

athunder becoming

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advocacy

June

Defend this character among the social. In the interest of living among among, defend. For social justice is not arbitrary and the limits of humanity span a something greater than an imagination.

And if an experience is enough to gain a confidence, that a marriage be had in the interest of an other, I am a word to authority. I am a defense and an art to the institution of age, now in a struggle for this entity and its elevation. And if there were a cause for its separation and a cause for its discern

I am to remain in its borders until the day of a reason is enough to satisfy its sovereignty. Reason, this cause beyond general suffrage and boycotts and the else. Reason, this cause beyond demands and subtleties and force and the else. A genuine

knowledge bears upon this instance, that a greater inclusion be in the interest of grace and humanity and humanness. A decency calls for my character with open eyes and a depth of attitude and a wisdom skipping entrenchment. Defend this character among the social. For I am larger, and within my corner, a wand of sorts, or either a

mark, that the gifts of living in a reference to an occupation, and the gifts of living in a reference to responsibility, these be not the clouds of elders

and these be not the angelic mounts making making a something satisfying satisfying without a consent and without a want. For an appreciation is in a storm, if this be a warrant. And an appreciation is by a truth managed from its conception. This.

i-identity

June

The other else is a matter of cause. I shop for identity among the other. And what is this catalogue of efforts framing my simplicity? A world it be, at the hands of time and shape, allowing a credit, allowing an ascription. And if I am to nominate

a world beginning now, that cause be recognized away from this heart and away from this self-determination, I am an electorate to its will. There is a thing greater, indeed, this weather, this system of stars, this ecology, this governance. There is a thing greater, separated from the composition of this character, -and if a

rule be made for its inclusion, one step I command, by the institution of free will, once, and again. For in a time a rule will settle the pantheism of living and a rule will imply a control of stepping in a stage, and another. There is an other to being, shapen by some force, there is a nature away. And I am simple

with philosophy and wonder, I am simple in ritual

and language and existing in reference to a thing greater, this sunrise begins my question, this season introduces my diet, this wind, a jacket, this time wool. And if there be a place for my own introduction, that these

wishes spell and expel and extol, it be by a first respect for some naturally designed selection. I am a part. I must know this. And this domain I cause, an identity. And this domain I cause, an effect, guarded by a reference to a knowledge and an experience of yesterday and hardship and struggle and reason, by a source, speculation. I identify with speculation, for it recognizes its limits, that there be an exterior to this.

roads

June

Dawn, with dew and hanging vines, and a light,
green through leaves shuffling amongst themselves,

protecting the sky becoming. Owls this time quiet,
for the breeze has claimed the moment. I am a
surveyor. I am a witness. I breathe through my
nose, extend my back, pause, a chill. There is a

growth of weeds in the middle atween parallel tracks
where wheels once moved, evidence of a history.
Not mine. For my history began this day, first in

shoes, hat on the head and out the door. No newspaper
and no coffee, then. A history has a way of determining
a future and today, today I am the beginning, marking

my own. And dawn, now past, settles into the
morning resting on stones near woody creeks with
hands behind the head. Yes, history is fine. Exhale.
And if I continue or either if I die, no matter, for
this nature has already consumed my force. And

I trust it is well kept, this history ending with a return
to the feet in a monk groan. To the next. To the next
I say now thinking of blueberries and bagels and cream
cheese and milk. For the road has served its purpose

once again, in one direction a history, and in another,
a future, simply in either event, and marked with a
new summer morning in a diffusion of green. Ambient.

Like a kaleidoscope and like a thought sheltered in
color. And if there is a matter to knowing what I
have become by engaging in such a service, if there
is a matter to knowing, it is in a reflection. Gone.

act of God

June

A force imposing itself upon the will of humanity,
its objects tossed or otherwise quashed, in rain,
in torrents carrying carrying, in winds, whorling
and firing ice, I am an atom. I am tossed. And this,

this schedule, and this home and this collection of
worth, an offer. For there is not a thing by which
I can match such a force, there is not a consequence
I can offer which settles this rage away. Take this
home, if you shall, and take this life, with its defiance
and emotion and its experience, for it was all a

matter of yours in the first. I recognize this, it was
all a matter of yours in the first. But if my tomorrow
begins without a thing, start again I must, for I can
only assume an allowance has been granted, a one
which, by my knowledge of your nature, is to suggest

that your lessons are a call against defeat. I am not
defeated. I am the larger for a reflection in reference

to greatness. I am the larger for knowing the force
of your reason. And I am the larger for knowing
a shine of compassion in the midst of chaos, this
object reflects a compassion, this remembrance

is an allowance. And if I can begin in the spirit of
settling the littles, that this which responds by my
own cause be an extension of an other, I am to know

the cost of responsibility. I am to know that an action
built in spite of an ethic, or either an action as a
demonstration of strength, I am to know that I am
a message, this force is intended. And carry it to
its ends I shall, for this respect will not be forgotten.

a private enterprise

June

Among the natural consolidation of ideas, among public development, its fragments, among the litters of conversation, a one. A one which has satisfied itself by its cover and a one which has satisfied itself by its detachment. And the mind for knowing

a thing independently reflects a restraint. Not an implication and not a subversion, not a thought is spent upon the privacy of this affair. Perhaps in a time, perhaps reason will allow its introduction

in a time. If there be a profit to public assessment and public engagement, or either if there be profit among the political pendulums and the markets of learning, if advancement be a cause, perhaps there be a reason. But a trouble? A hobby perhaps, this puzzle. And an invention? This genius deserves an area. To ripen. To be the source of an elevated soul. And if a public assumes an edge, if it be the

wiser for listening to this which cannot contain itself, its microns, its whispers, I am absorbed. As a lust, as a rush, I am absorbed with a nothing to my own, left to return to the Saturdays of my conscience with

the spirit of my own among the many. No. This be a trust and this be a vessel, this be the warrant for defining a character. This treasure is a model of an

independence, an icon of the matters of living in a reference to the service of one's guild, this important, that important, I am in a position to know the nature of importance, the nature of responsibility. And a private enterprise, a contradiction to public living be the anchor by which I fly away, settled among.

everyday

June

A call. To the wake of morning sounding in birds and autos, in open window passes and breaths. To the wake of routines. To the wake. And this shower, it be no substitute for weekend airbaths, topless in sandals, topless in skivvies pointing to the east. And this cereal, it be no substitute for holiday fruit, for cinnamon roles in the company of friends. And this house, it be no substitute for living among the faculties of tradition and a warmth. Today, this day, it is marked by the congress of obligation. This day is spent, it is accounted at daybreak, it is accounted with cigarette burning, it is accounted in duty. There is a time this day for every. And a call, to the primitive social structures, and a call, to the primitivisms of hellos and how do you dos. Okay. Just okay. And if there be a moment refreshing, it be in the discord of answering without reluctance and without the thought of yesterday's identity. Match this thought to the spirit of airbathing, match this doldrum to the whiles of Sunday rests with cinnamon smells carrying carrying, match this task to the thought which be not contained in primitivisms and words and socialisms. And I will let go of duty, in the least in its association with omniscience. Indeed! I once had a personality. I once consumed a knowledge without a reason. I once I once I once. Neverthemind. For there is a first strength in stepping among words, in rising to a challenge of likenesses, in locating oneself as standing above economic mantras and economic necessities. This day may be as many and this day may elevate a collective satisfaction above my own, but I am drawn, to the notion that a worth in this frame allows a reference to some personal. I am the same, this day called to a service of constance.

poetry and science

June

And if a science attends to a social understanding,
and if a science be a validation of this manner I
announce, if a science be a requisite to the theories
of living and advancement, it was first a poem.

Called out of its quarters, called out of its beauty,
called out from stones, in the interest of application,
called out, this poem. For there was a substance
to that snowstorm and that rainbow and that harvest
and that canoe trip, there was a substance to that
cloudburst and that garden becoming and that wind,
there was a substance to that, I have always known

there was a substance. And now there is a science
to my being. Fine. But let it not define beauty and
time and knowledge and the rest, let it explain for
some other reason, whatever. Let a truth remain
in first words and let a truth remain connected to

a motivating force the likes of divinity, for by this
I wake, I turn by the truths preceding method and
predictability and molecules and physics. There

is a substance to first interpretation and there is a
ground which associates itself with passion and
pleasure. And if its continuance be the curiosity of
enlargement, that a remedy for not knowing evolve
by the tokens of simplicity, that a manner evolve by

this phenomena, science I shall call it. And offer it
a room and all of the congenialities and such. And
upon an exhaustion I will return to the liberalisms
of poetry, perhaps using a larger word, perhaps, and
perhaps seeing a thing alternatively, perhaps. For
poetry, this earth and its concessions I return to.

the lessons of recent history

June

Away. To the past of solutions. An analysis becomes a history. I will know by the errors of old twinkling in certainty. Away. But this age

is upon me and this now is contained within a moment strung to recent memory. I have known a cause as having been before me. I have become by

the acts of context, the acts of immediacy. And if there be a stone to the past, that ancience reprimands a certainty, that the epics, the stories, provide

for an application, let me begin in earnest decorating a future with the ideas of this presence. No. A statute of limits suggests a wisdom turns to a

nostalgia. There is a time. And if this day is assumed by experience already, a claim I make upon the next, or either regard a present as living in its own

right, with a reference only to modern principles. Though I cannot deny a time away, I have learned a something in study. But this day represents a

history connected by minutes, -and I cannot leap beyond such a reason. I cannot leap. And if the worms of learning draw my attention to an age ago, a

protohistory, a medievalism, I will have arrived there upon the references of modernity, of neo-this-and-thats and bent over old people. I will have

arrived at those primitivisms by the causes and by the anchors of this operative environment I call life. For today is not spent, and tomorrow is no trust.

a change in mind

July

Once a charge. Once a reason. It be now a rule
of difference. Time has envied a solution. Time
demonstrates the fallibility of certainty. And around,
the spirals entertaining a sight upon the last. An
error. A cause has been made for a mind consistent

with knowing a something new in this latest whorl.
And retard a science. And retard an anchor. This
knowledge is connected to a wing. Demonstrated

in theory, in the least. America! What have you
become? I have turned to collect myself, I return,
to a model of democracy chanting from some alternative
land. I return. Once a settlement. Once a form for

moving about. Friend! The same is said of our age.
What have we become? Naked and old and finding
pleasure in food and peace. I am ashamed of immortality
and I am ashamed of having no shame. I am ashamed
of change, that in its course, atop its finality, there
remains the substance of knowledge, the likes of the
last and the likes of eternity. I welcome a contest of

wits. School! What science have you wasted amid
a culture celebrating and drinking beer? For if there
were a course entertaining the substance of God and
the substance of being, that cosmology could be held
in the exact esteem in which it were given, I would

be the mirror of a universe. There is a method to not
knowing. There is a certainty within a definitive uncertainty.
There is a something to interest and there is a something
to being compelled to satisfy, there is a something to
the wind. There is a word to the wind. Nature! What
have you become, an object of errors? At once an object.

sophomoric agape

July

Concessions and confessions, sending the limits
of everything familiar. This is the greatest allowance
I can muster and the greatest inheritance I manage.

For the corners of this universe are tied to a body
and the corners of time are not as boundless as
they want. Perhaps in a course an end will be without
a word and perhaps in a course an end will be the
silence of rumors. Perhaps. But the pragmatics of

giving imply an urgency. I can only recognize the
vapors of the one character in which I inhabit. Yours.

Belittling itself among the socials and pocketing its
worth in securities, this character knows a bound
in reluctance, and knows a stage will become in a
greater meaning than this. Yours. It is a something
to assume a design and to assume its quality. And
it is a something to open a heart to a society and to

quiet night and to a sky. It is a something to account
for the changes and the lessons and the respects. It
is a something, memory. Yours. For I know the spectacles

leave ready interpretations and the spectacles identify
with the greatest objectivity. But I challenge the laws
of humanity to respond to the records of this life.
Yours. Like a creature in flight, attesting to a body

aligned with nature, this life is aligned with a something.
Prepared and pushed, the lessons of existence are
an open word and an open conversation and an
open flight above objectivity. Objectivity is an error
as any and objectivity is a subject as any. I can
only show you one higher. Upon wings. Yours.

charter a sky

July

From a trust becoming, the reservoirs of the sky
dip and turn. The capacity for largeness expands

among the oceans of space. This time is a poppy,
this time is a butterfly balancing upon a string, this
time is becoming. Where a consequence is the
thought which ties this to a standard, I am a something

among the wind and the other settlements. I am a
something carried. A fluffseed. And if the difference
between a night and a day turns to a primacy of

understanding the nature of planetary science, I
will have traveled too far. For the whorls become a
difference by the poet and by the first appreciation
and by the substance of my own position. The night
is a star. I wait for the night. And the day, the day

is a turn at responsibility suggesting I am made by
the force of another. With a capacity I am made
by a force with demands and obligations. So I am
separated, by the act of deciding one over another

and by the act of causing something to myself. An
imagination? What gift is this forgetting the lessons of
becoming something other than a passenger? The air

was once independent. I was once independent. I
can remember inhaling mountain air. I can remember
why I come to this place. The capacity for largeness
expands. I look forward to this instance and this
metaphor, I look forward to the obligations allowing

this, I must. And I look forward. For there can be
no designation for a life responding in questions.

the quick

July

And if I collect myself, if I retreat from this age which implies a freedom be collected in the ideals of organizing a social justice, if I recall the days of acting without license and without regard for security, for there was not a need, forgive me. For an order was not necessary among those memories, and an order was a something of an authority for which I presumed existed without cause. I now know cause. This I discovered in the scholastics of living, them beginning with a first love and an earthquake and a broken arm, this I discovered in the experience of taking a responsibility for a harm I had caused. Indeed, I became a force, I had seen a force, I had participated in force. And which was the greater? No matter, for a living implies a contest with God, that I may aggravate a nature, I may own a property, I may.

