

Ape of Man

GREGORY MARKEE

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MADISON

The ape of man

1.

Belonging to this place is a manner of trust
 I recognize the responsibilities daily
 in which automatons of care pass into regularity

When the sun does set westward nearly as September draws a light
 from direction due
 The birds are less arrogant as I am less arrogant

The settling of heat into Autumn a casual wear is standard and
 the settling of the intellect for the time
 into dryer forms like the grass like the leaves

The intellect too resolves itself into quiet
 nor peace unless it were peace originally unless it were peace
 and stationed as peace for a turn

There is a mirror from experience
 And this summer were no less delicate from forms assuming their origins
 Summer is worn and I come away into change

I know man as myself and from the season I know man
 for having pushed forward and carrying structures
 I have not considered myself otherwise

A timeful regard were mimicry I do not pretend
 the samples of existence such as the trials into what will be absorbed
 the expressions are shadows and longer unto ambience

Experience is no different than memory
 experience is no less shapen by fertile action in a single day
 than the repeats of cycles as anticipatory as trust

2.

Belonging to this place is a manner of trust
and the way the errands resolve absence
I do not take time nor can time be taken

The absence of systems is a tremor like faith is a tremor
I call deeply as I am called
a system's absence is an invitation for expectancy

The water will be frozen
the grass will bend and lie flat and
man assumes a lettered position a dependent position

The ape of man were his ancestor
relying on traditional forms of beauty relying on the germ of machine
relying on the germ of man

A man shall use a tool
a man shall hold a tool
the germ of man is his doctrine and strength

Humanity is humanity and I too call upon woman
the germ of man as innocent and powerful for his innocence
you have always started upright I have no cause for your dissuasion

And the inventor
the toymaker the carpenter the writer the instrumentalist
and were your God yourself ask what it be that I accomplish

3.

Belonging to this place is a manner of trust
I say I challenge your pain your advent your discontent
your structure is my structure

And the compounds of resource
how a museum is introduced and reintroduced as the vaultic holds of irony
this is humanity and so dull when a museum were filled

The old river is captured with a dam
every ten years the dam floods lets
this is expected in springtimes

There is no power such as observation
the dam will be refitted shortly after the pressures of weather subside
nor memories of nature forgotten

Ambient are the dusk insects
and for having been removed and for having been exposed to quiet
I am familiar

And process too the clouds
they are not slowed in winter I recall
what is made of nature is what a man shall be

And to admit a virtue's call is science for traveling into
for traveling into what I create
the cycles are admitted nor I live within my own cycle

God is forgiven
I speak to myself and require no answer
I am not the strongest nor admit God has ever lived

Your name is a call to one higher than yourself known as silence
and absence is no absence
I am primitive I use the word primitive

For my dependence upon machines I am primitive
the ape of man is useful
I say the ape of man is useful and followed man himself

The ape of God is no God
I fail to disagree
as a monist I fail to disagree though powerful and clever assume

The ape of God is shelter to God
the ape of man is shelter to man
humanity requires like history requires

4.

Belonging to this place is a manner of trust
and were I proven within other places
I come about differently in alternative places

Where the water is hidden and beneath stones I
look within my temperament for metaphor
there are other cravings

The ape of man is no mirror
from interiors let outward the caverns are opened
history recapitulates modernity and then again postmodernity ever

And silhouettes misshapen silhouettes
your form does harden as does mine
I do not ask to what degree of hardness is expected

Until you are ridden into concept
as am I
and given proper admission

The art of natural history

The clouds the clouds unpredictable
 as are many forms
 were constant for dayness
 [only recently am I responsible for the clouds]
 [I have no cabinet for you]
 [ritual]
 [is only my govern]
 The seasons and torment like erosion unto stone
 [a topsoil is left between the rivers for cartographers]
 [with flattened shelves]
 The primitive spirits
 [ritual]
 and say you are science for your nature
 [you are no cause though you do understand cause]
 I do not call this faith for expectancy
 [such is anticipation]
 [the planets whorl about the observatory]
 [the observatory is art]
 insists the tides the moon and were this gravity's place
 in turned about time
 Idolatry and faith for cycles
 the species are near enough from capture
 for my own disclosure
 [these are confessions]
 [and I too observe the makes of language]
 [and their sex]
 discount nature for its symmetry and perfection
 the
 snowflake
 [the smallness of snowflake]
 [and how a trees are fitted for this geography]

observe

[nor only]

Anthropology mentions religion excepting itself

and were their offices inna row

[how else to confer them neatly]

[a box is the invention of a box]

[nor have a cabinet for you]

nor have a cabinet for you

A system is the observance of systems and efficiency is efficiency

[is efficiency]

[I have what is required]

The pushed air carves the walls like nature

[and water]

The smallest is no less credited for dissolving the largest

The cabinet

[with the glass door]

[idea]

Before the snow comes reliably

and melt again for migrations

[this is explained in a book of images permanently opened]

And the orders

[unto community]

make their own pictures with their own proper shapes for bread

The clouds will never leave

and I am suspended

[on shelf with gravity]

The clouds will never leave

The sun will never leave

Self portrait

The empty room about the body entertained no more life than
death itself

It is to go into a museum

That is no secret as to why people go to museums
than to say one arrives close to death's representation

Though representation is a fallacy and there is no portrait which will not transfer life
to the emblems exterior to savagery

The golden link implied the watch
and the dust will not collect vertically

The clothes of the day were typical
the dark exterior habit with collar and the white shirt and the solid tie
it is difficult to confuse oneself
for the strains of genius which are supplemental and conditioned
differently conditioned

The setting sun would be appropriate
or the large-limbed tree on property
or the emblem of the cabinet which housed the moths

Death itself is an inquiry of immortality
they go slowly into life supposing grace and humor are not paced
until a body or either a modern version of myself appears
at which point I am made into history
and categorical and the remaindered information is catalogued
catalogued and
ordered
[Though only what is remaindered]

Nor an equivalency actual to the portrayal of self identity

A word cannot do what an image has
 and I contest no painter is a reader to the point that
 death is death and immortality among the popular and understood forms
 is a gift

And were the allowance of another into my own fascination
 I wander curiously about the entire span of a moment
 say
 resistance to the photograph is more easily lended to what is not assumed
 during his period
 knowing full well a comparative station at painting is qualified
 and
 why start offering or rather conceding one's philosophy when
 youth restarts as it does
 frequently
 You have not approached me in the way I entered this here
 and
 that is why I have your attention

Nevertheless
 nor to be seen nor imposed
 I do not disquiet myself at the mention of my own assumption
 and quietly

