

*BLACK  
BIRD  
FALLING*

P O E M S

GREGORY MARKEE

*BLACK  
BIRD  
FALLING*

GREGORY MARKEE

Copyright © 2012, By GREG MARKEE All rights reserved.

PRITY LIGHTS PUBLISHING  
△  
MADISON

*BLACK BIRD FALLING*

Toward the sun  
it lifts itself  
pulling up on its wings

[Whether a black bird requires reason]

High higher

The ambitious morning sun a cloud

Toward the sun  
it lifts itself  
pulling up on its wings

Stopped by a cloud  
black bird falling  
to the earth drop back at gravity

*A fall is from a cloud  
from a cloud black bird fell  
unto sound and stillness*

*THE MYTH OF PERMANENCE*

And red will change to blue to midnight  
and the moon will go away  
the river recedes and there is no more rain  
except when the thunder

And the sun will stop and start again the  
mountains sink into lakes and man  
will put pine rafts into them before they  
are buried and decayed like fallen grass does

And the season will merge with the next  
the vines regrow in darkness with  
flowers not yet seen and the animals change  
like nature

And the cities will grow forward and up  
like energy and contrast and the tree  
the tree will grow forward and up like energy and  
shelter

And the seed will germinate in sand and  
the rain the cost of rain is no charge and  
lightning is a causal demonstration the mash  
of colors turn to black and separate and turn to colors

And the sound of broken silence is no startle  
to place without life when the stones are soft  
again and cooling  
This is a star this is a star this is not a star

*THE TIMEKEEPER'S WATCH*

Set to the seasons  
and sunrise  
the timekeeper's watch held in patience  
let out anxiety like thread

The spider  
waited

Forever

The rains come quickly at times  
with a windless balm  
The waters collect after and are gone at midday

And the black bird knew no different of today than yesterday

You will be called away soon  
as will I

THE STARTLED CARDINAL

Caught itself nested into night when  
A first light comes

*I do not mind that you put your nest outside my door*

*And sunrise my attention with coffee*

The creaking door

*Apologies bird*

*I too hate to be woken*

*THE FOREST RISEN FROM THE LAST*

The debris where it falls to rest  
now come with insects and boring sorts and mushrooms  
gently graded back into soil for first undergrowth wants  
The forest risen from the last

From seed and its own care  
gathered rain trickled from above  
they have returned into the soil too they have returned into the soil too  
The forest risen from the last

The spectator the bear the spectator the fox the squirrel  
as well with their own lines more mobile  
with scat for life again and the movement of seeds and death which decays  
The forest risen from the last

An upward force for what is not born down and small  
toward a rain and light and ever bottomed like roots are solid  
and death is not an end but a condition to being  
The forest risen from the last

*THE POLITIC LINES SURROUND A STATE*

The binding lines the Congresswoman wore beads around her neck her wrist  
and voted

Party lines  
a smart style of hair a smart watch which keeps good time

The building the representative building there is a stone from every county  
echoes

Statehood  
is young and optimistic over and again like the Spring rivers come

The sign the constituent is a sign this time with eye contact  
the painted sign

Color  
to interior the red the blue I forget which is important he speaks

A politic amongst itself and language is invented relevant language  
common language now

The letter  
the news the coming news the letter the talk is progress and function

Ambition the speaker the eloquent speaker and an attention  
the box

And voted  
Quietly each and stop for food and lightness then return again



*THE ELEPHANT MISPLACED*

The elephant the slow elephant the political elephant  
 misplaced in a diner  
 in Philadelphia eating grits with maple syrup

How can an elephant ponder the loss of voting privilege  
 but to order another round of grits  
 brother

That voting be a privilege  
 hangs his head until his tusks rest on the counter  
 and daydream a savannah life

There were simpler times when grits were brought  
 she would say they were all there was this morning  
 I will go shopping today he would reply

Politics could not be divisive because  
 there was no disagreement to the zebratic health care reform  
 who can argue with grits for all

The elephant stood wobbled stood and dropped a paper dollar  
 on the table  
 next to the unused butter

The economy cannot be interfered with excepting  
 game trails  
 grits and game trails and maybe science education

*OPENING A BOTTLE OF SWEET WINE IN THE OUTDOORS*

The blanket brought from the car leftover  
 From last winter's fear of getting caught in snow  
 And the rabbits the butterflies out today

The early morning rain come and gone quick gone away pushed  
 The blue sky the same blue sky as last nights falling star  
 Caught

The tall grass now  
 And the insect buzz all about saying in poems  
 All

I do not consider collections  
 Put away into rooms  
 I do not consider wheel rooms nor rooms of stone

There is a car near the corn near the forest  
 A mile away  
 The trail leads into

And there are no train tracks for politic's note  
 How lines connect  
 There are no train horns there are no engine sounds nor tracks

The trail is pushed into the earth with gone grass  
 An occasional flowered weed  
 I once saw a hummingbird not today

Pushed the cork into  
 Drank from the bottle and fell asleep  
 Drank from the bottle drank from the smell

*WHEEL ROOM*

The granite captain's wheel  
[I am landlocked I am a captain]  
let water into the water room  
with the colorless fish the cistern

*DO NOT DRINK*

The glass-eyed writer left his body  
for a story  
left his listening ears

The culture of a single person is invented  
why is a story mentioned he reasons himself to  
silence

The water at the oracle's tavern's well  
she ferments her honey  
as pure as her heart which she has stolen from me

I have innumerable hearts  
in a line  
she may know

The pen is filled with blood  
responds to a rhythm within her chest  
she may know

The pen is a knife and the paper is a tavern table  
the same every time  
the glass of mead is always

