
shadows and
when the trees and when the
grass sucks me into itself I cannot respond
I

box inna box

is a little box ever bigger than a box it sits within

a big glass box

a little cardboard box within

addressed to

Phred c/o Phranklin

Phargo

phour phour phive phour phour

proper postage

black tape

return address: Sir Simpul Fine

Athens

60606

holding kings
no fault kings
they get along because they know time
there is no sense to
disorder now
when the techniques of
democratic chaos and
the techniques of capital frenzy are
only gum for
stabilizing that which contains power
who gives power
the kings in little vessels give
power
and what is otherwise center
knowledge is
tool and social
knowledge is the compressions of
mystery
I did not know that
nor to care
and the responsibilities when
governance is walls and
holding
responsibilities are to knighting that for
kingdom
responsibilities are to
family and lineage
and to assume control for
that for similar order and
nothing is foreign when
one king is greater than another
and nothing
escapes consideration when no mind
operates against
and if a social control
who is not a king holding
to grant that except
material
less fifteen percent

I started using punctuation again
Stopped, for the poets said lower case is
democratic and
equity. I suspect they meant equity.
And to form an opinion when poets
speak and to turn an attention to what a poet
lists.
The birds and the trees and justice
shit, all that
I turned an attention.
And if the compressions of knowledge were
not in vocabulary, rather grammar,
aha.
What I ever suspected of form and
who has the greatest form and
call them thinkers and defenders for to
agree upon that
is to agree upon something.
And I do not tell them that when it is safe I
do consider words
especially words that break form apart and
make it useless and stealing.
And to forgive form.
And to forgive order when it
is not an allowance to the uplift of intentions.
And to punctuation.
Only because it is a tool as any and who would
go without that when
it is no mind and
it suggests nothing more than
social development lest I wish to
break away and
write in colors.
And if I whorl at the responsibilities of
capitol periods I am
set apart except for the only lower casist among
us left
still insisting on
form over function.

negative numbers

for every deliberate justice is there
a starting counter
began as negative and
from that
balance
for ambition is reference to that without ambition and
for goodness is reference to
that without good
and if the positive constructs are to be
tried as reference to atrophy and
social disintegration
am I not trophy and integration
and want for goodness and construction
is not the heart of goodness in reference to
the identification of problem and
as philosophy to be called problemism
is not every good
operationalized by first badness
and if there is a hell I shall decide and
if
then working against that is to hell's opposite
and the negative numbers are
the cause of social advancement
though who could say there is not a thing
which requires
improvement
though who could say life is without thought nor
preference and
a word for spectral ends
to make the types of justice and ease
typed and recognizable
reproducible and clear
and if the negative domain
is stretched and severed
will progress not declare another
hell for
constructive operations

county fair

corn and cotton candy

teen love

ferris wheel

the 4H pigs the

vegetables

jams and honey

square dance

middle age bands

parking on grass

balloon games and ring toss

goldfish

the funny house the mirrors

bright nighted lights

and brats beertent

cow auction

ride tickets

the dairy queen

circle eight demolition

hands and kisses

glowlights

caramel corn caramel apple

traveling carnies

pony rides little trains

tractors

celebrity mayor

celebrity red hats

tilt-a-whirl

the hammer

schoolboys

the 4H sheep

the 4H

steel jewelry and

styrofoam hats

trampled grass and

porta potties

the end yawn

the sounds the sounds

starlight

I can still see the stars
to pass through
lines of
family following lines
go back and back and
wishes notes the
fragments
I am not invisible like the stars at dawn
nor the daymoon
I carry this and value
I carry questions
nor do they deserve an answer response
for I am not mentioned nor
am I to be giant
lest I form my own and grow from
that
and when death does come to that
what is not a seed from
emptiness and
the flutters of collective emptiness
and I to believe the
stars are still attached
when depressions of light fill
everything I did not want
nor care for
and I to believe when time goes away
struggle will too
and character will be the same
and to ask what is common
of myself
what has never ended
I can still see the stars
I say
like midnight I can still see the stars
draped in myself and
everything I bring the
lines the lines and
nothing is far away

lives in a pod

lives in a pod
eats meals of wood and grass
tells worms to go away
watches spiders with
hesitation
hesitates
brings lips to the river to drink
lies still and awake in darkness
waits for it

unmatched nice

black and gray jacket proud
brown and white shirt tact
two tone brown striped tie fundamental
solid khakis sharp crease
black athletic socks
brown oxfords polished

takes jacket off at Olive Garden
pauses
drapes it over open chair
smiles
sits adjusts tie

arches back
he does this when for postural reminder
may I
a bread stick please

conversation the weather new books news
conversation business nothing
conversation Mexico
conversation politics
conversation retirement
conversation do you know who died
conversation apple butter how is cheese made
conversation the invasion of medicine
conversation the invasion of asian beetles
conversation the invasion of thought
conversation animal control

arches back
he does this when for postural reminder
rises
lifts jacket dusts jacket
walks

home
hang the jacket plastic cover

old man delivers time in a word
makes things still like
what is marked
to not forget winter it washes here and
comes again in scars and beauty then
goes again melting
starting cause
in a word things succeed themselves over and
again
and what does only follow cycles
I try over and
again
at following cycles
and what is a man to those only following
call him anything but God
call him anything
and having lived quite enough to
know nothing though language
I am ears and yes
the day is strong and old now
spring it is and old now
summer
snow is old in thought and coming
makes things still
for peace is quiet and the ends
of stillness are to cause and
receiving
to not forget indeed and what is memory when
time returns I
learn again and again the
geese the migrations the
way darkness comes early the fallen
leaves I learn again
start winter
and what is away for I am here I say
and to worry
and to worry
not gone at all lest you count it is only
summer

you will never know universal symbols
as if there were a limit to the universe
as if the social universe were apart from worlds
you will never know universal symbols
as if something small and thoughtful could contain
the sum of emotion and material
the sum of pleasure and the limits of stars
nothing small can contain this lest
everything is counted and
absorbed
lest knowledge is ended
it is not
and to trust a symbol as greater than inspiration and futures
and to trust a symbol as greater than memory
as greater than language
and to trust a symbol as God
as if the word God could represent everything
perhaps in thought
though how to ascribe variables as the
containment of theory and science and education when
these things are not known
and if God
then
if I can grant that as unknown then
to know God is to know the unknown
to know that which contains the idea of the unknown
is to corner the unknown and
put it in a box
and everything else is known then
is it not
and if eternity and infinity are contained and established as
framed
and marked as symbol this
how possible to desire anything other when
inspiration can only ever be a symbol and it
is then lost for want of what was once high
and powered
I say a universal symbols cannot be known lest
you believe in boxes

