



DRUMMERS DRUMMING

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sharing a coffee

half a small decaf
half a packet no sugar sugar
dash a cream
enough conversation for the rain and
the new haircut
drummers drumming
still
the wetness and religious wars
they roll I read
about times
and how a peoples separate themselves
today I learned
authority can wait as
long as patience lasts
authority patience peddler and
to look into eyes in
lightness
I never needed coffee I never say
no
the world needs
plenty of half cups
and teacher's unions and
teamsters and
the other proud professionals
to whom knowledge exists
differently to each
the lust of holding life
I declare little things
and do not
wonder if you heard me
because only I care
for the dazzles
of language I
know
better than being bigger than a
moment

fishheads and plantains

monkeybrains and insects, rattlesnake
assorted pigparts
I am afraid to become what I eat
whale and chicken feet
dandelion tea
fishheads
rocky mountain oysters, bloated goose
liver
mushrooms which grow in shit, it is enough
to
speak out for
asceticism grainism and
anorexism as protest philosophy
though I did quite enjoy the ostrich
and where does food come from? the
store, the can, the shelf
or return to asparagus picking
OK
cow farm reindeer farm
I would need to learn the art of slaughter
planting stuff and
waiting OK
and the acts of experimenting with
edible varieties of
things
because as difficult to ingest that which
existed within
a fish uterus or that oyster which
eats little floating excrement
as difficult to ingest the same thing
again and again and again for
mere bodily maintenance
perhaps I will make a point of
eating an animal that eats
other animals
then I could at least
believe I exist atop chains of food
no matter how foul they smell

this daisy
apologies to believe I had another
life to live better.
how irresponsible and how great a
statement of procrastination
though I do rather enjoy
putting things off.
and if I remark upon beauty which
I occasionally do I
will know
reason then.
why I require reason?
why I satisfy reason?
for to close the infinities of boundlessness,
to close the systems which
exist without walls even if those
only be silhouettes because the
actions of planets are
greater than I. time I cannot
control and other things I cannot
control - and pure speculation because
I procrastinate, I cannot direct an
attention lest a discipline and
a point of letting go of
nonlimits and its philosophy.
perhaps an addict to this,
nonlimits,
but who could pass upon the
free use of thought
and what American would say
no to that which
represents a free thought
lest an authority serve itself only.
but apologies, for in any
instance to believe the next
life I will be better prepared for
is to disregard this beauty
this daisy now grown I do not know
if it will be here then.

people are adjectives

George God. Linda God.

White hair man God. Book reader God.

Vagrant God. Poet God.

People are adjectives of a
common sort. And to the monist, then,
we all are types of the same.

And the pluralist,
we will be types of separated
sociologies.

But I am no word, and
if I exist in reference to a greater sum I
will then add another adjective
for I am unique and I will
be unique and
discerned even if I walk in
a manner that all Gods walk in and
even if I stand independently in no way
other than name.

But an experience then, for having no reference,
to begin

a legacy of names so
independent and refreshing
that every soul hereafter declares themselves
an adjective to what I had been
to the extent that
the original sum is
so used that it becomes dropped.

Walter God. Cynthia God.

And the materials, how far to donate
intentions? Ocean God. Prairie

God. And distress, at
turning the virtues of pantheism

to sentimental materialism. (*Illingworth*)

Just leave me to my
adjective and I will leave my
sur then behind lest
you remind me. Thank
you.

downtown nature

the floral dress. the tattoo.
architect thinking what would go good
in the vacant lot
the country reclaimed a
decade ago.
the stillness of vacant lot now for
tomatoes among industrial
spots.
the little city cars for parallel parking.
the bicycle couriers.
a cloud still passes fine.
the air still passes in ambient smells,
the carbon, the bread, the
coffee.
the walking floral dress and wondering
at hats. the horseback
police, how lucky to
be country amid this. Rooftop pigeons,
the coos, the white shit stains
on gargoyles. the man
shaking the coin cup singing 'when the
saints come.' the
jackhammer blacktop men, the
chessparkpeople, the
fake pond ducks. the floral dress, if I
could smell that. the
underground trains surfacing every
few blocks and diving again.
the protest people.
this time war,
this time abortion, this time
underdeveloped country labor.
the men in black, the women in black
with cleavage and
red silk scarves. the city dog
knowing and resembling
nature.

traveling back in history to when we all met

So long the road I have not
remembered. How we sat on sand with beer
and then memories. History had
not been born yet and the freshness
of spirit was the freshness of air and
patience. And if three young men can grow
into three religions and
if three interests can cause peace
by their being together, it was
not a thought and should not have been.
For who could mind a prescribed peace?
And who could mind
the forced formations of free spirit?
Enough to last and then sleep
under stars and never to
consider how I create a world. For those
questions are meant for the sciences
like politics which are not really
science at all lest you
believe enough to the point whereby
birdsong sounds electronic and
you forgive yourself for traveling beyond
human bounds.
And if there were three people who
could read each others' minds I
cannot imagine them enjoying each
others' company. No. The
spontaneities of introduction and how these
paths will cross in the next
fifty years. Forget that, lest the stars
fade then and I really sleep
like death I die and slowly. For
a time then watch a legacy, and if these
religions dissolve we will
still have been together
receiving then.

liberation theology exists in opposition

Indeed slavery exists, and its counter, a moral attitude against. And oppression and its members, how long to realize an institution has received its want, and either how it nevertheless continues for lack of forgiveness or either to recognize a membership is benefit to its own. Then an exterior and it the force of strength and domination.

Indeed slavery, and there was a matter to union and march, but will there be a service without borders and will there be a mutual history? Unlikely. For the human condition extends itself to that which it understands, and a bounds to otherness until its discern. Until its trust - to forgo inclusion is safe. But a liberation theology, and that which it grows into, as a social force it is contained and always in reference to hardship, always in reference to that which is believed to be greater than I, that which acts as possessor and owner of will and the material needs of being. Rather to begin originally without a frame of difference, and to the inevitabilities of discern, let a nature be contradiction. But I wish no liberation from this, only a development among that which is just, -for that I have no control and wish no control. I forgive that control.

paper

Blank.

I draw

man at lake's edge tossing coins and
listening, the wind.

A man with back to me, autumn sun
at our faces.

Denim coveralls snapped over rag sweater, sandals with socks, baseball
cap.

Throwing coins I wonder.

The public grass is cut, still green but
crisp underfoot.

He throws a coin and waits.

Waits.

Clouds could be summer clouds had
I not known the day.

Had I not recognized the lifeless trees
the clouds could be
anyseason.

No birds. Man at water I
turn away.

Nothing is extraordinary.

you are insane
how much merit to allow the poet calling
a thing insane?
what is insanity?
is it that which is a nonconformity? perhaps I
am then.
is it that which is the ultraconformist
which follows every
rule in exaggeration as general protest. perhaps
I am then.
is insanity that which is mistaken
for something it is not? I
have never called myself Jesus or
Superman
though there are things I defend. And any poet, -how
much implicit thought
is enough to validate an opinion?
what is the purpose of the poet? words to
themselves or either
social service, entertainment or either
social administration?
and if insanity, a word given to that which
cannot be controlled, that
which is independent. but
who is not a poet, and who cannot return a literal
jab? or either
apologies for those poems
which you did not understand, or either
apologies
for bringing art words to uncertified
spoken frames
like general discourse because
it only confuses you.
how much merit to allow the poet calling
a thing insane?
none.
for even if, then I am in good company and
we the same.

Monday over tacos and brussel sprouts

Today I have something to say. The
cold weather is only temporary I know. The
war is only temporary
if opposites can be reconciled.
The possibilities of synthesis, for summer and this
are brought together
in spring and fall.
And language of war is better than war.
And language of war is more interesting than peace.
And the consternations of authority, if
authority
were as certain as power and if there can be only
one, it is all so confusing when
I rest fireside singing kumbaya and
wondering if this is what nature actually
intended.
For me to decide what force is the most just
and what force is worth
an effort, a discern.
And that bottle of Agave Silver Patron Tequila, how
far away is one month. I
am an alcoholic if it consumes me in
any way like time, but I consume its thought.
Drummers drumming, the stage,
every rhythm Monday wake slowly the
men hammering the exterior of my walls
for insurance hail damage
to Mexican Polkas.
Opposites are reconciled every day I declare,
just look at the internet,
just look at college athletics,
just look at public education.
Today I have something to say. Really now,
the wind I listen.
I had something to say and it dissolved. The wind I
listen Monday.

dog tired

lay down fire side. no thought.
furnace starts.

candle flutters.
furnace stops.
winter wind chimes dark outside.

I am solved.

lifetime member of the Philosophy of Education Society

And so I pay dues, is it enough to be
a philosopher?

I have an opinion of learning, is it enough
to be included in the Philosophy of Education Society
directory.

I do not think the administrators liked
my e-mail address, it said

I lived at some moon museum.

Too disruptive for a virtual community
of people in gray suits and sweaters.

But who would call out some academic organization
of faculty elders who

hold to models of inclusive societies.

I am small.

And these dues, forty-five dollars a year,
perhaps they
are not enough to warrant an actual attention.

I am small.

OK.

But with conscience. And I will not
let you know how I change the world every day
then. And I will not let you
in on secrets of managing
social universes.

I suppose I will have to return to the church
then, not the masses, rather
the contemplative silence of resting
among some social history which has not yet
tried to dissuade my being.

But I will still send forty-five dollars per annum in some
protest while I fall back upon
the comforts of religion

and I might even crash the conference this
year. I have
always wondered what an educational
philosopher talks about when they are
drunk.

I just make funny sounds and then throw up.

letting the little old lady shave my head
If all of the young fighters had
their heads shaved by the same little old lady
would it be enough for
world peace?
The little old lady who never said a
word but
smiled uncontrollably at what she thought
her ministry had become.
At the idea of ministry.
And the young women who wanted
to take some of that power with
their brighter and sharper
instruments and their more piercing sexes.
But fierceness is not always sex
and strength is not always social control.
Sometimes perhaps but not
always.
And the enemies, the green army
Tuesdays go and brings gifts like oranges and
the yellow comrades go Thursdays
and bring bread and firewood.
And she never intended to bring order
to barberhood but how
a community listened as Wednesday became
open day
and Friday was for those with
special weekend engagements like marriages
and funerals.
And if I could translate the intentions
of the willing, perhaps they be the same as
mine, trust
in the woman holding the sharp instrument
because we all believe that she
believes,
that a peace will order itself around the
ministries of the mundane and
besides, my hair is
getting long.