*THE SUFFERED DOG*

The suffered dog quiet and feigning sleep  
attentive then glossed eyes  
it was done  
the litter was taken

The good owner  
if a creature can be owned  
left the door ajar left scraps of meat left bones left attention and pets  
the suffered dog

What is nature this is nature  
the moon is history  
and the hilltop midnight is history  
the breed is separated and owned

*LOVE'S STILLNESS*

There is no memory of weather nor a seasons  
there are no questions  
resembling ascent

The watered garden set for a few days  
the sound of summer air the insects the started leaves roll to a stop and quiet  
the garden table collects pollen on its surface

The single cloud now  
there was a falling star two nights ago I remember  
the single cloud near crossed the sky

*RECOVERED ALAS*

The city sleeps through its construction the city  
sleeps through its decay  
falls and rises and falls

Left without lines to nature it is nature itself  
an organic form with character  
like that of other cities

With method and food country food brought  
is a pull to sources of life  
and quiet and fertile land is noticed

By the individual brought with notions of sustainability  
brings a city lines broader or either  
seeds a middle with life

Competition is a word like change is a word  
nor a failure of one is required for another's advance  
and thoughts of change are a nod to ways

I fear the loss of individualism in codependence  
what it is I can suffer on my own  
is an attitude not for all places

Though a city is not a place actually a city is not land  
the idea of trade is surface to market  
and city is exchange and to advance city itself

And its decay by the opposed force of weather  
or either a too individualized spirit is  
the repurpose of growth

*THE SOUND OF SUCH A MIDNIGHT*

Pitch

and without stars without moon  
there is no universe  
and the cave of being is a cave of loss

I remember light  
the imagined star to look directly at  
disappears like it is stolen  
as a finished dream without memory

The sound of such a midnight  
is cost to where the mind will wander  
among absence among  
the other senses too dulled and nubbed

It is my voice which is amplified  
nor the importance of what I say  
but in a carpeted room and without light  
and only to advance upon oneself



*ARE YOU NOT WHAT I CALL YOU*

Where silent words as print are land  
to walk upon to fall upon  
and water to drink  
rolling from cause like gravity finds lowness  
and a rested pool into stone  
In winter it freezes  
The words are to those whose presence is followed by  
their own time  
what is known of change when a poems expect  
is what is pulled forward  
and simple as a walls as any room  
the socialized spells of spell and intention  
the shifted burden of the origin of stars  
from myself to what brings invention  
I am only responsible for moving prayer  
and simple to toss a language to the air  
see it held now and again  
enough to say I shall speak once more  
for its receipt  
And were it canvas for their imagination  
or I spell accounts  
In summer the words evaporate  
and to discover the error of God is  
mortality  
or either cause for ambition  
and the emotions like cycling change  
Are you not what I call you

*AIR LINE*

It is a hawk coasting circles

air line

and the butterfly aprance to flower top to top

The moving summer air is a puff

It is a sparrow at ease from dot to dot quickness

air line

The inanimate cloud too started before my attention

where you are from is speculation gathering from

the West

*FIRST LIGHT*

First light ambient  
a forest's edge revealed and the city rows  
down a hill

The sun edges at the eastern clouds the surface of orange  
starts  
the horizon yet stars in the other full direction

I am a scientist  
there is no difference in this day  
I am an artist from now

Rise  
and what is concealed in night so too goes away  
like the limits of that which is without sense

First light common  
only what I know of nature  
starts

*WITHOUT*

Except the sun which never shows  
Except the rain which is not  
Except the air which does not move

Except there were no cause for life  
and the planets do not move  
Except there are no stars nor knowledge of

Except a mythical view from without  
the glass held in the universe of absence  
the plan could not do without

*THE PUSH FOR START*

Whirr the engine from a push  
the old way  
idle jalopy not yet parted nor given

CREDIBILITY

Of  
 sight there is no credibility in remembrance  
 there really is no loss  
 Attention is a screen and  
 translation

The shape of experience is a cluttered perspective  
 now filtered for that which authorizes  
 truth as original  
 For what is seen is seen through glass  
 For what is seen is passed through a different history

The marred vision was put through violence  
 and language were passed through  
 that which exists without poetry without likeness  
 And only to be sound  
 that a source be contest

Credibility as secondary source such as validation  
 to predetermination  
 were a presence allowable  
 Time does prove a language  
 and the aspects of mistruth in form and my gone attention

*An only credibility were his silence  
 nor his eyes their direction distracts  
 And silence which yet marks a morality  
 were it outside his will his favor still  
 though conscience nonetheless*

*LICENSE REVOKED*

The qualified and known as qualified  
 for the signed paper  
 by the proper authorities

Argument may be a privilege  
 and a credibility among systems may be a privilege  
 to skate atop social circumstance

Though she was never meant to be the sociologist  
 and when judgeship were only to herself  
 her position is compromised

Societal calls are designed for another office  
 than representation  
 and a funnel of morality is a perspective

It is no lie to regard justice necessarily  
 though one cannot adopt two positions  
 within the guise of representation

And the frame of calling were within a frame  
 and remain until purpose  
 nor ask favors of conscience when conscience asks

It were license to say she were speaking for  
 and were a client's deeds so misinclined to say  
 representation will go against itself

Ask of systems what is fairness  
 and a notion parted from social accommodation  
 it is her license is her limits no longer

*A LIMITS TO LICENSE*

It were a limits to license that without governance

The calls to formation are to licensure

The qualified and other than elderism what is authority

The glance at the watch

It is time to go

To return home

There is nothing which is certified

And cause is not social

Cause was briefly social

The tendency of cause is the tendency of control

Released

Unto what only responds



*THE QUICK STORM*

And brighter at sunrise than an hour past  
now

The quick storm  
comes lets down the sound  
with thunder and lightning attached

