



[*APHTERLIPHE*]

SCPG

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Greg Markee

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SOPHIA
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MADISON

hours interrupted

Pleases. And hours washing like
winter afternoon to
storm to candle.
And to think away of things
(things)
to discharge things
like flame and air and that which
surrounds,
the sails of words, of libertine mascots
of soapstone and copper and them
of want, the
bears, the grunts and love, the
stealth of ministry
just at rest. Only material.
To drift without
affiliation. Not a sound, not
a color, and not a favorite
except for
ease.
Pleases. And hours to content, the
sails of being, this,
and interrupts the soul.
I do remember being.
An instant.
And return to hours to
marvel
near sleep but not actually.
And elsewhere I
am satisfied
without knowing such a language.

what poetry does not frame itself in ideology?

What word given and
intentions,
what meaning given be not the surrounds
of knowledge.
For I am the capsule of history and
of myth, I am the want of
experience and that which
happens.
And ever before the dialogs, the iambs,
and ever before the
etched words, I
am.
And without name or either simple, I
am reason.
And beauty, from this travel, from
this day and from this glossy
moon. And
anger from the else, I
am constructed and representing.
What poetry does not frame itself in ideology?
For no word is complete I
know
and tomorrow brings another poem
greater than this
and more complete lest
I really did die of
cancer and lust a moment ago
like I first remembered
but am now larger than.
Because I will spirit in something
other than yesterday
only.

And he who died in his sixty fifth year and establishes such a time as symbolic retirement. And he who established a column for learning and a column for intellectual faculties because in any interest of a scientific and organized society there must be the forms of assessment. For how else can a leadership manage an education? And he who ate with books and eyes aimed at the unindoctrinated, how to bring another about to notions of public service and sense? And he who calls upon life in absolutes, for there must be a social force I know because a ministry will consume the nature of knowledge if I have not established a lesser and more reasoned peace. And he who married and had no children but wrote about developmental needs and standards and causes because it was his interest and not to mention the other many sides of social construction like art and numbers which also occasioned his focus. And he who left willingly, for there is no matter to words if he is in the room or not, he knew.

About the dissolve of the patriarch, its combined notions of age as wisdom and legacy as wisdom. About the earth and its sustainability and how a several peoples are only a burden to themselves if they are left to the confines of their similar but separated geographies. I have no line for you, I have no speech for you, but only a method and a season. I have a myth for you, of creations and fourth worlds and mother eternity, for a myth is the greatest song. And what is dying? Everything is dying, and loud and louder, the drones of everything despair. Only I know solutions and only I know cause, only I know the maternities of deconstructionism and its love. For too long the buildings have been square and ambivalent. For too long God has been kept indoors. For too long God has been kept. And of this beauty, all is part and all is complete, all is cosmic and whorling. And the force, of clouds. And the force, of winter wind, of summer oppression, of storm and urgency, the force of growing old, indeed, I do know force. About the dissolve of authority, the dissolve of form and function lest an observance of time and female qualities be such things. And the patriarch, to die as anything but I will not tear down its walls. But a blessing and to the elements its stones, its composition returned to rubble and then soil and then new growth I cannot fear. About leaving a legacy or either recalling that I am only its member, that a time will be here forever by any name mother.

organics

Among stones and sulfur, among nonsouls
and that without imprint, there
began an idea, the compositions
of word and time, the applications
of carbon and methane, an establishment
of life. And through the soils without
being, and through creation and through
things never having been, against against.
And in the watered tines lit in intervals and
heated the remarks of a newness, and
organic. For that which dispels the
depressions of cinder and sand, and
that which accumulates carbon in
reformations and cause, and not knowing
why and never understanding purpose
lest growth be purpose. And to its
likenesses, the sex of advancement, and
in an epoch to cover death. The rambles
of stone and that other virtue of isolation
and mindlessness. I will move you. And
commands, at the centers of everything
else and outward. To tree and form and
fish, insect like sex, to reptile and the
else. And to feed upon one another and
knowing a self like stepping away from
that which cannot move lest a godly
orbiting infinity be the ends of movement.
But to respond, in cellular numbers, and
how the corporations of this body, they
are now tempered to take from the undying
and ending that sense of mortal creation.
For God creates God creates consciousness
and lesser things I call animal within.

sound patterns

Midnight rain, patters
the imagination in
drops I tender by.