But a living also implies a bounded frame, acting in stages and realizations and energies and beliefs. And this earthquake, a something. By my own resolve? Doubtful. And this flood? Not by my own, lest it be speculation or either faith. But the certainties of cause are a matter of these hands and this voice, this frame and its limits playing with the physics and the socials. This is now. I understand this. And if I collect myself, that I be satisfied in the course of self governance and security, and if I forget myself to the winds and the words, once again, the simpletons of greater causes and greater possibilities return. Like a love let go, like a fantasy, like a knowledge, truth returns in a purer form and I will make a place for it among myself. That a cause and an attention and a potential and a force find a reason, that I be prepared for reason.

instruments

July

A people. Known by their inheritance, this land and this institution, this purpose. A language connecting the objects of life to a utility and a determination. A tool, an instrument, granting a force, subordinating insubordination and ordination alike. I am the higher for mastering a consequence. A people. Struggling within identities for reference. I have a place. And this object, carry it to the edge of freedom in the interest of marking one greater, carry it to the limits of a territory. For in the next I will carry it one further with the everythoughts in tow, with science in tow. For science is a social composition filling the domain of humanity, positivism and a logic of physical properties filling a territory with certainties and manners. And this object represents this, this object is a reflection of a people within the territory in which they inhabit. And if a change is upon this people, if a mark concludes a manner, and if a spectacle blasphemes this value, return to myself I shall, to the personal certainties apart from science. And ascribe the like to another object, another fascination pushing out circles and peoples and words. Determination pushing out markers again.

rain come down

July

Midnight water. Morning water. Afternoon water
collecting thoughts. Pavement pools and muddy
rivulets with leaves downward. Downward.

Cleansing the air, a chill, with window open to
the western front, thunderless and quiet, just
arriving, announcing a presence in patters and
grayness. Patterns. A puff of wind, wet with

smell, a spell of hard rain, then letting up, a spell
of isolating quiet dripping from eaves, echoes, a

cloudbreak. And return, the rain with nightfall
pounding darkness into sleep breathing. Breathing

a nature consuming a land and a community, breathing
a future into tired soils. I will rest. For the moment,
for becoming is an allowance to the body, that the
program of growth is a settlement between this
greatest cause outside and this greatest cause within.

Rain come down. In spells. Allowing a moment of
peace, I am a part of something. Allowing a moment
of refreshment, I can appreciate a something. Allowing

a moment, a spell. Midnight water. Dark and
sounding. I have been a part of this before, this
theater. I rely upon this, this theater. For a respect
for something carrying its own volition validates my
own, for a respect for something returns upon itself.
Seaward. In the eventual this day breaking in gray as
the last will carry itself seaward. An idea will find

its course. Coming down. Rain come down. With a
patience and with a pound. Rain come down here.

the conditions of aging

July

A toll, this body to the age. I will trade a knowledge for this body turning to lines. The shades of knowledge will be the character of mine, from this announcement forward. I have always known the fatalism of living

with a first regard for appearance and sustenance, I have always appreciated the marks of time. And the supervision of these middle years call upon the notions extending beyond the physics and the collections and

the mobilities, the supervision of these middle years demand a return to the principles I had outlined in observing age. That if I am to remain a force, that if I am to continue, the mind must become an answer.

This, including faith, including the knowledge associated with a childhood and a remembrance, it be now a part of rest. I am secure in the past and in the mention of a future I had affected. I had. The conditions of aging

are a call to separating oneself from the body, separating oneself, again. I am made an atom in separation, this force will continue by a knowledge released from the physical cumber of this body. For there is something

more profound among the stakes of immortality in a knowledge without a requisite experience. I shall experience no more, lest the imagination be a course, lest I fly away upon wings, lest I swim among waterfalls,

lest I run, by an imagination, I shall experience no more. But there is enough in this mind to send a regard to the conditions of aging, there is enough in this mind to warrant living as an alternative. Connecting a possibility.

at a loss

July

Establish another, at a loss. This moment recognizes a departure from what was once a truth. And back, a return to the archaeology of living to suppose a substitution, to suppose a replacement, at a loss.

A form is marked, a form is supported by the principles by which it was recognized. An idea is supported by principles. And at a loss, if I am to know a truth, if I am to carry the burden of certainty without a tie to proof, if I be certain in the absence of reason, I stand alone. For knowledge is at times deductive.

I know a thing as I know a greater force. I have a sense for certainty, and in a time, supporting reason or either defeating reason. I have a sense for hypothesis

and, at a loss, I shall establish another. Consistent with the manner in which I engage an anything, I am

to assume a truth. I hold this. In the first I hold this. But not everything is a concept and not everything is to follow the limits of this knowledge. And at a loss something is gained, the introduction to a now greater

field and the introduction to a tumor of experience. I shall bracket this instance, I shall mark all associated principles in blackness. I was wrong. And a reason evolves supporting this which I hold, a science evolves, or either a myth evolves, for there must be a social

endearment to this truth. I stand alone at a loss, and

in the interest of greater ends, in the interest of aging with a respect to principles, I shall announce an order, and then again, and then again. I am certain of this.

the degrees of achievement

July

In the first, a lesson, an answer, and in the second, the same, but upon the foundation of the first. An identity, a foundation supporting language supporting a social construction supporting a community. A reflection, a psychology of oneself sustained by an experience. A reflection supporting

a belief, a belief, a cause. And return to the ground of the first in the light of error, I shall return to the imperfections of first history in the light of

disconcert. For a cause is married to a principle and an intent is grounded in that experience and that word, its associations. A personality be the composite of learning, a personality I will direct

from this moment forward. There is such a thing as free will, I learned this somewhere in some elevated lesson, I learned this after I learned patience, that an object with some character can be introduced to another to have an effect. And if I can suppose

the science of commingling elements, and if I can suppose the limits of chaos, I can return a tangible force by my direction. And I know a context and

I am versed in an establishment of first principles and I know a reflection in a service to this chemistry. I know chemistry, even if it be contained to the service of this intent, the direction of collaboration. In the first, a lesson, by which a philosophy becomes, and

a language. There is an order to becoming, and if I have crossed a threshold prematurely, let me be not too proud to return to a first ground. Awake.

papers

July

A trail of thoughts. One long poem. Streaming data yellowing yellowing. A box of photos. A document. There is an evidence to common living and there is a shelf life to collecting the artifacts

of trivialisms. Not every memory is meant for a gallery and not every image reflects an emotion. Not every transaction warrants a return. Or either

connect a day of sunshine to that concert park by way of ticket stub, or either save a memory in a folder. Or either leave a significance to the imagination and the privacy of affairs. But a sketchbook, an album of time, a series, perhaps there is a public

nature to organization. I can suppose a deterioration of fact without a supporting substance, and I can justify a position by an experience lettered into

a card, I can defend, I can list, I can remember, by a trail of selected inventory, I can know in a fashion, as I wish. As I pretend, one long poem, labeled and filed, set by date. This is true. Now it is true.

Officialism streams from the curation of the simple. Officialism becomes of the littles, by the frames we stake and by an associated respect. I know in relation to context, this concept represented by this receipt is a feeling I wish to preserve. Or either

make a ritual of its destruction, in memory of a forgotten discern I will fire the coals of sacrifice. For a balance in discretion, for a balance in this which reports my history, I will censor a worth. That a napkin with a poem be framed, or tossed.

technological advancement

July

What technology will enact this imagination? What efforts will be enabled by an extended reach and an extended strength? A house, a castle, a home,

by the trust in an other, the trust in objects, a bridge, transportation, this want will bring me to the surface of order. I will stand upon the surface of order in

a control. I know this domain and I know the limits of its enactment, I know the limits of my enactment, this science has told me. And if I live by the buttons

of potence, and if I am to speak in an electronic voice, and if I am to carry a thought connected to the service of instruments, I am larger than this body. I am a

mechanicist or either I am a person struggling among the larger problems of giving and taking and assuming in a reference to aluminum arms and aluminum legs

and laser eyeballs. But I will still garden. But I will still rest. But I will still want. And if I am to continue a humanity I will recognize a greater ends

in releasing myself, on occasion, releasing myself. And if I am to continue a humanity I will recognize a greater ends in toolism. Perhaps a synthesis. I

know the bounds of my own are not the same as the bounds of my knowledge. Perhaps, in a time a wish will be a command. Perhaps, in a time, synthesis,

of this mind and this other. What technology will be the favor of knowing what I want? For this, I will begin in a moment, for a potence is not a license.

painting ideas

July

I had a thought, red like a summer sunset, pillowed
like a cloud blowing into darkness. Tomorrow

will be a wish. Tomorrow will be a liberty following
this day. A last bird nesting without a song. A

last settlement, and into darkness with a wind
as a word as a friend. What future is a color? What

color is a future? What is an image surviving a
sundown, cast away to an imaginary world of

solutions and riddles and dreams. I will sleep like
a bear. I will sleep. I will draw upon a world away,

marking favorites in up and down lines remembering
the best of history, for there is no other relevance

and there is no other interest which matters to a
soul pointed forward. And comes the rain, I am

prepared. And the animals, them striped and
running, zebras running, I will watch from a tree.

And the air, the temperature of my skin, I barely
exist. And if it turns to a black, or either if the

moon falls from the sky, or either if I wake, no
matter, for I am still pointed at a morning and at

a liberty, realizing that the nature of fantasy and
the nature of sundowns burning out and the nature

of nature is an allowance. I had a thought, painted.
Like a color collecting above, I had a thought. Red.

kites, words

July

Conversations, free and floating. A social, free and floating on air. With solutions drifting overhead, on strings. Wind carrying solutions. And to cast aside the day, all that remains is an us suspended

to a sky. I will know a thing between us, even in a silence I will know. I will know a justice in a wind or either a word traveling. I will know desire and

want, joy or either change, especially change. And a character spanning the each of us in language and

message, on a string. Let it go, to the air. Beauty, away. Thunder, away. Time, away. For there is not a wish which could separate me from this, this liberty. And if there be a union to watching a nature at the same time, and if there be a union to common

intentions, I am had. Carried by the suggestion of caring, and carried by the consumption of ideal after ideal, I am had. To exist in a place without urgency and a place without wait, to exist in a place

of words unspoken and conversations floating by. This one, I will pick this one. And let it go again.

Like clouds assuming shapes, and shifting back to wonder. Like clouds. Like kites. Like clouds on strings, hovering in change. And if I thought I had

a control or either if I had reached for a something, nevermind. For this word carries its own, and a passing thought is the greatest mark I can muster. A passing thought in your company is the greatest social I wish to muster, lifting and settling a rest.

centerline

July

Balance. This walk is a balance. Marking the stones of interference, collecting the meanings of time. A line connecting havens. Balance. Like

a path, uneven and cobbled, spanning virtues and stopping at a scientific distance from the

troubles, stopping at a poetic distance, stopping in the interest of respect for an other untethered. Security allows a franchise of living. I shall not bother with the worries marked by my father

and I shall not bother with the antiknowledge of discrimination. I shall not bother with the voice of compunction, lest I stray. Lest I engage a passion I shall not bother, lest I engage the universe. I have. Lest I engage a living. I have.

And the lessons of wonder are a vacation and they are a source, indeed, but a security balanced

among an existing knowledge is considerate and considered. And free will among a governed choices is license. But a government will expand. A government will evolve, and this social path, it will be one day paved. And in the inference

of representing a whole of society by a stake in a single part, in the interest of representing an officialism: security. Balance. For I can know

a something greater and I can know a string, in theory, I can know. And if this path is a source of something greater I shall become it, this is my interest. Becoming. Steadied by a participation.

speaking of nature

July

What force creates? Fire and pressure, time. What force supposes a man? Flesh and ideas, sense. And this reason, granted by a body, by an exposure, to the cosms of nature, the simple systems and the

complex, an earthen colony of insects, collecting, collecting. A high desert with wild dogs and scavenging birds. What force creates? This environment, indeed.

This palace creates a character, reason. An ocean, a body, commingling a kelp, an otter, an observer, a thief. A mountain, a body, a bear at treeline, a weather, an observer, a thief. And if there were no place, I would create one. One. The likes of my

imagination, with life and rivers and wind, with lava and mountains, I would create a one. And planets, and them, and stars, for there is a nighttime and a wonder, there is a wicked wonder supported by this. And the urchins of humanity, the thieves and the beggars and the collectors, and those without

consent, let them learn. For a something exists as a mountain exists, something exists as a snowfall and a sandstorm and a rain, something exists. Let

them learn what force creates. And this supposing a man, flesh and ideas, sense, be it a part of some thing carried from history, and be it recognized as a part. Bending like a winded prairie. Bending like a word. Approaching from the west, a word. A

flood, a word. Devastation, a word introducing itself. Devastation, cleaning an earth. Devastation, introducing itself as some keeper, a force creating.

where the earth touches the air

July

To stand upon a medium. To lend oneself to the substance of creation. To inhabit a chance. The echoes. The echoes. The sounds. I have been in this place, like I be, wrapped in furs with head

lifted to the wind, smelling out loud. I will lift these wings to the clouds and scream out loud all of the names of eternity, all of the language and all of the favors. A mountain I live. A spring. An air I live. The both. To carry a thought, there and back once more to settle amid the pluralities of a social esteem. To wrench the confounds of

change. To wither the confounds. To wither. In time I will be a speck carried to ends. I will be a speck. Blown from the earth. But for the instant I will collect the things of memory and consume them by the force of knowing that an outright

regard for peace and liberty and the others, -they are meant for an expression. For if they were a something other than authentic, if they were limited as a concept is, they would be a nothing. Like a language amid this everything before me, nothing. Like a wisdom past, nothing. For this presence requires an awareness. (How could it be otherwise?)

To stand capably. To confront the passions and the weather. To know time. To know time. This is an exercise and I will be prepared for a return

to the enchants of lesser forest walks and beach naps and picnics. For if there were a measure to this soul, let it be the grace of having been, I will know this. And the rest, a speck, blown. A speck.

authentic

July

Taste, the matter of preference. And all things to this body. I know a word for this condition and I know an expression, I know an art which represents this state. And if I am to continue with a respect to truth, that a witness calls upon this word, I will span a completion. Taste, this which

allows an identity, this which punctuates an experience, it be the governor of thought and the governor of convention. And the rest? Leave it to the others, for I am not of a mind to know this which I have

not been, and I am not of a mind to express the worries and confounds of a settlement far away.

Being is a matter of having been, and this which constitutes the last, and this which orders the last, it be an accuracy. As close as a language can be, an interpretation, an image, a likeness. And if there be a good to reproduction, it is in the first

linked to the nature of the object, is this subject good or a something else? Only I am to know. And in the second, the good in reproduction be

the accurate representation, or either the accuracy in the content of the message. And if a message, and if an art, let it reflect intent. And taste. Let there be a manor, let there be a manner, to a history carried by this, in the first, which my own affections

validate. For you, this audience, this is a matter of my own history, sent in the interest of our natures somehow collected and gathered, to hold or either dispose or either return like a folded note.