Three months since the last rain  
the green will return

The drops against the remaindered grass against a treeleaves  
spots and sounds  
and thick air humid and fresh  
against the canvas warmth of this summer's being

*POET'S KNIFE*

An edge as a question  
 and response likened to memory  
 the instrument

Language is no license  
 and the difference among healers is their cause  
 nor every poet a cause for individualism

I do not separate poets excepting language  
 and justice is no sound  
 especially honesty called such

The fallible the mortal them who will fall  
 and their cause to surface once and again  
 for nothing is held

The closeness of opinion is to action  
 among the audience  
 held to account for thought

The poet's knife is a question  
 with no release excepting poem  
 and with no teeth to hold excepting conscience

Patience is a purchase of  
 that a life is experience and answer to  
 the shape of time as given

Form is the continuity of lines  
 connects the carved beads and their removal  
 is pursuit and disconnect

*HALF A SOUND*

The thunder I nearly hear though lightning  
 night lightning implies as  
 half a sound implies  
 the nearness of rain  
 And her whisper such as crossed the earth nor together  
 were it my conscience and my own words for love  
 certainty like faith for patience  
 is to answer such a words

The ending candle is half a sound  
 flicks to stop and dullness and isolation  
 were there no light  
 and a room is modern and empty

Inspiration sounds like this the pencil the instrument  
 and what a maker's acts are  
 The half sound of productivity I do not listen  
 exactly  
 The sleeping animal and quiet breath  
 half sound to the afternoon air the other half sound  
 is ambiance I do not listen  
 exactly  
 Watching is half a sound the crashing waves  
 the rolling waves  
 other than my called attention  
 and were it presence I am  
 And were vision a list to the expectations of place  
 and to summon a half sounds  
 but listen a  
 presence I am

*THE FALSE*

Truth is exact I do not live within truth  
 Nor to favor the false I can only create poems  
 Were a day a list of through passing  
 Only to my language I call from before  
 And without certainty excepting what is pleased  
 Such an emotion to say rightness  
 Though in struggle's midst pleasure is unconsidered  
 What is true bears against inaccuracy

The false is underrated  
 Concede that time is structure no more  
 I am no zealot for insisting time though  
 Demonstrate I live a day against the others  
 And though I do not call a thing its opposite  
 For applause  
 Say the absurd as false inherently not necessarily  
 The false is true for my spirit is it not

Relative among the imperial notions  
 That truth is an ordination and favors  
 The institution with secret handshakes and passwords  
 That doctrine is a menu against struggle  
 Nor false to say the false is struggle naturally  
 Nor false to say criticism in any spirit  
 Do I degrade into language only  
 Every poem is false

*FROM HERE*

There is no sport for remaining  
 the constant pushes into itself for its own nature  
 From here  
 The city is not faraway nor lost  
 for my own concern  
 I cannot quiet a city by my own quiet  
 nor a city will be permanent because of a single stone  
 This  
 is a place of cycles of seasons  
 where death is not pain nor stolen from  
 nature  
 Is not the population my own tendency like information  
 to live alone and away is no more natural  
 than isolation  
 Such is a cost  
 to accept their limited spirit to accept their  
 social gains as important  
 Are they not different and  
 to say their encroach is my own magnetism  
 [for I am no economist nor publicist]  
 or either their inherent germ  
 perhaps I am first I am and alone  
 And were there reason to release my attention  
 from defense to  
 beauty  
 Say there is place enough anywhere to cause  
 forgetfulness  
 Envy is reversed and invisible  
 [yet why I write]  
 [I do not give up language] [I do not give up language]

*THE TUMBLERS*

The tumblers bounding before their age sets

Gravity

There is a window

*THE SWIMMERS*

The rapid athlete the broken surface the pull

Against

There is a window

*THE ATHLETE*

The meditates of stillness is no training

Excepting concentration

There is a window

*THE AUDIENCE*

Restless geography the flags it is their strength

Balance is an attention the voice

Anonymity is defeat

*THIRTEEN*

Thirteen is the clouds having pushed in [stay] stay  
thirteen is the long grass golden and dead for dryness bending [the clouds do tease]  
Thirteen is young love thirteen is self aware [whether there is a germ of reason]  
Superstition is a goat superstition is a locust  
the one horned man fancied the two horned woman  
love as broad as peace  
the thirteen rules to marrying outside of one's species [diplomacy is a catalyst is a germ]  
Thirteen is change when change does not exist  
certainly and the confounds of coincidence  
[the saddling of my confusion] [science is another question another question]  
The gibbous moon with ears turned to thirteen  
faced the other way outward  
the dead star is thirteen nor yet cooled to touch still smoking [listen]

*THE CALLING*

Is it not the only free spot about

And whether I call  
make free spots about



*THE ACCIDENTAL*

I find logic in a fall  
I make knowledge of the incredible  
If reason were evidence  
physicists the learned materialists

The stationary will not err  
nor the silent  
The accidental left before the one about  
and called a line of understanding

The mistrial of action  
The fallen numbers the misunderstood numbers  
And to believe again differently  
for circumstance convenes

*THE SPIDER AND THE SMOKE*

A spider's patient watch the early morning  
near sunrise

Insects about for the recent rain's call

Stationary hunter though now the explorer away from the web

Long legs twine and changeless

The breeze west to east is my cigarette quiet as  
drifting air

In your path and your catch you do breathe and share my smoke

drop to the paved patio

I do not know your words

*ALWAYS*

Always the sunrise always the air about

Always the clouds always the stars

Always the sun always the earth

Always the math the logic always the reason

Always the ocean always the delta the river

Always the mountain always the snow returns

Always the change always a language to call

Always a question always a favor

Always the forest the meadow creeps back upon a clearing always a flower

Always the forest the traveling animals the sedentary animals the nocturnal animals

