

C R O S S T

*p r i t y l i g h t s*

G R E G M A R K E E

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*p r i t y l i g h t s*

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MADISON

*PERSUASIONS*

The sun persuades the sunflower  
the wind persuades the kite  
I am pulled and formed and pulled  
I am persuaded

Why it is I am hungry for knowing  
the reach of my own interest is my sight  
the stars are persuasive the ocean is  
the taste of summer the smell of winter

And the capsule of the unknown is reason  
the vessel with rattling contents  
and the engine that goes goes I have a question  
I am persuaded

The night persuades the stars the moon  
and tracking time I wear a watch  
and reason persuades a question a motion  
and reason persuades a language

I am persuaded  
by the tasty the nurturing the redundant  
and to notice the gardener persuades the garden  
and to notice a word for what does persuade

And an idea  
free will persuades courage persuades ambition  
and an idea  
love persuades a settlement a home

*CROSST*

The crosst lines they were communicating  
they were rambling and cohorting  
telling lies easily  
and realizing they were strangers to one another  
and saying first names and that was all that was needed  
just a first name  
Andy Francis Jane Merriam William  
friendship is anonymous and it had been a while  
since the village spillt itself openly  
nor a soul complained of the crosst lines but  
built a stories about  
the whimsical profundities  
and reserved Saturdays for miscommunication

*CORRUPTION*

Where the land grew into itself the sum  
of life and creatures an ecosystem  
and a man  
as corporation  
captured an experience wrote of the garden  
contained within itself blooming now and again  
and rapt with interdependence and circles  
and in his folly  
needed to tell  
left and returned with all he knew  
nor longer private  
the trails lead in and out turned to pavement  
like fences  
and the canopies let down for the open space  
construction  
and one by one the circles let down  
and now a park with common trees and history  
corruption  
is their insistence for witness

but you are not of this circle  
and can corruption be corrupted

nature will return in my absence  
time

and to convince them and them  
that entitlement to a voice is not recognized

he never planned to stay but to capture  
he never planned to marry

*THE MASS OF THE UNKNOWN*

The mass of the unknown  
balances what is known  
is directly proportionate to the known and  
a learning is a discovery an identification of  
a contraknowledge captured  
put into a sleeve for study  
a parameters in which the unknown is surrounded  
because there is an approach

The cancer ate away at government  
tore down the lines in disagreement  
and the policy group with answers  
cannot convince  
did not realize their motivation is  
irrational and  
without connection to reason  
and there will always be the unknown

And in their division they reflect as congress does  
they represent a way  
of formation an institution of oppositionalism  
a popular account for acknowledging what is and what affects  
and I  
am attendant to that which exists in brackets  
as having a solution eventually  
but is heavy and carried presently

*THE DEAD*

Quickly for death does come  
speak no more of interest nor love  
fulfillment is active and decided  
and silent  
for their ears are gone their sight is gone

I shall assume a name  
nor rely upon the last one upon the last  
and I do not compare one life against  
the other conditions  
of a thousand years of growth

Legacy is impatient  
nor quietly considered if at all  
I have no secrets but to say my loss is  
a study  
which bleeds into the season I have no control for

Quickly for death does come  
and do I look upon my own remains  
what it is I leave behind no  
my story is for having been and be  
nor loud but certain and listening

*PHILOSOPHY IS DONE*

Philosophy is done  
all of the questions are answered  
excepting my favorite color which is green  
conditionally  
excepting my favorite beverage beer  
conditionally  
and the reason for suffering call the miseries of life  
like certainty  
and balanced with the clouds with premeditated shapes  
philosophy is done  
captured into a book  
the analytics only have a way  
and the food I choose is small part to philosophy  
everything is repeated put to language  
just to wait for its translation to be said again  
the sum of experience is efficiency and security  
and the poems  
the same thousand words ordered again  
into the common trust  
philosophy is done  
has turned to method

*THAT IS WHAT I SAID*

Repeated  
that is what I said  
and loses meaning in its repercussion  
turns to drums and rhythm

But the air does not speak  
makes a whorling whistle through the trees  
it spins  
whether it is dark outside it spins

That is what I said  
repeated  
thought is silence but what is nurtured  
comes again and again

But the covered moon for the clouds  
the waning moon  
you go away one night and return to now  
I wait

Repeated that is what I said  
and the anticipation of nature  
for I have seen myself in winter once before  
tapping a drum to the snow

Now is an eagle now is a bear  
now is a person now is a tree  
and you see before I see the same and again  
the cause of death the same and again

