

CLOUD CLOUDS

sophia

Greg Markee

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s o p h i a

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MADISON

liminal thought the clouds

Nor was I blind. When the darkness there were
counting clouds.

Traveling clouds counting clouds.

One to the next and though

I was never among them nor to be anything but
stealing them

taking the billows for imagination and how they
dissolve

and turning realness into realness

and though I was never among them except for
being.

Except for being.

Nor was I blind and

when the air was crystal the sameness of liminal thought
though I knew things I did not say nor
could not say.

Or either to let the clouds dissolve I could not.

For contempt is nothing I insist and

what I steal is too stolen I accept.

And counting clouds

when they reach for cycles to the east and

letting down and

when they stop resembling.

That is simple.

That rests on air I say.

That is simple.

And what is not easy and what does not go away
pass.

Nor was I blind when

I only heard love approach without sound

turned my head and

remembered

nor is love something other.

puff

Clouds gone stillness. They went.

They went.

And with the accumulations of want they
went.

Nothing for blue I
think in words.

And come again I imagine.

Puff.

And only the river dry bank sounds it is
enough
without wind.

And only the shuffling silence
the sound plucked grass
makes it is
enough without
wind. They went.

Clouds for errands they went.

Clouds for errands and bring.

Clouds for errands patience.

Clouds for errands stillness nothing
here.

And away seeing things.

Taking slow accordion songs and
remarking the loveliness of lawns they
went

I did.

thinking freely about education

it was never schools nor social institution
thinking about education
it was never thinking about education when

Philosophy was brightfast and the
sense for numbers was the
sense for law.

and to be useless when knowledge is useless to believe
what are places divinity

the clouds are a place
who never believed me when I never believed
the clouds are a place lest
the imagination is a place

thinking freely about education
year ten reflects year nine
the third year reflects the second year
what is not a reflection when
thinking freely about education I do not call this
education

Philosophy is brightfast
directions
automatic directions.
Chasing representation like I am social and
thought to have given that
up and away at
graduation

thinking freely the clouds about education I
am

no direction

The limits of stillness are thought
and without change.

The changeless is
cause for nothing enough
holds me.

And the everything frames the sky what is
natural this is
and for that
nothing and attention
holds me.

What is conscience conscious consciousness no rain.
The limits of stillness are being
to be contained.

I am
release
what is contained without cause
cannot go.

Goes away the sun goes down.

night clouds, they pass

Driftless going dreams. Lightning moon
cloudfront sleep and
nearfull.
Slowpass not reluctant shudder September air nofreeze.
But only fresh and few noises
grasscrickets.
When metaphor was loud it was
easy to listen.
I am subtle for wanting more.
Driftless, nor does the moon change. The moon has
never changed.
Has the moon always been I am.
Conscious, nor the ocean will not change nor really. And
the low clouds cloudfront
who calls fog at
night. To pass it goes away I remember
clearness
never gone the sand immortal it
does not change.
Memory is an ocean moon and time it is
an ocean moon
nor does it go away cast itself to better places believe in
other things and otherness.
Driftless nothing whorls gently and
not at all nothing whorls.
Onecloud over moon stop and
it too goes to
limits with me sleep enough.
Conceals bright things and time I
curl and go
away.

daybreak fogfront

You are too miserable.
You make things opaque.
You make voices echo.

No wind.
Slow cars headlights.
Coffee.
Eastbound sunbound lifted patch clear.
Reentry.

The people that are not working saying work ethic.
Work ethic.
The useless knowledge that
holds interest.
Worthless.
Never bought a book.
Condemns those who have.

Breakthrough.
You are too miserable.
Groundclouds to thin.
Features define features.
Steady light sunhigh an hour up.

No memory.
Fog begone with
the coffee.
You are still too miserable.

and not to think about the clouds for government

What is good in government. I do not wonder like the clouds

I wonder.

Inferno. Purgatory. Paradise.

And to who declares the state of the state.

Who accepts.

Things eventually rise. To know this rises as all things
do

rise.