Always the manicured society always godliness

Always the market the seasons always the seasons

Always the sound of commerce the register the shelves the coins

Always the trucks the traveling trucks always the walkers

Always the youth in colors always the colors

Always the family always the home

Always nature there is nothing which is not nature always the insects

Always the moon always the imagination

Always the captain's orders always the captain

Always the teacher always the art always the food

Always the banker always the calendar

Always the knife always the pen

Always the trust always truth like science like language

Always material always a meal

The paper the leaves of paper the lot of paper the book

The canvas the geography is made

The patient coffee black the justwoken eyes always

The poem the poem differently punctuated the poem punctuated with a word

The way always is said the way always is said with eyes

*THE CONSUMER*

A holds to branded affiliations like color

The confident consumer and loyal

Like passion

The single-minded decline of society

Where all is capital

And the bounds of social interest are the limits of personal needs

They keep to themselves too much I do

Keep cornered the same productions

The same activity again and again

And to break forward from a mold

Social change is this start were it other than money

Though what is not sold

Like time is too sold

Is not time a commodity

There are limits to electoralism

For I cannot live in several places I cannot live twice

Though disagree that time is money

rather to say money is a commodity like time

Society will lift itself by those having made proper decisions

And the position for natural selection is educational

And convince a society for preparedness

Profit is motivation for the withhold of information is it not

An inclusive social system cannot be governed by its passions perhaps

Though a personal system can

*THE WATCH*

The time of the day is arbitrary

Without a place to be

Without appetites

The watch is nearly accurate to a second in a day

Jewelry

*BEER AND EVENING TOBACCO*

Made grossness of opinion for love of tobacco  
the appetites including Belgian beer  
and left alone

Thought turns to the character of substance  
its creation  
like time

The appetites are drawn from the lives of ingredients  
and to believe in the favor of perfection  
as rested to optimum

And the social concern  
for there is none  
is either reinforced to the criticism of consumption or gone like the weather

The staging area established  
and the interior as near to the senses  
as a theatre as a laboratory

Nor until an aspects are without invention  
can he quietly rest in silence  
for pleasure ah and there is no language

*THE EMPTY PAGE*

The empty page is a canvas is a wall  
 Semiotics is a brush  
 Invention is a brush  
 A word is more colorful than red than indigo

The woman  
 with autumn hair  
 and floral dress held by her shoulders  
 with nothing in her eyes nor hands

Direction is cause for invention is cause for discern  
 What comes about the poet's history  
 Like reflection and certainty  
 And were it law to mention

Not the woman  
 the character  
 had a penis  
 and was thirty-three years old

Nothing is completed nothing is ever completed  
 The published poem  
 Is differently capital now with punctuation again in a different museum as different  
 The empty page is yet

The faithful and without gender androgynous  
 salt  
 and with language and criticism and  
 with names for one another though not themselves

*OLYMPIC FREQUENCY*

The prow of the nation  
 and nations several as frequency sport  
 for gold is called  
 for convention's excellence

Training is a blade  
 and where war can typically be mentioned as cause for reconstruction  
 in ambassadorism  
 the likes of athletic competition

Rather remark ambition of a body's potential  
 has no relation to war  
 limits are resolved and stretched  
 and nationalism in such a context is completion

It is not to the athlete to be the spirit of mention  
 competition is sincere  
 and within the bounds of sport  
 like focus

Though a nation's pride in [their] commitment  
 too possibility for my own  
 and lines of a hundred nations a thousand nations independent  
 each with line to citizens

Color is a symbol is a person  
 prepared and bested in a series of their own impressions  
 put against another like a team or actual  
 nation nations and their weave



*POLITICAL MOSAIC*

Inclusion is not a word when tolerance is without consideration  
 authority rests within an idea of their regard  
 nor to regard such thoughts but as my own dissolve eventual

Congress is a spirited body  
 with all aspects and appetites with all of the social forms  
 and accomplishment is right and improved upon mere majority

The agreeable conclusion and signatory for formalism  
 a contracted handshake and the spirit of cooperation  
 there were colors and colors are yet mentioned and based

For to believe in a strain of law which supersedes protectionism  
 for such is practically embedded nor necessarily mentioned outright  
 the elected are symbolic in their being and characterized

Representation is my own spirit and I am of a place  
 with likewise conditioned peoples  
 and there be no strain but to see a values at election

Nor peace is a sound nor mentioned excepting against war  
 nor solution to that which exists as unproblematic  
 it is no effort to be

Nor language alone for their directions are geography itself  
 nor language alone for a peoples' types transcend place as well  
 ask a congress of congress' purpose nor fear silence upon

And were it a dream to say cooperation  
 and were purpose to exteriors alone [ka] and realize  
 exterior is to all if to say what is interior

*EXISTENTIALISM AND FRIENDSHIP*

And a walk seaward in company  
 the low clouds today thickness the air and sense  
 the sounded waves acrash and quieted  
 Friendship is no question  
 the assumptions of safety and to receive  
 a company as without the introspects of  
 thoughtful rigor proven blind ultimately  
 Shorebirds in and out nor to know how it is  
 I accomplish the next faith inna line  
 Sociology is no metaphor is theory  
 nor room for the conceptions when the sun will break through  
 any moment and how to know nor wonder  
 I find myself do I not find myself  
 and aware a station is no need for word  
 and the depressions are present  
 You are no conceit like I am unto I  
 and there is no administration for nature  
 and whether I am nature is no wonder  
 God is not a word like silence  
 And the equivalents of being as are segmented  
 I do not know the caverns to the east  
 nor why the east is called the east like language  
 Though the east is not before me  
 nor the west notice how it is our presence  
 together  
 is actual  
 notice why it is I speak for language itself is social  
 The limits of such questions  
 The limits of such questions  
 I am not born into existentialism anyphilosophy  
 though born into existence  
 The clouds I do not ask

