

*BLACK
BIRD
FALLING*

P O E M S

GREGORY MARKEE

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P R I T Y L I G H T S P U B L I S H I N G
△
M A D I S O N

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 individuated 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 atease 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 twicely

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 chartered

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 anysoul
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 intentioned
 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 themself 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 frigerator

THE DOLLAR

Neatly folded with the others into the golden clip monogramed 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 socioeconomic

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 selfish
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 another's poem poems again I reflect
on the goodness of public libraries I suppose and how I hear of
another's 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 unmistakeable

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

