

b l u e

s k y

m e a n w h i l e

g r e g o r y m a r k e e

blue

sky

meanwhile

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PRITY LIGHTS

Madison

meanwhile reclamation
the sun turns again
rain to snow and back again
and the wind with the kites
the clouds beyond

meanwhile reclamation
when the members gathered
in policy and poetry and food

indoors night meanwhile
after the day is put
and the questions put
down with answers before I sleep

meanwhile the stars
the outer stars twinkle like wishes
and frost tonight
for in the morning
awakening

meanwhile I travel travel
to places I remember
travel with the memories of
them and them
and wonder if you did become
as you once wished

meanwhile ahead
and more distant I am not done
but ask if there are
limits to determination
but age is time and frames
possibility
what it is I seek
meanwhile I rested yesterday
opened the door in winter
it had snowed
and there were footprints
remnants which would be gone
with the thaw

meanwhile the ships
meanwhile the trucks
connecting here and there
drawing lines carrying lines
carrying products products
because trade is their confluence
a peoples connect in such a way
meanwhile nature nor forgotten
and what remains between
the fallen leaves and
the started melt
what is not sleeping
and to be prepared for
the winter's touching down
and to be prepared for its stay
meanwhile the schools
meanwhile the bells the church
meanwhile the city
turns and bustles
meanwhile

meanwhile they do not slow
even if they know the answers
they do not slow
the airplanes do not slow
and finding time
the burden of finding time
is no slowness
meanwhile the holiday
but this is not a city
and finding time is no burden
and I require no adjustment
to the season
I have lived this season over and again
and I have not forgotten how
it is celebration which
advances my interest for
more
I will live this season again
I decide
meanwhile

meanwhile Christmas
and New Year's and Easter
and the holiday the holiday
the holiday

what is different

meanwhile the others grow
but I am unmoved
meanwhile the cities
but I am unmoved
and I have proved that any season
cannot touch me
in my modernity with windows

meanwhile reclamation
when it is my own limits I mention
nature is the rest
and I grow small inevitably
meanwhile the encroach of life
outer
when I am not ready
for memory

and the air the solved clouds
after dusk put about the moon
you give me time
what more could I ask for
and with a settled questions
there are but answers left

meanwhile it is time for the others
to watch is to absorb
I become what is observed
there is a proof to night
when the wind moves me
will you be there again
[this is not a question]
the constellation meanwhile and
the myth of courage is the self
[myth is selfless]
but for the story repeats itself
and I am the largest tautology
yet incomplete
but I return

and life once pushed away
meanwhile reclamation
where a conditions are favorable
black earth and
the right amount of rain
at the right time
but it is winter and it is a wish
[anticipation]
and were a city to vandalize
to corrupt land
stretching asphalt and stone
end to end wrapping nature
I say you cannot last
your measures will grow small
and a seed opened
will push through a city
for your vigilance is limited
[or a seed is stronger]
and life once pushed away
resurfaces when a surface is declared
reclamation

meanwhile and away from struggle

balance

all that is received is returned

[beauty is returned

for having recognized beauty]

[language is returned for its use]

[life is returned in death]

balance

age is no longer struggle

what once was trial and adversary

is too watching with my withdrawal

an audience harvests

an audience plucks what is required

knowing it will come again

but that is a little room

among the open

and do I tear down walls in faith

as if I were prepared to be

animal

completely

I am different
I use money I count
I use tools
I use language
and there is no other species which
does the same adaptably
and do I yet consider myself natural

and were faith a division
and were desire a division
[were there divisions]
[just what I consider]
[I am different]

meanwhile
that which does not touch me
goes without notice
I do not recognize the stars
were I to close my eyes
but for memory
nor I notice the season when
I am indoors

meanwhile the birds
meanwhile the surf
meanwhile tomorrow
meanwhile

the others

and reclamation unto nature again
when I am gone
when the city is done
when the idea is done
reclamation
when the idea of separation
is completed
and language
and predators are predators
and there is no word for suffering
reclamation
[and there is no school to reclamation]
when what was once divided
and is whole as a member
ecosystem

what I have learned

I too reclaim

nature was once let down

[by them]