Social pillows the

things which are not welfare are welfare are metaphors
the clouds.

And not to think of the clouds for government, it
is the wind. It

is what is in the wind when

I grow too old to be fascinated by what I knew as clouds
then.

Vote this vote that what is affected by
the winds of social opinion.

What is afflicted by.

And if meaningful are collective futures and
if meaningful are the clouds

what building is for the way of clouds.

The cloudreaders.

The interpretivists.

Give them a church and call it margin.

Give me a church. El paradiso.

And not to think about the clouds for government.

And not to paint clouds on walls and
to call them people.

To call them judgment.

What is good in government. If the clouds
what is not good
in government.

carpetnap afternoon, the clouds

Stillframes sunwindow heat carpetnap.

Drooling dreams cloud awake

light to gray.

Then again brightness.

The clock.

Wide asleep passive dusted lightbeams.

Grab a couch cushion.

Curl.

Clouds through glass silent.

Heated sunlight break ambient clouds a
light to gray moment.

Again.

Again like time.

Sleepdrifts and stillframes
afternoon.

The nosounds the clock.

rendered symbolic

Efforts proud. Efforts were many things.
And who could follow
if
greatness were complex.
Rendered symbolic then and brackets for
who to know the extent of
efforts as
possible.
As plausible.
Made into a social cloud hero.
Talked about as other.
Extracted humanity from intentions, extracted
possibility from
effort.
And if,
good too is other.
Social association of good is
to that which transcends possibility.
Efforts proud. Efforts were
many things
then.
And history, if it is borders and
the communion of the common is humanity, indeed,
I grant an otherness to
a cloud
which
considered without borders and
supposed good things independently.
For what is left behind if
collective development is
left behind?
Wrote a book about him. His
community.

talk to God about that

The way the clouds rolled in at the
troubling news.
I only figured on the typical
night of thunder, the
pounding rain.
By morning it would be gone.

And if I am disposed to particular thoughts when
the clouds.
And if I am now
old and heard.
What else I listen?
If to believe,
what else I listen?

the no sound conversation

Eyes started a thought. No sound
conversation.

Invention is rational. God decides what is
productive attitude.

What good is productivity.

The food was good to
not remember the effort.

This is sustainable. Can you not see that this is
sustainable?

Twist my arm.

Apologies.

And what is ambition when
judgment is the judgment of judgment.

No sound conversation circles cycles.

The day goes and goes, the next day forms into
this.

And if what people do is ecstasy not to mind
eternity then.

What is ecstasy?

No word is ecstasy.

No explicit appreciation is
ecstasy.

The clouds I appreciate, this is not ecstasy.

Ecstasy is implied.

I do not remember what does compel.

Good.

Eyes started a thought.

It is enough I am not blind nor am I
implied and

no sound conversation

the words go away and

what is not ecstasy

then?

poetry and nationalism

Writes a poem, says this is Mexico, this is Greece.

This is America I am.

And a sociologist to know the nationalisms of poetry
and what I know of this nationalism

I am this nationalism.

And if poetry circles
poetry clubs

let them be plural.

And a thousand Russian national poets, a thousand
Missourians, or either

ten Canadians in love with things, what
is common?

And from that

then

national character I see thank you then.

Writes a poem, says this is Arabian I see thank you.

And who is not proud and

if all the everypoets to assemble

what they say

what is common

as if Earth were a nation I have not decided.

Only when the antipoets offer their
regards

offer their principles like opinions to
the clouds who listens.

And to be told, or either, to know by way of
study

how a pride begins

by people in boxes.

For nationalism, what is it not? Nationalism, it
is not without lines.

I have

not decided what I believe that to mean.

neutral

Sure, the insects and
who is truly neutral.
The frames of objectivity are those of
experience.
And who could forgo history lest
they had
imagined language, they had
imagined the morning.
Neutral, the
degrees of then lest a God within I
cannot say no to that.
Only more neutral than I,
to give you that and
authority then.
And if to speak to prove neutrality, and if to become
the artist
to represent neutrality,
to confuse freedom with neutrality,
sure, the insects and
who is truly neutral.
For the limits of representation are
the limits of material.
No.
The limits of representation are
community as witness, the
institution of
ideas. And
what frames dissolve when
I am old.
Then
all frames dissolve when
I am old and neutral like
cloud.

