

A P E R T U R E

p r o t o H o u s e p r e s s

G R E G M A R K E E

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p r o t o H o u s e p r e s s

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MADISON

The word let in the proper amount of light  
oh, day  
the poem  
and the lit ocean I pass unto  
the same the stars  
I have a word for you  
Age  
that which does not move for my own movement

And the poets spelling similarly  
calling time for time for common ways

[is it not the task of the poet]  
[to arrange]  
[thus]  
[nor merely register]

The star the stars their notice  
I start the ocean  
when you are gone away at the moon without looking back

I hold the piece you seek  
and know you will return  
for

I was drinking coffee when the end of the world arrived  
wearing a flannel bathrobe  
hair unkempt

I had not noticed the sun for the pulled shades  
that it was sending out smoke  
and poems and history

Until I properly awoke  
stretched my body to the patio and  
started a cigarette like I used to do deciding whether to smile

*GOING GOING*

Gone down to his demise never believing  
in hell or the phantoms of hell  
For his swipe at faith he lit a fire  
read poetry aloud for the words  
There is no rhythm to a crackling fire  
but night does end on time  
Them with chains are waiting and without conscience  
and whether he had said enough  
For the way he had made people small  
nor of an apologetic mind but quiet just quiet  
There is no rational reason to believe in hell  
excepting as the last of life when  
The voices introduce themselves  
open the systems which were severed years before  
No one dies without consideration  
no one dies without consideration  
And were death so friendly as to be the end  
and that were all [then nothing]  
It is enough to believe upon a rewards for  
having done the right thing  
Nor had he done the right thing  
given safe spots about for their satisfaction  
Nor had he rescued an animal from harm  
nor had he formed a revolution  
The nonevents of living without deliberation  
without care and without a rightness of character  
The embers continued until near sunrise  
when they stopped their heat  
And he disappeared  
desperately reading Keats but not for solace not for consolation  
time picks time  
and he had not his own words

*THERE IS NO CONTROL FOR DEATH*

Death is stillness ever stillness I know because I saw  
death called death  
age is cause  
and the air has no meaning nor the prayers time has no stop  
and  
do the poets gather about that which exists without answer  
I too claim death  
call death at death call death away from death in verse

Death does not listen  
there is no control for death

*THE BROKEN WHEEL*

The sound the broken wheel with my attention  
kept turning and clacking  
the baffled spoke the useless spoke responded  
every revolution

Every revolution does not come full circle  
and the impairment of parts decides once for all  
the sound of  
the release of ambition

I can go no further nor  
the collections gathered and planned  
resting on ritual and the idea that [they]  
will not respond to a weakness they do not realize

The broken wheel  
and the forced turns upon a damages material  
that one rely upon another for the whole to be moved  
now rested and with no cause no response

Stopped in its legitimacy  
the wheel is an idea a metaphor  
no longer the wheel for purpose no longer revolves  
and having left a station as stationary

The sustainable chain is broken in use  
and gather another metaphor for charge  
I too can walk forward  
return to myself again and again and walk forward

*THE UNLINED PAGE*

With words and an easy poem the unlined page  
meant for drawing

In the snow  
the gathered birds  
them that did not migrate

Incomplete though I do finish

dependent

Spring is near when the snow covering is done  
and the sun returns to purpose  
song turns to sex  
and I am no longer required

with a winter sketch

*LOVE POEM AFTER*

Love poem near stillness

I could name everything that I love

and to compare such things against

the texture of your skin the texture of your voice

And the constance of the moon for always being

[you are absent once a month]

[I do not mind the darkness darkness] [when the stars]

I must mention the moon

And the metaphors the language

the water the crystal water the language

and the air the crystal air the language

is a quiet poem I have no actual comparison

And the way time crosses the span of

the horizon is reason to wake to watch

when the night does fade into pastels and blue

eventual then again to darkness when the stars again

Mention the spirit of eternity I say

one day I shall pass having held beauty

if nothing else but purpose

and giving form to my intentions

And call love at love for knowing

is more than time's balance and closeness

and what cannot be taken away but certainty

for when you were near and being

*BAFFLED FOR A CAMERA*

Oh, vision trickery

I do not rest among animals nor saints

baffled for a camera

they are drinking again and eating what can be eaten

And laughter I see

do I not capture their spirit and smile

knowing that I too will boister into a derelicted presence

in a moment

When the camera will be rested like judgment

among friends never knowing more nor why

I am the last to enter

leaving what is behind behind

Vision is no curse and

the panoptic confidence in seeing the same as last time

but I forget

remark digression is this

And them for having spoken as animal

calling willfully and holding to a physical sense

and them for solving my problems

until I wake tomorrow

Oh, vision I am not deceived

but to capture like a photograph

is a lens upon steam I

only wonder what I will compare

*THERE IS NO CULTURE BUT WHAT THEY SAY OF THEMSELVES*

There is no culture but what they say of themselves  
I cannot call you for your habits  
but my own  
habits I have language for

