

B U R N T O R A N G E

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



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

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MADISON

simple

The walk am captured
is soon after freeze
nor all is green and
the air is finish to being

At home the windows unto the early season
am captured
near dusk the cooling smell
the grass has been cut once

And a cardinal chases his feminine
at the aviary trees out back
they will soon quiet
into the night where they go

The star the stars
was recent a full moon
collecting the last of natural light
beacon

I do not require time
to consider my own contentment
if reason were surplus to experience
I would be no better for knowing

Were an age
to let the new away
say there is only first to have met
our moment

stopped upright

The vulnerable answer arrogance upright
and proud like stone

Threat is a weather's front
cold and hard skinned

Takes one back to winter's end
this is not now

I am larger than weather how
and civilization is a shield of glass

The smells the smells of souls
as once was alive and driven its own course

To know fear is to arrive at death
that all shall go away in this form

My turn is to awareness
for I do not begin age for its sight

A shield is a body remembered to
the symptoms of being

The water and where there are no cities
the land passes aneath a travels

Stopped upright
when the dominant stories pass

I do not build a church
in this holy place

time is stolen

The clock stops neatly at twelve
midday
as the runner slows his pace

The clouds stall
hung

The wind and the baby quiet

I put the numbers in my pocket
for the dead scientists

I put death in my pocket
for the priest to look at

crime

The painted face
who is not a clown

And a thief is known
as someone other than they are

Gold
is for clowns

The old diamonds
[old as time]

Gold is for pirates
dressed as clowns

And without weapons
the vault is freed

The responsible banker
with latte and music

Gold is melted
wedding rings

Gold is metaphor
gold is currency

The pirate holds a trophy to his chest
and with one good leg

Struggles it up the sand to
bury it bury it

trauma from authority

The heavy
man pressed against the open wound
saying
poverty is a medicine for sin

There is no answer for that which has no control

It is animal
The world is animal
The world is animal

What it is you free yourself from
is conscience
I speak to you in your absence

You are not God
but force alone and with no call

Authority is your resource like pride
to hold all numbers
that I ask questions I
know no difference who positions themselves as answer

And to grow tired and
to see the other structures lose control

Responsibility is a memory

The headbangers with the key to the vault
clung
to material
[The key is made of platinum]

ORANGE

Ten contestants wore different shades of ORANGE

Ten contestants spoke different shades of ROMANCE

Ten believers had front row seats

Ten believers did not blink

Without conversation
their eyes grew large and
they grew gills

Without exercise
their limbs fell to the ground
and grew into trees

Ten politicians made a form of government

Ten women made a form of government

Ten docile animals lay in the warm sun
[near the center]

Ten docile animals voted

Name recognition started
with the volunteer

Ten volunteers put up a fence

Ten volunteers named a park

poverty

Aware a resource away

poverty is a word that is not known until comparison

Grateful without such word

to be put unto a type

Though to equalize is

to be distracted in difference

Who will not protect their own

and to say awareness has been a path

And when a balance is so divided

the liberation theologians begin

For clean water is fundamental

and shelter

It is not considered when a health

and fatted boredom rests

With those of means

power to is a word like strength

That suffering be stopped because it can

and tithing is a sign of welfare

To look without

for they cannot look without

A dependent peoples may not realize

fortune

He was ready to die

Laid his possessions at a storefront in the middle of the night

Thirty degrees

There is the shelter and he can locate two meals a day

Though weariness at this being

It is a deeper wound

When security is not in sight and the weather is only March

There are still cold nights to cut

And forty years of age is young to continue this hopelessness

The park bench near the capitol

Laid his soul down to rest

And without meaning

Does not wake again

There is no other place to die

For him

And without concern for who will manage the body

After

between two thoughts

between two thoughts
paralyzed

whether the red or the blue

and inaction is a thought

waits forever for change

waits forever for change

the Book of Dog

Of course a dog cannot answer for itself

The eyes

The psychology of a dog

Animal

Faithful

and whether the dog were his calling

He wore glasses attentive glasses

and my attention too is never divided

Psychology is not really a word
nor is there instinct for trickery

The faithful are not divided and
ask what of faith

ask what is the Book of Dog

That there be no author to the Book of Dog
is not a question

Certainly I have had to learn language
though how it affects instinct

the declaration of illiteracy

The declaration of illiteracy is a charm to dogs
other dogs

sunrise

Over the eastern rooftops rise
sun

The first of morning as
the birds spar
and the coffee I go

Alive
yesterday's cut grass
the neighborhood

Engines start

dreamer

Out of rest
Vision the clouds are less than certain unto change
I was called a dreamer