Robin Hood the later

Settled down with Maid Marion ate Concord grapes.
One in ten should be planted.
Fifteen in a hundred should be planted
Maid Marion replied.
So it was.

confessions

If I did not have to sleep or eat I would
pray all the
time.
The clouds.
Never the clouds.
But I am
socially conscious.
Do I not write poetry?
Do I not hold your hand?
If death is not fear [death is not fear]
have I not considered death enough?
And what does live I do not ask and
walk among such things
recognizing
recognizing.
If I did not have to eat or sleep
what does a body require
I would pray all the time without words.
Ocean.
The seeds. The seeds.
I would release what can be released.
I will release that when
I close my eyes.
And I am socially
conscious
socially framed.
Am I not socially framed? And
if what I consider is
less important than
this company, what is less important than this
company?

holds records

Qualification
The best
Socially the best
Mortal records

Keeps records
Tall trees
Knows the greatest
The deepest

Are not all records social?
Memory
What is loud
What is memory
The day it rained
The clouds were to the earth
Seven days

Qualification
The best
Holds reference
Teaches reference
Mortal records
Who frames efforts?

The conquest records
Land speed
The curious records
Babies born at a time
What record is not social?
Qualified

like people do not want to live in a museum

Just to consider and
hold things.
Keep the other other.
Then it is not everywhere.
Contain threat in concept.
Contain love for access.
Contain the ideas of things I do not wish to notice
daily.
For if they were not kept they
would be always elsewhere and
unkept.
For to form a museum is to say
this is not a museum
only that is a museum.
And if the same were
true of other institutions then
to form a school is to say
this is not a school.
To form a government is to say
this is not a government.
To form a church is to say
this is not a church.
And what has not been formed?
Nature has not been formed nor
contained.
To hold things.
The other other.
And no admission necessary to sustain
the idea of museum
the idea of other and
its capture.

unkept

Where is government but
not in a building.
Where is art but only the official
brought to a building and kept.
Where is education but
held
and to struggle against
that
that education be held and
official.
And a language
to stop language to
resist its capture by silence for
language is beautiful
unkept.
Am I not silent?
And that which exists without division I
do never mention
the clouds again.
I do never mention the ocean and
not to take a
cup of water from it nor moonsand nor images lest
I am science and
unappreciating or
gathering peace for otherness and study
from its esse.
Where is government I
ask.
And to answer that upon the mounds of
anywhere
or either a building with
address without
title.

renaissance school, Main Street

They serve broth on Wednesdays before the
poetry peoples pipe.
Bring your own bread to share.
The coffee never stops.
Not a problem presented that
someone had an answer for except:
yes, now that is a good problem.
I see, I see.
And when the museum became jealous and
no longer let the
changers
use their bathroom,
yes, now that is a good problem,
Mr. Morgan said.
And that is Captain Morgan to you sir.
Because he kept the place
the place
that is why it was Captain Morgan.
And the lucky old lady love who knew
one poem by heart and
said it differently every week and
the dulcimer dude only made me to consider
what is character.
Character I say is proud and convenient and
character is a word.
Character is distinction.
What else it is?
And they had no guestbook only
the donated couches I plopped my character into when
I needed something. When I needed
something.

insensitivity and self recognition

And awkward to know thyself.
Awkward to be among several possibilities when
certainty is none of them.
The way labor is required for
association.
Apologies for disinterest it is
something I am working on.
And the cloud clouds
patience to return from that the way isolation is
forgotten
in an instant.
And awkward to have been found when
I was hiding.
Awkward to have learned something other
unpopular and
to have believed it then and
to have been caught repeating it as if it were
important
I did not care.
Nor the realities of
that which is confident between us and
where do we go
now?
Enough to rest and ramble I must
relearn such things.
And when old things unresolved become
new again and
ancient circles I read about appear
a more comfortable address than the way
modern social sways ask of me I say
and awkward to know thyself.
It is
something I am working on.