and if there are several boxes of unknowns
how many boxes for
the allowance of unknowns
how many institutions
how many research centers
how many religions do I hold on to
with indecision
with several convincing arguments
and if the varieties of religious
experience are such
that I may have more than one
and if the academic disciplines are such
that I may fall upon several for
answers
how many boxes
and how to trust oneself to one
and how passionate that
a culture which spreads itself
first offers one small symbol
with proper force and compassion
that all things are first
holy and representing the
unknown
and how many boxes does an
infinite box weigh
and when the establishment of
order
and when it is
time for the museumists then
who has not considered the
first box
it is evident and hint to
subversion
but what is subversion
when a first box is so littered with
discern as to
render its insides ultimately
little though
who would say we are not one

conflicted

decisions

what troubles and metaphors

what does it mean to appear at a family reunion that

I do not know how I am related

what does it mean to carry one job when

a social power declares

this is limited in

its philosophy

this is limited in its attachment to greater social welfare

what troubles and metaphors

who to say to pick only the best art

and one piece will be forever entertained

decisions

what does it mean to accept a gift

what attachment is there to the source

of gifts when I do love material

what does it mean to not eat when I am not hungry

to measure oneself professionally in

social relationships

and to realize that

all along

I may have been taught religion to understand its

limits

what is doubt

what is truly divinity

to ask that and what represents that

conflicted

and to be social order is cast in

the car I drive

in material

what does it mean to purchase a funeral plot

and either

how do I wish to live

what troubles and metaphors

I am not alone

I am only deciding

for when metaphors are not the rise of conflict

Tuesday came

she brought yesterday with her
all of her leather baggage
it was lined neatly
Tuesday came and began with a
question
carry these will you sport
I grow tired
she could not part with early lives of men
nor oceans
she must have her oceans
she could not part with style
she brought adolescence in a daybag
she brought yesterday with her
her college laundry was
clean and wrinkled
her professional shoes were conservative
and she told me that
Tuesday came and said
she was prepared
for she remembers it
sometimes gets wet it
sometimes moves slowly and without
deliberation
it
sometimes is not about learning
Tuesday came and told me
she was smart
smart as time and order and disposition and
smart as sleep
she brought yesterday with her
and called it reluctant and insistent
and not to part with things which
carry other things
Tuesday settles
Tuesday grows long hair and wears it in a bun
and then she said that
she has only ever
told one lie

attaching one's discontent to medication
what comes in little essences wrapped and assigned
moods
purple packed powder full of lust and
shapeshifting
what is not peace and colorful
little glowhandies ask a pharmacy the value of
an ordered mind
and what does make oncosense really and
penicillin is only good for so long a conversation
the night is not too long when thoughtful butterflies and
rainbows
when warm rain is a sense
and there is no pain
and there is no discontent for it is attached to the
flights of placeboism and the routines of swallowing
swallowing BID
and what is not bionic when the soul is allowed the
course of itself without the tethers of
sense
and if an industry upon the manufacture of smiles
and who can argue with demand
and who cannot supply decency when there is
so much pain in the world
so much pain in the world
thought pain and body pain and memory
pain
I last indifferently if I am solved in medicine
I believe I last indifferently if this
and the pusher takes my brains away
opioids ahh
and a journal to say there is one government and
who can argue that we are all materially the same
we require similar things
and a journal will tell you that
it is only so long until I can live forever and
what original thing will I consider
when a body is serviced the
little person inside me will crawl out then drunk

the chants
the chants
fill a rosary echoes
stone walls
come again the seasons
come again the light
how old are you
to not hold time
closely
nor with effort
another soul is mine
and calling
the chants and
roben hoods
after inbirds and
cathedrals
altars lifted in voice
they slowly die away
upon fiftyness
and who knows
numbers like
once and again
seems accurate and
speculation is
divinity
the chants and
affirmations
payment for I
am mortal
then sound ends I
am mortal
when the course
of being
wakes among
echoes
wakes among
what is song
what is stone and
eternity

no the simpler

to cause a problem that only the gamed
solution is known by the causer
the great engines in the middle earth causing
gravity
who stole gravity and caused an engine
and the atmosphere
what was desolation when not a
person roamed and thought about religion and
science
and the atmosphere because there was
so much damn pollution on
world X1-709 only them with gills knew
survival through the suffering of
living in hydrogen wells with
fish and methane algae
and what intentions are there to the hideouts
them with beautiful sounds and souls and lakes and
canoes
the clouds are not suffering but only giving
who could not applaud utopia
to cause a problem indeed for
there must be social change or
either to worms and soil I dwell only thinking of
2,000 year patterns and
remembering to rise to the surface when
it rains
it rains
but that is not a solution to dogoodism but
only a response
rising to the surface when
it rains
and if there were a love which kept engines in
check
to call it something like language over
and again over
and in some sum to know the nature of experiments which
caused cause solutions and
then only to mind honestly weigh in

weigh in

what is the measure of light
I give it pictures images rainbows
the crossing arms
stern ocean woman knowing clouds
they come and stay
the graves come and life it passes quickly in
gulls and stops
tides and sounds too them
I have never known to measure
stars when they peek through
except in poems for
emotion is no sense except in
words when
geometry is failure to humanity
what is the measure of sound
I give it to the mind and
crosses the process of imagination
a tree responds the wind
the crossing arms lightning snatch
stern old boy
confident in peace knowing
tomorrow never ends and
failure is a
social push for
something that never mattered
only that
and when the years began in
crockling fires and whole moons
when the middle of the night was
not late nor tired
I did not cry at divinity then
nor was I trained to fear it now except
the conditions of material
and that is only small
the world does tell me not exactly
the world does tell me

everything to give
then nothing when even nothing is given away
and the material
that was immediately nothing for as a child only
material then strong and educational
and what I last
then nothing if material is the strata of thought and
that is given
only innocence
to judge that
only innocence
then what innocence is meaningless and who would call
the lives of innocence nothing if all
that I noted were the passages of
little art and wildflowers
what is not given more
and to think of time I do not remember
that without attachment
and to love an afternoon then time is material
and to hold time in little shelf bottles with names
to grow old to that innocence
the attachments of little bottles to fondness
and sundowns firststars
and if to use the word metaphor
what does take something away from this
imagination
when there are words to steal etched cups and
crystal stones and time
and to know greater that innocence
before peace
had no reference to opposites but only something
in a word like trust
and to give away that without reference except a
moment and
where it does begin
then nothing when even nothing is given away
and
let nothing be a gift between us

the poet

I am not invisible and
causing
nor do I
run to corners of
time when
something great appears
I was only born and
then to have made
music
and when the lights of
anyday season
cast shades of
reason
this will last forever
and has

