



*the alphabets of*

*fairweather camping*

Greg Markee

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MADISON

*Counting syllables*

1.1

They retire but first say imperfections.  
The dedications had been careerist  
and when such affiliations expire

the last punctuation is a herald.  
Nor be forgotten for having served and  
lived and served. Death is mortal and counting.

Structure is to the forms and the greatest  
station fifty years past sorrow humbled  
and caught. Now a lock nor be taken that.

The elements are unknown nor can be.  
A quiet language like poetry for  
mention of secret places where tall grass

like rain, where the trees are not stopped and the  
insects die knowing no interference  
excepting slights of airplanes overhead.

It were still a congress, to a congress  
such records be kept. Form a lines in a  
lingual reference counting syllables.

And say death is not too near to protect  
a nature's legacy and death is not  
too near to say otherwise that nothing

exists then like darkness ever. And the  
poetries said take a form like struggle,  
nor matter what is said, for anysound

be righted if a structure. Adjusting  
there were no interest excepting a  
curiosity in the dissolved ways

of his last breath. And the dementions are  
a moral attitude, say mind the forest for it will be  
gone like childhood. It were counted and called

poem and the younger exclamations  
at knowing nature in a way, they are  
more insistent more dif'cult to counter.

Faith is doomed until one is only last.  
Thereabouts when poetry is no sight  
and a universe rebegins simply.

Reflections say a poetry were just  
a last grasp at reason. And when it falls  
like death shall do, know it were recorded.

1.2

Accepting weariness comes excepting  
the grace of legacies, and to be spent,  
a final knowledge, records in the most

timeless of digital forms, memory.  
The literal grasps like reverts to a  
social standards. The youth are poetry

diff'rently but soon does time fall forward  
to all and asking what is now heard from  
one thousand years past, nor enter that race.

For having left one decent thing, there were  
no argue to family nor of a  
pretexted health, but a life from one's own

images, it is a security  
for the material one has kept near.  
They built vaults and called them each a number.

And to the elections of conceptu'l  
forms, they build wordly labyrinths such that  
meaning is not a word but it were ten

across like rhythm like pretext drums, and the  
poem is ritual then. And when the  
others say a forms be required assumes

eventualism arrives as time sets.  
The gospel were only partly filling,  
for a man requires ways of invention.

Ask: does not a man require invention?  
And the stagnants of them far from retire,  
convince them wind is without conditions,

and all great things are without conditions.  
And the lines of youth are then socialized  
to rehearse what age is found to be best.

Nor having divided poems into  
tens nor having realized the metrics  
of poetry the rules of one thousand

until near a death, say let [that] travel  
backward like certainty does slow nor with  
insistence unto them still conditioned.

1.3

A structure faith and upon the automatons like cycles, the expectant grass does stand and the other natures come. Builds an earthly home cooperating to every knowledge with what a river says, what is heard is what a river says. Freezes edges at a suns broader lowness with different questions. Had she been profound like peace she were. A banks stand fast when a peoples insist a waters go no other place though a balanced force is only likened to the last remembered greatness of that and to say a limits are not planned to exceed themselves is to say God is metered as a poet is metered, streaming things and only as shortly as an audience allows.

Nor believe God be met in fullness short of the stupors of death.

Like lightning and the other brilliances like drowning like age.

Count to ten given one syllable for each pause.

1.4

And if an age says enough were given  
in the course of civil matters, retreat  
to oneself. To selfism retreat and call.

Poetry were not meant for elders' sign,  
capture, final grade to grace's records.  
See they were young when they started thinking.

They put a things into places early.  
A box for weary and feed them daily,  
a box for the constitution of hearts

and put away. A box for time one for  
moss one for glass. The territorial  
divides of age are to claims of po'try.

A gifted spirit lives itself in them.  
And to be grown by their nurture and say  
those poems they write were my first as well.

What gloss the shimmering water, the youth  
reflecting a generations prior.  
It were a mirror, water this morning.

They go away having left a symbols.  
And their troubled heads knotted in the neck  
for being too certain too quaint too long.

Destiny is when the skin, when the hair  
and body, that is nothing. Destiny  
comes nor be bullied. Speculation is.

They let down finally having proved life.  
Memory were true like morals, go to  
a waiting room, waiting table. Receive.

Nor death evens, nor part man from his art.  
That legacy is cubed over and 'gain  
upon the fascinations, put in a rows.

Nor gifts do stop but to the smallest grow  
and start kindly like futures. The sounds nor  
urgency nor temptation and truth let.

1.5

An expression of passing, a favored  
decline. Gone about a way for those sum  
years and confidence it be brought one way.

1.6

That is death and stranger. Speculation.  
It were ne'er handled even if to dwell.  
A life and even remains an hours, glows.

And the lines the lines, to have lived among  
lines. Ever there were more quiet knowledge.  
Satisfaction is a tool nor stable.

The lines grow around the quiet, say wait  
gingerly, hold the necessary casts,  
the items, firmly like a museum.

It were to a welfare's hold that a self  
be cast, looking upon the ways a death  
is escaped and forward glide and trudge. Glide.

Of civil unions, ask what were civil  
in love. It were just atween a two nor  
say cities then when boredom is a crush.

It were two features each worldly stations,  
a complement which decide to finish  
equally. Romance be Spring nor only.

The chair perched upright on the soil, weathered  
chair facing southwest. See the clouds roll like  
last year. Last year comes again. Comes again.

Medicine will not travel to this far.  
It stops at the state line then calls itself  
differently like language. Say that two

bodies are equal, say the sky, for all  
features exist. But a love is likewise  
kindled nor mention wrongness for pref'rence.

It were purple, love were purple today  
as the sun went. The weathered chair it is  
forgotten as beauty is then elsewhere.

This is time, like syllables requiring  
a difference of being than what speaks.  
A rhythm mentions another reference.

Like faith in measures. A life is fullness  
one hundred years and say it comes again  
nor want. Ev'ry turn is validation.

And the psychologies of confidence;  
to say an unconsidered futures are  
to them insects become and groveling

at food and sex and sleep groveling at.  
Require the divisions of thought after  
impulse after instinct. Clings to what I.

There were twenty poets twenty homeless  
twenty feebled in opinion twenty



overgracious souls there were twenty souls.

Nor hold the lot. The lot were merely called,  
noticed and mentioned and thus collected.  
Put in important lines, suffering lines.

1.7

A pushed medium nib attends to the  
syllables, arranges them inna line,  
arranges sky next to the clouds, daymoon.

And relief to what is internally  
cornered now let away. Psychology  
is a handbag. Psychology is yeast.

The picture was misplaced. It hung itself.  
In the steamroom gallery it sweltered,  
grew kein consent. Picture formed opinions.

A pushed extra fine nib is really no  
different than a bic for expressive  
character. Ask what requires sentiment.

The thin skin begins again the eyes gloss  
for having read a similar story  
excepting the names are different now.

The car drove fast enough to exceed a  
driver's limits. The two lane road allowed  
for error as there were no other cars.

Danger is mistaken. Danger does not  
always show itself. Danger is what is  
remembered. Danger is diff'rent next time.

So many lessons. Better conditioned  
and without a memory for reason.  
Just gone about a way hopping on stones.

Nor it were the poet who introduced  
poetry. It was just a something that  
required exposure like insistence. I.

The special pen were introduced like fire,  
considered and introduced after ward.  
The arbitrary nib becomes habit.

1.8

Gloats into his beard. Sky is syllable.  
The garden forgave. The West wins again,  
again in overtime. This is numbers.

There is difference between measuring  
systems. Say compare oneself to oneself.  
Say compare another to the other.

Measure is age. Say the constructs of [that]  
measure are religiously determined.  
He was older than I. Twenty years more.

Ask what of the measure of author'ty.  
Say loudness brightness were the attention  
of many. Then. A mass is author'ty.

Or say there were an otherwise value  
upon personal opinion. Measure  
is thus relative and coming with age.

Had preference been aesthetic measure,  
how far ask of psychology or say  
delight be enough to hang on a wall.

Age be not question. And the examples  
of having been are not to say leather  
is still appreciated. What cause change?

The river still. And the daymoon holds as  
it were. And to cast the youth sim'larly  
from the last, it is to cast social spells.

I acquaint the day with a yesterday.  
Retreat upon the errs like I measure.  
Say in solemn force this is better than.

*Free verse*

2.1

One. Two. Inna line. And if form were an  
arb'trary measure, but its existence,  
declare a station is empty, pregnant.

The lackless forms lik'ning free syllablism,  
the anyforms call other. Empty a  
self of shapes, say a content is substance.

2.2

The midnight sounds are always similar  
The recorded dog  
The recorded passing car  
The recorded clock  
It is the last of settled thought and time goes away to sleep

Government were a dream this time  
Aligned little balances next to each other to keep each of the others straight enough to  
Contest prayer  
The park people are satisfied in knowing  
No perfect confusion can ruin a good loiter  
Everything is in some way good said the educational philosopher who  
Makes a language of such thought  
Poetry is not education  
I plant myself  
Closer to anthropology even if Chuck had a good point in his last  
Quasi metered frame

I distill rainbows  
Bring the colors to the point at which they stop and consider  
The nature of  
That which is no longer  
Apologies for distilling rainbows  
It were the dream which took evolution seriously enough to  
Allow the philosophy of the several types of peoples

By which each elect a station like technology or  
The given cycles call God  
These are the ones tending to religion trusted with religion even if  
The clouds were put there by Bruno even if  
The rainbows were not really there

Sure enough there were two of them  
I had been searching for my opposite and two came along because  
I have learned I have two opposites  
Plus and Minus  
Everything good I have neglected or have not instituted call Plus  
Everything bad I have foregone call Minus  
Sure enough there were two of them and  
When they come to dreams and half sleep open window rests  
Mistaken for visions  
Say they were my opposite or say I am the union of contradictions  
I have a name

