

ETHNOASTRONOMY

G R E G M A R K E E

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protoHouse

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STARLIT

1

Night is called
and sight without color nor surface
said in fullness
but starlit monochrome
subtle and starlit
and from a textured summit the
rises and falls of land and
the darkest upon an horizon
line
with heat let away into darkness
for memory
awake

Texture without color
and night sounds ambient
the air and shadows
I reckon

2

Night is at rest nor death
a million points of light
held atween days and

growth
and with my furthered attention
the cause for astronomy
the cause for limits and lenses
I have no struggle for you
but call character like lines
story lines at stars as constellation
like the introduction of life
and lesser histories
for what makes me small and
selfish and wanting is
your consideration
my attention is elsewhere with you

And to be governed among largeness
I am constellated and torn and
made to rest and quiet

3
I too grow into forms I recall
and simple to arrange
the histories of formation when there is
no responsibility but wonder
at origins and attitudes I
am alone on a night on a world

Among many stars I recognize
warrior lover animal myth

you are more durable than humanity

I

4

And calling for memory at
order

a different order were there no day
when them with prepared senses assume
their calls at scavenging and hunting
by starlight alone

but this is not true
for were there no day the
nighted rests would be the same and
falling into deeper and deeper colds
with frosts and timeless winter
no

night is but a phase of nature
were life so true

But the hidden sun a star and gone
and nighted hunts and watch
awake
and larger creatures dwell now

5

And the moon is gone and
with the clouds now
blackness is blackness and

sound is near and sound is
wind
for the wind does not stop ever
ever
and were the moon to return
but not for my behavior
for I am inconsequent to celestial ways
but their notice
and were the moon to return
to light the nocturns of this planet
to show a predatory practice of life
to show a scavenging ways to show the ways
which are quietly activated upon a sun's set
I yet say I am
inconsequent to your revelations
though stay all the same
I notice all the same

And as nightclouds allow
the more distant light for cunning and hiding
I am more awake
[sentry]

6

I am differently conditioned for the stars
if an address
I only notice beauty
for there can be no struggle but want

for that which is truly distant

The astrotrophe grew into
the night

7

Indifferent when I am gone in thought
to that which is governing and rational
though the stars do bring about reason
for that which is external and away
and the microns of air nearby
you are not so distant but distant
in a sense
from being
and necessary and
a stop outside and away from thought
the course of knowing this universe is
to the recognition of local entropy as well
[resignation]
that which is touchable sensible and
that for which I do have control
and
were I destined for the stars their
control and their closer witness
I presently say I am captured and
starlit in another fashion than light

Nearness is sense and certain

as the weight of being
and dulled sight and touch
are my attention

8

When truth does govern like
the nearness of astronomy I am tightly held and
when truth does govern like
a creator's beauty such as a galaxy
say there are at least two truths
that of science and that of marvel of spectacle
and the starlit path I absorb as experience
such a utilitarian purpose
is a way in both ways registered

Marvel [marvel]
is my attention misunderstanding and juvenile
yet I give you a name
like a quality

9

And the spectacle of a starlit sky
is my own frame
I do not always recall the importance of
my own position
in the first I am to recall
my own smallness
though what is smaller than I is consolation

the smaller lives the grass and
those upon which no dreams exist
and those lives in their small circles
and sleeping through such
a conclusive adoration as
a night sky of fullness
I am framed in adoration and to say
this is my own human reward
this is how I am received
I am received in watch

The stars are endless I believe
other than standards if want for my own position
[it is no struggle to wonder]

10

And the cause for shadows night shadows
fuzzed and without edge
to be lost among the subtleties
of darkened forms
them brought about in fuller light
though a shadow cannot be held
nor admired but its source
the stars and land is starlit there is
no moon tonight governing
and the stars are host to what is within
night eyesight but
depend upon the other senses as well

and call night for night nor meant
for vision alone
I do adapt and have different names
for the physical forms
in concert with sound
the shushing trees the color pitch
the lake edge shore with water lapping
and find myself as constant
as language as unmoving as language
settled and receiving and
receiving and
only edging forward in interest
quietly and slowly
for danger among my own dulled senses