spacebonk

spacebar spacebonk spaceface
bedbonk conkbonk spacebonk racebonk
oh to lust grand things
macerace ratrace humanrace
think of stars when a professor says
bite me fight me right me
change me rightly nightly
what I argue for oh
to lust to dust to trust to bust
great things and
make them small enough for a
doll museum hall museum train museum
rain museum earthplace
birthplace the girth of place the
worth
oh to assort
to have something
to have had something oh to
assort resort presort consort
laser people say expect rains and
trains
digital people say the sames and
trains
spacebar spacerace expect a
windstorm cleanshaven taikonaut
2400 calorie a day eating thinker to
wind us out bind us out find us out
plant a ragflaghag in a bag
spacebonk inna mer
wonk that wonka tonka
lovelonka send a card with lard
castoff blastoff wanda emanate
emanate aggregate pollinate
lucky bucky
and only two dollars to
make it take it bake it

to go over things again

the best graffiti is in

the men's bathroom at
the law school library
or

the math department

I can only say
that
because
I have never
been in

the women's bathroom at
the law school library
or

the math department

*representation
is familiar*

*representation
is familiar*

steadying growth
and if it is slow and becoming constant
ever a mind to growth
the dips do change
cast doubt and
cause other things than disposition
and the cause for normalcy
an expanding notion of self is
the restraint for acquisition the
slowness of courage the
certainty as it comes and without force
and to speak of oneself sociologically and
with reference to
systems
I am now aged and aging
and what I count and count again and
if a room to despair
what despair is not to growth then and
little times for consideration
only age to know as thought casts
itself upon the past
as thought casts itself over and again to
trouble
ceaseless and with disregard to
invention
what is this invention
and the unions
of mossy stones and philosophy
of star and thought them
what does continue and what is
unafraid and not pretending
what does mean two things at first and
brings them into one
and with patience
I am slow and remarkable
I am slow and forgetting and
only dumb to quickness only
dumb
when quickness expects I trade the thoughts
the thoughts
them for efficiency and the
obvious
I say no for the steady does bring other
things

Rufus Xavier Sarsaparilla: the unsolicited bio

stays up late
how to make a fake ID
then you can be social and know rhythm
schoolhouse rock
went through eleventh grade
through November 11th
11:11 AM
said okay
plays harmonica about saints from St. Paul
grows vegetables impatiently
walking shoes
electronic genius really
touches his tongue to batteries
as if that were what made people geniuses
touching tongues
licks newspapers
is familiar with current events
licks the New York Times
is familiar with what happens in
America America
prefers sleep to food
prefers change to the linearisms of history
tries to compensate for linearism
breaks lines
crosses lines
starts new lines and walks away from them
stays up late because
night was once important
uses up night until it is unimportant
has an identity crisis
buys lots of shoes
has an identity crisis
says prayers at 11:11's
this is not superstition
it is religion
then you can be social and know rhythm
and what of people who
direct things
madly
put them in ponchos like that
let them know
to wish for purpose
is to suppose there is no purpose

hovering
ground earth the tiles gone hovering
sky
what is connected
and traveling with intentions
walksteps this I know to make history
well and broad
boarded floor gone I do not remember
and sit in the middle of trees
unconnected
and whether it be prayer or poem or
something other
I have given and
without connection
grass and stones there are none
what is memory and good
the moss
carpet structure I give this structure to
hovering
and nothing has left
rather to know the sky and its
ness
where the clouds are if I desire and where
the poems are if I desire and
where is not a place
sky
and if there is a weight to
everything I hold
closely
I give it its own strength to change or
either cast itself to
love
and nothing is empty that
cannot be filled
nor closed and held in time
saved
and nothing is
solid for want is only old and fallen
carpet
left for travelers only realizing the
space of dreams is material
I allow and do not
keep

in the middle of trees
what do you do in the middle of trees
I say I watch them until
they leave my mind
they pass with the wind until
the wind does too leave and the grass
and what is left
I say I
begin
return to the last conversation when
figuring began as ritual and
feathers and
air
return to thought and what it brings
and the rain only mimics
and the light is subtle like change
what do you do in the middle of trees
I sleep
what do you do in the middle of trees
I go to the middle of trees to
eat and
decide what makes bread
decide what makes shelter and
nothing is necessary nor
essential
I say I watch them until they
pass to growth and
know that
I am only temporary
what is not temporary
and when a book this forest makes I
to have been a word
given
and if you are here for me I take you
oak and courage
aspen pine
for you are the same and holding
manners
for you are minding the same things I do
mind and with
no sound to impermanence
but only grace I do not
take nor cannot take
I sleep

not to mind the rain at all
comes down smell
the dry and grass will respond in color
not to mind the rain at all
when
otherways the dryness
the dry wind
the insects buzz and then
and if this is the conditions for restart
the conditions
and what does happen when
clouds do open I do not mind the rain at all
when the wash fills
and the plastic covers collect
sound and water
and the streets shine with mist rebounds
and the quiet is only dashing water
the drains to lake
and no holes to clouds not a
form to clouds cover
the indirect light
comes down smell
otherways no sense to
what is away and out
otherways no sense to sun and air
it is then casual and informed
and without cause
and with the water comes
what I wait for and
only to allow for the minds of force to
push this is
reason to nature and
what directs and
to only consider this attached to social
cause
to consider many things
down
down like sadness washes away
comes down smell
and when I have waited
not to mind the rain at all
except its finish
then to keep language then in
bottles

little pocket of peace
only when
the declarations of unpeace
are started then to recognize
little pocket of peace
little room of
joy without lines nor
hardness and
to dwell in that and
make large
when a ceiling is then
taken and
the stars revealed and brought into this
and a window to
the ocean
and a door to wind for its sense
and from
little nothing when emptiness was
left for
better the isolation without
attachments
and grows like seed
what I call it
language from corners and
washed walls
and when it is fine then
to step nextward and
remember
discern and unpeace
is strong if only
to give it that
unpeace is allowance if
to give it that
and what is in this control I
know
determination plays fear against
against walls
determination makes might of
thought
and if there is not a need
then I bring what is collected to
brightness and
make peace typical and
regular

listless
spellbound and words
the blue light shines
irrelevant libraries
when words pass directly to speech and
all is written
what else is there to say technology
bring what exists forward
depression
and the poems
what exists midnight is one hundred years ago and
the rest of time is fixed in one hundred ways
the spellbound clouds the
arrogance
fuddled in circles and
leave pride for rediscovery of
that which emerges
like all do emerge
out of little caves like
we used to do holding hands and now
to only watch as anthropologists watch
and the imagination
what is new
when
what is said over and again
repeats itself
the common lives of animals
irrelevant libraries and
the computers
the blue light shines
programming of existence
programming of clouds and
how to see a cloud
how to see a star
and to littler minds and common revelations
wow
what does dazzle when
if there were an exterior to
domain
it would be called other or either
insane
and called away from attention
when
symbols have been accounted