The midnight sounds are always similar until  
The occasional contest  
The cat found a possum one night  
I met a possum on a trail one day and it turned its back to me  
Did not move  
Curious creatures  
Another lived right through the wheels on my vehicle  
Curious creatures  
Contest gets my attention  
And had there been no contest or its equivalency I might be weaker  
Ask what thought is not response  
What thought is not cause  
They fought without limits  
They celebrated fight  
And the two profit from such a partnership  
And to be quiet and civilian and just making art like anaesthesia  
And having done one thing proudly enough to fuel a deliberate  
Life  
Rest oneself above struggle for  
There will always be that

Midnight and open air now

Ask if one poem is another for its conception among familiarism

Possibly one long poem

What is string theory ask what is quantum psychology

2.3

Had it not been June and

Had the inner ways been less framed due to the weather

I could not have invented

A particular type of paragraph which

Reserves all importances for the title

One word

And a rambling evenly justified course of lingual beauty with little reference follows

Say such a dialect is a mark of possessing time and

The poet claims the greatest space for

Arbitrary surveys

Hence becomes smarter for testing the most and

All in reference to [that] title

It was called

\_Prejudice\_

To those of separative instincts

To them of unifying character

You make no difference to the stars

I plucked strawberries today and ate them

Lent temptation to the old neighbors

There were fifteen men taken each given nothing on their way out of the door

From this time forward each is expected to make

The type of drill out of a life with an existing knowledge

Five make institutions

Five follow institutions

Five return for indecision

The anthropologies of [that which occurs within doors] is

No less numeric than free verse

Perhaps moreso given a quantified state

It was meatloaf Monday when the lovers decided

An acceptable contract of patience begins with

A study of if a committed two shall be buried together

On that hill  
Beneath the tree  
With an impermanent headstone made of wood really called a headboard  
The spiders catch the noseums and the grass is never cut  
There will never be a city here  
Midnight is a wind

The poems struggle with permanence  
They had not mentioned that  
The capture of silence is a greater perfection than poetry  
And the dogs and the other animals representing the social features because  
A poet said so  
I say I passed a robin today and said hello as if it were a person  
Pulled it into my life  
I have since formed an opinion upon the intelligence of robins  
They have never been introduced to my language or  
They lack the proper etiquette or either vocal mechanics to respond in  
That way bywhich  
I might offer them a worm  
It flew away or either I did to the securities of poetry

2.4

Verse is capture  
Thus said literature is a frame  
Concur that literature is a frame  
Respond to the conversations of oneself [that] some frame is required  
[Is not some frame required]  
Logic is a point that knowledge is an operative frame  
And arbitrary the frame though  
Absence of such is a cloud I wonder only having known  
A gentle ascent of frames  
Verse is capture and introduced like hardness  
The sonnet stone  
And frame enough regardless how soft its interior  
The haiku  
Nor free verse be free if a frame if a frame  
For I have met the strongest words in free verse like intentions  
Like prayer

No less language be likewise capture  
Vision be capture for its perspective  
I am ever captured and if  
Then genius is a mental note to pay a frame and develop that relationship  
And them with many languages one for every age  
A form like dialect for every thought and every type  
And ask if logic be required to accept the frames  
Ultimately to automaton [that]  
In its embrace is its dissolve  
Say then an attention to the matter of content  
Then freedom is within any regarded form including free verse  
Which actually be no less free and abled than the oolas counting method  
Supposing a frame is anything which holds a content  
Otherwise make an art like calligraphy of phrases  
Color them red and put them upon a wall  
Reserve a bound text for ideas

2.5

Just a poet so linked to a structure.  
Locates a rest within a frame to call  
arb'trary had all thoughts required a space.

A voice to an audience and ask what  
poet is still after twenty years nor  
visitors. Ev'ry poet is unknown.

This is defeated for considering  
a poem as legacy. Rather a  
beauty any way this time verse. Capture.

The trains rest in station and force is in  
several lines. They were numbered. Large and  
numbered and with steel wheels. Quiet. The clock.

And had free verse the courage to claim an  
otherform and the allowance to a  
traveling notions within that. Say what.



Nor regard a vocal cubism a slow  
wand'ring beat the existential wordist,  
them, as having a unifying mind.

Insists another resemble himself  
like marketry when the real publisher  
offered a dollar like popular'ty.

Born institution of popularism.  
Nor wonder attractions of liberal  
arts when they bend with ideas shapeshift.

The glass was put upon the coaster form.  
White grape juice was poured into the glass form.  
What is significant. I am thirsty.

2.6

The puppeteer animates an other.  
A race to puppeting the puppeteers.  
Ambitions. One lifts like questions. Ethics.

To educational philosophy  
nor consider a word puppeteer lest  
slavedom of mind release consent. Ethics.

Trust is reason nor poem as concept  
be trust. Say good within that be truth in  
a qualified faculty. It were trees.

And the spheric notions like a control,  
the objectivity is begun 'mong  
such neutrals. Say what wind for cloud is glee.

And the directions of poetry, an  
attention to audience, say [that] were  
control. Say write otherwise. This is mine.

The puppets were the poets and staying.

Say a vice were without reference nor  
remark the casualists defining.

Captured religion after it was good.  
Mind a congress mind a capitalism  
after such things were proven and taken.

Sense to the poems like social measure.  
Let a paper begin itself escape.  
Let cloud a stone qualify a paper.

And the megalomaniac Saturn.  
Say [their] poems were for our own triumph.  
Say a docentry were opiate ahh.

And the motivations of beauty like  
them kindled in authentic interest  
and them with beauty in hand. [For they watch]

And the assort of power call defense.  
It were only good poems that return  
one to themselves say a sky will treat [that].

They brush away to themselves quietly  
saying a person becomes too old and  
eloquent for poetics. The chair is.

2.7

Free verse is an appeal  
And had it been enough to feel a particular way for arbitrary scatterthought  
And defy each the metric traditions for content  
Free verse is an appeal because

2.8

The shaded glass tempers the lucid airs  
And purple were black and yellow were dust  
The giant forms are otherwise seen

Nor require a difference nor exterior if within  
There were love  
Ahh docent call things love and I shall ask questions nor mind Saturn

Ask if change exists  
I believe it shall

And the temperance of faded moons like riddle  
Can a pair agree that  
Color is without value  
[But the night is greater than last night for its color]  
Nor [this] be known  
The measures of greatness  
Had I not been so located to enforce an opinion  
Can a pair agree that  
The anchors of beauty are important and to go there rather than isolation  
Call that beauty and  
Color is only a record then

The ships on the horizon made no sound  
I did not mind  
And to be impressed by great engines otherwise impressed than for art  
The engine were faculty  
Though differently within that which crosses horizon at sunset excepting  
One were genius and one having been people where there are no people  
Ask what sin to invent a thing as great as covering oceans  
Covering the sky  
They were only small when I was small and  
I had not invented nature then

And the garden the wire fence  
Believe a cross were station but grass now grows around that celtic divine  
And squash  
I had not forgotten

2.9

Neutralism is a social station or to consider the range of  
Natural change

The seasons the cycles  
As neutral  
There were no neutral social station  
Said life is defended and what is brought from life is defended  
And the littlest rumors of inconsequent things  
Even they are consequent  
Sits blindly and without ears nor breath  
And what is the difference from death  
Or wildly take all into directed patterns and cause cities and  
Growth to all ends  
For one exists in either case like cause  
Nor matter how ultimately consider for the retentions of  
Happiness

Happiness is enough  
And watch a tide over sand  
The waters left  
The others were concerned with social movements traffic stops and  
The ecologies of city rainbows on given Fridays  
The honks the honks and  
Planted things  
Everything is planted and happiness is enough  
Exile to that which cannot find this  
They go to little holes to start newspapers and social services  
Eat what is important  
Grow old knowing things

2.10

Contrary to the logic of imaginations  
The pressed floral outfits were as camouflaged as the black suits because  
Among these systems common is camouflage  
I went to the computer without being seen  
Expecting a deposit for the mortgage  
Ate a pop tart

Contrary to the logic of imaginations  
That which holds a person to the earth is not gravity  
It were the pressed floral cotton from Alabama

I wore a black suit and a black sweater over that without being seen  
I went to the computer  
Expecting a poem  
Darkness falls and the agencies fall and the flags are put down  
I disagree with the chap mentioning one zombie is another zombie  
Of the zombies I have been introduced to I  
Particularly agreed with  
The one who spoke of efficiency  
I gave [him] twenty minutes to convince me and he did  
The lights put themselves out tonight or are convinced in the morning  
Natural light is better and are therefore not  
Remembered  
When I wake and after I shower

Contrary to the logic of imaginations  
Heaven is a pattern  
And the newspapers are a pattern  
All is resolved and then becomes one great color that absorbs me  
Nor I be reduced nor possibly be larger than all  
Ambition is to one considering retirement or either  
Considering authority considering a creative world considering impressing  
Her  
She wore a floral bra visible through the sleeve of her sleeveless blouse as she  
Lifts an arm  
Ambition is to sex  
Ambition is to procreation  
Ambition is to legacy  
The lines grow outward in pebble patterns to water  
Ambition is to social justice  
Ambition is to civil elevation  
Ambition is to humanity

Contrary to the logic of the imaginations  
The little worlds I find myself in are  
Superimposed upon a greater truth  
And a locus of control  
Make this world vibrate and only sometimes [that] world will vibrate  
Know a reluctance here and be similarly reluctant when  
I let myself away

Sir

I say you read poetry like a psychologist

Contrary to the universal logics

We are governed differently

Like the zombies we are governed differently

Sir

Have a pop tart

*Vowels*

3.1

There were eleven ideas mentioned  
in the representation of a ten;  
though say a collection is nominal.

Words gathered are framed to museumism  
nor argue that lest logic be argued.  
Nor regard a system as poetics.

Ask if beauty be architecture. Yes.  
Ask if beauty be justice. To say pure.  
Ask if architecture be justice. How.

And to say a form is without limits,  
and what form then is with limits. Poem.  
There are caverns for each like protection.

And so characterized, each the minor  
protectorate spaces, gives a poem  
domain like museum to art. Po'try.

Thus defined, they keep gates. And as lines 'mong  
do cross thresholds like a poetry to  
a philosophy, say beauty reserved.

Nor concept beauty when the river does  
answer, but natural and is revealed.  
Call such a poem after it be brought.