Shoreline crash, again.
A day in intervals, day
in observation.

Sounds, the twilight owl.
Resounds, the twilight owl once
again, the same as.

Footsteps, in cycles.
Flatland hike and enters the
imagination.

Social clock upon
hour dong. To the next become
witness, and hungry.

The whitened noise of
creek, babbling upon sleeping
souls, arm as pillow.

Spring melt, and down from
trees, eves, and recounting the
distance from winter.

And the leaves I can
imagine June shuffling
a forest in wind.

what is sacred?

1. Man as religious.
2. Man as religion.
3. Man as recognizing others.
4. Man as religious.
5. Man as several religions he calls unity.
6. Man as searching for the greatest in all.
7. Man as elective.
8. Man as discretion.
9. Man as reason.
10. Reason as knowledge.
11. Knowledge as religion.
12. Religion as knowledge.

What is sacred?

13. Religion as institution.
14. Institution as social regard.
15. Institution as collection of the sacred.
16. Ritual as expression of the sacred.
17. Institution as representation of knowledge.
18. Public appearance as ministry.
19. Public representation as recruitment.
20. Public regard as social confirmation.
21. Social confirmation as power.

What is power?

22. Power as ministry.
23. Lay ritual as power.
24. Community as requiring.
25. Activism as demonstration.
26. Public regard as social confirmation.

this poem is not about

And in darkness, no, I will not see you
as several poets do
but only
a voice,

it is
enough.
And with these arms bound, no, I will not
touch your chest, your breath,
not like a lover
but I
know it authentic
for I watched you

become.

And with these thoughts asleep, I
will wish for nothing
except
your company near.

Because
I have no control.

And in a language, there is
not a word but
I will try.
And in death I cannot say that
I will know you as
for
I do not know death between us.

at a sea

At sky, and sea.
Where dust is a watch
at having been and
dreams, they are
majestic like
futures.
And drums, they are not
tribal
except for what we share.
Tomorrow I
will look up at history
and smile for
there is reason in everything
I know.
At sky, and sea.
And the chords of every
soul, I
rely upon them all.
The air gatherers,
the captains,
and the word people, the
matchers, I rely upon them
all.
And if a sky uncovered
is still a mystery I
will have known
tomorrow will advance again, it
will have
returned to roots
within
like question.

church burning

Taking symbols. And
stripping histories of
objects of remembrance.
Belittling faith and the
otherness of principle.
And community, return
to earth and redemption,
return to time, and
again to make futures
of that which has no
control except for conscience.
Taking symbols, and
the eloquence of rebirth,
at once shortened but,
I cannot forget a kind
world amid amid. And
from an ash, the sprawls
of Phoenix, the surrounds
of Phoenix, and enlightened
and pointed at once
beyond scopes of justice
and likened principles,
for its reason transcended
the smallness of such
things. And time, fern
from this, and the dissolve
of tears, for I can mourn
only so at the loss of
material. Taking symbols
and I cannot imagine
the threat of I. But I
will change. I can only.

should religion broaden a cosmology or frame it?

Argument for the framing of cosmology:

1. Because not all things can be learned at once.

rebuttal: that the degrees of knowledge be independently acquired

2. For reasons of social development.

rebuttal: that a social structure evolve without the tethers of monosocialism/imperialism

3. To act as repository of thought for one subject.

rebuttal: a concept cannot be kept

rebuttal: religion is not a museum

4. To protect an idea.

rebuttal: a good idea requires no protection

response to rebuttal: some ideas require incubation

5. To defend from expansionist minded socialisms.

rebuttal: I shall not fear

rebuttal: develop a sound response of reason

response to rebuttal: religion is a reasonable social response

Argument for the broadening of cosmology:

1. Because a life exists into the future.

rebuttal: the realities of social deviance require a uniform management of history.