*SOCIAL SILENCE*

And when the air returns to sound  
 through the leaves and whistling upon the stone  
 And when the footsteps  
 the people about as nature is about

The clock is no sound from a distance

Nor freedom matters to responsibility  
 and is not noticed excepting in absence  
 like silence  
 among the clangs and arbitrary voice

*I have heard too much!*

*I invent my words*

The closing door thud  
 The automobile the siren  
 The fire kept for warmth it cracks  
 He clears his throat

A poem is not language  
 I know of no words  
 There are no meaningful words

And the crickets started with the evening  
 noticed through the open window  
 and whether my thought of tomorrow's tomorrows' duties are in words like a list  
 And whether the notice of the soundless is the adoration  
 for silence  
 Appreciation  
 and is not noticed except in its absence

*THERE IS NO LAW*

The order  
 assumes all men eventually  
 even those who write of the order  
 Mentioned among the various arts including paint  
 the similar  
 the germ of qualification  
 And to be thankful  
 to your institution  
 or risk independence

Is there no one truly independent  
 and better not to have heard of such  
 for they are gone are they not

The language put him against  
 that which is before him  
 there is never enough control

The order  
 the material order they  
 set themselves aside for the observation of others  
 Like spies assuming  
 passing through that which is without control  
 until it realizes itself against my own presence

There is no virtue to letting another die  
 there is no virtue to letting another live  
 there is not a virtue in letting

The order  
 and there are no rules like anarchy there are no rules  
 and when it is said there are rules there are no rules

*THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCE OF MYSELF TOMORROW*

The subtle difference of myself tomorrow  
is a day an age against having decided  
a longer path more my own

The grandfather took to silence  
and observation of the pieces  
of his own

Here are no more pieces to add  
the weather will repeat itself  
like family

An identity collapses like age eventual  
the several forms of selfism  
and how they learn not to expect

Gone into quiet  
resembling proof  
do they not approach as all approach

And the body stays  
and though it dissolves comes apart for no longer attached to the soul  
like memory left away

I am not divided for having known  
and decided against  
but to be more included in time

*IS NOT TRUST MY OWN BURDEN*

Whether it needs be said  
I trust  
or the automatons of social being include trust  
from start

And the balance of mistrust  
for trust is gone upon a hurtful acts  
that it be stored reasonably for returns  
for not to hold such contempt

Though trust is no burden  
and returns to trust may be my own struggle  
and do I turn to the economics of relating  
for perhaps a greater burden to isolate oneself

Trust is no contempt  
nor considered conscience as a day is traveled  
in conversation  
and I do not wait for reasons of expulsion

A social burden called social burden  
to say life is balance to disagreement  
and strength to say mine is not the only reason  
though I am no forfeit

Reflections are emotion  
and what is business is not friendship necessarily  
and a litmus for trust each  
ask of my own character and how such is maintained

*THE COLLAPSE REMEMBERED*

It is no novelty to say triumph following  
collapse  
How social order is no refrain  
when memory is political and mismatched and of linear age  
for some events are not reflectively retained  
There is no control for a force greater than myself  
and to say such a force is  
ordination  
is to say force is capital to character were ordination the formation of  
character  
perhaps  
To fall like imbalance nor of one's cause  
or of one's cause  
is a thought  
and the whorls of avoidance were it to dispel one  
into isolation and quiet  
The pull of certainty is great  
and what I know as any soul brought in question  
were to start forward upon forward's call  
And of exhaustion for the repeats of cataclysm  
that life were composed for some other  
not my own  
The domain of control is not so little  
that it does not lend itself outwards as sincerity  
A center is guided indeed upon the conditions of place  
though ask of centers  
and it were it personal character as cause like fault  
and the possibilities of change  
upon such  
or either hardness

*THE ASCENSION OF THE GOAT*

The horns were taken now nubs and  
simple eyes like  
a watching creature  
The ascension of the goat  
the hooved animal and caged and used  
for contract is death and all parts are assumed  
The voice is taken without meaning  
The defiance is taken like the will is taken  
and the flesh  
To say a goat is spirited  
like the forms of any soul  
and a question were spirit of a collection or the individual  
And were spirit necessary for thought  
ask of character  
but not of species  
The ascension of the goat the man  
used and riddled  
and were salvation's thought salvation itself  
for throughout struggle to ask  
what is the retention of middles  
The bones are included in the stew



*CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION*

The litter the bottles the papers blown

The trampled grass

The hour after

The grass will return to a used park

and the stage will be taken away

and the Mayor contracts for the removal of litter [the election is not his turn]

Sociology is the germ of policy like language

The official election the official voice

[My own voice calls to itself as official]

The campaign

eats

dollars

The newspaper left after the rally

indicates a poll

The newspaper after the rally indicates campaign contributions

[Is fifty still half]

[I am no numerologist]

[Is my life not half completed] [always]

What can I do

if I believe in you

be<

*ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER*

The sentry lit candles for a stay  
 red votive holders for the order  
 respond to the moving air quiet  
 All along the watchtower  
 there are no boundaries [this is not a fenceline]  
 nor tax  
 The colorful pass on record  
 with instruments with voices  
 and the silent them with packed bags and without knowledge  
 And the horses on the horizon  
 an afternoon to pass to the other horizon  
 at sunset  
 When the candles can be seen  
 and the sleepers pass seeing and not being seen  
 with litter behind [evidence]  
 In a week the nomads return with trade  
 with trailers and tents and footprints  
 to wash away in the next rain  
 The fires come are let  
 and the sun will know more than watching  
 though not of midnight  
  
