

A poet that reads poetry

or

An answer to death

gregory markee

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protoHouse  prity lights
madison

An answer to death

We begin altogether
without thinking of death
loudly
she wrote a defiant address called change
in forty years
of common sunrises and sunsets
the same moon
living is a distraction to death
just getting comfortable
say faith is speculation
there is no promise to an afterlife
just once again about a wheel
take consolation in free will
study old books of history called philosophy
take consolation in the clouds
today's stillness
An answer to death
is childhood is childbearing is lovemaking
is a special collections library
living is a distraction to death
have you heard
nothing
until you are called again
set down upon this earth as a baby
not realizing
anything
but remembering death and its force
requires
the idea of a full circle

The transient

A thousand places
got there by boat

The compelling part of disbelief
is seeing for oneself

I doubt
law is law in place of poetry some things require no explanation

No matter how flowered language is
it is one calls another by name

The transient
got there by horse

Touched his cross and moved on
after breakfast

A posthumous existence with a blank stare
a volunteer nor homeless

What is said of silence what is said of autonomy
what can be said of reason

The map
the journal

Vocabulary is a stranger
got there by train

Symbols

Dead night dead winter

dead battery

the funeral indirect light bow to the pressures of death dead winter rain

cold

and suffering

truth the blight of truth and with no concessions and with no remorse

but there is no thought

dead spirit still dances for what is called hope the mystery of hope the cadaver still dances

the rosary the dog hit by a bicycle the dead bird

autumn comes winter comes spring death responsibility is death

the sign all of the signs history and change and direction

efficiency is death vocabulary is death

the school propped the teachers' esteem

everybody wins

wear chartreuse wear lavender the dead body twitched what does that mean

god

your hair is still growing I read about you death but that is only observational

close your eyes

think of a hairbrush or a toothpick or a band aid

now forget about everything else

call that marriage

no

the advice from the dead is your own voice the advice from the president is your own voice

the dead politician the photograph of the dead politician

the dead cheerleader the dead chef was purple when found

behind the refrigerator

the mouse the witness will one day die stealing cheese from a trap

the dead sky

what does it all mean because

when I am certain

it

changes

color

the dead confidence the dead enlightenment the fester will not matter

now [but do not touch it]

Hankering about

The low desires and the high desires
 one hankers about the low desires

The fitness of accomplishment the fitness of access
 lunch

Cheeseburger

She put a list of
 hankers
 sticky noted to the phone

The movie
 I have been there and would like to return next year
 not before I die but next year
 a reasonable hanker
 the movie in three D no less I have been hankering and hankering
 if I were to hanker something before I die I would
 elevate it to a
 before I die list
 like cheeseburger in Paris

The first fifty degree day
 I will go watch the ice finish on the lake
 I will hanker
 about hankering hanker hanker

And in the midst of a hanker [pause]
 get a hold of yourself
 man

There are those less fortunate
 entitled
 people with their own hankers

Slow reader

Is because I read poetry
expects I bounce among subjects with the poem
and stop and start again
a novel is offended by a quick reader
assuming
poetry is separate

Is that a question?

Is that a question?

What is rhetoric?

Would you like a microphone?

Do you have a favorite shape?

What is the oldest car you have ever been in?

What is poetry?

Do you pray?

How many hours of sleep do you get a night?

Can I be confident the stars still shine if it is cloudy?

What are your affiliations?

What are your intentions?

Are you an artist?

What is incidental?

Is there a curse to memory?

Where can I find one?

Do you acknowledge an intelligence of dogs?

What is your favorite species?

Is the human body technology?

Do you like what I did with the room?

Are you an agent?

What happened before I was born?

What are reasonable limits?

Do you vote?

Is there an anchor to the soul?

Where do you find inspiration?

Is the poem fiction or nonfiction?

Would you like company?

How early am I?

What requires redistribution?

Is that rain I smell?

Were you one of the many?

What time is it?

Are you pleased with your performance?

What were you going to ask?

The victim

In order to exist [Bob Kaufman]
I would need to know that I exist

The accusations of the poet
the accusations of the victim supposes rules

The limits of freedom
supposes rules

Recovery mentions an earlier state
to live within one's memory for retrieval

Darkness and disillusionment
the condition of the individual is imperfect

Them and us
it

Murder rape thievery
nor matters the victimless substance use staying out late consider

In order to exist
reference including that which cannot be controlled

What is philosophy
like balance to do what has been done

There is no remedy for what is done
I cannot comment on what is peace of mind

Nor justice and the allowance of justice
do you say civil or do I

Brings to mind the incarnate of beginning
separate from the reincarnation of beginning [but]

Spellbound

But words are nothing

See

Only respond behaviorally

Then I will have something to say

About experience

Like a poem exactly

Before it becomes policy

Quick

The redundant social interpretations assert themselves assume themselves

A first poetics are channeled into a line called beauty

In the interest of vocation

Public manner

But I am speechless

Nor divided

In a moment I will

Hold your hand

Say your name if I am alone

[then]