and when it stops
to be brought to truth then
the hardness of life rains
reason force I respect can only
they have it right
the fishermen hikersmen treemen
when they say
life is subtle and sometimes loud
apologies
and to know
to be brought to truth then
and if there were a world
I could do
like control
and when it stops
knowledge is the littlest freedom I can
imagine
I can offer
I can reasonably want I know in
some maturity
for wisdom the tears and hardness
the change what is
change
and when freedom is the control of
God
who to call but
and when freedom is the
control of pain
what to call but pain something
and the useless
to be brought to truth then
among greater rightness
and if language is a zoo and
tethered
who does bring new speech to
understand
death and trial
death and healing
death and shortness
death and impermanence
and when it stops I
call then for
the next time reason loudly you
coward

a day at the hospital

no walls beeps
the walking people white shoes
nothing can be done
cafeteria two milk salad
the hospital artists
as if I were in
space
no walls beeps
fresh air from a system
what is sterile
Pakistan scissors
the needle people
the bloodists
vampires
the insurancists collecting
information information
the predoctors gathering
information information
nurse 1 nurse 2 nurse 3
the little closet
the funny remote control
on a line
pushbutton service
giftshop mylar balloons
hospital crosses
the chapel
the room with colored windows without
religion
doctors with
heads above knowledge
the structure of meals
cigarette patio
no walls beeps
blood pressures pulse
social worker
committed to the body
what is not committed to the body
time is caught
visitors sleepover recliner
sleep

library as discipline
a line on information
all information is arbitrary except its
content
thus it is assorted
thus
thus
thus
and what is not reduced to the atoms
to the buzzwords
for access
and museums
built around civil structures
data collected
managed according to class
no class is superior to
another except by the number of visitors
history is important
who can deny history
who cannot separate history
who cannot separate separations
and the data entry
ISBN
the privilege of order
according to cultures
and the little books with titles
they must be kept
everything must be kept
a line on information
and the head hier
to declare a system
only the misinformed will be
corrupt
and language turns to
categories
realism
and
the knowledge of titles
structures of information
applications of structure
structures of application
thus
thus
thus

resurrecting TISP

I was home sick that day throwing up
the night before
sixteen years old sophomore in high school
it was live TV 1986
space shuttle challenger blastoff
it rose
it exploded
I watched it
the Teacher in Space Program
Christa McAuliffe
Ronald McNair the five others
Barbara Morgan watched it
then they started calling it
the Educator Astronaut Program
made full astronauts of traveling teachers
gave them extracurricular duties
waited 21 years of training because
they could not decide
what type of payload a payload specialist
called teacher would carry
trained her on mechanical arms and
patience
supplemented knowledge with
materialism and
stellar reference
flies Tuesday carrying all sorts of
flags
planning on filming some stuff talking with
kids
on some satellite phone
even though most schools are out
for the summer
planning on orbiting
planning on eating packaged foods
planning on being an ambassador
and the payload
cannot think too hard
like a roller coaster with a great view
tell me all about it
when
you get back

glossia they meet
land urchins and little creature tines
them teathy hairy thinking
stealth and territory
darkened eyes and darkness shadows
ghost trees silent stillness
wait
nocturnal prowls the imagination is
not light
the imagination is in
words
what on four legs sunken head thoughts
interpretation
the word
and if to only think in
words
what is between words
what does start words
quiet tracks whispers foot to foot lesser creatures
to grow in fear and
shelter dark shelter fear
for them and clawed and calling out
noise and possession
the land has ever known ways
strength and what is wanted taken
and used
used
force not change nothing changes
and species thought
hide or either prowl
what is required to frame lessons in
that which is unafraid
that which knows no fear
that which know no resistance
that which hides
that which watches
and if there is an order to
collapsing sense and reason
the starkness breath and stopless night
bring this
only to do what is known instinct
between mortal lines
the gravest sense to require
survival kein thought what is done is

the varieties of formation
how they form
daily to have been brought to know truth
in a way
the way of nature
the way of civilization apart from this
what brings civilization and
what stays with nature
and the varieties of
civilization
agreement is community
and call it culture
and reason to defend the notions which
sustain and have sustained
and trained to reason
what community is large enough
of mind
to absorb the goodnesses of
another and
with discern enough to
disregard that which is unreasonable
without mention of
disqualification of thought
how they form
the varieties of open mind
and what is the greatest openness and
without limits
for that is not called
religion nor set nor philosophy
but only considered in dashes and
fleets
and to be young and restless the
sense of becoming considers many things
nearby
like experience
and if a book is enough to cross lines in
confidence
and if the stories are enough then
and if to suppose the possibilities of
faith becoming in
another way than mine
to grow old by that and
remind my own confidence that
stillness need not know everything

The learner having attended without grades

What self discipline to develop one's own when there exists no social control. How to administer a program without

mention of program. What is a program? And to call the questions of social accountability, the question of schooling

for purpose or either schooling for character. And if they are separated, the notions of training and self discovery, how

to consider either a school and the other something other. And to have attended without grades and without the considerations

of social formation, lest cooperation be social formation, to have attended without the necessities of ruledom, for in the

first the human nature is goodwill and interest, and to have attended without the limits of age and time brackets, without

the limits of externally directed curriculum, of course a society reflects its schools. For the idealism of schools is outward

into communities, affect is outward, and a cohort to have left the sounds of an undirected environment expects the

same elsewhere. For the braggart of freedom is the most free. And if, to decide the nature of schooling is this, open source,

then to expect such a plan. And if, to decide the nature of schooling is directed, then to expect this at the outset of

children coming of age. What is schooling? And if it be certain and one over the other, then why not why? That a

developing mind require many things is not profound, and also not profound that it is not freedom to create a free 'program.'

And if the hardness of external direction is not tempered with the softness of humanism and allowance, then to expect such

a social disposition elsewhere. And to expect a self discipline to carry social discipline, then a self disciple will be the grader.

Dear Prudence:

Roundland has been nice. The Round people are strong in character and their language is not nearly as difficult as I had imagined. Every day the spiralists protest and, even here, you find an occasional square (I suppose I am one to the natives).

The Mayor took us down to the river today and it looks as any other. He said to think about water is to think about systems. I told him I only drink it when I am thirsty or bathe in it when I smell though I would give his thoughts some thought.

I found it interesting that Roundland was founded by the xenophobes the circlists and it was not until fifty years ago that history was collected. The mayor told me that history repeats itself now and is only rewritten when a visitor such as myself says or does something profound.

I did find some time away to enjoy the museum. Many of the paintings were of some local hero named Carlos Oblonga who was the first Roundchapel Pastor and is known for bringing electricity via windmills and water turbines. Would you believe that the museum gift shop sells his hangover tonic which is apparently quite popular with visitors who come to 'detox.'