Nor concept the moon, that it be gladly  
fascinating and given. I had not  
considered the nature of objects 'til.

3.2

Grammar is a tool and beauty to say

grammar be perfect; though a stone only  
may be curious spiting how written.

This is beauty when tides I say dryly  
and affectionately then silently.  
Beauty be still any way nor poem.

And figure a social standard like love  
and two between; for then a poem is  
meaningful had it been given away.

Or say beauty to myself if it be  
likewise given nor grammar function then.  
Nor social a function if to oneself.

Nor beauty no less nor innocence no  
less if be my own, though its exposure  
is my own, I say these words are myself.

The air meadow I rest upon waiting  
for what inspires. And to come daily this  
is not what I write about. But a place.

Lifted thoughts though from here cross more simply.  
And pluck them for baskets I give away.  
And having met beauty I know such things.

And for wanting I have nor else to give.  
This were a drop and then become like that  
invisible again. Until the next.

3.3

As the social fractals come about a  
line unto the next like idea, say  
grievance were policy's start. Redirect.

Unto leadership what is first ugly.  
A clouds of misery incline a soul



to any other path. Welcome a way.

And one function of divinity is  
proven, nor regard the rest if say a  
liberated theology be course.

There were a more beautiful sound a more  
logical sound. There were another sound  
with limits without contest. She were there.

Awkward reason and too profound, make of  
a planet an electric star qual'fied.  
Burning electric star. Souls inna line.

Or reason enough to disqualify  
reason. Build again nor from a zero.  
Zero were never proven to exist.

A protest. What protest has no ref'rence.  
What protest has no object, no neg'tive.  
Change unto. Change from [that] nor call zero.

But a baseline like dissonance decays  
an independence. Thus travels a soul  
toward other stations any. Other.

3.4

That were [them] having gone 'way call other.  
When it were I standing out, the other  
were [them] conditioned and qualified as.

And the separations of welfarism  
to either, like a pushes to limits,  
outer limits or a comfort within.

Roll cigarettes wondering what is choice.  
A decision deferred is a regard  
to time. And when I stop deciding thus.

There were errors in pronunciation,  
and when a velvet cushioned a sound they  
fell in love quite enough, and dependent.

Nor matter when a velvet were ever  
like a priest. And secure enough to live  
seventy years without consid'ration.

An other to love is to love's kindle  
in littler spaces where a thing is not  
qual'fied. But coupled and with self regard.

Like grievance for chaos and too many  
degrees flying, a charge to coupled spheres.  
Now live in squareness homes and satisfied.

3.5

The faraway places like open lands.  
If be sequestered were to wanderlust  
what were cause for manifest destiny?

And the satisfactions of one station  
nor to have been insisted to such place.  
An anchor to temperament. Closer things.

The ways repeat themselves and the given  
natures bless a structured thought. Cause likened  
spirits. Rice were communion for its way.

Nor wonder nor loss at only having  
seen pictures of foreign beauty. Still moon.  
But charmed within familiarism. Content.

3.6

There were no vowels in isolation  
nor were it called isolation 'cepting

it were framed and that said reference to.

3.7

The autopsy of Dollar Bill is an  
audit. Found the ghost town dogs are rel'vant  
enough to warrant progress revisit.

The dust settles with the harmonica.  
Eclipse the general stations of man.  
Problem with progress is there is no fault.

Do not the individual stations  
require judgment? Dollar Bill is a ghost  
town dog. A mannered counting ghost town dog.

This time it was the flute as the favor  
wind quieted before dawn. The hanging  
tree still had vowels from the last death. Ahh.

Medicine Man cure a corpse and say that  
today's anchors have no attachment, death  
is death and without attachment and gone.

Become a dog ghost town dog and lucky  
Dollar Bill as permanent as the sun.  
Take down the cross young man; give it away.

Poems for prayers for when the heat does  
pass to ice the wind is still and visits.  
I sell blankets and poems and prayers.

Dollar Bill literate as convenience.  
Read the one about freedom. Read the one  
'bout accounting. Reason what is int'rest.

Ghost town dogs are as lucky as a life.  
Respect what word is last remembered it  
was nineteen seventy June seventeen.

She said enough to push a social line  
at all great things; cause doggish states like sin.  
Damn if'n she was not love. Wind returns.

The hanging tree let down some the vowels  
in last night's rain. The ones that had dried up  
and shriveled a bit. Dollar Bill collects.

Puts them in baskets; stamps them with numbers  
and puts them in his shop right near the back.  
What vowel ain't worth fifty bones he says.

The shop was locked tight enough until the  
art visitors they come a wandering.  
Curious art visitors in red hats.

The real literates with language and all  
real earned money from no coincidence.  
Know what a proper vowel should look like.

Ain't no foolin' the proper sort. Cannot  
matter how many books Dollar Bill framed,  
a vowel must be traveled. Authentic.

Mostly they just sit there collecting death  
like poetry. The fiber baskets grow  
brownier every season. Dollar Bill.

The autopsy showed the liquids just went  
away. The dogs recapture their own at  
every full moon. Make charms of mem'ries.

And if a tree returns to ghost town it  
is taken. And if a flower finds its  
way to ghost town it is taken nor thought.

Nor say such things are death when the wind does  
recite itself and when everything

recites itself in vowels and again.

3.8

Iph phat phelines phormed phraterees phor phun,  
say snakes assemble simply soaking sun,  
nor newts neglect narrow nocturnal naps.

Dirty dog delays different dapdips.  
Wily wasp wiggles with whoopee warwords,

Owl organizes immanent order.

3.9

The structure of thought say bound to oneselph,  
iph conscience brings one to consider an  
other social ness or one's own body.

Iph law from such social constructs, gone 'bout  
a day in tandem with thought nor phrozen  
as machines are phrozen. Calibration.

Iph learning were calibration atween  
a phaith and phixed earthlines and to explain  
like understand tomorrow expects new.

Acquire a patient lines that razors the  
physical else phrom knowledge. Conscience be  
damned ultimately damned when all is had.

The phorgotten pheel of love is old when  
doubt is phriendly doubt. I crawl aphter the  
searchers wondering how thing be known. Part.

A start to structure and their reliance  
is ultimately small when they have not  
lived as I do nor could they live as I.

Such reason is only reason nor peace  
be phound in isolation nor peace be  
excluded phrom isolation but is.

Peace were ends. Love were ends. Knowledge were ends.  
And stillness phor the quiet disarms of  
age make him weary like the rest. Others.

Enough to resolve oneselph to oneselph;  
and that institution age, ask iph it  
recapitulates the Goddish records.

Phor then a faith in such records phor a  
common paths discern, and take leave of thought  
giving sum theology to that priest.

I insist a personal discern and  
say a Sunday attendance a nightly  
book be a critic welcome critic to.

I am humbled and require such things [things]  
as lessons to intellect nor require  
the reminds of the rain but how they do.

And cause structure to phutures phor to go  
about a revelations as they are  
understood. I am I and regarding.

3.10

There was a lightning storm said the night television comes on quietly flash from the west. Hot and still and  
silent the rolling thunder sucks a lower air. Tornado mentioned. Little raindrops nothing.

Air starts the leaves, the thundering the thundering. Stop.

The cars went away early. First thunder crash 12:04 AM.

And rain begin, hearing the gutters. Nor were it torment yet but steady and blown nor thunder again but lightning again again again. Rattling leaves and steady, hear a street rivers and patters from upper places. Harder now harder.

The planes were put away.

Rain coming beneath the streetlamps angled. Two speeding cars and lightning every second now near constant white. And how does the air smell what was late night stillness humid - thirty minutes past is now fresh and sharp like the rain it is. Like concern nor effect to power presently but watch. Air comes in a door push.

Proud thunder.

Harder now harder nor longer hearing the rushing streetwaters for the falling darkwater sound as if a waterfall consistent. And the rumbling thunder again and again rolling. This is not a monsoon. This does not happen regularly. Such things are blinds to what is otherwise important. This is from the southwest.

3.11

It was nature which caused a thought counting thought. The possibilities of cause like predictability. God is positive I say God is positive though say predictable say I am God. The systems have been in place a long time and will not change their style. Say a finger reaches down and starts what I fear, it explains [things]. Enough to cause a faith they gather into periodic ritual sharing explanations.

She wore metaphors to the funeral for having lived [that] way. And to only wonder at understanding, hope a sirens are enough to cause some mortal comfort. And when the wind whistled in January and whistled different among a summer whorl; there are those who have gone to reason, etched a firmer lines among the living. Be a way which love has brought, the damage reports are nothing.

And when the expected flood, said the scientists. Nearer to God for attention to a time which says this river will take an earth in two sloe days. The bags. Attend to science nor neglect what awe is otherwise great. It was their lowland awful lowland I watch for a fighting spirit which only gives away awesome upon the securities met. The buckled concerns have completed what can be completed and the prayer was done. The chair was brought to the eyesight middle and nature comes.

Inna week they go to little circles to assess a response deficiencies. The taxes paid for that. The residual rain eventually gives way I remember. And the big picture is no debate, it goes away for memory of its speculative nature.

Or were it thought which caused a nature. Nor too divine to wonder the insanities of speculation. They go in circles except for prayer.

The planes were put away.

And just to live among such inner things I am present. Sense nor put away such thoughts, wish for their absence as if a silent and authentic understanding were enough to limit such great cause. A fire is different than rain. A drought is different than rain.

3.12

Constellations were anywhere if not to raise a head. The stars were anywhere called language for beauty. Relative else.

And tiny whorls the grass is mentioned for its touch. It were mounded and shaped for a defeated souls. Shaped as deer for the dead.

Implied a death will spring one unto an other birth. And them separating where a soul is hereby brought, disagreement.

Nor anyone truly more certain than faith. Nor say one belief were the cause of speculative futures. Though life as if.

The constellation is a tree today. Nor suffering tree but alive and worth a cloud. Shaped like a hero. Authentic.

The constellation is a several river stones. With horns and an' mated war. I am strong for realizing a strong.

Nor lift a head. Nor far away mentions call to the unstops of that prayer star. The lake is greater than said for its prize.