Creativity and nonfiction

The narrative supposed itself
 truth as history
 the doctor notes
 I cannot argue with winter
 nor death as said
 but for the poet tasked with my attention say
 the smells and colors
 vomit
 and accolades to the social spirits of transformation
 for an earthed memory
 mention what her eyes reminded you of
 I am not distracted but brought
 returned to time
 the settled place of worship in which
 I am not instructed to worship
 or remain for that matter
 [turn the page]
 truth is a habit
 it is the yarns bring me to the conjoined paragraphs
 or say
 simply death that is all
 because death is common
 everyone dies
 said the publisher but how
 and what happened to the flesh in the arid desert for three days
 before being found
 no
 it is life and the transparencies of life
 is my consumption
 to say a thought about an experience o
 take my word
 wrap it about a quartz crystal spell it backwards
 like code
 call it truth

Referential freedom

Is a measured freedom
 unto another's existence
 thank you
 but for the obligation it is your
 referential authority
 assumes a first principles
 charge me like loyalty
 even in your absence
 is a measured freedom
 like a word cannot be said
 taken from my vocabulary

Then what is freedom
 if to have stolen the capital strings from function
 say I live alone and with my family
 say I live alone
 it were your food I have replaced
 with agrarianism
 simply
 I make doors to walk through

Then what is freedom
 were it service
 were it to hire an apprentice
 o sky
 they and they will do my work

Referential freedom
 I do
 work for a man called myself
 it is
 a responsibility becomes one's own success
 reference what authority as if
 God is reference for what other answer

The visual artist

Is a poet
 having put a picnic

The surreal poet
 the dimensionalist
 the cubist
 the impressionist poet

O linger
 when I close my eyes
 it is your voice says
 traditionalism

Is a poet
 having rested a lyre in an orchard

The catered affair
 the gallery
 the voice of a painter

Say the sky
 is differently said than a brush stroke
 no

Is a poet
 governed a canvas
 said black lines between autonomy and collectivity
 no

And time
 a canvas burns like paper burns
 [then] [what is forgotten]
 no

Little cabinets

Filled with curiosities
and coins
and pocket knives

Little worlds

With little snakes and monkeys
comparatively speaking with little rivers and gorges
with little stars

Little kindnesses

Yes that is chiffon
would you like a pop tart
take off your shoes

Little miracles

Hot air balloon flight
road trip
sand dollars

Little art

Contains a cabinet
next to the nude
with ideas

Little sound

Rock and roll
asbestos
bumble bee

In the event

Of an earthquake
 assert blame
 is a question of sexual tolerance
 is said the earth moved
 and returned

In the event of an open sky
 wait for night
 it
 will come will open itself
 and I will have a word for
 it

The rainstorm down and down
 will never end
 from high ground I know
 suffering
 said the radio I know
 nature

Of a housefire
 get out

Of a fuzzy television
 turn down the volume

Of a spider in a corner
 have a spouse squish it

Of a mouse in a corner
 understand its fear
 of earthquakes
 of open sky
 of rain

At ease

The rested demons
 into their compartments
 will be called again
 like readiness

The color peace for silence
 but the birds
 the raucous of the birds

One distraction is a distraction from distractions
 sucked into literature
 handmade literature woven literature
 called away from force from violence
 [stay]

What are you going to do with me
 now
 that I'm all on my own
 like a rolling stone [Dylan]

They roll away forward
 I am listening to confidence
 as I was once confident
 I do not say I am no longer confident

The devices in the corner
 rubbing one's chin
 what can be made of ultimatums

Mother superior is my wife
 brackets my contemplative ego
 I will require it again I will call it again
 in short order
 [veteran]

Painters are natural poets

The visualist
 see the rusted chain holding things
 together
 I had not realized
 we are so close
 to the exhumation of love in which
 all things begin as separate
 it is just a matter of time
 before deciding
 the fruit bowl should be eaten for lunch
 say
 what words are important
 when there are no recording devices like journals
 a bead of sweat
 eye contact
 o painter
 describe the night sky
 from the perspective of sentry polaris
 the difference
 of photograph of oil
 is better than being for its permanence
 for its statement for its argument
 is better than being
 making our way around the morning
 institutionally
 painters are natural poets
 nor I say an image is poetry
 that speaks for itself
 but the concert of sight and language
 holds a shape like art
 I only have a rhetorical thought
 for your company
 because
 is there not a sound required

Accustomed

Checks and balances
 the security of citizenship
 in an open society
 Accustomed to open ways
 without the tethers of
 singular authority
 One and one for separated ways
 cast social shadows
 not everything is retail not everything is for sale
 Philosophy grew into
 the smaller details
 of justice and law school
 Am I safe
 in understanding
 individualism
 The fortuitous character the assembled character
 in a way
 a borrowed humanity is a borrowed security
 Put to language
 with a question and
 a shopped pause
 It
 has always been this way
 since I was born
 An updates to thought are
 their and their experience
 told
 And there is no isolation a
 quiet room
 nor the center of nature
 For the love I am accustomed to
 fragile and protecting itself
 saying its own words

How I can be so lucky

Because

A given thanks

Is memory

For having gone without

Once

Like struggle

And

There are people less secure than I who would not admit such a thing

It is a blessing

The butterfly today

Fluttered about the wildflowers

I

And all the time

In the world

[She gave me a watch]