Strangely there is a unique species of rabbit that roams freely here. It is entirely black and about twice the size of your typical garden variety rabbit. They are common even in the city and they will eat carrots right out of your hand. (You can get carrots from the many pushcarts in the city center)

Not everything is dreamy here though. Last year a Round person asked a spiralist to close her curtains when she walked naked around her home. The spiralists are rather defensive you see, and this cultural marker has served as a source of heated dialogue between the impurities of spiralism and the hypermodesties of the roundists. I find the whole matter quite fascinating, so much so that I find myself taunting both sides.

Anyway, the sun still shines here, and the rain is only thought of differently. And to put things in perspective, even the occasional squares subscribe to the public sustainable energy commission.

Well anyway, missing you Dear Prudence.

Best, *Uncle Albert*

animal opera

Divisions a moose is not caribou and if they were then a question for history. Nor do I carry evidence of tiger having been brought from lion only faith to that meaning of evolution.

And if to believe from single cells then where I go, and what animal is becoming and more adaptive? What do I become? Decisions divisions the social is an animal and

formation from that if to believe the meaning of evolution. And the otherwise constance of religious binders, the animals of social systems, and if they change its members not to

know that systems become obsolete, happy but obsolete and growing small. And if, pushed to defend as fact the eithers of evolution, of the relations of birds and butterflies,

the relations of algae and trees, or the eithers of religion and constance, in its simple form nothing changes, and the whereabouts of everything is local and fixed, and the

animal is the system. Animal opera, and away to watch, to carry and grasp at little informations that I not be completed nor complete. And to be selfish in either case, to serve the

bounds of ones' own in the interest of survival, or either to moralize ones' own set in the interest of species survival. And if it is all about species survival, that the hardnesses

of life are met with the resistance in either the diasporadic manners of separation or either the collective impulses to huddle and call names upon things, no matter for ends are

ends. And the third, to not give a shit and to observe in reflection what does come naturally without animosity nor spirit attached. And call me grazing and tired animal then

for I will have already passed social efforts in its othered forms. Only to carry oneself and live generously, and what religion does not carry such a banner, and the possibilities of evolution

to carry the struggle of oneself and the interest of self protection. For who is certain lest that information be given to the tired and defeated. Though in safety I do exist without divisions.

and if there are dreams
then
to hold them closely the seeds and last
nor boast of dreams
nor consider the implausibilities
to release that which suffers
to carry that which is fixed
nor to analyze the nature of
then
and if there are dreams
I do not force
as boat
as object
as that which exists
and what is not objective of dreams
I say everything of dreams is objective
and flight as object
and family as object
and concept as object
nor to call concept object
nor to analyze the nature of
then
nor to call purpose
nor to add social reference
nor to classify social reference
I do not force
and I cannot say to hold closely the want
for that which is attitude
nor to dream of that within control
lest a dream be
brief alone
perhaps
nor to pray at dreams
nor to add reluctance for
what does arrive after completion like emptiness
then
and all things fertile
or either desolate and hungry
for they are not my own
nor to fear what a dream does cause nor
its accomplishment
I do not force
except interest
then

on the reasonableness of weather
what changes as the clouds begin
I have been planning on them since July when
times were irreverent and dry
they were so far away and
desperate
the absence of things does bring this
and when the sun is too cast
then the other for desperation
and to know that weather is not mine
the eventual snow to punctuate the seasons
the eventual shortness of light
if this be weather
what changes as the air does cool
I have no control but respond
in coffee and shirtsleeves
and to only say the constance of days without
change
this is unreasonable and unremarkable and
cause for philosophy and wishes
to expect the cycles
the land does expect as I do expect
and the rivers else
what changes
to look at clouds and attach social judgment
when
times were irreverent I say
the clouds are personal
I forbid the clouds
when the clouds are everything for days
and if reason is brought from
that which is without control
to explain pain as
wind
to explain thought as balmy insight and
never to use the word metaphor for
what is authentic I am lesser than
what changes language the
leaves do change and bring me outright
I have been planning on change since September
when
I was unreasonably cold
and
the insects were quiet

on the varieties of ants
are they carpenter ants or are they
army ants
and what difference is there to language
I had always figured
the army ants to be the ones that
followed each others' trails in jungles
with chunks of leaves in their jaws
and
the carpenter ants to
live in clusters
eat house foundations and rotted trees
and the ones to act independently
away from that
maybe to call them reconnaissance ants to
those who would rather they had
a military designation
and the little fire ants that
are red and sting unmercifully in
your pant legs
the run of the mill black ants meant for
kids and magnifying glasses
or to spit on while
sitting on a curb eating a red slurpee at
7-11
mostly unremarkable
could be called driveway or sidewalk ants
or civilian ants
the little tiny ants that
find sticky shit on
counters
call them sticky shit ants or
clean up ants
and
brown ants
the undomesticated type
camouflage
I am not sure if they are the giant anthill ants
and the target of
monkeys with sticks or not
and what difference is there to language
there is no difference to language
if
you're just talking about ants

golden anomalous orb

holds a golden anomalous orb
moves it around until an opinion
structures questions around the history of golden anomalous orb questions
absorbs theory
puts the golden anomalous orb in a pocket
says you now have a golden anomalous orb
call it original
cancels all previous theory
for all that matters is the start of this golden anomalous orb
teaches how to give it away
says anybody can have but they must believe they have it
talks about the experiences of various golden anomalous orbs
until the word responsibility naturally comes
talks about how to find a new golden anomalous orb when one is lost
brings the golden anomalous orb out of a pocket
compares it
talks about representation
starts with art
turns to peoples and ideals and congress
turns to language as representative form
and when I to believe independence
holds a golden anomalous orb
with feathers with reason
holds it higher than mine
as if I have not finished
as if I have not finished
I have not finished until
the competition is settled
until one golden anomalous orb holds no greater power than another
until I have done something good with my golden anomalous orb
to say 'what is good'
to say sustainability is one likeness of good
to develop a theory of applied golden anomalous orbism
that is what I talk about
after a golden anomalous orb is realized
after
to realize a questions do not end
to parent defense of the likenesses of good
to parent defense of the nature of this golden anomalous orb
the wands of language
possession

beatnik humidity lightning rambling rain

steamborn oppression
lightning blasts five seconds rolling skymoans
intermittent patters ideas
treeleaves drips skylight
six hours holding reference
what is unresolved?
wallowing figuring lookin poetry
master questions
cloudbreak question break
bulbous manlightning cause darkness between
pickup water drafts ravines
cloudhole star
the night is nearly over
the night is nearly over
rambling rain sleep continues
I have been asleep
but only a moment
I have been asleep and depending on this
steamborn