*THE FRAGILE HOUSE*

Structure the fragile house  
rattling windows and wind through the walls  
the old roof holding  
yet  
structure the fragile paradigm  
rattling alternatives and defense  
the self idolatry holding  
yet

The family within has always been  
comments the father 'it has always held'  
soon the children will be gone  
making their own  
the family within has always been  
'but show me something greater'  
soon the children will be gone  
and will know confidence for their own

*THE OLD BOOK*

The fantastic  
nature with bears and gold and eagles

I have a story to tell  
about free will and the limits of free will

For the exercise of strength is  
not all my own

Love is registered in acts and  
she is powerful like the wind cannot be stopped

Winter is when  
I see you for your breath is

Nature fantastic nature  
the stars for the snow light the moon for watch

There is no enemy and I am no contest  
to territory

Now  
I am contest to territory for my security now

Soon is daylight when  
the forest will be taken

The water will be taken  
for proof

Free will  
free will the manifest of free will is a lens

*SNOW WHITE*

The down and the wind  
drifts side to side  
indoors the windows wide and drawn to nature  
and secure and heated  
nestled  
and the light the ambient for the clouds reflecting  
and whiteness supposing  
an intern

I wait and on occasion peer through the  
glass with book with coffee  
this could go on forever no matter  
I am content  
I am not required I am required

*FREE VERSE*

Free verse

suffering and enlightenment and passion

medication and treatment and healing and syndrome

the snow started the fight

today is defiant the body consumed the meat

today is reluctant and bear is served

the church was burned did not stop the sermon

about sin and taking what is not one's own

free verse

and no one could argue with roads from taxes

and public sports they grew proud their eyes grew large

the clouds come from the ocean the weather is

left to right from above the same way the stars move

[the stars are blown left to right]

today is remorseful today is guilt day

memory and time and urgency and waste and death

the clock tocked loud enough to slow the day

today is slow all things do slow and nearly stop

today is a cigarette and cigarette smoke and match

patience and determination and words

the dream started innocently enough

and finished with someone getting hurt and someone to blame

and feeling guilty for calling blame against

what is unintentional what is plain unlucky unfortunate

misfortune is blown left to right

the weather is daybreak red white blue

the day is fortunate

today is needy and the fireplace is needy

for it will snow says the large weather woman

I wait

and call decision at reluctance

and call spirit at free will

*SPARRING WITH THE DEVIL*

The barbed words colored blood red

sparring with the devil is

an internal affair for privilege within the inner ring the inner sphere

and hatred is a bait

tempers the temper gone into oneself

upon one's own guilt and remains until a stay is lifted

enough for a return a spirited point of defense resembling attack

the barbed words they vanish into themselves eventually

only angels emerge from this

quickening

nor every call is answered nor every path unto peace is followed

for the advantage of hell is

a larger vocabulary and some are never satisfied nor can be satisfied

and the tiny iron pellets shot into the soul

are fuel and the physical pain is fuel and

the poems anchored in violence and the dissolve of what is important

are fuel and cannot be believed

were the will opposite and equal a force to negative sight

the barbed words and no words at all

for how to match goodness to neutrality

there is no response when anticipation is one's own conscience

but that is healed but that is undivided now

for your revelation now

you were within and are now cornered away in truth

bracketed truth

and the devil's head you wear

I am only fearful but that is nothing and you know that is nothing



*PLACID*

The glass surface smooth lake ice  
is a lens  
and the still winter kept at just freezing  
balm  
and like another season the sky  
clear and a single cloud could be silence were I to listen

I am the only soul  
I have no memories of others that I do not understand  
everything is predictable

Soon

*THE FORGOTTEN*

The number the combination lock the locker in which  
time is held  
inna box  
the common exterior  
I imagine filled with red velvet and a smooth stone for rattling  
for making noise to the sunrise  
for making noise to every birth and every death  
for making sound when sound is absent  
but passing yet  
in peace and violence and emotion I hear

I am conditioned

*YET*

Yet the peopling of the planet  
into the crannies into the geographies settling  
the movements of civilization for they carry  
ways of other places  
and it is only one generation unto assimilation  
familiarity with this  
place  
and the surface of faith again  
where confidence is time and time again  
experience

Yet the peopling of wonder  
they come from other places I do not ask  
carrying flags and stories for they are not mentioned here  
yet  
accustomed and learning and with wide questions  
and form a circle about the geometries  
ambitious though ambition is different here  
can you tell by who is listening  
to the wind and the air rather  
have you heard