Because

Breathe

There are two of them
 each with a heart each with a name
 as not to confuse
 a varietal strains of art
 both feminine and with good penmanship

The interior
 the lucky interior
 of love
 in which one exhausts themselves
 no
 say it is the nested interior

Breathe
 it is your body requires
 is I
 never made such importance of myself

Just staggered
 for not having considered purpose
 for not having considered smallness to say
 you are smaller yet
 and still do not know enough

I take a while for the paint to dry
 find a new box for the new poems

At this altitude

I can see a single giant ocean
 I can see a single giant cloud

I am not coming down for art or death
 I am not coming down

Distracted

As we were saying
before
the mechanical ventilation system turned on
institutionally
as we were saying something
about love and interest
shall we go to the forest instead
the painted trees where
there is only us
to distract one another
like time

The incomplete circle

It has been ten years
 make that fifty years
 since war broke out
 of nonexistence

They promised they made promises
 as did I
 upon my birth that
 history will be different

Because

The embrace of calamity is its resolution
 like giving more money than one has
 like honoring indulgence
 like the spirit of sport like the spirit of quitting because of an ankle sprain

Because

History is already resolved
 just I am left to mark it with a highlighter
 notes for improvement
 general fantasies for the future

The incomplete circle cannot be called circle
 but the idea the redundant idea
 that all is promised for reach
 wait
 the circle completes itself [then]

Is only nature to say
 am I not natural and is the circle not a shape
 we are redundant I am
 and when there is no path I wonder

January stars

February sea (George Winston)

February from January is patience

here I am

January stars

crystal the night and full

I want what I have

to posture myself amid the vacant and see something something

I call constellation the ram the scale the fish

[the skull]

night is a book is folklore

breathe

I

January from February is history

the sea begins opens its own waters

the vessel the body

blue air and shifted unease

everything but what is claimed like January's night

there is no shore nor want for shore

but where the birds do bring

us

as far as I can tell as far as I can see

I borrow beauty and give it a name

were it a desert to be

amongst the desolate

snow

the bony branches with icicles shimmer

it is day I remember

change

washes the last monotony there is so much to remember

that does not matter

soon the sky will become cloud

let down the patterns of February and

the distance of January

but to wait because I am no cause among

Ghost theory

Transparent

spoken from the grave inaudibly

it was how he died

alone with his thoughts

It is the complications of physical reality

troubles his memory

everything is not the same but where do lines belong

like a stab at history

And were death their attention

the pile of scrolls

the limits of natural law

is an adjacent question

The regular lifetime is differently examined

attends to property

attends to social affection

considers legacy a child

Ghost theory is no defense is an argument

upon itself

exists with or without

audience

Truth is many forms and absent

Truth is spectacle is witness

Truth is reasoned or not

Truth is a foundation

The worst part of the dead speaking is a public's special attention given

to the one

who answered long ago in isolation

something about souls

Like a church and near enough to

an easement of struggle

to add his name to

the list of citizens

Subsequently speaking

Sex and birth

Cloud and rain

Life and death

Effort and accomplishment

Courage and victory and loss

Discretion and modesty

I like them

the nudes a little racy

public opinion

is a coin

Subsequent to time is a will

the last living soul

had no one to put her in the ground

jumped into a giant fire at last

The species

the volcano

The farm the flood

Subsequent to freedom is production

in one's interest

speaking generally again like that ancestor

knowing

Opinion and difference of opinion

Moon and poetry

Exercise and health

Literature and the next literature

The hero the model

Thirst and water thirst and death

The soul invents itself the idea of the soul

The fury of anonymity

The principle
 argument
 exists like utilitarianism in which
 a greatest are satisfied

Excellence is
 a social absorption of credit
 the maker
 goes home like the rest

Raise your voice
 these elected officials are not elected
 wear greek pins
 like philosophers and slaves

The decomposition of society
 the reclamation of society
 is perspective
 is no reward

But they were cast
 into working for the common good for the common handshake
 productivity is
 an unnamed machine

A glossed eyes
 a shelf for acceptable books
 the fury of anonymity is
 internal is persuasive but

What is heavy is the introduction of
 that which challenges mediocrity
 arranges mediocrity
 from the perspective of a mind born to socialism

They are safely dead (Bob Kaufman)

Caught in the wheel
the observers just
caught in the wheel

With a room a cover like anonymity
contained with one's own language
dismissed

The poet with orders
but they cannot hear you
the publishers

They are safely dead
nor from a place always been
traveling into age

And them models actually dead
like heroes
rest against a modern chaos a modern structure

Time does put us waiting
an energies deposited
the surface of life is the same surface as death

The remainder living
an educational force opposes morbidity
in presence in language

Nothing to do for them now nor my attention
they are safely dead
[collected]

They read you still but
they are safely dead
[collected]

Optics and desire

Oversight

the opened mind

wait I will never travel again

against

Oversight

the amories of oversight

close one's eyes

against

Beauty is a word

a categorical word

that I have no word for you

oversight

No

the intentions of oversight

the mind pretends itself greater

oversight

Touch

the fantasy of touch is the mind's

void

that I have no word for you

The qualified nearness to another

disqualifies a nearness

held

the conditions of oversight are without conditions

Is but memory regards

the fantasy of oversight

and I cannot help but judge

what is beauty

O Canada

Northbound from the demons northbound from
 a piercing interrogatives
 O Canada respite
 Clarity like the lateness of a summer sundown colored autumn maple
 Lantern
 And where to go for independence amid a pressures
 Find an international space is without borders
 Still the demons prove oneself
 Persist
 Northbound about the great lakes about a border and return
 Yes
 It
 Is in my head return to northern America clockwise south