I regularly write nor smoke while I write
 I stand away from my desk while I break from the page
 Writing is not two-dimensional
 writing is not art
 I require no contest
 I too assume myself I locate myself
 and this is no photograph nor can a photograph be expected of words
 and if I contradict myself
 add

to be understood is to know when her contradictions are anticipated

How to consider oneself fortunate

I require no contest

nor to have been without nor miserable

and were there excitement of quiet and dramatic ways

beyond age forty

I say I am not dead nor nearly dead

and I ask nothing of medicine philosophically

including life expectancies

The portrait originally included the color black behind the figure

beyond the figure

if black be a color

I do not talk to material and I do not consider a person to be material

as healthy as I find you

We may have words

And I require no model

I do know what a self portrait is

and if to imply the ends of capture are freedom

for charge is new to the reformed

perhaps a debt to thank you

add

I am no volunteer for my own capture

I have methods of hiding while I am in front of you

yes

And these clothes are not arbitrary

and I do not scatter emblems about like words

objectivist words conceptualist words as if my association is

structured

taxonomically

Social taxonomy is no self portrait
 nor the realists
 either assorting the emblems or painting blackness or fruit bowls
 arbitrarily
 arbitrarily

I still own a car
 I can say I have not been arrested
 nor to have been homeless excepting I say the germ of my fear is
 without having a term to walk inside of
 My room is no museum
 nor my cabinets are no museum
 nor have I read every book upon my shelf

Standard measures

say
 your age is comparable to my own
 handshake then if this is the least offense to our association
 and my height is not fallen for to be absorbed in thought
 You will likely live longer than I will

The flowers are not picked and
 at the area outside of my patio I call an aviary
 the early autumn is not yet dry and arid
 the grass is not fallen yet and the colors still are
 the insects still are

I own a cross

I do not lock my door at all times

The body is standard for museum adornment
The bodies are collected and brought out for display on occasions
and every varied body is an emblem
The heads are collected
two dimensional
and they take there turns

The practice of collecting oneself is introduced at an early age
the macroscope or the microscope
depending on the school of thought
And to find oneself middled and balanced is an account of
an acceptable answer to either thread

And released
is where there never is a contest

How to show resolve
is not history and speculation to know futures
excepting your confidence

I wear a watch

Nature walk

Heir to nature
and its encroach observe
the roads spell lines for species

The full moon evidence
I am at the western edge of the city
and nearly dusk
will stay the ambient air for the time

The grass is still tall
and the forest is labeled
crossed and put into a plan for order

The offering
settled into insects nearly done for the season
a rabbit crosses the worn path

The clouds cannot be touched
inferred nor touched
The clouds cannot be
and impress a moment at the moon before losing their lustre

Heir to nature
this is not nature
Nature is two miles further past the adjacent town

Dawn

Sunrise passes through time

The road diverged and diverged again with less traffic at each

Morning arrives quickly the sun

rises over the start

the coffee is completed

A final moment's drive of gravel and a gate a stop

A motor vehicle is rested

Dew on the tall grass

The land is set aside with a name

I have not seen a person in this place

I did not put a gate here

Nor a path

Shadow of cause

The germ of the city is old like New York is old
and quieter than Athens

I too come together

The germ of the city is a word for the country

And were there first peoples and without an answer
what it is I become

A word for the country like attraction
and without alphabet and without intentions
and were an absence my invitation

Shadow of cause
is curiosity

The germ of myself is a word for myself I
look from an interior carried away

I cannot say I am among the formative any longer
[answers]

There is no country had I no word for country

Modern evening

An hour past sundown and the artificial lights
 indirect
 the shelves of books at notice with the open door

It is the start of the downing season and the insects still
 as well the colors receding and my science is their observe
 shortly the leaves come down too

This evening makes itself with unplanned food
 the regular sounds of indoors
 the regular smells

It is cause to agency
 that a footprint of living is within a space
 I leave habits and in the morning I do not notice I have left habits

The remaindered water glass is the last at the sink
 and where I spent time writing there is evidence
 the clock sounds audibly at the night and not at the day

I avoid the word order
 judgment
 I avoid the word ritual

Modernity brings a constance to an interior
 I can live according to any law
 I do not live according to law

I do not know law and when I sleep I do not know law
 the season is no law the door is open and the season is no law
 modernity

The shapes

Spoken geometrically there is an answer for cause
 the perforated lines do not guarantee entry
 nor the roundness as sphere announce three dimensions
 were the plane wider than the sphere itself
 The physicists had formed their own ecology of life
 upon some regard to a philosophy of the mind
 where the saturns and orbits of thought begin in contact
 The senses are privileged organs
 and arranged liturgically mostly about the uppermost of the body
 nor medicine a regard to the body necessarily
 Stars are not quaintly pointed circles advance
 and their fathoms such as heroes for their assortment
 the constellations are limitless I invent constellations
 Whether a story precedes geometry
 and whether the lines I draw are causal or caused
 the shapes of the letters the shapes of the letters
 And symbolism the varied ancients put upon a wall
 and left the dry region for better hunting assume
 the line is the weather the blade is the triangle
 I do not know the flats excepting prairie
 and to think it would have been I to have brought gravity
 a question of how distant I care to be
 There is no shape to cloud
 the wind is a brush and there is no shape to cloud
 and I do not invent a shape which changes shape nor call myself such
 Paper is constant
 and it were your delightful argument upon bubbles
 I am absorbed on occasion
 and I am no lectern nor lecture nor answer nor wonder perhaps
 at knowing questions only and forming nominal conditions
 for your admission
 Five of the seven letters of my given name are curvilinear

Insanity and experimentalism

Were it their experiment
 to folly and grasp at things invisible
 the ideas do not always float freely and at times coalesce
 settle
 gently to the ground

Beyond their watch for the others' boredom's figure
 nor limits mentioned excepting for straying
 how they wander as well
 nor as like the shufflers with separated
 looks

The search opens on occasion as to test
 the social forms
 They
 are not ready yet and they open less frequently
 at different intervals they are not ready yet

The way of research is said aloud within oneself
 and independence was once a word
 nor a thing to rather be
 the idea
 as well their fear for control

A paradigm like a contract is no longer emergent
 and the germ of every idea first passes through
 myself
 like their wonder at prophecy never said aloud
 whisper

The device germ

Convinced of the utilitarianism of all that can be said
and the material for the device of all of thought

You are structured around language as I am and well aware of entropy
and I know this because I have heard your poem aloud

The cause for language is neater still than our intersection
excepting were there not the quaintness of us both

Nor it be my inspiration for your own germ
or I soon know a portion of your reservations

The likes of compact and efficiency
and I have never missed our residual downing of spirit

For their brushing is a release to the quantity of memory
required for our wealth

And I am not lended to share nor tis my own purpose
it were your suggestion equivalently how the senses introduce

And the voluntary words are only captured and
nothing can be captured yet I stillness write

I stillness write
call ethnology

I have no words like cause
call ethnology

I am device
call ethnology

The static

The static had burned a hole in the dynamic
by association

Constance is difficult to find a way about
The solid forms transcend disagreement there is no consequence to disagreement

There are no angels nor mystics and
life is a word in a dictionary

The food is proven and shelter is proven and the air is proven
by association

Trust is caused
Intentions are caused

Analogies are stript
The dynamic is stript of colors though colors go no place

The footpath is hermeneutic
The cooperative where they put the words into books is hermeneutic