I stop sleeping

I stop sleeping, having rested the clouds.
Dawn starts and now
give away life to the day.
Change and having reasoned death is
gone, for
urgency pass. I respond, the
winter carols, the housesmoke, the season.
I stop sleeping
and its dependence pass
time pass.
Silence walk to cold bounds nature,
the breath
and icy creek, the brittle solid earth, the
language of.
The winter poets come quietly the
clouds. The air of winter poets
when death I do not fear but only know
that every thing passes
for a spell.
To watch and closely, the written grass,
the spoken trees, the
water signs. I stop sleeping and
comes this
age I do not mind. A year for, for letting
go, the confines, the want for
new.
And sharp air now I address
courage. I challenge courage. I challenge
the stock of sleep, the threshold of courage.
For every dream I imagined
was different than actually being
but enough
to begin. And slowly, the cabled birds I
let away. I let away the sun until
dryness is cold and I address
that rather being something than
dormant.

to sing, to last

To sing, to last. The difficulties of
having gone without.

I remember pain and having been without
pain and nothing at all.

To prefer pain to absence.

To make growth of pain.

A song of philosophy, that winter passes, it
is only a measure now, that
years do pass, they
are only measure.

To sing, to last. At the outrageous, the
funny, to sing, at
the gifts of trial, at the bounds
of religion, the
bounds of education.

And if there were only four philosophies
to practice, I to
invent another and speak
nothing of it except in smile.

I am only riddled, and freedom in accepting that.

I am only small and freedom in accepting that.

These limits, freedom within, to
sing of that only rightly.

And such words, love and lust, they
mean nothing

lest intentions be measure, lest a traveled
history reflect these intentions.

For an age, to sing.

For a time, to sing.

For a color, for a change, to sing.

And brightly know confidence against all other
energies.

And brightly know beauty then

I only care for the optimisms of having lived
in some form.

I accept that. To sing, I
last.

religion menu

Of the contemporary religious theories
I read every midnight,
to assume the sum of one or either to elect
the pieces of some.
Ethics is piecemeal, the a la cartes
of situationism, and the church, to be a member
is to believe as a directed
public believes.
And the postdenominationalists, to
advance theory, that man has stepped
forward from collective vocation to the domains
of singularism.
The thoughts of golden rule and that.
The thoughts of experience over the
preservation of ritual.
Of the contemporary religious theories, to
know goodness as active or either
to read as spy, for the discern
of blasphemy is the mark of value.
Every midnight until disgust attaches itself
to my religious certainties. But
who could not
answer a reasonable question? And who
could not attempt to divine righteousness
from one's own path and
form a theory of their own
without reference?
And a religion in itself, to gather the thoughts
them all, and make a dialogue
which never ends
because life never ends. Or either to the
religious specialists and
I ask them weekly Sundays what should be done
about that war and the problems of prisonism
and the methods of education, the
methods of discipline. Every midnight to know
until I gather my own as contradiction
to ethical pluralism and without reference open.

club soda lemon

Full Sail, deep smoke, the crazy features
of sound. Ernie Hemmenway, no
not the same but good nevertheless.
The large butt held atween
finger and thumb.
I enjoy a full can when I fly I say I.
And religious tolerance, to begin with the
remark of qualities of religion,
that some exist for freedom, for the declarations
of freedom, the liberation theologies
they exist for. But some Pope
said otherwise,
I am halfway. Social purpose and divine
inquiry.
And the corporations, now who really does
represent America?
I say I, then rest alone on some land
called something like freedom
wondering how to make
a bone. Buccaneero, Canon something, another
deep smoke club soda lemon.
To hear friends talk and
to think I once knew something.
Apologies, were you speaking to me?
Leatherback couch, to be there and listening,
to draw deeply and deposit the
collected ash of centuries
of history and historiography
like only a cigar does, the all at once ash deposit.
Full smoke, and
to finish early for what I really wanted was
that cigarette and call it I feminine.
And call me gifted for
gathering social attentions and minding the
theological inquiries that sucked us oppositely.
I will see you in a month again. In
Washington D.C.? No, here I say
I.

sales

If I could only find something to sell.
My soul perhaps? How much
does a soul go for nowadays?
And what is the market for a tattered and learning
soul, a young soul or either an old one
I have not decided?
Or how about coffee? Love what you sell.
I have labor.
Sell labor. How to acquire more labor so I can get
rich? How to own things, how to know
the value of things. I
once sold an eight dollar book for four eighty.
My labor, the words, my
labor the xeroxing, the long arm
stapler. Sixty percent of floor value.
OK.

If I could find something to sell, everything
perhaps? And to last a good three months
heading to warm climates
to sell labor for the eternities
of those crappy little tourism museums which
hold more truth than
I can say
when lined up next to boredom.
Or either to butt in to the productions of
something I appreciate and
peddle that. One can make a fair
living selling ice cream and tequila I am sure.
And will I not enjoy tequila if I
attach it to a salary? I am sure I would.
Tequila then. And a market? What friends I have.
Get them hooked for free and then start
asking for donations and then cold turkey
the supply for cold
cash is the business at least until
you lose interest.

the divisions of history

Rock art begins the records.
Rock art begins man.
And the second epoch, how to segregate the thoughts?
Drawing upon the hides of creatures.
Papyrus, paper the next.
And if symbolic meaning then starts, then intuition.
The letterhoods, the sentence, the
structure of linear thought or in the least broader circles.
Broader circles.
Or either to discern history in its cultural formation.
The wars. The wars.
Or either the stages of technology, the advance of
science. The advance of
medicine.
Or that which existed before this life,
during this life,
that which will occur, the futures.
The divisions of history, the industrial divisions.
And how a peoples come together. The political divisions.
Nation to nation, the expansions of.
The travels of peoples, the migrations.
The epochs of animalism.
The geological epochs.
Those stages of religious thought, the Egyptians, the
Greeks, the Jews, the Christians, the Eastern thoughts, the rest.
The synthesis of.
And scholastic notions, the travels of ideation, the
development of idea, the methods of
thought distribution.
The printing press then, the mass media. CNN.
Computer age postmodernism and those who believe that
knowledge is at its apex. The depressionists.
And if nothing greater, the ages
of cosmic time.
And adolescence again to middle life thought to
death I will travel.

you are in my prayers whenever I think about you

So long I last a moment then.
And poems.
To go for mushrooms.
To go for sand dunes midnight moon, the water, the water.
The low tide wondering for clams.
And Lockett meadow then and descending mountain
bikes I hooray.
If I had been a better teacher then only.
And what was not good the rains I did not mind.
I loved the snow, the fog.
And what was not good, the ferns McKenzie river
I was close to things then and I
remember that.
When the moon was only beauty. When the
moon was covered in beauty clouds
and damp winter wait.
And if a home were made of teal, if teal were a material I
remember that and picture window
when things were new and
in walking distance.
And a trip to Silverton by broken bus, the
day a cooler stolen I looked for
gold in the creek and could not find any then.
I still search.
And the day before we left standing on volcano
that the
ponderosas had made their way to and only then knowing
silence and how
the wind was then silence.
So long I last a moment then.
And poems.
And to have gone bang loud through red woods
and music trips
and sometimes quiet.
I loved loving and still do I remember.
You are in my prayers whenever I think about you.

when I find my laws

When I find my laws I will then settle.
In ocean redwoods, in river
mist, slow river.
When I find my power, then.
And the house will turn to steel and stone.
The pictures, hung, they will remind
me of categories, for I
know everything completed each is different.
The tall city and people walking in thought in black.
The little museum in the schoolhouse, the
country still gives quietly.
When I find my laws, the
wind I hear I am prepared for taking.
Then I see through the words of social discipline.
Then I see through warism and its enemy
pacifism.
And little lives I wonder at, how a nature
continues because everything
that I have made deteriorates.
And if I am nature at all, that will
be settled. When I
find my laws, then the moon. Then the
stars will come shortly and the
constellations I in the mid of night,
I until dawn lasting then the
stars will fade away.
When I find my power, then
source, I am fitted. For knowing other
words I watch. For knowing other poems.
And the rooms of this, they will turn
to steel I
wait only now for that which takes that
which has not been taken.

the returns of trust

And having given without the conditions of favor. And having served without having been served. And having given as matter of protocol. To whom, this object be, I elect that which elects. The standard of benefit, to the

body which will turn a coin into peace. For philanthropy is mine, the grants of social engineering, to pull the strings of progress. But only some gifts are money, and the rest, the moral attitudes of inclusion and general life, how

to attach that to a donated spirit. I know social goodness, for it comes rightly and makes me solid. I know the compounds of motivation, the compounds of wisdom, and to manage a trust such as. But a trust is that which

is returned, and to manage that is reason for the donations of token spirits and token energies. For upon a trust returned then, the swells of gathering, the swells for redistribution, redistribution, again. I am only middled

as a corporation becomes of giving. And if a trust then empties itself to an echelon of thought and inactivity, and never to reach that object which has developed a dependence, a corporation then slowly dies to oldness

for lack of utility. And who gives why? For to improve a life. And a justice then in knowing progress, in seeing a noble works I have managed. And to feel good about that, and how a social again pushes forward, advancing

and pushing good will, pushing good will until it folds back upon itself. And having received the energies in some form of that which was originally sent, we all require this. For to trust, again, is to know I have caused life.

science is consolation knowledge

The process of understanding material, it is not the same for the divinities of word and imagination. The consolation of thought, that a several agree upon the properties of material, the rightness of action, a public

beauty. Science this, a public intercourse, an elsewhere from the divinities of wonder, or either as the divinities of wonder, because this be the most exact measure a thing can be. Because that which is represented in forest

growth or either weather, that can only be assumed in the poetries of religious thought, the type unattached to dogma nor social push. Science is this, the capture of evidence, and I cannot refute that which offers some

consolation, some reward for faith. But faith is that of elsewhere I still believe and it is only measured in the consterns of belief, the dashes of omnipotence, and even then to realize that all things are temporary, all thought

is temporary. And even the stones, to know them and how they seem to last forever, but in them I lose interest. I am interest, and science is a consolation to interest, to knowledge, this. For a God still I warrant an attention

there and I continue. And either consider I scientist or either searching ever for something I will ever recall, a thing I will ever be attached to and that will sustain me as rightness and the other Godisms do, as the other

interpretations and interruptions of philosophy do. For a science buries me in certainties, or either the changing values of being, how they never bury me and cannot bury me lest I die then truly know measure as profound.

lithic images

Running with stones.
Hairy back, the grunts of meat.
Sleeping next to meat.
Burning fires discovery, the taste of burnt meat.
Power and to force weakness.
And sport, the
wrestle, the early management of grace.
And what woman is not
fertile? The gathering berries
the berry paint. The face in blood
and berry paint. The body.
And early worship, what force is given?
And if God exists yet.
And if this clan is different than bear,
huddled and coughing through
winters and the
way people just die. The way people
become forgotten, they move no more.
Early medicine, lake wash and mud.
The early instruments, the
weapons, the boar spears, the
heavy clubs for smashing that which is
meat. For I am only hungry, and
running with stones, throwing
stones, bones as clubs, and mother's
milk. Covered in
skins, and the drums then sound
fireside grunts, the calls.
And tireless lest I stop moving which is all
I know of death.
And there is no speculation excepting
hunger and the change of season
approach I
remember. And rock art, and
the entrails then hung from trees, to make
canteens of them when they dry.

she

She president.
She soldier.
She astronaut.
She wanted to be without limits.
She athlete.
She priest.
She mother.
She wanted to bear children.
She scientist.
She wanted to know things, she wanted to profess.
She pilot.
She captain.
She wanted to drive large machines.
She doctor.
She hunter.
She engineer.
She dancer.
She wanted to love.
She sculptor.
She prostitute.
She wanted to own her body.
She farmer.
She mathematician.
She firewoman.
She wanted to know possibility.
She industrialist.
She entertainer.
She philanthropist.
She wanted to own ideas.
She agent.
She accountant.
She chairwoman.
She wanted to know success.
She litigator.
She poet.
She wanted to know words.

mopping the blood from history

Who would be remembered as victim?