[Pause] [reflect]

Escape likened to excuse
 If to be resolved
 The autumn maple sundowns in Wisconsin
 Lantern
 When one assumes a littered thoughts are personal
 Only
 It is a sights upon a release of inhibition
 A fondness for being
 here do I not carry the burden of peace

Learned hunger

Was absence brought to mind
 a devotion
 and absence's second approach is a consternation

In which a remedy for real or metaphorical or perceived
 hunger
 dons a mind for fulfillment

O time is treasure and put to its engines
 cause declares address declares attention
 sight

And it were gold for soup
 and it were trade for bread
 and it were an adopted custom for love

See
 the comfortable others no
 I require no prompt for the fundamentals of being

The station of want is learned
 recognized
 for absence is a swell of directed interest

Hunger erodes an upper interest
 ask what is satisfaction
 like cause like allowance for redirection

And were prosperity established and other
 to me I say limits spending
 more time than necessary gathering

[And
 [every day is winter
 [I do not know absence if to live among absence

Qualifications of a stump

Art

Podium

Voice

Idea

Gallery

Stage

Her clothes did not matter so she went without

Pencil

Audience

Critic

Belief

Vocabulary

Persistence

Platform

Campaign manager

Code

Time

Light

The idea of progress

Poet

Law

Memory

Patience

Access

Social division

Social inclusion

Interest

Compassion

Paint

A story

Liberty

Trust

Courage

Manners

Direction

Out

All is forgotten including
that which is lost

Out
and defiant and hissing at nature
listen
to the memories tumble downhill like water

Away

What it is I am now begun

To make a new home
with a piano

Before I return to what is common and old and familiar
waiting

Nor pretend one day is another

But for the sky

The provider

Brings the medicine to the family table
 now here are the rules
 a little bit goes a long way

The lemonade is social

Apples in the fridge peanut butter in the cupboard
 rent is paid
 okay
 here it comes
 I love you
 there is gas in the car

The medicine the philosophy of medicine the spirit of medicine
 and when we are healthy
 the walls are painted a reasonable color
 but
 that is only every ten years

And when we are fed

Accompaniment
 earned upon principles demonstrative principles

Is a professional consideration
 the barbs between the bankers and the doctors and the teachers
 money money
 agreeably money

And the moral spirit of providing
 coins to the fountain like hope
 the reciprocation of interest is a glance
 the provider
 is other than host

Swine poetry

Remember the mud in which
 valor
 is a poem
 brings about one other good thing just one other good thing

Swill
 with the best of one's kind rolled about
 adjectives and addled grunts
 protected from the sun

O heart o pig's heart
 but for the wild kind
 I too know where I am from
 [lucky]

Pink is my lucky number makes me forget
 mathematics
 the obesities of corn consumption
 snort grunt oink

The fence the domestic line and who does want something more
 [more]
 yes
 pigs kiss I saw a postcard

That is all can be said of swine interpretation
 they taste good
 like corn they taste good but love is no kiss
 but to call the swine inseminator

The piglet
 let its room to a black piglet
 at its favorite teet
 was an orphan fostered

Elvis wedding

Ordination is resurrection
 young Elvis
 and a gathered clan a gathered love
 repeat after me
 hunka hunka burnin love
 repeat after me
 all night long
 sideburns gold sunglasses leather collar up

The photograph the marriage certificate
 hiding out in Las Vegas
 as himself after his own death
 with his wife Priscilla who goes to kids' parties as Wonder Woman in her spare time
 o joy

Witness two thousand and twenty
 so much has been settled
 rock and roll has settled on a history
 reference blues Memphis and other places
 and the profounds of marital union are
 gathered in a musical core of inclusion
 rivaling what institution

Say
 Elvis is no alternative to the faithful
 but proxy for love's ambition let me
 suspend my own physical limits like he has
 a moment
 [did you bring the rings] [question]
 [the other pocket]

Say grace like graceland
 but this is Las Vegas viva Las Vegas
 and this was the best Elvis of the bunch

The intermediate

Between suffering and ecstasy
 amid the fluff of a clouded day
 the intermediate
 the recommended book
 books are safe

Between youth and age
 o hold me
 let me forget tomorrow I am not there yet
 holding the past to a form

Between time and circumstance
 rally
 against one's inhibitions against one's responsibilities
 original cause is not original sin
 necessarily unless original cause is original sin
 you and I invent law

Between the timid and the courageous
 I flew
 I flew on an airplane on the anniversary the shuttle blew up
 do you hear me
 even if I tell no one do you hear me

Between the simple and the delicate
 to appreciate a snowflake on my sleeve
 before it melts

Between winter and summer somewhere found
 unto the same wheel
 knowing patience is filled with random acts
 see
 what is quiet and unformed ask how early is it to offer
 a name