For those as hope to replace the broader strokes
Say there are better ways without
Replacing fundamentals

It is to compare the last
Ask what purpose they go away in rest
The effer waterfall has no relation to justice

I do not characterize the smokes of wonder
And to choose of the possibilities
Who awes of rules like I in their absence

The manual makes no lines of shape
It is I
And time

And to these conditions
I know color from
What does come

Theirs' is different your's is
My words invent themselves
With the night my words invent themselves

*There is an election of elections without ballot where
All agree
In kind*

degrees of freedom

The constitution is an allowance
to degrees of freedom

I take my turn upon a consideration of justice
its limits

The declaration of independence is a document
that need not be mentioned

And ask of human nature
were civil liberties not mentioned

There are limits to a constitutional existence
their thoughts are collected

Into schools adequate schools
preparing a shuffling through the allowables

Degrees of freedom is a measure
and were there a philosophy compatible

Protection is for ambition
as a population overdraws lines

And to say goodness is small enough
to go without parameters to days

Say goodness too is dogma and theirs is theirs
and with its own draw

A greatest constitution is satisfactory against force
when otherness presents itself as

dissenting courage

Policy is law like consequence and
the established forms are not changed excepting by idea
Dissent is to affective form

There is no escape
[dissent]
and whether there is room for invention is cause to social idea
Whyfor courage
whether to think is governed
Courage for dissent perhaps
Which are the actions upon a managed thought

And can I say policy is within each individual

[nor as long as policy exists as written and formal]

Courage succeeds itself
will not concede its language

[and whether courage is channeled into love]

afternoon shower

afternoon shower comes quickly
the large drops
the sound of wheels on wet cement
wind from the west
and will be gone shortly

I will wait
for the rain to end
the sun will return in an hour

springtime when the flora is
fully bloomed
the rain is fundamental

the heavy clouds above and
clear skies one hour away
heavy thunder
trailing

the afternoon sounds
the lights are off to ambience
when the drops announce themselves
and the air of the house is
pulled through the open door

patience is implied in nature
an acts unfold and
the breeze carries the storm

it is already quieting
the storm is already quieting
here

the returns of service

Were conscience alone the returns of service
investment is not only financial

And were the greatest good of society
its own advance

Ask what of social advance and
how are the gains and existence of social living qualified

Though a spirit of service is not innate
it is their recognition of a better way

A priests are invented by themselves
and prepared like an organization is

For poverty's presence
including the poverty of the soul

And the pedestrian police officers
without need were there no crime

And what is returned in the absence of crime and poverty
to social institutions a security indeed

And to the fillers of contracted service
an idea of a spirited economy a belonging

And what is not official the idea of giving
requires no authority no social resource

The ones nor a criteria for service
I do not ask of motivation

forward to coffee

daylight ends
the moon starts
and the owl

sleep is slow
the open window
air

twilight morning
awake
the moon is still alert

forward to coffee
the smell is still
percolating

the moon is
still
percolating

interstate travel

The swift moving cars it is
another perspective than county roads
the sunrise the sunset still

Moving cars like water and
the trucks the trucks inna line
close to cities without touching them

The driving experience is unique
from going to a place
to appreciating a place specifically

Notice civilization a road
and the migrations of people as the migrations of animals
[a road now keeps them contained]

The cruise control and steady
can travel four hundred miles
making smallness of distance ask why

Assumed it is to rush as business
the pleasures of travel are to efficiency
and joy rides at seventy miles an hour

And late when never having shut down
the roadside hotels convenient
and placed next to the regular food choices

And were it the same one day to the next
ask how far it is you travel
to look over guard rails

the germ

airborne and invented to assume a host
to make green come from their nose
to make the veins in their throat stand

cough

a long wait

A long wait patience
I hold the handles and maneuver through the day
collecting ribbons and shells
putting them into an order
I consider my work anthropology

A long wait dialogue
and form language to address change
make poems of patience and what does come
put them into one book after the next
like a list

A long wait the clock
time anchors the segments of thought
steal away steal nearness
and call it little frames
I put together little frames

A long wait the mirror
the beard and the eyes the gray hair
the dust gathers
ask whether spirit is the same as yesterday
when I am different

