

*Ape of Man*

GREGORY MARKEE

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PRITY LIGHTS PUBLISHING  
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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