Do I not give danger a name
when I am not aware what lurks and prowls but sound
and when there is no starlight for protection
do I not give danger a name

11

Stillness is a call
and what I do not see are the limits to
my own vision
assume there are galaxies mounted upon
other galaxies upon other galaxies
as away as I can imagine my center
among

and stillness for watch what is above
a timeless spectacle
at rest
and easing me from
one social burden to the next
you are always the same are you not
and only I do change
and only I do age

Time is a soul's divide and a soul's containment
like age
and spans all of the stars

12

There is no manifest which is not
considered
and the vast as inconceivable whole
returns me to my own
in diminutive silence
and only unto my own to only consider
what is fathomable and within reach
perhaps the lighted night sky exists
as that boundless unto
[I reference my own bounds]
as valve for reckoning a nearness
because the sublime is just thought
just thought
and sleep eventual

The small and smaller there is no difference
were I with sense and outward frames
growing
[I reach]

13

Volatility is my own
change is my own when the stars
are constant as they are
apparently at rest and unmoved
but for astronomy and larger orbits larger orbits
ask whether I am within
a force which does not force itself
believe this sphere Earth is planted
and holding
including what does rest upon
including my own interests
a poems turn to light quiet light
when I am let away and realize
my senses are the same where ever I travel
and were I suffered and appointed
to notice freedom is elsewhere I say
indeed for the word freedom
as any word as spoken or brought
is naturally elsewhere

Only I do change unto conditions

among the stars
imagining myself more and more perfect
but never exactly

14

To ascribe a worth for the stars
to say their mention is equal to another
like the myth and metaphor of stories
[I do not steal from stories]
as each star be a wish or a wonder
as each star be a love as held or either
as each star be an unborn child
the starlit calls of being were opened
in their collection
the night is filled with them filled with them
as far as to see
and only restrained I am in their
consideration when the closer clouds
do cover my thoughts
make memory of astronomy until
they too pass
in reluctance or rapidly in moving air

And to rest when governance lets itself rest
a closer calls of time in days and nights
pause for light and sound
control is my own orbit and I am no metaphor

15

And were I to succeed a way in
the observation of forms and say
what is near to me is as the stars are
with space atween and with
something else atween perhaps
for I cannot know absence and I cannot know
what does cause a star to remain
in its position
but only here can I adjust the pieces
of my universe
move the paper and the concepts to another
relationship
I play God as smallness plays God
though what is without and away
I have no force for you I have no energy which can
shuffle your worth unto other
stars and bodies
and begs the question God actual

Nor doubt nature is divine
I too forget the stars are nature
for I do not know life elsewhere
but in speculative confidence

16

For your whole I say there is a God
[I have no other explanation]

and ask of reason why
it is you are completed and completing
again
I find my own smallness and searching
I am that which is incomplete
the celestial values are finished
and my own atomic being my own micron of body
is dependent
and learning
and I doubt
I doubt I will ever locate the authority
for the management of a stellar system
which
is risen to manage itself
nor can I find reason as to why I would
aspire to tug and turn the appearance of
nature
the greatest nature

As it is

I am drawn to appreciation

I am drawn to follow my interest

17

Nature is abundant and in its
unending wholeness I bring the word
love
and say there is no closer metaphor than to say

that without limits is reasonable
and why so many poems are
humbled by the stars or either love
though they are not the same
for material is only grand and love as pure
as unending wholeness
the likes of the universe is the only comparison
full enough for what I wish to give
though they are separate
and wonder at material is not
social unless what I discern is
what you too discern we agree
like a contract which is bound in
the unbounded

A frame is my own and
the difference between myself and nature
I pull certainty within
I pull cause within

18

Certain beauty is cause is it not
and certain beauty upon a social contract
I cannot interfere if to realize
I cannot extend my reach beyond this templed planet
and my administration contained
for my words will not touch the stars
I am only receiving and

repeating all of astronomy again and again
and were I to follow wonder as I do
and be certain in the notion that more
original poems are to be written I add
that time
empowered in the orbits as master clock
has always been and will always be
and there is no new poem
excepting what is written unto my own blankness

