

CIVIL SOUNDS

Gregory Markee

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PRITY LIGHTS

MADISON

CIVIL SOUNDS

Beware the bells o simple time
you are here and with no surprise
and quickly dissolve but I am aged now
a bong a bong for one hundred years every day loud
beware
for time and progress
what will change [nay] [say nay and nothing will change] [again and again]
to wrap oneself in change [when nothing does change] [it is impossible] [impossible]
a civil memory is a pull to sound civil sound
the sounds of horse are done
and the cars with engines and horns
and the bicycle is silent
[they still talk loudly]
beware
I am no longer myself
when to compare time with time
I am the other one and the other one divided
the bells o pleasantry
the surface I cannot change nor wish
change [the tornado siren is public] [it is a bomb shelter] [it is a tornado shelter]
the opiate the opiate the opiate [it is three pm I am told]
bong bong bong
I agree and sign my name scratch scratch scratch
the contract beware
not all sides are square the market is a squelch
[snaps open the case] and it is done
nor the sun crackles for its heat
nor the wind understands [because you are different than I]
contract
but you are
spoken whisper whisper whisper
I remember nature and what is common
cannot be taken [it is seven o'clock now the bells declare]
bongbongbongbongbongbongbong the sun concurs [gone]
the slow moon at the rooftop
the heavy moon
is a low frequency hum [and public]
beware

CONCERN FOR CONCERN

Concern for concern
when there is no solemn thought which
exists against wickedry I have seen
there must be a prepared defense a prepared struggle
one cannot simply enjoy

And be
when so long is spent in my convincement [them]
that there is darkness darkness lurking
in fantastic ways I have not seen
though did hear a story

About freedom and chains
vigilance is a scar to those who watch to those who have seen
the locked voices
vigilance alert the sentry holds away injustice
and concern is small and measured against such a force

The taxman came to the open country
with roads and justice in mind
and language broad enough for all of the citizens
he collected and collected and jailed those without contribution
though there was already a building [a heart]

The novelty of the one trained for organization
the fetish is
a way which quashes the standards of automatic neighborliness
he had an office a dependent office
assumed concerns for all of the population

Concern for concern
and they voted eventually for one
one
to ease their own burdens to answer distress administratively
to address concern administratively

CRITICAL THEORY / PRISONERS SHE SAID

Prisoners she said we all are
caught into ruin and fed
with the same clothes
prisoners she said it is easy
struggle is done completed gone
and time is timed time is a station
prisoners she said politics
fame is allegiance agreement
another book and another book

Written the sky is a bar
and the night sky the stars are bars
where is escape to the forest
nature is a bar rain is a bar
everything is done for a reason I did not start

Lie still on the floor contorted
for a year another year another year
time is a fire the clocks go and go
but I am measure nor do I just count
news is the wind

Prisoners she said with degrees
and education and thought qualified thought
what it was that put me into
prisoners she said and the greater
the escape the deeper the hole
the more valid the reason for death the deeper the hole
prisoners she said and smiled
for the first time ever and with full language
she knows critical theory [critical]

OLD JOHN'S TESTIMONY

Strung up the murderer hanged him
they had the authority the law was on their side
it was a barfight went too far
never cared much for him before anyway that is why
old John's testimony is a beard
didn't talk much anymore
policy is policy

EXCESSIVE FORCE

Excessive force
the wickedry of authority the holds of power
[they did not listen]
held a word aloft
[they did not listen]
corruption reinforces itself the stacked jury the stacked testimony
made the records invisible in
twisted words twisted reason is so logical when
amnesty is to the predator
and to be convinced there are two sides
when there should be no alternate power
[they] [did not fear incarceration]
said they must know fear as authority
principles are to respect
before the youth are older and governed by their own
excessive force and is a train
let authority kindle its own law
but justice is not so isolated and self determined
here
there are branches of divinity branches of structures of
process
wherein there is recourse to
the strong hands and mighty spirit of the front row
officer in uniform
I have always trusted because
[it is they] [they] [who did not listen]
left a man behind they said was
one of them

THE WRITE-IN ASSUMED THE OFFICE

The write-in assumed the office
[officially she did not win]
[though I gave her my spirit and she took it]
every day she went to her desk
formed an opinion
made one telephone call wrote one letter