[the same people who are authority]

what I have learned

I too reclaim

for its having been stolen in language

in thought

I too reclaim a primacy of being

nature was once let down

[when they built the forms]

meanwhile my attention I reclaim

and the gone nature I

notice

for pictures for time

yesterday was different

and more natural I wonder

but for God

but for God

I only have buildings

meanwhile the clock
modeled to fit within days
the limits of age are time
and to live within for memory
one hundred years quickly goes
but an instant is said
over and again
and the sounds the language of
living among life and things
[things]
reclamation for to have once claimed
the energies of experience
each of the parcels [things]
nestled into a chronology
and I am not everywhere
as if to know
the correspondence of all
all of winter when winter comes
and all of summer when
my limits are to my senses

meanwhile
what is said without my bounds
what is solid
for there is no legacy
to language
when there is no one to speak
but the river and the wind
what I mention as isolation
and I am no fortifying part of
its continuation
but for a social legacy like
appreciation I bring you forward
and closer like
a garden a museum
with monitors and curators
nothing is stolen in replication
but to say
art [art]
you are not original nor can be
original

and the trees like grass
meanwhile
barren for the season
gathered in forests in groves
with gone leaves
collecting snow like innocence
[and they built a cabin among]
[meanwhile]
[with a burning fire]
tomorrow the snow will pass
melting into rivers and lakes
the ocean eventually
tomorrow
the leaves will come again
for color [for painters] [for watchers]
and where there were no garden
there will be a garden
because
progress insists
but that is planning only
and it is cold for now

meanwhile the family
dressed in black
observed a funeral
into the frozen earth
a member of the city the man
had been good with numbers
[wrote a book] [on numbers]
never had a family but wrote
a book
attention meanwhile
when the eulogy
it is cold and suffering
I can make no change in this world
the birds are gone
and all is resting and absent
for the season
meanwhile I am
one thousand miles from myself
where the wind is warm
nor wanting
nor claiming

it is easy to go away
past the demands of cold and certainty
rest into foreign clouds
anonymous
and let urgency pass
then come again rested at responsibility
make order of redundancy
this is meanwhile
from myself
and that which is distraction
is answered for its weight
the hunger is meanwhile
and addressed
until it is quieted
spelled away
and it is no space to say
my own list followed is no toil
nor trouble to
a sovereign way
with the appreciates for winter
when winter is
and for summer then

and as the sun arrives
here as anyplace
the started day is held
and cause for most of awakening
if I am prepared
to let away the insignificance of
a social structure filled in
words alone
for I require the senses
and acknowledge I am not everywhere
nor intend to be everywhere
but tuned to the advance
a reckoning within this presence
and called simple for the trees
with snow
and the common sky
called by a word because
because
how else to address
what they do which affects

meanwhile science and
meanwhile astronomy
where are they going but to work
to study the atoms again and again
leaving beauty for vocation
leaving lust for numbers
and were curiosity from avocation
and made to work
like interest
[pulled the rainbow into a question]
[pulled the cañon into speech]
[and rain

language is a trophy
language is invented because
there is a thing to remember
and every day
the news is different
reconciles the self among spectacle
on being
I am
and continue

meanwhile I have no knowledge
from your words alone
for how to discern an ocean
without ever its sight
its sound its smell
and what an ocean contains
by words alone
conceivably I paint a picture
in my mind
but it is not confirmed
for even the good poem
is short of the sum of experience
and news for other places
I may have no attachment for
and for interest gone
[I do not remember]
because I am elsewhere
and only listening
with concern for you is why
for without your voice [that language]
is a distraction

and loss and meaning
and the contradictory passions of
knowledge and love
and the space of decision
a moment is
upon the last
and the whirr of engines
[they are not done with invention]
[nor I am completed]
and the sound of summer
I remember from afar
and the taste of summer

determination is the spark of reason
and backwards to say
reason is the germ of determination
and pleasure is reasonable
and joy and affection are
reasonable
[and warrant for silence]
[and license for silence]

my limits
and meanwhile there is joy
and my jealousy my want
is my own distraction
[confession]
my limits
are a question to community
and were it competition to say
what is their accord is my desire
but it is not original