Who would want the next generations of culture as victim?

Or either who could forget?

And if it really happened, is this the question?

And what is the text for the allowance of social equality?

And what native culture is without land, lest they too had once forgotten then?

And if it did happen, for what good is prevention or either to

advance upon a history empowered

and a history as successful and

without the moguls of lesserhood?

But the pains of loss, and who

cannot remember absence then. And

the records, so many, how they will be discarded

or either recognized as generative and

giving?

And if the question of why, and who

does use history as oppression, and who uses the

history of oppression for the subtleties

of oppression?

And the sensationalisms by those having held

to the formations

of oppression, and without guilt, for who is

responsible for the acts of their

elders?

Or either to look otherways

as is known to work in any division of

mankind when order is forced.

Who would be remembered as victim? And

who would forgive genocide

not with a goodness of heart, but rather because

its acknowledgment will mind

this oppression ever?

And that is why to look the other way. And who

would let that?

the high functioning nurse

She always gives medications at the right time.
She keeps solid records.
She never forgets patient names.
She is good at disassociation, she never loses her temper.
She works long hours.
She is reliable. She keeps herself clean.
She never introduces politics into patient discussions.
She believes what she says.
She models her knowledge of the body.
She is good at drawing blood.
She is good at recognizing signs of abuse.
She always defers to authority.
She believes in God.
She gives good bed baths.
She empties bed pans without consideration.

collecting pens

The divisions:

straight pens

cap pens

click pens

twist pens

fountain pens

The reasons:

because pens represent weapons

because pens represent scholastic ideas

because pens are phallic and that represents so much

because pens can represent memory and records

The uses:

For writing

For poking things

For pointing

As an accessory instrument to look scholastic

For clicking morse codes

For drawing symbols

As chopsticks

As hair bun holder

Pen. Pen. Mighty pen.

Civilization surrounds you.

You know my name.

You know my image.

You know my thought.

And if you give yourself to computer it is only

after you are done

plotting.

Pen. Pen. Portable instrument

and friend paper I

write on my hand

in symbols what change will

be like after I sign my

signature.

putting out the machines

And who gathered the materials of easement,
the materials togethered into
wire boxes and monitors.
The engines, them combusting upon dead things
and oil. The
appliances, the lights, the things
which move, the things which are appropriately shaped
to open cans. The things which make cans.
I would otherwise be a farmer then
and considering a spade a machine, and
considering a plough a machine.
A wheel a machine.
And if I have traveled too far, if I have become machine,
apologies,
for among the surrounds of, I lose myself.
The washing machines.
The ice cream machines.
The flying machines.
I cannot do without, I lose myself or either to
retreat to rooms with nothing
in them until I figure upon the psychologies of human
exactness. That nothing is so simple
when one passes steel for the mind. And
doorstop computer then. Ballast engine block.
The complex being of moving parts
is reduced to its dimensions and its weight. I
surround then.
The bicycle, the printer, them objects.
I sit and restless then walking everywhere and copying
lest a pencil be a machine.
The engines, the automatic door, what chivalry shall
I step for you?
The radio sounds, I once did sing recklessly.
It plugs into generation station, the
large machine down the block.
And if a hammer is a machine, shall I then be without tool?
And if a lightbulb, shall I then sleep early,
shall I wake early?

the academy of wars

Studying war. Militarizing healthcare. Creating efficiencies of character development.
Institutionalizing art. Ordering poetry, ordering language. Engineering social development.
Making science of politics. Treating emotions.

And what does not come together when people know the thoughts of people. The mechanization of people. And individualism then is within the surrounds of categoryism which fits neatly into another category which has its own individualism. And the stations of knowledge, they exist in reference to each other. And wars, then, to call disagreement war for to recognize actual war is to oversee that which is under control within the confines of cityism. And those who study, even then, the faculties, and only to hire the expansion minded, the faculty minded whereby social parts exist. The types of philosophy. And who is still one? The office of the president is many minds deciding. The office of the teacher, a domain in reference to other grades, other disciplines. I am made to pieces. And Sunday then, the Sabbath, I sleep for I am no one else except contained and idling for the next purpose. And how to use one's office among offices. Or either to be the baffler, that someone must introduce the problems lest there be no solutions. And the military energies, the educational energies, the welfare energies, the medical energies, all then given to attention for they are not well at rest.

I collect intentions

These thoughts I believe, to know
air. I one day become light and speculation.
The clouds are grass, and alive like God.
The walking people, the
looking people I look at them and
stand then outside.
To look away.
And who calls God for what it is and what
it becomes? Who calls God myself
if
God is light and material or
either nothing? And
who considers?
These thoughts I believe, and to know the
grace of forest I which I
dispose everything to. The trees, they are small, I
am small.
The mushrooms. The
daylight darkness.
And who collects war I cry? And who gives it out again?
The machines of progress, who
collects this and then takes me
back to birth and love and when I had known
important things?
I one day become, the rain upon
rooftop barn pattering at the commons of
being, for in the simple,
for in the simple I and gathering intentions.
To trust, to
make nothing of trust. To take trust
and hold it until it is not necessary.
And the clouds almost fog I
remember waiting like this, and to go home then
aware having given myself to
myself. I wait now only for validation
and it comes quietly.

free the heel free the mind

Come January then the Winter storms
I grow. The cold air settles and
the day grows into
the next. And running Spring then sometime soon
I remember melt from
broken underside feeding creek
feeding places which have never frozen.
And now the trees still
and holding lofts of snow, the quiet
snow and circles. The mountain tracks,
and those which do not migrate but only
approach outward when the day is
this. I cross these tracks like
religion, the silence of. And passing day
like cloud, the blown dust
at summit, the crystal breath I
pouch my bottom into powder, the smell
of pine I wait. Come January then
awake, and startled to
movement, the downhill nature switching
back the bounce of free
heel intentions. The trace of running,
the S lines bounce until an open
meadow pause. Nothing so empty as a quickened
heart, the clearness of mind
except for thrill. Tomorrow never comes
again and again. Tomorrow never
crosses. And if a wind I expect, nothing
represents, I only answer to that which
is original. And start
switching upward, the skins and
heavy feet, the leather boots and
gated. Come January then, and back to
where I start the forest
pine and the aspen silence bones. I
remark at freely having been.

car troubles

fuel on the floor
tow man
reinsert the fuel line
ignition electronics
turnover then
I could have done that had I known
engines
fuel on the garage floor
still
the intoxicants
the inhalants
and in the house the
air systems
blown gasoline
apologies to the
neighbor
open doors for seven
hours
still not clear
things are not clear
but all one can do is be
sensitive do the
right thing and eat
well
send Christmas cards
keep up
keep up and
clean up after you make a mess unless
it is to be art
then some
things should stay as they are
gasoline on the floor is
not among
them
hose it away
ventilate well

to gather age, that which comes after knowledge
And the day then when all is
written.
And to go back to the earliest records and reread them
now.
The first poems were good. Of a mind.
And the second, of a mind, too.
And no more writing to be done
except to interpret a life.
Had things happened in another fashion.
Had there been a responsibility.
After knowledge, and rest. For
the remains are not public.
The next thoughts are for emptying oneself of
the things which happened
and could have been otherwise.
And for the good, the brief
smiles
of having been.
Things were written.
Had I a choice or either were the things
of growing academic?
No matter except as legacy to have offered that.
The folds of
remembrance. Poems as journal.
One long poem. I only know one long poem.
And shelved, those habits now.
Bed.
The quiet rise of morning.
The light from east to west windows.
written.
The passions, and had I not been an addict to.
But I did love I know that.
And if I need prove that, you are belonging to something
other than memory.
If, then you are belonging to something other than cause
of that which existed.
Written.

untitled

The book on museum studies.

Ha.

I live in a museum.

I need no book to know that things have
many lives.

That things collect money if they are properly shown.

What is interest?

The bed in the modern arts gallery I
sleep on every night.

The security woman who wakes me every
morning and tells me to
go to the bathroom and clean up and then go
to work on the train.

I did not need the book to tell me
time does not exist.

And the floors, the hard surfaces everywhere, I
dream of living in a place with pink shag carpet.

That would be a museum

I say I.

With quiet ventilation systems and
the smell of coffee.

Satellite radio playing 80's hairbands.

But I will keep a single stone bench for looking
out the window at

trees and clouds and ghosts and shit.

Having lived among a world
representing a world, how could I do anything but
respond.

I dream of nature, too, that it has always been
original and I

forget if I believe it is a museum

or not, but one thing I know is that I have no control for it,
nature.

And you do not need money

where if there is an economy, it certainly requires no tokens. I suppose
thank you for the warmth but a person
requires several things.

read in modern english

people die every day because
they are old but
they die unnecessarily as well.
what is necessary death and what is unnecessary death?
people take natural resources, they
consume natural material, they
make things, and original nature disappears.
What disappearance of original nature is tolerable?
Perhaps there is no limit to how a nature
can be transformed. I
watch.
religion claims
God. Religion claims
the best manner of living.
Liberation theology is obsolete. Catholicism is rational.
Everything is rational.
God is rational and understood.
women need
men. if not for security, if not for love, if not for
procreation, then?
what is obsolete?
airplanes represent progress, they
represent the launch of modern thought.
Airplanes are targeted for destruction by
some because they fly over a
peoples who used to watch clouds
undisturbed.
What is progress?
history is separated by the peoples who were
there. Some
know history in oppressive terms, and some
know history in celebration.
and who would tell the revisionist they should
not write such things.
Who would remove competition among
history professors?

axiological methods

Gathering the histories of religions, the deeds of their members.