imagining a life
one hundred lives
from this point forward
time
to choose one is a path
to do nothing a path
for this is what I make of being and
to call that by a name
to never know castles nor engines for
that was not my interest
lest I start tomorrow as prince
as student
one hundred lives to imagine and
youth is simple when
not to consider
I have passed
the charms of nature for cities
and back again
I have passed the
professional batons from money to
trade
I have passed the freedoms to
an ever increasing box for
to realize no limits is
the dissolve of character
lest I wander
holding and acquiring
to choose one path
and given this
free will
then responsibility then
what follows
for this is what I make
I make the forest and call it being
for to have passed it is my own
I make the ocean
for to know systems I do not cross
except in language
time
and go there
carrying history and certainty
remorse
for from this the next
one hundred lives

shell

Thought so broadly and left social things
behind.
Nothing followed.
Looked back for social interest.
To have traveled a path alone.
Then got there proudly.
To return then without reference for expressions.
And unwilling to forget pride.
Then isolation or either
to make two parts of the self.
The protected self for which no one knows.
The social self and able to bring
social things and
practical things to life.
And no wonder to be known as the social self
incomplete
when the streams of being were left
other places.
And to realize that
the social journeys
that which exists in self acclamation
what is not personal and alone?
And the shell is only what is first brought. And if
never to speak of that.
Never to speak of that
lest metaphor be language.
It is.
And even those allusions to self pride
are those allusions to being
and if
even metaphors cannot be mentioned if they are to
bring about the idea of having been in a way.
The shell is covered then.
And to say a soulmate will have been and
will have known
then to believe that then
like quiet things consume
for something must consume what is
otherwise not taken.
The night insects.
Cities and ambition.
They consume shells
except for what I do not give.

are institutions places?

To use the word institution is to
reference ideology. And usually associated with
physical structure.

University. Church. State hospital.

And if there were an institution to
assort human thought
and if there were an institution of words and
word methods,

for it to exist without place and
without representative physical forms
is to not have realized
people rely upon physical forms for direction.

People rely upon physical structures as
houses of ritual, houses of reference, as something
more absolute than related thought.

And if ideology were pure mathematics, perhaps,
though what math is not considered without
counting instruments

instruments of figuring and dictation.

And what logic even
is taught without partner nor poem?

And even then, among the ethereals of such subjects,
to not have grandiosed their trains into
classrooms and texts?

For such ideas are captured then for
figuring and ritual in increments, for figuring and for
the safety of those with such interests.

And institution, for the insane, for the ill,
for for for,

does an institution need be voluntarily received
for its acceptance as ideology?

And to create,
will the institutions of beauty first have
an object

and to have wrapped ideology around that?

And the idealist, to have brought
the arbitrary object
to represent that which is profound?

No matter sources
lest function interfere with freedom. That.

And the vigilance of one institution to
check another to its limits for I have not met
one completed.

neopostmodern positive detoxification

and they all went into rehab uttering old things and independence
stealing truths
came with philosophy
but what is philosophy if not given social reference and
quiet places
without lights nor sirens
and if the oceanic mountains were only enough to
bring one to oneself
and the standard oatmeal
the real butter
and if the cleared detox path through the
unchanged trees
and if the sand
and if the clouds have not returned
what is constant and
to ask that like quietly considering for
social work has bracketed hardness
and what it is they know
to sleep to that and open windows
the water engines were something other than true and
enough to inspire
a search for God and transcendence in several ways
and God was not the highest mortal administrator
like authorities led me to believe
and they all went into rehab as some academic class wanting
foundations
social theory as that which does not change
but never to call it religion but only memory and
another whole which cannot be stolen nor
logically denied
and what is forced
what is prison and who returns from prison when
thought is without social reference
and who returns from material when material is without
social reference
and the birds
and the horns go away
and what are intentions
they go away in ones and twos and
counting returns as normal
and the people if there were none
the conditions to have been personal before social reference
and that is only something

greater themes than words
spoken in words
greater themes than words
how beauty
it was there before I transferred it to thought
before I accommodated it and built around it in little
hedges
protecting it
but it was not beauty before then I say
lest I believe nature as absolutely beautiful
spoken in words
and to make nothing of philosophy I
dissolve like language
giving the mountain fish their waters
I have not bounded nor visited
and who needs beauty when the imagination is started
lest I believe beauty is structured and physical
and the mind is
not nearly beautiful for its dissolve is language and its
being is started by oceans and
other things
things
giving the ocean fish their waters
and I know that cannot be
put into a container lest I
grasp the earth as whole
spoken in words
greater themes than words
and what presence is not brought with
memory
and what memory is not tagged in a way
how beauty I say
it is not how
but only given
and I was not there the river fish
and I was not there the icebirds
the others
and I give it no less beauty than
what I have only changed and bracketed what I have
spoken in words
greater themes than words
and if that is unnatural
to reference nature with experience
apologies and afterthought

contemplative technology
as if there were degrees to thought
can a thought be greater than another if
it opens into other thought
and if thought were only personal is there
a memory of thought trains
a memory of the history of thought
or either the contemplatives of being
that they are only fluid and unfiltered and
for there to be no such thing as
to stop a notion
they come without resistance and without value
and to rest orders and intentions for
only contemplation is undesignated and
gel
and what does come does come
and if there were an end to contemplation
by the bells of the body
what to have reflected then and
what to have called good and Godness
for what it is then is next the start
if there is an active force to beginning
that without borders
as if there were degrees to thought
when it is set aside in quiet places
but only when it ends is it plussed and discerned
for application
and who to wonder at applications when
things are timeless and without function
pure
nor to stop the consideration of applications
though I do not steer
indirection
for only to recognize technical degrees
upon the ends of isness after
after
though within nothing nothing is the
greater and that is found and feels
the whole of health and
otherness as one
and if then that is desirable
to fashion psychology around time
to wrap time in principles for application
then

forgiving perfection
if perfection is less than perfect
for it was never intended to be without rain
and if to love rain the most
for it was never intended for rain to be constant
and to dwell in perfect places where
perfect is ten percent or either ninety percent
for what is perfection
without reference to the imperfect
and to love that then as an element of perfection
forgiving perfection
in its insistence
its push to ideology
forgiving perfection for its mention
because
need I say
because what perfection calls itself perfection
and if to love the Saturday oceans
and if to love the swells the sounds
or either to love the idea of it all
then how not to call it perfect
and in that dwell if
that is satisfaction
because
need I say
because the perfect is personal is it not and
to call that words
that is satisfaction
and if perfection with a force and imposed
and if perfection over and again and again
then perfection is
less than perfect when to realize that
and stop
and who seeks perfection and to hold it
to possess it
a question to the philosophy of objects if
perfection is an object
and forgiving perfection then when it is stopped and
considering itself
considering its insistence
until it is realized
how to hold it closely without reference to
that which I appreciate
I say