On the education of small animals

The Pythagorean social deduction in which
 were
 Saint Francis and Doctor Dolittle
 because
 first
 the ends of social reproduction are not exclusive
 say voice to that which scavenges that which nests nearby
 [civilization]
 on the education of small animals
 is a question of education for purpose
 for them to elope
 to structured independence
 one clan is not another
 say voice
 and what is voice but a sent intentions like a question
 received
 there is a fence a birdhouse
 and they come and they come for proximal care
 that is not what I want
 but in passing recognize the nature of nature in
 a spirited existence I too
 am natural
 gathering what is offered like dependence but no
 nor brought to a sense away from my own nature
 who is it asks for me
 leaves traces and influence for my becoming
 without my own added guidance for my own
 the squirrel
 the possum
 do we not share the same light like memory
 and when there is no memory do we not start again
 with what is known
 it is early
 it is sunrise

Sacraments

What consideration is gathered in a social consumption of bread
 substance is material
 but for students in a classroom
 were education a sacrament but that is
 only a word only an arrow like experience
 guided like wine for a frame
 guided like food and having been satisfied
 it is one thing the declaration of sacrament but to receive
 a ritual
 marriage and baptism and those of a shared devotion to light
 a particular nature and its exposure its revelation
 is a gathered path
 [hold my hand] [we are the same]
 and at night upon a finished time
 [hold my hand] [we are the same]
 and one sacrament upon the last is said
 a ladder of circumstantial thought upon a doctrine
 say ritual
 ask what limits of a broadest philosophy called religion called free will
 an exterior is no sin it is just
 unrevealed
 like the limits of history and yet without consequence
 spatial theory is just science and mathematics that is all
 the dimensions of love have nothing to do with love
 and a regrowth of oneself after having been assumed is
 a return to an earlier sacrament
 like a church spaghetti dinner otherwise
 spelled independence if not isolation
 and were there a divine call to revisit all of the stages of human development
 it is I am naturally selected
 it is I am content
 having labored unto stasis now
 and recognizing a common force in several ways said
 thoughtful

Free association precedes intentional thought

The stormed brain for history
 said experience
 what does enter a mind and stay
 and from the ruins of memory a menu for thought
 intentional thought

It
 will be the plaid shirt today

No
 darkness is not dark
 and the surfaced topics of interest are one to another
 come like interest

And when all of the plans are directed and put
 mention progress holds me forward
 to relevance
 in a day I will be better and without err and without a marks
 confused in spirit for
 having declared what came to mind

It
 will be lasagna for dinner
 having claimed and let away and reclaimed
 the opportunity of pasta

No
 I am not governed in consideration just
 a matter of forward thought
 and do I mention and do I curse a mind for wondering best practice
 again and again

To be scattered is its own virtue
 to say what originally comes to mind is its own virtue

Clinical poetry

Not to be confused with recreational or medical poetry
 clinical poetry
 nor criticism of clinical poetry is clinical poetry
 nature's aspects present themselves
 I see
 socialism hedonism rightness beauty and say things once and again
 in a form
 o heart for reason if reason need exist
 to fix what is stalled to reveal what is quiet
 the problem with clinical poetry is that a problem need exist
 maybe
 the tattletale
 because really a literature relies upon an audience
 beauty is different than suffering and differently told

Was an ambiance of giving was an ambiance of taking
 the sundown lasted the whole bottle of wine
 listen
 it is silent brilliantly silent and then a baby laughed

Clinical poetry is an administrative voice a voice of authority
 the spectacle is
 wrapped said truth for insight for address for production
 and were the poet let down to oneself unto a meandered commonness
 the natural question is of the average and unsystematic poem
 defying a label such as clinical poetry
 science is the death of originalism
 the structure of science is a response likened to
 the structure of a creative address to being
 a list
 and were social development the intent of writing ask
 were there any other purpose than causality
 [then]
 make something of love

Talk

So this is the park I told you about
 with people
 they come and go and come with chairs
 facing the water
 like conversation

No

history is settled it is just
 I want to know
 that is why
 I stare at the water receiving

Did you have a question about
 the forms of convenience the limits of convenience
 in a year in a hundred years
 I am the same
 for asking of patience

Can one talk and listen at the same time
 why
 old books are pushed away to bookstores
 put in little thought lines
 like a measured nature

The lake
 rolling at the modest wind nor whitecapped
 how is it you govern
 it mentions
 like rhetoric

July is gone
 it is February knowing the turn of oneself
 but there is no blood but there is no heart
 I remember
 my own position

The android

With the brain of a person and the fingers of a person
 free will does not exist
 because

Metal
 and the cultivation of thought
 anthropic

You appear
 with hair and want and energy
 what is your serial number

The thing about androids is
 they vote
 along party lines

The thing about androids is
 their dedication to doing what is told
 their ongoing software updates

Walking with bluetooth in mind stare
 what is objectivity
 what is progress

The limits of dancing are mine
 intentional thought is mine
 social combustion social determination is mine

The thing about androids is
 a resemblance to the human condition
 but you are wrong about peace as I am

Holding onto peace resembling productivity
 calling peace what peace is called
 demonstrable

Were it all but fire (Heraclitus)