Gathering the forces of social service organizations.

Aligning them in a spreadsheet and comparing.

A menu for electing the next.

And knowing those who elect one political partyism over another, and those

who favor one type of education with a passion. Aligning those

in a spreadsheet, to elect one fashion over another. The conditions of value, of making a menu of good works.

And who does still learn? And who defends a style over a quiet personalism?

Who defends ends over the directions toward ends. Or either to think independently, to trust in the purisms of existence and unattached to the

dogmas of institutions. But a dryness then to an unattached being, lest I be the skydiver, the hitchhiker, a one who seeks for the sense of rush, but what value, then, to oneself, to a social attachment.

And if the words are the course of knowing alternatives, then interview interview, but is there not a value to my being as question?

Gathering the philosophies, the laws, gathering the arts, the faculties, gathering the texts, the poems, the reasons for war. And how to study then, how to know value?

And what insight to progress, the futures, yesterday and today?

I live and claim life. And if a word to value I claim it then, for the next, I claim it then, for the next.

museum studies

1. Time does not exist.
2. Objects are ideas.
3. Exhibits are sentences. Exhibits are communicative.
4. Museum intentions drive social intentions, even history museums drive social intentions.

I wait for the woman in blue to drop something from her purse.

Who does come to a museum on a rainy day?

Who will say the admission is too high a cost?

I could have painted that, she says.

Does an image reflect a subject or does an image reflect the one who captured it?

What material will be around in a thousand years?

Have museums replaced religions?

Is it OK to worship in a catholic museum?

What type of group prefers a docent?

Would I wear a Prada t-shirt? A Guggenheim sweatshirt? A Smithsonian sunburst?

What object is the greatest?

Is there a place to eat here?

The Goya.

The Picasso.

The Klimt.

The Renoir.

And patience then waiting for a reaction.

Who is not artist?

The couple holding hands and patient, waiting for sex.

The retired gentleman who picked up art only recently and only good art he says.

The employees only now appreciating.

And if art were only for the insane.

And if art were alive.

What is sacred?

What is extraordinary?

to be herd

last, the cattles to errand, to feeding.
for the purpose of providing labor, to
do as a company does, to last as a company lasts.
and they share colors, I share colors, modern
colors, oily colors and pastels and reflecting
a labor. and they share thoughts, I,
but never of ends, only of the days errands, the
days errands are ends.
I eat like you eat.
I pray in the same theater.
I pray to your God I give you that.
I heal like any pain heals.
And then he follows like I follow, in the length
of lines, and despair
is in knowing independence and isolation.
last, the cattles to directed social unrest, the
orchestra of perpetual change. And he
who cycles his own cycle is insane
and only gathering for himself.
selfish. ugly selfish.
and the schools,
I read what you read but I did not care for your thoughts
and rather to be quiet, then, and
listening. Do I
listen, I ever do,
one day that which attempts control will know
itself otherwise, that which
makes a religion of control,
that which becomes addiction will know itself.
oh, prophecy, I disgust my own
and forgiveness then, that a man is never a prophet
anymore I remember.
only to errand I remember.
and in these collections I will be friend.
he will be friend in these collections which struggle
to remember sex.
they struggle to remember family. the cattle.

global warming

what now?

to sit around in deserts once forest with automobiles and
conscience

for never to tell an executive they have
traveled but only too far.

I once had a season, golden autumn, and
then snow would come, the drifts,
what pain I once believed.

I once believed in the value of pain as meaningful.

I do not believe a cities have caused this, rather the minds
of people, as

if the weather were everyone's thoughts.

as if the students and the fast talkers and the
memories then were taken by those who could not
have known the power of
history.

the army of fast talkers
and difficult to understand.

what now?

an attention to everything restless, to all of the solutions
except that which moves in half steps.

and the dying species everywhere I am
dying. the meat is dying and the fish are dying.

the water is dying.

the earth is turning

to rust

the earth is turning.

and if you really believe the young religions were not created
in response to the old religions,

that every great mantruth is not an expansion
of a quieter and more gentler
primitive truth.

to sit around in deserts and only knowing the cause of
suffering for all is suffering.

the suffering clouds, the suffering night sky.

or either that which is absent, the
snow.

the job changer

The open philosopher. And to study
as a baker, as a mechanic, as
a teacher then until a craft is mastered. To
be the engineer for oneself
and not having considered the
givenness of existence.

Or either to realize the satisfactions of
many professions for
to ultimately stand as wisdom
to those who have concentrated their
profession into lines.

The driver, the astronomer. To study as
boatman, as soldier, as farmer.

To study as carpenter.

The open philosopher, and never to allow the
standards of discontent into
one's own. For to travel then
among many ways. The herbalist, the
grocer, and nothing beneath, and
ever the student.

The open philosopher. And ever the plan to
read many books, but that secondary, for
knowledge is experience, that
of plural professionalism, ever. The
family man, and having marked some social
circle like welfare, for a commitment to
love is not fiscally reproductive
except that book which came of it.

The greenskeeper, the film technician, the
open philosophy of
walking long lines westward
thinking topically and selling little poems
little poems for soup.

The migrant worker, then and having
known language.

Now a poem does come.

musee liberum

Open to all nations, the thoughts, the waters.
The thoughts.
These sights and outward, no bounds,
the air which travels, the seeds of spirit traveling.
The thoughts.
And that which is collected and sent
into art,
the paints and lines, the ink
and words, the clay. That which is sent
into the dormant start of thought, the collections.
Held gently, allowed to go, to return
to nations, and out again, the
passing pause among original things like moons
and light. The
marble men and women, the weapons, the
sacred stones, the tools, and
that which is beauty. And traveling,
for in this the gathering of lessons, the waters I
trust, the clouds to paper become, and
to mossy stone and watch the birds then
I forget history only starting.
The blackness night, the star and stars I know
freedom only now. Where
life is little everything and dependent, the confluence,
it and I. The
nations, open to, liberum the
objects, and gold and things, how I cannot trade
sight for security. Apologies.
Musee, and gathering, the waters, the thoughts, the
waters.
And gathering reference, time is
only substance and words. I make of it song
and hold it like possession.
And flight then old. I too hold concept
and borrow it out lest I die alone and isolated. No.
open to all nations until they too pass
generously.

good doctor

Good doctor.

Housecalls. Phone availability.

Sense of compassion.

Knowledge of end of life issues, developmental issues.

Social skills.

Truth seeker. Inquisitive mind.

Teaching. Awareness of quality of life.

Knows drugs.

Takes care of personal health.

Morality as love.

Good doctor. Treatment of people.

Wonders about the phases of the body, the mind, the environment, causality.

Interferes with pain, intercepts pain.

Accessible. Common language.

Hospital calls.

Authority, respects authority.

Service.

Wears comfortable clothes.

Long hours and appreciates personal time.

Transcends culture, operates within a culture.

Standardizes care.

Good doctor.

Dietitian. Generalist.

Divinity as health, what is health?

Checker upper.

Chemist. Reasonable.

Death as natural process. Life as natural.

Naturalist.

Patient. Patience. Patiently.

Funny handwriting. Able to talk until someone responds.

Knows social behavior.

Good doctor.

Drives an old car.

star car

city flight. go to airlight speed slow move.
radio pass. the
drums, the bounds of drums
revving. I followed a speedwagon then
liftoff, let him pass. going
elsewhere without
traffic noise, the outer rim where
things are colorful and without urgency.
dashlit no thought, sage green vapor trails.
today a republican alone.
today a socialist. today
energy.
things behind, the mirrors, history in mirrors.
bed in the back, autopilot
passing suns in air
conditions. passing moons radio pass.
tuning time, the revolutions, the
cycles. I only say
easy now the speed. country flight.
cloudlight gone to liftoff
above urgency and carrying air and
smell to where things are
alone.
confessions, the motor runs.
inventions, creations, social deviations.
heated seats and this lunar clearance, the
outpost still sells cherry wine,
styrophone cups, CB starmaster, the
entertains of old drivers.
OFF.
satellite sound.
OFF.
and how a nebula sounds nothing.
system flight, and passing still
the bounds and
how real things move slowly,
beaming.
listening.

I have a split personality, one of which is bipolar

I have a split personality, one of which is bipolar. The other quietly listens to music, the student, and observing his other eclectic half.

To read all sorts of things then and knowing religion as sufficient to hold together the lines of difference. To know the lines of difference. And married to oneself and never in dullness lest the night certainly rest away.

One who thinks in cycles, in challenges, in directed deepness, the contemplates, the economics, and one to let things quietly pass. And who can tag a character as whole, as universal? For the divisions of any existence are to inquiry then, and to receiving then. And the management of lust, to control the features of management. And monitor, ever the book original and ever the ideas, them filtered for fun, for tolerance. And that which steps aside for emotion, you are without emotion and in service. The maintenance of this body is trust to responsibility.

I am partly responsible. And to accept normalcy in some quarters, by some quarters. And who accepts religion? I will mark my own then union starts. For I did not mind my own company, the criticism within. And to those already togethered, I interpret you differently.

the army of fast talkers

The treatment of dissent. The
engagement of dissent in quick logic.
Stifling the boughs of religion
reasonably. For that was stifling was it not?
And appropriations, the
projects marked for generations, the
speed of reason declares the force of
honesty. And
who is quiet now? To train the next,
that a peoples mine their own
for ideas. Putting government into place,
whereby acts begin within the
ether of foreign stations.
For democracy is this, is it not?
Lest a free speech be voted down.
Lest elections be voted down and
never to return, then
the forms of public acts are now given
to a class.
The treatment of arousal, the slow treatment
of arousal, for so many checks
upon stages. The flight to
outer limits, slowed. The mania to
outer passions, the frenzy, slowed by the
force of forced logic and
that which quickly summarizes divinity.
And the quiet circles then formed
and put down if they
are found, and secret society, the evenings
of private mass, how
they are brought
to friendship or quietly dissolved
from an exterior.
And how they never wear uniforms, and
how they only know each
others in one dead
language I learned when I was young.