Gabriel

July

Mercy or either judgment. With wings and arches,
these installing a security, these allowing a taste,
a day directed. For protection is an urgency, and
if the placebos of authority be enough to travel
a path, I am a discipline, a faculty. And the rain,

and the change, no matter for a faith trained upon
reason, and no matter for a life of service or either
self service. Call upon a chartered divinity. Call

to the last. Judgment or either mercy. Make a
day of knowing and professions, make a day of
directing the course of intervention. What becomes
me are the spikes and the thorns, the words and
the passion, the identity crossing a threshold, the
threshold. And govern like a student. And attach

a meaning to the toils of becoming. There is a
something to trust, and upon its return I have
constructed a friendship, in the least, this. Bound
by the interest of an other, and bound by the

fashions of exchange, this union is framed as a
history. Either mercy or judgment. With arches.
With paintings on high walls. With messages
carved into stone. With cloth and with books and
with care, the security of knowing finds a path,

the security of knowing litters a path. For an
administration leaves a something, a curriculum

leaves a something, a social trail, an evidence. And
the heir to this legacy, they will have consumed a
time connected to failure and trial, they will have
consumed the nature of difference, and elected a one.

wallbooks

July

Books as art. Books upon a wall representing an idea. Books for beginning. Books by which I rest. A personal library collecting an imagination.

And a reference, I shall know research by its first form, interest. And if it be social, I am the larger for a conversation associated with the artifacts of storytelling. I am the larger or either I am the curator of mentions. Literature. Strains. To

sort. To gather. To set a philosophy upon a shelf. To order a philosophy. To establish a chronology. And to import a history and a historiography to a room, this one scattered with literature. I will

read a newspaper in this context. And a coffee, taste of presence among titles. Books representing books. Books as wallpaper. Books on end, with gilded edges. And poetry, them all. A wall of tears and fascination and adventure, a wall of mystery. A wall of questions. A wall of answers.

And in a generation, a folklore, a history of history, a reference to a culture, a reference to the one who has established such a collection, or either

an assortment for boxes for attics for dust. Who

shall know a value of Adam Smith, who shall care about the education of Spencer, and the aesthetics of Hegel, the nature of Thoreau. To dust, them all. In a time, to dust, at an end. After the ideas. I am not quite done with books, for a modernity is a passion for many sorts. Books as objects. Books as representing knowledge. I am not quite done.

electing ideas

July

Choose a this. I welcome the difference, and I welcome the reason, arriving by the mention of a future. By the act of looking forward I welcome this which represents a longevity, a continuance. And if it isolates the present, for an instance, I am prepared for letting down the guards of modernity, the flags, the ritual. For I trust the outlines of a social wisdom, this society trusts the outlines, evolving beyond petty trades and transubstantiations and witness. I have come for a truth. I have come to support a truth, the greatest, this separated from the unconcerneds and the opinions and the marks associated with force. What truth is there to force? Choose a this. This extending a virtue and this expanding a security. And if it be nonaction, that the greatest cause in reference to one's own securities be a nothing, a choice I have made by an intelligence. As some ideas become given a fertile soil and given a social allowance, this is in the interest of looking outward. Electing is in the interest of self formation, the interest of identity transporting phenomena and cause, experience. Idea. This. Carrying the letters, confirming letters.

reason and thunder

July

That a thought be connected to weather, a poem, a cause for rain. A love, a thunder. That justice settle the clouds or bring a heat. An idea of the ancients, that an accord with humanity provide for a future, and an accord with the self provide a confidence in the atmospheres and the rest. A message, and in the wind, a word, an order to a duty, a respect for difference, concerted labor, a union with the atoms of kindness and the atoms of place, the plains, the hilled lands, married to a conception of goodwill. I am reason. For the time, the moons, the meadows, the night, I am reason. For the day breaking and the social birds calling and the thunder, the thunder. I am reason. Awake, reason. And if there were to be a substance upon my death, if there were to be the seasons and the cycles, the newgrowth and the water

streaming down down, and the rest, the aggravations of drought, disaster, flood, fires consuming, upon my death, speculation. Or either no matter the cause begun a life away. I favor the science of being, I can only. And the rest? Speculation. I favor the science of thunder, that a primitivism of being participate in the construction of nature. And if a poem be a cause for rain, and if a dance, if a love, a kindness, and if a promise be the cause of wind and newbuds and the else, I will know the consequents of virtue. I will know the act of giving is a fortune unto oneself. I will know a thought will harden to knowledge by a rainbow, a harvest, a colored sundown, red spanning to purple and to black. An idea will harden by the consequents of living. And certainty, this prairie is a medley of life, blowing from the west, bending. Reason.

windows

July

An attention is framed in glass. Looking out to
a constructed day, I will suppose. The air advances,

I will suppose, and the streets, they move, I will
suppose a life travels beyond this pane, making

a something of my regard. And a bird, nesting into
the street tree elm. An old woman. A bicycle. A

world paved in social considerations. I will make
a list, a poem, of life away of clouds and mossy

stones, of horizons. As a poet, to watch is to regard
and to suppose. As a poet, an attention is framed.

As a poet, a flash. A sky thinking of rain. A sky,
participating. A sky, a balloon. A memory of the

last season, a memory of spring bounding from the
browns of winter, a memory of spring arriving in

the parade of nature, the procession, the cycles, now
colored in windowboxes and sunshine passings

through cloudholes. Oh, how the sun passes in
silence across hardwood and thrownrugs and newspapers

scattered like autumn leaves. An attention is framed
in glass. Looking out to a constructed day. The

business advances, I will suppose. And the lives,
they pass as reflections pass. A sentiment passes.

A wind, passing a light upon a floor. And a fence,
a glass fence, participating in a way with an outside.

making an art of it

July

Cascading rumors, words cascading. Letting a voice carry among the social architects and letting a peace find ground amid war, among anxiety, and amid the chaos of urchins collecting business after business and interest after interest. Cascading,

the social dominos. And reason, it arrives, it returns. The justice of becoming will not be cornered like a pig, nor cornered like an idea defended. And

cascades, the arrows of difference, shooting the wills and the hopes, the determinations. I will make an art of it, becoming. For there is not a sense nor science to responding in authenticity, an experience

has told me this, if anything, this. So let a reason ride, to dereliction, for no matter the security and no matter the cause, there is a one greater among the confidence without association and without reference to the cascading social whorls. Letting,

a voice carry, there is a mind to an allowance. And letting, the day. I will participate. I will partner with the stones of spontaneity. I will partner with an id. For the last of reason, it settled me too quickly and I told myself to make an art of the next. And let a reason from there come. A reason by art, pronounced. In a world of certainty, I represent uncertainty. And

in a moment, again, uncertainty. And if tomorrow comes without a memory, if art has cornered this

life and this reason; and if tomorrow comes amid the falls of someone else's history, I will know the course of graduating be in the art of making a day.

grounds

July

Surrender, the humid summer, to night cooling in spells and drafts in evening open windows and fireflies. And lemonade and towed brows and

relief. Suggest a game, a sport arresting urgency and need, that satisfaction be heard after the

daytime toils of yard maintenance and moving ideas and shuffling from place to place in costume. And leaves, responding, and again quiet. And leaves, responding. A chill, a mark that tomorrow

will be another investment of myself. This night

I will look no further forward than the next. This night I will appreciate the center of forty-eight hours, its continuity, its association with my efforts. I play in this forty-eight hours, this nearsighted

history and future, this matinee, this book. And if I stray, to an easy autumn and to a dead winter,

if I consume a notion of harvest and bitter winds and frozen lakes, I will have traveled, away from a greatness of the present. This spirited present

cooled by the clear skies, twinkling and twinkling the galaxy, in rocking chair bobbing in breaths. Oh, the grass, cool underfoot like dampness. And the crescent moon. I am somewhere between the grass

and moon, and elsewhere, reflecting, with eyes

surrendering to the night. Away, the steams of midsummer, and enter, the rest, collecting the rest.

one day I decided to be a poet

July

One day I decided to be a poet. I woke without alarm clock, I shuffled to the kitchen for instant

coffee, I had a banana. A tortilla. I showered. I put on my Swiss cross t-shirt and baggy jeans. Sandals. And on the porch with organic cigarette. Ah! The fresh air. The robins had already arrived bouncing from worm to worm. And the newspaper, it was waiting, wrapped in plastic like always for

any weather but today. A suicide bomber in Iraq. A suicide bomber on a bus in Israel. Genocide in Sudan. An earthquake in Chicago. Now that is interesting. Ah! The fresh air. And on. To get the oil changed. I am a hundred miles late. And on.

To the driving range. And on. To the special tobacco store for organic cigarettes. One day I decided to be a poet. I had lunch at Taco Bell. Two chicken

ranchero soft tacos, a beef mexi-melt, and a water. I shuffled to the car ready for a siesta. And no air conditioning. Windows down. Home to nap between laundry loads. Nice breeze, doors open.

Traffic sounding outside. Breathing. And awake. The house is clean, the clothes are clean. Brats for

dinner, on the charcoal grill. One day I decided to

be a poet. Shuffling to the refrigerator for a Beamish. And the evening news. ABC. Brats with sauerkraut, dijon mustard. And a book I have been working on, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. And then a word of my own. "Ah, poetry!" Just in time.

teleologics

July

Security in the constructs of a fashioned eternity.
Security in the order given. That a first cause be
the mark of a figured end. Where the idea of free
will be given to we in the interest of participation.

A stage, modeling a hierarchy and modeling a
fashioned universe. With plots and ornaments,
directed, performed. It is all too perfect, or either

it is all too adjusted. And if I am to test the bounds
of struggle and the bounds of conformity, and if

I am to test the bounds of security, this, with the
belief in perfected living and perfected nature, I
can only suppose any spontaneity be a matter of
programming. And if I am confined to a living in
a fashion, and if I subject myself to a predestination,

a calling, perhaps the lesser I be, perhaps. But
secure within the frames of more ultimate purpose,
and secure within the envelope of a collected order.

And if the contest of natural selection infect a
script, and if a social construct pound away the

altars of faith, I am only to assume that a new stage
is upon us, wicked or either tender, that a graduation
mark a consciousness, and that a reflection of a
brief history mark an esteem for yet greater ends. And

greater ends. And greater ends. I will rest. Again.
I will rest one step closer to administration by an
exposure to purpose. Until the contest of wonder
eases, and until the contest of wonder is satisfied,
there will be a design to learning marked in ends.

lakewinds

July

At a shore, facing an ardent wind. Warm and whitecapping a water. Face to face with a force, standing face to face with nature, a sentinel I, protecting what I am, small. Limited. An instant. Water, shuffling against a stony shore, answering in waves and claps against deadwood and debris.

An hour, looking forward to a July lake. An hour, looking against a wind. Never mind the book I always bring. And with the wind, lean back into a blanket, hands behind the head. What nature is this which finds me? What nature is this which collects me? I will answer. You are a something

other than me. You are a something which cannot be controlled. You amaze me and then tire me. I sleep to you. I am not cold in your presence but I prefer a long sleeved shirt. You are a cause of sound. You are reason for sailboats. You are reason for shore kiteflying. You come from the

west. You can be a penetrating force, but you are always welcome, you bring me to honesty. You remember a history, you forget nothing. You do not follow a calendar or a watch, I admire this. You do not come continuously, sometimes you stop for a moment, and sometimes you drive your

force into me. And I? I am small. Limited. And if there is a lesson to the days such as this, let it arrive in a passing passion and in a witness to a lake responding, and shorebirds responding, and I responding upright and looking toward a source of nature, a one which knows my presence will pass.

something left to give

July

And in the words collected, kept, there is something left to give. The day turns in fascination and experience and there is a something remaining, left to the greater importants. I will leave a piece of the day for a tomorrow. Something left to give, a thought, and a mark of history and remembrance. An idol, with a reference to something good between us and separating us. Something left to give. And words as objects, them, and the stirs of the mind, the ramblings, and material, it. I have taken an interest into a representation and I have bundled it. The sky and the rivers, the

forests, this garden, yours, if you will accept, or either cast it to the earth, or either place it gently on an altar, or either leave it to the imagination, to be revealed within the process of life. And in the words, there is a genuine affinity for life, there is a regard for an agent of social change, and there is a regard for respecting a something greater outside. And in the words, them given, I will spend an instant and a piece of living, I will honor a nature and a love and a social sphere, I will honor this which binds my own and my interests. For a gift is a record, indeed, and

a gift is a part of my own, a document, a representation of living a moment, and if I am to appreciate and lay forth a value to this which I have become, and if I am to appreciate your company and respect this which I believe you to be, I will send a something, a regard. And if it be not received or tossed to the wind, no matter, for this has no strings or either let its disregard liberate your own. A something left to give, carried from the efforts of the day, this has been retained and marked, this value will begin a giving to this which is important, a something from my own to a directed interest.

the psychology of religion

July

Faith, the imports of uncertain knowledge. There are signs and words and representations, there are actions without science, I am prepared for divinity by a social construct. In the earliest I am prepared

for the steps of knowledge and the pauses between, I am prepared. And if there be a greater fullness to living that I am to encounter, a spirited sense of patience was given to me. And in those undirected moments

I will consider an anything and its representation. I have come to figure solutions, I have come to know, I have come to read, by an uncertainty. And in others, I can observe the matters of faith, altruism and the

like. And a purpose? Speculative, or either for the development of one's soul. For if there be a God or either not, the acts of establishing oneself respects the growth of faith, the imports of uncertain knowledge.