I drink twinkling water smoothness from the  
old winery station. There was a spring  
that got me drunk. Drunk. Enough to lay back.

Nor mention when the sun does pass and the  
sky is first black. The constellation is  
commitment not to commit. I cannot hold.

Her breasts. And velvet. Nor eyes conditi'nal.  
Her eyes were without conditions and straight.  
Speechless is reason enough. And her breasts.

3.13

Wisdoms intersect, the outed porchlight.  
Crickets. Say peace is aged seventy and  
having ridden a life. Lemonade is.

The greatest story begun is my own.  
And reason upon forgiven questions.  
Tomorrow riddle is what energy.

Nor station stopped I end. The lines. The lines.  
A faith to the lines. That life's regards are  
still important now. Ask now to agree.

Wisdom is faith clamped upon history.  
Were it all reflecting to beyonds; ask  
a relations of those days to perm'nence.

Were it traveling outside of social  
lines that brings the stories. He was new to  
elderhood, still required embarrassment.

There was the war and other things. There was  
the war. Nor expect an audience to  
understand a graduated wisdom.

They will sit upon a chair inna day

calling war by other names and knowing.  
And to ask why a counting was started.

3.14

Rex Ruther, he reckons another sense.  
Had acquired a taste for the medicine.  
Typical trees delightf'ly typical.

The logic of such a liquid hereby  
designated for every day use  
stabs culinary status with a fork.

When the oranges were plump and I was  
likewise healthy, jars were principals 'pon  
a shelf. Nor were mentioned on the menu.

Rex Ruther denies a pharmacy for  
its station. The moss is soft enough to  
let 'way social ailments call pharmacy.

Then the joints when the rain. Ahh pain ahh pain.  
A remedy in some tea with Irish  
whiskey. Reckons it were bottle enough.

Satisfaction is a standard glow. The  
psychol'gist with the water girl measures  
it in smiles. It was sunny today. So.

Rex Ruther reflects range of ritual.  
Bring a dog to a meadow to a romp.  
Such is an acceptable exercise.

Among other things the atoms say a  
body is metabolized with nature  
and ham and cheese is robust and is shared.

Jars adjacent to the jam have rested.  
Faded labels were slight and legible.

PRN. For a cloudy day such as.

Rex Ruther runs in sprinklers and rain is  
no remorse. The gray is gay. The time is  
fine and the joints the joints are walked away.

And pretzels with that local mustard, make  
a special salts sublime. A tolerance  
to passions kept. Oh, sundown. Oh, sundown.

Nor require banner until principals  
with water girls they etch a social line.  
Keep freedom blankly and they cannot tell.

Rex Ruther rather resoundinglyish  
refrains. Say a camping trip a camping  
trip to a place where they are not. Nor speak.

For words are kindled inna way fashion.  
And were it health's path which asks a question,  
such things gestate prematurely. Nor speak.

*diagramming sentences*

4.1

The diagram is categorical.  
Orange is categorical. Verb is  
categorical. What types diagrams.

They were innocently numbered. And the  
others were innocently divided  
into articles and prepositions.

A lingual strain is innocent until  
it calls itself a poem and then a  
categories are to wicked truths.

Flown blown wicked lusty re'lizations.  
Say that diagram is afterform the  
introductions of words. After structure.

The categorical thought of art is  
nearly divided among conceptists  
and other the colorists. Nor remain.

Say this meaning defies category.  
Nor its intent to a structured sentence  
lest such a form arrive naturally.

For the flowers were as material  
as any, regards to whom, what mental  
faculties, arrives thought like idea.

Forgive poem for its incontinence  
and to confess a meaning does arrive  
like importance. She were lovely. Straining.

Address. Respond to [that] category  
likewise 'ku likewise realism likewise  
cubism. Nor it were only [that] color.

Conceptual diagram is a charge  
to early introductions like learning.  
Curriculum. There were stations glossy.

For experience is a matter to  
the poet. Or offense at reducing  
[that] to colors. Say socialism. Lines. Lines.

A common measure to abilities.  
And what satisfied physician is not  
reluctant at the impose of free verse?

It were darkened strain which threatened method.  
A wandering soul be category  
in itself say [that] house's thresh. Order.

#### 4.2

A map  
The map was put away for the trip  
Got out the cheetos and mentioned to the radio  
You are not alone  
The lines  
The fencelines and tree lines and roadlines the jetlines the nearness to participation  
I once traveled a line to its surface and back to its source  
And again to its surface  
There I stayed wrapped in a wool blanket  
Waiting for the next same person to arrive at this point hoping they  
Spell things differently  
For amusement  
And supposing his symbols were cut better than mine I say  
I have a finer path to grow  
The day stopped at a state campsite a designated nature area  
It was different than that little forest near home where  
The naturalists cut rings around the trees' bark so that  
Inna decade [that] would be nearer to prairie  
And if bears find a place near enough to natural  
What better to do than eat cheetos

I will leave them in the car

A map is a doily

A map is an article to rest a drink more securely in the cupholder

And I was lost

As if I could plant a colony smack in any place

A homestead like a seed like they used to do and like

They used to dream of

Until the lines got too dark and persuasive and possessive

Confessions

I would have planted corn inna row

Made the walls parallel to each other

Made the circles as round as I could

I would have mentioned the planes

I would have given the planes a word

One can tell where water travels if one cares enough to consider such [things]

I animate water

Go to places where it pumps itself from the earth

Hold my hands like a bowl and see how long I can hold it

The striders are no bother and I had not washed my hands

It fed a shallow lake

It tasted like it was supposed to taste

4.3

Steal away. A motorcycle for that.

A poem likewise. A numbers drift to  
singletons and self cause. Away or to.

The drifted waters for from a boat and  
shored lines. When it travels [it] cuts into  
bordered lines like wisdom. River's nature.

And [that] to one's own, a metaphor is.

They were clung to water and the others,

earth, the others air. Nature divided.

And to say I live metaphoric'ly  
is to accept the divisions, and for  
ev'ry time a part be elected grace.

Like all instruments dissolve for hardness  
of eternal ways, it were a finest  
moment when [that] did respond. The engine.

And unto roads for they too will be gone  
like the poem is paper is gone as  
the limits of any institution.

And returned to elements, they were air  
re-solved, they were earth, ditched material  
for. Were taken like any are taken.

Faith for paper one hundred years longer  
than I when the other legacies still  
cry o'er my stillness. Put I true to rest.

The stones were gone like letters but that is  
nothing, for a moment is a wind and  
autumn smell. It were just going. Trav'ling.

I did not mind one thousand years forward.  
Nor the local cause to put away an  
excitement. A questions dissolve nor pass.

Revolutions to inner structures from  
[that] machine Like that were metaphor and  
all else wholeness exist upon tandem.

The poem is divided until it  
is completed. There were driven lines and  
gravel lines. Comes an age of innocence.

Let down a paper upon the rest with

no force excepting air. And what comes next,  
ask after if it were here nor there be.

Regard the wind still passes it were to  
memory. [That] is only sentiment  
nor finding a thing. Speculation be.

Writes in cursive country June. The wet air  
and stationed clouds. Nor one road another  
I say of character and other things.

Motor silence the river loud enough  
for philosophy passing. Call that which  
travels poem from one to the other.

But along, it were rest as it happened.  
A poem were always as blankly driv'n  
as a road. A title if I choose I.

#### 4.4

Driving Bette Bounce was a delib'rate  
task. So much damn planning goes into an  
unremark'ble act the likes of cardom.

Though my how she does see things. The birds were  
flocking over the golfers. Seven red  
cars inna row there were. And a daymoon.

I did not mention the roads had no lines  
on this drive. The road I kept to myself  
until it were gravel and she said so.

The license plate game is amusement 'nough  
for curious tongues of entertainment.  
Iowa woo. Rhode Island wow. Main Maine.

Unto mile fifty and a soluble  
company dissolve together. Games pass



to silence like important ways. Plan lunch.

Bette Bounce is a tuna hater, say  
pie is preferred. Nor were it miles which cause  
stop but a fair 'nough amount of moments.

And go again awandering homeward  
asking how Utah never comes up in  
conversation. [That] is a big question.

I love Utah for that. The way it keeps  
itself. Bette never asked me where I  
have been. We never did require such things.

4.5

The sheets cleaned for the guests who called themselves  
weary. Single use toothbrushes sat next  
to the cellophane capped glassware. Shampoo.

They did not notice the items nor lock  
the door at the bed and breakfast. Just got  
their boots off. Planted themselves bed crosswise.

In the morning they met introductions;  
Marmie and Al poured the coffee, Al bent  
over for the dropped croissants and said, 'ohhh'.

Out of the door westbound. Marmie would have  
enjoyed a decent vacation, even  
Al said so. She has many good questions.

Took a banana a navel orange  
and did not look back. Comfort in knowing  
there are stationary folk for these ways.

Met the others at the truck stop. Timed a  
cigarette. Spoke of the given things and  
made a fermenting to the Grand Canyon.

4.6

The engine idylled. The bee flu. Romance  
is a roomer. The book was runed. Darkness  
coaled darkness. The renouned poet's language.

4.7

Drifted toward casinos. The luckiest  
machines were the low givers. People like  
to win. Casinos for the logical.

Pick the strategy early and having  
a strategy to stick with strategy,  
then planted at the side dollar machines.

The coins no longer chinked in the well though  
there were still free drinks. The anthropol'gy  
of gambling's course is naught. What is money?

4.8

And to love something so freely as to  
commit to its peculiars. Language be  
no insistence excepting its cause thus.

It was an earthed bookstore with shelves built by  
poets' hands. She radiance and knowing  
business is numbers like poems. Local.

Gloss upon the area for friendly  
art set aside with tags nor ever sold  
but reflecting reflecting waters do.

And rain to [that] like any place. The sound  
so hard and pushed to lights shiver. I say  
such an occasion is to rest a book.

Likewise the sound of rainbows at open  
doors after. The industrial fan starts  
and white noise put away excepting smell.

So freely to say I build things maintain  
things let things degrade. I have such power.  
Do I not have such power. What is let.

The final one closes a jinglebell  
door. Another poem of creation  
written. Tomorrow is an alphabet.