I build a flower and give it what it requires
The stations and soil, I
build a flower, life, and give it what it requires.
For a body, indeed, for a continuance
to what ends I realize, age.
But a soul then, thought, and how
a growth from invisible forms, the nearness from beauty
drawn. The colors I am not blind, and
music, lust. And if a form does
follow function, I wish for the arms
to hold you, to grow with you.
I wish for the gathering sense of
appreciation, the body for giving.
Out of nothing, something
comes for I have watched and I have bounced
freedom to freedom.
I will water urgency
and wait for experience. The golden
petals springtime, responding to springtime
and other times.
The stock of character, given into
that which waits for futures and holds other things
until they are formed and ready.
And what else it requires, what else it knows
without bounds I can only offer time
for I have never been unlimited
except what I wish for you.
These stations are kept, I realize a flower
I build but it can never be mine
to give away lest I own beauty, I cannot, this.
And that which comes,
to harvest peace and color I value rightly,
to set in the sun I
appreciate until you are older than I
and forming still your own. I only look to love
for answers and how they pass
for certainty I let them away. For better this,
the formations
you give so little enough for what I never asked.

weapons of war

them to have gone satisfactorily, them to
have considered
strength in numbers or either
strength in logic, and against the hateful
force of
ammunition powder bang,
the movements of catalytic energies, the
social push of
reasonable governments igniting reason in
oppression to exteriors.
I only did love seaside, the
tide, the metaphors of anchors and generations
and mighty ships trespass then.
I only did love.
them to have thought an arts
to dissuade the heavy frames of uniformed
men, them to have
believed
a simple life that who could bother this.
them to have believed.
and what morality then to
christian airstrikes, to boys in
bombs, to
those intentions which parade as freedom
in long lines and passages
march, march.
them to have gone satisfactorily to
summary ends machinism
and diplomatism.
and the energies of scientists then to discover
life is organized like
the complex models of
atoms and molecules which join, conjoin and
separate by exterior cause
or either atoms follow social models I
tell him because I too am some
cause but
a piece of a metaphor I am not.

I do not know the name of the philosopher who said that, I think it was me
Just thinking, something about authority
or government or
art theory.
Just thinking. And if I said something aloud,
apologies, I have no reference, just
a fragment.
I do know what beauty is, I know its
cultural impact and the way it is assumed by force.
I understand the politics of
association, and how
many believe a culture grows into
democracy or either an elected state of
some sort, the way words carry
supermeanings and metahistoriographies and
the way discipline is subtle
and often assumed by
education and other corporate institutions.
Just thinking, and
apparently remarkably to have
held an attention.
And if it was from a book, perhaps
some math theory
for I freely dissolve in numbers, to
consider social thought I concentrate on that which is not
social.
To consider love I
read of social absence.
To consider peace
I think of many things.
What science brings like Aristotle perhaps,
then his opposite is without
categories
which I call wonder then.
Just thinking, and to have brought about such
a thought? Your presence is enough
to incite the profound.
Thank you.

carry forward

Do young religions follow the paths of
old religions?

Do young governments follow the paths of
old states?

And a son, to have watched ways,
is destiny a path?

Or either separations, a reason compels difference,
does it not?

A separated geographies, a separated
experience, for 1969 did pass
and from

that stall then things become new again.

Carry forward from the blossoms of early
living, for the whorls are new
and history is new,

history is adjusted then and I act as though
memory were exact.

Exact enough, and records will
declare I am the same as old days. A comfort
insists that the mind of peoples do
not change.

History will say that sociological channels
are followed

but no one has gone as far as I have I respond
and, thus, all is new,
and all is carried.

All is lifted to ends.

And if the stations of divinity are those of a thousand
years past I can

only know I will have arrived
at them independently.

And if the stations of living
are my father's,

know I will have lived in some blind reference
I call my own, I will possess

it and know it

differently

moving ahead.

if destiny passes

It were not destiny if I did not hold it
then.
To have believed it word
I too shall pass differently and uncertainly.
For never the clouds of
order too profound nor too exact
to discontinue these thoughts.
Why speak such things as record, the natural
orders, the social laws, for
prophecy, for prophecy?
For proficy.
To live longer upon the expectations,
the rules?
And which manner then, if destiny does pass,
will lead an
improvisational being?
If destiny passes, then to establish religion,
the spirit of wonder,
how to walk blindly and
without order.
If I did not hold it then, or either
if it did not stay with me, to grieve in
times at that which adjusts itself without
my knowledge.
But I am not empty, but only realizing
that directions are only now revealing ways.
What was that? I
credit
no knowledge.
I credit no sympathies for having left
aside what may have been,
but only to be
and shaping things, and not indifferently
because lust now is this life and
I embrace it
remarkably.

hate only opposes itself

When all things separate, and this becomes
competitive. And discern
discrimination separation and
political borders boundaries lines
and lines. Types of peoples, types of tastes,
and what it is I want.

I want.

I want.

I possess.

And without regard for that which is not
in this frame

I know only difference indifferently.

And to become small existing against otherness,
against all which is other.

love has no opposite

If you are only love, if I love, I know
no contradiction.

Love has no opposite.

hiding out

to have caused this storm, to have caused
lightning, to have
caused madness.

I wait in shelter for it does pass to blown
air and peace as it has before.

the questions.

to have caused the chaos of nations, to have
asked simply for truth and response
as weather, response as hate,

response as protest. I wait
a thousand years to test the peace of being
before coming out again.

to have caused alarm by the insistence
of philosophy, the
insistence of order, the insistence of insistence.

and its revolution I once danced among
becoming arrested to the
rhythms of social whorls and change.

I now wait a thousand years
before I cause the next.

in rooms I wait where time does not move
except in millennia clicks.

to have caused thunder then in dreams, to
have made something strong of
living, to hold it tightly until its animated
release in Godly torrents I once did

watch and never again

I sit quietly as war happens I cannot stop
lest I threaten and go against
things which are against things.

I sit quietly during hunger only now.

to have caused hunger.

to have caused memories which bleed better
forgotten histories.

and notice.

hiding out until the force then acts upon me
as I act.

and then he was only a man

Limp.

He had kept suffering away from himself
and shot rifles into the
air.

He demonstrated even when he was captured.

The life of demonstration for
he was always victim and
defending possessions
like land and morality.

Limp

he went, hanged and filmed December
29 or 30 Christian time depending on the
time zone.

And what force now fills a void
of a directed and

certain humanity gone limp
and to wonder at my own questions of
the merits or demerits of
death penalties
for how many deaths?

What number is great enough to warrant
a death?

I cannot decide

whether a hurtful person kept
in some form can continue to send signals and
send acts by thought
or either by mere existence.

But limp then and
to be blown like middle eastern sands
or either buried in
unmarked arid eternity.

I did say a prayer because that is
what you do when such
things happen, when a man returns from God
knows where to mortality
like I live
trying to be good.

life freely starts

Days grow into this.

Water.

And what solves an imagination, a nap
so brightly starts a
character, and all that oppresses

I climb out of newly.

Frozen soil the
water melts and freezes again, that which will
feed the robins in June.

In smallness time begins,

I trust this.

The days.

And to watch the air,
what solves urgency, an exterior
interest to this?

I have no right to demand another thing,

I have no right to be a clown again
as if I have a choice.

For social inversion comes in times
when spirits settle.

Water.

Today moving, the water, and
animated. What does solve
ambition, be it possession or either the
holding of security.

I give you security
that days will grow into.

And despair never it passes I watch it quietly
away to clouds.

And why it rains, it
is only a question.

The greens next month
and the month after that.

I will hold you closely then and we can
grow tired together
as if there were a choice.

stars as angels

Offered bodies aloft brightness. Everything
cast from time where there are
no shadows
lest question be a shadow.
How to divine patience from
eternity. How to last.
I offer a moment of my own to give, and
listen then for answers.
I can only state the obvious, the reflections
glitter,
and what is greatest I ask?
And what star extends beyond the faculties
of particularism because
I wish upon the mostly enlightened one.
I once did sleep and
an angel flew from my soul to
nearby candle.
Nothing was taken then but only offered.
I watch the imaginations of souls
turned to angels
or either them returned to angels
in cast night sky.
The way them all wait until knowledge then
comes trickling down to the youngest
and then to them
still connected to life directly.
And who I offer the degrees of science to, and
who I offer myself to if only
all.
If only all.
And death does not come that I am aware of
but only darkness and
the engraves of even greater patience
lest God charge life as everlasting
like promise
or either withdraw existence I wonder in a
moment when I
die.

the anatomy of reason (2007)

The soul, how it forever lasts in wait. Until
an environment calls. A body given,
and from this, blank intellect.

A body forms upon the divisions of cells first,
and when a sense then
develops, compels the imagination, engages the
soul.

I am a product of my environment, indeed,
how could I not be?

But free will within, and a soul
engaged, and a morality put to this place, given
a body as mentioned.

In the first, like dance, the communications
and deferrals of body, and
then a language developed, whereby
dance is given to the stasis of
the intellect. I apply the waterfalls, the debates,
the way in which objects are governed,
I apply beauty.

And if the soul does change then,
by the force of questions, that
a greater morality than its conception is
learned, and the soul passes to the intellect, the
generalizations passed to the next
existence.

And miracles, and angels, what faith is reasonable,
science to this, the objectivities
of faith
for one hundred years pass
and forever waits in state. And
if there be parts to this soul, to this remembrance,
history, if I know the applications
to move to futures I last
and not having given up progress
nor interest.
I last not having given up.

ending the quiet terms of isolation

Stepping out.

I do remember sound, the night sky.

For long enough to have been
contained and governed, the idled spirit
and only considering
wait and time.

Now moves forward.

And stepping then to energy to
the freedom of the will.

The clouds are not metaphor, they
are like nothing other.

The clouds are within and
exactly clouds

I love.

Today, and resolved the terms of isolation,
I balance and walk to physical
ends.

Or either let boxes stay grounded

I am not.

Though, to say something,
that upon enclosures the mind does
wander and

I carry that now.

And a body is only restrained but not
that which causes a body.

And release in little paces, little
markers to the person I
could only forgive for I am yet not without
some stillness.

Now moves forward. And the
wind I know differently and
in terms of a different silence like
attention.