I can know a thing which be not framed by a science. I can understand a position, this which stores a battery of experience. And in my mind, a can know a greatest cause. It can only be. And if there be one

greater, perhaps I will identify it in a moment. Perhaps in an instant of directed pause I will allow myself one more. And religion, the formal, if I grow to far, let it protect the sacred, the humane, and in its awareness

let it allow my return. That a faith, in stepping away to trial and error, beyond the confines of glass chapels and natural chapels, it will send a regard and it will welcome a return. With questions of other uncertainties.

popular theology

July

What ethics, what choice is this? How is the matter liberated? And what sense becomes of knowledge? What knowledge becomes of sense, and how am I to mark its identity, offer it an association? With a moral position? This is right, this is reasonable,

this allows a larger notion. And the popular, this transcending formal difference, there is an institution for this often overlooked. The goodness in city parks and the respect for free will, the ideas of social justice

and toleration, the position grounded in care for the elderly, welfare for those less fortunate, and even a genuine regard for those who have transgressed

social boundaries of law, those in prison. What ethics, what time can I give? What thought and what solution

is a matter of this problem. There are those who make a business of beautification and civic morality, there are those who suggest a theology is, indeed, a matter for social reproduction beginning in schools, in public schools, in the workplace, in entertainment. I am one.

For a start, an introduction be the first step to a critical existence, not negative nor positive, and not forced, rather a knowledge of a presence amid the several, a knowledge of presence and of reason. And

a knowledge of preference. What ethics composes cooperation, what rules of order allow a regard or a respectful disregard, what democracy is this form, this hall of debate. And if I claim an identity, let it respect the popular as an object of learning and discern, for there is a greatness in inclusion. There is a greatness.

the contest

July

What race is there among childhood friends, now grown old? That a doctor better a lawyer, that a teacher be better prepared for elderhood than a chief executive, that an engineer be more practical

than a poet. There is much to be prepared for in the contest of living and there is much that requires some degree of amateurism. When I get old, and

if I attend a reunion, I hope to be the greatest of amateurs. For if I have acquired a wisdom of growing and if I have acquired a philosophy of friendship I believe I will know the value of letting down a specialty, and the value of the introductions of a

diversity of talent. And by what discipline will a debate be framed? What quality will be the matter

of judging the best life? That will be left to each. For even in the days following a retirement, a social law will be the bounds of one, a health will be the bounds of another, a legacy, another, a collected knowledge, another. That will be left to each. And if there be a common ground to protect, let it be

the union of original positions, let it be the strength in amateurism. For a profession of one sort is not an exclusion to another's merits. What race is there

among childhood friends, now grown old? Perhaps a confidence. Perhaps. Or either the first to mark

an error, to provide a reason, to shade an honesty. The first to affirm. The first to suggest that it was a fun game in retrospect. Nearing an end, it is fun.

I lie, awake

July

Still. As the night windows open, reproducing
the day. In bed, sheets pushed to the feet. I am

a dreamer. As a history remembered as I wish.
And a future, the poetics of the future, as I wish.

Still. And returning with a wind, briefly. Upon
legs exposed, and naked arms. There is not a

category for this free association, just a wander
through the forest of knowledge. Of ponderosas,

of aspens, bristlecone pines. And if I live for six
thousand years more, and if I am completed by

an otherforce, and if the weather turns with a wish,
and if I am to believe that, really, everything of

interest is in this instant, and if I have no more
hunger, no more want. And if I become humble,

knowing there is one thing more to do, and if an
urgency passes with the clock. If I believe tomorrow

will arrive. Still. As a sheltered pond. As a
learner with questions not just for the sake of asking

something. As truth is. Still. And a wisp of
wind enters, of grass and garden green. Pulling

the sheets to a waist. I am not meditating, lest the
allowance of escape be meditation. I am not praying,

lest a God be listening. I am not planning, lest I
wake with a memory. I am not asleep. I am not.

social pressures

July

A word for the search. Follow an order. Elect a mark, or either lose one's own to the pantheisms of indirection. An affiliation, arbitrary, and to its ends, ride the hegemonies of policy and living in

a manner. This. Or either disregard status and disregard a name, for my becoming is not the set of another. But one cannot live in urban isolation

and one cannot consider themselves free of social pressure within a specialized world. Convenience, perhaps, that I allow the least restrictive governance. And security, that I allow a social occupation. And if some formal regard must be given in the interest

of protection, or in the interest of formatting a consideration of a divinity, that a conversation allow a club and a kinship, and if some formal

regard mark a time for collaboration and a time for meditation, or either if some formal regard will respect a sovereignty, I shall enter an order. But with a clause, that I be a member by my own will,

and that my participation will be rescinded if, in a reflection, my personal interests conflict with a

charter. A word for the search. Follow an order. And leap from one to another, or either set an anchor and charge from within. Define an order. Define an affiliation. That I be a cause. With respect to

social living, I will elect the mark of social force and social abstinence, I will elect the mark of free will and self determination. This pressure is my own.

paving progress

July

Asphalt lines connecting cities. Asphalt lines to my doorstep, to the park. Asphalt lines through

deserts and over ranges and badlands. And them over bridges over rivers. Life is made easy in asphalt arteries carrying food and people and things. And life upon a westbound road, it is hopeful into a setting sun. With men of the pavement drawing

lines and filling holes along the way and saying such things as 'slow' and 'right lane closed' and smoking a cigarette and wearing sleeveless orange

shirts. And crushed animals, raccoon intestines and possum brains and whole deer on gravel shoulders with open eyes and bleeding from the nose. Still.

Of what nature is pavement? I am no longer an animal, not since holding the rest at arm's length and not since becoming a networker and a traveler and a statesman. And not since seeing some pet

dog sprint through freeway cars, and not since voting 'yes' on that interstate bond have I been an animal.

I am something other, pondering upon tankfuls of gasoline and airconditioned leather seat. I am man. This I be. Pondering upon comfort and security and the liberation of visitation and roadtripping and writing travel guides and triptiks and best routes

for my friends. Asphalt, blankets of oil and pebble, -the earth will never be the same. But there was a commitment to a freedom in which no animal was a part. There is a commitment to commerce in freedom.

evolution

July

Evolution is a reasonable explanation for social and biological advancement. Evolution allows for free will and representation. Evolution even allows for religion and ideology, that a collected

people establish a manner of living and a system of belief which advances and protects their interests.

For if I am not aware of being left behind, and if I am not aware of a comparative competition I am either a hermit or I have sustained myself in dogma. Or either I have recognized that a community be the composite of variance of this moment, that every

organism was created for a station and this is the

force of natural diversity. It is reasonable to assume the ends of evolution are infinite, and it is reasonable to assume the ends of a fixed existence are a comfort

in the presence, security. It is reasonable to assume a recorded history manufactures a cause for social growth. It is reasonable to assume a recorded history tells us of a string of knowledge. But poetry is as

it has been. And the arts, them. They must be, for creativity and the act of creation rely upon certainty

and the chance that their body documents a human condition and experience. And if humans are to evolve what shall become of the all of a separated history?

Just a matter of curiosity. There must be a constant to social construction. Or either there will be an evolved

people without a regard beyond their own solipsism.

decentralization

July

Just a course of faculties governing their own. And
just a course of recognizing the uniqueness of geographies.
That a mountain people are sustained in a way, and

the great plains, they generate a particular sentiment,

and the ocean people, looking outward, they are a
matter of their environment. What policy recognizes
a diversity, and what policy mentions the greatnesses
of a local living, what policy is a regard for a
collected people speaking different languages and

engaging a common sun, what policy is a rehearsal
for morality, what policy is a matter of fact without
ever pen to paper? I will stand upon the highest hill
and say the way in which it is to be. I will sleep outdoors

in July knowing the character of this environment. And
if I am to suppose this night air and this moon through

apple trees is the start of a common future I will have
traveled too far. For an appreciation of one's own is
local, and an appreciation of one's own, in a great
sense, be the earth of asking a question of another.

A balance of force, a balance of the faculties of geography,
a balance of peoples and their associations. And if
there be a moderator, a referee, to the commerce of

institutions and the commingling of universals, let

them be matched in pairs or either allow an electorate.

No. For a delegated mutualism estranges a minority.

Yes. For a delegated mutualism recognizes there must

be a something formal between us. Lest we are our own ends.

golf with dad

July

It was not until my thirtieth year that I began to appreciate the ceaseless comments about my swing. And it was not until recently that I began to respect golf as a lifelong interest, an interest which recognizes a physical world and the aspects

of strength and style and grace, an objective interest which allows for meditation and rehearsal and progress. And an interest which allows for the

metaphors of more serious things, too serious things. I know this now. After nine holes I remember this. After eighteen holes I remember a something else, that I need to get more balls. I am aging with golf.

I have been prepared to age with golf. The lessons, the etiquette, I am prepared. Never mind the score, unless you do well of course, and never mind the ego. Never mind. Sometime skip church to golf, but not very often and do not tell anyone. Sometime be the first to golf when there is still dew on the

grass. Keep an eye out for golfballs on the edge of the water. Only lose your temper a little bit. Take

advice. Take some time after a round to reflect and add up the damages. Keep your clubs clean. And never swing your hardest when you are being

watched. And do not gawk at the booze cart girl. There is a congress to golf. I have been introduced. To an ethic. Of a socialism of metaphors, of a physics, of a body, of a movement. I have been introduced. And to a governance which I can now appreciate. I have been prepared to age with golf. Gracefully.

literating change

August

Social change began in a mind, that a more profound existence was within reach. Or either that a more efficient existence was on course, social change began. In a mind, and outward, literating creation by the

foundations of modernity. Reason, expelling inconsistency in song and creation, in policy, reason expelling an order or either disregarding it, in the interest of one better. Social change, incubated in experience and

question and cause. Social change, erupt in strokes or either evolve at a pace. I will evolve at a pace, slow or either all at once. And leave behind an image and a shell for looking back, remembrance, leave behind

a history for the bowels of reason. That I not return to a method marked in time and an interest reproduced and reproduced, no longer original. I cannot stay. I have obligations to explore and to make a home and

to live comfortably. I have obligations to store away the past responsibly and chart as I would in a beginning. I have obligations. And a context becomes me. And this page, let it be my map and my list, let it be my

poem for this epoch, my policy. That it began in a mind, that a germ began, that the others away drafted my consciousness. There was a need for becoming once again, and there was a need for marking an intent

and steadying an uncertain future. For a house of colors, that it recognize a circumstance, and that it recognize an alternative, that it see one over another and that it recognize a greater moral authority, it is of a mind.

testing the bounds

August

What are the bounds of cause? This furthest sense, these stars, these atoms, this continuum of care. I will define the elements of concern in this lifetime. I will discern. That a difference is before, one affecting a religion and a speech, a style of living, I will know a reason. I am a matter of control, I am a respondent to the universe, I am a subject. And in a time, by an understanding, the force of cause will be in my favor, and the antforce of allowance will be in my favor. And a defense to this which cannot be controlled will be in my favor, respected and collected and called my center, this defense. There is a science to knowledge and there is a poetry to its reproduction. There is a science to understanding, without value, this, for the consumption of affect and cause is observation, it is worship. But upon its institution I will have made a mark of art, I will have suggested and implied, I will have initiated, as a mover. And perhaps this is my course, to assume the bounds of interference, to assume the bounds of redirection and epistemology. To affect in a concert with this natural. I am an intermediate and a collaborator. I will cause with intent. I will create and destroy and alter, with intent. And a poetry, it will be the vehicle of expression. These hands will be an expression. This machine, this device, this authentic extension of my own, it will be an expression. Changing and manipulating as an original thought arrives. And asking what more can be done. And if it arrives, the notion that there are no more limits, I will turn inward to the bounds of my own, this, the nature of my composition, preference. Because what can be directed is a matter for children. But this with reason attached, this connected to desire and social worth, the direction of this is the transcendent question. For the bounds turned inward reflect a potential connected to a human motive. I.

paralysis

August

Heavy, the circumstance. Frames and judgment become me. By an authority and by a control, I am matched. And given a reason binding a matter once at my disposal. I do not know. I do not know a question. I do not know the bounds of this authority.

I do not know an appeal to a force. I surrender. Or either I recognize my existence apart from cause. I am littled, this time bleeding want and frustration and knowing a loss. At a loss. And the riddles

etch me. And the riddles humor me. Making a cause for sleep and concentration, a directed presence

among the routines of eating and caring and forming opinions among the trivials, these sustaining drives. But the importance of circumstance staggers an imagination and an appreciation and an occupation.

What art is this? What idea is this? What does it want? I begin. What is the source of this? What

hegemony steals an order and a pride? What time is my own? Can I quit? What is the worst of this circumstance? What are its properties? Is there an

end? Heavy, the obligations of consideration, of recognizing a containment, of recognizing a super of nature or either its antithesis. I cannot know a source. And if a burden is a charge to character, I

am a something different in this instant, a something colored in respect, for I know no other word. A something which cannot radiate. Heavy, the source, and strong.

The beginning of knowledge

August

Therefore I am. If at first I am to suppose. If I am to hold to a single notion, the remaining will find a reason. The remaining, in the course of sense and in the course of its attachment to an ideal will be as true as the first. The grounds of want, and the grounds

of inquiry, the grounds of virtue, as vast or either as compartmented or either as apathetic or either as altruistic as the foundations of its presence. By this,

-therefore I am. I am a reliant body, upon the notion of gravity, the notion of caring, or either the notion of beauty, this. And leading to an other, that a belief spell and dispel, humor the alternatives and introduce

a desire. That I be a person of foundations. And if I will allow a study of my interior, if I will allow a question pointed at my heart, if I am to adopt an inquiry of roots, perhaps a reason will be put to words. Perhaps a reflection. And perhaps an introduction

of a competing idea. Therefore I am. By this knowledge I am to explore the psychologies and the religions of

this world. First my own, for this allows my presence and my composition, it allows for alternatives and for trust, it allows for a rational technology and it allows

an other, with the security of a primary, an other is engaged. And the foundations of knowledge, and the foundations of social inquiry and natural science and mathematics and the else, they be positioned with a respect to an original position. For this is primary. And if I am to grow, allow its exposure to difference and indifference in forms. And I will enlist a new.

late night awakenings

August

Sounding, the crickets and the late night breeze, to open windows. And sounding, the breaths. I am

awake, at once, to an idea of becoming, an idea of integration, to an idea making a composite of history, I am awake. And to the kitchen for a drink of orange

juice from the carton. And a cigarette without porchlight, in the dark. Reconciling this which I was before a summer sleep, with this introduction of smartness. I am smart. A sleep has given me this. And if I am

to rise in the morning without a knowledge of the night, nevermind that there was something which captured

my attention and my invention. Better to write a poem out loud of epiphanies and struggles and beauty in the midst of the night than to rise tomorrow with a flashing disregard for the unions of sleep. Sounding, the air conditioner, the refrigerator, and the keyboard,

outlining the latest regard for living. Tap. Tap. Tap. And done, this arresting rest and its record. And back to the mattress and the sounds of night. The owls.