Independent is a word because
the others maintained a system
there are two parties and the others
it is logical it is reasonable
for the maintenance of a system of channels of communication
though two parties on one branch is no balance

Nor hers is justice
but freedom sings loudly in her corner
[every one has a voice] [and hers is still robust]
called control and being
effortless
it was her collective identity which failed her in formality

The signature is not official
but they gathered as protesters with purpose
rather as affirmators with purpose
nor the strangled causeless kind
but action means action and she does pull strings
attached to the Governor and them them

Listen shh
it is chance we meet
with my ideas
nor I have cared much for governance
except it were a mad vote
to stop a mad vote

POWER

The office atop the tower occupied
 lent grace to decision
 assumed the formal ways of language
 and a signature to this and this a veto to this
 power is not physical strength
 power is where decision stops
 for a moment
 and without the note of corruption
 traveled in long cars long images
 set an autograph like popular worship
 onto glossy prints
 and realized a satisfactory way for
 their attention and their attention like channels
 the formal paths of direction
 moral authority is a sharpness to image
 and discourse with that which is
 sharp and punctuated is a moment
 access is a moment like trade is a moment
 set physical force against the wayward
 set physical intervention for the lost the wandered
 souls caught again and reconstituted
 power is authority is given is a mandate
 because a promise is a trust
 and wondering whereabouts freedom
 were it found in the absence of authority
 no
 but knitted to the subtleties of
 the recent policy ridden to its ends
 that the clamorous resisters are
 one and another prisoned for their
 insatiable appetite for a bottomed control
 but they too have buttons
 for an acquiesced state
 [their's too is representative]
 and though contest is figured differently among
 each the voices
 hers is the button

TRAFFIC

The protest stopped the traffic
they could not get to their airplane they could not get to their office they could not get home
it was cold
and the busses would not move
and the protesters were right
which made for patience

I lead a sheltered life I was not invited to the die-in
I bet it is fun
but someone died
for the license
that is why their eyes are so big as they lay on the freeway
that is why they are not smiling

DNA OF THE CITY

Composition in colors in places brought

diversity

the man is different than the man is different than the man

DNA of the city

and each thread is reason and genetics is reason

a thousand places a million places

evidence for ancestry though experience

is not included experience is another history

composition the swathe of peoples brought

and bringing

THE FIRE TRUCK THE CATS

The fire truck circling
the old burning home driven by cats meow
plug in a line to the municipal water
source
hose it down break a window hose the inside
until the smoke is gone
meow
done
circle back
now it is for insurance meow so too cats
the fire house is
extraordinarily quiet
patter patter
since homes were built inflammably

I DWELL

I dwell on a bookshelf

I dwell in a car

I dwell in an imaginary world I cannot control

is constant

I dwell in politics speaking speaking

I dwell on the inside of wisdom

taking notes and

voting

I dwell in a university with eyes closed

listening

I open my eyes and see people hairy and fascinating people with ideas

I dwell in a band of poets

I dwell in heaven I change the earth I make lakes

I dwell in heaven now

I dwell watching sunrise and sunrise again

I dwell contentedly

in sound

I open my eyes to the sound of birds

winter birds now

I dwell at the limits of a city

I make a home at the limits of a city

I dwell inside of a clock

the pendulum moon back and forth and back

I dwell anonymously

seeing

I dwell seeking reason

for the language this time metaphor this time literal

this time figurative

I am trained I dwell in

the composition of my experience

I dwell underground

is where an ancestors are waiting and with answers to

all of the questions

I dwell in folklore [I am the one climbing down the rope]

I dwell in poems as hero as somebody in cap

and tie

I dwell mischievously

I plant little seeds and water them

SOMETHING IS MISSING

Were it the gone moon
something is missing
it has been daytime for all of my life
though that should not stop the moon
were it the winter the warm winter rain
nature is awry
something is missing
and the animals them friendly and asking for food
it has not rained for a year
were it the trains and the planes
them going going connecting
people must get around indeed
though I am not connected except as
consumer at the grocer
something is missing
it has been winter for sixteen warm years
everything is stopped
people started counting
people started food pantries people started giving away tents
something is missing
the stars are not out for the eternal blue sky
the mushrooms are not out
people come together in groups to try to expel God
the poems are not satisfactory any longer
they writhe in the sun they are grapes drying
there is no time
for impotent poems
something is missing
there is no time
for impotent music for impotent politics
something is missing

