

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