 When their eyes glow  
 and they ask of death  
 what are the bounds  
 And their teeth and their ears cock  
 and to sniff the stillness  
 like animal  
 You too are watched you too are watched  
 you without language mine  
 you too are watched

*BE*

The position and with sense

aware

and more than records for to notice everything that approaches the senses

is not necessarily their notice

and brought into contact with memory and imagination

call interpretation

Be

and to consider exactly like existence

the fulfillment of life's contract

it is enough an authorized order to receive

and positioned from default for renewal perhaps

or either reconfirmation

Whether there is a contracted ness for being

and whether to call a difference at being and to be

though mention be

implies an audience like an order I receive

as if to say I have not been or I am not being

though self awareness perhaps

considered if I am actively being upon such a command

I do not consider such an awareness at all times

rarely

as if to say I need expel a consciousness of

advanced action or stillness need I repeat to myself be be be

Perhaps a mention of confidence to say

return to center centers where you dwell

and return with what it is you are

I am then interested

and locating authority for who calls at dogs

or either represents

a calling

like order

for their own being and in relation

*LATENT MOON*

Take away the sky without my notice  
the night sky only black and  
latent moon now for patience  
The only jewel  
And though there is not a prayer to time  
[all prayers are to time like poems]  
that you are away  
as I am to myself and famous and only  
visiting and exposed

Come late into my life  
when I am asleep and called elsewhere

*POETIC EVOLUTION*

There were stanzas and rhythm and rhyme  
 iambs and control  
 left aside for meaning  
 Free verse again the substance like natural language  
 and bounding subjects kept together  
 in metaphor  
 A poem is not anything  
 nor mere words strung about a page  
 The gathered utterances like film  
 a mirror to the way of the poet having started differently  
 And though she climbs into rhyme  
 on occasion for attention  
 it was not until the satisfaction of saying as intended  
 that she returns to form  
 as punctuation  
 Free verse is left blank verse is left in final  
 autonomy  
 That it be returned to is evidence I pedal backways  
 on occasion  
 Capture  
 every star one by one and each of their anthropologies  
 that form is no consideration  
 eventual  
 One great poem has no shape against another great poem  
 The way one is drawn to consider  
 aspects  
 in pleasure or harm or trust  
 the lighted fascinations are cause for their own advance  
 Call learning  
 and the poet having fashioned style  
 is transcendent for having left away a concern  
 excepting what is mentioned how

*THE ELECTRONIC BARKING DOG*

There is no neighbor home to ease the electronic dog above  
from his paranoia at the wind  
the sounds of the home  
the traffic  
He is the master of the domicile and watching  
as thousands of programmed years do cause  
It is as an electronic dog will do  
excepting the otherwise confident electronic dog the listening electronic dog  
The barking electronic dog  
declares there is no emptiness here  
and has no consideration of his own  
He is giving and owned he is a protector  
Though I have seen the electronic animal and can attest to his ten pound frame  
his electronic bark is much larger  
and found like a voice which is the most heard  
In a few hours the owners will have returned  
and walk the electronic dog  
silent now and bashful and self aware and unplugged  
that his size against another is faint  
though he will be at his empty nest again certainly  
loud and listening and loud and synthetic

*PURPOSE*

I was told to stay alive

It is amoral to say life's purpose is life  
though I can find no argument in such a statement

Do I not mind living as an animal  
and without attachment to calendar

Are actions considered and do I remember  
is there such an emotion as pleasure

It is poetry to stay alive

It is not amoral to say life's purpose is poetry  
language is implied

The separation of language  
and a counted pages are numbered are never written

From memory are never written  
were an acts alone poetic and without thought

Nor ask  
whether it is a question I respond to

A question for philosophy for psychology  
a poem about questions

And if logic declares poet I am not amoral  
okay

*ARSON THE DRAGON*

Started the fire in the dumpster near the apartment complex  
It was autumn and the tree near above the dumpster had no leaves to ignite  
Though a hot ash did manage its way onto the black Mercedes G

The dragon left the scene of the fire shortly after it started  
Wandered to a duplex a kilometer away and climbed into bed  
With a candle burning slept without dreaming as dragons do

The dragon in his pajamas caught fire at daybreak  
It was the city sanitation workers that started him  
But they do not realize that this is how dragons are reborn



*CONSCIENCE THE VOICES*

Conscience the voices  
 there are characters to insight  
 separated each and again separated  
 There are ten themes to match the way I move  
 and ten within each of these  
 and how many categorical generations

I retain my own voice among  
 as the point of being  
 among that which competes  
 like politics  
 for a position as lead conscience and  
 some cannot be defeated but appeased  
 nor silenced

What is within is a question for the librarian  
 and whether to be properly sorted or  
 scattered about  
 I choose  
 and if I were ever alone and  
 whether my eternal spouse were ever within

I keep no hostages  
 and without knowing were there another place you fashion  
 and do I keep away the undesirable or  
 offer a quiet place for such voices

Are you permanent  
 did you register

*IT IS ALL I DO TO SIT BENEATH A TREE*

It is all I do to sit beneath a tree  
 with my braided consciences  
 going places and returning depending  
 on the direction of thought

What does change the direction of thought  
 there is a new question  
 that is just entered and  
 an answer is as I agree with myself

A thousand poems about the weather  
 a thousand reasons of social structure  
 a thousand questions of love  
 death is not a poem it is