[The lovely cave with tapestries the cool cave with the spring
[with paint for walls and two rooms for beds
[the family is together nor ever having believed theirs was the best circumstance
[the others
[lived above the surface [lived above the ground [and without nature they lived

EXOTIC

Exotic

charm the dancer with feathers

captured in a photograph

on stage

and named a name other than her name

captured capturing rapture

pleasing the men

and a woman that agreed with men

SOME SORT OF SAMARITAN

O carried the body with the soul
and everyone did watch
it
put into the ground without service
but a quick word upon
forgiveness
to ease
their
condemnations of a man
having met death alone alone
and ever short of language
lower lower
down
was what they came to see
some sort of samaritan

WHY RISE WHEN I AM NO LONGER TIRED

Why rise when I am no longer tired
the depression worked its way into
the heart of the day but they did not see
the gone resources among their frivolous selves
the race for race the deaths among a civil nation
they did not see the slight illness creep into
life and being causing questions of
welfare concern and welfare state and welfare giving
and to have believed in positive strength
about the attitude for growth and security
and to have believed in trial and failure and retrial
but those are no ends among the confines
of personal spheres
there is so much to know when living collectively
that possession is to hold something closely
that love too is possession
is to hold something closely
or they reclaim themselves they go away
and reclaim themselves
restart failed religions invent destructive forces
they go away without attention
why rise when I am no longer tired
but the gentle sounds are enough the gentle rain
the feeding birds as sound
and I am covered
and what is done is complete and simple
there really is no competition there really is no despair
but to say
to rid oneself of the tumor of public being
is a cage about oneself
and silence for I think in letters in language
no
I will not rise
today

WINTER IS

Winter is the cold air I am suffered in chill
the light snow is a flurry begins
the dark days of thought

Winter is started and calls me by name
[I was born in winter]
[and know the slow spirit of life is a reflection of place]
but the sky is beauty
yet
just for a moment and then I am gone
away home to the artificial light the artificial heat
to the saved food
it is near spring I say
I say
again

AIRPLANE SUNRISE

The jet hum acceleration

nose forward

up

and lift the angled flight for altitude

rise and rise

to a cruising threshold

It is morning and the eastern sun over the clouds

rise

The engines hum

GOVERNMENT IS THEIR DECOY

Government is their decoy
is an opiate to them and them
waiting turns taking turns as authority
said arbitrary
[old money is held]
[folded into a pocket without notice]
[with the consternation of thought]
[liberty is]
government is large large enough
holds all of the thoughts
they and they get in line
said answer and freedom and pride
[civil service is volunteerism]
[a public career does not exist but in their pride]
[nor is there hope for pride in compensation]
[just enough to be]
government is a web all of the figured needs
and where authority dwells
is a stop to the beaming programs
gone off on their own
[waiting for money money]
[the appeased]
[but do they solve what is wrong]
[what is wrong]
government is from their boredom
and the charge of improvement
is a train which does not yield which cannot yield
is said
[and to be close and exterior]
[yet]
[and when there is no governance there or there]
[when the idea of justice is at rest]
government is not required
for no one damages natural law
there is no offense when there is no law
and conversation is its' restart

SCHEDULES

For the seven o'clock show
catch the five o'clock train for dinner at
five forty five
for salmon
salmon is quick
the tickets are at will-call after six thirty

Then drinks at nine
after after
and before the last train at midnight

But she decided to drive
and that is totally different

THE TRAINS

Train one hundred cars
through the city
horn horn horn
slow enough to climb aboard for a spell
coal cars box cars
westbound
horn horn horn
make the cars wait sunrise
at the gate
run all night they do

ONCE A VILLAIN ALWAYS A VILLIAN

Once a villain always a villain
records indicate a history of corruption
struggle against public decency
malfeasance upon a cultured center
once
a villain always a villain
put a crookedry upon a victim
corrections is just a word and
took a lawyering to stand tall in law
did so

Did so
reputation is theater and convinced
judgment is their faith
another's fate by their limits
judgment is their mistrust and their limits
protecting one's own is justice and
there is no reversal to damage
there is no redemption for the villain
goes again and again like nature
getting by upon their pain and property

Balance is brought
the release when all things come to light
the modeled course of reintegration
and the incorrigibility of being
you are suffered dejected and with remorse and
one decision from relapse again
again
nothing is broken but it were
for a world in which victims make room
for predators oh forgiveness