2. There needs to be an understanding of all that is nature.

rebuttal: Responsibility and the physical needs of this body and this family require an attention to detail.

3. For the pleasures of thought, for wisdom.

rebuttal: character is developed by discipline.

4. To create an inclusive body of knowledge which undermines nothing.

rebuttal: there will always be something greater and more inclusive.

response to rebuttal: who can declare the stoppage of thought?

and speculation

As to the boundless

I do not know.

And the surrounds of heaven

I am not certain

except for faith.

For there is no evidence to eternity and

there is no evidence

outside of belief.

As to the endless and

its unfinished qualities

I say I

will be their intermediate if nothing else.

I say I.

And if I exist, I

say I.

As to the soul and

as to evolution, as to that

which happens away, I

cannot create law, but

only theory.

As to language, as

to meaning, that it be

received as

intended I am as faithful as our time spent together.

As to beauty between

us

I am faithful.

As to time, I grow

old.

images, fragments

History within, I
carry the patterns of this being.
The moss and life, the
wooded forests of springtime
becoming. And
which is greater, a
civilization or either a tree? I
cannot know lest I remember in
a way.
The people crossing thresholds
and speaking
glossy words at thought. I know
a rainbow began a
thing, and
a cloud, how an autumn burst is
memory like time.
And a winter breath. The
fragments of participation, of
human spirit like owlnotes
at sunrise. I
remember.
History within, lest I
imagine a value for each, and the
settlements disappear, I
disappear into reason I would
rather know otherwise.
The geese and calls the wind, the
wind returning.
A sunflower. Taste of cherry
from county land. I cannot imagine
the greater, tree or either
civilization for both
are.

to those who think time has already happened

That the percussions of history repeat, a
theory like season, like
orbit, the cycling whorls of
anything that teaches like
nature. That a same cone will again
produce a same bristled pine, that
a war will return in an exact force, that
a civilization will recall itself to ends in
similar strokes. That the lives of peoples,
the names and titles, the
language, that eternity is a circle. I will
believe only in a perfection I am not
aware of.
That a stream of intelligence unlock
the minds of creatures, that
an evolution to tool to
religion to its
escape in science and then postmodernism and
the other rainbows of social becoming,
that
a hardship is the character of determination
and will be over and over without
ever
knowing ends except for death and
its nextness the
same as the last.
I cannot comment except
upon the structure of belief that, I
wish a concern upon this, a concentration, and
if,
I am then prepared for what it does to
me over and again.

I knelt

I knelt in prayer, in
concentration, and
when I returned to space
I
saw my lover had
become without me
old.

I visions

I can no longer know
the truth of sight, of
touch. I
can no longer defend
these words with passion.
For I have been stolen in
thought, and the rest of
time, it is
theater
until a death redeems.

poet's chapel

There is not a silence to these walls.
And this stone, this composition, it
changes every fifteen minutes. This
altar, it is only sacrificial in its allowance.
And wine, bring your own, and call
it blood or either poison or either
passion, and bread, let it be meal
and bounty, and shared like the
stars and like the wisdom of years or
like the wisdom of adolescence, of
innocence. There is not a single word,
and calm, by the liberties of speech,
and revelation, by the liberties of speech,
and numbers, if that be your language.
And the doors of season, to imagine
spring from winter, to imagine, to
gather northern autumns from the south,
to know forest from the implants of
desolation. I watch from this mind,
and from this cavern, and ideas, how
they qualify a people for the next of
readings, the next of patience. There
is not a silence to these walls, lest
pause be intended. And the mercuries
of advancement, they fly and return,
they dash at history, they steal history
and make it some thing useful. The
mercuries of advancement, and lead
to the beyonds of science and either faith
upon imported benches I take a turn
and watch. For only some can speak
at once until they, too, become forgotten.