A long wait age
to know how the wind does gather the seasons
it is experience to say it is from the southwest
where my attention is drawn
and where the river is taken

fire inside

The coals of ambition
with pledge
Entitlements for pathways gone
into the trust of certainty

Fire inside
the burning fire smoke at indecision
Desire is the plot of lifetime
the economics of hardship are dispelled

It has been forever part of the plan
success is no burden nor justice
The family watching family and giving
it is a start

And detail how the littles survive
attention is easy
To make a house an accounted house
there is no contest

The watched errant throws of life
there is no contest
Strike complications with a question
and better than survival

For to know the ends of willful living
are to forgotten burdens
And at rest the want for life
is disband to retirement

the club

Wear paint on their faces
Eat together and
Dance in circles around fire

Hunt and plant together
And start a language
Gather for decision

Build meeting houses
And worship nature as greater than
Keep fire

*There is a password
For an elders attention
And gifts are required*

day old coffee

Day old coffee
before the mold first sets on top

It is a dark night to rise and replace a pot
so early

The last of yesterday's
darkened and hardened in character

With new fullness
and reheated with the same attention to smell

*The birds do yesterday's act
chattering and chasing from tree*

*Smells like rain
fuller and with information*

aging

There is a story about growing old in this place
includes the river and the weather
and the germ of youth

The story begins with their recollections
one by one they assembled in living rooms
talking

Though not how to age indifferently
for to see things over and over again is a wander into complacency
though a question as to the ideal life

And what is remembered from errant fondness
where the memories retreat unless they are active
as still alive nor thought to yesterday necessarily

The journalist drew the story of death from twelve
experience is speculative
though answer alone what happens with the remains

Answer sadness for heaven where the living
are not
it is separation which is chill

Death as a subject only lasts as long as
the related memories
speculation as a subject only lasts as long as an audience

The interesting story
the interesting story carried their demons
and their attention again

politics

The balance of politics in this year is
the voter
When spar among presidential politics is
the unreliability of the barbs of language
The platforms intersect and
to say there are more than two perspectives
Is to say every one has an opinion
is to say there is a solution for every
Though what can be done when
the executive system checks a legislative words
slowing the numbers
Policy is their balance
excepting them without an invitation
Where there is no structured position
for formal defense of solutions
An election is a turn to the times
and every glance at a public is their invention
Where problems are identified
and the mingled bills will be address
A common position is unique to each
and watched are the characters of play
Nor enough to believe in a way
as much the words and manners
Why they vote it is to their conscience
or to believe there is no voice
They too come to politics for change
and when they arrive they no longer say change
You are not so different from myself
I am convinced
And whether your advocacy were my advocacy
the race is to authority

the cities with the road between

The cities with the road between
one of lakes and one of industry

The character of a city is in its identity
and the ways in which its people live

There is contest if
to share a policy

Were production foremost
how long to protect a lakes from

Mention industry is no stop to nature
and to satisfy two geographies is grander politics

The cities with the road between
a land is connected and

To say there is no nature to cosmopolitan ways
is to say Godless wonder is their industry

And so proud to say one cannot look about
for to be captured unto my origins

The quiet corner of the forest with lake
city is not mentioned

And county
and state a land area

Human nature is a contest to my protections
a city is an idea

early to colors

The sun after the eclipse returns to regular
Day

The astronomers have never realized a position
that the features of space
would not return to their balance

Early to colors
and freshed for consideration
that the stars the light that
the orbiting whorls might intersect a consciousness

The birds return in their own conversations
The red
cardinal
rise before the dawn

It is a day begun waiting for monotony
the celestial versions of excitement are
put away

And the day before the decade before
there is no difference

The sun crests the clouds collect the orange and
the sky retreats to lighter blue
again

Everything is natural

painting rooms

Navajo white
in rollers

Green tape

Four days and a house

*A house is not a person
unless a house is a person*

BURNT ORANGE

Only God did make a tree
only God did make me

The fire started with lightning
the dry brush had not seen rain in months
taken
restarted

Only God invents a fish

The dam is mine

The clouds are play
the waves are play
and the stars

I only see

And summer's smell

A million Gods
is no greater than a single

The last of information is my relief
where I go away
absorbed

Nature puts a storm into the middle
of an ocean
with no effect
I do not know

poet stranger

Poet stranger
word arranger

My hat is different and
I do not rhyme on occasion

What does feed a life

Thrill

The approach of the tornado

And their fresh vegetables

They are old and know better

Nor longer invent language

We are nearly the same
stand in a room together

There is only injustice
like her hat