the loaner
passed from voice to voice
traded in conversation
never had a choice
forms a conscience
hides in small ways little rooms
what good is a skill for
independence
who to sell that to
what good is a skill for
trust
how to sell that without consent
and if that is a nature
to hold such things as concepts
and act as such things
act
and if
to do that without borders
how to form a product of that
and its withdrawal
for to govern the desirable is to
govern its presence
the loaner
and assuming the dignity of
being
conscience
passed from voice to voice
the chattel
the social forms
traded in conversation
what is the value of love
what is expected for return
love as other
is not love
hides in small ways little rooms
away from its ness
for being as one thing is
only small and
cannot answer the questions
which are important
like
what are the limits of this
when
all to do is act

what is self definition

I bought a car
they sent me a membership

I get things for free
for being with a car

the other people look
they say
I know what kind of car he drives because
he wears a hat
he wears a badge
he can be expected to be a way

to have a material moral system
when
to wear a hat
when
the cross is too profound
does not answer everything
requires things

eat at Joe's
become a National Parkist
they say uh huh

because
to be important is to
last
when the world is too
big
to question sustainability
except what is in a control

and what is arbitrary
I preferred the
sage green
and would not think
of imposing a
sage green world

I bought a car
with strings attached
I did not know

faith starts interfaith, interfaith starts faith

self begins the other
questions if
faith starts interfaith
questions if
interfaith starts faith
what faith I know
starts interfaith
the other begins the self
what other does not
begin the self
if to have been empty
speculation
if to have
carried permanence
faith starts interfaith
speculation
this faith either

free range muppets
free range muppets
traveling muppets
carry books with lips
talk about what's been talked about
courage and shit
duty and obligation and shit
the organization of shit
and says
for a dollar I will mail you
muppet lore
no strings attached
by the way
what is your e-mail address
free range muppets
home is where you hang your
sponge hat and
lensless glasses
and tomorrow begins again
sunshine and confetti coffee
in a
world of waste up
people
ding dong
the corporation calls
would you like to be a member
and know things
tomorrow Tulsa
tomorrow Kinko's then Tulsa
El Paso eventually
Santa Fe sometime
free range
important shit
enlist enough muppets
form a colony
grow confetti corn
move on muppet man
never settled for
partial peace and wind
the talking flowers
only settles for
partial peace and wind
the singing snails
in retrospect

change and changeness
resistance what is the
internalization of peace if
to change is socially inherent
or change is natural and good and
unlimited
and what is stillness if
this brings peace
among the values of movement
changeless earth if
cycles are constant
the seasons the days
if their measure is over and again
neutral and
nothing is expected more
than that which nature brings
it is enough
and to doubt these faculties
if doubt is the
insistence for movement
though I do not fear
the humanity's sake of
betterment
for the water the breath of
life and its consideration
and if all is for the
closeness to knowledge
and if change is for the
closeness of knowledge
changeness is
in these streams and
to rest at death
for then is stillness comes
among receptions
among accommodations
I do not argue
and cycles then
I do not argue
I am in a control
if to changeless earth is
memory and
if to changeness
I hold the faculties of value
of discipline of resort

the stations
starts at birth
stars at birth
what are stations after and
who declares
until death the
paths between
to give birth
the biological stations
the rest as
social stations
I say I am important and
if life is important and
traveling one from one
one from one
only creation marks stations
stations
I declare
to have been brought
to idea stars
then and notice that
time does pass and
energy passes
what I make and
what I call
and what is stationary
hold to stations then
and not to fall
completely marriage
if
knowledge of love and
love itself
and these pleasures
and these pleasures
to repeat them
over and again
I do start winter walks when
the air is crystal
I do begin
why to wash in
autumn creek
and if that were station
its begin
I will say

glass frames

visions exterior the wind is limited and
words are framed
the words get old when
the words cannot escape and
visions only are the stars
glass frames the atmosphere and
what is sustaining
do I give
or either to take and huddle
take and huddle and
only old enough to realize we each we give
next year will be the same
next year when
there are the old crossing lines
them gone away and even memory
gone away
I know nothing to forget nothing
and what is new enters and is
figured
immediately
authority within closed systems
authority the guards which
hold to timeless things
they do not recognize borders nor
cross them over
live within
and knowing limits teach me this and
bring me earth and what is greater
passions here
I am otherwise drawn and content
divided for this urgency I neglect when
there is no matter to
that which cannot be held and
divided
I do not really know either
the common things
if to be among them is only voluntary when
I settle
and to only ask for once
to not be satisfied with
the creation of frames as
substitute for traveling outside of
this

opening wings, closing them, opening wings wider
to show
the widest limits are broad and
open
and they grow wider they are
open with drafts and social systems I
learn and
demonstrate
the colors are not fear nor
tolerance not considered
the colors are not message I was only
to be born with
to gather what is given
to show
like language
like information like cause and
if I am only proud
if I am only certain
that does go away the clouds
when charges settle nothing and
another too has wings I know
friend
to show
and if there is a discipline to
social acceleration
what is social acceleration
I have only gone to beaches to sleep
and do not conquer them
lest time be enemy and
lest time stop for the errands of
beauty
I only ask nothing
when the air does move again softly
and the rain
the widest limits are these held
wide
and animal is becoming
except to know social systems
are these efforts
demonstration
against againstness and
freedom is broad and open
pushed
wide and wide again

paint it a real good picture

with lions and dandelions
people shaking hands
people realizing
show me people realizing things
the autumn clouds canvas because
I know what that means
and colors smears and texture
void
if only I could see life
smell images and arrogance
the ships and
waterbirds
hear images and arrogance
with midnight corners and dawn
dripping clocks and chance
show me chance and
possibility
with July snowflakes and winter
rainbows
with pushful social whorls
love and history
with porcupine metaphors
with flying things
people struggling at destiny
people struggling at
wonder and curiosity pain
show me people realizing things
and them
just sitting there
looking like and alike and
pregnant
show me taste and
how it causes
how it forgets what surrounds it
with justice
with sand and soil and
food and
growing things
show me
show me realizing I am too
natural and realizing

minutes of the annual meeting of the porcupine members

all hurt and accounted for

respond by saying ouch

ouch

and the motto:

we are all porcupines

we hold tender things away

in language and in body

in creative ways

for not to be damaged again

for trust is now a dot in a

skin of swords

all hurt

new members

welcome Sebastian

his wife just left him

and

welcome Juanita

her home was vandalized

all respond

ouch

new business

the troubled lives committee

will be organizing a

focus group for those

without focus

date and time to be determined

the repatriation committee

will be developing a

new victim form letter

all respond

ouch

old business

the ongoing efforts of

Quillmaster Bowdoin at

slowing down time

via self medication and

park bench sitting

has inspired the solo

moviegoing movement

all respond

ouch

the meeting is adjourned in

nocturnal stillness

love and loss

what goes away with love when
love goes away
everything that was given and
cannot in good
spirit be reclaimed
for to do so is
to say a different contract existed
than did
and what healing is not honesty