The star the stars
out loud I say

POETS RESTART THE PLANETS

1

Poets restart the planets
were there no stars nor light
a heavens of dormant spheres forgotten
floating endlessly forgotten
and restarted in light
when the poets introduce
stars and suns and movement
it is the poets to introduce relationships
a light to mass
a body unto its relations
the moons the orbs the endless orbits
poets restart the planets

All the poet's relations
like the universe
or the universe a poem

2

The soundless effort of celestial wander
and were there a place as a park
for animals and life
it were the planets and warm inside

and melting death
and causing wonder
the start of science and
cause for poetry upon poetry upon

All is registered and what I put
into sound into life
I too am registered in meaning

3

The whorls a parade
and the surrounds of system upon
a single star call sun for its nearness
a parade
and flown to nearness caught
by gravity and physical intention
physical law
I grow into you as do those lives
harbored in proper temperatures given the sun
and proper composite of earth
I am wrong to believe in control
a parade the orbits are
for predictability is a life grown into
I know a year I know a day
for being and for having been
a parade
and grow accustomed to physical law
I know no other physical law

call Godly intentions
for my own inescapable adherence there are
rules
rules I follow

And call dance for my attention my wonder
and mastery
and call delight for proving my own
as my own gravity does hold

4

Free will and of this planet
and were I not traveling but thinking of traveling
I as poet and with imagination
start restart that which is never begun
for I do not notice but only consider
what exists abreast infinity
by where the forms are pulled from
by where cause and dedication are
pulled from
free will is my only humanly resort
by which decision and thus direction is endowed
from a planet
and were only dark and patient were there
no governing star for gravity nor light
and were I to cling to free will
in the interest of destiny manifest
that an order is divinely predictable by

my own courage for myself
I ask what forces are my bounds my frames
it were
energy which I return to
I cannot escape a body
but in death

Free will is my reach and
the forms of poetics call creation
I am heard if to make a sound

5

Nor in death a body is escaped
but laid within itself and settled
and wondering eternally wondering
and were light introduced
[do I not eventually recognize the stars]
[again]
[or were I truly blind for the stars ever]
and were a social life equivalent to
a planet
perhaps in some mention of physical form
though a poet may be separated from
the scientist were beauty to be
what is deceptive and untruthful and
were I to correct myself or either live
contentedly among potence and half truths and outright lie
perhaps

a question

though astronomy's bewildering call

be not necessarily against poems

[for poetry is not naturally against truth]

[but creative and making]

for call a further wonder at what is not reachable

though included in thought by speculation

I hear a planet for its wind

and mention spectacle for being

and the stars further apart and more distant

do you not grow louder

6

Planet dependent planet

were life a governing consideration of planet

for the earth is a human threshold

in which I am contained reliably

and with the affects of star and sun

kept in warmth and held

the limits of my own travels are

with what my dependence is upon

and knowledge for improvement ever progress

though yet contained ever

and with regard to what is known if

I were to make an easier passage and

a passage without limits

A strangled limits are the engines of
ingenuity
and the invention of words
and the tug of words

7

And the constructs of this intellect
and what it is I carry upon my own
ambition I will
be born unto a greater without and
leaving a planet with seeds behind
were manifest destiny so proud
and letting away
I am young and becoming I still speak
of myself

And to wander at a different nature
and never present among
unsettlement is poetry is it not

8

The planet is dark for the dead star
and what slowly went away were time
that which were marked in days
now without measure
and life's growth a season a lifetime
and what remains is space
the space between objects and

simpler to retain a thought of dead star as
 planet born
 and now dependent upon
 the externs of energy without
 for no brighter the star which is not lit
 than the planet with no cause away from itself
 and the planet with active star
 dutifully provides
 to the organic course of
 the universe

A seeded sociology is no temper
 to what is great
 nor spectacle nor marvel were I not present
 nor dead exact but never having been

9

How many planets do support life
 I am curious
 do I not ask questions
 and were a faith in the outer existence of life
 a calling for our introductions
 that I dream of a wanders toward
 unknown biologies
 that I dream of a contact
 it is not so strange a thought
 were infinity actual
 though reason to the doldrums

of self maintenance and worldly maintenance
when a goals for humanity span an eons
and attention to home
and the frames of home and
what is sustaining naturally
[for there are different words for]
[the varieties of nature]