blessed and lingering

Having heard the news from
accredited sources
the earth will no longer be accepting
submissions or
admissions
to find a cloth bag then and
lay in high deserts
receiving.
For nothing is acceptable there is
not a contribution and
nothing to bless which has not.
And fine for clouds the day goes on without
thought
I pass.
And nothing is urgent.
The clouds are nothing and urgent.
And accredited sources how I
know emptiness when authority
the news is darkness and who could mind rediscovery I only ask.
And style for not requiring meaning to be
original. Take that back.
What is original?
And what is worth its social context
draw from officialism and
knowledge is official and
public.
The clouds are public and accredited and
blessed for their routines
I am.
And constant
when the wind is constant and empty
receiving what never is
capture.

avocations

A career of others. The
day what is not day to live nightly and not
to know day.
What is not distinguished from its
likeness and
made to little strips and lines.
Make good of that cloud with no use
the garden.
For centers are not beauty but utilitarian and
hardness first and
if that is beauty utility is beauty.
I do not know
but go to corners with found water and
memories and
call things at history.
A career of others. Like
the stars when I am
not among them and
oceans and love and mountains and love when
I am not among them.
And if one day age started
discern as truth and
if one day witness did not include myself
to then ask
what is objective.
Shame for such words.
Shame for shame.
And to take value as commodity, beauty as
commodity.
Shame for shame for poetry then when
the clouds go away and
to realize
I never did learn where they took me.

you cannot argue with science

Then silence if not to argue with science.

And question wherefrom conflict if

reason has not met

foundations.

And in any case why to steal the color of night

when it was something other and

held meaning and

metaphor then?

And why to steal

the body to systems as if

efficiency were greater than

utility?

And why to steal friendship for management

for production

for control?

You cannot argue with science if

logic

then.

Then

silence and why I dream I do not wonder.

Nor turn to religion when it

expects for sociological

futures and individualism is service.

And question wherefrom conflict what is

not obvious.

And solutions what is sacred and

does not

respond. What is stone

I am.

And not to listen for protest is the

otherness of alternative sciences as

resort

with walls I only know.

what study

Academic icons. What is harder than the cross and
one thing?

Many things and

everything other than.

And no soul to knowledge lest the

cross is kept or either the first association to religious experience.

What was God?

Then kept I have not forgotten

history but only

raised the rest to it.

What is common?

Everything is common and divine then when

academies have brought lists to divinity.

And to prove

life as divine as institution.

It is only difficult.

And what matters when little institutions steal
intentions

populations steal to secularism and

what started this dissolves.

No matter to that without interest many things

and if

little things go on forever

forever

then a thousand and more crosses one for every

institution.

And lists of lists.

And lists.

Enough that the unfolds start again social circles

self determined

from zero.

What is value I dissolve and

come again.

move around lifestyles

Move around lifestyles. Find a while nature
city. Wait to say one thing.
Stay one thing. Find the words.
To the next roads. Visit the caves the local beverage right thing.
Take that away.
Street marketing. Hire a man who
owns a bicycle, finds common things. Calls the
world without borders.
Only groups of people lifestyles.
Invisible.
No dental plan sweatshirts.
Day job.
What news is Miami winter the clouds. What news is
Durango summer the
wind does blow
summer the clouds.
The consensus is politics watching things dogs
pass.
The bridges last trains.
Twenty letters each university town, flagstamp postcards the
keywords.
What is expected systems for travelers.
Short term housing.
Floors and tans. Move around
lifestyles.
Resistance the rain.
And big trucks named walgreens and coca cola in
between carrying
intentions.
Mission to borders there is no genius that
permits genius.