social pollination

To the air, notions and tolerance, discriminations and change. To light, the fabrics of social renewal, of the enterprise of creativity, the enterprise of truth, its manifest, its creation. The models of best practice and concept, the models of arrangement and passage, to look about in ways, in manners. By this lens I know the mimes, I affect, I understand cause and principle. And return a lens to those by which it came. Yellow dots, and see as I, a water's edge, a christening, a subtle hatred, yellow dots, and see as I, natural mystery and season, see a sex becoming, an ocean blank at nothing and magnificent for being. And that which knows no bounds, the mind of wanders, see these spirits and stones, these dead, and language and especially that which lies beneath language. And if you may, to the air, gather as I, courage upon improvement and advancement and progress, courage upon the newness of being, whether pause or either doctrine for only you know the surface of change. To the air, difference and want, the mind of selfism, of peace and its contagion. I hold nothing back, I do not keep time nor distance, I do not order, lest the mention of order be order. Lest the mention of isolation be isolation, lest the mention of beauty be beauty. Lest the mention of friendship be a friendship, lest the mention of war be war. Lest the mention of poem be poem. I do not order, lest anthropology be order. It is. And apologies, for I know no greater social manifest, no greater material culture than word lest drums have meaning like I.

rain

And rain, it comes to dryness standard. The brittles of autumn wait, the brittles of death and space, and rain it comes. And clouds, to this night, the crystals of star and winded touch, how a pause is made of crossing. And clouds, I wander until the next star pulls an imagination from this. And forest, it was only an instant before that an earth was something other than home. Home. Return, I say, to light and wanders, to care and interest, to a structure which does not know itself, to a consciousness which requires no sentiment. And rain, it comes to dryness. And pleasure, to those in need. The breaks of life, the stops of life, and how life returns to barren blocks of land and absence and nothingness that had no idea itself existed. And idea, with these people, it comes to dryness, it absorbs the spoils of nonbeing and the eterns of infinity. And idea, with these people, it becomes the brittles of autumn wait, and knowing its own death is inside itself, and knowing that experience is temporary. And these clouds, night falls gently upon and fades. And night closes with a dryness I will fill or either rain that I can only imagine is sincere like dawn.

1.
Light and dark and that.
Material and movement and that.
Life and the requirements of life and that.
Consciousness and that.
The otherness of things and that.
And satisfaction in knowing and that.

2.
Erase the day, it cannot, for I be.
Erase the hours, it cannot, the
rainbows, it cannot erase, for I saw
the bended colors.
These things were given like a time
was given and I
remark upon them.
The snow.
The red canyons.
And the movement of water I
remark upon them.

3.
Steady. And
from this forward every day begins
with memory I can only believe.
I can only lest a skeptic and
the uncertainties of history and
the uncertainties of myself and
that which I
remark upon and have for a
thousand years
again I
can only believe in that.

The italics of a forced participation. And
not member and not being, but
tagged for inclusion against
a will.
And rather to divine the
likes of experience, the
likes of summer rain, of
canyon walk and
porchswing night. Rather to
advance a thought
independently. Rather
to pleasure among pebbled beach and the
volumes of words at poet house. The
italics of forced participation and
this question, now the
turnabout of social inversion and a qualified
reason. And if left freely to admire, an
anthropological stare at another mysticism I
might otherwise apply otherwise otherwise
without the tugs at my
vacant spirit, my
empty innerness and weakness I
know you recognize. But
a solution is not
force nor dazzle, it is not ready, it is not planned
except as entertainment, as ritual I
have no grounds to.
The italics of a forced participation. And
settle a principle before I admire for I
cannot be religious
unless.