and want for things and ways
the acquisition of material
because
they have [proven]
the comforts of commodities
drives one to isolation
puts one to trust themselves
and distance a neighbor
from a neighbor
from I
for independent thought

and do I keep language
if to say social circumstance is
cause for jealousy and isolation
and do I keep culture and mores
if to want for privacy
and do I keep poems
[this is the only way I know]

meanwhile
the planet
were I so kept into my own
[and they are still struggling]
[they are still inventing]

and the stars are near
near enough for grand consideration
when struggle and invention
are considered
and to say I am alone
I say who is not alone
and limited by exposure

and the borders of a page
are the limits of poetry
but a poem travels further
[is made again and again]
and the borders of an acre
are the limits of architecture
but a house is greater than
[is a station] [is a home]

I assume
a poem is read
a house is lived in

I assume
an object
and language about

I assume
property
I assume language is property
and do I first own a poem
before it inspires
[it is given]

meanwhile nature
against a civil possession encroaches
does disregard the names I have
meanwhile nature
what once was will be
as reclamation
and the tugs of civil maintenance
is an effort of Godliness
the weeds do come again and again
and the shrubs must be pushed back
and what is constructed
must be reinforced
for slowly time erodes a city
the rain and wind and
the social pressures the economics
say philosophy must be reinforced
meanwhile nature
while I am sleeping away
in letters and amusement
nature does not stop
nor nature's law when
a first principles are incomplete

there is no perfection
nothing is timeless
if to say permanence from social systems
but memory is
and like a cloud
calls upon ways
I remember
and were nature too endowed
with an idea of a natural state
that it returns to
in my absence
perhaps
I remember and
a consolation to live within
a philosophy which attempts to
live closely with nature's natural state
for balance
and I am a part of nature
sustainably
that my efforts are not my own
collapse for using
using more than is present

and first person
to acknowledge a meanwhile
that I have no control for
 meanwhile the weather
 meanwhile the other social system
 meanwhile the neighbors
and spy
search myself for response
unto the season
because I have been absorbed
elsewhere that I am familiar with
 meanwhile the game
 draws my participation
 meanwhile life
 expects I live rightly
and to draw no more lines
but say union at all of experience
and language of
all is participatory
all is celebratory
and first person
yet
I still use the pronoun 'I'
because there is a relation

meanwhile
but I was elsewhere and plotting
the stars are not always in my sight
nor the moon
nor where I begin where I restart

I was writing poems
and I included the celestialisms
of outerness
braided them with
my own introduction

I was writing poems
and dug into the earth of experience
and did find beauty

I was writing poems
but I was not everywhere
for I would have stopped and
accepted the finality of
omniscience

and were I absent
and within myself
waiting for justice
and waiting for freedom
and waiting for the next
season
and were I absent from now
combined in thought and ritual practice
and were there process to rumination
whereby the needs of myself
intersect with my presence
and notice
the birds answering the wind
I myself
am answer
were I to listen
what does bring me about
were it not the wind
the starry winter night
like a question
with my attention nor knowing
the best answer certainly

meanwhile comes from your calling
[the acknowledged silence]
there is an elsewhere at this time
[is reentered]

and to make art of circumstance
the relations
and does art include the artist
[completely]
but to say in a moment
I am again remade
upon the last memory
[suspended]
and more inclusive for experience
and greater yet
meanwhile acknowledge
one by one the outer spheres away
for they are affect to my being
and to my production
meanwhile does find a way into
my own

and the dog kept
fed and with attention
and reference for social intercourse
the quiet stations of wait
and observation
value is maintenance of oneself
and the expressions of want
and to compare
the manifest of social order
[they drew a circle] [they claimed]
a person is no dog
nor another animal see
the fed birds
and the kept animals at the zoo
yet behaving as they would
in the wild
with the added limits of cage
and compassionate care
and the dog kept
held close to the spirit of family
with another language

meanwhile the land
she grows changes
all are welcome and all may die here
put little time into
the shelter of nature
and if you come again with memory
knowing the seasons and the tides
and knowing what is fitted
for each environment
call intuition without experience
for every life begins new
and is shaped into a form
and wherefrom the questions
the timeless questions
[who does answer]

the mold of place
I try and try to shape
but she regrows into herself
wherefrom the answers
nor is it my intention to steal
nature again and again
for failing each time