It is all I do to sit beneath a tree  
 uncomfortably humid and the ants  
 the grass sticks to my legs  
 the wind is silenced the clouds stop the wind

Indecision is a dull blade  
 and cannot separate frustration from physical discomfort  
 it is not all about love when love is accepted as  
 unconditional

Level two is bring your own cross  
 level three is a shared cross  
 I do not know what levels one and four are  
 I do not know how a cross is invented

*YOU ARE THE DAY*

You are the day

The light is you as are the trees the forest

The air is you and the wind

Every life is your own including mine

You are the river the bend in the river

Every tide entered and gone is you is your own

You are the cloud clouds you are stillness you are the clear day

Every seed every germination

Every invention

You are language you are the day you are evidence

You are freshness and coolness to my own you are heat

Sense is yours and you are sense

You are the day

You are God and larger than my notice

You are a concept like thought I have entered before I know to ask

You are being

And color you are color like concept you are concept

Every time is you and your own

You are and you possess what you are without possession

You are generous

You are the day I wake late to you I wake early to you

You are sleep and dreams every dream

You are time and memory and patience

The day is yours you are the day

*TO ONE'S CREDIT*

Would it matter for one to live a life on credit  
comfortably  
with no descendants to pass along financial expectations?

Probably not

If one dies on time.

*DRIVEN*

The car is driven

Sentiment

I have facial lines for age for living

Nor ever concerned for the reliable car

Five years of age and two continental trips

The paint has held

The sage car [sage is a color]

Has never been given a name

The car is a machine

Recognize my body in the car at eighty-five miles an hour

one-hundred-thirty-seven kilometers an hour trust

And rarely the radio and

Air

I am ready

For another

*ONE UNIT TWO UNITS*

Something I had not considered the likes of  
 doubling a dosage  
 though toxicity is a consideration  
 What enters a soul is a slowness in passage of thought  
 and to be outweighed in spirit is  
 a defeat to the generative function of a given tincture  
 A unit is to the weight of the soul  
 in consideration of ambition and environment  
 though practical matters imply the possibility of overdose  
 Personal preference is also a consideration and  
 among the spirit of activities to be undergone  
 as well as tolerance  
 Balance is here mentioned to say  
 that I am a part of the equation and my parts are to myself  
 as well  
 Perfection may be a matter of experience in  
 conjunction with familiarity to the strength including toxicity of  
 the tincture itself  
 And there may be little experimental room  
 if the condensation of stimulus were already great  
 a thinner dose may be called for or forgone altogether  
 And what may be perceived as a path to greater stimulus may  
 serve to dull the sense or may not  
 what is dependent

The entered poem was written in the proper language  
 with proper punctuation

I am not required to turn the page

The author spoke of love and death and satisfaction I am the author  
 and were it a prayer

okay

*POESIE*

The heroes gathered in words the shipbuilders  
 the inventors the soldiers  
 put out a strains of madness of discomfort and comfort  
 Expulsion  
 to them for poetry is abuse  
 a community of reason differently gathers  
 And without the passions the indifference  
 for there are no acts actual to kindness volumes and strength strung  
 on soliloquy  
 I am forgetful  
 that I have been expelled is reminded in every new poem and  
 at their end they are put away  
 Recreational language is the dissolve of physical structure  
 tends a man to voice alone and otherwise quiet  
 there are things [things] which require  
 But it is after their force their identity inwhich  
 struggle is informed and their allowance to themselves is  
 publishing  
 Individualism only regrets expulsion  
 and a language is recommitted for life's absence and  
 were it authority's push for communal character  
 There is no question of reversal  
 and what a writer speaking of innocence speaking of oppression  
 [God]  
 Requires of oneself and  
 were it no one listening I disagree  
 for all do listen to the poet inwhich words finish when others do start  
 The hero does not forget oneself nor death  
 nor time nor adversity and  
 lends themselves away only remembering banishment as sound

*THE COIN*

Struck the floor was left behind for its smallness as currency

*THE DOLLAR*

Crumpled in the pocket untangled for a soda an adolescent soda

*THE COIN*

Dropped while counting and rolled beneath the refrigerator

*THE DOLLAR*

Neatly folded with the others into the golden clip monogrammed matched the watch the belt

*THE COIN*

Was the only coin to always land with heads up and I do not believe in luck either

*THE DOLLAR*

Had 'Philadelphia' written upon it and I wrote my own place

*THE COIN*

Gathered with the others will be lunch in three more days of saving

*THE DOLLAR*

The magician tore the dollar in half and put it back together again



*STRANGER*

1

Stranger with piercing eyes warning of society's separation from itself  
 I will carry my own arts I say  
 I have always believed I will carry my own arts  
 believed it is enough for one to carry their own arts  
 it makes no difference that a stranger carries a cross if I carry my own arts  
 including a cross  
 like a fetish

2

The fetish cross  
 made of wood I placed it on a wall  
 I had grown enough to say its idea was enough in my pocket  
 though different with a knife utilitarian knife  
 knife John Stuart Mill knife different than the Walmart one dollar utilitarian knife Walmart  
 Whether there is such a thing as a utilitarian cross  
 only I can answer

3

Liberation theology is not settled and will never be settled  
 a volcano of ideas pushed out and will never quiet  
 so faith mentions like poverty and  
 when they are poor no more their faith translates to self improvement mine does  
 does it not  
 but thankfulness and having enough  
 the cross is never put away quite because I am always oppressed  
 and surveying for an oppressor  
 like I am conditioned for greater freedom