To describe oneself is anthropology were there an audience  
the practice of gathering and collecting  
assorting time  
practice is my own character

And were there a set to actions  
what they say of themselves  
say culture is closure to independence the collective identified  
and an assumptions

Because what I call at my impressions for them  
is with regard to my own  
what I say of myself my own witness  
and who is listening does change my poems my language

I am one to start the day at sunrise  
I wear particular clothes  
I have eating habits  
I live in a type of home

Were they not among those who defined their sort  
say the practice of being changes with my own contact  
and anthropology as education is a change to their language  
what it is that says they are still the same

*THE DAY IS BLUE*

Blue is the color of morning when the sun is risen  
first sight beyond the pastel horizon  
when the day begins when practice begins

[The day is practice]

The day is a poem and not only receiving  
I make the sky dark I cause rain and the green for springtime I cause  
and I grow I age within my skin

The day is a poem and receiving  
I talk to the air I communicate with the season I read to the clouds I read the clouds  
I am different than yesterday for touch

The day is a poem

[The day is practice]

and I am not accurate  
I carry the untrue I hold to deception until I know a better deception  
and I listen I watch for that which can be corrected

The day is a poem the day is true for its errors  
I know no other day than the one before me I listen to what she calls a poem  
I am not indifferent

[The day is practice]

The day is blue I know better than the clouds  
and for tomorrow's way I know today as starting  
and I am certain

*POLITICAL CONFLICT*

A war of words a war of poems  
and the numbers for logic  
The people are listening the people are affected  
representation is defensive  
An election gives voice to the symbolized speaker  
finding fault  
Saying better ways like austerity for the present  
saying motivational chords  
And adversary were there an opposite  
[a separate party is not an opposite]  
Money is translation money is value  
redistribution is not each's balance  
They carry sharp pointed words  
do not remember when the others are defeated  
They carry smiles and approachability  
letting out passwords replacing passwords  
The demonstration of power of will  
is differently ambitious for the speaker  
And knowing authority is more than vote  
after an election  
The sways of public opinion are their watch  
and victory is a quick advance to the next  
Political conflict started upon a disagreement  
and all stops are let away in discourse  
Managing social heaps like order and  
the representative other stays gone  
For the next contender with ideas  
is young and with energy  
Politics will roll with time once again when  
an elder's legacy fades or is purchased translated  
For its strength in party lines lineage  
word returns to spirit and against negative

*MEASURED NATURE [ARE WE NOT ONE]*

The status of nature is sight of gathered redistributions  
all of the elements are still  
and the resembled aspects in new social form  
nature is indeed reconstructed in their vision and  
change is appearance and nothing does vanish entirely

Measured nature  
notice life applied to the discretion of one species  
for its own demise I believe because  
the ecology of cooperation is no oversight to  
the strength of many wills

There are structures numbered there are farms and fences  
for efficiency there is efficiency for feeding efficiency  
there are cement lines cement roads separating like animals  
and pollution which kills that which sustains itself quietly  
I still say an ecology of a single species is nature nevertheless

And what status when one is one  
then self aware at the last  
for reason is a final awareness  
and ask if the others return again for reconstruction  
after old ideas like excessive industry are proven unsustainable for

Life is measured nor is mine the only life  
is a challenge to consider away from oneself  
when natural cities think so differently of each of its citizens  
that flora and fauna are captured in parks and areas  
designated for nature apart from nature

*HALLOWED DEMISE*

Hallowed demise the  
withdrawal to the tanks of anyspirit  
old and ugly death before the age of death  
a failed body and poison among beauty  
makes a glorious inglorious and without meaning

When death should be so celebrated  
and without the intrudes of slowness  
and reluctant time etching no more favors  
like health and esteem  
but the fallen are not done falling

And the earth is littered with death  
when proud is preferred to a casual waste  
when there are no contemplates to being and hereafter  
to look about is to match the state of one death  
to another