but the hardness of circumstance
the folly of circumstance
is ride to experience
I do not control the levees of emotion
unto beauty and time
but record them register them
in song and art
and call this character
what is outward and shown
but I ask my own questions of myself
in the interest of philosophy
in the interest of a resolved perspective
nor do I control truth
and there is no bend to honesty
when nature is mentioned
and were I inaccurate for consideration
I am straightened
again in experience and
the latitudes of being
for to live without honesty is
an internal struggle
[whyfor reason]

care is method
and into the path of being
a gentle method of truth
for truth is only banglound on occasion
and from one person to another
language is quieter when
a braids of listening combine with
what I know
meanwhile
[while I was talking]
the sky drew dark and let down winter
for from one moment to the next
circumstance is altered
[requires new words] [new passwords]
and care as sensitivity is anew
method
for being
and correspondence when
we lived the same nature
is different than correspondence when
we have lived different foundations
but from this place begin
again [again]

and a nod to the appearance of truth
between us
blue sky meanwhile
and language is our own
called for migrations and travel
called for the night
with stars about nor clouds
a name for the invention of a constellation
a name for species
a name for beauty
a name for the appearance of truth
comes in sections and parcels
and put together in being
nature is

blue sky meanwhile
I was figuring logic
thinking
categorically at the day
the ambient light and responsibility
before she sets
down
and the imperative of
what is required

tell me
and I will respond
say food and shelter
security
and say beauty is because
awe or either utility
and I will respond
that the hustle for being for planning
is old and daily
and transcendence from
the fundamentals of material
[but I have not made an art of everything]
[yet]
[excepting the forms I have nominated]
and I will respond
or go away silently into myself

and were truth the same as
the perception of truth
like dogma
and I will respond
error unto the faculties
for what was yesterday's truth
is reshaped
when I know now another answer
more inclusive

the things
represent themselves
a cloud is a cloud and
I am I
a silent exterior is a silent exterior

I have brought my attention
suffered for error but now
newly honest for humility
and the daily cause of knowing
indeed I have learned
nor does every thing change
in the course of my existence
but respond that
representation is to my account
and I am the one to say
value for the stones the flags
and representative value is worth
a social account
and my place among
and acknowledge an ekphrastic nature
that a mountain range is congress to
the idea of a mountain range
[God]

and the sun is light
and mention light I turn to the sun
and that which reflects the sun
meanwhile
that I have developed
among an institution of words
and representation
I do not manage foundations daily
for post-fundamentalism is
to have accepted this nature
and a calling is outward
to how
such a nature may be governed
in the course of one hundred years
lifespan
or called to say nature is as it is
and an allowance to its return
in greater ways
meanwhile
and in my time
appreciation then and
ekphrastic arts from ekphrastic nature
and yet I cannot decide
whether to account for man as natural
as instrument as concert to this

meanwhile the arts they continue
and science in tandem
as social knowledge
and my attention to the social pillars
but for fear I ask science
as it nears perfection efficiency
for a living is constructed
in random ways
and only categorical scientific
when philosophy is drawn
in reluctance like obligation
or easily with answers immediate
and of a common sense

and were nature a reflection of
God
and were God's movement
as I witness

[and were God's stillness]

[as I witness]

cause for knowledge
it is the pantheisms of being
which are celebratory and
a charm to discovery
and were God willful
say nature [is] art [is] evidence
or were God merely reflecting

and I speak of my own creations
call art as evidence
and say it is good or bad
like a critic
upon the methods of reason
such as purpose utility
such as beauty
an aesthetics like judgment are
the foundation for doctrine
and cause for the advance of
a particular way
the repetition of a way
because tautology is the start of
production
and do I resist production
for to be tethered to the same
again and again
good is repeated indeed
and with economic foundations
[perhaps applause]
though that which is one of a kind
may be commercial as well
[unique]

meanwhile
and during my own ideation
blue sky
meanwhile each goes about its own
and the intersects of liberal movement
notice
the oak and its advance
now mature
notice
where a river once was now a dam
and call this nature too
for license I have to name
meanwhile
the creatures come they pass
having only known their way

