

BONES
A
CROSS

p r o t o H o u s e p r e s s



P O E M S B Y G R E G M A R K E E

B O N E S
A
C R O S S

P O E M S B Y G R E G M A R K E E

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p r o t o H o u s e p r e s s
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MADISON

CROSSBONES

The crossbones assorted in danger
death is other
and there is no fear for afterlife becoming

The natural course
and their beware
the crossbones left for your consideration

To carry the spectacle of death is to carry
the attention of life
as a badge

And aneath the threshold of life
where life be not considered but its
action

And their watch
when they grow old into themselves
nor carrying themselves into a future

The decomposition and change
as structured nor longer attached to will
I do not know all of nature though hold nearly

And the adventure
to say cost is age against the elements
there is nothing which is not simple

And life in contradiction is a way
and call culture at dare

I am not done with patience

DEATH IS A FORM

Death is a form
the body with absence of life
platonic like my separation is platonic

Where decomposition starts
and into the earth is used
once life

Restart is to speculation and
what a living expects of its thoughts
remaindered is psychology

And left to the divine in ceremony
the horns
the drums and words and the horns

I answer for myself among the dead
in idea and language still relevant
a greatest answer I can shape

Resting body call stillness
and a presence as question
to ask how to live before sight is put

I only know life
as fitted closely against death
and what I see

All shall die into itself
for no other want exists
which holds itself as a room

SALTED SEA

Dead sea
where lives were long ago
pushed to shore
for rot
then gone

The salt is from the land
pulls at ecology
and the human ring of a road is
spectacle
around what is contained

Dead within
and when the rains
down their way into
chemical stillness
too they are assumed

Nor water's edge be life
nor bacteria nor reason for birds
when systems rest
for no life to give
excepting life as metaphor

*In the body is a salted sea
to hold for death what is away
and unwanted
and stand at water's edge serum's edge
until notice there is sickness call*

HOW

How and silence
the problem of engines

To go without my force
at roads I once walked

And taken to greeting people
'how'

And whether I am a scientist for 'how'
is to listen for answers

Engines are not isolated
exist among combustibles

The steel is beneath the earth
when engines are made of steel

The textured earth
design

Engine parts are imagined
a scientist is a utilitarian

How and silence
and thought were process

DEAD POLITICIAN

Dead politician
with a martyr sign

Legacy is not now
but when the youngest remember

Everyone is mortal is not everyone mortal

I

Public service is a sound like ambition
brave to limits

The limits of public office are license
what it was that works

Dead politician
were holding office a dying strain

Age comes to everyone
I too dissolve

His system was used
up

He no longer had a constituent
to see

CEMETERY RAIN

The headstones had gathered the rain for a hundred years
worn
away the names

Today continues with a sounds of pattering on stones
and no one to hear

Nature reclaims itself

Breath I say were I present

The cut grass the rained cut grass is
full this year
and were it let I would need a path

And the oak with heavy thankful limbs the winded tympanic oak

It is a good day for a funeral

CONTRIBUTIONS OF MORTALITY

The lives fit into spans of generations
with their own contributions

The lines of days like categorical advances
change is progress

Medicine and industry and engines and food and
nature's prediction and the arts

Foundations were their elders and the lines
are to their own legacy

And what of progress when it is no improvement
upon ways

Rather possibilities and proof in authority
the redirection of tools

Too age comes to this stretch
and contemplative of success then

To have grown in simpler prosperity is a record
and children then grown into another

The libraries are record to invention and
unanswered questions like direction

And the frames of progress against
a weathering skin a clarifying limits to

Life is ever life and mortality is eventual
to what time they build upon the last

DEATH IN SYMBOLIC FORMS

Death in symbolic forms the skull the cross
The limits of being

And dare like adventure to the human spirit
With actual harm as consequence

Death is small and captured the symbolic forms
There is a tattoo

And language is redirection to cowardice
The poems

War
and the protection of culture is balance

The image of poverty
The image of the machine accident

And a withering body with age
say the soul is separate

The florist had a collection of funeral cards
intentions are claimed

Authority rumbles against fear
authority like largeness captures fear nor forgets

The bonehead
The candle

BETWEEN

Between a life and
supernature
where clouds first cluster misunderstood
Law is changeable and fluid
and a carried imagination
starts a forms
Nor same as the last
nor lifted from death if still fitted with life
and breathing
And whether it were trial for death actual
or release from the pains of dying
a moment of change is one's own adaptation
A faith to say we come again or
arrive at trials for heaven's enter
or find monastic peace as centered
It were a decrepit body which sends
a thought in whisps at alleviation
and were faith to say what is real
The return from painless queues
is to a body requiring
and taken a return from purgatory
Memory is no proof
and life's balance remembered while away
return is mortal remembrance