And that which once was cornered and
sent to mind,
stepping out of that now.

he has been selling himself too long

he has been selling himself too long.
too many trades, too many moral sales, too
many easements.
and a position as intermediate, the
strength of middleclass
as morality.
to know truth in social terms and having forgotten
the nature of nature, the
strength of exteriorism, the
dazzled eyes for winter snowfall, for
autumn leaves and summer water
gone.
he has been selling himself too long and
causes me silence
for I am not among this center.
I know governance as nothing, and
from that idealism, an other
spirit lives.
The ocean, the universe I am not afraid
to mention. The stars
I still listen, the
birds, the ambiance of grass I listen.
and how a thing is governed he tells me how
to let things be controlled
he tells me the purposes of strength
and language.
and if this is to come, the sort of friendship
which calls upon opposites
instead of letting death rest, no,
this life does not have an opposite and trade
cannot happen among that which is not owned.
he has been selling himself too long
for his insistence is a question
his desire is a regard.
and I can only give you patience if you
listen to that which requires no defense.

game theory

If. Then.

Upon the anticipated behavior a
readied response.

And that set, that lineage of formation, a
responsive set.

For only the finites of anything are
possible, the limits of a body, the limits of
imagination,
response to that.

And for that which I am unprepared,
ground zero then,
and a plan for new thought even.

Applications: to war, to strategy,
to poker, to life, to life.

And to love, or either to forgo prophesy
and the speculates of interpretive futures in the
interest of spontaneity for
some things are
sacred.

If. Then.

And the limits of knowledge, to the
wisest, to the eldest, those
with experience, to assume things of environments.

What is wisdom I wonder?

Is it to be prepared? And
for what applications is math prepared,
for what onset is the mind
then ready.

And to what set I direct an attention,
and to infuse a morality then,
that a position be for that which is
good, that which succeeds
itself.

And if a game be considered at all, or
either to allow speculation its first
moment then,
as in love I ever consider.

moon folds around me

She wore velvet.
She held the moon close.
And to know that I fly when I sleep and
that is why I sleep so much.
And that it be easy in your thought, the moon,
that I was only brought to
smallness the first time I had given myself
and not realizing then
I was a seed.
I was permanent I am.
I wear velvet to parties.
I hold the moon closely
around my back.
And when I sleep I give flight to birds.
I give air to birds, to
leaves
and that which tomorrow brings daylight
I give myself to also.

ten of clubs

crazy mother fucker.

handing out cards as if they were personalities.

and given in confidence like

trust.

and then the one who gave out bottles of

shampoo and toothpaste

like friendship charms.

the bathtub is a scandinavian canoe, the morning

light is over mountains.

today I will wear natural clothes, the

colors of personalities.

and to watch a bubbler turn into a water fountain

as it floods to the

floor.

and this is how lakes become

sitting midnight watch fishbowl corners of authority

and considering how an

architect divides people.

I trust too much or not at all.

crazy mother fucker.

I determine things. I reveal things do I not?

the train rolling quietly I imagine sound.

the NASA poetry books.

the NASA classics.

the space movie, the space ship so large that

there are those who exist within who

never see the stars. slaves.

and a public defender riding in footsteps

making puttering motorcycle mouthsounds.

a window that does not open.

I suppose I am of a sort.

and to wear nothing

for nurses do not care longer of anatomy

in appreciative terms, rather

them vehicles for the intellect.

they are the philosophers.

I listen until you are no longer near.

then I continue thinking of that which distracts.

in the starkness of life

What stands against living makes
strength
I grow into death.
What opposes life I make it mine, I own
it rightly or either it carries
me down.
What urgency, to recognize the wars
of growing into culture and
separation,
I was not always separated.
The stars were old when I was young
and they called me nighttime.
The stars are now old again and
they bring me
to youth
but not to them
lest I fall asleep beneath them.
And the chapel by the river I live
within
I know I cannot possess you except
knowledge.
I draw this knowledge, when
I leave in the morning
and lock the door in prayer.
What divides the mortalities of knowledge,
I know this
too,
time divides this and time grows
to call things differently.
I grow into confidence
I know, and the blackness of intimidation
I will understand that too
lest I begin to make
my self small.
I do not make my self small
but only respond to that which it requires.

belong to this

The water coming down to earth, the
winter grass, fragments.
The modest winter, and country road, the
river moving.
Belong to this.
And qualify the lives of men
as substance.
Qualify light and records, the empty
land, the forest.
And there is peace I wait. And there
is war to search for.
I do not search for this.
The clouds, they push air to memory, when
the summer passed and the
leaves passed
and winter started, it only started.
But anyseason I do not mind.
The features bold, the
bluffs, the hills.
The stories.
Belong to this.
The stories.

theaters

The lives of words I make
strong.
The air, the breath I do make again and again
strong.
In land, the winter covers, in thought
I am warm.
In social ways I struggle.
I name struggle and
give it out again for mercy, for
confidence.
I will own the lives of words, that which
attaches itself to memory,
the birds, the eagle then I know, the
birds.
The city, and how it gathers
intentions, the lighted sky, the midnight
sounds and alley shuffling.
The way a fog will cover even this I
call it reclamation.
The lives of words,
the past I make
strong.
The river I make strong for what would river
be without thought, without
these intentions.
Only covering and carrying.
And the way a land plants itself, the way
a land is peopled,
in city developments and people,
and people
and people talking.
The lives of words I make
strong
for I know potential and that which
stands as way
against that which turns as way.

reclamation

Once owned, the properties of spirit, the
night

I own again.

And having succeeded imagination
and having given it
forth to

progress then like child.

Go away and make yourself beautiful
to other things.

And to know again, the
valley, the range and air, to know
the deeds to life and that which compels.

I again start brightly
and

knowing that things will pass
again and again.

I once attended to
oceans.

I attend to oceans now and make
lives of watching
tides and water, the
life of.

I once attended to mountains and
gave them away for
they were only partly mine.

I offer an attention and
see the lives return.

Once owned, and how the honesties of
living rightly return
to give themselves over to being
and I accept
responsibility for that which returns.

The night I own, again,
for having rested I watch for this I love
regenerate passions and I require no patience
for neither am I
expecting.

the continuation of poetry

Lasts, to the ends of words, and
eternity struggle
beauty knowledge observation.
It does continue in force.
The atom tree among every other, I call them
whole. The cars, the cars, the
horsedrawn cars, the
star cars, the rolling cars on lawns,
for every car there is a
thought becoming. The lake, mud lake,
turtle lake, grass lake,
winter lake ice supports a car.
To the ends of words, and infinity cause
philosophy love emotion.
It passes through a body until I know
it strength and that which
fulfills. Language, and without
language, the codes still come.
And poetry cannot be stopped, lest
I no longer absorb.
The wind, dirty wind, biting wind,
cool breeze and suffering,
To be brought to tears upon a
memory wind. To be brought to energy
in ocean wind.
To laugh at hurricane.
To throw stones at tornado and laugh.
Lasts, to the ends of words,
and cautions time death.
And to look at simple poems which
call themselves
poems
and knowing poetry as several things including
that, too, and especially as the
paper it is written on turns to
yellow in the sun.

to start one's own

For the freedom of approach I
began my own.

For the hours, for the freedom of time I
started.

And I wait a day to consider
direction.

And I wait another to absorb the
power of primacy.

I wait a day to receive ownership.

And how it sustains I
then gather and knowing reception
personally.

And what I represent, what comes into
me comes into that.

For the stillness of being I
began my own.

And not in difference, and not in
contradiction, for only to
relieve the passions for institutions and
reconstruction.

To have oneself and apply that object
liberally or either
in conservation.

Oneself as object though
I possess that.

For the resources I give reason at
will.

For the hardness of material I
take country walks or either
downtown walks.

I know material as knowledge. I possess
that.

For the expressions, I do not repeat
someone and claim such
an expression, but only
to know individualism and
that which attaches to that.

ceiling

Fixtures. Ornaments draw an attention.
To look towards ascension
though the riddles of
exteriorism are a stop to inspiration.
Idealism it was, that burned
a sense of assistance, to make of this one
union, to gather resources and
part with them
for a better world.
That was idealism.
And a stop, for that idea and that inclination
is contained and ever tethered
to first force.
Who did start this program, and to what
ends did I surrender
under contract that I shall not cease to
think, that I shall not cease
to consider the stars, nor
that there is progress still to be made.
I cannot give up that.
And the fixtures upon ceiling, them remarkable
and dazzling, them catching attentions,
though they be connected
to that which cannot be passed through.
Rather to be out of doors,
for the ideals of places, of the
programs of life do not exist in
frames and boxes.
Or either this shelter is then personal, and
if you are invited
know it is only small and impermanent
though independent in spirit and without
attachment
to the molds of institutions which otherwise
stop those intentions which
aim at goodness.

license

You are qualified, you have responded to orders.

And this license declares you have met program criteria.

And degree, a social ministry is given to that which has succeeded thought.

Training, the passages, to have considered old questions and to have gathered original intentions.

License.

And to those without, they are among the lay orders, and only fine works though without the mind for development and sustainable progress.

What authority then? Your own in the first, though as well an answer to the bounds of the institution, the order.

For you will retire your service in time, and the notions of continuance go beyond a presence.

The same questions will be served in a hundred years, and a license still, to those who succeed intentions.

You are qualified, and you realize the ways of this faculty, that an effort offer itself in words which demonstrate an association.

And this diploma, as your sign of wellness, to pass along the passages, to pass along the language you have earned as ministry and confidence.

For this does begin to prove itself for futures.

flurries

It is my snow I have waited.
The first flight January late and
floating but not collecting.
It is my snow, and
how it comes when I am prepared.
The mental aspects have
let themselves down, and
enough to release a winter.
There is not a science to prediction
lest I know social cause.
Like he who keeps words in
his bedroom
and knows enough to let them out
now among the wind.
For words do fall, in
floating fluff, in down and
without urgency.
And as I pass eagle's forests riverside,
and to cross then rivers,
and having loosened the pains
which bind,
it is my snow I have waited.
And what once was November
subject, I was still holding then.
I was not letting go of that
which holds if it is held.
And the language now, I only
did let, and how it comes
of its own I study.
And earthbound arms raised
I release like prayer at the
gentleness of it all. Of it all.
And quiet river's edge, the bridge
is people.
And what I hear, nothing is too
close but only saying,
it is my snow.

the opposite of the opposite

That which I speak of, what I say, it
is the opposite of its opposite.

And to those who wish to make a
medium of this thought, then consider
opposition twice, for I only mean
this which is original.

I say the dusk is eternal, in confidence
I say this.

But I am mortal then and
how to know such a thing.

Dusk is mortal thus responds.

I only know that dusk is eternal.

That life is ever closing ever closing.

And when this morning comes, life will
be eternal then.

How to know such things, for mortality
separates faith,

does it not, thus responds.

I only know that life is eternal when
such things happen.

The twilight silence and then the
gentle rush of air I have known forever.

And I do know forever

do you not see this,

that I am eternal and then

forever in closing.

That which I speak of, it is the
opposite of the opposite, and only that.

