

*E m p t y   a s   o r d i n a r y*

G r e g o r y   M a r k e e

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*P r i t y   L i g h t s*

*x*

M A D I S O N

*PART ONE*

*TWIDDLED MINDS*

The contract atween authority and what becomes authority  
 [promise]  
 the twiddled minds advance in simulation of  
 a futured measures an office a  
 mind of one's own to twiddle  
 a mind to move about like a train a mind to prove a philosophy because  
 theory is theoretical and not yet governed  
 by natural force and  
 by the way can you get me a coffee with three creams still  
 the birds cannot be heard because the corner windows are fixed  
 count the days  
 count the floors the elevator ascends  
 count the women in my life not counting the androgynies of  
 workplace being  
 really  
 is it not about fitting everyone amiably into this place  
 was an annual performance evaluation by her if needs be said  
 constitution is a mission statement is a tattoo just because  
 they cannot have all of me  
 I am concerned because I am not always sure when I should lean forward or  
 lean backward  
 put my feet up admire myself o  
 o  
 the bottom line ah yes indeed I am twiddled  
 given reference given referendum measured by an understood force  
 regards the goals of production to a teacher is to say  
 the professor who gave us all A's really made me feel good about myself  
 I just need a little time to process the content  
 now that I am expected to teach  
 and if it were an avocational station to measure life's worth  
 then offer no consideration to one's vocation  
 just remember to set Monday's alarm  
 is a question of checks and balances among the population  
 is a question of the separation of powers in which several are required  
 to initiate war and the conflagrations of war but  
 seniority grows silent seniority elects a more targeted approach  
 to the rise and falls of fires  
 o time the durability of time is a lesson I too give A's  
 figuring the inevitability of some curriculum among all of that spent  
 program called econohistorophiloartwelfare that spent  
 program called balance [I]

*WHY THE BRIDE WAS NEVER A BRIDE*

Time is understood  
 the supposed course of freedom of continuity is reference  
 precedent  
 hereupon law for order the mutualisms of history they  
 never required a magistrate for [that] contract  
 the revelations of will are told in the briefs of being

Why the bride was never a bride  
 law is common enough to say a habits been a habits be  
 O trust enough a line nor change the administrations of formalism  
 a shared bed a coffee for taste the liberties of weekends  
 the counted seasons and  
 to grow content and quiet as any

Truth were ritual if to say regards to faith  
 truth were ritual if to say regards to habit  
 truth were ritual if to say love equals love does not love equal love or say  
 love is original  
 truth were ritual if to say what does happen naturally is cause  
 truth were ritual if to say want without consideration of origins

A secrecy of celebration is no candor to public spheres  
 nor a matter to the particulars of days  
 just  
 to call upon a secular notion of togetherness proving tomorrow is  
 a station drawn from today's it is  
 your turn to cook

Nor is it mine to say another's nor my remiss to take no notice of  
 silence  
 upon what is no invitation but a conversational mention of promise  
 yes  
 for better and worse did begin then and before then nor  
 requires an invitations unto what is watch

Common law is no measure of faith but community but social privilege  
 and the attachments of social privilege  
 say friend for being [aye]  
*because*  
*because*  
*because*

*THE MOTH UNDER THE JEWELER'S LOUPE*

The moth under the jeweler's loupe  
 is dead of nature's cause  
 lying in state upon the sidewalk impressive with green fans and life  
 in spite of the day  
 with long tail a yellowed haired antennae in death you  
 are not afraid  
 a spotted camouflage so broad from above  
 a prod nor life again again  
 nor life again a whited belly and red legs but that is only  
 entomology

It is within my control to create myth to mention higher purpose  
 ferried orphans from one side of the forest to another  
 by moonlight o luna  
 ate mushrooms like constellations rested on autumn night winds  
 why it is we do as we do a surface is never enough notice from them  
 but silence ever so too in death  
 a wings of powder a wings of tiny crystals  
 was an egg a mother upon a walnut tree let away a metamorphic family  
 how the world does age with one's emergence but that is only  
 entomology

*THE MENACE OF FORENSIC POETRY THE MENACE OF CLINICAL POETRY*

Said confession  
 trolls confession  
 psychology undermines sociology the force of  
 authenticity  
 declares the beauty the semiotic beauty of want and distress  
 qualifies as poetry for what will not qualify as poetry  
 the  
 institutional defense of a collective position  
 journaled and left away the seasons  
 the stars  
 the spring winter the watch of change  
 for the murders the rapes the thieveries upon a stage like outrage then  
 quietly put to a numbered exam room  
 is a social good for who might argue might against injustice  
 yet  
 poetry is stolen  
 will take a generation of war to reclaim  
 desire and the birds and the history of suffering  
 of the expression of freedom without mention to freedom's word

I  
 too carry reason and there is no system to responsibility of  
 a cleverness which binds other clevernesses  
 a menace  
 a boat  
 justice is a boat

Said confession  
 trolls confession  
 the rain came with the slaughter and the snow the dropped temperature

Was a siren lasted five minutes the city tornado siren [exactly at a thought]  
 two thirty eight in the afternoon after  
 the radio said it was a statewide practice alert for preparedness

A poem about poems is a guide on how to write poems mention her  
 [sex]  
 better yet let *her* mention her [sex]

*THIRD PERSON*

Left a body behind a closet door to listen to  
the ghastly rumors of vertebrate sex

Listen a giggle  
for when phones were still connected to walls

To hold in language is  
the development of a book supposing a question by the answers sounded and

Were it true and with no regard to truth and were it true  
love is imaginary

That is why the aged suffer because of  
the disillusionment that love is or is not imaginary

At the store  
ice cream is an aphrodisiac so is popcorn

At the movie the couple  
kissed again and again and then just kept kissing one long kiss

At the park  
the same the weather is no mention

The problem with imaginary is that it is less than concrete less than certain  
the problem with imaginary is that it is self ordained

The expressions of coupling are a fuddled mess really  
there is saliva and a misappropriation of all sorts of body parts

And to mention the economies of a solitary existence is  
really the opposite of truth

For who will eat a dozen eggs before they expire  
and who will get a Costco membership for themself alone

No  
she leaned forward pornographically and then he with a slow hand

The closet door was pulled closed with a fingers on the underside of the door  
Tom heard his name [Tom]

*TO HEIR TO HEIR*

The ascendants  
 called to death and younger than I for wonder  
 like angels  
 to heir to heir nor the will of wills

It is early it is five am  
 for coffee the quiet house the furnace  
 explain to me  
 where it is I am when I am complete [I do not know]

Before a calling before a discern  
 the ascendants  
 language brought about in children I knew I just knew  
 [I do not know]

The cape is a measure of goodness and badness  
 all of the demons were let away expelled  
 leaving but a stone a curious stone  
 [risen]

The ascendants  
 to heir to heir was a teacher at the age of six  
 and with no license but a colored interest  
 explain to me a winter song any winter song

The breath passed about the candle  
 inadvertently and a tear for why am I  
 so stationed and so restless the last of giving for there is no one  
 to give to

The pulled apart minds of we for answers  
 it will be five years of this before I am cunning in defeat  
 it will be ten years and more before  
 I stop counting

The ascendants  
 [but it was not them] [after all] it was a grandfather  
 a grandfather's grandfather fifteen generations past  
 solving

*PLAIN SONG*

Every day repeats itself  
the years and  
the station of being against a weather  
witness the cost of witness is  
a graying beard a browlines

The permanence of thought will trump  
time and time again  
having let away that which is no reconciliation with  
stillness  
certainty

*Was latin angelic latin  
no matter  
to lay one's head in the crux of one's elbow like prayer but not really  
[but the calendar]  
but the calendar returns upon itself but that is only an answer*

*DID I NOT VOTE*

Did I not vote  
 is this not the greatest art I can offer today  
 the greatest expression  
 and something to talk about for a referential term

I was sleeping gently napping  
 the thunder  
 the thunder always happens when he wins  
 the new administration will be counted ordered and counted

Did I not vote  
 put a stop to this  
 wear a sticker that says I voted  
 turned off the tv returns

Yes a democracy  
 in which I win in which there are no losers  
 really  
 because a poet has better things to consider [eh]

The clouds rolled like June but it is April  
 snowed yesterday wet and heavy  
 I caught myself breathing again  
 the weight of social participation is a burden is no burden

It is just  
 the lines forming about truth and mediocrity  
 even the candidates are so medium  
 I do not celebrate mediocrity

Did I not vote  
 went to the top of the hill lit a cigarette with practice ballot in hand  
 practice practice makes perfect  
 yellow then if I must choose a primary color yellow

I imagine at the post office  
 a handshake I have no baby for you to kiss  
 do you need a researcher a poet in residence yes  
 looking for work