The flowers are hermeneutic
Cause is hermeneutic

Every place that has been visited has a name
I change the name of every place

I put an asterisk above the name of every place
in the interest of dynamics

Static electricity is the sale of one's soul
I collect static electricity in a river stone upon the mantle

Windward

Into the wind for where it begins
The moving trees cause the wind
The waves cause the wind like I do

The snow is a question for where it begins
the cold planet
I do not believe it simpler to believe a flat Earth

I am not too efficient
and when I change the name of philosophers for their credit with poets
I am correct to do so

This year I am attached to winter
I am attached to wind
I put wind back upon itself

The birds cause the wind like the prairie
The talk is of the wind and cause the wind
The rain before the snow puts the farmers away

And when the numbers measure the wind
I give you zero
There is no wind in numbers

To where the wind does start
The wind begins at mountains' wall
at the base of mountains' wall

There I stretch fabric excepting what covers my face
I sail
from yourself

Disquieted

The end for time and sabbath's put
were rest and silence until a call returns

There are smaller heroes than my own
quiet

Nor alarm at duty
[I live within a universe of reasonable size]

Where flowers bend down to put their seeds
when the waters

Though this is not the growing season
It is dry

And the animals collect themselves
in circles and privacy

The land is neutral
for winter almost and an absent sun

Time is a day I do not invent
Nor I for numbers excepting what is distinguished

I hold myself I carry myself
I use instruments

And I am not struggle in modernity
fifty years advanced from modernity's invention

When the animals are again resolved
When the plants are again resolved

Conservation

Save
 as word
 a dare perhaps and
 likened to the germ of nature's capture

Conservation is a cloud
 likened in spirit and cause for protected space

[Where upon an idea's absence]
 [were its memory]

The trees too return when their encroach is mentioned
 like a garden's prophet
 and Emerson
 [I say a city is no tree]
 [a city has no germ excepting I]
 [and balance is only a side to cycles]

I mention politics in conservation
 [as politics is allowance]
 I mention politics in conservation

Save

[The rambled spirit left seeds for their growth]
 [quiet seeds of polity]

The house is adjacent to the garden
 The river is claimed as the river can be claimed in word

[More difficult to claim the sky]
 [though its color is consistent]

Interior

The clouds settled in before waking
and the subtle lets of misty rain

Whereabouts a sabbath and interior to a system
that is no storm

Nor the autumn leaves are down yet
inna week I can guess they will be done

Interior is where a breeze shall pass
this unto the next

I am not required to follow the weather
nor the folly of freshness when summer is complete

Nor make a plans
because I live with my own interruptions

The mist
and I am a thousand miles from the ocean

Where a clouds enter the interior
nor a day without the clouds

And there is no break to weather
when it is done

I will start newly opening questions
as if it were today

He follows his shadow

He follows his shadow
and he does not realize his shadow is no control

He follows his shadow
and the sun is not visible

He follows his shadow
and he was born into his shadow

He follows his shadow
and turns and takes a new direction for a new shadow

He follows his shadow
and takes control in assumption

I too am not afraid to read of myself
I add

I too am curious how the way tracks itself
shall I say profit shall I say consequence

I too am held I too am absorbed
a shadow is time

I too am aware
and when the day changes like direction I follow my shadow home

I too notice the heat is lost for the season
there will be snow there will be snow

The technique of aging

Into spirits die
the aged and them for questioning

For to have gone away parted
and arrested in folly

The doctor taught into his path and was never with
malady

For fear the germ
and the opposite of becoming

There is no opposite to claiming
one's own body

Nor I am bewildered at health's solitude
and its assumption

Nor cost to aging excepting
its attention

And were memory's compare to a decade's mirror ago
I slight the year

It were the identical cardinals still
approaching my feeder

It were the identical sun which still lasts
and refocusing

I am not compared to astronomy either
I do not compare myself to orbits

Forward into each

As the forms do dilate
forward into each

The shapen and the emotions
And to be born in kind nor were an errand

their own discovery
excepting want

I cannot hold away a form from another
and larger still unto age

This is learning
and I do not put color unto each record

As thief or either the ambitious
I have no order for codification

Nor a preparator for what becomes
like I for shaman

Nor you shall become as I
though I listen I sense for your direction

Night amble

Toward the light
near the edge of the city

The vehicles nearing quiet
as dusk
as dusk

And the moon's quieting turn
at growing into smallness

And the waning insects
nearing Autumn

[Autumn cannot be near enough]

[Now I say]

[Autumn cannot be near enough]

Midland tides

Astronomy is no fault and still where there is no ocean
the moon will pull

I do not know the dreams of all
I cannot say a successor's watch is like my own

I allow myself to believe for progress
and tools

And manifest destiny is astronomy's balance
for I can only be simple to be stretched

I will declare your motivation upon the clearest rise
the hill escapes the mountains I have seen for trial

And still there is the fallacy of ends of worlds
my world is not flat and I know of no flat world

The place my thoughts will trust themselves into
is reliable

I know you differently
the land is known for its cycles and for perennial ways

I continue to rise at night and occasion
at when the day the moon again pulls

I know not an ocean which responds out of character
and I am no different

Monast beer

Gifted grain
and their own garden the hops

The boil and wait
Again time

Mention sugars their ferment
and bottling

Gifted spirits
The unlabeled bottles

Crystal's lustre

There is no cost to allegory
and where a cave's sacrament is trophy for never having gone

The cave is ever and
what is within

I mention deeper caves where I have started
and crystals from

It is not fantasy to say light is monist and where
a prism holds

The walls
and a moment shines at a point of day like a dare

Putting rainbows at darkness
nor ever leave for freedom's capture

Greed is quite so simple and idylled if possible hereupon
there are no urgencies like weather

Questions for wonder at how far upon travel
and sequestered for first genius held

Were there no start

I cannot fathom were there no start
 that all be titled and acting as required
 and lift the delicate leaves like questions for seeds

Ecology is not my own
 and to grow into one's own state having offered a city
 Perhaps the course of one hundred cooperative people

Nor I play numbers
 and to say a start be arbitrary for patience
 the particular day in such a way

Speculation is my own among what else I cannot fathom
 the start of the sun
 the start of the sun

And I have a place to go for wonder
 were there no start
 and blankly rest against logic's appeal for life

I reserve a button for this instant
 upon quiet's reserve at awe
 I reserve a button which begins what is a question

Night divides the day

Night divides the day when

Saturn

And darkens its features to all present

and the mushrooms restart and the moss will not grow for light

Spectacle

and descending

Again dawn

Again dawn redraws

Day divides the night

Day divides the night when

Saturn

And spans its portion alight

The exterior of mountains the tops of lakes of oceans of rivers

The sun and spectacle the sun exposure

and ascending

And day's merit accounted

Again dusk

Doldrums of entropy

Diasporadically speaking
 the entropy is expected
 made for gains and entrance when colonization is indicated