the irony of social systems

And if there is a cause to
thinking alike.
Who did not discover what has been discovered?
The rain was simple when I am
in love.
The clothes cover a body that fashion
distinction is isolation.
Who minded isolation or either to have
confused it with
privacy.
And language from that.
Who did not discover what has been discovered?
That life
the pleasures of
not a poem to match the Sunday birds nor
the powers of
tornado hurricane volcano flood.
For there are no answers sometimes. To
discover that.
For there are no ways
to know what a question is appropriate.
Only to assume that
in times of cards and policy and education that
to start at
riddles is to disobey the
rules of antiknowledge for
only the weather when.
And only the commodities market when.
And if there is a cause to thinking alike.
Never to consider the difference of
opinion.
That is in private brackets and
would confuse this poem.

to win a war is not to win a war

To win a war is not to win a war. Nor sustainably mentioned then what is war?

To deny the course of mistreatment. Then the mistreated are not objects directed at.

And submission, to win that then, the force of injustice brought to submission.

And to win that when

a force has learned such things as otherness of value.

And that stolen without redirection

to lose the cultural pulse of peoples. And if a negative force is stopped

and to be secure

how are such things not victory?

If the measures of war to require periodic intervention or either

to enlist those mistreated for efforts. And

to dissolve the history of force then

never to call it war for

it will have never existed nor its function remembered.

To win a war is not to win a war. To think of otherness as otherness.

To demonize that which is not reasonably defeated.

What is defeat?

To defeat is not to defeat. Words I say. And

who considers words when

security?

Then to cling to words war and defeat at an end as if their insistence were to bring such things.

Words I say. To

win a war is not a word like

victory.

reconstruction

Supposing deconstruction. Building get old. Bridges get old.

Minds get old.

And if a social sphere is guided by

elders

when for the classification of elderhood and

how to know a good idea

when it is without age.

Sustainability who could argue that for

legacy is legacy.

And why to make old habits concern

the resemblance of elderhood when reconstruction assumes new notions.

New mind is this.

And the physical efforts of

guided politics

and what is good in classicism for this

to only remember its exterior.

And this was once young and better than chants and

better than

urgency and isolation.

And if the moderns to be strong the

science of character of

history.

And if the intentions to have brought deconstruction to mean reconstruction the

commitment to primitivism and

that word gone too in an

instant of technical disregard.

For directions are to those traveling and

reconstruction

it is to those who shall

live within its cause.

cloud clouds

Conscience clouds the dragondog pillow.
Passages southwestern remote and cities hereto destiny
what brings.
I am not lucky but following the wind and
that which cannot be stopped.
For there is no defeat to force nor wind.
There is no defeat to the reasons of allowance. A sail I
gather I always was and where.
And if the light I will capture then
past the daymoon light when the stars I sail too and
make meaning of being or either
knowledge I have not decided.
Conscience clouds the cockbull freedom the
haystacks norain the ships destiny pass destiny what brings.
And renaissance to that silence the
brought about prayers I never thought of God
only when nor questioned but only
lived within.
And grayness light the filters stop restart
go away bright and gray
bright again.
And to know cause it is
not enough to suppose a soul except for the imagination if
this be a marker of.
And flufflines northeast going until
the sky is generous and windless. Tomorrow I imagine is
windless.
Tuesday will be windless when
I sail in thought only and
going stillness conscience the lines
there are only none.

radiation history

Started a thing time ago. What social history begins.
Who decides turns.
And
who to argue there is a fate.
Speculation. I know this and
what speculation cannot be stolen.
And what religion was founded by
them of objects and
who can argue with
that.
For them of objects defeated monkey defeated tree defeated
air and cloud and
the rest of everything.
Invention is the mother of
meaning and
we travel.
Do we not travel with meaning and to not glance
away nor back.
For that was lesser and either futures lie
in futures and
not upon the divisions of history lest
revisionism is not modern but only planning foundations.
And the historiographs and
what account to each
we can only remark upon language can we not.
For this is common if we not agree.
And
the forces of participation
the forces of reveled cause
I only started a thing and that is old for
no other word attaches an allowance for what is apparent.
This is apparent. Is this not apparent.
What social history does not begin.