## THE MOTH

The hairy powdered arms  
 the inconsequential day and the lighted night  
 the shadowed shadows listen  
 [she threw a teacup against the wall] [nor a word from him]  
 he had seen it all before you see he visits the cinema  
 gets up with the ten o'clock news figured out  
 human interest story and death and technology and human interest story  
 [she went off to work caring] [and eating a biscuit]  
 midnight is pork four am is Denny's pronounced *Lenny's*  
 the rain had stopped but there was yet that clouded echo  
 the wet pavement  
 [she works nights]  
 the tattoo the constitutional tattoo just one  
 matched hers [she said they were still in love] [how could they not be]  
 tonight he brought a book about games  
 tucked into his black pants in the small of his back  
 he had stopped reading a year ago but never swore off books  
 enough light is a stoop the gone moon  
 but the stars for the clearing sky  
 a game of sexuality but not of sex  
 the character of a couple framed in marriage  
 [she assumes his name] [she still assumes his name]  
 he lifted his fanned wings for the night closes his eyes and inhales  
 but you are no superhero  
 you collect superpowers assume them like a wife assumes a name  
 understand them and with a retention of one's own soul  
 fly about the distractions of shiny curiosities  
 removed the book from his behind and made a seat of it on the wet surface  
 his tattoo itched like she said hers did  
 recall the matter of justice which led to her devotion  
 said he no longer needed to be the provider [because]  
 he was once a hero he saved a boy from drowning actually  
 anyone would have done it  
 he put his antennae on the ground [that was daylight and he was  
 only experimental then]  
 he would not have done it now and she would say the same thing  
 [best be getting back]  
 [I will be home soon] [she says]  
 [I can tell when you're listening] [it smells like an echo]  
 and whether it were duty or obligation or interest  
 [can you get some juice on the way home] [oh and some plain yogurt]

## SNOW IN APRIL IS SATIRE

Snow in April is satire  
 sobering satire  
 nor condemnation to the force which brings weather  
 it was I  
 never said God  
 is not absurd  
 the flower poked through the snow  
 it was on a mountain a thousand miles away lightning took a life  
 is not absurd  
 the way *things* are claimed  
 just slippery roads here and an extra attention to divinity  
 hah  
 this will be gone quickly as it came  
 there is an explanation  
 the wooden dolls argue accuse  
 the contempt of earthly ways I say  
 okay  
 I have no explanation I just put on a warmer coat  
 wonder if the sky is another way  
 than earth I  
 remember the stars and say God [just once]  
 as if  
 I am an anchor to gravity I am a test  
 the satire of snow in April is temporal  
 can be explained scientifically  
 can be expelled scientifically  
 [but] [can you explain beauty]  
 [like]  
 and whether *things* are questions or answers  
 and whether  
 the appreciation of the grotesque acknowledges  
 a potential of the grotesque  
 beauty is  
 in the eye of the beholder and requires no public education campaign  
 it is just  
     Snow is pretty  
     the stick branches collect snow  
     the birds are still singing  
     next week is different when the buds start but  
     that is only science that is only media  
     that is only forecast

*FORBIDDEN*

I am forbidden  
I was once accessible with keys and now I am forbidden  
what you see is how I carry my frame my head  
what you hear is the common banter of a greeting

I am forbidden  
I make no cause for your entry I make no cause  
and when a cause for your entry is made I deny that cause  
written

I am forbidden  
like a cinder block I am forbidden like a river stone with only its being  
like one who travels a vast emptiness you  
will never mind you will never know

I am forbidden  
like a poem too short is forbidden  
makes no subject of my own  
[silence]

## CODA

Hello friends and cousins  
 in these final moments I would like to introduce  
 what does require an easy chair a table for  
 Jaegermeister  
 is a balloon brought into space for view \*pop [that is all]  
 sundown and the stars begin like a word  
 brought into existence in the middle of this country but that is only a story  
 midnight and the trees do open  
 the gone cars thinking of themselves  
 the names of names the relations of origins the types of peace  
 crawl into familiarity in a fetal way  
 that is done like history is done that is done  
 the separations of having been is a mention to anthropology  
 for who is not bent and framed in place  
 was sixty five years to retire to start  
 coda  
 the volunteer at the museum said  
 Kandinsky's geometry had no background but texture  
 she said the same thing  
 Kandinsky's geometry had no background but texture  
 I prefer the anatomies of brains in pen and ink the biopsychologies of  
 interest  
 [took a step in my direction and I stepped away]  
 the carnival  
 was a deer about four am out back I was smoking a cigarette [then]  
 some *things* are so familiar  
 the morning news is a woman senator brought her infant to the senate floor  
 the morning news is this and that  
 the stovetop espresso Medalia D'oro really I can taste no difference  
 is late enough in spring to say quieter than a furnace  
 o herald my world  
 is brought before age like a judge  
 the umbrella turned inside out she was the only one with an umbrella  
 like he was the only one wearing boots  
 when spring let down snow  
 one got away  
 one balloon made it out of sight  
 the attached message [help I am a prisoner]  
 no  
 a balloon can never make it to the moon  
 even if it promises

## MIDTERMS

What is that smell  
 the haze of green drifts east to west  
 the opposite of the wind  
 it just so happens  
 truth is truth even if it is not mentioned as such  
 it took a child to ask *what is that smell*  
 the courtesies of election years are  
 contained within each the parties  
 let out the lawyers the divinity school grads the veterans the unionists  
 the campaign is pleased to announce  
 they are compatible with the voting block  
 what is that smell  
 lavender is not green it is  
 marijuana  
 was a contest for the buzz of information  
 the pricks of constitutional freedoms  
 like an anthem  
 it was the paternalisms of *that* governor  
 gave me something to vote against  
 like dissuasion  
 kept mentioning numbers spun numbers no  
 that smell is something different like  
 dissatisfaction  
 prove to me the energies of  
 trickle down economics  
 hush a moment so I can try to believe you  
 no the smell is still there  
 this goes to the top all the way to the top  
 the harlot  
 the presidency the harlot  
 make me a promise she whispered  
 when you become president you will be loyal to me  
 it was the school board for freedom  
 put one of its own into the race like integrity  
 the Jesuit trained Baptist who stopped short  
 did not acknowledge the smell  
 just said breathe through your mouth  
 early returns indicate a degree of satisfaction with  
 the observation of midterm politics  
 what is that smell  
 [we are getting there]

## A WORK OF ART

Ignorance is the only thing that makes sense  
 I was wearing red velvet at the time  
 just speaking my own language and eating Ben and Jerry's  
 on the curb  
 with a bendy plastic spoon  
 just let it sit a while to soften smoke a cigarette and let it soften  
 it was a Grateful Dead shirt as an undershirt washed and shrunk  
 from XXL to medium  
 she walked by cordial with her dog mentioned something about new spring  
 there are some people that cannot be known but by their surface  
 what is the difference between an MD and a PhD  
 no  
 you cannot be both  
 was a squirrel on the electric wire  
 was a bird at that feeder yesterday a hawk no it was a pheasant  
 a long tail a spotted chest  
 the woman with the beard stopped for gas did not realize she dropped her keys  
 I just watched figured she would figure  
 she did  
 I was not wearing my hat today the one from Ireland  
 probably wait until Fall's first chill  
 for a moment I was absolutely still  
 a work of art  
 acknowledge ignorance what little I know is peace is discretion  
 is what a question *is*  
 Cherry Garcia  
 I will bring my own spoon next time  
 afternoon is a melted pleasure is laundry is witness is a pose  
 there are greater troubles than my own no these are not bell bottoms  
 just say reason is what I call reason  
 just takes a moment a day to slow read Kant really  
 and when you're done with that try slow reading The Divine Comedy but  
 you have to read them all or it is not a comedy  
 no that mole does not appear to be cancerous I had to ask  
 said responsibility  
 just a little knife  
 had it sharpened at the culinary store on their whetstone  
 too small for apples and peanut butter I should get an Opinel  
 take it to the middle of the forest cross my legs open a bottle of wine  
 ignorance is the only thing that makes sense  
 there is so much to know