Death is near
and the still body with no words
is no change like character's path
among

Speculation still nor realize when a body
is released
and where a soul shall rest if

DEATH IS BLACK

Death is black death is night
Death is what is not changed death is errand

Death is expected

The doctor wore black the doctor wore death
To have seen a body fail
Where no medicine can capture a listing health

Death is a cemetery

The flowers the colorful flowers
The children
Watching and knowing death in smallness
Put a body into a late Spring earth
In the wooden coffin

In a year the grass is returned to the plot
And the terminal stone
The brackets of having lived

Death is cause death is entrapment death is spur to life

Death is age

The old woman wears black when she goes grocery shopping

Death is a veil

Death is a painting death is a museum
The captured souls are collected and gathered

Death is a model
a nude model

THE MEMORIAL

The memorial through the weather
they came to see the names

It is ten years time since death is called
like yesterday

The leaves chatter at the still granite
nor the rains affect

It is one hundred years until the weather
starts at the stone

And the legible names fade
like memory

And the parks department endowed with
the thoughts of five wars

A monument may outlive family
A monument may be all there is

The annual care of the visitors
the anonymous flowers

And grace to a politic which does not forget
heroes

And the vendors now
in a row

The memorial as commissioned at
the urban national park

DEFIANCE

Inescapable
the tines of aging
and to gather ye stops for a basket
now

and dare against the confines of life
Defiance

at unanswered questions
the supposed certainties resembling
lie

It is only a question I ask
when a body is considered and
realizing its limits

Ask of nature what is natural
and the acts of liberties opposing nature

And whether the unnatural exists
is a test

Their attention is not meter to
nature

Nor their own admissions

The littlest spot of individualism
is a stupor to death

And call it death's hold
so too there is age which cannot listen
to taunts

But that is slow

Death is slow

which itself is cause
like waiting is cause for speculation

THE CABINET OF SOULS

Oh, souls be loud
the bodies are gone and put into covers
and marked

The ghosts appear in my sleep
spelling dreams and thought and
these limits too

I myself am rested and listening
and forget to live on occasion
I am neither small nor large

The cabinet of souls is
my only sight
[that I am aged is only perspective]

The quiet

*The quiet is
a sound*

SPARED

Lightning the trees burned through the night
to a stop
over
the dead cemetery
[no one has been
put
there in one hundred years]

The old oak was spared
like the rotted house

ANCIENT AMBITION

Their sight I measure in time
Judge one thousand years for religion

And were their souls rested into earth
with their gone bodies their frames

The forebeing of looking ahead I
Look near to family as generations forward

What can separate a peoples as justice will
Discern practice

The established God as
What does sort ambition and

Change is so little to consider the nucleus
Of family

There is a spark as time
Which starts a reckoned path

And were their first coupled love
Idea to futures

Purpose is the surround
of place

And were there angels and ghosts
It is the wind for change

Which tells me where
I have been

THE CANDLE

In quiet stations for their thought
the dead and gone perhaps gone
there is no calling back time nor age
nor is there a thing to hold

The candle moves in quiet air
the candle is expected for a day remain
memory is a candle
for my burden memory is a candle

And the empty the vacant were there nothing
and were there no collapse
of one into themselves for finding
and were there no change

The candle and light primitive light
attention is a candle
the surface is a candle
flame

Need I know a body
flesh too is once completed
where quiet nature grows upon itself
as it has

THE LAND ASSUMES ALL MEN

The land assumes all men
[even them forgetful]

Them gone away to institutions
Them gone to prayer

Where a final thought like confession
be smallness if conscience reclaims itself

I too an atom
drifted

And into flesh and substance put
within an earth

Decay as a fallen tree collapsed
with or without seed

And call life at systems
so too gone into nature eventual

Nor longer to see what becomes of one upon the last
excepting what was speculation

THE WIND IS ALL I HEAR

What do you cry
I have no calling I acknowledge

It is not the wind which sounds
but the trees chattering and the grass and the lake upon itself

Taken into smaller fears I list
like a scientist

And say there were no love to build upon
I am warmly bound I am

And sometimes a rain is mentioned
when I close my eyes

SLOW, YET TIME ITSELF IS LEARNED

Slow, yet time itself is learned
and beyond a control

Reflections are the mount of being
though I am more rapid

And soon dead to futures I acknowledge
the summary course is pulled I am

Nor say differently the day I do not change
pushed to balance I am

Nor perfect if to hold a hundred years
as some hold a hundred years

And what rush I ask of my invention
for time itself is learned

And I cannot object
the fears of insanity are course to God

A limit is my body which has seen more
than time's senseless count

Age is a favor I do not contest and cannot
judge quality excepting vice

That binds my peace my peace
I share as imperfect to your own

EXTINCTION

Empty earth the dead soil the
dead birds and life

There once was a river where
the light now strikes and the wind

The stars are not extinct
the star is not extinct

Nor the quiet words gone
into a gone book

Here where death is settled and unbottomed
cavern and drought and sucked time
ancient is today as bodies and forms nor change
ancient is tomorrow and hair does not grow