There is a stopped moment before  
life is reignited among those that dance  
among those that minister confidence  
and let away pain and need for patience  
there are no cries when I contain myself

For disgust at society's indifference and  
the way time is allowed  
to suffer upon one person's crawl toward death  
they are handled as I am handled  
nor care to know how they are handled like I

*THE OFFICE*

Of her hardship  
the office  
assumed for corrections  
assumed that tempered peace is retained  
[for she has always been upon peace]

There are enough poisons in the world for all of her ages  
rested on a shallow shelf with dates  
there are enough potions enough tonics  
to answer disgust  
to answer hardship

And what her call resembles  
[not all are so fortunate to have a call]  
the office of lines  
and were her teachings so specific as to her underlings  
that she herself is not required

The office of her majesty  
[she is not required any longer]  
no longer with Queen  
yet completed its functions but to say spirit  
[spirit is not a popular word and is let away]

Of her hardship  
when an enamored being said an office is only  
[and completed thus she is completed]  
and no one wrote a poem  
when she died of neglect

*THE REALIZED SOUL*

The realized soul  
[a soul is developed and has always been developed]  
is cause for questions cause for language

The air is handled by the senses the sky is handled  
called positive for its return  
beauty is returned when the clouds are handled

I am to see the rise of the morning  
say the soul is outside of my own and fetching  
like nutrition the dawn and sustaining

The realized soul  
I am away and within I am near and far  
as far as the web of logic

And what I imagine and what I mention and what certainty  
the limits of my freedom are language  
caused in observation yet to know is to agree

I agree the distant stars are imaginary I agree  
the city builds upon itself builds upon the fallen  
I agree the idea is first a metaphor before it is translated

As particle of God and infallible  
the tested returns are my own agreement  
and beauty and its idea are already developed

The realized soul  
and were it shut away before its acknowledge  
would strip me of value would strip me of discern

*THEY ARE IN THE ARCHITECTURE*

They are in the architecture  
the fallen small ones of death  
among the quiet among the quiet light  
They are in the architecture  
like time as long as a structure holds to its land  
and after  
The sounds of the moving air the settling foundations  
The bony chill of time  
they are there

Their quiet faces their quiet being  
the whole of architecture is a testament to spirit  
gone like one hundred years is gone  
There are no more stories but a foundation and what remains  
the falling doors and the sound of my own footsteps  
the gathered dust and old beds  
And the remaining windows a building is let  
and there is no longer surface to utility  
and architecture is a record for having been

And when a structure itself does fade  
return to natural time and season  
cedes its housing function unto the air and rain  
And when it is gone gone  
the questions upon its absence too fade like stone does erode  
and all that man does create does fade unto nature  
And there is no longer a place for visions  
but what time does remake  
but what man does rebuild for purpose

*VESSEL OF THE SPIRIT*

Nor spirit to the body only  
but candors flatly at inquiry without

Added the spirit to this vessel  
and calls are realized

The returns of change of difference like answer  
and problems seen

For want and affection for what is love  
like an answer what is love

The barren body and without legacy  
the empty acts of being only

Nor spirit at notice without body  
but vessel and I am abled and put to

*THERE IS NO FREEDOM THERE*

The concern of the day  
were there freedom enough and

language enough to see freedom to its start and  
to realize freedom when it begins

The concern of the day  
abrupt and starts me from sleep

There is no freedom there  
nor there

Their eyes see through me see through my words  
I have other poems for you

Freedom is not a word  
until freedom is not a word

AIR AND NOTHINGNESS

Blackness nothingness nor memory like sleep  
nor planet nor moon nor backdropped stars  
nor a thought  
nor life  
there is nothing to register  
but air I breathe in full breaths and sound as a clock

To be in no place and without time but breath  
[air alone is no transposition to nothingness]  
[there is gravity]  
[and sight is covered]  
[I am aware]  
[nothingness is without me as well and without records]

Air is enough to start a dream  
to start the universe rotating again air is enough to start the clocks  
to start the sounds of decay and erosion  
for all does fail into something improved and advanced  
it were blackness is a thought only  
there can be no nothingness were I not to consider

THE MINSTREL OF EROSIVE THOUGHT

Erosive thought I have no memory and  
ambition is subject  
the corroded ideas fall to the ground and wind blows them to corners

With a long nose and fair skin and with a smile  
an animal way and a voice [a voice which has no receiver]  
and scanning eyes for what can be taken