And this imagination of clouds, better than counting barnyard animals for returning to sleep. And this position. And this breath, returning. Pleased to have marked a dashing inspiration, and pleased to have given a thought to the night. And if a collection of such forethoughts and afterthoughts I return to one day, I will settle the

case for mindstorming. For there must be some sense of originalism marking the privacy of sleep. This day is ended, I can only agree, but I will return with a something.

a walking defense

August

Circles. Impounding, reconciling. A walk matched with reason. A walk with a question. Searching for a solution consistent with this which I hold, this

atom which cannot be overlooked. Social justice is a frame of conversion, that I will collapse to an

ideal, or either that the machines of automatonism and progress, they will recognize an understated representation of individualism. That a point of mutual respect between the personal and a represented entity find a course of settlement. Lives are spent

walking and marching. And lives are spent with an ear to defending a potential. For I can be a cause, and I can be a speaker, a teacher, I can be a warrant. But in truth and in the quiet of personalism, all I

really care to be is a caretaker of artifacts, an example, a keeper of words. And if I collect the attitudes of those near to me, there will be those with another

path in mind for me. And I am called to defend my own. That I will be the director, the counselor, the

sage, of this living. And circles. Around a conflict. Around a body which directs and which governs and negates and closes a will. Around the majors of exclusion. Circles. And questions. I grow smart among the corners of defense, I grow socially aware

in any case. And such a composition of knowledge, this socially trained, a shame to the other glories which I preferred in a youth. That nature, that other nature, forgotten as I am called to defend a something.

coffee

August

Iced. With an extra shot of espresso. For the summer and the day. And a walk among storefronts, window watching, celebrating the weather of capitalism. I

am awake, with a regard for the machinery of free enterprise and free will and freedom of travel, with coffee in hand, I am awake. Iced and refreshing, and bumping into old friends and acquaintances, strangers, on a four-block path to the art center. I do not even

care for modern art, but there must be a reason attached to a Saturday saunter. I believe this coffee will last.

Past the square garden and past the game of hacky sack. And a dip into the secondhand store. I keep an eye out for jackets, and books, them, a dollar for

the good ones. Nothing today. And a dip into the hat shop. What event is this? This surrounding a beverage. A bit manic, I acknowledge, but what directed expression of liberty is not? For I would otherwise

be riding a bike or either catching up on movies or, or, or. This is alright. I will catch a haircut on the return.

And a bagel. And a refill. Iced. With an extra shot of espresso. And a lie on the mall grass, watching a cloud watching a cloud watching me. On a back, itching

like ants. Upright. OK, I will people watch then. And some sun on my arms and legs to the social sounds of Saturday, and a guitar away, acoustic. And the little birds expecting something, bouncing around. And the coffee is done, down to the ice good for crunching on in conclusion to a rambling day of caffeined observations.

her cloud

August

The language of collecting clouds, the language of beauty, pillowed among the sky. The language of affirmation, white and demonstrating depth and a

sort of kindness. To sleep by, the knowledge of winds carrying a form eastward, without a sound. The language of symbols, I am a participant, I am a shape myself, or so I held, I used to represent an

air. A wisdom I once was, drifting among calls and words and names. And now, a something else I be

clinging to a knowledge, clinging to a service, clinging to a something which brings me about. The language between us, the mentions, the rumors, and the age, the age. I am a day older than love. I am a day stronger than free will. I am a day beyond eternity.

And a wanderer, this composition, for a something I know cannot be held nor traced, nor engaged, nor satisfied. Only considered. I send a poem, for this

is the most I can do. I send an art. I send a picture. I send a thought. This is the most I can do. I send

a thought. And if it returns by this imagination and by this idea, and if it returns as it often does, I will mind a something. White, without corners, billowing. With a straggled tail. This time a dragon. This time a puppy. The language of redemption,

the language of learning. Of giving. And time sweeping overhead. And method. And change, folding upon itself. How I come to know an afternoon. How I come to sort. That there was a language I realize.

rounding the world

August

A conversation with a man who would talk and talk.
And after, if I could have only made a point that
meaning is not a quantity, rather it be a quality. If

I could have only made a reason. For I was arbitrary.
I was a fixture, an object of thought. And around
the world we went, glossing the microns of experience
and glossing the microns of family and glossing the
microns of age. One inch thick. And everything was
covered. And if an independent I once was, I am now
a reduction, I am a variable, I am a something with

wide respectful eyes who was once told to listen and
ask questions and be intelligent. For really I have no
challenge to the microns of eternity. I do not doubt
a thing. I do not doubt the way things were nor do
I doubt the struggles of social change, nor the way

a weather arrives with a mood. I do not doubt your
divinity. And I have not a care to disregard. For
there must be a something to your social push, there
must be a center to your determination to catalogue
me. I must represent a something to you. *Arounding*
the world, we continue, marking the largest, and then

marking the lessers as subordinates. Perhaps this
be my station. Perhaps. Fine by me. Good bye. And
one more thing. And one more thing. There was not
an exchange of meaning, for I cannot remember a thought,
lest an excuse be a thought. I cannot be driven to care.
Steal my attention, indeed, this is no difficulty, for
I am governed by the senses, this time sound. And
I am governed by a reason which reaches for independence.
So I will suppose a thankyou for your coverage of me.
I can now step through and beyond if we are at an end.

conditioning peace

August

In a moment peace arrived. Bang hard, I did not recognize it. By its introduction, I was confused by its force, its insistence. And what, if nothing, was a response? What patience and what challenge and

what mirror, what allowance is there to a governing force? And if I require an answer among the blank

stares, and if I require a leadership and a link between a larger history and this community nestled between hills, if I am to allow a new, and if I have not a choice, and if I am allowed a greater liberty, certainly there will be no circles and no marks to an establishment

which has protected my security, my prosperity, my experience. For an age there was before your daylight. And an age there is as you exit a room. And the tests of philosophy, the tests of reason, the tests of peace and faith and the other, they only begin in your absence. And if I am to realize an order, if I am to suspend a

belief, show me. At once. A map. A Missouri. An Arizona. In your corner and how the last came to be. Nurtured? Imagined? Created? Theorized? That

the stops were opened, let loose. In the interests of peace the word or either in the interests of peace the idea, I have not gathered an opinion. In a day or either a month, I will know the nature of your governance

by this word. And if an idea held aloft be the grounds of your representation, that one idea be as sporting as any for self enrichment and self idolatry, I am no tool. For there are things which transcend masses and concepts, and my attention is not an endorsement.

the classics

August

Sing along. With partial words and memories. Like the last time music meant a simple something. Now sounding from modern technology. How could I have known a stereo from 1980 could have been improved with friends and careless wonders attached. And how

could I have known that time passes in intervals and that in a day I would be thinking of that old innocence and that old collage. I remember. The tune suspends a lifetime. The tune is history. And I remember what was good in it, its rhythm, its words. An acoustic guitar. The place and the people I associated with it. A beach day. A party in the woods. A car pool.

An epoch, bringing a past in melody. And a mark. A check. For I had dreams fifteen years ago, and I know what became of those, only I know. And sing,

and drive. To the thoughts of fulfillment, for myself and those who were close to me, now old like time and probably full of wisdom or either shit. But I know the classics, I know better than most the best of my

adolescence, and I know better than most the meaning of this song. Much slower than I remember it. I move too fast. I read too fast. I work too fast. I drive too fast. But I cannot say which would be better, a history which was good, or a present grounded in a good history. A lesson, perhaps, in change, that the longitudes

of life continue, and the classics, let them from adolescence retain the title. And the rest, upon my retirement a modernity of my thirties and forties will be no history compared to those first appreciations. The ones which were firstly new sounding good on old stereos. Them.

the anticonditions of peace

August

Peace is no policy. No law is peace. Peace grants no license. The intellectual fertility of peace is away with bounds, it is away, enlightening, letting. And Language, what can be said of this, this substance, beauty, representing a peace? No substance represents a peace. There are no objects to giving, to caring, to receiving, peace transcends the each of these. And what time was marked for our engagement? No time can satisfy a union. There is nothing between us. I am faithful to the strains of good, them directing, them cataloging. But there is no peace in faith. Peace is a matter of antiscerns, recognizing the antibounds and unions. I am one. Unlimited. Stationed among the antistars and antimatter and antitime. Stationed among the antibrains of geniuses. Stationed among antisleeping and antieating. I have forgotten modernity, it has no cause. I have forgotten history, it has no cause.

I have forgotten nature, it has no reason. And the dreams, let them roll, in and out, like antitides. And the people, and the medicine, the parks and the buildings, I am one, aware of a nothing. My imagination makes no contribution to a collective unconscious. And if I walk, I make no sound, I go to no place. Peace is no policy. There is not a word. There is not a substance and it has no governance. Peace has no change, there is not a season for peace, there is no peace at midnight, and there is no peace at daybreak with clouds shuffling the antiwinds. Peace is not mine. It is not earned nor given, nor tested. Peace is not an opposite, it is not a contradiction to war nor calamity nor chaos. And God. Peace is not this, nor antiGod, nor antieverything, nor nothing at all. Peace is not considered. And if I were to mark an instant as such, it would no longer be. It would return only as knowledge or antiknowledge.

all roads

August

Social confluence. A muddy path, a cobbled trail, a garden walk. And in this light, a history begins between us. I carry a something, magic. I carry a something, inspiration. At an end, I carry a something,

I am prepared. For the consequence of our gathering is the justification of our reason. And the better for experience, a difference. For if we were the same I

would have no question. I would have no interest apart from myself. But our passing is an instance. Our passing is a flower. I remember. On air. And a settlement of time and ease. And continue, with the notion of alternatives, and with the notion of

liberty in a selected rhythm and a selected watch.

Social confluence, indeed, but I am an atom. I am finite. And only a word will last a future, and this passing, it is enough for a day beyond. For measuring a beauty. I will see through your eyes. I will smell

by your caretaking. And if the force of travel winds us together once again, I will report: you were wrong

and this is why, or either, you were right, thank you. For offering a measurement of beauty, thank you, and I will return. To a cobbled path, for its liberties are unique, to a garden walk, for its liberties are unique, and I will spell the knowledge of another way, with your attention. Social confluence, a stop. A rest of

trading the passions of independence. Or either the disregard for incontinence and dogma, for this is a lesson, itself, disregarding with a respectful regard.

easy company

August

Satisfied by your presence, easy. With music or either the wind, softly entertaining. Where restlessness is abandoned or either without consideration. That a

time has passed, in which we have marked an aggravation, we have seen the other, we tell ourselves we have seen the other, and this is better. Reading in tandem, and thoughtful words, they strike easy the character of our difference. Reading in tandem, to the clock. And

a question. An answer. Nothing more, for there is no hidden meaning in good company, lest peace be a wonder. Satisfied, that this moment is not suspended in limits, and satisfied, that if I can make another day in this mold, I will be twice pleased. There is a simple something between scrabble and independent thought and fresh strawberries with sugar. There is a native

rest wrapped in honesty. And I cannot care if we are to disagree, it is only the mark of two independent people in a room, without ends. Seeing the simple patterns of living in retrospect, and sharing an afternoon beauty. Sprawled upon carpet. Talking in poetry and social glides. Talking as if science has faded. Science has faded. And talking and discerning, solutions, them

all. The rules and natures and laws, and the substance of authority, and the substance of governance, solved. And the bests, the movies, the music. And show and tell. Would you like to see my new pitching wedge? And if I planned to learn this day, I can only recognize

the grace of indirection. Welcome, the grace of indirection. Spotting a friendship, and exercising the thought of recreation sharing a bean bag chair to a tv matinee.

returning a poem

August

A message returned, a response. In the form of a poem, a settlement of words. For the universe was a cause for this. Only the universe. The stars and the nature, the lifetimes of reason, the stones of a security, the markers of independence, beauty. All

returned, for I am as naked as the next. I am as old as the next. And I too am an editor of experience. This hill is a something separate to my history, this log cabin, this bike trail, these are the things of my

youth. And if I turn them in a light, if I turn the right object in a light, I can return. You are an introduction.

You are a person of letters. And I, I am more than an audience. I too know the station of orders and the station of religion and the station of childhood.

I know the station of death, clouded and away, or either a vivid blink to the future of handheld galaxies and little people. I know sense. A message returned, a response. And I thank you for your imagination.

Only the universe. And perhaps our paths of will shall reconcile a something. Perhaps a language. Perhaps there is a language to our separation. Perhaps there is a cause to our separation, -let this be the ground of our discern, a collected knowledge of the

universe. A nature. By yours or either mine, for I will be the settlement or either I will be the introduction, scattering an idea like leaves, scattering a theme.

For two is greater than a one. And what first is not a complement to truth. And what second is not.

pet

August

Object of affection. An other target of conversation and curiosity. An animal, a member of this house. An animal. A personality upon four legs, requiring

as a child would require, perhaps. With a will as free as I allow. I allow. For an object of affection

is meant for adoration, for friendship, and for an independence. A model of caretaking and pride, for I have allowed and I have succeeded in creating an environment which returns a harmony to itself.

That a start was enough to carry an idea of love as a precedent. And that a continuance be the shape of the aspects of living, in a reference to a home. Adopting an animal. Absurd really, that a reliance of a creature is taken to a heart, and more,

that I find a something else in the trust in which a creature places in me. Dependent, for food, and for walks, for affection. Dependent, for company,

for a presence, for health. You have adopted me. And the thoughts, those which I offer some regard but choose to share with only you. And the ideal of living in a trust. You are a stop to professionalism.

You are a stop to obligation. You are a warrant to positivism and recreation. Upon four legs. With

fur. With big eyes and twitching ears. Imagine a friend shaped like that. Imagine a model of pride in that image. An animal. And wondering if she would adopt me if I were in a cage. With big ears and hazel eyes, knowing something else. Animal.

forgiveness

August

What concept reconciles? What concept is a passage?