Yet the peopling of the village is  
different than pioneering  
yet the peopling of the governance is  
different than pioneering  
for one is of the mind and without bodily risk  
for one is differently passionate than  
an ambition which relies upon social structure  
the other is self reliance and nurtured  
every season is easier for to have experienced  
for to have carried knowledge

*BELIEF IN PROGRESS TO WHAT ENDS*

Belief in progress to what ends  
rather to be stripped of modernity than  
to travel forward into futures I have not decided

The engines are loud the busses are loud the airplanes are loud  
can you do something about that  
the language is loud and proud I do not understand

Belief in progress to what ends  
I do not believe a panacea exists for your discontent  
nor the shiny tokens you collect

The smoke makes it hard to breathe  
and the trees are torn down replaced with pavement  
structures I cannot see for the horizon

Belief in progress to what ends  
and he lived longer and she did live longer  
I do not know the nature of your happiness

And the reactionaries caught my attention  
with their shovels and seeds  
it was a poem were reversal progress perhaps

*SUFFER THE DAY*

Suffer the day  
I am long in waiting as  
what remains of nature is pushed back and away  
the reformation called progress is material  
and socially balanced  
but there were no allowance to the species  
the species them  
and one city resembling another is all the same  
one city  
where the lives are settled and  
evenly divided into faculties  
I am long in waiting  
for license to be alone to be self reliant  
and with no switch for their convenience  
the social mind is compelling  
compels one to rely upon one another  
compels one for group instinct  
the sum of the parts is not equal to a mass of ones  
and were it an easement of being  
to say a parcel of myself taxed for social existence  
is to a fuller being  
but they are just counting again  
and to believe the social engines will not last  
is a burden indeed  
and search for failure here and about  
to that which expects my participation  
and when I am no critic nor desire to be  
that the source for independence is  
evenly distributed among my own interests  
and I have no call  
to your puzzle or your puzzle  
suffer the day

*HEY HEY*

Hey hey the times are bust  
and with no direction and with no change  
for they are the others for they are their opposite  
as well  
there is no courage nor poem of courage  
The problem with all as beautiful is that  
there is no synthetic imagination  
for all language positions itself in reference to  
that one  
like a lozenge for the soul  
But the soul is not contested the soul is not divided  
and be it beauty indeed  
but there is no capture of my remaindered thoughts  
what it is to sit to watch without  
the germ of ascription for there is no contest  
Hey hey the times are quick  
and let away as quickly as notice  
nothing is held onto nothing from now is held onto  
but to write oneself a note  
for a year from this beginning  
I am always beginning  
in increments and testimony but what is said  
about social combustion about the heavy ways  
of fashion and decision  
history is not carried  
Hey hey the times are given the times are taken  
like currency  
and I kept a record I kept a poem  
like currency  
for my own museum for my own pocket

*LISTLESS*

Listless  
gone of emotion and protected as blank  
I do not understand

How the corners fit for structure  
how the colors come together and separate again again  
how the slowness of the day is time

Listless  
nor courage nor desire for want  
but passing emotion like clouds I have no control

But make of them memory  
for what does come will fit into an answer  
will properly fit

Listless  
appearance is the form for which I do not govern  
and I have no purpose for answer

And my attention still my posture still  
I do not understand  
and say there is no significance but there is

All is significant  
the common is significant the barren is significant  
I am significant do I not notice the significant

Name them call them by name  
dare them for exposure dare them for purpose  
put them to work put them to freedom

*THE INVISIBLE*

O shapeless and without body but invisible  
I hear your voice  
softly the consequents of conscience  
forever govern the next justice and thought

Rightness is character so too invisible  
and battling the negatives of want the seductions of want  
for the psychotropes of personality are balanced  
sent in a direction

There is a contest between that which is small and infinite  
and that which is large and infinite  
and so torn at rightness and rightness  
the invisible is muddled and calling and sending

And they step into character and they step into character  
while I am divided and understanding  
make the invisible heard for certain  
make the loudest a sound make the quietist a sound

Soon the spirits are gone away and I  
with no voices for conscience  
pluck from the mind a state a state of being  
carry justice which cannot be seen but is

The invisible and shapeless but a dream  
now stillness and gone  
quiet  
I have no evidence

*IN THE BEGINNING*

In the beginning while the lands coalesced  
the human forms omniscient and waiting  
a habitat starts without its life  
and the loudest stars calling forward  
a peopling is no immediacy it is years  
years and epochs of early life before the  
thoughtful the self aware  
them with inventions and determination  
start before they assume  
In the beginning when justice is hardness  
and there is no God invented no myth  
no peace for vision a land just is  
provisionary  
and when their forms are shaped into identity  
with rules and bounds and language  
started  
it is a generation's wait for the common  
faith  
they teach one another then  
and the clans grow into defensible groups  
wandering and waiting and being for their own  
In the beginning there is invention  
and there is confidence from  
and to those with their started tools  
an advantage among  
and rises politics and the reformation of struggle  
and enough war to pass upon domination when  
the rooted pyramids are carried forward  
they get along for commerce eventually  
In the beginning the dreams do not change  
In the beginning it is courage which  
marks a conscience proves a conscience