Contrast one fire with another fire

[it is all the same]

the burning souls with voices loud voices soft voices

mountain fire

air fire

the fire moon is the closest burning star

the fire of peace of determination lust all of history is fire

put into orders and called fire

wonder is my contribution a smoldering wonder a smoldering affair

the water the fire water

the way a continuities connect I am the same

fire

Do you hear me

sound

but I do not speak out loud

And fire is no hell like [endless duration] compared with [eternity]

there are trees maple trees

once red for a season

apple trees a fire of apple trees

Do you hear me

burning with or without my presence

but I do not speak out loud

There were no eagles

At the eagle place
so I went to the antique store looking for old things
like monuments and time

Someone else's memory
the cup the book the wobbled chair let away
the knife

There were no eagles
at the antique store there was no nature but dust
so I went to Kwik Trip looking for apple juice

There were no eagles on the way home
everything is the same
everything is the same

Prophecy

I can say
is the wind which brings favor

And to receive the season again and again

Every morning the sun begins through the window
I know

What is next
beyond the moment
I have never lacked in the demonstration of love
and a shortsighted want for small things I mention
a capacity for fetishes

I am satisfied and say I am satisfied
beyond the ways of museums
I am satisfied

Culture
upon a completed course of necessities now
is forward like a new flag

And to start at nothing to start at absence
the land once grass

There is no object which closes another object
there is no type which suffers
now

Prophecy like faith is once a church and the limits of a church
prophecy is a declaration of intentions
sewn

And there is a place a designated standard

The candidate

Her
presence
a block of men of several varieties

Her
platform

I have a question
do you make friends

Interest
sustainable interest
includes the land

And the way we talk to one another
and the swift pace of
the address of suffering

Her
nuclear team

Fitted a caucus with intuition
the ballot
correctly spelled

Pushed a gathered senators
to their corners
with words

What promise exists
of an office

Like potential redirected
from what ness I do not know

The impeachment of things

Let away deviance with a stroke
 you are a confound
 to stasis to progress to the graded limits of advance

You have a stain on your shirt
 chicken wings

The impeachment of things like combustion engines
 the impeachment of the office
 in which self service trumps collective value
 the impeachment of divorce in which said divorce is epistemological leverage

The baseness of opinion returns to separates
 every thing is separate
 one tree is not another

You have egg on your dungarees
 as do I like it is an installation of guilt

And she glanced at nothing
 the gone stars the gone night the gone sunrise and she glanced at nothing
 but herself

One cannot impeach themself
 you are celestial
 you are recorded
 there is no reconciliation with a ways of formation

And I ask again the privileges of free will when
 it is you
 started a fenceline
 like authority
 impeachment the clause of impeachment is a redirected warrant is
 a gone cause

The egg

Shaped like an egg
that is how I knew
it was an egg

The rotten egg

Did not smell quite yet
nor did the rotten child smell
just said 'fuck' every other word
the egg was just expired

The Easter egg

Found on the first of summer
melted chocolate
solid again
is a dare

The robin's egg

Fell from the nest
above the door onto the cement
light blue and a yolk

The boiled egg

Squished with a fork with mayonnaise
with pickles with pepper
with cheese
on toasted sourdough

The chicken egg

With the others

Love poem to S and K # 1

1

Air is the character of love
every
thing I say is true aloud and within myself
and the pared habits of desire
and the uniform of nudity
and the dialectics of nature
and the trialectics of nature
every thing I say is true

2

And I am no passenger to history
the records of time
are the substance of error and misinformation
believe
the breath of absence is yet a breath
it is easy
to say time and time again
next time

3

It is a mind for souls let them away
and I have no control but to realize what is
obstacle
three
a consumptive three is half and half and
elderly for desire thinking the
future

4

The smoke about the cabin is real
deserves attention but not one of us attends to
it
just to take a lawn chair outside

it will go away
 but that is not why
 fires extinguish themselves in the absence of fuel
 and we can sleep in the rv

5

Is the quiet boredom of allowing nature to
 proceed
 it is I for witness
 no
 because I am nature I am the structure of nature
 and willful
 bringing a thought without permission
 but for my own cause
 I claim

6

To listen is no redirection
 respond
 to listen is redirection
 were it a camp were it a philosophy
 understanding its own anonymity
 waking to a thought

7

Say beauty is my attention
 and I cannot agree
 one force is another force
 a separated intentions are a call to
 a physics of being one
 and this is no interview

8

The longitudinal variable of being defies rational thought
 if to regard
 there are only separated longitudes

I cannot say
certainly
but this is a picnic I go to every year
on the longest day of the year

9

Mention the artist
I am still learning unless I am not still learning

10

There is no consequence to the imagination
the photograph
stood upright naming value and silence
receiving
but it is not real except as an idea
I have not interpreted and if I were to interpret
it would disappear

11

The ends of want
the ends of desire
the ends of responsibility the ends of memory
it is fifty years asking
and I am not satisfied because
because