I am the larger for turning a moment to a lesson, for

passing on vengeance, for distilling a contempt. I am
a trust. There is no shield to pain, and there is no
quarter to living, there is no prevention to the stacks
of modernity and there is no prevention to the social
collisions. I have left that box behind, on a shelf in

my garage behind the bicycle. I have left a fear behind
in the interest of living. Change. This is the matter

of my heart. Knowing the bounds of force and the bounds
of liberty, knowing a choice is at hand, knowing that
a future is at stake. I am not prepared to retire to a
social grayness of a death of experientialism, and a
death of believing in goodness, and a death of the

unlimits of knowledge. And if there is a question, I
do this for myself. Set aside the victim stamp and the

worry stone, the fear blanket, and reconsider a day
independently. I do this for myself. That a decision
to recall a burden of guilt be in my own interest. And
the object of cause, of a dark moment, if you are given
a license to freedom, or a license to anything, be well.

Reconciling an instant with the remaindered history.
Or either reconciling the notion that there need be no

more reconciliation. I am positive, among a nature
which has to this point defined me. I am positive, in
a reference to strength and maturity. And this, that it
remain, I shall remind myself often of a foundation of
new colors. A passage. A portal to a sustainability.

all, a soul

August

A knowledge and a material, each, the soul. Idea.
Them all, the smallest, the many, and the grandest.

Everything. This which scatters by a force, and a
force. Olympus. A mountaintop. An isolation.

And an envelopement. And an encroachment. The
swarms of thought, and this made to a science, and

this made to a poetry. A living. And a death, black
like night. And antiknowledge, all of the contradictions,

all of the settlements. I. I am a soul. An everything.
A molecule, responding. And with a sense, tending

to the matters of becoming. Becoming an expression
of the soul. Becoming a star, an icon, a learner. A

knowledge I become, making a way among nonconcerns
and traffic and white noise. A peace I become.

Reflecting, this body, the content of its sense, its
cognitive ground, and reflecting its core, unchanging,

infinite. Oceans and great winds. Hazel moon. Volcano.
And art, this. The dreams, the emotions. The want,

the wicked want. And man. Humanity. Social
intercourse and opposition and synthesis. Poetry,

the words, the history. All. Situated somewhere within
I presume, or either the substance of eternity. Marking

day and night and hunger and judgment, ethics. Or
either the nature of being, I am a matter of my soul.

cool summer, rain, (reflections)

August

September came in June. And the rains, periodic, the showers and the stops, the clouds. The breezes and the temperatures, modest. The colors and the urgency of walks, dampened. And July, it passed

without a sound nor effort. Like one of its clouds, it passed. And forward. Perhaps a modest autumn will be the course, with leaves touching down and geese overhead. (Age becomes me.) The sport of life ambles to its consideration in the earnest doldrums of inconsistency and flatness. The garden came, the

colors and the tomatoes, the greens, the lavenders, they came but without the accompaniment of heat.

There was no announcement, there was not an address.

And again the wind. The misted air. And the flannel. (In August?) I suppose I am prepared. (I suppose.) Age becomes me. (Usually such a notion is the course

of November.) (Thirty-four this time around.) (No longer the 'startled-by-nature'.) (But still the trailing thoughts that the weather represents a something social.) The weather is candid. The weather is a

phantom. (I cannot answer the weather.) The rain is a something. (What more can I say?) (Lest an

umbrella and a coffee be an answer.) (Lest flannel be an answer.) And forward. To the east, tomorrow. (I suppose.) Directing this little cause, I, among an uncommitted summer. Carrying a season away like a cloud. Carrying a season away. (But I am still attached.) Carried away with only a little answer.

Earth citizen

August

A citizen, I. With entitlements, intuition. I was born upon this place, to search, to diagram, to make of it a something. Or either to make a something of mine own, in an accord. Listening to the rains, the seasons, the social grounds. And respond. In action and certainty, predictability and method, respond. Gathering each,

the items of continuance, the items of efficiency, with ends in sight, original ends, and language. Navigating, navigating, for my station is not slavery, lest service

be slavery. Anything in the interest of efficiency or order. Anything in the interest of expression. And a respect for this which would occur in my absence. This I shall defend. This I shall hide. Until I am versed in

the social contracts and the social constructs of defense I shall hide. And then send riddles outward. And then set myself between concepts. And then generate. An order. In a defense, generate a protection. A citizen, I. To travel. To build a home. To speak of beauty and justice and airplanes and rainbows, or either to

retreat. To the corners of forests. To the sea. To a land of lakes and canoes, rivers. To a council of ideas, respecting words representing a fullness of life. For change is a matter of my participation. For progress

is a matter of mine own. Content. And with a watch to the strategies of those who believe that this all is a matter of their inheritance. I am aware, of the truths in calling, of a social balance, of the potency of nature, of the value of reflecting. And if I feel compelled to identify myself as a citizen, you are no friend of this, this ground and this memory. You are a one other.

Olympia

August

Forward athletes! Runners! Sailors! Swimmers!
Forward! That a competition, framed in individual
achievement and preparation, that this be the course
of nationalism. Speed and excellence, strength, a
body which responds, a confidence, and character,

this is a defining moment. And among the experiences
of gamesmanship, a word, between athletes, a word
between nations, and a golden honor to those which

are most able. And forward! A pride in participation.
A pride in representation. There is a pride in being
among the world's greatest, indeed, but a pride in
being a hero to one's community? I shall return. In

some form, the better for challenging a limit, the better
for sportsmanship amid victory or either attempt,
the better for having met a class of this world which
is transcendent. Above class and above war, above
language. This will be resolved, with some mark upon
a history, this will be resolved. And the strains of

nations, and the marks of automatonism, the principles
without physical grounds, this will be resolved. The
colors gather. In confidence and spirited nationalism
and personal emotion. In respect. That if there is a

darkness to this world the sweeping honor of fair play
will be a light. An exercise in goodwill and cooperation.
A demonstration of ethic. A demonstration of strength.

Science, that this day came. A regimen. And now a
trust, that a geography was an endowment to this body,
that a politic allowed a growth, a challenge. That a
faith in sport will be the measure of this victory. Forward!

wheel

August

Next year. In a time I will roll upon a knowledge.
Fastening a history. Truth, the nature of reason, it
casts itself by the last. I am filled with the substance
of becoming. Waiting. For reason to validate the

actions of living. And carried forward, by the cost
of claiming an ideal. A claim is a consequence, a
truth, a consequence of certainty. And the first, the

principles of self progress, they arrive early, that all
which follows pass the discerns of those foundations.
This is a matter of my expression, a matter within
my control, or either the matter of an external force,
-I am small. In a time I will roll upon a knowledge,

one which meets first principles, one which arrives
at the diagnostics of my earliest self. And I settle

the matter, as friend or foe, good or bad, causal or
either affective. An experience is marked. I acquire.
I value. And turn to the next in a like fashion, schooling
the earth in seasons and days, rolling upon knowledge

and calling it. Calling it. Predetermination, that a
force of becoming was aroused, that an urgency to
declare standards and limits was aroused, and that

such a personality is that which returns among the
new. This idea, this rainy summer day, this look ahead,
to Autumn. I will discern. In circles rolling over knowledge
and experience, truth will be the matter of judgment.

And rich upon my death, that a first principle, of setting
myself apart from this before me, that this which has
rolled past, it was all a matter of first principles. Held.

the order of myth

August

There once lived a man, he died. He was planted
in the soil like a seed and a fern grew from his remains.

And a blind child, able to predict the future, he spoke
in allegories. A stone tower will rise from this plain
when God understands, when I am able to express
the human condition. The earth, it is an incubator

for a predestined people, and the moon, it is a reminder
of a distant history. War is an exercise in elementary
sociological conversation. Death, it is the force of

nature, the force of time, death is wisdom. And life,
it is the expression of the events of the year in which
I was born. A woman ate her husband upon his death
and acquired all of his knowledge. There is a theory
in which all of the matter of this universe came to be

by its mere creative consideration by a floating soul.
There is a theory that all of the people in this universe

carry a portion of that floating soul's knowledge, and,
in the act of living, the various forces of this knowledge
stir and initiate change in the land and in the creatures.

I was once an animal, in another epoch. A person will
travel the course of all of the epochs of history, a person
will understand the course of social evolution and
natural selection, before they are able to engage the

freedom of their will. A religious person is a slave. An

educated person is a slave. An apple tree is the cause
for discerning between good and bad. And I return. An
apple tree is this which unifies the human condition.

realizing cause

August

I am turned. This force, this nature, it is the cause of my condition, it is the cause of my desire and my withdrawal. And if I am to know the entirety of the

cause, it will be in my service. I will be my own cause. I will represent my own labor, my own intuition. For nature is in becoming, it is the course of growth, of knowing growth, of knowing cause, that I become by understanding the greatest force. And acquiring, the

instrument of change, acquiring the faculties of demonstration and expression. And reflection. I am no animal. I am turned, indeed, but I am elevated by the notion of a history and the notion of circumstance. I am turned,

indeed, but with a knowledge of cause as my protector, and the belief that I, too, am cause. In one day I will be the independent force, guiding my own, lest I remember a one greater, and a one greater. But the consideration

of stages, that there are causes of causes, it is either a dampening thought or either a motive for assuming

a path. I am no animal. This range of cause, let this be my burden, I am not charged with defeat. In fact, a directed respect for the greatest is a settlement for my

affect. I am no animal. Nor am I God. Lest I only look beneath me I am no God. Lest I only look above me I am no animal. I am the temperament of humanity, managing

a middle earth of change. And I am turned. Realizing the substance of mastery remains a lesser. Realizing the greatest cause of my imagination is an affect. The limits, becoming known, though, and one step I take. Bounded.

stepping out

August

What I once had was a contentedness. And I was to realize a substance beyond. And response. That a larger sphere is engaged, the challenge of a next

stage of psychology and science, interest, it presents itself in a fashion. I engage. For I am as contained as my will, my sense, my exposure. I am as contained as my sheltered heart. But strength arrives in time,

by the contaminants of reason, by chaos, disorder, strength arrives in the questions and in the approach

to the comings of newness. I am prepared, with a method to life and adaptation, with a method to consuming the variables of newness, my ethnology, my study, it is prepared. And in a course, an operative certainty. In a course I will have reached reasonable

ends to this knowledge. And act. One stage larger. One order enlightened. What I once had was a contentedness, indeed, but this, this is a challenge, and I, the larger

for its approach, the larger for charting its obstacles, its fashion, and the larger for its consumption. It is

now within me, among the certainties, among the stages of living. It was good, indeed. And this, if life has trained me in a way, I know that a time will fall upon this rest as well, making a way. And sustaining the

notion of a trail of endeavors, a trail of becoming, a trail of shedding and assuming. Stepping out, to a response to a greater force. I will answer a call. And make an inquiry of a larger world. And I know what shall become of language, change, among the questions.

waiting with an answer you already know August

Patience. For being right is to carry the burden of time. For being right is the cause of rejecting confounds, one after another, for seeking potential confounds

in the interest of certainty. I am certain. To this point there is no representation, no science, which confounds my reason. And let it pass, I suppose, for we each

are stubborn, there can be no reconciliation for a matter with alternate ends. Patience. Or either reduce a pride to interest, reduce a dogma to inquiry. For

perhaps there is a reason apart from our allegiances to separation, or either the object of our difference is not a cause for your interest. But I am right, nevertheless,

I am sorry to say. The burden of certainty is the burden of time. And the object of its social introduction becomes the matter of attention. I could never have realized

that the air of education as a discipline was, indeed, a substance. My grandmother Crystal used to say, "it is not what you say, but how you say it." And in my

offense I may have tunneled your regards. And I truly wish I was less certain. But reason is compelling, and your logic I respect. I believe your patience is greater

than mine. And so our company either turns to the littles or either marks an absence. I prefer the latter. For certainty, I know, is not always right. And method,

perhaps this is the culprit in the end. Method, a confound introducing time and persuasion. Or either a confound establishing the social limits of certainty. Regards.

compelling experience, religious experience August

I am brought to an idea by the folds of life. And this related to a general living, compelling. And this related to a force of which I can recognize no bounds, religious. Evidence, each, but separated by the cause, and by the application, separated. I have assumed, and the validation of intelligent designs and discerns, the validation of an other, a determination away, or either the validation of efficiency and the validation of social institutions, welfare and consequence, health, the institution of knowledge. Perhaps there is a common ground to a moment which compels and a religious moment. This, knowledge. That I have recognized the advantage of an original position spirited into this body in an hour of awareness. And regard it in a way. No matter. For the continuity of living makes no habit of differing between a thought which supposes a personal advantage by an association

with God or antiGod, or a thought which supposes a personal advantage by an association with science and the social bounds of living. The continuity of living is a union to all of sense and all of cognition, all of the imagination, applied imagination or either pure imagination. Applied science or either pure science. No matter. And the course of drawing a line in knowledge, the course of separating one's own institution, one's own constitution, this is a philosophy. In the interest of keeping a history practical, the social introduces a pressure to compartmentalize experience. That there be directed social intercourse and selective participation in dialogue and futures. I blame the social, but truly, it is personal, the need for directing experience into boxes. This related to material, and this related to faith. The attributions of consequence, I will ask such a question in a reconciliatory tone.

ex nihilo

August

Empty. There is not a rain, a cloud. No star. And no dream. No history. There is not the cause for futures. There is not the cause for time. Stasis. Night without stars or either I be a star, matter performing, unaware.

And out of nothing, conscience. Out of nothing, ability and sense, reaching reaching without ends. And in a wake, a trail of colors and temperatures and life. A

stream of matter and moral declaration, a stream of socialisms and preference, a stream of knowledge, a

gravity, a verity. I was once a desert. I was once a quiet night. I was once sleep. And creation came upon me. Evil or either chaos, disturbing. The thoughts of rejection. The thoughts of mutualism and liberalism.

The thoughts, creation came upon me in a flash. The thoughts came upon an emptiness. And I, address it

as reason. I give cause reason. Nature, I give it reason.

Now. The concessions of birth are a balance of a force away with this sense and the limits of this body. Out of nothing. Love or either affection. A cell. At an

attention. Consciousness has called an attention to this material. Consciousness has constructed this material and I give it reason. That the course of this history now begins by a marvel. A spectacle outside of my control.

Out of nothing. And written into me is a model of science.