And to search, to draw out meaning
which is other than exact,

form your own I say, and leave this
certainty to my silence.

For the wind is not medium, and
the stars, they are not medium.

A grass, it only lays down for now
and then it cares for life like I do.

And the opposite, it only answers to its
opposite.

snow comes late

Snow arrives at January night.
To listen fireside, the dark wind whistles and
flakes against door.
I forget weather now, and urgency
I dismiss.
Head down I dismiss the weather until tomorrow
never stops.
Snow arrives, an exterior to this warmth
and book silence.
The words of those who have made a career
of suffering and listening
to that which happens.
I think about that, suffering.
And sacrifice, for freedom is conditioned
by that I tell myself
the wind.
I am free for I have given much away I do not
remember,
to the souls who make winter,
and to the souls who watch what I watch
I have given much away.
Though I am not cold, this interior, this
heart is not dark like winter now,
it is only conditioned, and
free.
Snow arrives, I know, and tomorrow,
the way it absorbs before ever having met this
life, I have offered it thought briefly,
only briefly,
for I cannot expel discomfort
nor is there any certainty to the thoughts which
cause snow.
I only listen then and snow arrives
the wind.
And the sleep, how it becomes full upon
that for which I have no control.

time zones

We all exist simultaneously though
the realities of global spin
tell us to set our watches differently for
darkness crosses
land in rolls.

When the people of one land are
in darkness rest, those
on the opposite end of the earth are
active.

And who would not begin the day at eight
AM.

Each do, and thus a system that declares
the simultaneous existence
which is not simultaneous, rather
that days begin hours apart
and may have already been proven by
the time another rises for an
eight AM shower.

Though I do not consider the lives
of others, nor do I
realize an existence which travels the
same path of those who live an hour
previous to mine.

Only an instant, now I know,
and those who sleep, this instant is
shared.

I do not follow the early spirit of eastern
seaboard for having lived
two time zones west,
nor does the western coast follow my
inspiration for having started
a day first.

I only know the business of sunrise
and sunset,
and the rest, I imagine they, too, only
consider my relevance when I
say something important
and not because I woke first.

never to kill and call it fate (title from William Stafford)

Never to kill and call it fate.
The hunt, the wars.
And never to promise a death, never
to promise the returns of ill will.
How a thought will turn against this
weakness, this
strength is hidden and undeclared, it will
respond reasonably.
For what is fate?
It is not I, this deferral is not fate,
this sense for retribution,
how I call it away given its consideration,
it is not fate lest I be
greater than this
relationship.
Never to declare the ownership of
emotion, for these
response are conditioned and they are
managed like wisdom.
Never to kill and call it fate.
Not for an army of justice, not for
an army of God,
not for the promise that another is subject
and that body will be then
absorbed.
For fate is not mine, the
peace of separation, it is not mine to
take.
The way a pain does heal, or either
the way a justice is done, the
ways of gathering, they
are not mine nor enjoyed nor
considered.
And never to want for the energies which
come of rage or systemic possession of
otherhood, for
these are little. How
they make a man little and collected.

never to sleep in small corners

For the dog has owned this space I
am not dog
lest I eat food from given hands and lest
I protect without thought.
Never to sleep in small corners and never
to give away the space of
humanity for
the lives of being require a service to that
which I exist as.
And never to lay still in
the midst of inquiry for I am
to respond lest I give away this threshold.
I cannot give away a threshold.
For the dog rests here, the
dog claims
this and only I am reasonable.
I do not grant the response to orders
nor the response to strength
in somebody's interest.
I have an interest I
am not dog.
And the patience of watch, and that
which knows the extensions of liberty
are not the extensions of
social mastery.
For a thought does come rightly
and not from corners I know.
And to be cornered then is a defense.
I do not find myself in corners
sleeping for I
am not dog
nor responding.
And to give way to that which calls
itself mutual. And if,
then I will only share a corner with you and
not caring what it calls our ness.

I recreate myself
I recreate myself every night.
I am taken every day
and then last by memory, the sounds,
the social sounds, the
winter sounds I have made the
formations of being kindly and without
thought.
And the automatic self, when
creativity dissolves to
existence, and the spines of social
air dabble around, I only
wait until the middle darkness when
thought retrembles and
urges itself again outward.
Though I have not given quite
enough mind
to lasting upon a single soul, and
to be trained, to be expecting
the necessary recreations,
I am only water and responding.
I recreate myself every night.
And this time watching, for
to be without such a need is to
be without the bounds of responsibility
and without the restraints of
social accommodation.
And in the day, to be worn down
to common genius again, and to be
isolated and picked
apart, perhaps my stronger kind
is known more than I can understand.
But I cannot end the
attempts at making independence
and making that which
interests I, for to do that is to
say these personal lines are
without meaning. No.
These personal lines are with meaning.

pretending not to care

time grows old. I think of broader
subjects. I direct attentions
to implicit sounds, the music, the wind.
and to consider futures in
other ways, how a body reflects
two forms.
to give away meaning as if it were common,
the rain I give you, the weather,
it is only subtle and without meaning.
and the reference of emotion,
the reference of word and reprise,
how it is connected to that
which would become hope if
only these intentions
developed.
time grows old I watch. and to have
been removed or either
stolen, and to be slave then
for only this body is an answer.
this body is muscle and not thinking.
and another loss
another loss is to regard nothing
for to learn absence is to
regard loss. I do not learn this
but only turn to questions I have no
wonder who to ask.
time grows quiet, and to believe the
next will be as littled perfect as this,
and how to mind that for
which I have only a control for myself
in its presence.
the means to reproducing life I once
did say were in advancement,
or either discourse and patience and things
do happen
I imagine. I imagine that things do
happen.

the chairs of the museum

Dusted and velvet. Them in quiet circles.
The objects return monthly for
direction.
What gallery pushes thought, a study
begins, this
is always the beginning.
And to society, for what gathers attention
is that which is represented.
How a war does come, the concept of
war
and its reproduction.
Or either artist whose life is
extraordinary, or either artist whose lines
are exact.
How a love does come, the concept of
love
and its reproduction.
And these chairs, they are frames and
holding ideas.
And to religion, for a bounds are
unlimited, and how a building is itself
curated amongst society.
How a building curates society.
And to draw in powers, the church, the
riddles of education, and
government.
But even if, I am sequestered and wondering
at how to draw a life like science
does without lines
and only beauty.
Dusted and velvet, and with ottoman,
in the quiet ways of thought, for
every meeting requires
absence, I do require absence like prayer
for the generations of art
I am.

if I took everything as truth
If I took nothing as truth I would not
have believed in beauty at
sunrise, I would not have believed in season.
If I took nothing as truth I
would be without thought.
And what I know, that time does
pass, that
social paths do cross, that a body is material
and requires.
If I took everything as truth, that
suffering is unlimited, that people do
suffer, that an environment does
suffer, I could
not believe in the worth of change.
If a thousand species do die, I would say,
I cannot change for I had no
part in capturing littler things and forcing
them or either
watching their slavery.
If I took everything as truth, that
religion is final or either that science is
final,
that an artist is truth for having lived, I
will not have enjoyed a freedom
but rather to know language as that which
concerns me alone.
But for its character, an otherness
I too steady.
An interest for critical thought, the winter
brook, the social opinion, critical theory,
for to criticize criticism
for having known small cultures and isolation.
To carry paths and turn away
that which is without reason or
either experience, the
pen which only rests, or either the
limits of thought, they will be refuted or
unknown.

she is strong

She carries family in her mind, she
is strong.

And a body resembles intentions, the
way her shoulders lift
other people, the way her voice constructs
the identity of others.

And a walk, the gait which ignores
social criticism, for there is so much
which buries
identity and a will.

The time before this she was strong
in message, she was honest, and
to listen to her say that
cultures do change, that
goodness determines these acts, and
never to mention the word morality,
I give her poetry
for that and for the
manner in which she lives, in consideration,
in reference to that which
changes only if I believe it does.
I believe it does
change.

And family in her mind, she carries that
and the power for including
the other social minorisms
I remember in her
presence.

The objects, the smallness of objects,
to summon them, to speak in
objects, to listen in the language of
objects.

And that which is meaningless she offers
meaning to, I watch and
believe that
people do change, that cultures do
change because of her.

I will not stop keeping track of history, but which history?

I cannot, for the times begun and
to trust the laws of
history.

But which history, and the sort
as oppression, the biblical sort, the
sort of folklorism, the
sort of other nations?

A world history, and to begin the
shuffles as elders do
pass, for who would wish to be known
as historical wimps or either
aggressors?

And who would not mind their
own as kind and generous
peoples as having spanned landbridges
and generosity.

These peoples are known in
a way, and of a person,
I am the contains of this experience
from adolescence, and
cultures, the epochs of civilization,
for there was a path
and recorded memory does
serve that which has prepared itself,
and does serve that which
returns to its roots.

But invaders neglect local history.
And local history neglects
immigration, and world history appears
to be the tales of wars
or either medicine or machines.

Because a simple life is
boring and unextraordinary even
if that is what I live.

And the thoughts, them tolerant or
either selfist, to what ends, to
what ends I cast?

keeping the socialists and medicalists apart

For the social is a different organism than the
body.

And the body is unique to itself.

And if a social does form a body of
its own, with a thinking part and an active part,
the tools of social health are to
apply the medicines of democracy
and self determination.

The medicalist, and having traveled too
far in the applications of systems, and having
reduced a family to personal
sovereignty and selfism, and having ignored
the strains of social union and
decisionism, having ignored the vote
for the favor of the academic administration
of experience, the force of health care,
the moral weights of the body, and who does
know the most of the body for
they are king.

And to watch the clouds, in reference to sight
it would be a physical
allowance then, in reference to the woman next
to this, it is a social force
like love.

Or either alone, the gentle appreciation of how
a wind does gather the thoughts
into dreams.

For poetry is separate then, and having evaded
social encounters and responsibility and
having evaded the ness of
physical being.