Entropy is my own doldrum of waivers
 of waiving and having been waived

And when curiosity excuses the social forms
 for self permission
 for modernity once away from the confident trust of old
 ness
 and whether an optimism without returns
 and without interest for the salve of histories
 add
 the germ of lessons is their begin

And were I not alone is to reunions
 for having kept records such as my own
 [who does not maintain their own memory]
 the grounds which bring me about are solid

Doldrum is old
 and clustered at age
 and positioned with conversation

Ask were the passages of lust without reason
 I say there is reason I do not mention
 for to find myself upon this place
 aged
 and observing

Falling into

What I have respected
 falling into
 I do not arrive in portions
 I come as urgently as to be called

Courage assumes a choice and
 the content are to have assumed there own direction
 or to say
 that which has no control is kindred

And return the steps for history
 as if history could be returned

I have no audience nor I require audience
 for memory
 When to say stations are lines of travel
 When to say lines are ways

Only language what is
 returned upon a separate story
 Nor were I company
 excepting now I am stayed and whether bottomed

Nor consolation
the snow draws away again in springtime
the soil moves away with the rains
the walls erode with the wind and the tree roots

Common is to add where I stand upon
 nor prayer at designs
 [at their continuation]

The ward

The ward is with locked door
 criteria for admission
 [authority is established]

There are no lines
 the building is at an acre of land
 [a corner set aside for healing]

The men are separated from the women
 a room with cement walls
 a tumbling mat for mattress
 a desk
 [nor a monastery]
 improvement is a game

The scheduled food

The economics of the day
 surrounding maintenance
 [no one begins here]
 [and death is not mentioned]

Age is not old nor youth be youth quite
 good is with no faith attached

And mortal authority is no God insist
 a spatial divide is no measure
 to the intelligence of holding keys

Desire is a whisp
 and the clean cannot be cleaned
 and I am your confidence

Assumptions of the ship

The helm for ideology
stations for the others

The turned weather
the indirection were the unsettlement

A contract is labored travel
two days imagining mutiny

—

Land is a calling
and travel be character

The loaded drums for start
The spirits are not absent

Faith is a wayward call
and othertimes admiration

—

Submission is a counted domain
there are women aboard

And I have no finality
excepting course

The turned weather
is germ for change

Observance

Upon the extractions of their curious nature
 [supposing I had just witnessed long enough]

There is nothing I have figured naturally
 into an aspect of my being

The natural
 stays natural
 and whether I am natural is the same question I ask of anyone
 shall the natural stay natural
 were I to decide against God
 [God has never lived]

Nature is a fortuitous character which continues as
 the most resolute and unchanging concept
 [I continually adapt]
 [witch]

There are lesions in nature's secrets
 there are small increments impossibly overseen in eternal redundance
 [witch]

Observance is not a twine for keeping abreast of her habits
 [I notice you are in black today]
 [and speaking my language]
 [I notice you are in black today as yesterday]

The extractions of their curious nature
 [as withdrawn]
 is the withdrawal of every curious nature
 [tabula rasa]

Castles at accord

Castles at accord
 monuments for Jesus monuments for Presidents
 and never to run out of heroes

The next museum will be built underground and is not opposite
 to those walking on the exterior circumference
 [of a globe]
 [they will still walk upright]
 [I enjoy fresh air]

Castles at accord
 resounds their death for reason
 and when the rest come more often for claims
 [this is not work]
 [the harvest of ideology]
 I mention we are both sent longitudinally

And house
 and heroes at accord
 celebration is an aspect
 [the scientists run swiftly]
 [sometimes with wings as if to fly]

I shall not hold away poets at the next museum
 even if to promise objects
 [I conceal I am convinced a word is an object]
 [and a hero has never denied a word is an object]

There are no more museums until they change their name
 [back]

Concealed from the sun

The time is concealed from the sun

The sun cannot change the time

The sun makes visible the chronologies

The time is concealed from smell

there once was the smell of nature and now the smell of bakery

exists

I go through every sense

The time is concealed from every sense

The time is revealed the time is proven I cannot prove the time

Countenance

A name is invented that heroes shall follow
 [and to say there is no animal a name is given]

The hero rested her head upon the hand
 [received]

A named hero is a confound
 The domestication of hero is a confound
 [to order]
 [when a hero understands]
 [I cannot say whether an animal understands] [what is common]

Countenance is what I put into you
 [I do not wish toward qualification]

I do not wish toward qualification

The neutron bomb

The neutron bomb
came and went

Did someone say the neutron bomb went off
some things need not be mentioned
[the wind is not even affected]

We still had to go to work that day
and the kids went to school
the dog still needed to be walked

The plainview realists

Trainyard with the coal cars the passenger cars

hobo

this is two thousand and eleven

I am not sure if I care for a lesson

The unsightly buildings

this is too nature

I see no nature which requires crumbling I have a place

where I bury objects

that is not jeopardized

The campfire put near the river where the gold is stayed

[the river holds onto its gold]

soon the snow will fall below treeline

I am at four hundred feet elevation

where the airplanes only pass through and

where the birds do stay

The planeyard

is different and I have no comment

The dog tagged along at that old man's heels

walking to the library

[the dog will stay outside]

I learned to read early and put reading down religiously

I write poems about putting reading down

religiously

The weather is ample

The return of names

The return of names and they move into themselves
 again
 because I cannot be kept from myself

The certainties
 Oh, address
 to be born into living and to be called
 and such at death
 to have been known

I know no other grace
 nor otherwise be settled apart and with animal features
 for identity

The hero name has a long line
 and whether the hero makes his own identity
 and whether the hero makes her own identity
 and to be called for remembrance

The shadows are easily sounded through
 the lighted lamps were their names

History is no feat
 and to be trusted for life may be condemnation
 were it another's trust

The circles around
 and I say the lives are new again

The fashions are separated
 and they travel in different manners

Rare flora

As rare
the seeds
for fire does open

[I do not battle fire]

Rare flora
atop with sex and colors

The casual
wind
is no distress

[I do not stop the wind]

With woody stems and
born into
hilled communes

[I do not stop the social calls]

Your separated names
are no question

[I make single names of the misunderstood]

The water is beneath you
as it is beneath I

[Nor I am thirsty]
[Nor I am conditioned for thirst]

Night birdflight

Risen I hear call
the distant and windmuffed for
the night gusts I am aground

And near the migratory season for spell
when leaves soon fall and the remaindered
summer goes away

Night birdflight
near quiet excepting to keep near their others
per practice say I do not know

And the lighted clouds
in between the stars they fly
and quarter moon enough

I hold a balance in lust

I hold a balance in lust
and forever second and scripted in existence

Original be original
I am not bound excepting my voice

What I inherit is what is mentioned
in testimony

The canvas sky
the earth

The creatures and what is grown
what is grown is mentioned

And the night sky like age
I mention in testimony

Witness were lust
I too hold lust

That it be reserved and mentioned
what cannot be forgotten

I do not call permanent
nor challenge permanence

And whether it be balance to say
spouse

Constitution

Artist's promise
in evenly spaced lines

[I do not measure excepting sight]
[This is no utopia]