to be cut off from the stars
And time less drift, these
colors are imagined. And
how, I
remember loss and history, the
advent of change, of
spirit and memory, how I
remember
memory.
So long a moment ago, the
stars and destiny all
to this black and
middled freedom. I am the
concentration of life and
form,
the concentration of age
and without sense, the
concentration of
rainbow and
love, and drifting now until
eternity passes and until
eternity is no
longer strange and away.
Until a concentration remarks
like diffusion and pushing itself into
empty nesses. Until I
forget a
past
and born among
futures and modern intentions and
again looking out and no
longer at origins or
creations except that which gives
life like being.

on the edge of a bed, seated at age

I am not tired of effort, but
only at the particles of faith.
I am not gone, I am not unimportant, but
only among thought.
And how a body, to wash in
decades, its spirit is not gone, these
lines are not scars, they are not
memory, and their appearance, it
is only a cover I know.
Things are as certain as
rest and its contemplation, and that
which passed. That for which I
never had known a control,
and
that which I possessed like
prayer and determination.
I am concentrated, and having
left physical celebrations and physical
penance, and having left
plans for physical wealth. And
a knowledge, I no longer
take. With
folded arms and naked I
no
longer take except for visions.
Except for the life I am stealing I
no longer take. And
end in knowledge at bed's edge
in a place. Life's end I
do not remember yet and probably
will not then when.

No work for you today, not
by the hour, not
by the job. For
there are others who satisfy
a criteria without
question. For there are others
with lesser
tax.

No work for you today, only
a rested corner for you to
settle amongst your own
indeterminance, your own
fascinations this
industry cares
not.

No work for you today, no
time, no
want for you today, no calls
for justice, there is nothing in
your corner of mine except
time and
conscience.

No work for you today, no
participation, no
membership, no belonging, there
is no praise and no
assessment. There is not a
thread between a remaindered
we and your hardened
discern except
pity at your being other.

Six thousand or either twenty billion years.
I am not a child.

The dualisms of mind and material or
either the dualisms of God and Godhead, you
rape my attention. I
am not a child.

A cardinal of force, a cardinal of power, a
crippled cardinal, what
words you use.

I am not a
child.

Wisdom I have never known except by another
word. Cosmology I have never
known except by
another word.

I am not a child.

I do not give myself to you.

Wombism, and
sexuality other than your own, your consent,
(your consent), and celebration among
the dimals of doom and social atrophy.
Perhaps there is no other way.

And the dissolve of reason, described in
text, and the thievery of
Jesus.

I am not without thought.

And if you are infinitely local, and if a time will
recreate everything in
drums and smoke I
cannot argue. I will not argue child.

But I am not to you except as
model for the next
chapter.

filiation: museumism

And facility, the collections of history, and material, and to assume the ideologies of curation. I plant this soul with life and concept, word and source, I make this consciousness a museum. And little things, a storage for, like tenderness and emotion, a sense for beauty, social allowance. As a child, to know museum as otherness, as material, as institution, and no less a notion with an age, except this self as potent. Self as facility, and I am the management of meaning, its representation, its public affairs, for a public still exists I can only know. And in the dreams of museumists, a place for everything, for religion, for interest, for vocation and substance, for the day of flowers, winters night and lightning storm, a place for memory and the else, in this museum, a place for museums. I hold you closely like time, I hold you near like victory or either let you pass knowing our association is the start of a thing amongst us. A thing. And no less than material, our association. And facility, you are profound, oh, mind! And a home of texture, a home which reflects the unbounds of inspiration, of generosity. And to others, yours is greater, I have no words. As divine, as celebrated, yours is others and we share philosophy if nothing else. Lest I swim and trade material for material as if it were the same. But it is not I know, because a value I belong I.