## GREEN

I read a book  
 a woman dressed in algae  
 in lichen with mountain bees buzzing  
 the uninhabitable desert was a forest good for birds and friendly  
 cancer was solved there  
 turkois turquoise so too the desert will be taken for stone  
 downriver all the way to the Gulf of Mexico and  
 back  
 up through Montana west Lewis and Clark  
 them and them caught beavers for beads like elsewhere  
 the caretakers took for profit as we all did  
 the sustainability of the matter is  
 population density it is  
 2018  
 and NASA has mapped all of the questions  
 the hunter photographer the bighorn sheep snap  
 better than its death I suppose better than a table of food when  
 I could have had farm grown lamb purchased at Safeway for the Crock Pot  
 big farms  
 there are many people big farms humane farms with methods  
 methods  
 I am vegan but when I am *really* hungry  
 recycle declares a conscience realize  
 the atrophy of civilization is a morality fallen to nature it was  
 the philosophers said nature is such and such  
 no  
 there is but one nature and man is not included by his own will  
 the adaptation to space is governed mathematically  
 economically  
 what is taken is regrown  
 [but they are insecure] [they are not thinking of their children]  
 I read a book  
 made of paper and squid ink maybe I did not ask the material content  
 the author lived in New York City  
 researched at the New York Public Library used the word ethnology  
 okay  
 New York is a habitat  
 I hold my breath let  
 the throbs of history the origins of questions pass  
 doom had nowhere to go until best friends butted up against one another  
 did I mention I saw a pheasant

*THE COLORING BOOK*

The governing lines  
van Gogh was a starry night  
principle  
a question for what force is color the colored pencil  
reds and purples and yellows  
against what memory of the original  
say pink to the steeple  
because  
corruption is the vanguard of modernity  
was a green mountain midnight  
underwater pale blue horizon for control  
a red orbs a stars caught against a visible wind  
amber  
was oil and water I agree  
there is no life but my own  
the phallic treetop the consummate forebeing  
I take an exacto knife  
remove you like a chainsaw  
and what is not colored I say is blue  
infirmary blue I agree  
put it on my frigerator with a magnet

TODAY IS FAMILIAR

The exercise of free will among the familiar  
 and were it deviation in the interest of deviation  
 change for change  
 art colors a walls that sort of change  
 something to think about  
 was discontent at its last telling a littled satisfaction  
 I was hungry and tired put myself down with wishes  
 it is all too easy to regard  
 the lives we lead as traveled as fixed  
 [skip history] [a moment]  
 challenge philosophy the analyticist but don't become one  
 it is all too important to swallow a moment just a moment  
 address oneself

This letter is written for tomorrow  
 nor a pledge but say  
 do you remember writing this letter like the day  
 and the day before  
 yes  
 today is familiar nor I retreat from the familiar  
 I just have a question I have not put to words  
 and if that is all then  
 you are released as I have been  
 wondering

She wore blue velvet  
 sandals  
 it will be an hour midnight before she realizes she is in  
 my dream  
 the consternation of familiarity is the unexpected  
 I ask she put the red dress on and go barefoot  
 and we have never met I say

But your attention is my own  
 The wind chime the other sounds for patience is no sound  
 I am not sure of the rules of free will in a dream

*THE DEGRADATION*

I would like to go somewhere I have never been  
 challenge what I understand  
 the degradation of oneself is a formula for language  
 it was a question middle life  
 the glaciers were receding but they *they* had no radios  
 production is up  
 what type of anthropologist are you I say  
 no  
 maybe  
 amorality and immorality mean the same thing  
 I saw a picture of a waterfall a river ran inside the glacier  
 the melt  
 the whales and all that  
 I brought a book had a hot dog and coffee onboard  
 but *that* is in the back of my mind my time here is finished  
 witness  
 the environmentalist drew a line said  
 some people are natural some are not natural  
 celebrate Earth Day there is a fixed amount of resources  
 pick up your plastic bags  
 took them *them* three years to make the two lane highway into  
 a three lane highway  
 eventually change will be contest to migrations  
 to habitats  
 I would like to go somewhere without conscience  
 order room service  
 that is all  
 the tribal menu is roasted pig and tropical fruit imported  
 served with a candle because  
 tiki torches are not allowed in the rooms and I am not leaving cept  
 get on an airplane in a few days  
 get home and adapt again  
 witness  
 say there is a holism to this being we do live in  
 extraordinary times  
 I think  
 the city birds will be alright the small birds  
 the family farms the economy will adapt like attrition adapts  
 where one goes inside of themself nor call it solace  
 because  
 nature is what I recall nor one to answer a question but myself

*THE RECLAMATION*

O cast away  
 the gone possessions including I and to be done  
 including reason dispelled  
 put oneself where one is last  
 but a room behind a thrift store with a sink  
 a mattress on the linoleum floor that is all  
 swept and straightened there a few hours a day  
 there is no bottom to social status it is a fallacy there is a bottom  
 a top to social status  
 that is all but time  
 is governed by its entrails the looseness of convenience  
 mention God as that which is control and were God just  
 say law is what it is your faith  
 I  
 like nature is nature was a camera for a poet a pencil  
 the accountancies of smallness is a comparative status  
 when they just willed themselves to make it through  
 day and day another weather  
 one by one mention the struggles of security  
 a hierarchy of needs  
 Maslow was fed and with clear conscience rings truth  
 upon what ails a life a soul  
 just a moment  
 like a ledge for rest and to purchase the view for memory  
 at every point one is satisfied [pause] and to be met with another challenge  
 bought a desk with drawers for his underwear his socks  
 a chair  
 a light that is all  
 the door faced east the two windows faced east it is April the open door  
 purpose is enough to get vegetables and apple peanut butter  
 what is right what is wrong what  
 am I allowed to enjoy  
 the monastic impressions of train track walks riverside  
 the monastic impressions of community gardens for watch  
 the monastic impressions of the season coming about  
 I  
 nor selfless to harbor the ideas of wellness for them and them  
 really  
 there is no cause but my own said like confidence  
 now  
 there is no cause but my own said like confidence [question]

*CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES*

Contraband the kite

Contraband *that* type of beauty

Contraband freedom the idea of freedom

Contraband *that* word

Contraband said one religion to another

*there is a character to faith*

Contraband the invasive species the introduction of invasive species

Contraband behavior

the Contraband assembly of civil rightists

Contraband emissions

*the outlaw*

*is not always an outlaw but is an outlaw when an outlaw*

o

*the classroom the contained curricular environment*

*no gum*

*please use clear backpacks turn your cell phones off*

*THE WAYS OF LAUGHTER*

To laugh at one's own humor  
 the diabolical laugh at another's missed step  
 the irresistible laugh because something is funny  
 the laugh for having read too much philosophy  
 the prolonged laugh upon one's own good fortune  
 the twiddled laugh for having gotten away with something

Was a smile turned to grin turned to exhalation  
 laughter  
 snort  
 laughter at snorting

There is an appreciation an inner laughter celebration  
 among the majestic  
 caught a trout there  
 at the lake rested at a fire now the mountains rise still snowcapped  
 the naked aspens

The predictability of God  
 is a maturation of the self the predictability of nature  
 the predictability of love  
 [maybe]

The unexpected laughter my own and without cause is  
 a mark of insanity  
 [no] [maybe]  
 in retrospect *it* was not funny [*it*] [question]  
 I do not remember

If ever  
 there were a nerve which defeats all other nerves if ever  
 he climbed from mishealth it were a freedom of conscience if ever  
 a doctor having died will say

The horse laugh for reason brushed against the wooden fence  
 for an apple  
 the captive and to say wellness within  
 what is domestic was a turned bed a cleaned windows a frames about  
 security but I do laugh thankfully resembling a smile  
 [yes]

*THE DISRUPTIONS OF PROGRESS*

What does stay the same  
 progress is a dragon is many heads

Is a letter is a memo is a list  
 the neighbors got an RV

It has been fifteen minutes since  
 the last plane overhead

What I observe [reference] time  
 the neighbors started a garden

Nor longer drivers for the taxis  
 what is the human condition *now*

Was that talent laid off because of robots  
 rehired for quality assurance

Are we back to science yet  
 what is the official way to explain

Who holds the golden coins  
 convinces generations [question]

The administration is  
 the most recent escalator

Convince me you live longer happier  
 rightly

Zero waste is progress  
 the smoke from the plastic factory the recyclers

Hide and seek in a tree farm  
 what is sustainable but consideration

The internal forms was a doctor said  
 the eradication of disease is nearly accomplished

Progress is a dragon is many heads  
 is Cerberus

*WHEN TEACHERS STRIKE*

I started education at Humpty Dumpty preschool  
 except for growing in a house of educators  
 I was handed to public curriculum at the age of five  
 learned letters and numbers  
 had favorite books for six years before entering  
 junior high  
 I do not remember what they remember *them*  
 who see conditions who see progress every day  
 the opinion of one teacher is not the position of another teacher  
 but they come together because  
 there is a civic temper a public appreciation promised  
 [but they were sharing a desk] [but they were sharing a text]  
 [book]

It was a large assembly  
 school was not held  
 there was no one there  
 I do not know if they locked the doors did someone lock the doors

It was a large assembly  
 fifteen wide and blocks long they marched to the capitol  
 demonstration is a voice there is a lesson in this  
 the collective interest of the marchers  
 is a question of money the appropriation of resources  
 wearing red  
 this is fun  
 when was the last time  
 how did that turn out  
 the points of contest are listed in today's journal  
 was a student a high school student wrote a letter  
 marched  
 is thinking about being a teacher