The early flames of authority unquestioned
are no measure to constance with scattered thought
there are no collections but language and
hell enough to consider the eterns of otherness

The aged witch with secret
and grown deeper into the soil put to her knees
The man as goat was his fear
The conscience the conscience

And purgatory is a tease for pain outright is no wait
Low as thought does climb and vast
where stars are dead and known to be dead
and there is no season here excepting insanity

The packed path for the diseased what it is I see
nor they follow each like it was love I do follow
which keeps I planted and solid
and who shall wait the longest year nor contest

The smell
and there were no air
and the color is blind
and the color is blind the conscience

Shelved and sectioned
All of the souls at the library
They are all philosophers and do not fear time
The mathematicians the economists the poets the geologists the astronomers
All philosophers and do not fear legacy
The brave for their other thoughts than flesh
The climate is controlled
More souls are added at intervals

The painting in the lobby
So too the painter the philosopher

*The author fell asleep at the table
the candle burning*

Death is only righteous
and he is put into the ground he does not know
with a stone
and were there angels with horns
and were there judgment

What are better than life's trials and lessons again
and to be born again learned
and to be born again learned time and time again upon the last
and passage as small and alterable
again advance for there were no control for

From administrations all
expelled for hidden secrets
can make no more of his own excepting wait
until an expulsions conjoin

Establishment is patience near
and the restarts of purpose are
their holds against the misunderstood and
whether an expulsive are themselves expelled

From wisdom's exclusion
and there are no lines nor longer condemnation
[condemnation was once a teaching tool]
[was it not]

And time upon itself is justice
for balance is located among silence and
how nothing can be held
and permanence is mighty and small [small]

He gathers by himself Wednesdays
resembling prayer
trades time for information
trades silence for information

Incorporates himself
until refuge is secured like a new church
not yet
with ritual excepting attention

THE DEAD ANIMAL

The dead animal not yet all bone
canine with teeth
in the forest
do I not live civilly
with place to go when I die
yet death is not stopped even among cities
with hospitals
The certain and aged are called forward
like nature which does not stop
and illness be resolved
in death
where there is no change
A body will let away its liquid
the hair is left upon the skin
before the bone does dissolve into the air
and rain

*And a soul is no longer held in form
a form is no longer kept*

THE HEADSTONE BENEATH THE TREE

Nor longer leg'ble
The headstone beneath the tree
tilted and with moss

*Time is overgrown
on a hill where old birds fly
the barn too fades 'way*

The dead
without knowledge of death
kept
a sense
of that which is invented [all]

Nor realize pain nor that which does not respond
nor can respond
to absence
like the plane of being
[from]

And the stations like illusion
an experience and what is gathered is
to what one presents to their own
self
[one will not fertilize themselves]

And as God
and too recognizing God
the disrepaired soul between
and counting what one summons
[are there not limits to magic]

And to keep that which suffers
for reason
[ask]
and to keep that which is love I know
and only to ask oneself questions

Is full and complacent
needless for loss nor want
that lets what past be gone and away
or settled and permanent

The last moon to have seen
nor reluctant as energy but
reflective
and gaining death in time

You are not deserted for never having been
known
but from a distance
and speculation

*What it is noticed
like there is no control
gone away like time
passes once and since I only remember*

DEATH IS BORN

Death is born the death is born
from starts born into what death is I see

Punctuation

decidedly a force assumes decidedly

Death is aged and time is time is fast and slow
decidedly a seasons assume

And death is flesh then gone
and were it life upon death

Spans one hundred years and a second
[the poet]

Death is gone is not death gone
the quiet is replaced with the rain the rain

Death spans one hundred years and a second
[the rain]

The quiet is replaced with the rain
I am

What I observe
and all that returns

Nor death is caused but only
escapes again

Nor death is held but its direction when all is
dissolved and all that returns too dissolves

THE INVISIBLE

The air is not speculation
nor winter's cold

And between the stars what lies
beyond sight

The time is what sense I do gather
for being

The sound is not speculation
thunder is not speculation

And whether change is abrupt
a question as whether it exists at all

What calls itself invisible
has a voice

I am not closed without sight
I am not empty without sight

And the smallest and too small for notice
the stars are not small but distant

Pain is not speculation
and I do not require dreams

A single breath is not rhythm
nor speculation