my way is lifted by them
having fitted an environment
a city is ease
and all is provided
like an economy
and the natural features too
like an economy
the sustainable gifts of the grove
of the ocean the river
God does fit a people to place

and them readied upon their own will
make farms and ranches
for the easement of variation
provide for their own
and join the economy of life
in trade and language

meanwhile nature
while I was living

the other is not tethered to
my own interests
I am a follower of
and assume what is offered
and semantic to say harvest is
nature
and semantic to say city is
nature
or only that which exists
without my presence is nature
and to say I am animal as any
for my carnal ways
say the aspects of divinity and
the aspects of care and free will
I express and acknowledge
are too animal called humanity

it is my language
categorical
and becoming among the divisions of notice
and the reiterative ones
copying and
I too recognize their poems
and draw into my speech
the ways of water and of seasons
nor every language every speech
a poem
but for its newness its novelty when
a sound is made for
being and the recognition of being
an expanded vocabulary
newly risen to characterize notice
the different stars
and their address
the different circumstance
and its address
but common speech common ways
transcend art as understood
and for the monotonies of daily ways
general discourse is ultimately reserved

meanwhile the poem
blue sky
I create a form for your fit
the scattered clouds
absorb my attention
and I say so
about that and that and that

one hundred years is resilient
and in such a space
the germinated sounds of truth
are proven
given more time and more time
and a poem is answered
like a tail following an idea

the bitter wind smells like ice
and when I expect spring to be
the longer sun and longer day to day
winter will have been a memory
and it is poetry I brought forward
from darkness as an answer to
living through and through

blue sky now
you will be darkness soon
for the stars to be

and an interior
to my own
I shelter a memories and
bring them outward when they are called
for what is known is memory
why
and action upon my history
and were a place forever the same
and I am more finely tuned day to day
notice beauty and the other forms
and walk within
though do I not challenge nature's permanence
move stones about in my own interest
that beauty is advanced and
make homes as I wish
but it is only a time
for in my absence nature returns
I am confident
though upon my interior
I have lived deliberately
nor concern myself with legacy
for how nature returns
is only a fascination is only a thesis
about my own temporal being
having once commanded an environment
no more

then a borrowed nature
and the borders of my being
on four sides and above and below
but time is my license
and only speculation to say
before and after me
I continue a legacy I leave a legacy
and only speculation to say
a stones I have moved will stay affected
and to idle at my presence
let away what I cannot know
like discern
and stay and live wholly
being
and say I am nature as any
this is my home this is my structure
and rises faith that
I am
and without concern for
what is away
excepting curiosity perhaps I learn
that there are several natures
each becoming
according to place
with people for each and legacy for each

blue sky forward
the air the atmosphere
until dusk draws the stars
pulls in tomorrow
nor I qualify the standard necessarily
but revel among the
common ways of being
a home shutters away the seasonal exterior
made with art and interest for the walls
and a control for letting in
what is away
the inner coils of home
burn away at the cold and
warm thoughts the securities
are an advance to individualism
[perhaps]
but it were the provisions of society
which steal individualism and self-reliance
cause one to depend upon
the givings of social invention
heat and shelter and food
from a collective identity
as an easement of struggle
and there is more time for notice
blue sky and what is beauty
and call recreation for the arts

the arts the representative arts
divine design
and copy to the significant the
blue sky were made again and again
and hung upon a wall
stationary the clouds now
when I could have looked out a window
open
and taken notice of what does shift
respond like I
to conditions

I too am made
by what force
endowed
and a photograph for memory
still
but I am made for conditions and
there is no theft to art
but to say the sin of substitution
of the representative forms
for the actual the original
is mnemonic
but it is the original which is standard
governs a conditions governs an interest
there is but a blue sky
and a copy is not

meanwhile
action to the clouds action to the wind
the sideways snow
and how am I blown
without contest
this is the frame of my attention
there are natural forces which shape me
and there are social forces
[themselves shaped by nature]
[that all is naturally convinced]
and it is a call to reason
the anticipation of force
that I too respond like dance
to what is represented and willed upon me
reason is
the surface of my own acts
colored in the expectancies of
an environment
and to say good reason is adaptive
and qualifies a determination among
that which can be moved
for preservation of the self
meanwhile
action to nature
meanwhile I