putting one's religion on the outside

Expressions. The arts of belief, the walks of time. In houses. In clouds, in moving clouds. In the declarations, the constitutions of being, the selfisms of modernity and the passages of meaning. Philosophy is only learning, its manner, in the first, and in the next, the movements of those. Transfer the histories of knowledge, the leisures and text, the myth, the outright of freedom, of summer living, the elections of fascination and the disturbs of change. I recognize a social, I can only lest this brevity be only for forests and moons. I recognize a social and this I wish upon its formation. I recognize a social, and this I wish upon its constructions, its intentions. Be like earth to me, be like river and creature, be like testimony, be like altar for these thoughts are an extension of yours. This iron, this material, this pine and granite, this material will be the arrangements of social structure, imagination. Expressions. And for an audience, the potents of philanthropy, the potents of possibility simply because or either for God if you require a reason like I sometimes do.

the disturbs of change

Pivot points, those things and ideas
representing possibility, choice. Beauty is
such a thing. Justice or
either its opposite is
such a thing. Idea. And its manifest like
war
or the contributions of progress, its manifest,
doctrine and force, allowance,
participation. Upon the pivot points of
ministry like word and sound, the
arrangements of orchard.
To ends. To ends. And I will rest upon
ends as I have for seven hundred years.
And I will stand in breath facing
a wind and wondering
for
the next. To learn a problem, to know a
problem, to engage a problem. And
the summaries of study, how they fade
into relax and order in
the eventual, they
always have except
for those which have no unity.
Pivot points and potential. Possibility and
the disturbs of change. For change has always
and invisibly existed and only made an appearance
by the urchins of little things and rumors
and speculation including fear. And if
by
chance I know a fear I am
open like sky until a force calls
upon this.

the girl who only started to realize

The girl who only started
to realize her poetry began when
she stopped reading.
That her cemented intentions of rhythm,
meter, they were
only a mark. That a people surround
the
substance of being, and a poem, that
was when, long moments ago.
The girl who stood and watched
an audience for
she
had an art to reproduce. And
never mind what art is except its
fixed ness and that you are art
too
and the more you flutter among
socialisms and declarations the
more you will shed that which is not
you and your poetry it
is only a mark.
The girl who started to realize and
never understanding the nature
of
becoming except for peace. And
now I will listen to you because
you
know things
(things)
I will never know and I appreciate
that because you are now becoming.

For from these bottoms, the thoughts of a thousand years. The winds, the silence and nature. Bodies and treeforms, the spectacle of winter ice, of experience and loss. For from these bottoms, lifetimes and value, the source of carrying oneself elsewhere like strength. The way a rain upon lake beds, the dots of inclusion pattering outward in whorls. The gains of experience, a sailing leaf. I drown. And knowing there is no matter to how I have become, except for loss I cannot remember. For from these bottoms, a richness as participation, to be swallowed like time and the geographies of middle earth, the surrounds of water. How silent, peace, and a shimmering surface from a sheltered below, and downlit I know it day. For from these bottoms, the thoughts of all who have traveled and all who have stayed, all who have listened, and not realizing a body cloaks us all. Now. And wet and silent, and gently murky, the socialisms of despair and creed and lifestyle, the fifty degrees of listening depths and covered in wind and something other I remember upon bottom and now gone like a breath. I drown.

Conscience returns upon the scans of selfism. And best practice and how I prefer to die. And speculations as to great hereafters and wait. Conscience returns, and dashes then to audubon instances, to a presence of having let go. I have considered and it is enough for there are no ends to the considerations of ends. Conscience returns with the selfisms of material, the realities of body, the responsibilities of adaptation. Fly away thought, you have no urgency, tomorrow I say lucky is enough. And demanding only of oneself the monastics of pace and robe, there is not a thought. And demanding only of oneself the serenities of contemplation. But then, conscience to conscience, there is another. Conscience to conscience, there are needs. And the spirits of dialogics, principle and reformation, cosmic appearances and their disregard, for this body is an end I struggle with enough. Conscience and the ends of dualism, the ends of I and they, God and nature, the ends of dual thought, the ends of conscience. The ends of inner language. The ends of memory. The ends of consideration. The ends of futures. The ends of history. The ends of this body. The ends of eternity. The ends of letting go. The ends of ends.