And call you brethren as well
for your inclusion

10

Nature in its grandest introduction be all
there were no limits to
creation and its symbionts
though a simpler nature is not my own divide
were I to say
the stars shall stay as speculation for the time
and appreciation to
a closer forms which are reachable presently
like sense which requires no lens
and the air
and the light
and gravity for water's fall and
where life resides is given
and were it an ecosystem which counts
life for other life
and a sphere of biology contained

within its own truth mostly which
 relies upon one species as cause
 for limiting the burden of another species
 like slavery
 it is a moral position to say hierarchies among
 life
 though only I as agent
 have agreed to the terms of the universe
 nor I be the greatest
 nor I be the smallest

The agency of the environment
 is my engagement
 and my term is ended upon such dissolve

11

The planet in its movement its orbit
 and I in my orbit
 I am twice moved and once on my own accord
 and again moved for every grander orbit
 in the galaxy
 it is the planetary movements which are
 the truest of clock
 by which time is modeled
 [I am devoid of certainty]
 nor the same from one planet to another
 and the sun as anchor to this system
 this gathering of worlds

is center to time
and ask whether the planets stumble in
their orbit and whether time is
affected upon subtle celestial affects
indeed

I cannot say perfection is imperfect
[language does not allow such]
but my own adaptation to a deciding way

12

Though time cannot exist were there no
perception of duration
for in man's absence and in woman's absence
the marveled spectacle of stops and starts
the start of stars the completion of stars
the capture of land which floats into an orbit
and the settled system which quietly
burns to freezing and zero
were there no human for perspective
say the stars do light and stop
without notice nor wonder at why
but a simple answer is
that there were no more fuel for light
and what is done is done
but I do
exist
and make beauty and awe of such and

make wonder of that which occurs
in grandiose measures the lengths of
humanity

The born and unsettled to a timed being
how ambitious is a corner to being
when that which sustains sounds a notice

13

Question

how many lives to notice
that change does exist astronomical change does exist
and an infancy to astronomy
ever
if to have a recorded start of my own species
and begs a difference atween
celestial change and
a noticeable aspects of social change
for the slowness of eternal forms is apparently
quiet and without resolve
against the rapid and minuscule ways
in which an organic beings shuffle
from duty to life sustaining duty
and without attention to planetary science nor
solar science but
locating what it is that sustains life
food and shelter
and all endowed by the firmness of

earth

like soil and atmosphere

though assume what has ever been

according to my own recollection will ever be

a social order by which a trusted

natural order is constant and exists as

worship for its law

Natural law there is no trickery but

what I do not comprehend but

draw poems as a start

draw images paint images as a start

14

That all is concert to astronomy were I

to think so boldly of origins

and every strain of act is a reflection of

my own position upon a bodied world

and every force of my own is made proper

by my own need for survival I realize

I exist in a particular way and

the minuscule aspects the likes of

politics and poetics

can proceed upon a located figuring

call science

Science as social knowledge there are

no walls to poetry as practice

but my own belief
and ask if truth exists outside and away
[yes]

15

Man is indeed eternally small though
finds suffrage in acknowledging a
greater force a greater force
such as planetary movement called wonder
though smallness is endowed as
something other than the greatest small
by locating that which is smaller yet
and dependent
and consolation to my own being in
recognizing that that which moves by
my own force be in my own servitude
my responsibility
though nothing exists in this mold
actually
I am the smallest am I not
nor I have control for smaller spheres
and their orbit in a natural manner
and in so registering this notion I am
again humbled and doubted for my own
being
will never be God

The consolation of philosophy of poetry

is to my own discord

16

A scavenger I

and forgetting to pay tribute to

the heavens and

without knowing a proper way of

thanking an immortal intellect excepting

a clumsiness of prayer and

such an attempt is ultimately to a

social regard which does not exist

that the planets and the other

aspects of astronomy are positioned by

no mortal intent they

just exist and

are only partially conceivable in their being

because

an infinite model as source of cause

considering my own finite way

even given a lens of all lenses is

yet a limited station

Envy for having invented God

17

And a local being only is no glance above

but held tightly and ritually to the seasons

and the other tocks of a manifested

universe
so local as to say the reliable aspects of
cosmology require no consideration
they are trustworthy in their return and
sustaining in their allowance for what it is
that I gather for my own needs
a planet is familiar and called home
and I do not consider the disparity of
other worlds were they to be home to
other varieties of sentient life
excepting in the curious thought of visitation and
nextness of a higher procreation yet