The dissonant and soundless
vacuum
is not room enough to consider

[thought]

an eighteen by eighteen canvas

The dissonant and monochrome
sheath for order
is empty and I walk further than boundaries to prove their
futility

A constitution is any constitution
were my reprimand
at thinking I was alone

[the artist has a question]
[inna language]

The observatory at heaven's front

The observatory at heaven's front
with bed and domestic help

The roundwall patio
the nesting hawk

A naked eye is no exchange for
the glimmering distance

And novelty is no exchange
for hilltop reclaimed

The suited scientist with tea
the slide rule fellow

And hors d'oeuvres with arithmetic
I do not believe so

There is no journal for your faith
[when ethnoastronomy]

A constellation is midnight
when I am to sleep at open dome

The candlelit
the breeze

[There is a lion]
[made for humanity]

[And with an exercised]
[mind]

the riddled

Politics is no answer
the methodology of solution is given a name

The patio rain is finally heard
after an afternoon of self absorption
[the screens blew down]

Politics is no answer
to the contest of immediacy
politics is no answer

The books are patterned on the shelf
I am no librarian though leave the categories intact
 there are answers
 depending on the question

The collectivists too gather their errands and
separate their mention from public importance

Politics is no answer
and to pattern oneself as style
as were the methods over and again
formative as direction
[I have not concerned myself with method long enough]
[say]

Nor to know the value of words
[at the extinction of language]
and predictable as method

Animal is no offense to be called
over and again

The poems

Inference is the appeal of the position
that there is a place for all souls

No person shall be without purpose
[a poem is not a person]

and the meaningless poems striking
errant blows at air

leave trails of language
[I find language exterior to poems as well]

[or regard all language as poetry]
and the city's continue with their lights

The meaningful gasts of self affection
[how he and she pat themselves rightfully]

The meaningful cries of wrong
[how he and she defend themselves rightfully]

Nor all is divisible unto gender alone
when the rest have coupled

[leaving androgyny]
[and other equalities intact and unsolved]

There is more than a single creative force
that is righteous and declares such confidently

It is the word war and the word love
[included]

The academic room

Dispatched the old every day
of its occupation

A new landmark there is a modernity
among structure

And what is revealed is no secret
[history is no secret]

I had not realized history was so near
to me

When yesterday passes
and the room still looks the same

The empty class
cannot dissolve in a day

Nor is a single human being so strong as to put away
history

[There is more than history included with eyesight]
[and the tonal concord]

The musicians know nothing of history
and the philosophers cannot escape history

I too dispatch the old
I offer parts of myself for understanding

Occupation is no welcome
A question is no welcome perhaps

To name a ship

To name a ship
and cross oceans

'Liberty' is mentioned for her freedom
[and the gendered ship]

I call you 'Rose' for your own liberty
and for your strength

And the air
for freedom's other call

Bell Rose

Dissonant

Dissonant notes played the same pattern
The person acts as the musician intends

The album played the story over and again
[The dissonance]

And when the next song entered someone's body
[They danced]

There are no words
[they only danced]

The planning process

The clean desk

The calendar

The economics of time is more than a clock
it is a responsibility

I plan my meetings accordingly I can only be in one place at a time
[notepad]

The taxi

The rain the rainy day

[He will carry your luggage sir]

That is a year off sir

That is a year off sir

The twines

The twines of all that casts a spell
there is on occasion a uniform direction in migration
This is the time of manifest destiny and manifest destiny is
hold to individualism
[There is only a single manifest destiny]

The lines are intact and wherefrom
is where to return when all is dead and dying
and what brave historian removes themself from
that which has occurred
[that they never return]
[for our own sake]

Nor a question of lament for loss
[I am not selfish in your gifts]

Manifest destiny as disciplinary twines
[for there are two are there not two]
[as always are there not two competing destinies]
[I only know of one]

And I have never been to a place that did not hold me tightly
[with embrace]

The telephone is imagined away
the computer is imagined away
commerce is imagined as gone

The geopolitics of manifest destiny is not quite figured
[Though I am resourceful]
[I am no historian]
[I do not compete with historians]

The park

I invited nature
in its quiet amble toward dormance

Autumn is official
[the leaves are official in their change]

And when you arrive and with plans for ice
[it is a slow descent]

From nearness to the sun
to away and farness

I am no more abstract than the texture of grass
from above

[your color]
[and you bend]

[the color monochrome starts its introduction]
[and were I colorblind]

The city takes its turn
[nor ever having let away its turn]

The city takes its turn
[reserving life]

[The donated bench]
And the preservation of the human condition

The migratory animals
are in the air

Passing on

[Someone must have died]

[there is a monument]

[There are drums that repeat]

[the cycles repeat again again]

[I am not confused in death]

[I have no questions for death presently]

[People have been buried for thousands of years]

[I do not know how they will return]

[They will not return]

[they will return]

[The speculative

[are no more transient at the discovery of death

[The speculative

[there is another drum there is another drum

[The speculative

[prove death shall happen again again

There is confidence in death

[is there not confidence in death]

When the words equal what I feel and

nature equals what I feel

And you are proven in flesh and

[I have no answer] [were there a question]

Nor do I know their names

Nor do I know their names

[the ones who occupied this place before I do]

[There are no legacies to consider]

And whether I call them free

There is evidence they left

and whether I leave evidence

is a matter of spirit

[I will carry my spirit with me when I go]

[I do not consider myself selfish]

[for keeping my spirit I will not consider myself selfish]

The good water

is hidden in the hills

[I will have no use for good water

[where I go

Nor will my name be known

[I will take literature with me]

Transparency is not

The photographer

Transparency is not

You are visible in your shooting
[your style]

and whether it be your signature
[is your explanation]

The ideal photograph replaces the word

The ideal photograph gives word

You are visible next to the rivershore
Your pants are rolled

[The shoes are next to the hat]
[the basket with cheese]

Your shadow is the angle
[abstract]

You are evident
[This is a gallery]

You are talking
[not about your photograph]

As we talk you are facing
directly at me

I find a way through

The traffic stalls and words are exchanged
[There is no petrol]

The stores are vacant
[There is no food on the shelves]

There is no answer when there is no problem
and planning forward is limited

[There can be no leader]
[when divinity is fear of administration]

I find a way through
the city

There never can be a city which is every
city

And every soul in their own
interest is a thousand cities

[There are not enough lines]
[I have no lines]

I do not need to eat
[I require no food]

[There is no place I need to go]
The prostitutes are still working

The migrations

Having departed for optimism
 the migrations
 and complement to order

Order is not conferred by an entering sort
 and the rules are gradual until they are unspoken
 Law is gradual in its dismissal

Animal in their approach and
 wanting
 new territory is soon surrounded

A better way
 and opportunism
 the remaindered stay were decline to spirit

The hooved animals are no different
 excepting they return
 theirs is not permanent