and were there a condition which is
naturally selected
a fitted being to place
say the eldest say the most reproductive
say the most learned
and an evolutionary notion considered
nor refuted
excepting to say
a faith is a virtue
nor faith dispels ideas of natural selection
in fact may serve such an idea
that a faithful mind is healthful
and fitted and fitting
and acknowledge the chapters of history
including religion and its start
and acknowledge adaptation
and beauty among
for there is purpose to what is
a source of questions
like nature and a represented nature
what I know is time my own
and as a culture collects itself
gathers itself in art including books
a history nears completion

meanwhile
a ponderings are exhausted in beauty and
satisfaction
the colors are sincere and the sounds
are what they pretend to be
the shore and the wind through the trees
the footsteps on gravel path
and the accuracy
there are no questions to
the aesthetic surrounds of being
there is no contest to original nature
it is
and I
I am confident this is my place
and thoughts are receipt to the imagination
and allowance to what comes
of its own character including my own
and were there a character to all
there is a relationship to all
among among
and I reserve a word
and acknowledge my notice is limited
my contact is limited
the limits of myself are timed
and fit to a place
yet what I know is enough to suppose

evidence
and the reconstructions of place
there is an answer to why
and an abstract thought is
the surface of reason
for to order nature solely upon
its physical being
is to say thought is merely observational
but thought is greater than material
for ask of preference
for ask of the germs of beauty and interest
and ask of language
there are concepts for collections of concepts
there are words for feeling
and were language the only evidence of
abstract thought
no
for all of action in modern society is
meddled in abstraction
including banking including art
and were I now creator
within my limits
and spelling reciting evidence is
my own token my own abstraction
and were I to write for another or
to assume my own interest

the faculties intersect
and the domains of social being
the efforts of health profession recreation
as effort consistent in context
there is a language for conveyance
started from intuition
nor I ask aloud when I am alone
the cause of my acts nor the ends
but just to do and with no reflection
and were there faculties within each
but a person is not so divided
in consciousness as to say
a task for this a task for this
though into the city then
what is not professional and divided
and were it money or language upon which
the social faculties intersect
society is organic
and the faculties sway and bob
to all conditions
aligning themselves as nature and I
within my own so too align myself
to conditions

blue sky meanwhile
as I was in concert with my own
and they built airplanes and
a corresponding philosophy
and say the sky is now different
for having traveled
there
meanwhile they go everywhere
and return
having stolen the sacred
having stolen my attention
I am guilty
for thought I am guilty
for having traveled with a flag I am guilty
for no allowance to the sacred
I am guilty
were there a challenge to the faculties
say it is a social cause to want
to conquer to possess
to mark a legacy
to steal the sacred for modernity
and the affections of [I remember] [when]
but to look within
for a more sacred object
one which is not tarnished nor can be

and the presumptions of justice
for their thievery and my own
for having introduced man to what exists
without man
the sky was once stolen
to too the mountain tops the ocean depths
and the demystification of space
and the demystification of the body
and discovery
the smallest fascinations the atom
the cell
and the presumptions of justice
divinity is an occlusion to
stolen knowledge
knowledge gathered of the sacred
but were it sacred
if it can be known [registered]
rather a challenge if a wonder is noticed
to replicate it to study it
to climb it to ride it
to claim it
for what is truly sacred is
yet a mystery and will remain so
and to follow the mysteries
like curious questions
and without consideration of consequence
nor justice and divinity are paired when

but conscience
to ignite notions of God among
ideas having traveled beyond the scope
of humanity
and thievery and trespassing
say there are consequences to
discovery
to pioneering
and conscience exists as a notion of
self preservation or preservation of
humanity as a species
and perhaps a transgression is
to consequence
and call such a consequence justice
and having called a forest divine
and having called an ocean divine
were it divine justice to damage
the forest the ocean
and be left with none of its gifts
and were it divine justice
to look at the moon
no longer romantically since
mankind has traveled there
but guilt of conscience is to one's own
and justice is no condition
but to say
the just know themselves