12

Just a moment
to return to

Love poem to S and K # 2

1

So the day does end
expecting to wake up tomorrow

2

After the shower
underwear jeans shirt

3

Just before the risen sun
and half the sky is stars exactly half

4

The clinical poem
the clinical publisher the clinical reader

5

True water

6

I promise

7

A home underground
with electricities with plumbings

8

Reward oneself
when I forget reward

9

Genius is a lonely divine
but I said that already

Love poem to S # 1

The course of comfort is a settled questions
that which is big is completed
that which is big is remembered as big like history big like theory
were we not once teenagers
too
holding hands and lucky
time is halfway ridden now time is spacious like interest

Dear S
okay
a first kiss

The funny part is fiction
the walls
I am right here with you
judging
I like the black one with the white corsage

The open mind

Expanded as an aphysical balloon

does

breathed breath and what is thought and what is learned acquired

next to the soul

Two is better than one

Was three and one was perspective
of the others
two is better than one

No
I am alone
and two is better than one

The enormity of space

Unqualified space
 agrees the boundless set to parameters drifting in nonspace
 the lake called time
 the fisherpeople qualifying fishing holes
 everything occurs to me within the boundless and unsettled
 I have not torn into the fabric of the unknown
 yet
 and when it is I do it is no longer unknown
 one star is familiar called home
 and bursting service called life called energy
 unqualified space is a wonder is a printed border where there is no border
 the outer
 regard the inner in the interest of my own cause
 the engine
 will take me to where there is no edge
 suppose texture to the universe in my rearview mirror
 and all of the time of creation
 cannot be spent in all of life and the history of all of life
 and for perspective
 you will not see me seeing you
 and for perspective
 one system against another system is no difference for sight
 so much to mention that which exists without limits but to say
 an operable dimensions of existence are framed
 given words recited words like memory for the fondness of memory
 where do you go
 from here
 but the market
 like the clouds obscure the gravity of desire I want to go every
 place
 but that is only a child but that is only the thought of a child
 the engine the permanent engine is only under construction
 now
 and will not return after it goes

Monochrome: a winter day

The graded sunrise ambient for the clouds
the ankle depth of snow
gathered upon the winter trees listen
the emptied birdfeeder and still the birds a cardinal a brown birds
the lighted air the lighted clouds nor shadows

Monochrome light and dark

celestial
atmospheric

Nineteen ninety four

The year of our lord
 pregnant with purpose
 the divisions of the faculties
 are no division

Suppose
 I know the same thing as you

The importance of the imagination
 is not imaginary
 says the guitar

To start

Archive

The museum the divisions of the museums
 are a separated rooms
 lit in a way

But that is time the same time as now
 just waiting
 on the engineers
 to build something impressive to include and call it old and used

I am

Make it pink

And I will call it lucky
 and I will call it fortuitous and I will call it progress

The museum
 with the name on the door with hours of operation

Categorical space

Squares and squares cooperative squares
 the antique
 best not to sit upon the old
 sewing machine
 circles and squares
 the architect designing space
 is the color of fantasy sun yellow smells like a sunflower
 honeybees
 I saw a picture of justice she wished to capture
 about solid doors that lock from the outside
 the terminal nature of experience
 wants things to be fixed like balance
 in the interest of history
 rectangles and octagons fulfill the same purpose
 cooperative squares with ventilation
 the assembly of observational space is
 efficiency
 and do they draw little paint progress arrows on the cement floor
 that ends at the forgotten
 antique books priced for their age
 rather than content
 she had a boof of hair the one said to follow the arrows
 past the rusted pocket knives to find
 the teacups
 triangles and circles and stained glass
 glass will not age but for its wooden frame
 nails

The sale
 the stage
 brand new second hand (Peter Tosh)
 the auction
 a boof of hair the camera
 I will put it on my mantle

Pipe smoking

Dublin

the Dublin cap

organic tobacco no wind

lit wafts

supposing something about gravity natural properties

I think

the surface of interest is today's record

generous enough to speak an opinion

about

mild winters and dental floss and radiation poisoning

the sound of

traffic

and its interpretation but here

I puff

making way for the silently amused

them crossing borders and thresholds in the interest of

causality

in the interest of certainty

the delicate angled light near to sundown

February

soon the clarity of the night

smoking develops into

a longitudinal excuse to witness the continuities

of joy and of suffering no

there is nothing to be done the birds will return

the pipe will need to be cleaned and rested

the procedural reference to what habits

is a charm to the proper paraphernalia

and heartened in one or another ideas of isolation

because

they were not invited and when they came anyway

talked

I did not mind I was listening

anyway

Strangers reciting maturity

There is a way begun
 a social habits the common
 force of acknowledgment
 a handshake I will never see you again it does not matter if you shaved or not

Some things a stranger will not mention
 a favorite color
 politics unless a stranger mentions politics
 why they are better than me

Listen because
 he is only partially mentally ill he is only partially polite
 she has a good smile
 they know your mother's sister

Strangers reciting maturity
 causing social whorls social fractals
 when the rest of us stopped at hello greetings
 there are no spent rules

Golf etiquette is an objective frame
 social systems have no balance to objectivity
 we share
 a familiarity of the present environment

The news
 from a stranger
 is lucky is temporal
 the news from a stranger is about brussel sprouts

You will not hold me without a name
 the next stranger will replace you
 unless
 I remember to give you something a ticket

The egg and the adversary

The egg the shell of the egg
 is a poem the envelope of the poem
 within which
 life