The challenged thoughts the dented thoughts the thoughts with questions  
a good idea is spun around and around until it comes apart  
habits are left to the wind and to the elements

With four-stringed instrument  
strums to the rhythm of breath and  
supplants air with indecision

Experience gives way to the appearance of experience  
knowledge and courage fade into questions and  
nothing is remembered

And then goes away upon four legs with instrument  
without language and silent as age and  
without concern she is

The last of winter is a fluttered snowfall which does not stay  
and the sky is azure  
[there are no origins]  
[I give structure to the seasons] [I take structure from the seasons]  
and spring is a quick melt from this  
In print  
the birds which never did leave  
with voices  
and the fallen grass the trees gone for leaves are still in wait  
Forever is a slow term for time before nature returns  
before what is gone is remade  
In print  
the day is a collage of change  
[there are no origins]  
but what I capture as permanent is not permanent  
for all is merely a follow to the moment before  
[I capture an image] [an imaginary word]  
In print  
the stopped lake ice is in retreat for the nearing sun  
the stopped temperature is risen from  
when they were captured in full dress and hats  
Everything printed is stopped  
the smell of late winter is stopped the sight of  
snow receding from a farmed land is stopped  
[there are no origins]  
but traveling backward is a memory I have records and  
change is not abrupt  
[though does come quickly at times]  
In print  
my records are the records of change why  
as science for disbelief without having registered time  
but otherwise remember only the icons of the season as event

Rested his soul at the old modern building once a firehouse  
where the light passes through the colored panes of glass  
writes poems for computers and electricity  
for the day older than the day before  
yet with each of the inventions recorded nor gone  
  
Has brought the antiques of history through the panes of change  
for their security and for memory  
fitted them among appliances and the easements of society and  
fitted time as a least struggle  
in capturing the provisions of sustainability without forgetting  
  
Appearance is a manifold of history  
nor gather history alone but what makes history is present  
like time is present including modern history  
that is so easy to access to hold to shape  
and made common  
  
Rested his soul like time at nostalgia as if doing one's portion  
for the character of now  
is a sorted discern for societal holdings of importance including the glass lamp  
nor is language passed upon  
postmodernism is a gate  
  
Carried the antiques to his bauhaus  
set the rocker on the bamboo floor  
in front of the big screen television with the iris in front of it  
marked the sound of silence with Mozart and  
set aside Rolling Stone for the coffee table book with green tea

*INNER PEACE*

The rested soul found boundless now  
inner peace  
and quiet within for nature's notice  
Nor compromise but the tines of otherness  
set down simply put  
the unnecessary quiet  
Nor condition for being without reference  
and far away the laughing birds  
in a kept position

The thwarted urgency of obligation  
despair is a word  
and struggle is a word  
Nothing is so wondered as what exists without condition  
and a hardness to the surface of time  
nor to cloud a passage with contempt  
Relief  
the burden of casting the day is other  
and sight for their registration

Nor a meditative frame  
[I do not speak oppositely]  
but a clearness to advance among  
The reckoning space yet held distant  
the cause for invention including language  
I bow in and out of circumstance at will  
And were grace mentioned  
I am no icon to their studies  
for what it is they seek

*ONE PHILOSOPHY ASSUMES THE SEVERAL*

One philosophy assumes the several  
For its simplicity  
Nor smallness abandoned  
And had they no intention of getting along further  
Nor they  
Nor they  
Ask were it a common defense to unification  
[We are all republicans]  
[and cringing]  
[and making systems small]  
One philosophy assumes the several  
For fear is mentioned among  
Placid conditions

Was a wishing stone so held  
tempered the imagination  
into truth  
Sacrifice is made small effort is made small  
a stone smooth as the sky  
opaque  
Though a wish is troubled  
lasts until it is distorted upon the next wish  
and greed poisons intentions  
The infectious summons of the supernatural is  
a want for authority for control  
for the alteration of one instance is change  
That I had not figured  
nor I let away such power  
and the ultimate wish  
To carry authority without ever its authorization  
the talisman is certain  
and its conduct connected to my own  
But when it is silent from now on  
for I have my own control  
it is a charm in a pocket  
Yet tempers the imagination  
and so held and so imaginary yet  
will follow me  
It is my discern for paradise entry  
and sacrifice is having learned  
reason  
Like the stations of time through  
a talisman's power is now  
in having passed through each the same