Laid out clothes for the next day even though it is a Saturday  
 the red shirt for purpose  
 starts again Monday for the governor's schedule  
 and were it a curricular escape for a moment for a higher purpose  
 say method is a contemplative way  
 and what teacher does call it *shop* like production  
 is common as if a book need not be written  
 no

PASSAGES

Two bodies brush in passing  
 was their eye contact first for memory  
 o time is gone I remember them and them  
 is a question as to what does stay  
 regard the constant as my own force among instants and to decide  
 what is value  
 passages

It was five meaningful years  
 cooperative and redundant enough for independent thought  
 oft silly enough to say friends  
 and time does pass for going away for reason  
 and with no conscience to her tears say  
 it is my burden to say my distress is secular is unformed  
 for your distress

One chapter is a lesson is a preamble unto the next  
 what cross to bear  
 for letting them and them learn the hard way  
 and were I to grow silent in their becoming I  
 will say I attend to the course of my own if only for the moment  
 then  
 wonder at each our gifts

Was a hundred years passed was a lifetime  
 I do not recall  
 I still wear the same watch the one without the second hand  
 it was not perfect it was perfect  
 I am divided  
 did you know I made an institution I made a school  
 but that is nothing really

## QUANTUM SORTS

Quantum sorts  
 there are damages for responsibility  
 specifically  
 the broken glass  
 the melted carpet  
 the lost time  
 the penitentiary for the penitent  
 there are damages a flower cannot solve that love cannot solve  
 the measure of one and one is not one  
 counted the realist with dry lips  
 it was I loved you first loved you more  
 the poetry on the shelves is incomplete  
 depends on what you study costs money to study  
 absolution is a word  
 rose again on Easter speaking another language  
 where will you go *this time*  
 there is a place where the sun does not set  
 I have *always* considered this home  
 a vacuum for the glass the candle got out of hand  
 an area rug  
 the theatre of becoming  
 is a lesson in history is not a comedy is a tragedy  
 this time  
 there is a place where the sun does not set [clause: this time of year]  
 [it sets at ten]  
 still waiting  
 she begins  
 the answer to a broken pane of glass is to clean it  
 to carry the shards to sweep the bits to vacuum  
 to put it in the trash with the tears  
 light a votive candle for the mantle again  
 like a prayer  
 the breathless afternoon bleeds into the night dozed on the couch  
 reading the latest US Poet Laureate what's her name  
 maybe a dream to believe  
 the poet one day becomes a novelist  
 writing Monday through Friday nine to five  
 they say they can fix the window tomorrow rain is not expected  
 put the Van Gogh framed print in the opening  
 for now  
 there are damages for responsibility

*PAST THE MAILBOX PAST THE WATER TOWER*

Past where the sidewalk ends past the edge of town  
 past the county line the state line  
 stay on the shoulder the cars start moving quick  
 do not look back the sunflowers  
 hitch hike west bound as far as one can go

Past the mailbox past the water tower  
 once went as far as one can go once packed my pockets and went  
 the sunflowers  
 not the big kind but the roadside kind with brown centers  
 found a pipe

Past the poetry the poetics the birds the hawk  
 put your small dogs indoors  
 past the vapors of politics policy entitlement it grows from the ground  
 it keeps growing it keeps growing but give it a name  
 and it changes form

Past the old decrepit ways of history  
 no there is no lesson in mentioning the pervasion of war  
 stopped at beauty stopped at referential beauty  
 lived that way  
 time and time again

It changes hands like money it was originally found  
 nobody wants it  
 who has the heart to pass it along no one cares to cause grief  
 someone needs to follow the rules  
 put it in a plastic bag and bury it at low tide

Past the myths the legends the lore  
 there are no constellations but the constellations I name  
 the aphrodisiac of middle age  
 so much before and so much to be  
 but I already did that and it is not my turn now

## THE EASY DAY

Dismissed confusion elected clarity for  
 the easy day  
 will not be wasted  
 sent a wire to the poet governor said six months to be in print  
 the dependence of poets is quieting is a song of time  
 I said your audience is my own  
 persistence  
 sent a wire to the grocer to deliver food I never  
 have to leave  
 is it not going to reach eighty degrees today snow two weeks ago  
 the buds are starting will be green soon I was going to wire someone about that  
 kept it to myself  
 met someone  
 how to go about wondering about someone without being offensive  
 how to double oneself triple oneself  
 for passion for work for privacy  
 all I had was Everclear you see I was making herbal extracts  
 a dash with lemonade is the start of summer nearly  
 the easy day  
 is a slow train  
 dismissed convenience to say it is not convenient enough  
 there is no measure to convenience when convenience is dismissed as  
 equally as inconvenience  
 or say equitably if to say a reparations are allowable  
 equity equitably equally just  
 words  
 and to find meaning in words like context say  
 indeed the crossword puzzle is a buffer to the day  
 sometimes spans to lunch I think I will name my next dog Sudoku  
 maybe a Shar Pei  
 eh  
 absence  
  
 a space between being when the knighted owl established  
 place  
 they were here first but I am larger  
 no I am no competition for your food I am a voyeur  
 it is still light out  
 and to be the downer just a month and a half until the days get shorter  
 again  
 no not a downer just truth just science that is all

*DOCILE*

A negative reference to that which is not docile  
 can I say mountain  
 is a sixty mile perimeter causes snow and rain and lightning  
 docile for its integrity understood  
 volcanic maybe again  
 my own response is void of temptation I know when  
 to step aside like respect  
 the trees to treeline the bees the lichen above the little flowers  
 docile for measure I return  
 was just a cloud nor threat  
 I am near to a place called elation a shortness of breath  
 a shortness of being  
 it is my own lifespan is short among geologic time  
 reckoning an instant

They settled into the southern foothills like a base camp  
 imported coke and pepsi and wonder bread and peanut butter  
 it is the fresh air  
 one follows another to understand why

Everything that is not docile needs to wear a patch  
 then we will know  
 the waterfall is docile to watch the canyon is docile to stand at the rim  
 [things] have been taken  
 and who to blame but God say nature the unpredictability of nature  
 there is a man called Storm volunteered to wear a patch  
 like consolation  
 the grace of the flood from the bluff is a docile force is docile  
 say violence among one's own securities is a spectacle  
 enough to cause a painting enough to cause a poem  
 time is violent in retrospect time is docile in retrospect

They put signs civil signs in front of their businesses  
 agreed to pay taxes for the common good  
 prefer civil to docile just that docile sounds so defeated  
 I once had a good idea

Checked the weather walked to the top of the mountain that is all  
 took some cheese and crackers and water  
 asked a question I knew the answer to just ritual that is all  
 it was a Sunday

*DEPRECIATION AND NATURE*

Take stock in nature  
 appreciative nature  
 is a series of cycles even the barbed wire goes away  
 a habitat returns to favor native species  
 that is only time  
 time and wind and rain  
 I have no recollection of my own native place but civilization  
 that is why I have so many questions like language  
 every year it needs new paint  
 why does the garden need to be replanted  
 a rust spot on the car

*THE TREE*

Has always been will always be  
 the forest fire a hot blown wind a zap of lightning  
 cause  
 burned from the inside

*THE BURNING BUSH*

Ordination is a burning bush is a calling  
 burns quick is license to figure upon sin and  
 justice and order  
 was just out walking when God

*ABOUT A WINDOW*

About a window  
 paned  
 the first rain came two weeks after the last snow  
 brazen like summer  
 all at once and seventy five  
 listen  
 the birds  
 the starting greens the primaries

About a window  
 open for smell  
 answer  
 the season comparatively mentioned with a year ago  
 this is better  
 this is always better  
 politics and nature  
 suffering is always better with a reference

About a window  
 freshly cleaned for clarity  
 I  
 understand rain the air  
 freshly cleaned for clarity  
 the stump  
 freshly cleaned for clarity  
 question

About a window  
 southway to the aviary  
 the season comparatively mentioned with a decade past  
 the clouds are an opinion  
 the clouds are observational  
 it is the same day it is not the same day  
 autonomy  
 is a sentry