*WATER RIGHTS*

And were all beneath a surface  
there is no governance to what surrounds  
they as I have climbed above  
have taken what is required  
put into canteens and bags  
water rights are a claim  
to the abundant to that which exists without reservation  
[beneath the desert there is a lake]  
[and what is ice is transformed into water]  
And were all beneath a surface for need  
swimming and living dependence  
to take a sip from a stream  
to call a rain divine  
and what comes from the generosity of  
water  
the flowers the flowers and falls  
the tropic and the snow laden  
it is not too far to reach forward  
into grace and say  
though I do breathe air I cannot spirit a distance  
from water

*JUST A DAY*

Just a day  
as the rest I remember  
the sun earlier than yesterday into Spring soon  
enough for wait  
I cause art I cause science  
I am the force of wonder when

*BEFORE THE NEW YEAR*

Another stop another year o time  
it is my vow to let you down  
resolve  
the burden of resolution

Nor a word for patience when the days are no longer counted  
nor a word for patience when I am not governed by anticipation  
[just a beard]  
[and how it grays]

Nature o nature I am starting winter  
yet captured for time  
[always]  
is the fire in which all burns

Just a word to forget that is why that is why  
to put brackets upon what will  
certainly use me until I am done  
[time]

Do I not invent hope do I not invent beauty  
to pass for memory  
say I am structured I am willful  
[I am dragged] [I am willful]

The watch is noon the offset sun  
nor shadows today for indirection  
is my spirit if I am conjoined if I am communed  
soon it will be a new number

*FUN IS NO PHILOSOPHY*

Fun is no philosophy

[still the nihilists gathered for purpose]

[still the hedonists]

fun is a philosophy because

[life is short] [abbreviated]

and whether I require philosophy

the talkers the analyticists the educators

[but the dreamers had never considered]

[the necessity of a book] [even the unwritten book]

it is just [that]

among the serious a word is required for

how a day is gone about

[how else would they know what questions to ask]

existence precedes essence [so what]

essence precedes vocabulary

[but I see the ocean] [and give it a name]

I fell asleep on the beach

to the dropped sun

[just saying]

[I woke to the moon] [laid there a moment] [counting my breath]

[counting the waves] [now and again] [again]

[fell asleep again]

*MUSIC*

She danced like a fish

He did not dance nor tap his hands on his hip

He smiled

The band was a regular band

Playing in a gymnasium

[Drums]

HELLO JESUS

Hello Jesus

they claim you and they claim you  
both are convinced

HELLO KANT

Hello Immanuel

beauty is a categorical imperative [not really]  
it is just the day is so long the winter is so long

HELLO MOHAMED

Hello Mohamed

we have not been introduced  
[are we lost in translation] [Allah] [God]

HELLO STRANGER

Hello stranger

I like your boots [nice day isn't it]  
[wind chime]

HELLO GEORGE WASHINGTON

Hello Mr. Washington

no one is perfect  
did you hear about the earthquake in San Francisco [where is that]

HELLO BUDDHA

Hello Buddha

can I rub your tummy  
recommend a book [question]

LIES

Claimed a lie

the confessions of the confessor

returns a soul to balance

now licensed to lie

[just go to confession]

[have your sins taken away]

The cleansed slept better knowing virtue

to quit sinning is different

knowing virtue and acting virtuous are separate

Claimed a lie but did not claim the damages

[there was too much to be guilty for]

Had trouble keeping friends

was good at philosophy analytic philosophy

Imagine the future [without foundations] [a collection of souls]

See

[you prefer a burger with pickles and I do not]



The right to vote [I abstain]

[okay I vote] [for the chubby woman I take a chance]

[she has a nice smile]

[no] [I have not heard her speak] [I have heard her opponents though]

[then I am done with civic obligation for another two years]

[eh]

[does it matter you say]

[they all look alike] [they all look like my dentist] [and I would not vote for him]

[maybe]

Schools roads military

regulatory agencies clean air clean water oversight

retirement healthcare

libraries parks

law enforcement

space

The shortness of authority

brevity

no

I am inclined to say yes

yes I say [I too am powerful]