For conscience dwells in the unknown  
The dirty corners unseen the shadows among the trees  
What does lurk is stranded and volatile  
And the least of my own attention is to your own growth  
I have a fear and say I have a fear  
[That fear be put away I say I have a fear]  
Take me now  
[I do not mean]  
The games among the unknown are to my own sense  
Security is a conditioned ness among the daunting which is not  
Actual  
Or has not reared its form upon my own yet  
It is my conscience it is that I am  
Not the largest  
It is having heard a story of shadows of darkness  
For space beyond my sight is large enough  
To hold that which carries its own intentions  
I fear that which I have no control for  
And your fanged teeth  
And where the silent still shelters a quiet breath  
Other than my own  
Where deviance stays  
Until deviance is mentioned in thought  
It is my consideration of fear for shadows notice

And were my ears to perk  
That the other side of animal I become  
With big eyes and quieter yet  
Responding  
I do not know of shadows nor long nights  
For why to sleep softly

*DEFIANT ONE*

God is mentioned before atheism  
The questioned standards the social standards  
Measured and painted made to invisible toothless  
The defiant one and ordination for the will  
Calling another system of scratch and emptiness  
The person is the poem  
And reluctant for skepticism is a cloud  
Which manages other clouds  
Were there an order for taking back its own strains  
The separations of want for their largeness  
Is a compel to speak against a discern which  
Starts with an assumptions of natural power  
An assumptions which prove their own order  
A social cause  
For their hardened will and evangelicism in rightness  
That the trees so too a person becomes  
That the oceans the clouds the forests the rivers blessed  
So too a person becomes  
And freedom from such external aspirations  
And freedom from a groomed and tethered ness  
God is mentioned before atheism  
And the atheist brought from protest  
Though assumes an independent governance  
With no regard for all ideas structured by  
The ordained and chartered force which is  
An extended assumption of the divine  
Though to believe liberally that each  
Their own maker and inherently divine in a social way and  
A conservation to the reasoned limits the provisions of  
Nature which satisfies an instinct for sustainability  
Providence is my own force by any word and  
A bounded place is a first structure to being

*NEAR THE LAST*

Near the last  
and time to be done  
their anchors have been pulled  
and they are waiting  
Near the last  
and too love is completed  
and the games are completed  
and they are waiting  
Near the last  
there is no more food  
and the dishes are put away  
the others are already retelling  
Near the last  
and what once was the moon  
is light enough to see  
and they are waiting  
Near the last  
the captain calls for speed  
and I too am done  
I am no longer waiting  
  
Home is a week away  
the quick way  
where I am in love with things I remember  
and they are waiting

*UNTO A STATION*

Unto a station born  
nor predisposed but a conditions established and  
the course and discourse of being as responsive  
done from a start  
as if to say an actions are that of acting and  
a conscience rides along in observation  
The station of sentry of keeper of the gate  
and a liminal questions to the structure of  
what it were the force of cause the force of direction  
Free will were not  
nor the idea of change unless to say a manufactured change  
such as order is written  
Spells God outright and former lives perhaps  
for what is done forward were cause beyond my own  
And grace for perfected living among there  
is a cast a mold and  
were peace to be without questions  
the advanced notion of control over the conscious ways  
that observation so too be directed and  
knowledge is put  
Nor a mortal authority if  
but to say a transcendent form is cause  
A distillation of the spirit and such a consideration is  
a decline of interest were there no control for  
the way the day is gone about the way a lifetime  
But a vigil and a plea a gracious mention to faith  
and were a thought returned and proven  
Just a thought ever  
Do I not prove my defiance nor my confusion  
at defiance  
But the possibility the divine is incomplete and  
I am returned I insist

*SOMETHING DONE*

Something done  
the roads were built the air was traveled  
the trees were taken down for farms  
  
There is a city  
where there once was country [the country will return if they are not vigilant]  
there is a theory where there was once only an act  
  
Lines are put between cities  
order is divided responsibility is divided  
the structured people are divided [they form language they form poems]  
  
Something done  
there are fences there are ideological fences there are ideologies  
the ideas are said with talisman and monument  
  
There is a school  
that all of the other schools attend that all of the other schools revere  
there is a book [a book was written] [a book was published]  
  
The car traveled the nation the car traveled the continent  
the train traveled in lines  
the driver drove the drive the engineer engined the engine  
  
Something done  
the moon was touched the ocean was sailed  
[it is not my accomplishment] [I do not think only of humanity] [I am selfish]  
  
The tallest building compared to a redwood  
is why language is started [for their protection]  
language is invented languages were invented