And the circles
 the perimeters and the circles
 surrounding annual

The small the slow
 are pushed
 and cannot outpace the carnivorous

The small and the slow
 are swallowed in pace
 and do not arrive

The matriarch

The homestead
started
two hundred years past

Land is land
[The school was started]
[sustainably]

Reflection

Support from God

Land is sacred

At two hundred years

there were twenty offspring

[The land was once divided]

Sacred is her touch
[her consent]
She arrives with spirit

The matriarch
[and her ways]
and routine for the day requires no exterior

The city is mentioned
[This is no city]
[I do not return to this place for citydom]

Nor customs that degrade
Nor memory that degrades
Patience is not required of me

Academic custom

The alchemy of instruction
 and grades for their learning
 [checkmarks]

To put together two disciplines is no easy
 feat

The robe and custom
 [the mahogany is not dusted]

The classroom is of fixed chairs
 [so rarely are there lectures still]
 [the roundtable is a popular method]

A common respect to those committed
 to these halls
 [they do not leave]
 [nor do a students]
 The foundations of a building will wear away
 before a subject never will
 [The affected students are]
 [progress]
 [and observable]

I too make a decent world

[tuition]

[is formal]

And whether a professor is trained
 for a line
 [and what is imagined]
 [the grace of following a line]
 [with discipline]
 [I am not mistaken]

The swathe is not colors

The swathe is not colors if colors have no meaning
 The swathe is not texture if texture has no meaning

There is no purity if to consider purity
 There is no pure
 if to consider poems
 [The impure is as pure as language]

The swathe is not language if language has no meaning
 Communication is put down
 and the people with sense are alone
 [alone]

The swathe is not touch if there is no receiving of touch
 When touch has no meaning
 like material
 like wall and table
 [I say people do not have such functions]

Purity is
 like the ambience of spirit
 when there is quiet to consider
 [and there is no advice for the unquiet]

The swathe is an animal
 complete and without interference
 [and there are similar bodies]
 [doing as animals do]

The swathe is an animal
 with texture and with no exact copy
 The swathe is not texture if texture has no meaning

Glory struck

Wide eyes patterned in watching the big
the eventful

[The cars are equally patterned and enormous]

[There is so much history in a thousand years]

And without meaning

The wars are not completed

[there is still disgust]

Glory struck at cities at convention

The convention of growing old when time is quicker

[and I still do not know how to measure time]

Family is a prayer

[they own two vehicles]

[the family last owned a horse eighty years ago]

[when the cars were enormous as they are now]

The wars had not been completed at that time

The elders knew there were wars

that had not been settled

The electricity is a powerful raid on prosperity

There are no more candles

nor quiet after sundown when there was no city

I am not convinced war can mean something other

[distilled]

I am not convinced though I see

[what is fastened to prosperity]

[I am not convinced for attention]

I too create rules

I am constitutional

I too create rules

I provide reason for reason is required

The canon the single canon

[of canons]

is not a manner for daily constitutions

The order of canons

were the gathered insight

[interpretive]

of the stories

[authors leave such ways for myself]

I am constitutional

the place is neatly tidied and language is in order

there is fuel in the vehicle

[today is my rounds]

[I shall see people]

The book is not resolved

nor the matter of canons resolved

{I am spoken for}

[and remaindered with the lesser]

[constitution]

[allowance]

I am constitutional

nor defeated

[why they ask of defeat]

[They introduce canon in asking of defeat]

[I see this as a rule]

The pages counted

The pages counted singly
 A book of poems can be any of several lengths
 [that the poems connect with one another]

*I do not write of poetry
 for loss of subject I do not write of poetry*

Publishing is no separation to
 the literate publisher
 and thinking independently of
 the various parts of the machine

It is the responsibility of the poet to
 gather attention
 and place it on a twine

*I do not write of poetry
 and have little patience for that which makes sense*

The flowers at the patio
 are a gift
 like the cat at gifting what is valuable
 and the animal poet
 [the gifted animal poet]

*I do not write of poetry
 I have no instructions for poetry
 poetry has expelled instructions*

The difficulty of poetry is that it has
 expelled instructions

Natural history represented

Natural history as known
 The social constructs from
 and detailed
 the further to travel forward

*The painting as close a mirror to truth
 and closer than photography
 for its abstractions*

The call of study
 is a want for measure
 [there is no abstraction]
 and the poetics of glory
 undermine humility

*The poem as close a mirror to truth
 and without subject
 unless abstraction were subject
 cannot replace a book it already has*

No certainty can replace an ease
 and the spheres the economics of daily lives
 assumes method is contact

*The granite is not shaped
 into idol
 and were it shaped it is still granite
 and nothing is disproved*

The commitment

Whether it can be said
 a person can be committed exterior to their own intentions
 and to know there is no effort in commitment
 [affiliation]

The expectancies of commitment
 were to change or to a remaindered self
 [as constant]

Whether it can be said
 a person can be invisibly committed for their insight
 and their boundaries
 [then to have been born and of a place]

Politics are not shaped like I am shaped
 if the assumptions of progress
 are my endorsement and
 were a categories suspect in their allowance
 [I do not ask permission]
 [nor expect permission]

I release myself
 [for your confines I newly realize I release myself]

Succeeding interest

Succeeding interest the flowers were rose
 and the motorcycle
 [garaged for months for lack of interest]
 is replaced
 until her convention

The life of books did never cease
 [though to read less and less for his own writing increased]
 There is sense in words
 [and silence is better to the poet]
 [this time]

I am baffled and queried
 for her I am baffled
 The orders of want rested beneath her
 [idea]

The engine kicked to life
 there is no danger in starting
 and there is no edge to quiet stations of observation
 [taking tolls]
 And the accounts of holding her
 [when there is restlessness]

The broken silence again is her regard
 [you are no machine]
 and what is revealed is a clattering keys keyboard
 with no memory
 that what is said can only be mentioned a single way

I am not at the garden yet
 I only know of flowers

... been said of and to be said of

God

been said of and to be said of

I make no new names for your division

This is not a prayer

I take care not to want

I take care not to grow dependent

I am opened in remark

and your certainty is my own discussion

I make of you a person in calling a name

The storied building

The storied building and hallowed halls

The old wood

Collected philosophy in a place and gave it a room

Collected writing and gave it a library

Collected the humanities

The storied building

The stained glass panes

[I do not see your surroundings]

[The lake]

[and what is made a park for its openness]

The called words are not art

nor fathom the greatest meanings

[is there not more than one]

There are no people here before your other places

[Nor I talk with buildings]

The storied building the bannisters

[electricity was brought]

The poetry is kept on the table and the shelf

kept

Occupation

The occupied building

The occupied street

The occupied classroom

The occupied dining room table

and where they converse

and where they make plans

and where they follow their hearts

[what it is to follow a heart]

and where they drink [drink]

That is why to study

That is why to errand

That is why to pack appropriately

That is why to arrange accordingly

and the one who was not included

and the vehicle without petrol

and the evening without heat

[heat is not required presently]

and the school waiting school

She and he go

The preparations are indicated for social change

The patience that is required

There is no model for social change that is accurate

The occupied park

[where they put down tents competing tents]