*THE APOCALYPSE*

Because the sky grew dark like an eclipse  
 but it was no eclipse  
 but that is not why  
 why is because lives have become stratified  
 slavery is religiously justified  
 the occasion for homelessness is sudden  
 relies upon the discern of social services  
 imagination is contained when one is situated in such a way as to  
 resettle from zero  
 the studio garage is a matter of reclamation by them  
 just a car and a full tank of gas  
 will get me to the same state line  
 because last summer's drought continues this summer  
 because a populations compete for what was  
 nature's first principle the spirit of habitat  
 the bank  
 supposes a bank's weather supposes an insurance company's weather  
 the sterile hospital  
 but the bank is sterile  
 the margin of error of sterile discourse is a pyramid  
 convincement  
 because money does not taste good it has no flavor  
 the texture is cellulitic  
 the fallen tree for the beetles the regrowth  
 the forest is managed  
 only ordained fires are permissible  
 only ordained poets are permissible  
 because the limits of currency are to what is referential  
 hard work  
 answered what pondered and pondered  
 because we are animal and civilization is occluded and fearful  
 is impotent if mentioned only for its social welfare  
 bought a home in the country actually bought the land  
 built a home over the course of ten years while living in the yurt  
 ha  
 because the moon  
 is answer to math because poetry is answer to math poetry  
 what calculus is a canoe float  
 the reclamation of the misappropriated beauties  
 is cause for license and bureaucracy  
 because I do not get the morning news

*BLOODLETTING*

Let out his heavy heart  
the colors gradually returned and  
silence  
like the peace before and after  
the rain

*THE HONEST POEM*

Contradicts the dishonest poem contradicts  
 misrepresentation  
 I could say a color a measure of color the weights the standards  
 I could say disbelief  
 the honest poem  
 the culture of honest poems is a drab reading  
 the post-sensational zeal of the exhibetry of honesty is  
 a contemplative afternoon  
 for  
 to represent the opposite is to suppose them into truth  
 to be corrected is a fabled teacher  
 the allowance of correction is a fabled teacher  
 and to say thus the honest poem requires stations of dishonesty  
 is reasonable  
 for a reader's interrogative good ask  
 where it is you are taking me new  
 the honest poem  
 is no attempt to color the sky if one knows the sky is colored  
 is no suspicion but reason  
 rides upon the purpose of dishonesty until it breaks  
 convince me  
 of love and being of traveled age and circumstance  
 because  
 and I am communed with an agreeable order  
 and were there no contradiction to say honesty in a way  
 say it is said  
 like all thoughts and all good thoughts are registered secured

The sky bent down collapsed first purple then  
 dark and stars  
 whisper and for no other soul

*THE DECEPTION OF MIDDLE AGE*

The deception of middle age  
is different than the deception of early age  
when health and vigor are policy  
and what is not new has always been

The deception of middle age  
is different than the deception of late age  
when there is trust that what has been will continue  
when new limits of a body are found recognized

The deception of middle age  
is a broken promise is an observation that not all is beauty  
when truth the dereliction of truth is a loudness to language  
when one first looks to one elder then another as model

*PART TWO*

*SAVE THE WORLD*

Do not turn on your sprinklers unless you are growing native species  
 request paper bags  
 do not rake your leaves  
 walk to your voting station  
 listen to the birds for information watch the birds  
 ask a question  
 how is it that we get along so

The dependence of populations no  
 the symbiosis of populations of species is a question of God  
 the reformation for having been formed  
 the formation in defense the formation as to why  
 the formation for existence the germ of existence the germ of threat  
 is a calling  
 save the world

And in saving the world put a band around the waterfall the mountain  
 you will be here in a generation  
 when they will put a band around you  
 drive home in an electric car say prayers and wake up the next day  
 the measurement of beauty is attention the measurement of collective beauty  
 is a band about the entity  
 is protection

And her with silver hair  
 the president I am as well and the next and the next is president as well  
 the rain was so quick it puddled on the cut grass  
 that is all of civilization the cut grass  
 and the roads but they will be gone soon or there will be more of them  
 if there were one animal species remaining let it be mine  
 fed lettuce and spinach behind a fence

Save the world give the world a name  
 trust the encroach of life is my own encroach upon theirs  
 nothing needs be taken nothing needs be received  
 trust it is just beginning like the need for restraint teach restraint  
 it was I never wished for power authority responsibility  
 it was I never said language against ecosystems it was I never said  
 I

*INGESTIONS: THE MOON or THE EDIBLE DIARY OF THE TRAVELER*

The flavor of the moon I did not ask  
 the barista  
 sprinkled it on a triple espresso really it had no flavor  
 but took forever to finish unlike  
 a sleepless night among the constellations served with cold pizza  
 I knew at once I was included  
 the thing about desolation is memory  
 comparable memory to whittle at a potential for boredom  
 the desert is a scorpion a saguaro or nothing at all  
 but wait until it rains I never knew green then yellow in such a way  
 a sulphur spring  
 with tea  
 is a minute in winter two minutes in summer  
 beauty is curiosity how I might simulate nature how I might prove nature  
 Antarctica is imported beef stew everything is imported  
 except oxygen  
 the big window here proves an elsewhere say  
 who does not deserve a big window

I shuffled to the dock with dirty clothes in hand  
 the ship would be returning soon  
 it just goes back and forth and back and forth  
 sounds boring but it does not bore me  
 drop off people with questions pick up people having had questions  
 [answered]  
 take a picture take a picture one last picture  
 some just go away having accomplished a thing  
 rode a tricycle with two meter wheels in a foil suit  
 stacked rocks upon rocks that had already been stacked  
 had a famous pancake with moon dust and  
 tea

The edible diary of the traveler  
 tastes like paper and maybe vanilla like a passport  
 stamped Gibraltar  
 is an allowance to civilians like myself just bring a blanket it is  
 an eight day passage  
 to the west huh uh  
 further west than that as far as you can go until  
 you are in the east and keep going say  
 orbit but it does not really feel like it

*ECHO*

Echo

the conscience the conscience of the conscience  
the voice heard by no one  
trust me

Bellows a truck

step away from the road put the sharp objects down  
do not stare at the sun  
eat almonds

Echo

for all you have done and all you have failed to do  
some things cannot be explained  
but that is personal

The window open middle night

awake alert

incantations prophecy and one's station in life what calling  
no it was I waited too long

Echo

[it] is only a mystery a summoned voice  
says what is already said  
like Leibniz

*GREEN BUDS*

Green buds  
new buds start o spring  
the new idea is a rain  
fall  
and clears the sky then temperate  
watch  
it is my eyes for sense and then sound smell  
my own nature from  
conditions  
follow attention the distribution of beauty  
and to say  
that  
is only an appropriation of my welfare  
tomorrow will be different  
having lived through today  
all of the colors are waiting  
all of the rest of the colors are waiting

*FOR PROFIT PRISONS*

Corrections education for a standardized development  
 to get along with others to play nicely  
 to learn something  
 what did happen  
 learning for the sake of learning  
 the vetoed budget the Board of Directors returned to the Headmaster  
 corrections within a for profit school  
 [this is a preparatory school]  
 what source of public funding is legislatively allowable  
 trains a student for the perpetuation of itself no  
 it is not a good idea  
 to have a marketeer to have a public relations soul when  
 an outcomes are a positioned numbers  
 [those students meeting a behavioral and academic criteria are]  
 [data]  
 [and the teacher receives a bonus when her students meet a criteria]  
 education is always about corrections  
 one degree unto the next one satisfactory unto another satisfactory  
 eventually a society receives what was once a student  
 eventually a society receives what was once one who broke a law  
 aside from incorrigible instances ask  
 what incentive is there to produce healthy citizens from within  
 a prison complex  
 ask  
 rather what incentives exist for  
 the introduction of the incorrigible mind it is  
 not difficult to enlist a confidence team for a public interface but  
 these are prisons and  
 other happily engaged citizens attending to their own institutions  
 assume a rightness to those legislative affairs which  
 do the right thing  
 abuse and neglect is what concern to a public exterior  
 but to say *their* and *their* happiness or lack thereof is  
 either cause to incorrigibility or a decisive moment to return to school  
 get a job  
 [the food] the food is not love were love allowed the food is not love  
 the budget  
 the inmates came from out of state was a bidding process  
 time is done one is corrected  
 [they said good enough] [what else could be said] about corrections and  
 teleology

*THE BLUFF*

The young eagle  
was a fight in the air  
the barge held at the lock

The riverboat the casino  
except for the cities  
say agriculture is beyond the bluffs

The Mississippi  
divides a nation  
but for commerce for recreation

A million years ago  
the river carved  
a valley

Crawdads crayfish  
mudbugs  
catfish

Freezes in winter  
but a cleared line  
north to south

A working river  
manufacturing production  
a monitored volume of water passes

The canoe like then  
still the dams to contend with  
twenty three hundred miles

One way  
to New Orleans to the delta  
bathing in muddy water

Mosquito tent ticks  
the open night the open sky  
is a word

*DOING THE OPPOSITE*

I wanted to try something  
 take back everything reverse everything  
 I have never wanted to be someone else  
 but this  
 accumulations of learning and miseducation  
 is replaceable  
 the accounts unto the origins of dis ease  
 her heart has never been for sale  
 one person is not another person  
 time is history that is all but death  
 death is faith for what does follow  
 doing the opposite assumes an original position  
 the arch of being is one's own experience  
 and to be fifty sixty seventy and living with some regret  
 o policy one's own  
 no one shall die again for my own cause  
 now is silence