Again I am animal for my smallness
and I recognize other animals
by the questions they ask

18

Yet a question for the outward glance
at heavenly forms
when all is dark and I have a moment which is
undefined and unclaimed
in responsibility
ask how long an outness will wait
I am confident the ways of this system will
exist longer than social cause exists
and to other systems not yet begun
for there are beginnings every moment

we are near to each other and
share time in some regard

Were poetry cause

I am still held within my senses
and limited

SUN

1

A system's center is a sun
a star stolen and put to use as source
lighting a planets and pushing its
heat upon those in its course
and reliably constant I consider
a social source against
a natural source

The sun is temper to life
begun in heat and sight and cause
giving as given

2

Nature is its own administration and
there is no distinction between
the totalities of physical being
such as a planetary bodies and
the motions and actions of such a being and
though a sun will not last forever
to measure against oneself a person
or to measure against the human race
in time

is to point to the infinitesimal
and small

A celestial measure against life
words are as forgotten as a dying sun
when there will be no more cause for memory

3

I am reliant as is the rest of
life

upon a sun which shows itself
when a planet is properly turned

I am reliant upon the energy
the push of heat

as well the gravity of such a massive body
for the retention of an earthly orbit

I am reliant upon an orbit and the turns
the days

and a biology grows into your reliable
characteristics

As I become in reference
ask what it is I support
last longer than

4

Different

to address the sun during a picnic

and differently appreciated
when the expectations of being
are sublime and
without concern for advancing into time
further
stillness is a moment and
though all do fade
away and gone
social spheres do pass and land does erode
and a sun too
will exhaust itself
though not a fatalist I
when to wonder at times framed in
recreation
for well after my own legacy and
the legacy of a human species
the sun will yet shine and
eventually dim quietly dim
before its flames do pass and cool

Time is gone
and blackness like everywhere pitch and loss
were there a form to memory of this day
record

5

Though observation
the sun with no orbital responsibility

lest it be discovered that
one system affects another system
I am small enough to say anything
to believe anything
to do anything and without affect
to your glow
and notice through a careful lens
that a sun is not merely glowing but
disturbed and violent up close
well hotter than magma and
more permanent than any other
action in the system

[I am yet simple]

A dependent insignificants
in prayer and poem
finite and small and other
[of]

6

Color is introduced
I am developed among color
and aware a light
and with eyes to recognize a spectrum
and now wonder at my own limits
[what is more endowed to see than I]
for I cannot see among
a lesser conditions such as secondary light

from the moon or the distant starlight
and I am yet positive at
being
able
though do not fail to wonder at
how a species such as humanity
will evolve were evolutionary theory
accurate

Lighted life and canyon
ocean surface where colors yet touch
and to say the word beauty
for the invention of word

7

And during fullness light
day
the ambient surrounds of all
and shadows definitive shadows cast
rolling in opposite direction of the sun
revealed
the material aspects of all
and all is material and revealed from material
the order of change
the temporal qualities of being
and the concepts drawn from the day
and theory from material
and language from being

and change
and during fullness light

[I am not nocturnal]
all is hallowed and given a name
and poetry starts for its curiosity

There is no struggle when I am receiving
and giving names at fortune for good
I trade beauty for reason

8

Poetics

the endowment of light
to the materialist
though who is not the materialist poet
when the day is held in material
though think not too much of
for I am brought about conceptually
as are my poems

The shadow is governed for stolen light
and were the forms so lined
it is a light which endows a shadow
I move among

9

And to name every stone as important
and to name every life as in

evidence it is given value and
miraculous
ask if it were the traveling light or
the features of Godly attention to
assert one's reception unto
the aspects of this world
and recognize eventually an honor to
the sun
for its being
full and giving life and life
including I
which I pull to order
the forests the rivers
for sense becomes in my experience and
how this planet is constructed