[balance is implied as functional and there is more than a single call]

[Is this not true]

The occupied capitalism

The occupied democracy

[permits are not required]

[permits and dogs are not required]

The occupied classroom

[nor has a teacher argued with such an occupation]

The greenhouse

The arranged flora is a line of production
separated from habitat

The prosperity of the dislocated is dependent on the herbalist

The bluehouse

The redhouse

separated from habitat

[there is a school which challenges itself]

[propagates itself]

[away from its habitat]

The categorization of science
partitioned the species
and their utilities

Not everything is known
a rule of science is such that
there is yet to be known

The maintained greenhouse

kept

the plants secure

[there is a school which challenges itself]

Glassroof

The sun the scientific sun
shown through the dirtened windows

Optimum

I do not know of bluehouse optimum

I do not know of redhouse optimum

Lost articles

The lost articles arranged themselves in limbo

[where the souls are not yet content]

Inna line the lost articles arranged themselves

The souls matched themselves with the lost articles

[It is a part of the qualifying process]

[the process of triage]

[inwhich memory accounts for that which is lost]

A count of suffering

as souls are figuring for themselves

there is no self awareness when there is no attachment to a body

The far away screeches of animals

[varmint]

[Nor to sense]

[there are no animals]

[animals cannot be kept]

[animals are their own]

The wristwatch was misplaced [and it disappears]

The penknife was misplaced [and it disappears]

Limbo is not purgatory

[for judgment is exterior]

[and whether to calm a soul into itself]

[And how to listen then]

The dogs

The dogs lined up in pairs

[ascending]

it is not a full moon this night

I grow old watching the dogs

I am not a dog

I grow old watching the dogs

The smaller dogs followed the larger dogs

The older dogs

find a place on the earth

[They are going hunting]

[They will be back in hours]

[carrying a trophy]

Then

The dogs will quiet

and will put themselves to quiet

[at nearly dawn]

[They will sleep until they are done sleeping]

[The water at the crick is nearly dry]

Surreal, I toast surreal

Surreal, I toast surreal
with cactus comfort [agape tequila]

The burlap bedsheets
[I do not know electricity]

Not nearly twilight the
stars at an end the sun at an end

There is a window with no window
[panes intact]

And he bends below her frame
picking up the flowers from her head

The clock
The timepiece

Mention love and another star appears
[where it is placed]

His shirt is unbuttoned
Her shirt is unbuttoned

Surreal, I toast surreal
[sourdough and strawberry jam]

Rye whiskey from a Canadian province
[Rye rotund rye with corned beef]

The satin flag is burnt orange
[matches the campfire]

The wandering line

Atween two forces counted
I am myself [and balance begotten]
the others just
The winds of change like words
and to remain the same

Kindled upon notions I have ever been
considered by myself
and where I go [discovery]
be not my exhaustion
rather my spirit builds

The wandering line
and they are the same and pressured
[There is no learning]
I do not see
that I am blind to trust

My words my hidden words
do not come larger than what I am
excepting trial
and you are there [temptation]
For something other is supposed

And I am not stationary
nor to close against the unknown
[nor can I say you are friendly]
Only my dialect increases and
I give no cause to my own curiosity

The researcher

Like a poet
nor a poet actual
[Research is change to subject]
[art will not change a subject]
[question]

And places into
[tossed]
The ideas bumped and phrased into language
The social is not so coordinated
as language

This is democracy
and language is policy [expands]
He sits at desk
with literature and change
[crystal change]

The noted covers attend to bookshelves
The lists are no mind to their consent
And the maps of confluence and where a river
grows
A metro is no standard

A mind for interview is his
and were his germ delinquent
so too their thoughts [delinquent]
A sedentary spirit is not death
when they have heard enough

Sedimentary reason

Reason coalesces near the base of the home
The collected rails of thought
The threads of ambivalence separated
Some wait until middle age for what is here a museum

The old wisdoms never forget truth
And the structures to daily living are patterns
They are the seasons become
Until she and he grow kindly old and framed

The furniture is grossly unreliable as timeless
The days will change my own character
And the impasse of my own questions
Is a thwart for why I am not face to face with Myself

Nor can I speak for another the words
Of certainty upon a dislocated architecture
Resting on hardpaned floor with my intentions
I only stand here as do those more important than I

And were it not for forgiveness that
All is questioned unto its baseness eventually
Nor answer be balance alone
Though what is solid will hold me to

And gravity is no more when it is not seen
The way a hardwood is collapse of the disingenuous
and to those without spirit
That have not spilled err as I do spill for its observe

Black

I know of no sentiment
absent in black

That without arrangement is no curse and
ask what it be against
for its identity

And with night you too are dissolved
I sleep

Excepting your form that be
what color

The Saint of Other

The saint of other

is dissuasion

Remark there can be no cold nor sense

nor bodily form

nor gel to being

And without badness without value

I cannot care

against that which God excludes nor mentions

[for absence sake]

And there you are gone

And there you are gone

To step away with cause

[and without cause]

[Nor I be]

How is it that absence be known

Say there is proof to cause

And I cannot call your name

And I cannot send away that which is yet to be exposed

[disappear]

[I know sublime in a form]

[nor is this a poem]

Reference soul

The original soul had been left to the cabinet
rested and fit for summaries of origins

I am minded in origins and
when the solipsist thoughts of stilled histories

I ask questions of faith
I am returned to order when there is life before me

and the reference soul
[as if to say there were a model]

calls forms to all that is mentionable
[I do not thank God for museums]

[I am not exterior to experience]
Lend defiance at that which submits submission

There is no material more safely kept
than the clay modeled into word

for what else to point to with the word
[for standing exterior]

No
Mine I carry if it ever were

And reference soul
[the others I send away in several manners]

There is no need for them
[them]

I know of no rise to power

I know of no rise to power

It is her knives she has always carried

[a knife is not evidence of power]

I may approach from this opposite side

with question

[nor am I afraid of your beauty]

Language be our ascension

[though it is the rest who fall away]

I am still beneath you love

Fresh air

Gentle push into
the home

Resolve to breath

Commissioned against a redundant interior
let away

The open door
[Autumn]

The giver

Solutions for a troubles
carries the weight of signs

The world is heavy to carry its force
and when there is no panacea

such as doctor's kit
The giver as learner opposing

what bears upon ease
A burden lifted or either

ever the watcher and figuring
as a puzzle

And were it my thanks or his
For what a man is

Automatic words

The machine industry starts the academic
 Concourse
 And when the two-dimensional artists have no words
 Because purpose is otherwise overseen
 The language of following restarts tuitive language
 [This is an observation]
 [And not all of art begins in apprenticeship]
 [It is the affirmative actors saying]
 [Good art]

Good art is this
 The automatic words are remarkable
 Yes
 And why an art calls itself similar and trained

The artists go away again
 And again
 Remaking unions for their words
 For their academia

[It is just]
 [They keep following]
 [Training followers against those who do not keep indoors]
 [The image is model is not the image model]