Blah.

Pointing fingers. Talking with one's eyes. Blah.

Fifty. Fifty. Thirty. Seventy. Two point five. One hundred. Seventeen. Two. Eleven. Three hundred.  
Ninety. Twenty. Caucus. Four. Zip. All. Seventy five. One thousand. Five hundred. Some. Many. Zero.  
Blah.

Rhyme dime time lime. Blah.

The ferry is a super-duper metaphor. Blah.

Thank you come again. Blah.

Best regards eat shit go to hell come again. Blah.

Where are the idyll poems kept? Why? They are next to the nashunal geograffiks. Blah.

4.9

And return. The return button it is  
conveniently situated above  
the right shift key. AKA <enter> key.

<delete> is positioned two rows above  
that. Numbers at the top. And a glob of  
letters in middledom a bit funky up.

A tab. And a shift to [those] characters.  
Software can exponentially increase  
a vocabulary. What poems then?

Resolve a middled limits a keyboard's  
face. Say these poems be exper'mental  
'nough or turn a page to visualism.

Ahh, return. The tab cat sat on the shift mat.  
The man named Capslock escaped deletion.  
Command said control is a question mark.

4.10

Driven through the farms and kows and korns the  
ambling turns and spotted cities that know  
themselves. Things grow here; reach a full height watch.

The motorbikes pushing past slowness and  
window down conversation. Nor it seen  
as measure 'cepting quality be that.

What does confound a doctor the likes of  
social quality. Say go out eating  
a cheeseburger among these whole places.

The general store sold the packed powder  
candies in the shape of bullets and rings  
and whistles. Fuzzy dice. Beans. Penny gum.

Rocket pops sasparilla motor oil  
cheap sunglasses cheap wine chew tobacco;  
swinging bench at the porchfront. Sit and wait.

Noon siren.

Noon siren.

Noon siren.

The river.

4.11

Anxiety creeps in at the global  
threats technology and corporation  
and global warming. All want a comfort.

Get along. Help when you can. Think about  
genealogy. Attend reunions.  
Grow old remembering and passing on.

Early age is difficult to assess.  
A thought that one is mature until a  
tomorrow is proud drunk at a picnic.

Go to church for that. See the eagles and  
mention to them social apologies  
for that road at the nesting site. I am.

What to do about anxiety. There  
are answers. Proper buttons are only  
sometimes solutions. What is a symptom?

And if I were sent on divine errand  
to solve [things], say I keep to these thoughts 'til  
they be 'counted as social reference.

It is darkness or either lib'rating  
when no one does hear. Triumph fairweather  
camping with fences around [it]. Silence.

Nor care nor regard evolution lest  
it spawn a collective instinct. A mind  
of self protection with its own grace art.

Anxiety be word like human'ty.  
And its conditions are cause and too make  
a list to futures if be attended.

Global warming is to March shirtsleeves an  
earlier open water. Ask what of  
species and how I change among other.

And the corporate regards when statism  
went away. A dollar for reference  
is another animal to measure.

Technology is lucky. And too far  
is an animal went away. Insist  
I am no machine. Reluctant. Skeptic.

Nor effort to hold oneself to oneself  
if all be called nature. I say reserve  
such a word for where the trees still are. I.

*regards*

5.1

There were standards established upon the  
first dictionary. And the usages  
like dialect and the concurrences.

Language is a list. And the expression  
of thought were [that], regard the trees inna  
way like concurrences. Social language.

Otherwise thought is left of the head or  
otherwise acts alone. Nor a social  
interpretation if to exist 'lone.

And there were an early recorded grunt  
for [that] satisfaction. Respond the ugh  
to that grunt were second. It were composed.

Establish consent like agreement to  
the consterns of daily life. There were an  
equiv'lent to I and it holds itself.

A social exterior and if one  
thousand years is to pictures another  
thousand to symbols. Who does start records.

Eleven days ago society  
were at its pinnacle. All records were  
properly aligned. Histories aligned.

A question of reference, for say who  
shall interpret that an egg were found a  
bird thus born thus an egg were first coming.

It were always grunts and pulled and pulled 'til  
there were names for all material  
like concept. What is expression. Still grunt.

5.2

Love is great love is super. Ahh grunt. Ugh.  
What memory to clouds when we were there?  
There was a sound for those insects and wind.

And a language less important than a  
listening together excepting when  
there is an importance brought. Ahh language.

Waterbirds late summer among aft'noons.  
When the wind were at zero and each the  
broken waters can be heard. Silence then.

And a stationary cloud lifted to  
peace. The daymoon claims today nor mind the  
daymoon for its presence like I orbit.

A sound as curious as its object.  
Like a ground squirrel called a phantom for  
returning beneath the earth. It is claimed.

Possess [that] for its title as handy  
as any trophy. A greatest language  
is a greatest authority or pride.

Remark the nature of intelligence  
and remark all associations are  
language. Smart is a social reference.

The bee were a number and gliding to  
the flower symbol against the art breeze.  
The rest poem butterfly had not seen.

5.3

Expense and income and finance. Aside  
enough after to stabilize at a



retirement. Uncertainty lurks numbers.

Resolve numbers and tranquil airs return.  
There was an attention to a colors  
before a lurking responsibility.

Nostalgia returns before the prize of  
asserted devotion arrives like the  
swallowing natures now many again.

A sweeping numbers and driftless stagnant  
they go away for the senses creeping  
in as air the water the sounds the sounds.

Rest is herald and the brevity of  
participation then. The path starts as  
forward and outward and noticed the lines.

[Such a thought] is charge to picnics if such  
a faith. Nor how motivation arrives  
if by accident in the first I see.

Some [things] require no telling though inna  
philosophy from [that] desired escape  
from numbers is cause. To river reason.

Wonder at the apologetics of  
not living sim'larly to this ever.  
From this is how a style is forwarded.

Let away trees the manufactured trees.  
There were no ease to saying they be as  
predicted as a numeric balance.

5.4

The demented cause of when a numbers  
fail a spirit. Grab to literal things  
and say they are more than a social whorls.

Evidence to the tricksters the insane.  
There are lessons which escape audit lest  
a poem department form as standard.

And a guise of fun. It were fun insist.  
And how a letters mean several [things]  
regardless their reference. What altar.

It were a starry union that explained  
the miseries the hiers the others.  
It were a starry altar called ocean.

And other [things] wicked lent a social  
sound that I be made small or either great  
among and to madness and peace shall dwell.

The demented resolve and concept kept  
in little stations and boxes. There are  
no numbers here excepting permanence.

There were models for each citizen. There  
was a poem and a coin a letter.  
Then they were seeds like strength and like folly.

What is the same to two separations.  
They were grown on different farms with a  
similar book. Ask. And if say commerce.

Nor numbers do return trust gentle trust.  
Say trust returns numbers the rain and its  
associations like logic restart.

Rain comes again nor ever there was an  
interference to that nor could there be.  
Rain comes again and again on its own.

And having mentioned such things like self to  
smallness among. Nor comment control there

never was to the clouds. [Their] business.

5.5

The sustaining favors of humil'ty.  
An anchor sent resembling clover when  
I sleep there until I was cold and kept.

And who does stay within aesthetics when  
it grows into other philosophies.  
The air were balm enough to love. Again.

Figuring. That were a word and ever  
forced into such things. And what process is  
not figured. I live. Call consid'ration.

There was a turn at having thought. Do spell  
maturity and having learned. And was  
[that] put to sound? Say language is poem.

At grace lines the commands are to rest at  
waterfalls and rainbows. And breath is more  
divine for having waited unlike then.

And to say convince of such a matters,  
but morals are speculation. And say  
quiet requires little more than being.

Grass grew loudly. Certainly. Otherwhere  
a soil torn from itself carried toward  
an ocean as certainly. Creating.

The nested bottoms met few visitors.  
Space to acquaint a local environ  
with itself. Recaptured one another.

A moss and symbiont to the crawling  
reptiles the insects. It were afog in  
the morning until each the birds had slept.

A sky is covered 'neath a canopies.  
A sky is not member to [that] language  
excepting the leaves then sound were as sky.

And heard the rattling sky in afternoon  
when the rain and when the air does push for.  
It were opulent and emerald. From.

5.6

Passing through the philosophies upon  
reentry. There were the outer solo  
clouds with barely language to them. Colors.

And the vagaries of shapeness where there  
are no words. But a bounds are evidence  
like a clusters coming. From blackness sorts.

A fiftieth mile is a figured thought.  
A thin air is corrected to habits.  
There were finer and silker arts through which.

And the apparance of landing outright  
to a grounded zero is a notion  
to explicit ways. What imag'nation.

And a settled folk to realize know  
upward frames. But there were securities,  
the defended securities. Listless.

Hold at fifty for reentry is a  
sloe chamber like anthropology. Know  
a primitivism is without ref'rence.

Ask if I bring myself to other ways.  
Say I cannot otherwise hold away  
from life 'cepting a machined life. And cold.

Passing through the philosophies upon  
reentry. And what it were to have called  
this away; say curiosity I.

The stars were profound like deepness waters.  
I say a poem of [that] requires its  
language. And if, this is but translated.

5.7

Say clouds and after that are indeed worth  
notes. Ask if mention what accounts for what  
their study does to a soul. Come foreign.

The farthest star ever touched is returned  
to my birth. Its sense is partly given  
like interest for friendship and contracts.

And the partness of I like exper'ence.  
What else to hold a ball. What else to have  
succeeded trial. Poem for such [things].