Aware the day
and were it without my presence
I am not cause for this

10

It is my attention
to dispel the inaccuracies
to advance upon certainty upon evidence
and ask of the other senses
say there is no other sense which
is so telling as sight
nor the stars do give enough information

to forward my spells of being
nor the reflective moon
it is the governance of light by which
my stories become
by which I forage and gather
by which I am drawn to a closer attention
with my other senses
and metaphor from experience like language
for the easement of challenge
poetics is started in sensation and
the grandest of evidence is lit
by the sun
for my wakened attention

I attend to my mortal condition in sense
and be about the day too as material
I am not invisible

11

And were I to acknowledge the sun
as giving and constant
and were I to recognize my own dependence
upon the reliability of light in intervals
perhaps a prayer is what I can return
or a poem
for there is no surface I can offer which is
not already in the governance of
sunlight

the floating orb
and without cease conveys energy
perhaps a grateful prayer
or to make custom
the advance of science as social knowledge
to stand upon as social address for
one day trusting a social creation
the likes of a traveling vessel to
further advance
[further advance]
or either make comfort of the given aspects
of this world
with generous light I have developed from

I cannot know the course of free will
there is no governance to free will

12

My own fragile position
dependent
and the phototropes including I
sustaining each one another
burying and reburying the past
yet ahead I am sent in time traveling
in experience into futures
a light has lasted forever and my lifetime
coursing this system with its own weight
and to where life exists in wholeness

to an established and repeating cycle
and what I make of life
in memory and determination
a threshold for the next

Legacy is my own maintenance
and the registered leaves and newgrowth every
year
different as I

13

The point of life is a moment
and shadows too do cross
and end
as life shall end
and the evidence for having been
my footprints and biological legacy
are want for more
for the uncertainty of eternity
is belief in a celestial end to this system
when the sun completes itself
nor wholly dark become
for the other stars will be yet
though not enough for this world to
harbor life as it had

But now to live upon the given forms
as my only address

and way a manifest I become
customed and accustomed small but entire

14

One million years is another moment
and on course to eventual
though planning social planning
presently call curiosity nor need
for fatalism presently
and why I concern my own interests with
that which is beyond in time and further beyond even
that in interest in human legacy should
be brought forward or ask
should humanity be left to die simply
when the sun is done

A terminal
uncertainty for progress
I continue

15

There are spans of social growth yet to encounter
and were it my own call
to say a course and make it so
I hold to the vocational notion of progress
political progress scientific progress
poetic progress
though cannot dismiss nature's call that

an ecological progress be as much a letting
an allowance to
the forces which manage their own
and
to believe I am as well a species which requires
that let to my own I am to flower and
adapt
though recognize a hierarchical calling
in the knowledge that the sun shall be depleted
in energy and sustenance power
and to make such knowledge a devotion to
thanking a solar deity for generosity
or to know that a timed existence is
the incubation of other ideas such as
moving on
to alternative worlds to again seed or
to continue travel knowing
a history of a system is a germ to
universal participation among the stars
and without primitive ways
excepting the claims I bring

Ever primitive unto that which is no control
and assertion like humility
for to otherwise end without color

16

Mention again the timely

characteristics of this system
when to say the sun will die
the sun will burn away
and what remains will be a cooled mass
and the system dependent on light
an exterior will be cooled
in exposure and only related to
the sun in gravity
[no longer called the sun]
[nor given a name]
[for the inhabitants of dependent worlds]
[are gone or gone away in death]

The gone fire
and life does slow and goes goes
unto other stars for time

17

A summons to appreciation though
there is little against
the greatness of a dying greatness
that can be done
and to have socialized in myth
the life-giving qualities of the sun
and to have brought it life
in awe and science
for what is known is reliable and
such knowledge is a timer to advance

though recognize beauty presently
like the duration of a fire
a candle

Myth is a fire like the sun is a fire
religious myth poetic myth
and the germ of origin the germ of direction