This will be gathered. And I return. To the desk of know-nothing in silence, waiting for another. An other.

my presence

August

Deliver a nature, a wind, a palace of sand and stone.
Deliver a day, a consciousness, a will of freedom and
greater freedom. Or either deliver a peace, a rest

among mountains and ferns, and crystal water, and
meditation. Sleep I will, upon a cloth, upon a land
becoming. For it only takes a moment to realize that

this, this, is. Deliver myself. Deliver a spectator, to
believe, in a surrounding without offense. Deliver a
poet to beauty. To return to the social remainders

defending a nature without offense. If only a time,
past. If only a poet. And consider an institution in
this frame. I am an institution, sent with flags and

meaning and objectivity. My presence is an institution,
delivered. And it is not enough, consciousness, for a
conscience will be the mark of good faith and the mark

of responsible freedom. Greater freedom. That the
symbols of auburn days and forest naps, of tides
and daybreaks, and silence, this, that it reconcile a

social determination to cover and sort and make a
land useful, to imprint a land in its own symbols. I
admire today. And among aspens I am secure, I am

a breath. And among red cliffs, the same. Letting.
Generous. Nativism. Deliver a nature, the next, and
I will be a part, representing the adolescence of humanity.

Eating blackberries. Or either engaging a something in
my mind. Coloring the sky with wanderlust and inspiration.
Delivering inspiration, an allowance is a matter of this.

visiting scholar

August

An alternative, objectivity. And this familiar becomes the status, change. Diplomacy, the institution of a source away. There is a pride to imagining a potence, a pride to governing an idea, that this representation

will feature a foreign face. In lines and color, in words, this office will be an external representation to xenophobia and culture and morality. I list them all, the food, the

entertainment, the nature, the beauty, the education of youth, the method of care. I am an ethnologist, trained

in philosophy, and trained by a geography of sun and sand and stony mountains. And this, thank you for your reception. Office hours are Wednesdays from one

to three or by appointment. And I will talk outward and I will ask a question, drifting to reason and back. An alternative, objectivity. And I release the hydrogen balloons of inconsistency, in the interest of common denominations, them gone. I will be a citizen one day,

with the privileges associated with formal social cause, or either I will back away to a homeland with a popular conception of ministry. I have brought an open book of attitudes and a trust, I have brought a frame of difference.

And your attention, voluntary, if at all. For I, I am the object of learning. This visit is a matter of inquiry. I

am slate, only. Reconciling and editing my own, and marching by the drums of distant poets. And trying things. Things. And learning the things of language which are funny. And learning the things of language with a reference to that affectionate history of distance.

maybe Godot is waiting for me

August

Passing by, the hours. I shall wait another lifetime. For this place was the marker, the establishment. And I thought we were of the same reason, synthesis. I have grown accustomed to the music, the fiddles of nighttime insects, the morning wind. I have grown accustomed to the smells, the grass. And a solitude is not here, not with your mention. I am in your company,

where ever there is a chance, I am in your company. And the years, the marks on wood, the way the art changes. The images, the albums, all a collage. The

change, how it runs together in a cadence, a confluence of significance, seaward. That in a time my wonder will have met your person once again. Standing before me in black, tall and with patience, the same age in which I last remember. Everything is the same age in which I last remember. Except my wardrobe, when did it become

so plaid? Except my knowledge. I know too much. I have seen too much in isolation. Waiting. In the least

an hour is a friend, it could be worse, that there were no time at all. That there were no station to lay upon cardboard and newspaper. That there were no such

thing as certainty. Otherwise I would be a fireman. A fisherman I would be, or either a golfer. Without a preoccupation I would be occupied, a vocation. Of

witnessing miracles or in the least talking of them, a vocation. Of legacies, a vocation. But I have elected the lottery of your company. What was once a matter of holidays and riding down hills on bicycles, it is still a matter. And as a thought I will wait or either pass.

liminalism

August

Between. A consciousness and a history, an unconscious.
Recognizing the force of a creative mind. By what

source is an idea, -clouded by comparison. I know
not the walks, the origin of charge. No matter, I will

wander in a tandem between the worlds, with sense
held high, arresting apperception and beauty and a

lust for going one further. Perhaps the morals, them,
they be the substance of the underminde, or either the

measure of quality, the measure of grace, and the measure
of God. This I know, an evidence of art, expression,

it is the measure. And cling to the springs of this which
has become, or let it pass. I will operate in between.

With an inspiration and direction buried within my
soul, and with a calling to this presence, them both

are the nature of value, the bounds of this living. For
becoming is manyfold and if I am to address circumstance,

in the interest of constructing my own, them both are
consultants. And each are the benefactors of experience.

A subconscious acquiring a modern morality and a
modern history, and a consciousness addressing a humanity,

its needs, its pleasures, its body. Between. Liminalism.
Balance. Entertaining the whole of a person. And in its

fashion, collecting the day, enlarging itself. Commandments
and inspiration and preference. And traveling one on.

August

August

Fall becomes. The lasts, of summer, the brows, the stillness, the nighttime lemonade by porchlight, the fireflies. For a change, August is change. Of sealing the lasts, and making a way, for the colors shutting

down, green to red, and then to brown. Assessing a patience and a wardrobe. An assessment of one's own. Colors. I am prepared for September, for what

it brings. A steadiness to the spirit. A look toward far away winter winking. I believe it will be a cold winter. Far away, but I can tell, by the futures of living a mild summer, and the futures touching down upon this August night, I can tell. Yes, the season is complete.

And fall becomes. And a breath. Looking outward to the romance of forest walks in light jackets, and a

listen, to the wind, one degree different than a month ago. Older, the wind. And knowing the spectacle of participation is just beginning. And knowing, a cause,

that a science or either a poetry will mark the start of social predispositions to an emerging season. I welcome

autumn. I welcome its infancy, this year August. I welcome the maturity of its delight. And August, the better for understanding the introduction of temperance and patience and harvest. Fall becomes. In a day.

In a splash of commitment. And I am prepared for its advance. Waiting, upon the heels of a stalled summer, and waiting, for the reds, the auburns, the yellows, and then the monochromes. Inevitable. That I be this time older, this time prepared. Fall becomes. Inevitable.

insanity and genius

August

Temperament is not cause for genius. Nor genius a
a cause for temperament. Lest frustration be affect.
Lest frustration of social slowness be insanity. Perhaps.

Whiling away the spirit of change, sending a last
regard, sending a science to silence. For this I know
cannot be accepted as profound given the customs

of certainty. And genius, it will rest amid the folly
of politics and an electorate concerned by a collective
advance. Blame the social. For its cries of freedom

outright and its acts of isolation and self service. I
am confused, indeed, but an idea that stands against
a reason, it is an unwelcome force. An idea which

constructs a logic in the face of an establishment, without
its concessions, -perhaps in a lifetime. Perhaps. And
rest upon a stage, return upon a stage, demonstrating

a philosophy despite a storm. A name, this temperament
has a name, bipolarism, schizophrenia, a word. That
whittles an imagination, that leaves one to diagram

their thoughts, clinging to the smallest atom of goodness.
The cause for stars, insanity. And the best namecallers,
they be those dividing a person, taking a micron of

their goodness and framing it, that the remainder of
humanity will follow. This is genius, this micron. The
social establishment of purity among chaos. For in

every is a charge, and temperament, I believe it to be
an affect. But the social cannot change. And genius
cannot change. Just an adaptation I resist. I am cause.

a divining labor

August

Walk away, the last of adolescence. And maturity,
it brings the concessions of a faith. Every spectacle
is a division of something greater. And every spectacle
is an object. To be turned, understood. To be held

in the interest of supposing it once again. And I make
an effort to suppose, I make a labor of supposing
the jurisdiction of knowledge. Divine, a specialism,
and divine, a corner of humanity, this which succeeds

an honesty. And the rewards of participating among
principles, the rewards of natural law, they be the
direction of the next. One to another, the rewards
of moral behavior and the rewards of living by a codified

justice, the rewards of making public a science, a sweeping
certainty. And walk away, from the lasts of living
a renaissance. I can only know the littles. And the
rest, I will consume them in instances, in troubles and

open laboratories, in natural theaters and tree poems
and desert architecture. Following a lead is no chore,
and following a divinity is no chore. In a time I will
be the course of goodness, and in a time I will be a cause.

In the first, restless, and in the second, experimental,
and in the last, stationed for becoming a something
patterned on its own, a cause. I will be understood,
and then walk away, with the lasts of conformity and

defeatism and assimilation, gone. Once troubled, and
responding responding, the charge of institutions will
be supposed. Engraving a life by the models of value,
Engraving a soul, this day is an engraving I return.

deviance

August

A social mind exists, a mind of behavioral thresholds and conformity, a mind of consequence. And I am muddled. Charged. Practically an invitation for a

step outside. A dare. For in all contradiction a walk outside of the social perimeter is a justification of an

independence. I have been recognized. I have a will, and my will has been formalized in the abstracts of social deviance. Just a bit too far. Consequence. Just a bit too loud. Consequence. Just a bit too colorful.

Consequence. But so much easier, the recognition of

staging one's independence in a defiance, than the alternative, of collecting collecting rosebuds for decades.

I never set out to disagree. Rather a path was always an expression of positivism. And so a majority has other ideas for the appropriation of paths. And so a majority already has a catalogue of appropriate living.

Well, ok. (pause) What am I to do? Who will be my mentor? What reward is there to living in the official fashion? Am I allowed friends? I have been introduced

to the directives of conformity. I have been introduced

to the charges of social programming. And I am muddled. Practically an invitation for a step outside. For a breath

of freedom. And I thank you for your smothering cause. And when I return from the institutional consequents, I will whistle. And I will save the questions that I had stored for a time when I have a genuine interest. Dare.

desolation, daydreams

August

The metaphysics of the mind meet no containment.

Geography is but a sample to this body. For there

is an eternity beyond a whistling wind and a sand swept land. There is a passion beyond the patterns of night to day, horizon to horizon. I travel a passion.

I stage a walk in a direction until I am far away from

nowhere. And rest, by the drumbeats of this heart

I challenge the gymnastics of this mind. I am to fly. I am to hold the substance of wishing. Atop a spire, a pinnacle overlooking deviling duststorms and little

creatures scavenging scavenging. A release, to the

sky, where browns turn to the limits of blues with

white puffs scattering eastward. I know eastward, I was there, visiting and drinking dark espresso on a grassy lawn watching pretty August women conspire

away away. And the afternoon, afternooning upon

a beach, anklng in water, wondering the tide. There

is water in desolation. And there is conspiracy. All of the things are a substance to me. The metaphysics of the mind meet no containment, especially in a

physical absence. And the metaphysics of the sense,

let them go, or either return. No matter. Let them.

anyplace home

August

Anyplace home. Geographies within, this forest, this homestead. This jail, this institution, this homestead. This company. I have my books, my assorted, and

the courage. And knowledge, I have too much of this. The cause for traveling, an addiction, a restlessness

for one more instance, and one more. Making maps.

Anyplace home. The beach, the winter, the meadows, the cities, the summer. Geographies within, indeed, a borrowed porch, a shelter. Food, it finds me, and company, it finds me. There are several of me. Waiting

for an engagement. Waiting for the next direction. They present themselves, missions. A place where I can reproduce myself, plant a seed, a place in which I

can assume a nothing will settle between these ideas and this earth. And this is what I defend, this entitlement,

that the liberties of staging a home where ever I am to

travel will not be discouraged. This is my home, this entitlement, and I defend it. Small, indeed. A spot. A wrinkle. And a cause. For entering a modernity in a backpack. Or either entering an ancience in a backpack, welcoming welcoming all who enter this

entitlement. Anyplace, home. With the family of a nature, a season, and with an urgency of responding to the needs, they find me. And then let go of a locale.

For it was all a matter of a larger development in any course. It is all a matter of a larger development.

liberal thoughts

August

A time, scattered and smattered, constructed. A time, benevolent and searching, sometimes screaming and sometimes answering. Toss the words to the sights,

to the populations bouncing off of one another, babying one another, and telling each other the nature of principles.

Sloppy. Or either pointed, the words roll. Catechisms, what order? Rules and rules, calling a substance, this is a mention to this. And run. And run. There is not a time to waste among spontaneity and giving regards

at every turn and applauding the anything people. I was once an anything person, but now I am more than an inspiration, I am more than republican, I am more than license. Liberalism, I give you food. And the questions, I will answer in a question, in no particular

order and with no particular prejudice. And show me prejudice and in a generation or either a day I will discriminate discrimination. A time, this is all

I need, for a chaos to run itself to purpose, and for an

emotion to begin or either reprimand itself. And make a word for every thought. I was born a man of letters and the urgency of inclusion becomes a fractal among everything new. Everything becomes a fractal. Eternity

becomes a fractal. The universe becomes a fractal. Or either I waste among the routines of automatonism.