5.8

A loud bang clustered the thoughts into self protection  
And the safest corner is the greatest walls and facing oppositely  
Peace were inna moment and  
A breath  
Outward like family then shelter and ask what is important  
War were another word for peace

What can I do to help  
With just a tattered resume for memory and  
Realize numbers come after [that] acceptable baseline

A medicine

Plan one hundred years after this and  
Then to have rhymed war with peace

Say there are many poets now  
Having rhymed such differences  
A school for that which says bombs are for laboratories  
The cause of bombs is for theater  
And if love be a blur then ask if love were not always a blur

Such philosophies are outright and fascinating for their  
Idealism  
Make institutions around [that]  
Regard such institutions as other than oppression for their  
Intuitive logic  
For who can argue a war be stopped for understanding  
A war be stopped for gentler crimes

And then the last bang was twenty minutes past and  
Look outside oneself  
The straggler lucky straggler never having found a corner  
He will have the greatest story for having lived  
Circumferentially  
That all things in all directions are great and small like chorus  
And for the clouds never having stopped and  
For the breeze always having been felt  
I only slow like intelligence to shelter and know risk for its survival  
And to be satisfied

Say reenter from [that]  
Friend  
And we shall start slowly with answers

5.9

The foliage let spots of sun through  
With the wind  
The sun is too bright to look at

They were convinced there was a war  
Made all the decisions  
Kept extra food in the pantry

War as philosophy is a germ  
Keeps me productive and connected  
Limits a poetry

The logic of balance after assuming war and assuming its philosophy then  
There is a little river to wish a house upon  
A spot where the trees sort the light

It were letting away [that]  
Say self reliance was a book  
Came to town for budgeted nails once the hammers and axes and saws were owned

The hospital had a public relations campaign  
Access  
And the struggles for progress and the struggles for progress

And when the wind is so gentle to say it does not  
Exist  
Their are August leaves near their season's end remark

It does exist the wind it does  
Like breath  
And the cheese is put away for sundown

5.10

A poem followed the others  
Said all the words it could think of  
Argue it were only a poem for its order

And a likeness of aesthetics to a marked x like signature  
Because I have lived  
I already trust such things

Nor speak only alone if there were a panoptic view shared all be art  
Ahh what vision  
God is truly great nor deny

And the tabs of remembrance like experience

This too be art  
As said of all things

A difference to administrative passages and their likeness to  
Curiosity to  
Another way of saying a [thing]

My regards  
It were the skill for my fascination and how he mentioned her lips in paint  
Otherwise unnoticed

And the trees delicately sounded  
Yes I have heard them before like familiar [things]  
I have heard them before

And cult to method like saleable things  
What is not governed but to say  
Were we not establishing language

The capsized boat  
No one was there and it was found the following morning  
Still anchored at a rising sun

And if philosophy were for anyplace museums  
Good comes to mind better than better than  
The temperature was set at sixty-six degrees per the board of directors



*sans serif*

6.1

Without conditions he yawned and he leaned  
backward. It was a warm day the day called  
itself warm in slowness slow interest.

The flowers stopped nor clouds there were. Nor were  
ripples on a lake for concern. And a  
sound of a single insect in a flight.

The cars were Saturday stopped and I hold  
to my own like that. Nor principles when  
an enemy is as silently drawn.

A weather stuck in stillness; ambition  
is stuck in stillness. The mud is near dry  
and the grass is two weeks since cut. Drying.

Think for the rain the air and when patience  
is resolved. Enemies say together  
that this is different. Understanding.

Without conditions he raised an arm to  
test the air. The arm returned to the arm  
rest. Yup. The day was a slow day. Drunken.

6.2

Without shoes he walked through the sand. It was  
a consterned month since he had gone away.  
The waves make a sounds. The water is cold.

Listless and important. Still resolved that  
nature be greater cast than a [set] of  
mislocated problems. Indirection.

The two circles had completed themselves.

The seven lines had exhausted themselves.  
What is complacent and stationary.

Receive a whistling storm, wish a peace were  
rambunct for boredom's cause. He calls such sets  
religion which steals one's own tolls to [that].

A problem forced away for mortal worth.  
Ahh, what gail and darkened skies. Believe in  
[that] like pipers' frame. Oh, to be emptied.

A thousand years beneath a cloud collapse.  
And forget away a passive blues for  
stearner beauties say that were but simple.

I go half as fast and twice as far to.  
Say a pouring down is to endurance  
pace. Until collapse and will be taken.

Faith it shall still force winds then. The poems  
were recorded and will be taken for  
a body's demise. Nor were death referred.

It were always blue and pause returns to.  
Nor far from figuring the demons had.  
Walked through wet sand in socks. Whitewater laps.

6.3

Brings a list to one's interior. The  
elements are hard and social justice  
is hard and interest in what 'scapes that.

A guided thought and one for every  
mentor. Say an 'A' in philosophy  
class were to prove there were no professor.

Sail away to what becomes. And what of  
responsibility for to baseline

and without concern. And care is forward.

Nor return to darker wisdoms. A tent  
is no cave but a lake air does pass through  
like innocence and sounder sleep within.

The birds were inside of morning when the  
coffee started [that]. And found their way in  
to afternoon trees like a yesterday.

There were no inst' tution of poetry  
when it started nor convinced of such whorls.  
Argue the canyons the light she sings she.

Applied force be other than poetry  
like all wars forces. Authority is  
a staged reference for keepers. Away.

Drawn to the littlest waterfall for its  
metaphor. I am only quality  
nor qual'fied and finding lower thresholds.

Like gravity sings. And find myself mixed  
into oceans like all else. And for the  
next cycle and again from a hilltop.

Storm passed beneath the tent. The counterparts  
of sound. Paying an hours for exper'ence.  
Tomorrow is North. I can do two things.

6.4

The energies were consistent like the  
silence after bell. Idle formations  
to stones and moss and to air chime constance.

To the southwest there is a little house  
which responds to maps. And small enough to  
still know itself friendly in careful ways.

The metaphysics of natural grace  
were why they entered. Said space were indeed  
with special limits as any place home.

But a cause to what is generous and  
given. The plots of all stories require  
another chapter. Begins with letters.

The constance of afternoons is fertile  
enough to forget [that]. The stained glass shop  
never held a sale. Always fresh coffee.

And when the anonymous people spoke  
forward, said a thing is good. Nor are we  
transparent to interest. But voices.

It is a document and put away  
beneath old parts and meant for finding at  
retirement. To ask what is a good book.

6.5

A middled life crisis, winded matters  
do not let down because I have been an  
elsewhere. There is a swathe to reconnect.

Ask to have traveled rightly through [this] 'pon.  
Answer for myself for their trust declared  
another path. Mostly indeed. Content.

When a morning stations its thoughts against  
a welfared others, like a germ becomes  
a spirited question, what is away.

Because the wisdoms brought a words and ways  
and they buckled their footwear did other  
things I smile. Ask what it is I create.

And that concern entertained like to a  
higher ways, for some go away to small  
faculties to figure, never return.

They were lucky and secure and were like  
prayer answering over and again  
to them called students why. So figuring.

A faith jump to such a place and rest there  
wholly and committed. There is a still  
graveyard behind the classroom. Still than.

And divorce such places for motorbikes.  
The winded teacher left for mental health  
reasons. Did the right thing. Left ideas.

And when a soul does turn to athletics  
at their fiftieth year, for the mind is  
[that] certain and peaceably retired. Done.

Nor mind be left for middled life crises  
or either the nec'ssary assertions  
for going like wandering commitments.

6.6

Drifts from artists' school to artists' school so  
insisting he were an artist. Always  
wanted a school of his own. Bought paper.

Today's subject, imaginary friends,  
is the introduction of invis'ble  
lines. Know they each have gravity. Spell [that].

And to walk through a line is to take that  
line with you. If one moves around enough  
one can collect all lines. Touch every.

The energy of lines fade as mem'ry

fades. [That] is my fault. Apologies for  
mentioning the degradation of truth.

As if social lines were truth. Only an  
introduction, imaginary friends.  
Then say the potence of linear thought.

Then say a writer connected. Then say  
an artist is connected for having  
traveled in thought. Too the walk'bout artists.

If, a material fascination  
to the transporters nor wonder. But a  
pen be as divine and settle simply.

That were a taste and what a soul desires.  
Argue a common threads and [a] time shall  
override a reminisce. What is new?

Imaginary friends, and when each a  
modern lines become transparent, then the  
universe is a ball nor be within.

Nor Godly states require lines, but to the  
learners, directions, and following [that]  
like schools for futures. All has not become.

Nor the art is finished lest the artist  
suppose such ways. And a passing block like  
problem is figured. Clarity relief.

Every stone is a mark of such lines  
and say a breath is a line nor a less.  
Then a life is. {That] logic. Reduces.

Drop be pass to memory, the stroke is.  
And what marker to the last important  
[thing] when a form is finished. A new line.

Let [them] know legacy. Let [them] insist.  
Nor cling to schools I mind. This is only  
eloquent and will be completed. Hold.

6.7

And when the poets were told to write as  
if someone were listening, it became  
measure to post a poems after death.

Nor difference to [that] from a quiet  
thresholds as if an audience had e'er  
been reason. For purpose oth'wise redeemed.

Why a regards to social systems and  
other systems. A poet's character  
is their own, nor press such lots resistance.

It were a quiet box where no one was  
invited. On occasions it pushed out  
little colored lights at establishments.

An assignment is brought with a passion.  
Man is gone. Left paper like legacy.  
Said one thousand words were the same as one.

Woman is not gone. Box of penises,  
what of such things; now, what of such a things.  
The library had reached capacity.

And all things digital when a readers  
fade to academic. Nor reason then  
to say the isolates shall stop writing.

Give them each rooms like opium; let a  
progress like postmodernism fulfill its  
own self without my attention. Around.

Rural discourse is like any other

discourse. Discourse is all the same. Cats and  
homilies and grass and sex and rivers.

City discourse is like any other  
discourse. Discourse is all the same. Cats and  
homilies and chess and sex and taxis.

If it were the same like one word for an  
[other], I am anywhere excepting  
alone. And then I am roomed and poet.

Poet convinced of the importance of  
words. And when they cry social things; still a  
formation is roomed and quiet. Listen.

Appeal to me at receiving hours; for  
the bother of social incontinence  
is cloud to thought I go away nor I.

It were the third quarter of every  
insight which held public interest. And  
that is given like contract. Allowance.

She chose to stay home, start writing poems.  
Let the [others] figure. I too shall drink  
whiskey this day until cleansed of a words.

Agree a misdirection is still a  
direction, better than purities of  
theory 'lone. To think is not to write.

6.8

The roads travel north in parallel lines.  
Remnants of the originals winding  
'cross geographies before efficiency.