Nor I can weigh against freedom
there are limits to holding someone for their sins
another try another try
and to have had a freedom for perspective

as it were a calling to watch
nor ever my intention to hold anything
against another but it is difficult
to say forgiveness to mean forgiveness
nor a thing but to hold you close as friend
for watch

The mistrust is a sway
and fences for privacy and cameras
hold value close for it is easily taken
or to say nothing there is nothing which
is stolen can alter my own resolve at
living at being at knowing
but I cannot make nothing of another
it is against my own character
and I make myself small in doing so
though is logic my only reason

And what I say of a person willing to change
with an aggravated past
perhaps your own soul is pulled I say
as everyone's
though my distance is my own security my own clarity
nor I have peace to offer
but a path to trust
like society like culture is a promise to all
do the right thing is all I have to say
do nothing is all I have to say

And do I like villains
yes
the good kind
the clever and white collar kind
fixing things anonymously like civil disobedience
you have my attention
or
there are no such things as villains excepting
them within walls
and upon a release then all debts are done

ELECTRONICA

The books are shelved in the computer
browsing is difficult
requires a battery
information is expensive
she is not a machine though I have never seen her confounded
always knows the answer
always
my ears ring like electronica
like truth
is a hum a high pitched hum
I must have been wrong
to learn I have learning to do
though
knowledge is no device for love or affection I say
a temperament is a condition a willful condition
just to say
you are correct
ok
or just to say
there are things I do not care to know
nor I take my computer to every place
my lesson is analog

THE JOURNEY

A brief prayer
then northwest bound
never been
there are roads I assume
I have seen pictures
will set a foundation
and make plans
next to the ocean
for my return
I just wanted to see
my home
from that perspective
make sure
I am living rightly

OFFICE SPELLS

The office a closed system
production
the viral production
[money]
product is the public intersection
how is it good
the report
satisfactory the production of language
a publishing house
put the words in the proper order
opened the system
for sale
the malleable editors
the public trust
print print print
the marketeers
say a small story for process
attach a number to
the book
begin again
the office a closed system
until

JUMP

Jump

the land's afflutter the clouds

will hold you

and your possessions

clock

money

hat

and when the land returns

for your set down

you may choose to stay

THE DRUMS OF WINTER

The drums of winter
strike with the small and short sun
tom tom
and the gone nature
quiet but for the wind whistles
makes known the time
otherwise quiet and waiting
[rest]

But I am not
and to my own heartbeat rhythm
be
when the else is gone and done away
for the time I know
you
will return I listen still
for your distance
tom tom

SOLSTICE

Please sky

O for winter the first day

cast and without sun

give me snow I say

rather than this covered ness

just cold just

and without temper of any sort

I see the frozen grass

the brittle frozen forest

only remarkable to say

we are here together

and waiting

but occluded in spirit because

there is no sharpness

but want

but memory for patience

TO THE BRAVE AND YOUNG

Be free
stay out of jail
you are required
avoid the troubles when you are able
address them quickly and
with due importance
you are necessary
and an indelible mark from your generation
yes you have lived
you are important
treat the others as you wish to be treated
share all good things
and do not lie
do not vandalize another's claim
and when you are weary
trust in others
and when you are strong
carry the burden for others
you are here and proud
believe in your capacity
for leadership
volunteer
know that time claims all people
and that you live rightly
be a model for others
especially the young
you are worthy you are aware
value education and
see yourself and those important to you through struggle
appreciate the treasures of being
do not be afraid to swallow your pride
be free
and stand against tyranny in any of its forms
allow freedom
read
you are aware and learning

CARS ROUNDABOUT

Roundabout the drivers

all day

the horns the sirens

stop at lights go at lights stop at lights

pull over for night when

the others awaken from their sleep

let them have the road

shiny painted mobiles

cruising

all night and sunrise

they turn in

again the day the taxis

come the commuters come

roundabout the drivers

THE STATION

Was his calling his station
lit a word on fire lit a subject on fire
the city is answer recalled language
put the forms to specialized labor
put the forms to union
gathered the parcels of language into a dictionary
there are rules
he cannot explain
poise is his chronic condition and
again and again he fits into space
like an autograph
suffrage is their formation
and a vote is each
the form and content
wrote a single poem about the day
which will never end
and carried the dot of freedom willfully
to exercise the idea of city
until there is no interference
nor struggle at difference
the settled ways of being them locked into
cash and ways
you are of no significance to them
and them
traveling and finding modernity
in corners and conversations
what does elevate our being
inwhich he saves
poverty from poverty
it was it is a cloud it is a password
and they travel forward now with the rest
citing an alternative collapse
were there no insistence
give him a stage until a school is proved
and then a chair at a desk
a small desk for writing
over and over again