lest it was sharing

and if to say
keep what was given then
for what I was
believed to have been given
is too the contract and
enough to replace
that which was given
enough for survival in some
hurted degree

lest it was shared

and I am changed
am I not changed
what loss does not change
or either
what willfulness does not change

lest I share
then
and what is loss to love
but only
to have been changed and considering
that
and what healing is not honesty

advocacy for the homeless
cause for homelessness
having met the teleologies of
misfortune
the defeat of the will
when
to pick oneself up over and
again
is to be conditioned by defeat over and
again
and what convinces a person
that fortune is
possible
in the meantime the soup
the interfaith volunteers
the beds
the dogooders claiming social solutions and
panaceisms
but what does lift the homeless
and if
the homeless to be lifted
who is wrong with a philosophy of
help
the toughness of love
and is it enough to hold
possibility barely out of reach
and who could change a society
which
itself is conditioned for the self
and help
it thinks not of itself as
philosophy
but only moral imperative to
offer
to sustain itself
and give to every ends to
lives buried in damage and mistrust
cause for homelessness
if events are cause then
several causes without solutions
but only to offer solutions to
failure
preparedness and what is not
confidence then

what balances materialism?
certainly the stones
the river
who can deny the rain
and respond in
clothes and shelter
and what prepares and
who brings the greatest things
the next greatest things and
the next greater
to defend against
the weather
the defeating social conditions like
conspicuous consumption
the nature of possession
and who can deny
that tools do defend
that tools and material
have brought order and control
to the externs of
difficulty
but this is not all
nor to pass as buyer
as controller
and in what interest I survive
and in what interest I defend
for what
certainly the stones
I am not mute
and I choose to touch them
the river
it is only dry in waders
who can deny the rain
who has made no effort for
cover
and to control the sense
and material
and to control sensation
and form walls around
oneself
in space bonnets and gloves
or either
what is learned is speculation and
filtered

robots and clowns, which are more human?

social inversion or
either the efficiencies of machinism
to ask what is human then
for what is reference
and not to have great social company with
either
for one is to comedy and flaws
the other is to
the management of material
and not to recognize character among
either
to ask what is character then
that which only exists in reference
to have a character
to ask what is character then
that which rests without requirement
that which stays without
conditions
though to love a parade
and when a clown brings my opposite
though to love that which is
a thinking tool
neither is human
and only reference
why I consider
that which is without concern for
social tools them
and little in reference
when
to appreciate is only mine and
confident that this is human
and if it be that clown and robots as
with social reference
be the object of what is derelict and
extreme
I am learned by them
and thinking what is authentic
and to qualify thought
this is only my own
for I know no clown no robot to
qualify that which affects
only I do this to
that which is beautiful

slept so long without a soul

slept so long without a soul
dropped a body down
in the grass
sun went away
woke to a dream of
growing
realized nothing is darkness
dropped a body down
again
in the grass
jacket for blanket
slept so long without a soul
sun came the grass
nowhere to go
sweat forms
drool
realized to rest is nothing
realized nothing is being
jacked upright
the bugs
never bothered me
hear no cars but the wind
100 meters trees
to measure
blue sky dry throat
finger comb the hair
shirtfront wipe the face
slept so long without a soul
found urgency is to bed
found nothing
from the groin
give oneself a chill
manage a yawn
what is different than any other
first cicadas
silence
go home friend
he said to himself
slept so long without a soul
go home friend
he said to himself

what is the difference in starts: the printing press and the computer

press Gutenberg
starts the bible in circles
starts public information
starts reference
press internet
starts public information
restarts reference
change agent
for broadness of access
only to not include
that which elects exclusion
too much information
I say I
stop
I cannot stop
nor to want for lessness
only morality stops the
incessance of
academic fertility
and a text for that
change agent
for those who say
I say I
I cannot stop
and what is reasonable
when competition turns to
that which is
cooperative and defining
and to know
and to wish to know
then came truth for
so many questions
then truth split
then truth split again
who kept up with that
public information
is it good
in retrospect
I say I
I know shit
if nothing else
I know shit

free association as prayer

driftness
words to images
to words again

emptiness as prayer

nothing
tithes the soul
it is away

regarding love
times begin
the air is fresh and near
what is far away
nothing is far away and
language is not concept
there is no cause for
one attraction
nor to beauty
there is no cause for
things being together lest
to volunteer is cause
times begin
and realize what has
started
did never end
and colors did never end
the clouds did
never end
nor night
and the sounds the
rustling grass washing in
wind
there never was
an error
and nothing is misplaced
to not consider
times begin nor
consider
the air is fresh and near
what is far away
only among that I be
willful nor patient I do not know
patience
for a mind is at errand then
nor willful I do not know
willful
for that is with force
to not consider
nor to ask
the capture of museums
for love is not framed
except a flower
opening

rodents
city wild scavenging
hairy beasts with fangs
had I been small when they asked me
for a corner of my home
and I saw one in the grass
vole
fieldmouse
little do they know I
stole their prairie
twenty generations past
and they are
housemice now
only housemice
watching for bowery sewer rats
them territorial and
disgusted
at hell
who makes deals among rodents
I am lord and
trapping
with peanut butter and cheese
I allow nothing nor
midnight mischief no
baby mice farm beneath the
furnace
nor am I to cats
what to be the homeward hunters
them to city wild scavenging
had we
not struck a deal with
that species
no deal mice
except for lab specimen
rat specimen
psychomaze dwelling button pusher
thanks to all you give
including cholesterol injectable
babies by the
dozens
apologies for
invading your prairie I am
removing you from the
hawk food chain

who is running social experiments this time
the social riddle this time around
the last social riddle was
reasonably solved
or a greater riddle was
started
who is running social experiments this time
what authority is curious and not
only administrative
is administration authority
no matter titles
the arrangement of low income programs
the push and pull of
welfare monies
healthcare systems
educational curriculum
policy is to the favor of
who declares what is best in social experiments and if
democracy were an experiment
to validate the modern experiments
and experimental review boards
when was the need for experimental oversight
recognized
when one culture collected another
when one authority
when one faculty
collected another
they say to institute consciousness
for what gradual harm does not start the
gradual awareness of oneself
the establishment of walls
the attention to perpetration
who is running social experiments this time
find this and
locate progress and antiprogress
locate dissatisfaction
restlessness
though what cannot be improved
and if social studies have
started progress in history
then what is authority I ask and
what is implied
what is communion when
knowledge is then located