18

And my humanity will one day
be spent
when there remains no environment
nor life which supports life
and were we not departed for another
system I imagine
to be lastly remaindered in
experience lying on back watching
the stars brighten and emerge for
the suns dying self
were it to exhaust so quickly
I doubt

An ecological depressions when
a single cell dies with my notice though without my concern
[I am truly young] [but aging]

19

The sun is

mortal

The sun is presently alive and

giving a nature its character and

I am not so absorbed in adoration

as to say

there are no other planetary bodies though

remark upon

a source of energy and

the source eventual for all that does

travel into and through my body

further

such thanks indeed though in all grace

were there no sun

there would be no person

and of now

if to have satisfied my poetic imagination

the course of the day remains

the course of the day remains

The course of the day remains

and for what control is my own

I start a poem

MOON

1

Old moon desolate moon
reflecting sunlight white and filtered
orb
and cause for myth for speculation
old as humanity

The cold-tempered moon the lasting moon
aware and silent
whorling

2

The ethnoastronomers gather about
the campfire
the lenses
and were your composition nothing
nothing
excepting gravity as place
a source of reflection
but not only
for in a sight are
mythic passages beyond a fixed existence
the stories the poems

with moon attached
are record to
my own enthusiasm

One myth upon another the strains of myth
reference the permanence of what I see

3

I am attached to a separated Earth
and gravity for the moon's orbit
bounding round in
sight
and pull to oceans and thought
reliably and constant as a clock
appearing and disappearing over and again again
she

I give you title
for title is what I can give

4

A name given and myth
for stories hold the manifest of
time brought from legacy
I know of no fuller object than
what sight brings slowly
and count a months from
wax to wane

a look above and lighted hold
of fascination for further
realms
in part accounted for in smallest steps
out and outer still

But it were the sun's dominion still recall
for your reflection this system is claimed
But it were the Earth's dominion still recall
for your orbit this line is claimed
though reference your habit as sublime

5

A system is divided
with each the planets bound to
the same sun and
a moon the moon attached to
the third body and whorling
endlessly whorling were there sun or no
and it were an animal presence
to remark that
you are the same moon as before
when a poem was told of
outer worlds and patience
beyond the daily struggle of socialism
and competitive forces balancing
one another
the moon is perfectly reliable

the only moon

The eye of the moon is witness

6

And to imagine an observational
perspective is to imagine a position
for further advance
for to travel inwards towards those
earthly frames or
to travel again outward and parted from
this planet toward a system's center
the sun
which knows the moon
only in light
or to go against all of gravity toward
the starlit bounds of netherspheres
distant

The observatory included the sun among
the constellations

7

I call you wonder for your being
and I
little and supposing life upon this place
Earth
with the local divinities of

oceanic exploration and mountainous exploration
all places are known and
what is not known for touch is
known for its speculative mention
said loudly and quietly in stories and
intuition and
were I to dream of you
then you are closer

And written upon a soul as a place is written upon a soul
I have language for you

Moon
for when I am not certain
for when I doubt

as poem and science

Moon
as second in time beyond a day
and separating a season

8

Nor with appeal to all who know its name
or know it by sight
for some are brutish and short
nor worship from all corners
but a place just

Above and near but a hand away
apart

9

As simple as understanding a
cosmology
that a local place within this solar system
is for our own wonder and
with no social gravity elsewhere
but common
that other moons exist
for calling away what is theirs

Earth does hold but one
for my sight

10

And far enough away
for interest
the moon is seen in several
recurring forms
and spotted at seasonal times
reliably and with only a changed frames
a peoples coordinated celebration
when you are large
or gone entirely
the last of light reflected and

only the ambient air remains
and an imagination

[When the covered moon]

but the stars
are let
and bring the rest
nearly

11

Yet distant
and the engagement of science
is a whorl to the possibilities of access
for conquest as a mountain
and in the approach the reach
toward a starred above
like the increment of a moon away
the remaindered galaxy is
reasonably considered and
closer
accessible
as a post for the next or to say
one further observatory is
aligned for study of eternal night
were there no sun to thief
the other stars the other systems