NAUTILUS

Nautilus whorls
the day
too close to the sun to see the sky
the night
then the shaded astrons
galaxy
traveled away for watch
the germ the bang
yet timeless for my one hundred years
the same splendor
then and then
birth and death

Mine is the new one
and lit from its interior
I say nothing
but their words for its first sight
novel
the universe is novel
I do not know

INCENSE

Dry the cedar boughs the forest
spark the fire burn lightning
into wholeness and smoke burn
the crackling and smoke
from the west wind and carries
a warning wildlife aside
smells good good like a home fire dry
tinder
beware

I COME FROM ELEVEN

Having traveled ten I come from eleven
carrying now
a higher degree
and introduced to twelve
first overwhelmed now fascinated again
at levels
I am nearly done
nor I shall return again
for reborn beauty is itself and nothing else
and the mystical eleven is
the mystical twelve now nearly complete
upon which I teach
order
[order]
having proven order

TURN DOWN THE VOLUME PLEASE

Settled into a leather chair smoking
and minding the world
decided
it is time
to enter politics because
there is a problem
with the volume of politics
the content is just fine but the volume
makes a soul restless
makes for intimidation
makes for a systemic dissolve of thought
[loud love is abrasive]
And attach nothing to good intentions
nor the rider for
the easement of regulatory practice
fuel and military and education and roads
nor want for change nor local nor federal control
[just stop]
[pause]
[finish the pipe]
ask a question
then
[there are others]

REHEARSAL

So there are no mistakes O wisdom
traveled a life as
rehearsal
and whether I am prepared for the next
the final
[am I allowed to change my mind halfway through] [question]
were I convinced this is heaven
tomorrow is better than today as long as
my health
I suppose
lasagna for dinner and a fire in the fireplace
O wisdom so there are no mistakes

EVERYDAY REALISM

Everyday realism the hardness of
accomplishment
to economics sustainability tomorrow considered
a dash of joy
the art the arts
put labor into order
for ends the teleologies of being
had a cheeseburger and a home
and enough for the misfortuned the downed and trying
and of good spirit to carry through
winter's chill winter's memory winter's being
and a status to one's own that
the smallest treasures among the comforted
the well
moving forward hopping across the toils and efforts
[they are forgotten] [gone]
nor remember what it was that
caused
a continuation it is the smallness of daily charge which
is forgotten
beneath a threshold
memory is not so quaintly ordained to daily task
but it were the travel of dreams
the unexpected which stays
everyday realism is neatly contained
kept for the liminal self
for maintenance of ways though
the greater charge of happily being is
the surface and above the surface for thought

THE WIND ON FIRE

The wind on fire
fueled by opinion
[they are restricted] [they are kept to themselves]
the flammable voice inhaled
let out the torch of disgust
shelter is
the isolations of self without social cause
though a stone does not reproduce

Put on the asbestos t-shirt the asbestos jeans
with the pocket for the journal
dared social invention dared social convention
wrote a manual on the subject of law
forgot the groceries forgot the mortgage
no matter

NO MORE

No more

surrender

I do not lend evil to evil

and what is beyond control

no more

the whips of tedium and without answers

the grind of professional rule

but there were no friendships for their quickness and to be contained

no more

let material away trash to believers

believing in a middled freedom

[them without houses] [them without cars] [them without education]