4

Satisfaction are the fetishes like a museum and  
 I grow too accustomed to having too much carrying too much  
 and what it is to walk holding nothing  
 as if to let utility be my hands alone  
 and done away with the knife the cross and

strip away the conceptual fetishes like philosophy  
 but this cannot be done but only replaced proven as contradictory  
 for a path of philosophy ends at faith if it ends at all  
 a path of philosophy does not end

I choose

5

Because

like reason I choose what does grow and I do not wish social dependence  
 philosophy is never needed  
 poetry is never needed  
 philosophy is different than poetry philosophy is a line poetry is not so constrained to  
 constructivism even constructive deconstructivism  
 religion is different than poetry how

ritual

because

6

A pen was my poetry fetish until it was a distraction  
 a watch was my time fetish until  
 same  
 though I put it back on for practical reasons  
 it is more difficult to dispel the idea of the pen and the watch than  
 to locate them in a museum  
 a drawer  
 and the fetish ideas are the baggages of obstruction  
 and it is conceptual baggage which is oppressive  
 though a liberation theology has not turned to a society of those with enough  
 yet buried in their own conceptual fetishes  
 regardless of their socioeconomy

7

Stranger

and social congress as oppression nor concerned for  
 the struggle of stranger  
 are not my own struggles paramount and

to be liberated from the struggles of others is  
 affirmation is it not  
 where there is no warrant for social concern where there is no warrant for my attention  
 and to be selfish or either to regard oneself as selfist  
 and the others are animals are they not

8

The others

I never consider whether I am a burden  
 my own capacity for being a stranger and why would I  
 the responsibilities of my own existence are my own  
 and to say this is liberty or either a political perspective or  
 the result of the persuasion of dissuasive congress  
 the others

I am no stranger to myself confident to say I am no stranger to myself

I know myself and if

such a recorded introspection is philosophy

I too say it is no recipe for another's path

9

The solipsist

and privacy is differently said than independence  
 and if I read anothers' poem poems again I reflect  
 on the goodness of public libraries I suppose and how I hear of  
 anothers' social efforts is a question and  
 whether I would enjoy the company of the poet whose poem I do enjoy  
 your presence is my voluntary and

I can place your poem in a museum a shelf when it misbehaves  
 turns itself into a fetish

I do the same to my own poems  
 though it is myself I cannot escape

10

Though

I agree on the continuation of poetry as philosophy  
 this is my ritual

*COMPETITIVE BIOLOGY*

The standard measure of life is oneself  
 the reflections memory of one's own experience  
 ultimately  
 And nature's environ including its living aspects  
 are the cause of position  
 position  
 Question what does determine a person's acts  
 and to look within at the inheritance of cause  
 like survival among the natural selections  
 Judgment is reflection to regard  
 one's own caused existence prepared for a place  
 and what it is I carry forward  
 Though to note an ecosystem is to say I am among  
 and to say study is to say my discretion  
 for change  
 I am not reactive only  
 nor watching only nor withdrawn  
 though recognize I am affective and responsible  
 It is a code like noninterference is a code  
 to say struggle is my own introduction and  
 the life of the species is overseen differently than the life of the one  
 I am internal I am comprised of parts organs  
 as are the living aspects of nature  
 and external like sense for others' notice  
 And only to reflect like knowledge  
 that they draw metaphors and poems about  
 were they elevated and with concern  
 And those with prejudice and those without prejudice  
 and such reinforced as natural  
 the assumption of position so too is originated biology

*IN THE AUDIENCE*

The single individual in the audience  
 carries a poem greater than I  
 Eye contact and with judgment  
 the instrument of the next effort  
 Consider how I myself listen  
 selfishly and taking or either shaping  
 The nature of discourse is how I learn  
 to talk

A poem is twice written upon paper and again  
 spoken  
 I am the character of my poems  
 my poems are my character are they not  
 And so little is minded of the theater theatre  
 and so little is minded of the written word really  
 A poem does not exist  
 except as license to stand before you

If it were your appearance  
 it is  
 For I am otherwise silent  
 [when I used to whisper becoming without knowing what becoming is]  
 If it were your presence  
 it is  
 I realize my own dimensions my own shape  
 and where I go is not always the same

*QUESTIONS*

The rain gently stopped down this morning  
let the heat away  
I woke up late at sunrise opened the coffee as I usually do  
[the birdfeeder needs to be filled today]

I will not wind my watch today to see if it makes it into tomorrow

The candle did not make it through to today

Old friends never go away  
there is not a person that leaves this earth really  
existence on the same planet is not enough to satisfy social want  
though

Gravity is not enough to hold me to a place

Some are immune to social gravity thank God

I am aged enough to be thankful for my health  
I am aged enough to say time passes quickly and slowly  
I will never be old enough  
to memorize the weather

I am only affective

And afraid to let like ecosystems let

*OBVIOUS*

The obvious the extincted dinosaurs the gone world  
 there is still a volcano making land  
 The ocean is obvious and does not have a voice but what I give it  
 that is why I understand  
 The obvious there is no beauty but what beauty calls itself certainly  
 I too am unmistakable

I do not rest beneath organizations or within organizations  
 and if I have been given a color colored then  
 I do not claim control excepting my own disputed bounds  
 I carry a pocket knife and a pen  
 I am obvious  
 I answer rhetorical questions in rhetorical answers

The gone world the obvious horses the work horses the overalls  
 I imagine she was from such a place by choice  
 And were it my offense for growing among machines that  
 I am less romantic for  
 The grass pushes through the stone the tree pushes through the stone  
 Is not all reclaimed

Though no license exists  
 for the reclamation of cities unto the idea of city cities  
 The obvious wind is only quieted by walls on my side  
 the obvious animal takes offense at being known as animal  
 The gone world the obvious future the dinosaurs will be better known  
 though I do not call that life again