my attention
meanwhile
and elsewhere the blue sky
to the river to the sounds of rain
and what is called knowledge is
dormant among the meaningful
among the sacred
just to watch to sense
what exists independently
no
the sacred cannot be stolen
for it exists with or without my
fascination my attention
I am confident nature
cannot be disturbed reshaped
for it does return after being bent
toward the ends of man
resembling God
and ask of mountains moved
and ask of species now extinct
and whether they return I do not know
but to be torn
that God is nature man is
that God is unnatural man is
and sin does not exist excepting
what a conscience wills

and an ecosystem divided
by whatever cause including man
may not recover
may suffer and die
and what was sustainable is no longer
for the absent species
had fulfilled a purpose and
what is now corrupted
say the sacred is no longer beauty
it is mans' training education
to not only appreciate the natural states
but to offer oneself as a species
a participant
and without the lines of nature and nonnature
and were the blue sky to hold
my attention
and to ask that the wand of science
be directed at beauty
for its harness and for its replication
it is to beauty's demise eventually
and were beauty then replaced
again and again
by my own change of mind for need of beauty

I am blind and without sense
for they know what I do not
about their own sight about their own language
and they publish their authority
and to my quiet
for my understanding isolated
and with my own beauty
my remarks are simple and quieted
and my studies trace the steps
already taken by another humanity
I do not know
and these loud circles start music then
announcing rhythm inventing my own
for my limits are no reason to
forgo celebration among
that which captures my attention
and say independence independence
I will develop into
and say I will ever be blind
to a manner to an object
for these are my limits
and with a question which steers me into
the mass of the unknown
objectively perhaps and without audients
but I am
author and publisher [curator]

development is twenty years
and a handicap is settled in time
or a limits acknowledged and stepped about
a fascination is approached
I am nearer the stars
and for now quiet for knowing them
without lesson
and were they held sacred
that they remain unknown from
other sources
I reserve poems for my own discoveries
development is ten years
and put to language
development is a day
development is an instant
and were I so independent as to
disavow the words and ways of others
I say I too have words and ways
for perspective
and a contract then a contracts
meanwhile
every other
as a confluence
to the limits of all
upon first principles

meanwhile ever
the stations proceed among
the blue sky the changing course of river
the ambient forests and echoes
time is valor for being
and the conscious struggle of
holding to the capital which
is currency among
social ways and culture

but there were a moment divided by
being
in which I am satisfied truly satisfied
and the stalled clock is
a moment to look about to notice
my position among
and a pondering to witness
how nature assorts itself
how it gives provides governs
nor I am ever held in consternation
ever managing a supply
and were it a check to balance
that I am not the automaton
only receiving and harvesting and storing
for I come about poetry independently
and I have language for what is

and were a meanwhile recognized
an intersection it were
for I do join the stars when
to notice nature is lofted and calling
like beauty calls
the clear and cold night
I am among and registering
remembering original names for nature
quietly and without struggle
and where a thoughts do lead
into the sovereign that
that I become for witness
were a calling

God is large enough for
the inclusion of humanity naturally
and a world given to a superspecies
like responsibility
to use to use the coins about
for getting along
and were God or the idea of God a model
for the next advance
consider what is spent
that cannot be returned
for extinction among an ecosystem
is my own undoing

among the thoughts meanwhile
blue sky
the tempered heavens I have not been
but in the sacred space of dreams
there is an eternity about
and another and another I imagine
speculate that time is common
nor burden
but a fire in which all burn
and what does last forever I do not know
for evidence
the oceans do move
a continents drift and change the seas
the forests are gone again and again
and the deserts claim and go again
among the thoughts meanwhile
I am certain I believe
I am witness the blue sky
the volcano and then a mountain
change is erosion
change is witness
the registered clouds drifting and shaping
and once again the sun will drop
into night

I believe
I am center to witness
and do know joy
and do know effort
and say I am one among many
speculating a source has always been
an instant older than my years
and will be
time before my will and time upon

and what I witness in these days
call names for
call memory at
register in poems
and the balance of being animal and man
and the balance of being one and
being one among
and the balance of thought and production
indeed this is my station
and it is uncertain
nor less sensational for its uncertainty
rather a challenge to mark
the instants like beauty I believe
register them hold them close
and say what it is today I am among
meanwhile

blue sky meanwhile