The afternoon owl  
 and how the cat assumes the afternoon  
 the open door

The consternations of want  
 change is fertile the idea of change is fertile  
 need I convince myself  
 I may not be different but to change words about  
 is what is  
 defeated and centered into oneself  
 that one can only trust one's own being  
 I have admired your predictability said aloud  
 to no one

Language is the last book I read  
 the last conversation  
 that is all I know except for creation but no one else knows that

Just let time by let riddled experience pass  
 is no contradiction but to say I have traveled quickly  
 assumed and assumed many things  
 for being first  
 now ask of the possibility of the impossible

*ONE THING BECOMES ANOTHER*

One thing becomes another the sun  
 becomes the moon  
 the sun assumes the moon the coin the phase of my attention  
 the laureate drops her pen is an athlete  
 now  
 the golden coin the golden currency is too shiny to pass

What is it you know is what I know  
 material thought is a lesson is framed like curriculum  
 material thought qualified thought the sorcerer  
 the dream maker  
 the silent dream temptation and virtue and love and justice  
 was once a child like anyone now grown still becoming

The regular  
 dissent is a wish against conditions against  
 authority perceived authority  
 the color red was once the color blue  
 one thing becomes another the pearls and knots  
 put into a rosary

The eye  
 the taken eye  
 the taken leg the veteran the life the enemy is  
 the same enemy as I the enemy is different the enemy is  
 woman the enemy is time I no longer  
 grow old

Looked out the window pane at nothing  
 nothing  
 from an armed chair for hours and days like silence [you can fly]  
 like what were once birds [you can fly]  
 and the clouds were all one and there were no trees  
 like I remember

One thing becomes another the trees  
 were pulled from the ground and burned a wet white smoke  
 progress is a farm the encroach of civilization  
 [no] [yes] the divided  
 the democracy is a republic is a polity [said]  
 the chaplain

DEAR SENATOR

Your hair is thin  
 your face has wrinkled in twenty years  
 you do not seem to be one of the aggravative ones  
 you are cooperative  
 I notice  
 apologies I cannot say which side I usually vote  
 are there not two [question] sides

DEAR SENATOR

Are you the type that stays until the day you die  
 I like that type  
 patriots  
 but some grow tired I understand want to spend time with their family

DEAR SENATOR

Have you ever been alone in the senate chambers  
 just looking around  
 writing a poem writing a book  
 thinking about society civilization one's hometown  
 ask oneself  
 is there a rule a policy an order which has mattered  
 [you ask me]

DEAR SENATOR

What is the nature of change is it natural is it  
 leadership  
 [that is an eastern response] [that is a western response]  
 I vote  
 nor wonder too greatly about that which  
 cannot be undone  
 I say  
 I am great enough I speak clearly I speak for others  
 I hold some things close  
 I hold some things in silence

*THE DIVISION OF LABOR*

The one who says so said so  
that is alright  
you get off at five  
you can go get a burrito  
I know it is only three just  
do what you have been doing  
because the one who says so  
said so  
and he was not smiling like  
sometimes

*PEACE ON EARTH*

The nuclear capacity of  
 the four hundred block of Main Street  
 is a concern to  
 the governing council of East Elm neighborhood

*They* promised the reactor would be shut down  
 it melts frisbees for God's sake

A handshake  
 because it melts frisbees for God's sake

And the grass o the grass

The mayor was having a large tumor removed  
 from his groin  
 could not intervene but  
 the Lieutenant Governor o the Lieutenant Governor

A handshake  
 end it and some of those age spots will go away too

Resolved to the credit of the Governor and  
 the President and  
 all of the school age children having formed a watch and  
 a marching band

*I WAS BORN WITH THIS SKIN*

I was born with this skin  
 the color the intervening hairs  
 the occasion of freckled spots  
 the surface of being of representation  
 has kept pace with an internal  
 stations

All of the photographs for time  
 the matching relatives  
 I was born with this skin  
 called philosophy called voice from within  
 lit candles  
 allowed for raindrops against

Touch  
 the sun the radiation sun the sunburn  
 the air the direction of the air  
 I was born with this skin  
 called it myself  
 identity

The leaf the feather is a prod  
 a survey for information a sentinel  
 I was born with this skin  
 and all it covers all it contains  
 fits neatly fits  
 a remaindered I

The red lips for language  
 for kissing  
 exclaiming proving true one thing and another  
 I was born with these lips  
 colored for the inside of me and  
 soft

*THE HOLLOW*

The hollow smell  
 was sterile and coffee on the outside  
 the May rain cold occasional drips the dark sky  
 echoes  
 props the newly full residential grass  
 the interior of life a simplified absence  
 cause for tomorrow I do not know  
 justice is a tick brought from the forest  
 I see  
 your calling is the absorption of mine  
 even the small especially the small  
 but there is no micron to stillness to weather  
 were I not aware  
 in the absence of words I invent words  
 call the horizon a day's becoming when I was  
 otherwise waiting for its approach  
 and now the hollow sky is balance to my own  
 skin  
 contains me lets me forward like a monitor  
 is a flower for attention a wildflower against  
 the patient prairie for longer days yet

Everything is hollow  
 [the hollow ring]

Everything is hollow  
 is a sound a distant engine causes one to think  
 of engines  
 there are no birds singing today  
 but the clock  
 the interior of time is hollow is filled with questions  
 and the day rain done the night will open  
 I say like control  
 the hollow of systems the hollow of political systems  
 I catch myself leaning  
 to the left logically to the left  
 arrange for a familiar answer and call it memory  
 what good could I do is cause for a perpetuation of  
 dereliction  
 do I not call upon certainty wait for certainty  
 accuse certainty interrogate certainty

*THE SORROWS*

The sorrows for loss  
 for having behaved without regard to orthodoxy when is said  
 apologies  
 what defiance is  
 a reciprocate to the rush of one friendship  
 for the loss of another  
 ask  
 what measure is my own station my own personality  
 the way I am  
 may be reason enough an answer to why but say sorrow  
 upon the natural course of being when illness and age make  
 those I care about weathered and withered when those I care about  
 ask questions of importance  
 loss is a windowed box  
 I am protected I have language enough to be protected

Regret is my own I have no regret for others  
 regret is not sorrow  
 humiliation is something I can laugh at tomorrow or the next day  
 but sorrow  
 sorrow is deep sorrow is kept  
 holds currency my reaction is a custom I invent  
 how you live is my attention how you die is how I die  
 but that is only loss of life and I can prove nothing then  
 was an answer to love I say I am slow  
 enough to offer a passions [now]  
 was an answer to luck my attention is too close to chance  
 was a health a body  
 was it not fun [question]  
 was a legacy trust me about the burned poems

The sorrows for loss  
 your agency is my agency I can only say to myself what

Your sky is the same as my own

I do not know what I am given to

No

I have no questions

MOM

May 13, 2018

Attractive  
Spirited  
Adventurous  
Kind  
Inquisitive  
Stern  
Creative  
Lovely  
Buoyant  
Hearty  
Down to earth  
Open minded  
Forward  
Clarifying  
Spacious  
Integral  
Tasty  
Divine  
Devout  
Family  
Athletic  
Observant  
Colorful  
Appreciative  
Generous  
Insightful  
Careful  
Caring  
Liberated  
Graceful  
Adaptive  
Willful  
Trustworthy  
Interior design  
Capable  
Fair  
Energy  
Peaceable  
Appetite  
Confident  
Talent

*THE VORACITY OF LOVE*

Kindness and giving  
 and were it a moment decided to understand the cause of love  
 nor love itself  
 the development of one's habits is a life station  
 the social intersections of actions are opportunities  
 what is attractive  
 such a measured appearance such a measured presence a voice  
 respond  
 and to say a [thing] is received is swallowed is assumed  
 in a way respond

The voracity of love is a cake is a vista is a tickled humor  
 gave a light a poem for what friends do  
 nor count nor balance  
 at what instance will one declare another a spouse ask  
 were it convenience cooperative convenience  
 were it the voracity of love in which there is an entry into  
 a well of souls a well of optimism a well of curiosity  
 apart from the homiletics of peace among one another say  
 there are trivialisms and obligation to a union  
 [I do not remember]

A membered pact with no explicit constitution  
 kindness and giving  
 [they never left a home] [they formed a new language and never left a home]  
 intentions are the limits to which one allows  
 and learning to receive in balance  
 is common declare one has never been in love [but this is love]  
 [because one declares love]  
 [that is all]  
 [it just took a moment]  
 [to compliment the cotton floral dress]