I am started in knowing

The dying
stars fill the night

12

And the moon is desolate and
with no redeeming composition for
the mining minds and interests
and what to make of desolation
honest desolation
where there is no weather nor life
but to appreciate its view and
set a calendar to its rotations reliably
and from this Earth a view
why I yet call wonder
because every distant place is
among the human spirit for tramping
and registering

Every distant place
the weight of every distant place is cause
for language

13

And those bound in mind to
Earth and its livened fullness a
story
like a poem
but not to the moon in worship but

of the moon
as mentioned for pause and
quarantine of the soul
for admiration like a light
when it be full and causing
different light different imaginations
it is your being which is
a coax to the soul
to venture away if only in spirit

The moon is a puzzle
and a dare

14

And do I hold your hand
and say there are two souls
which witness
the closest celestial idea
[were there no other ideas]
and consider an intelligence to design
which calls away and calls away
a spirit
that a further advance is
manifest again in a further advance
after the moon is taken
[the moon is taken]

The moon cannot be taken

but given

how

15

Against the stars the moon

is local

the ambient moon this night broad and want

is local

and were I distributed to all places

knowledge

excepting the moon

as in to say the universe does pull me

apart

for its acknowledge

it is the closest fetish for sight

the moon

which recollects me like a memory

pulls me back from farness

and gathers me near to reach

for questions I ask of my own

and to be outed in spirit

I gather my own intentions from

that which is near

nor afraid

but generous and does not hold

to resentment for its lifeless body

What is near to me

I hold pressed in a pocketbook
but that is only metaphor

16

I bring mortality like words to
that which is inanimate and
will be were I to witness or not
and the fences of fascination are
my sense
the most traveling and distant of which
is sight
I see what is away
and a cooperative imagination
to realize a strains for being
are knowing there is distance
atween my own ness and
the further bodies
begun before my kind were begun
and again timeless I say
for I am no matter to
what realizes itself
only

The distant ways of orbits
and I in my own
call orbit for my wonder

17

Though the moon bends
within its orbit like Earth's acknowledge
so too I
bend within my orbit
for the greatness of earths presence
my only nature of closeness
and spells for life
I too follow a path
of pressures and relief
and my own character is made
upon that which be already structured
unto its own being
I am made in reference
experience
I move in reference
experience

And unto soil and light and water
the air
my first sight was not the moon
but my first memory

18

And I am no moon in thought
I make no post for observation
a remaindered places
distant and near
nor worship that which is the moon

for its desolate beauty and its
vantage
but use your position like
any small object
for being

You are early to me
moon
you make smallness of distance when you are only small

19

The roundness of the moon
and the mountains the craters I see
by lens
and getting larger with every stone
cast to your orbiting way
and among such an immense form
time is the referential context
for study
for in my lifetime I will witness
no change
in state nor in path
nor to imagine ever
your death as becoming life
excepting as my social introduction of
what is required for
the support of life then life itself
though that were ahead in time

ahead

were such an idea realized

nor now without reason

A desolate space

before being colonized

and once deserted again and again

20

Ask of beauty why it is

no

ask of my own why beauty is

for I am the structure of

the attributes of language

and if a poem such as beauty were

the cause of life I doubt

but inspiration for a bank of words

and sound

and I bring others

like social ways

unto that which is remarkable and timeless

as if a sorted souls required

direction

but what has my own attention

as among that which is unchanging

and without the ability of my notice

for its inanimacy

again

call at beauty with beauty and awe

Beauty is a mystical sense

I do not contest

but hold like a question

21

And to use the word death

for its barrenness

the moon is not struggle

the moon is not fertile

the moon is not weathered

the moon is not volatile

death is called at that which

simply rests

nor gives

excepting in memory

Death is a word butted against life

the moon has never lived

nor provided for

22

But a mass of stone and

gathered dust

collecting light and giving light away

again and

again

for my notice for my presence
to say there is cause away there is
a greatness to an exterior
which spans further than
the range of my senses
and beyond that I believe
and were the moon an introduction to
a grand exterior
I otherwise act among the touchable
and compliant
near

The familiar clouds the clouds are familiar
and the familiar night for the day's absence again
I breathe but cannot see excepting the moon

23

I mention rhythm in rhythm

And the timeless and without color
were I not
and the timeless and without color
were I not