But a time for each I know, though an expertise
to them having studied
but I am not nothing to medicine, and
I am not nothing to politics though I am
not entrenched in either
lest I say a man is a city or either I say a city is
a man.

midnight takes my hand

midnight takes my hand.
the end of the last it whispers
and tells
me nothing except memory.
for mine is complete and tomorrow
never
comes, what destinies arrive
is not a part of this rest.
change is done, and to return to silence.
midnight takes this burden and
makes stillness of it.
the land outside is everywhere and
forgotten, and the stars, I think of them
to ends without prejudice nor
passion.
to close one's eyes is darkness, to close
one's sense, to close oneself.
I have only struggled and peace is these
limits and not profound nor
meaningful. peace is not profound, it
is not futures I forget,
nor consolation nor the romance of dreams
lest I am alone.
I am not alone.
I want for nothing.
midnight takes my hand.

box of poems

Gathered for demonstration. He was
large and with bright voice.
The band continues, the rhythms on.
I came alone to appreciate words
and new sounds and modern memories.
The small environment no
smoking, a
little stage for the thoughts. And gathered
for demonstration, the
types of peoples.
I heard him gather the judges, instruct
the judges on appropriate
qualities. And a room then fills.
The pretty girl with bright eyes and
wiry hair and
glasses like mine.
I brought no institution, I bring nothing
to read, to pass along, for I
know the memory poets, the performers
are different and separated.
A thought is meant for applause and
demonstration among this
and I am other except as audience. The
beer.
The tall tables and how a club forms
next to one who only brings himself.
Five dollars please for listening rights.
Five dollars for being.
And the poems among this, the man
dressed in strong voice
looks forward to an evening of outwardness
though I finish
with the band
and go outside before an otherness
begins for the poetry I know is not spectacle
except when I memorize
all of the little things.

holy man

the woods and watching little
creatures talk.
inna meadow, the
butterflies.
and to observe change, to demonstrate
change, and to a battling
youth, the
middle is sacred, to demonstrate the middle
and walk away from that.
for all things are brought
to intentions he knows that
all things are brought to intentions.
at rivers edge, the birds dart
with questions, the
leaves come freshly spring.
inna meadow rest and watching the
dogs
accepting dogs
for all is accepted if only differently.
anda candle, the light before
sleep, the
wind.
tomorrow brings birth and travel,
to be packed then and
carrying north where
the light moves to now.
and the stars, he knows that,
the stars have answers too he sleeps to.
how the stars do sing at
restlessness and uncertainty.
the quiet horses.
and the women who hold together things
while he is away
indefinitely
for he only knows purpose and
that which he cannot control
but will
respond to he thinks about.

remind me of time

Remind me of time,
I cannot know when this will end.
For I have discovered lithium, I have
discovered that which
makes a mind endless.
And for fear, you remind me of time,
as the jitters of eternity
begin to separate
all that is near.
The stars are near, I separate among them.
The canyons, the city, and
life is near, I separate among
the qualities for a philosophy too
personal lest
you remind me of time.
And I will die, lest you remind me
of the hardness of death,
and the need for peace, the
need for regard.
And that which is mysterious, to
know that, then keep
it quietly insane. Because the paths
are many and I cannot
know what you know except
time.
I cannot know when this will end.
And if you bring closure, or
either you bring
the ends of fascination for certainty
and efficiency are enemies
you realize me.
And watch me dissolve into redness
away and into
the metaphysics of dustdom and
littledom.
Watch me pass when.

if I believe you when
when a tyrant is mad, when a tyrant
is insane, if a philosophy
protects my house, my order.
the way a bombs push fear, and the
way a knowledge is from this. the
security against that which threatens.
and life I last, and listening, the
wind, the eastern shores a threat does
come you tell me. and to gather oneself
to middles and to collect
materials to middles, to begin the rations.
and to rationalize things which
slow progress, to allow the
slowness of culture return, for
the limits of energy start and the limits
of advancement start.
and a children to fight for the
things I too was raised for, I can find
no solution lest I question foundations
like prosperity and who is
qualified.
the startled animals, the trees pushed
down, and weather then
to erode upon the habitats one
hundred years old, one thousand
years old.
I am a fault for only listening, though
to plan on dying before lives
begin to migrate against
the conservations of death.
I will believe you because I know
the truth of force for I have seen the
land pulled from itself,
and death too whorls against that
which consumes because war is an
answer. War is only
an
answer.

the planet

How far these thoughts do travel, no
land mines a conscience
except the planet to itself, how it forbids
an elsewhere home of oceanic
intentions.

I have not lived a moon away, and to
that I only know this sphere.

I have not lived a moon away
and to take that with me, that a planet
forbids an elsewhere home.

And river grace, the meadow, and
creatures I do call divine for they
hold a capsuled will, and
who does give these things?

And who does give a dream? Who
does know that which silences me?

The tides, they do take an intention to
the sky, and clouds I look
away.

And to wonder, though I suffer the
courses of curiosity, the agency of
want, but I only know that
which I touch, and that which I collect
in the ways of social
intercourse, the rest is imaginary.

How far these thoughts do travel, and
I do claim them, for no
land does mine a conscience. Though
to be only steady in a world
which knows I am, which
knows I do see rainbows, and
the grace of social organism, the grace
of accomplishment. And
an elsewhere, then, it is not in doubt,
and I do not know its certainty I
acknowledge except
for reason.

I know no reason standard

I know no reason standard, only that
which compels an attention.

I know no source except
for life and that which it receives, the
rain, the moving air it does
receive, and from this,
reason.

I am so trusted, to know the course
of language, for giving language to
flight, and to the stars.

I am so trusted, to cause science. To
cause science.

I know no reason standard, though I
do love and know love I cannot
explain.

I know the cause for gifting peace, and
I have abled generosity,

I have abled the passions of spirit.

The birds, and who does create
things I wonder and call it
God.

The turtles and littler lives I consider
conscience I wonder and call it
God.

And if a word given to the discourse
of humanity for its progress,
reason,

or either a word given to the inspirations
which animate this life, to call it
reason.

And if I slowly come at life for
beauty, and if I slowly come at death,
the way a wisdom is
selfless though dissolving in olden
bodies I watch, though
reason I call it, standard, and it is
that which makes me try whether it knows
itself as language or not.

the memories do borrow time

Age away, the lasts remember
friend and that which travels, the discord, that
which wrecked harmony
and peace. But
that was an instant against the frost
of love I now live
boldly and heartened, for this is bound
to for memory.

And rather to etch the future in broad strokes
of life and cause, rather to etch
the future in sense.

For this is gentle, this is heroic, this
is beauty and I know it as and call it that.

The roads are as I call them or either
nothing.

The change is as I call it or either not
a thing.

The last I remember, and I once did call it war
and that is what it was and that
is what it exists as, war.

And I remember trust, when a quiet
woman held my hand in stillness, I
do remember stillness.

And the softened lines of destiny, for what
an attention to, only a higher order will defeat
death, only a higher order
will swallow the depths of despair like
when I sought comfort for I knew not
what else to replace it with.

Age away, and history does change, from
columns, the systems of belief of
force, the systems
which mind nothing of their own and only seek
outward appearance.

But if a maturity then, I call it that or
either nothing, for to choose sustainable
destinies, this is
now age brought.

what rules do govern this?

For I once was child and I had lived
within those frames then.

And as student I had learned the social crafts
of experience.

And a professional, then, the same.

Each with its own intentions, and each, the
epochs of being, a
control for existence.

But a competition then, and first as war
and how an emotion calls

out the primitives of man. For I am
now man for realizing the affects of that
which calls out self governance.

And I know no rules.

And to last, to eat then, to rest to shelter,
indeed, but that is only enough
as puppet or either service.

And who does serve among civil demonstration?

Either no one or either all people
serve and make a social mark
handy. And I do know that, a

civil demonstration, to give what is required
to that which requires it,
and the thinkers will then separate me again
in time.

The rules dissolve, and I trust
to ends convenience be not that which
isolates this will or causes troubles and stirs
like a destiny for which I have
no control.

And wisdom I remark, the suffering I remark,
but a history was twenty years past
and learning is not always the same.

The epochs are not circles,
and to know this as rule.

Perhaps there is a rule, that epochs are not
circles.

closing ones eyes and thoughts do click

perhaps a thought,
the continuity of clicks, the
assemblage of little dreams.
for a mind does
invent universes and each requires
a subtle bang.
and in this rest, what does
come like seizures come,
a click, another.
and if the facial muscles,
I absorb the way
memories do cast a future.
the thoughts do click, and
letting them away for
they have been identified.
and who did
call
man a machine? for he is
except for idea, and
for that which dies. I
know no machine which dies
for death is only
associated with
life and machines are not
life.
and the clicks, treated as a
neurological condition,
though only originalism
redirecting the matter
within which it survives.
but a matter is not
idea, and a click only does
represent that
which arrives otherwise
freely.

ghosts

letting them out of trunks.

letting the ghosts fly away

like darkness.

I have only seen them fly away I

do not know where they go.

I have never seen them return.

they must be private

creatures, they must not

enjoy the company of the

living.

I saw one in my peripheral

vision and it darted

skyward. this was

at about three in the

afternoon and it was released

from the trunk of a car

by a woman

who seemed to be holding it.

what good is it to hold

a ghost?

as a trophy?

will a captive ghost give

powers?

perhaps there are those ghosts

which, without the threat of

capture, they

may inhabit a common area

with the living,

I do not know.

but the one who was released

looked like a shadow

and fled when given the

opportunity.

I will not hold a ghost

given the chance.

I know nothing of them

except

they have not harmed me.

witwail

how he did cry against science.
that a material is only hefty and impermanent
and without a
division for divinity lest material be divine.
perhaps
but not only.
And a cloud, to gather the social
combusts for the manual aggrandizement of
material requires the
constance of a form of thought until
that other which a mind demands too
does force a recognition
of dark and nameless streets which too exist
and the reintroduction of oneself into
monastic riddles which I did forget because I
was living during the daylight
hours only.
how he did cry against science, and even
art,
for there was nothing which did explain
impermanent things except
that which was being smothered within
him.
I gave him a book with all the page numbers
scratched off,
a book of poetry with the author's name
removed,
and that seemed to help him
respond affectively.
for I sympathize against efforts which compel
constructive thoughts
because I have nothing to show
for minding a sabbath.
and the cows which appeared roadside
when I opened my mind, they
were always there I know.

one hundred dollars

how to address one hundred dollars?

it is potential.

seed.

to cash to pocket, to slowly dwindle

it on cigarettes and

soap.

to buy a thing which buys itself, to purchase

that which returns

things.

is one hundred dollars a lot of money?

yes, if to consider it as

pocket money.

no, if to consider it as car payment.

but if I live standard, and regard no change

to being, a brief windfall I

will glow to for a couple of

fortunate weeks.

or either to consider it in

numbered terms, that a hundred is

a hundred percent, I

was thus given all but would reasonably

change it for twenty

percent if that meant twenty thousand.

but the speculations of monetary giftisms

have no

validity

and I can only be grace

at having received an amount greater than

a tank of gas.

seed. a

smile.

how to address one hundred dollars?

creatively, I suppose,

and of a temporal mind.