*SO HOT THE CACTI BUZZED*

So hot the cacti buzzed  
 chorus  
 the stopped birds the quieted insects  
 nor breeze

*ALL OF THE CLOUDS ARE GONE*

All of the clouds are gone  
 went away to the mountains  
 thinking until they are done thinking  
 the sky is a lake

*WATER FROM THE EARTH*

Filtered  
 surfaces before civilization  
 crystal and ground cold the spring  
 water cress

*ALL THE OPEN DOORS*

Stillness perspire why it is I choose  
 to be without conditioned air  
 [it feels like Israel] [I have never been to Israel but it feels like Israel]  
 and hot tea on a hot day is temper to

*THE ADJUSTMENTS OF WANT*

I had not considered a funerary plans a cemetery  
 in just a moment someone  
 will own what I have owned I have not decided  
 if I am old yet

*DO NOT GO BAREFOOT ON VOLCANIC CINDER*

Volcanic cinder red  
 walks like beach sand red  
 little pointed pokes red  
 ponderosas on hills of cinder red shards

*A TREATISE ON UNDERSTANDING*

Experience  
 put together all of the words mother father  
 and when I returned to innocence  
 I had no more questions

*A TREATISE ON LAW*

Natural law common law canon law [there is no responsibility to natural law]  
 reference  
 natural law cannot be broken [they lit a candle]  
 got into real estate

*A TREATISE ON AGING*

It was not until the children had children  
 it was not until a fortieth birthday said a body questions [this]  
 it was not until [they] made sense said  
 courage is growing old

*A TREATISE ON EDUCATION*

Experience was never intended for institutions  
 and everyone needs to read and everyone needs to know fundamental math  
 they brought lions and elephants to the local zoo  
 we all walked in a line so as not to get lost

*A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY*

There is one thing you all should know  
 constellations are not the same from every position in space  
 it is cold and there is no air in space  
 one must bring their own culture there is no culture to colonize

*A TREATISE ON ELECTORAL POLITICS*

Government is dead to me it was my candidate lost  
 whose turn was it anyway  
 eventually I speak for myself do I not speak for myself eventually  
 requires no license to speak aloud

*INHIBITIONS EXHIBITIONS*

The exhibition's reception was cause for inhibition  
 stole her art away to the basement  
 turned to science  
 let away science a second time for approach this time  
 the tie dyed wire spectacted  
 [them]  
 invited her for another exhibition another exhibition  
 unto the exhaustion of art itself

*FUNCTIONAL ART*

O what a beautiful can opener does it work

The reimagined surface of the bird feeder is function

My what a lovely sink you have and a toilet to match

*THE PHOTOGRAPHER*

Had a thousand eyes a thousand retinas  
 the subject is red is animal  
 in direct sunlight with a white underside if it is prodded up  
 photographers are not supposed to prod things up [question]  
 [for then]  
 [they become artists]  
 [forensic]  
 [photojournalists]  
 smell is difficult to capture on film was a yellow air to the anomaly  
 I cannot explain  
 but the sky is typical the clouds are typical  
 a hundred foot radius the tamped grass the laid down grass  
 I cannot explain  
 but there it is just like the picture

*CRYPTIC ART*

Graduated from a public high school realized  
 had never been introduced to crypticism  
 it is so easy to make something for a few few  
 for oneself

The message is love if you look at it from the top  
 the message is deviance from the bottom  
 a force likened to a blood orange tree with bony branches and crosses  
 to see it naturally

I hang it in my guest bedroom  
 the colors match the linens no it is not for sale  
 it is a warning of urgency it is a warning of time  
 it is combustible

*EXPLICIT ART*

Sex on a canvas  
 but they were in love they rubbed around in paint  
 until they had to shower

Murder on a canvas  
 the man ate a child filmed himself eating a child  
 like he had done this before

She wore no costume to the ball in fact  
 she wore no clothes at all  
 but a mask but a tiara

Is an instructional video the gardener the salmon fisherman  
 art of art the representation of art is science  
 [how] is it that oil is changed o lament and I with questions

The ocean on canvas  
 at sundown the backlit waves but that is the west for sunrise  
 what you call a [thing] is to suppose to figure

*IT IS NOT OUR WAY*

In which the moon is more important than the sun  
it is not our way  
in which words are more peaceable than silence  
was a stranger's custom the allowance of social might  
the development of social might  
a king within every fence  
it is weather which opens and closes these doors  
it is not our way  
in which time is counted separates itself into lives  
liberty is no appointment  
but by foot

*THE SUN GREW HEAVY*

The sun grew heavy  
was born the moon for midnight all of the animals the greens

There is no consolation to want to longing but to say riddle  
there are problems

Again the spring returns nearer to admiration  
the animate wind

The weight of the clouds is a lake let down  
fast [fast]

Pools the open sky the gone clouds the ministries of the open sky  
there are problems

And in the Book of Want  
for their trespass is reason

I shall return I shall return to lift you  
to notice you to lift you

*HALF AND HALF*

Is a question of math is a matter of discern  
 logic  
 the brought justice from common adversaries was  
 an equal profit an equal gain  
 and that was only a half the population with interest no  
 all are interested  
 for to say the unsigned half are affected  
 and with no title to gain say actually lose by *their* contract  
 the limits of a contract are to its members  
 and were a governing half representative in contracts  
 and the receptors of the ends of a social contract  
 called citizens called benefactors  
 say a promise has been made representatively  
 it is possible to profit from injustice and were there such a profit  
 call it right for the good it has accomplished unless to say  
 it caused harm  
 half of a population fear governance mention freedom  
 again and again mention freedom carry weapons  
 in the interest of a common good called freedom  
 marry a constitution  
 recruit  
 half of the world is just I do not know were it  
 mother or father  
 half of the world honors a social contract half of a population have  
 a book shelf  
 reference a contract for it is a proper way to exist to live  
 and were life the only inherent goodness  
 acknowledge the life of another in its varied forms  
 nor mention punishment nor mention intentional damages  
*that* is a matter for authority  
 half authorize authority half vote half pay taxes half  
 serve as jurists  
 half the world in light is God's burden  
 say free will and the expression of free will is  
 half the world entertained half the world handled half the population  
 assume an advantage  
 is not natural authority but it *is* natural authority  
 half of a peoples work hard say diligently make a contract  
 suffer a contract  
 half of a peoples suffer the contracts of others half of a peoples  
 believe in free will

*THE MURDER OF CROWS*

The murder of crows  
spilt paint on the horizon consumed what others consumed  
in a word  
*caw*  
black and black obsidian  
the single hawk with no dietary interest

*THE GAME OF QUESTIONS*

Assume there are no answers there is no genius  
 no egg  
 how does one begin  
 how can one have a favorite color  
 liminal thoughts the clouds the empty sky for thought  
 now  
 what is a controlled burn the prairie when I smoke a cigarette  
 did someone just get married  
 did someone just have a baby  
 assume there is no reason there is no constitution there is no anarchy  
 assume there are no assumptions  
 how is it that peace begins how is it the city planners say museum  
 [then]  
 what color were within the folds of her dress if she  
 pressed her lips against a window would I do the same  
 I cannot ask of time but rivers  
 [confluence]  
 did he not buy a motorcycle on his sixteenth birthday  
 what of cheap stained glass purchased outside the Lorraine Hotel in 1999  
 what of rice krispie treats with skittles sold outside a Grateful Dead show  
 [on a day too hot for marshmallows]  
 do I not belong to the brethren of two  
 what are your affiliations  
 can you color between the lines if given a coloring book  
 did you vacuum before the guests arrived  
 do you eat the eggs you color on Easter what is it with the Easter bunny  
 [Santa Claus]  
 did you know the game of want [always ends in sex]  
 the ocean is a question is not the ocean a question  
 what do you know of the virtues of injustice the inevitability of injustice  
~~who would rather suffer injustice than be unjust~~ [Plato]  
 what is minimum wage  
 what are the conditions to mathematics at night  
 do you know the way to San Jose  
 did the journalist get shot like the other journalist got shot  
 is it happening again [like fifty years ago]  
 what qualifications does an historian require  
 how about sleeping under the stars tonight  
 honey what about salmon honey what about dill honey what about riesling  
 does your cat do that too  
 do I mention a criteria for friendship or assume [such]