The transfiguration of the embryo
 the growth unto an inherence
 is a vulnerable
 containment

The predator the egghunter
 the adversary
 a metaphor for social control in which
 self isolation is counter to public trust

The easter egg
 the eccentric and a baubled hat
 with a language for social control
 with a language with a presentation which counters language

The adversary and the sex of the adversary
 boredom
 primitive
 with a language for social control

Listen
 I can hear what is pregnant what is given life
 it is not my intent
 to eat you

Are we not separated
 by our shells and by our interest
 the metaphor is change observational change
 I am early

The redirection of interest

I do not know
nor did I know

One love from peace
keep them both

Wrapped in my own perforated self
gone where I go

The trouble with two affections is
a divided pluralism

And declare what of personal interest
apart the apartments of existence

Interest is a boat interest is an ark
now interest is clever

What is mutually exclusive
is no cost to one or another

Say what is original
suppose free will

Tomorrow comes red
with a bicycle

And to be drawn to the seductions of interest
now

Was her sport
will join me like vocabulary

Was her sport
will join me like paint

Wake to the sound of snow falling

Something is new
winter comes cause

The window
was night to have brought this

Now clear and lit
a white snow risen to an ankle

The observation of natural history
a memory may not include the regular

Eventually the season passes
said what was expected

It is my language to my own
supposes beauty supposes interpretation

The boots in the hall
the coat

An invitation is a spectacle
I

Will leave my own tracks the visible moon
breath

Silence
for the space of winter

No
it is not a snow angel it is a snow chimera

The blank page

Like silence
what enters
war and peace discern
the records of existence begin as blank
is an image of love but not always
from a poem
hate is equally powerful
the page left blank is equally powerful
there is something I must say
regarding your generosity
the way you stand
sincerity

The exterior of a poem is a poem
look
in my words I have forgotten
silence
its capture

Author's moon

Golden white and gibbous
pregnant
steal me back to myself

And when I have no language I invent language
a language without atrophy
to set aside to rest

The astronomer
knows
witness unlike the poet

Sing down the moon (Scott O'Dell)
no
let it be

Carry the burden of
a distraction
to the stars to the imagined constellations

What is forgiven is still forgiven
it is just
selfless permanence is selfless

And without personality and without judgment
and without time
the animated dusted stone

A caretaker's release
to say a limits
are not completed here

The plenum

The souls and the material of the souls
 gathered
 for order
 nor can light be in the same space as the cardinal
 at the same time
 [question] were qualified thought material
 a ball
 an atom
 a balloon like lust and filled with gaseous like
 the tempers of want are not so easily distracted
 they are wood
 the convention of the plenum
 is what is relative to every other [thing]
 you will grow holding my hand
 displace all aggravated burdens
 the convention of the plenum
 gathered
 the souls and the material of the souls
 there is no such [thing] as trust
 every [thing] acts for what it is
 authority is a physical construct a physical order
 and to say personality is a member of the soul
 and to say faith
 is a physical trust
 and to say free will cannot exist because
 an existing origin is a predisposition
 just say
 watch a cloud move carry me I am amazed
 every one is a witness
 and if free will can exist it will be represented in records
 like a convinced poet
 the convention of the plenum
 is a convention of poets moving each
 other

Final cause

Mention reason
 for my being
 I suppose
 as anyone
 the ocean mentions the river mentions the tributary
 interpretation is mine like relief
 I am custodial I am curatorial I am distant
 I am gravity to ends
 will not be seen at the opening ceremony
 I do not know
 nor have language for what succeeds me
 a smaller ways are a ladder once and again
 or to say independence
 from what social force
 eat sleep make doctrine of love
 learn something new every day
 because

Death
 is a spur

There must be something to existence besides
 the consumption of space
 [speculation]

Speculation
 is an acted trust a written poem of law and consequence
 and a physical degradation of a self
 which may or may not accompany age
 the good life is willful the good life is tempered and
 a governance is itself governed
 like legacy like structure were final cause
 agreeably said the incoming class agreeably
 assume what was once assumed

Frinky places

Zoo
 flat stone
 back seat of a car
 convenience store
 fire station
 house under construction
 water tower
 forest
 little league baseball park
 school

What to say to a poet

What were we talking about
 I like green
 name a place
 do you like poetry

Constellations

Who decided that
 connect the dots but there is no dot there
 a story a myth
 precedes the animation of the stars not the other way

Sunrise

One star remains
 keeps the others
 silently electronic
 and now the clouds
 against blue
 and to be patient for
 having seen

Heterodoxy

Assumes an orthodoxy
 transcended
 they had not considered what plants grow here
 nor boots in winter
 like adaptation from a deserted origins
 is kept to
 what is written what is framed
 but that is large and
 religion is small
 unless it is a good idea
 like a bonfire

The world is being conquered
 by the next generation
 not realizing they will be dead
 in time

Heterodoxy is a poet a plural poet
 realizing
 several
 laws
 several frames
 [pick one]

Heterodoxy is a place mapped for its relation to other places

Heterodoxy is an art teacher

Heterodoxy is unsolicited

Heterodoxy is plural marriage

Heterodoxy is reason's reason