And the poems become a fractal. Or either I forget the charge of liberalism, that there be a purpose to a hindsight and a foresight, time. Or either there never was.

social strains

August

Stretching out, a population, reaching out by the efforts of its inhabitants. By the experience of its inhabitants, reaching, becoming. In a reference to

a geography and in a reference to social collisions, this strain is unique. And draw a line before intimidators and the others, draw a line marking the bounds of

this civilization. For here has its own dichotomies and its own pressures, its own nature, and here is the grounds of reform. The foundation of change

is inherent. And if there be a rivalry and a question, a manner from without, these presidents will suggest its value. These senators and these personalities will

be the caretakers of wisdom. And evolving, with a wand and a language, a population, in respect to the shaping forces, in respect to the forces it can

shape. Control. This community structures itself literally, the words for water, the words for love and prosperity, the words for romance. And becoming,

the philosophies framed in native words and native cause. And becoming, a people filling a philosophy. Stretching out, beneath a mountain sun, a desert rain,

stretching out among the absurd. And a line. That this memory is a possession, it is an entitlement, a reward for living in regard to a local identity. Or either

a selfish regard hiding a prosperity, that a society contain the marks and patents of a manner of social living. I trust a day. And I trust its association.

posttemporalism

August

Adjusting to midnights and daybreaks. I know that they arrive, I am a product. Memory. And a confidence in returning to habits and repetition. That in the

automation of human needs I can allow a venture to whatever cognitive surprises arrive. From ten in

the morning until noon, from six in the evening until midnight, I set time aside. There is not a structure to advance by, nor a structure to corner the imagination. Nestled into the day, posttemporalism. Where I am

the hold of nighttime and obligation, I am the hold of enterprise. I cannot be redeemed by the insistent

relativities of social order, nor a nature circling in

seasons and lifetimes, circling. Transcend. And set the mind to a liberation, ten to noon, six to midnight. That a channel transcend the primitivisms of honoring

the morning hour and the dining hour and the sleeping hour. It all arrives. And an experience away from the clock, away from the day, I am no slave to a sectioned existence. I have my hours, Central Standard

Time. In which I respond to another force, I have my

hours. Of adjustment, of defining commitments and paying a respect to a keeper of a larger truth. And

challenge, paying a challenge, that this facade of respondent living may be the programming of this body, the engineer of urgency and duty, but this soul is unlimited, it will question a nature. From ten to noon.

models for living

August

History is elevated by the exercise of humanity recorded in letters. The greatest achievements, the most reverent, the greatest citizens. Declared. And a modernity given an attention, to those living elements of strength and character. For times do change. And the heroes of the last cannot always be relevant, not in their original form. A myth will sustain a model only in its adaptation to the presence. Reference, a popular notion of exploits and fantasy. Reference, the possibilities of a manner and an intelligence and an experience, in the interest of developing my confidence I will subscribe. In the interest of personal support I will advance upon the tales of heroes. Or either I will advance upon the reproduction, the representation in which I was exposed to. And knowing the potency of myth, perhaps I will turn to storytelling. For I am able to isolate morality and prowess, I am able to

manage social thought. I watch. And I can make a king of an intern. I can begin a history. Or either I can replace a history, the exercise of humanity has not met an end, not yet. Not until I stop saying so. And not until I stop believing in records and social achievement. Not until all of the myths are logically discounted. Not until logic wins is the exercise of humanity at an end. And then, emerging through the tired embers of purism and philosophy, there will be a new hero and a new spectacle to recharge the social continent. And I will be able to tell the value of living religiously or either with a respect for sport or either in reference to an intellectual model, I will know. The darkness of a history without models will be the cause of heroes. And the cause of entertaining a social measurement. For all may be created, but an equality or either excellence is a social determination.

dirt road on bicycle

August

Pedaling in a cadence, soft enough to look about, to a sanctuary of butterflies and flying things, meadows of reds and yellows, sweeping greens. Onward, to the oaks, through the oaks, standing in shadows and cool air. Cadence. Following a pair of paths eastward,

beyond the remains of a general store, beyond the land which rises steady for two miles (I look forward

to a returning descent). And to the rock wall. And rest, with cheese and apples, and peanut butter from tubes and water. Ah! The effort! Half begun. And

lay back, head upon windbreaker, arms folded across the chest. This is the farthest I go. And in the instant after I believe my mind to be cleansed, a deep breath, a stretch. And returning the items to a saddlebag.

Onward, this time towards home. Pedaling slow enough to attend to the imagination, and pedaling slow enough to smell an August nature. With sun beaming and sounds of tires rolling, an old road is perfect for placing oneself amid a timelessness. And

to the crest, beginning downward. Yahoo! The thrill of speed is not lost upon youth. Through the upright world of trees, darkened and fresh, through the poplar stands, and down down. Coasting to a flatland of

patience and horizons. And begin again, counting strokes, accelerating upon this man-driven machine. Sustaining a pace upon the right hand track. And sustaining a glow. Refreshment, a nature from this perspective, and back. To a paved earth, and back, to a community who should know something. And back.

brave heart

August

An answer to a call, an answer to responsibility. A response. Not every call is public, and not every call is popular. But those to attend to the lists of collectivism,

those to set down upon a path in a determined fashion, heralding a philosophy, or either performing a duty

which would otherwise pass as insignificant, it is an honor. The struggles of living in a perspective. The struggles of being a portion of goodness, that there be a larger envelope in cooperation, that there be a

larger language of society outside of this trust and this obligation, this answer. True, there is a benefit to this, and true, the strings of this attachment will fill this

soul, and true, there is a community to service. I am appreciated. And if a courage can transcend the hours

away from home, and the hours of giving, if a courage can make a light of personal sacrifice, if a courage can... A response. A life upon a path. And once in a week, a report, to the members I represent. That a word bring

a justification to my efforts, that a social remember a cause for this order. That a meeting be the start of a service and not an end. I will attend to my own in

some day. Or either I will rest forgotten among men. But with a knowledge of performing the necessities and

the mundane, or either performing amid a troubled social conscience, or either defending unpopularism or the matters of social arbitrariness, I will rest with a knowledge. That a call was answered, I will rest with a knowledge.

the matters outside of education (Coleman)

August

A disposition, acquired. That this home will be the foundation of this personality. And a preparedness for the social bounds of schooling and the bounds of educational institutions, they were designed in the

activities and the growth of homebound character, the design of lifestyle. And if an institution is the

personality of its founders and its first inhabitants, and if an institution is darkened by a resistance to a change, it is bound to fulfill its legacy of treatment

to a particular type of individual. And if such an institution declares itself public, and if such an institution is supported by an inclusive population, but its services are otherwise designed for an establishment of its

generating population, its first cause, there would be an inherent denial of the faculties of those individuals

whose lives were arranged in a fashion apart from the models expressed by such an institution. The social bounds of schooling must evolve. But such a charge

is a dare to an establishment. No institution will relieve its charge unless force is presented, either intuitive force or the operative establishment of a representative idea supported by a dismissed class. And schooling,

and public institutions, considering the nature of social divisions, the nature of first experience and community

life, can only respond to a separated success with an open mind. For a universal will begin, but a universal can only succeed itself by its own self determination.

helpful character

August

To the divisions of altruism, them knotted to a character,
to the separations of giving, them conjoined with the
ideas of progress. And healing, that there be a member
to governance with a concern. Devotion. I have seen

a devotion, amid the accountancies, amid the executives,
amid the institutions, there was a public cause, there

is a cause for my attention. To the devoted, that a
solution be accelerated, discerned, and to the poets,
that a word provide a relief from the burdens of living
without without. I will find a peace, a mindful peace,
sequestered among tall trees or either the kitchen of a
saint, or either in the trials of experience, watching a
goodness become. I know goodness. Since 1976 I have
realized the need for models and the need for being a
model. I try. I can only. That it be a tired day, living
amid the everies without relations and without concern.
Selfish, such a reason, that a hand be given in one's
own interest. And selfish, such a reason, that a gift
is passed in one's own esteem. Or either the simple
notion of living accurately, responding to need, and
a response to a knowledge of performing an act because
it is the right thing to do. No matter. For a confidence

settles the cause of acts, that ends justify intent, or that
ends, they marry an interest with a conscience. And on,
in tandem, elevated in cooperation, or either left in a
peace. And on, to the next, passing oneself through the
currents of professionalism, that in a moment I will return

to a reason, the nature of reason, forgetting the papers
and dashes, the numbers, that even in their binding presence,
I will know one greater, that the shelter of becoming
knows no objects except those which pass as love.

ferrying genius

August

Be loud. Bellow and call a knowledge. Declare a range of emotion, a passion in the form of everything outward. And I will lead you across this river. There is not a need for containing your tempers nor your imagination, I seek no change in your company. For

I am but a ferry. I am one concerned with the elements of intermediates and passage. I am one concerned with a wind and a guidance, a one remembering the

lot of peoples with more engaging difficulties than a simpleton such as I. Be loud. Or either wander the

decks as if they were your own. Sing. And tell off that anger. And tell off that arrogance. Or either keep it as a temple. For I have no interest, or either my attention is elsewhere, upon the banks, upon the weather, upon a something grander which protects this quarter mile. I have no care in your genius. I

have no want. Parade. Swing your arms wildly. And dance. And upon an end if you have not become the better for my liberalism, or either my disinterest, I have not a care. For this token is our exchange, our

ground. And pass. In wonder and words. And pass. And I will entertain your company in its absence. For

I am a man of modern history, and your spirited presence

was enough for this afterthought. Your arrangement of principles and attitude was a gift to this Tuesday of wetness. Glad to be of service. And I was. Your mark was interesting, indeed. And I return, to the whiles of carrying another character. Another genius.

welcome to September

September

The surface of autumn creeping in. The wind meaning a something more. The assignments, at a lake edge pondering eastward, at an outdoor pondering. The

sky, colored in lightened blue, and silent except for a cause. Whispering in apples and cherries, in corn and dark wine, coffee and cheese. Waiting for the next of

signs, the leaves, announcing the official season in red and yellow. And to the earth I begin a wait. The surface of autumn beginning. In a flash the word will turn toward

the nature of onset and the nature of change. Rustling in schoolyards and universities. Rustling in browns and wools, in jeans in response. Approaching. Becoming.

I have not yet dismissed the last, though I am near. And I am without choice. No matter. For it is better. The time is better, better spent in patience and afterthought,

bending in response to natural change, and bending in response to sweeping force. The grass slowing. The sunflowers. The indirection of the sun, just a sight

cooler. A new freshness, clarifying. And an iron chair, settled upon a porch, a constant, or either a witness as I, settled upon a something. In wait. With passing

regards to the lasts, and the welcomes to the surfaces of change. The littles. The starts. The questions. And a nod to the roses. A nod to the silences between winds.

A nod to patience. And to the inventories. I have made an accounting of the last. And now a nod. To the day closing a couple minutes early. To the season closing.

reminding want

September

The patterns of desire, from circles spanning outward. And the next, the next. There is another fold beyond this day, another ring to challenge, another color. And at an end I will have become filled with the objects of entertainment, the objects of fashion, need, of want. Atoms consumed, directing an interest, directing the next. A collage, of reminders accelerating a history, and

securing a reason, a logic to this. And to the next I will travel. The next want, the next object, or either the next recess, for there is a time to let go of the insecurities and blame and the other darkened particles. The patterns of desire, they form a liberal monument to the will, that this satisfaction will be a match to its effort, and this charge will be welcome in at least one history. I will carry a burden if I am to believe in an outcome. I will center a devotion to the arrangement of words if I am

confident. Or either center a devotion to the science of social change. If I am confident, this. And the patterns, and the auctions, the capitalisms of marketry and decision, the force of choice, this approachable and this distant, I am exposed. But the last was an idea, sending a storm sending a want, and I can tell and fascinate by the last, this is becoming. Reason, the force of want, the force

of thought put to words, put to the strategies of living. And ration, rationale, rationalism, I go no further, for a desire defies social bounds, and a time spent in justification is either ordered by authority or either an act of indulgence. A desire defies social bounds, it defies reason and this justification. Forgotten. And upon a bean bag chair I settle, ordered. And the patterns, the reminders, there will be one more. Reminding a one that there is another to indulge, that the settlements are in their beginning.

establishing oneself

September

Planting an anchor, a seed, planting a piece of oneself upon a geography. And in a day I will have discovered the parameters of the future. I will have succeeded an interest. And from this earth, I become. A city I become. With passions and social collections, with museums. A timepiece upon a wall, an order. I represent. In truth I cannot know the faculties, the rest, the others, but I shall entertain them in any case. Invite them in upon themselves, for a coffee, a snack, and let them jog amongst their own intellectualities in my service. For this anchor is an invitation to the rest. This anchor is a mark of commitment. And restore oneself to mindlessness or either industry, no matter, for this is a home. With orchards, with trees for boundaries, with sunflowers outside a french door, I took a deep breath an hour ago, but once was only a tease. And I cannot return, for this I have not left. And this, this is a foundation to daydreams and cause, this is a stop. To a social archive and to a nature, to a human nature, a nature of growing old with a place. As a seed, begun upon the littles. A mark upon the littles, evolving.

It was a good year, the last. And to rest upon a stage, there is a responsibility, and a response to responsibility. The calls suffer an afternoon. The needs, they become a member of this house. And the order I am, it is in a chorus with a greater arbiter. And the lessons which I am exposed to, there is need, I can only answer this. I cannot deny a public intention to hold my attention. It was a good year, the last. And I make a measure of the trials, the responsibility. And the gray. This body grows old establishing itself. And the thoughts of leaving, the thoughts of fleeing to another newstart, they pass in a consideration of the sum. And enter, the middle age of becoming. And enter, old age. Upon a history. Settling upon a history which invites the new into a threshold.

measuring authority

September

Against God, you are a something. Against the rain, you are an atom, something. Against the nature of humans, or either against the nature of forests, against the nature of earth, you are a something. And I, I am the lesser, with questions, with questions, and a want.

In a day I will be a legacy, a memory, I will be an atom for having been among your chain. I read about you, your courage, your gratitude. I stand beside you, in

defense. For there has never been a matter between us, and if there were, to the clouds I let, and to the air, the sea. And what can tell the features of what is to come? Speculation. Prophecy. Or either the experience of a test and another. I have passed among change and I am witness to the seasons in your company, the ease

of apple season, the quiet grace of snowstorms, the wandering men of summer, and there was a place for each. I remember this. And with a charge to know an environment, a charge to establish a micron of governance,

or either a performance in my interest, you gave an answer to the wind. I watched. Silent. And against. That a measure of authority was what became of your insistence upon independence, and however small you became within your sovereign circle, it was ever a seed of its own. Like

a contradiction, an embassy of contradiction, unifying a force against the hardness of eternity. And in the end you became as mortal as I. Only in the end. And this was the measure of your humanity, your reason, your quiet and determined substance. But an atom will bear a continuance. An atom will bear a character. An atom, a contradiction to the other. And unchanging. Whole.

separate foundations

September

From this place, come. And to the others, an education,
a list of principles, or either a spirit of anthropology.

What philosophy is in my corner, continental or either
instrumentalism? Them all. Them all I say. For a name

given to my acts is an abbreviation of my soul. And a
name in your company is an identity for you to step

around. Carry away, the catalogues, the temperaments,
and the history of discourse, carry away a reason for

a modernity as a contradiction to some other. And
carry away policy, lest you cause me harm, carry it

all away. Let the antinames of sociology and religious
studies be aware of another, something small and intimate,

a thing which steadies its own in trust and compassion,
a thing which requires no obligation. Let the antinames

be aware. Let their be no parameters to our company.
And if an allowance for partialisms and for the preference

of living, and if an allowance for affiliation, I will as well
turn to defend the nature of quality I am familiar with.

From this place, come. And in the spirit of gifting and
patience, in the spirit of mutualism and an evolving

language, in the spirit of something, mark. Mark. A
fashion, a living, a day. Mark. And call it a something,

an antiname or a trust, that we shall return to in a day
carrying a symbol between us. Carrying a future. Mark.