*BEAUTY IS A LIFE*

Beauty is a life  
 was at once small and wise grew into questions  
 a family with her own way  
 say time changes nothing really one  
 becomes the arrangements of what one surrounds themself with  
 okay I say okay is no defeat but acknowledge  
 a higher force  
 and when the lines of middle time write experience  
 into one's body  
 the questions come again like a hook  
 a higher questions these than the academic and vocational protocols of society  
 a higher questions that have been asked privately  
 since language  
 I do not know  
 [I do not know]  
 but beauty the pleasures of beauty  
 made standard made common  
 the incidents of notice are those arrested for their poverty  
 [no]  
 the incidents of notice are that which have been described  
 a thousand ways already  
 the incidents of notice are that which defy description  
 generate dialogue generate desirable emotions  
 become  
 the internalization of beauty  
 beauty is a life  
 for what one is the composition of one's soul has taken [this] long  
 and silver hair and proper jewelry with semi precious stones  
 asking for answers still  
 say time changes nothing really less than certainly

*I NEVER SAID UNCLE*

I never said uncle  
 I ran out of money  
 had to lie to get a loan to get home from the pacific northwest  
 never used another's name another's identity  
 whether I returned home stationed new habits called life  
 assume there is a nether force  
 without membership to us expects  
 we come together in some measure of defiance  
 the tornado  
 the rumbled thunder lasted five minutes I have no basement  
 but to be among  
 the candle neared its end spattered and the gone flame

Be brave in time  
 the horses are not new but to be taken

The van with the bed in the back is a lonely cottage after  
 its start  
 whether people return as animals  
 religion is a mighty source a mighty influence clap  
 another candle and another candle ad infinitum  
 the faculties the divisions of knowledge let some away  
 like the specialization of labor  
 but the whole of the university generates a many sided interest  
 one is required to eat to sleep  
 I still believe heaven is up  
 the twisted arms of youth snakebite go away snap  
 then  
 I am an elder and certain for others

*THE DINOSAUR COLLECTED NEWSPAPERS*

The dinosaur collected newspapers  
rested them in his garage near the motorcycle

Was twenty years of planning decided to fix the motorcycle  
himself

Then put it away  
where it was near the article about the school shooting

There is a measure of order a measure of value  
to this news and this news

It is clear enough to stay outside all night  
it has not snowed in winter since the end of the mesozoic era

Skin is skin is scales held a fountain pen  
answers the populist questions for their uncertainty

They are young  
he bought a bicycle to ride around the block to coffee topless

This was an ocean long ago and with fish  
crustacea the size of a Volkswagen

The natives floated about on rafts made of mesquite until  
they were let down on mountain tops

It was I who swam across the border  
back and forth and back and forth pedaling one kind of silver for another

The virtue of disease is alien contact  
education is a force inherited from strangers with or without their intentions

June twelve of nineteen ninety nine was a good day  
the yellowed page a picture of a friend riding a horse

Died young shortly after in fact  
had graduated early from dinosaur school with a degree in journalism

The others do not know he would say  
unless we tell them

*MOTHER'S MOTHER [1]*

Sometimes when one believes they are right they are not right  
 Norway brought proverbs from southwestern Wisconsin Mississippi River

From Montana traveled east passing the westbound others landed at St. Olaf  
 traveled east then met a man called Grandpa

Gave birth gave birth gave birth gave birth  
 social work is a matter of learning to assume hugs for one's girth

That old horse that old car  
 all of the [things] the [associations]

It was I came around for memory her silver hair now  
 brought jacks and Beetle Bailey

Grandpa passed away in the eighties God bless his soul  
 she learned to drive in her seventies God bless her soul

Was Crystal's sisters Sy and Pru took me to breakfast after his funeral  
 made me comfortable

She kept the summers on the Mississippi kept the winters in south Texas  
 a matriarch an elder say strong like North Dakota like Montana

Was her character told in later age to wander from her senior home  
 strangers are no replacement for life

And when she did pass it was the blue dress she is rested in  
 God bless her soul

And for the rest of us say five grand children eight great grand children  
 the brevity of time is countered in legacy

*BUMBLEBEE*

Bumblebee for flight  
Slow pollen bath another  
Flower bound and buzz

*PEDIGREE*

Fitted a breeding  
To place man as God o life  
The generations

Dog the penthouse dog  
Colored like calico cat  
Watching the pigeons

Running horse the track  
Colt a winner's son talent  
Rapt in mud jockey

## GRUMPY

O time and again the frustrated weathers  
 was hot damn hot  
 hot enough to cause a delinquency a neglect of spirit  
 [I have no control]  
 for them and them language is not enough  
 and I am no taxi driver to solemn acquaintances like obligation  
 just to draw a line  
 curl one's features into a fetal position  
 turn off the phone  
 the grass is too long the mosquitoes are starting  
 [what control exists is in another place I respect]  
 had a long day did not sleep last night not hungry  
 it goes away  
 I have been through this before

I have been through this before  
 o time and again the frustrated weathers  
 the rumbling thunder was a truck the sky is ambient the sky is good  
 just checking  
 [they were concerned the phone was off]  
 I cannot wait for the rain  
 [listen]

The talent to falling asleep is to do a load of laundry  
 the talent to returning to a positive spirit is eating properly  
 is it sexist for me to recognize *she* eats properly

The fallen soldiers recognized on Memorial Day  
 [the world]  
 the world is a big place [I have no control]  
 I have seen pictures of war God forbid sensationalism among  
 hardship  
 I have seen pictures  
 of glaciers rivers meadows with wildflowers  
 [I lept into the Mediterranean in my underwear]

I just need a moment for history to decide  
 just a moment  
 [still calculating]  
 thank you  
 o time and again thank you

*BALANCE IS A SWAY*

Balance is a sway  
atween history and philosophy  
many and one  
temptations  
the stopped air  
politics is a sway is a balance  
the majority are not always  
victors  
the aristocrat the oligarch the button  
but a conscience  
conscience is a sway  
the cable spanned the cañon  
the stopped air for nerves  
o desire  
stabilized upon one's knees  
and lay down flat against the stars  
watch the world turn  
vertigo  
[in his head]  
for indecision vertigo in his  
head  
nor a single question  
nor a single question like  
tomorrow  
nor a single question

*SLIME*

Slime  
Dripped from his ears like  
Calculus  
And certainty  
Colored red like that star  
[That]  
Captured him captured his imagination  
Laid him flat at night  
Watching dreams  
Of a liminal place constructed  
Without words

*REHEARSING FOR THE WORST*

Man is flying thus  
man is meant to fly  
really it is safer than driving statistically speaking really  
the plane lifted reached altitude bobbed without turbulence  
okay  
without incident  
the idea of aeronautic violence  
the trust in the mechanics of air travel the trust in pilots  
controllers  
it is a clear day everywhere in the United States  
the hot air from the terrestrial surface mixes with the cool altitude air  
the farms the roads little lines and squares of green  
they put three thousand pounds extra fuel in  
said the captain  
may be a storm developing over Dallas  
circumnavigation is a wobble and descent and a lean to the right  
followed by a sweep to the left  
okay  
a good barbecue airport restaurant in that terminal a three hour layover  
they read  
they sleep  
they drink  
on the plane they read they sleep they drink  
the unruly passenger just wanted another drink said the news  
the familiarity of keeping time  
approaching sundown touchdown mindovermaterial the security of  
the baggage claim is a measure is a confidence

*THE SOCIOTROPES*

The sociotropes  
grew into conversation fled conversation  
as the gravitropes resist gravity  
as the phototropes  
form into the sun  
there is a causal relation  
the suffered mind is a suffered seed lent to an environment  
is a demonstration said the lawyer  
nor matters were there a soul watching  
the switch from parental dependence becomes the line of force  
is autonomy regards the surrounds of society  
[but his was a cottage in the country]  
[on occasion he would hear an airplane]  
[his was away]  
independence is governed for most  
a job righteous enough stable enough to no longer  
wonder at one's emptiness  
grew directly through society like a flower through soil  
to where the sunlight assumes  
a maturation  
hindsight is an institution that no longer  
matters

*GROTESQUE: THE CHIMERA*

Wandered through the underbrush upright  
on two hooves  
touched  
and with goat horns  
and with wings which cannot bring flight  
happily the berries  
to not be seen  
guarding away the dragons the foulness of despair  
darkness  
and with no language but thought  
for each moment  
of eternity  
conscious

*I WILL BE HAPPY WHEN I AM AN OLD MAN*

It will not be suspenders  
but a hat for character and plaid  
I suppose  
and for thought to edit the poems of a lifetime  
was a hummingbird stared me down that time  
just like some old ladies some old men  
who have practiced a line of sight  
I will tell you  
my eyes are hazel and I am comfortable in the watch I wear  
when I check the time in your presence  
practicing the remains of the last modernity  
I will be happy when I am an old man  
it rained  
it rained and I paid no attention but the smell  
in twenty years the rain will be  
a rehearsal  
o God mentioned once I say and with reference and to myself  
I have finished asking what beauty is  
have I not finished with certainty  
have I not reasonably become  
have I not finished asking myself questions  
the books on my shelf have not been read  
and room  
for a friend a recommendation  
a friend