And the factors of amazement
 For pleasing
 Is considered for life's purpose
 I am conditioned

Productivity

The formidable task of caring for all that have died
 [it is not an undertakers charge]
 for their lives remembered are smaller than their philosophies
 [it were their families course]
 [and who is remaindered]

The living draw value from the dead
 [for their lives well spent]
 [as if to say lives are spent like currency is spent]
 [perhaps]
 [as what is justified by that which is remembered]

The validated theorems of longevity
 [as if to say not a soul wished for escape]
 [only the unknowable is what I am apprehensive of]
 [and to act productively for what is certain]
 [regardless of the forms in which their lives are shaped]

I am to say nothing excepting fullness for travel
 [them]
 [I am to say nothing excepting fullness]
 [and word for production as death is to quiet]
 [and what is undone]

And love as production
 [and healing every side never having met the other]
 [such is tales]
 [the labor is for their visit]
 [though only suppose their ken after death be known]

Inventors of the night

And after the clouds
When the darkness comes
Clear
And when the chill is set upon daycaps and cause
Like crescence

There is nothing illusory
Which has not always existed
And some with folded arms and cause
And some with ideas
Like solutions which prohibit letting down for sleep

The largest shape
And with only orders and certainty
Concise certainty
I say you are nothing to settle into
And I have no fear for you

I do
I do have a prayer for you
All of you in wait
There is no time left to give
But only shape I will not recognize

And color I will not recognize
I do have a prayer for you
That it be arrested
What I cannot control that adds ceaseless awe
Without my own conditions

awakenings

Absorbed into water
 separated into smallest particles
 [nor I can be fit with metaphor]
 [when it is said a person is]
 [salt] [sulphur]

And hold to one's conscience before
 I am done
 and without recourse
 [A fear of assumption is an alarm]
 [clock]

The water is dark today
 [to know what I stand against]
 [how I hold together] [ends]
 And it is cold unexpectedly cold
 before the snows

Upright is her gaze
 [I do not require plea]
 [for fear of dissolve]
 To do nothing is to die in two three four decades
 typically

And the grandest sways as opportunity
 [I will not be lost ever]
 Courage to hold my own adventure
 nor consider their consent
 for what pulls is tax

The polite arts

The agreeability of the botanists upon using their
 line drawings
 was a question as to which botanist was contacted

Certainly
 the photographs are near to important though
 no record against
 the intended displays which show

The sundown from the proper side
 [and scale is of no importance]
 [unlessing the plant is shown other than actual]
 [or the plant glued to a page itself]

This is not art
 to mucilage
 [and colors fade]
 [though photograph photograph]
 [is to them without a hand for art]
 [apologies]

I am only polite that information is not information
 if there be reverence to

The continuity of continued discourse
 [shall not depart from the artist]
 [as first appreciator]
 [and photography is no art]
 [for its ease]
 [photography is no art]

As the poems make clear

As the poems make clear

[The box of monuments rested near the desk]

There are laws newly discovered

And the images are not nearly done

Gravity is said in words indeed

Though lessons are to example

As the poems make clear

The ladder will fall were it to rest at sixty degrees

And I am no scientist

Nor a child to know such a law as written

[It is common sense]

Though who can allow an image into a poem

I cannot

Then poetry were not poetry any longer

I am not satisfied with images

There are questions of how Cupid and Flora matriculate

Interest

[It is love to say that sound might come]

[From the letters]

[From the symbolic forms not so explicit]

[It is love to say that sound might come]

As the poems make clear

It is not resistance to severe imagination from vision

And I cannot more closely close my eyes

And listen

Than to touch

[Nor is touch allowed]

As the poems make clear

Sleeping into

Sleeping into the day

The gathered clouds are as dawn

[I have not missed a thing]

The day begun without my cause

The spectacle

of its middle

The cars to appointments

The sidewalks confirmed in noise

The people at office

And bother with questions

[Were it important I hold no keys]

[Were I the last to rise]

Zig zag

Zig zag

The impossible lines are philosophy

[The dogs trail for stories]

How it is they fit together

[Crime and absurdity and cause]

The communicable errand

The half-witness absorbs old theater

The lines like a child's lines

The strobe lines

An uncertain interest

as to why I am carried in thought

[and without invitation]

The Novel

There were words painted on paper
 exploring the sunset when man goes down
 and deciding to return the following
 day
 Author in the day the textured light and back door
 an allowance the breeze
 The imagination is illusory
 as illusory as that without sense
 There is no touch nor smell
 and what is described is a story
 Everything is a story
 When the man approaches the woman
 When the woman opens herself
 When the city has a character unto itself
 There are rules
 and there is no need for audience
 nor the typical rules are required
 for the absurd is as evenly handed
 This is no rulebook for print and I say
 the novel is put into their head their daring watch
 The words are gathered symbols
 for actual there is no breath of heroes
 there is no death when death is put into his age
 And were it fiction
 and were punctuation required
 they forget themselves willfully
 for their dolded days and common days
 are a challenge to visit an ulterior world
 set with animals and the familiar
 braided with the fantastic and the unruled
 I watch them travel

on adventure on errand with theme
and scatter and
when they return to the final pages
poetry is included rightfully
as if attention had not required it previous
The author has never left
and occasions an audience for what is followed through
This is a story
and to mention is to qualify
and if it were sin to consider the form
I say it is philosophy and different than
the sensed forms
A sculpture will tell no story like words
nor a painting
nor folklore nor sung
nor cinema nor photograph
The likeness is to description and there is no actual
And tactile is experience and then
carried into imagination
The longevity of a man is ninety years
and can be invented longer
The birth of a child is in a described place and
as he grows into his foreshadowed heroism
with friends and company
and recognition
the punctuation is transparent
nor be required if questions are asked

The age is modern
There are people that mention modern has already happened
I disagree
An individual must keep up
to maintain modernity and to lead modernity

The slow slide into observation
can be said as the addition of character
unto this world
though this is an excuse
Nor is prose advance and leadership
The audience is not all
The audience is separated
and will not conform
In fact
as important as their wishes
an audience cannot conform to one another
An audience can form no circle
around a thought
that it disappear that it dissolve
that it be given utility
Nor need an author care for the reader
that does not understand
There is a triumph of pages stacked upon one another
an effort which may kindle
or an effort without purpose
and such power is the start of the next sentence

I do not write
Nor are the words spoken
I tell a story which has already happened
Dogs too grow old
Dogs too are fearful at fear
Describe to me fear and I will agree
The pages are turned upon one another
His first page was sold
and he needed to be convinced to put a second
down
or either convince himself or allow a natural convincement

were there control
because purpose is not so riddled
with social aspects of impression
Convince me this is fiction
Nor I try convince the nature of the novel
If a novel will not speak
for itself a novel cannot be spoken for
The way the audience completes
one hundred pages is a quiet song
as if they were otherwise recreating
There is a need for inventing modernity
every day
and this is fashion and recorded
Tomorrow is different and I will make the next novel
two days long
Call modern