A thoughts drift at the fields. This one ends and  
resembling the last, continue on with



the birds knowing no lines. This is pavement.

Then drawn in and with pen instrument, a  
fitted shoes, the favorite. Concede I  
never shall fly but do create a paths.

Old grow weary at [the introductions  
of new paths]. Start holding institutions  
until favors collected. Then still hold.

Like age were author'ty and a given  
paved lines shall be 'nough mention to starry  
quests wanting more. Slowness stall like relief.

And to be torn for technologies and  
[that which is without technology]. What  
is allow'ble if an ethics draws lines?

It were convenience to select motor.  
Say that were enough, start a smithshop 'til  
the others force the next great idea.

The parallel lines might be removed for  
flight, and the combusted engines gone 'way  
for sound. Ah what last. And wetlands nor go.

Generations return to one 'nother  
for circumstance. What is possible what  
youth will not inquire until a balance.

And when an earth shall rest and when a God  
is returned to its start. A humbled lines  
through the grass and wait again for the next.

6.9

Aging among the omnivores. Beware  
the enlightened for they eat anything.  
I wait until they are full. Come about.

Ask of the carnivores if people are  
animals. I say with a slight grin that,  
had we been camping on an island and...

I am certainly not a plant. Rooted  
perhaps, though a herbivore will know my  
difference. I walk around in circles.

Aging in any sense 'mong the eaters  
is a lesson in profiling. Nor go  
to hungry cannibals without a names.

Self pres'vation, ask what it is I eat.  
The cows shall run to corners, make poems.  
And I have tried whale. And have tried ostrich.

Warn [you] creature for I am sal'vating.  
A ministry of books makes one hungry  
when arriving at a senses. Yum. Yum.

And to say a one is their diet. And  
to say a dreams be strength and flight and an  
intelligence. I eat ape bird tortoise.

That were menu for futures. Say finer  
delicacy for love it be a dove,  
lightly grilled. Nor mention to her I say.

Then be a hunter nor fear excepting  
hunger. If decision to hunt or be  
hunted ask of animal metaphors.

A civil mention to say transcendence  
has no lines nor ask of food origins  
then. And of corporate competition?

Nor corporate competition be a  
thing to the righteous without a bellies.

Attention to a sun, powers of [that].

Regard [their] growth as inhibited, and  
what is a secret then. A blankness stare  
at the living and too skinny for meal.

The fractals come 'round, say the collectors  
are collected, the eaters are eaten,  
the takers are taken. I am still I.

Balance is curious like sin too be  
curious. Know sex and food littly [then]  
for asceticism wander 'mong engines.

Wander among the berries are ready,  
leaves for sight 'tis August be now any  
day I say change was started patiently.

6.10

Indifference toward those religions.  
Perhaps there were not one that answered a  
particular question. Or satisfied.

The air was enough, the stars were enough  
to avoid a love situated 'mong  
words and stories like hist'ry if it were.

There are social spells, ask an elder to  
marry us among the watercamps nor  
question the divinities if said be.

Lesson enough the paganists without  
social record. That were monogamy  
and reference to the other sorts. I.

Say a star were that like culture, and to  
have felt otherwise away. I take the  
trees to the give-away idols. Assort.

A following lesson for the [others]  
and without wives and them without lovers.  
Comfort in one God like calling. A home.

Home be near and passed at local ages.  
A manic sight to know a traveling  
band with letters now for a grass is cut.

We mow our lawn and circle neighborhoods  
on bicycles. This is civil nor death  
be other than age and tired and thoughtful.

Comment 'pon [them] still living riverside  
with half-lives for time nor square hospitals.  
Ah what cause be nature. I know nature.

Nature is everything. A machine  
is nature. People are nature. Tools are  
nature. The stars, nature. I know nature.

Nature is everything. A bud is  
nature and autumn grass. The river sounds  
and watching fox. Nature is thus reserved.

And say while [that] be, I be [other] thus.  
And reserved unto [oneself] as [other]  
like self determination. And among.

Wonder at origins as paganists  
like a green I have been. And were it 'nough  
for futures nor invent then. And rested.

And a books do start like speculation  
starts. Ahh what cause philosophy like thought,  
and discrimination like difference.

And what kinds to pleasure when the tabs of  
remembrance are ordered. Aesthetics is

a word like art called art thus classified.

Cause resistance to the forms when joy is  
thus dissolved. Return to primal order  
for its joys and without medicine. Rest.

And to die without a concept for time  
like season [is] without I. What does not  
come 'gain 'cepting the weary the sorted.

Nor wonder why I dance to a drums. Nor  
wonder at poems lost poems. Language  
is tomorrow distant and traveled where.

*ink*

7.1

Dark goo

Restless oceans like ink blown from the west

Organic swells and multiplies

A coastal waters are near enough to grace to say

Things are expected

A peoples turn to what is provided

The little shops support such things when the readied halves go to the other

Counted into pairs

And when the night and when the air

The seasons come and frame that which resists frames

Turns one to boatbuilding

And the most talented stories are the storms the storms

Dark goo

Comes like first thought oil as if

Restless ocean

[Shall not] produce another species

Another rule suspends itself

Assume inna month it comes to shore

Makes itself famous

Scientists come and make categories and words and the poets come

To new things the poets come like scientists speaking experience

Let them catalog

And when it were no danger then

The birds stop diving into

The fish have been naturally selected to know better

There was the myth of old man Harbor's trip out to the islands

Talked of the dead fish and the oil  
Back before the barges started  
Said it was a sign  
'But you can float right over signs don't you know'  
No one ever talked about it again

Makes a curious soul wonder about older cycles

Every good town needs a mystery

7.2

She wore a beautiful blank stare

Ahh what clouds

Like a question

Counted to ten by twos and smiled for not knowing a better thing to do

7.3

The shelved books  
The libraries changed themselves when information was finished  
Still went there because  
Time and silence had not been completed yet  
I say there still are curious things  
Just need a moment to gather myself  
Head in the right direction  
Something about electricity today  
The mouse and the motorcycle  
The mouse and the electric motorcycle

7.4

Visiting a theater. The panels were citylike.  
Enough to lose oneself for voices.  
The cardboard automobiles the lights.

The dialogue was a man smoking a cigarette.

The monologue.

Said what every audience requires and starts the thought written in poems because

A poem is only partially certain like

The first time [it] comes to mind

There used to be a grocer on the corner.

An audience is not required to do anything.

Might even sleep.

The burden of attention is upon a performers.

And when the laundry fell from the light booth as if from the sky as if

A domestic disturbance

It was theater to say he did not stop talking

The city lights were changed to yellow in 2001.

A good history is from one who saw it happen.

Reliable history is that.

The music closes the curtains while he kicks the mailbox solid.

An alternative to bad theater is producing bad theater.

Scene 1, Act 1

Lotus?

This is she.

It has been a week since we met at the library and and...

Yes, yes...

Thank you for recommending the book on abbreviations. I found it insightful.

Yes.

[Curtains close]



Scene 1, Act 2

Lotus?

This is she.

I wonder...

Yes?

Would you help me frame a picture on Saturday?

Oh, Harry, I never thought you would ask.

[Curtains close]

Scene 2, Act 1

Come in, Come in

I brought baclava

mmm baclava

[kiss, kiss, kiss]

[Curtains close]

7.5

On the importance of holding ones laughter when one is amused at themselves:

Philosophy is important.

Philosophy is so important that it turns to poetry when the other poets forget philosophy may be of that set.

The grass is September brown.

I could write about [that] until life proves a thought.

Convince me I need to know that people are of a variety of stages.

Ask who leads.

Return.

The grass is September brown and will be all day.  
The motorcars on the access road.  
The motorbikes.  
And there was a horse.  
Things change a little bit like method but I still say the occasional 1800's baffle a self important city.  
And if there were [brackets] around a nature or [brackets] around a city, a divided mind is reconciled in recognizing the irreconcilables.  
The people started wearing coats.  
Took them off between the hours of ten am and three p.m..  
Sat on them at the park.  
A city is a colorful place. People bring colors to cities.  
I could have been in either place when I figured that we were near to knowing things now.  
The agents of change were resting having assumed enough numbers for a long while.  
The grass is September brown.  
As brown as a decade ago but I can see a water tower I had not remembered.  
It was there.  
It was there.

7.6

The agents were loud tonight  
They ate loud and talked loud  
Drank tequila loudly and slept loudly

I followed the one into the kitchen  
Watched him turn a late night pancake and eggs into another meal  
I told him he was younger than the other agents  
More spirited

I did not mention my affiliation  
That I had some relationship with the Sons of the American Revolution  
They shook hands with me once  
And that poetry club at the used bookstore I believed had as much inside information as he had  
Told me the right catalogs

I said try putting chocolate chips in the pancakes after you put the batter in the pan

I have a mission for you

Try putting chocolate chips in the batter

The wife came in and sat at the kitchen nook

She was not an official wife but

The kind that you spend long enough with and consider yourself committed

She was a good wife

Said eighty percent of married men cheat on their wives

I asked what percentage of unmarried men cheat on their wives and

She did not know how to answer that

I did not either

Wives are good for not answering when they do not know an answer

Husbands may be too

Depends on the contract

The agents gathered around the piano

No one could play

Conversation is limited when a host is not a member of the invitees

They got me drunk

7.7

And the pilots settled into individual routines

And if a teacher were an individualist or collectivist ask

What is the nature of leadership

He had not built his own plane like some did

But flew high enough to see the stars at daylight in that given aircraft

Curriculum was their borrowed craft

It had been twenty recorded generations when

The libraries were at social capacity and

The test teachers were still inventing because

That is what test teachers do

Raising good kids and still mentioning what is good and

Changing their minds

When discovery is at capacity like satisfaction

They settle into older ways with fires and horses

Let the schools go unpainted  
Because schools were really just a way to let the rest catch up and  
When they do  
Schools are obsolete  
They start flying airplanes and gathering in places without names

7.8

The hometown started taking pictures of tourists  
Sent them a copy to the place listed with motor vehicle registration  
Said one hundred dollars please  
After they had already eaten at that great little Italian spot which had no connection to  
The lesser thoughts of cataloging tourists