no more

glitter

confetti

I pray silently

no more

now the wind I trust

the forbearing clouds of conversation about my head

spins the idea of community like neutrality

no more

the hermit and his apology

for not lending his body to their science instead

an arboreal view of the city from above

no more

they are small and contained

they are insects they are rodents they are infestuous

they take

no more

schedule for the day

no more psychiatry no more judgment

for how the dinosaurs died for lack of interest

no more

lines divisions

nor success when success sucks from others

times them keeps them to time

no more

CONTAGION

They shuffled quietly the sounds of shoes on cement
 with answers and certainty and flowers for the memorial
 how the death of innocence is a charge to giving
 there are no voices nor voices in their heads [silence]
 and the animals lifted their heads
 rose the moon to center day sky a half moon divided
 and a cloud moving
 there is no sound to the wind but what I know
 and everyone lowers their heads back to the surface of belonging
 I was not included it was I who did not include myself
 change is a season change is time there is no other change
 the lifeless are models to meditation
 they lay down their guns and knives and fear
 I was not included when God asked for peace [I do not own a firearm]
 nor did I hear God ask for peace nor did I hear God ask for anything
 and in God's absence I am free am I not
 for to be without order for to be deaf for to be God is never having heard God
 the masses
 the prostitutes the thieves the sinners [there is no sin]
 and the dogooders [goodness is his own conception] [he kept value to himself] [even in prayer he kept value to himself]
 the parade is a question say
 the people gathered as one
 pretended to die even them who had killed pretended to die
 but they were only crying
 and when they had died enough they stood again and shuffled
 home to their ways
 home to their arts resembling science and automation
 the alarm is set for six am tomorrow is a work day

MISCONCEPTIONS

The lie stilled an audients
 they knew better than the cost of social decay as
 money
 but it was no lie
 truth as satire punctuated with unrelated events is
 their imagination
 a buffer to honesty because
 nonbelief is a civil way and
 easier than devotion but when
 a candid remarks bend and introduce life their life
 as if it were another's business to know
 age and decayed principals and lust
 [but] [they are leaders]
 is cause for conception misconception of
 social direction
 a half truth is a lie is it not
 if to cause her candidacy if to cause her alarm her calling
 they proffered guidance as they do
 enlisted musical instruments for
 pledges of allegiance and
 she is just introduced and new
 soon she will know money and lies
 without ever a conversation
 but it will be no lie when
 satire reconciles itself with a majority
 knowing a thing in a way
 perhaps an awkward way but enough
 to quash the surface of questions real questions
 redirection is
 an attention to greater forms I believe and
 I can mention public opinion is
 when the interview began and they were all
 wearing red proudly
 and calling at the geometries of social innovation
 and calling at the metaphors of peace and happiness
 saying
 everything is good
 to the convinced journalist okay

THE COMMITTEE

It was that kind of committee
in which the questions were already answered
said wellness is no substitute for recovery
but they brought food [the bringers did not eat]
it is okay to talk while you eat
my oh my finish your mouthful
the heavy-set social workers brought their own oranges [that is six oranges a day]
the moderator
had already written a summary
there is a model elsewhere there is a social model elsewhere
though it does make sense
to introduce policy in such a way [let them talk] [let them chatter]
this is not research this is not fact finding
I was invited
for the food

AMBIENT SNOW

Covered the sky occlusion the trees
flurry
and wind song scattered the voices are
whoar the morning light is a sound
static and I
am indoors bringing favor to the day
otherwise itself and cold cold
unfulfilled promise authority said
this is your freedom clouded and spun
I believe
to take limits into my heart and regard them as
the limits of authority
it was yesterday's thought which
minded my path through memory and
storm
the walls are well enough to hold away
the anchors of blighted nature
the contemplates of freedom within within
when an outer conditions are not my own
but beauty through a window I give
at no cost
compliment to a governing force
I forget now
for I am warm and among colors here
I do not remember the snow for
the day

WHAT OF CORRUPTION

Public trust took public trust
shot a man on instinct
required a civil servant [the real kind]
for sense and how to feel
and whether corruption say
the question of whether it is a question
never met the threshold for community
inquiry
they said [they said]
authority surrounds
about itself claims its own
circles its own until there is an answer before
a public question
but I am silent as they are silent
and guilty of
rightness without breath
corrupt in my own sincerity and
quickness to defend when there is no
offense
it is fear for growing small
it is fear for having an interests amputated
it is fear of loss
but authentic I search myself and
my own ways
for fault and integrity and reason
but there can be no question of reason when
public opinion is a list against my own
quarter
though I grow I do grow
still
and with attention for

FIVE BELOW

And clear
crystal
breath
five below
every surface is hard
frost
and breeze for winter
just cold
sends a mind into itself
retreat
I
for coffee from a window
watch
the teased sun
holds nothing
but sight
short for the winter
day
gone
quick