I ate there plainly  
The usual spaghetti and salad  
Felt like going to something old and architectural after

A museum is not the same as an old place with a function which is still alive  
A church is such a place  
With original function intact  
Unlike the old furniture from Andy Warhol's living room existing as spectacle  
And the restored stain glass  
Backlit in that gallery  
Remarkable I say and still do go  
And say that could be more awesome if it were still attached to function

The good letters were novelty enough  
Explained love from one heart to another  
Occasionally mentioned the clouds  
They were written longhand and someone a few years ago scanned them all  
So when they dissolve  
A digital records will prove at least another thousand years until the next great  
Information conversion  
Even on a scanned copy you can see the letters pushing into the next and  
You can see personality  
But they were not mine but measure to  
A lovely legacy so divine it is  
Called for museum idolatry every decade cycled for a three month stint

The rest of the time it is fixed  
Number 025.341.712.419  
Time is reverence given the right idea

7.9

I was in a brown Buick station wagon with my mother when I heard that  
Elvis passed away  
Visited Graceland twenty-two years later  
Learned about Sun Sounds after that

I try not to compare my own efforts my own nonevents with  
Obvious legacies  
I find the closer heroes are more human and more reachable  
The common struggles are relevant to one setting sights and  
To one looking for a proper path like method  
The firemen and the teachers  
Ahh resolve greatness in communal leadership  
Thus dispel the winds of change  
The university corporation says now that universal knowledge is obsolete

I was in school the day Ronald Reagan was shot  
I had a paper route and called the circulation desk when I got home to see if it were  
True  
They said yes  
Home sick when the Space Shuttle Challenger exploded  
With a teacher's hopes  
Watched it live  
What?!  
Twenty something years later they sent up the educator astronaut  
I agree that philosophy is inherent in any curriculum  
A teacher in space was not really an astronaut but now they  
Change batteries and lightbulbs and other important stuff too  
Ronald Reagan was a pragmatic unionist  
Otherwise called diet idealist

Ask why I do what I do  
I may have had an answer before I exhausted myself upon other ways  
I claim most of myself for myself

*proof*

8.1

I hide my idylls in simple places  
like words. They are there. One thing is not one  
other. I hide my idylls quietly.

There were questions like why so many clouds  
in that poem. Say one poem is not  
another; nor blade of grass another.

The institution the lake and each the  
people of a lake. Are there not people  
of another lake with similar fish?

But they were not there when I road the blue  
cruiser atop full speed down the boat ramp.  
Pulled it out with seaweed. Did it again.

One thing is not another. Nor a mind  
for that which cannot receive these idylls.  
Do I not step delicately around?

And there were a trail I say gracefully  
caused like every other step. A line  
nor bones to who does follow. I am I.

I will tell you in chalk that there is a  
hidden art under that anonymous  
piece of art someone else left like vagrant.

I say it is not cancer but cause to  
return for having been pushed away for  
saying one place knows something other than.

They were geniuses like I. Are we not  
likened in theory. One thing is not  
another agree like context agrees.

8.2

Eating for nutrition. And when they were  
dedicated to the art of what goes  
into body it started tasting good.

Nor reference communion and table  
shared and what comes with that. Though say it were  
personal as profound. What a body.

And the grown tomato is different  
than the purchased one. Though gifted from a  
neighbor's garden and better for being.

Say a food comes from cans, question if a  
beans were planted. And if [that] were food a  
question of philosophy. Food be I.

And water for rolling from filtering  
sand and soil. A man put a pipe in some  
twenty years ago to guide its path. Spring.

Beer was made from [that] and bread from [beer] and  
sandwiches from [bread]. [Lunch] and a glass of  
water. Yes there was a [philosophy].

For from an earth say prayer were mentioned  
in ev'ry bite. Nor I am reluctant  
in finding edible [things]. But hungry.

8.3

Failing modernity. And with each the  
intentions of autocars and the ways  
they are connected. They were all highways.

But I am fewly connected and use  
a spaces otherwise like a passing

sentences. And there were clouds in each place.

For that I am anywhere home. And make  
little lunches of local fruits and meat.  
Drink their home intentions like beer and thanks.

I brought word of the east for change. For to  
head to a setting light until the road  
does end. Put up a tent. Thereabout rest.

And when I am fixed and natural, pack  
away a fine settlements and leave for  
invisibility. And what structure.

They each grow a beards, the ones who said the  
important things like wives do tell. And with  
houses in important places. The clouds.

Nor divisions when night does fall. The war  
will be tomorrow but for dinner stopped  
and after that like respect. Settlements.

I will be soon wise enough to start a  
facial hair I insist. There is just an  
other place. There is just another place.

Where the clouds do stall like when a records  
do become history. That is given  
and now beautiful she were. Every.

8.4

Old lands stay quietly and the passing  
genii to have made spells from earth and  
beauty let it back 'gain in my absence.

Ask if a forest were riddled had I  
not been there. Say spec'lation nor certain  
ways to its ness in any form. A faith.



Grandest beauty that an irreducible  
spectacle is a mindly spot and shall  
continue kein my concern. Nor governed.

Ahh what is free like a land I cannot  
control; and the spaces which decide me  
animal, remember me animal.

Grace for saying divinity gently  
'pon an airy nap. Say those are stations  
and finer than control, to now believe.

Old lands nor older than what rests beneath  
a city. It were its timelessness nor  
were it cultivated for stones were there.

8.5

Electricity is as profound as  
what it is connected to; and proven  
for stripping paint and moving wheels. Watches.

If an internal combustion engine  
is as fine for its own parts. Riding were  
as much of the sound like [that] tradition.

Were it true there were no gas again, like  
push to the next utility for work  
inclines itself. This age is hereby fresh.

And the BSA rested and intact,  
change asks if conversion were to [that] old  
grace or to stop for modernism. Stay home.

Logic which mentioned a correlation,  
and if higher petrol cost be a sign  
of limits, what regards to dependence?

Nor ask a prided Harley Davidson  
owner thought to quiet cycles. Value  
is sev'ral: traveling and tinkering.

And that is categorical, and a  
vintage mind to one hundred good years giv'n.  
And say corn is not exhausted. Making.

Fatalism to say a fuel exhausted.  
Respond truth is without contest lest it  
be other than [that]. What cause to [that] thought.

And Exxon like source, it were in today's  
paper. And ref'rence a pump. An efforts  
at green are introduced, one way convinced.

Electricity were a regard like  
exchange, and the alternatives. Ask of  
finite systems questions like ecol'gy.

Nor argued when it were to toasters and  
starters and lightbulbs. Though I did begin  
otherwise in other ways fasc'nated.

8.6

A causal shape to the errands when from  
the first I say, enough. And then live as  
rightly and importantly as divine.

When the mind be scattered to a thousand  
great mentors, ask where they come together  
speaking as one. It were social program.

And heightness to what does lift. The tall lakes.  
The tall caverns and lares. The tall creatures  
for quietly rememb'ring I return.

And upon such falls, to be among a

greater things and humbled like certainty,  
who is a professor and speaks as such?

For to say knowledge is rest to action.  
To know greatness is nothing. Nothing. If  
but to say greatness. Greatness. [That] other.

Ask who pushes upon customs with an  
intentions just for pushing 'pon customs?  
Say meg'lomania. But passions, ahh.

Nor when the errands do exhaust themselves,  
say why. He was but old and in the end  
tenderly committed. For a body.

A terminal lesson to elderism,  
that a body be the final province  
of curriculum. And how to live like.

Against the wind and against the flowers  
and against the rain against the seasons  
and against the spells and against the air.

Against the lives like trees and moss and the  
walking and flying sources. Against a  
regret against patience and impatience.

8.7

It was a hydra. A single body  
conjoined to two thoughts. One thought ambient  
and the other adventurous. What I.

And if to name it singly as Gus or  
Constantine, or to name it divided  
as Gus and Constantine. What work be done.

And to suggest demons for its diff'rence,  
nor I be of a two-headed body,

such a thought is to my smallness I stay.

And call them brothers for their attachment  
to a penis. Nor the hydra be 'lone  
if it be doubly recognized. I do.

Or last life as lovers so connected.  
Say the next will be in the sharing of  
the soul of humors walking together.

And [that] were beautiful enough for a  
contentment. Then live alone for discern  
or either as hero heros and seen.

And what social difference to know ones'  
own otherness of space. Say a one or  
two as they regard their own. And so love.

8.8

Just another limits  
And when they were earlier sequestered they knew their limits  
Such things are certain  
And refusing such a heaven is  
A personal assumption of responsibility  
It were only other limits now

And so inclined to freedom insisted  
And a social tethers removed  
What cause then to the only way known the likes of againstness  
And force against oneself for force were that which contained  
Force  
Now I

The mountains were like the ocean  
And so beautiful so beautiful for their outer bounds and never climbed  
Another nation hired heroes  
Made them small enough to climb  
So say freedom like demonstration

And the stories  
When he got old  
Told of the time he carried twice the weight of the named one

And to have reserved oneself against [them] saying possibilities  
Gone along and said and said  
And asked why do I believe the way I do  
It is because of my parents religion  
The mountains just rested then and it was easy to start such a thought and  
Follow it unto its completion like satisfaction  
And say the mountains still rest nor regard grievance in any  
Form  
Including its own conquer  
[That] is humble or either generous or either without thought  
And that is only an explanation  
[Say a prayer]

Force is darkness  
Like all authority is violence force is darkness  
No one has ever forced me  
And to be thus unforced  
Ask what qualification to call freedom freedom  
And nod to logic when they say  
Freedom is only a word risen at a sighted limits and if  
Freedom were conditioned by sacrifice indeed  
And insist one's own lessons come early enough to be satisfied with  
A mostly free maturity  
Then freedom like a whisper and just a mention  
Lest I give up all words

Just another limits and to have learned like  
Learning does to itself  
That a constance of entering limits is a defeat to character eventually  
And what strength is required as if  
A questioning soul would not establish a logical balance  
I mention there is no balance to logic  
And otherwise say such a  
[Words]  
Stay for they may be needed upon the next confusion

