

f r e i g h t t r a i n

P r i t y L i g h t s

G R E G O R Y M A R K E E

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P r i t y L i g h t s



MADISON

FAIR RAIN

Judge an invitation to judge
sacred rain
and cold for autumn mixed with snow
the season's squash
the early sun the night held by clouds
the debris of becoming is patience all things
sort themselves [do they not sort themselves]

It is not my place to comment on her lipstick
beauty is many forms and becoming and
I bend to wait for the next and the next

Gone to get the mail
in gear
was a typewriter waiting among computers
a backspace for being an x-out for correction
weight is not wait nor spellcheck
yes
I am linear and the rain is a mist a cool mist
letting down like
truth

It is fair to say language at memory
when the sky was stars
I did not think of my body then
justice is what I require there is no sociology to justice
but a food bank
served noodle soup with no meat was a warm spot
I cannot say but winter is near with quieted lips
I would move to Florida
call things by names I invent
say rain differently [say rain differently]

FAIR DEATH

Fair death is no reference to compassion
really
but a moment all is let away all is received and without words
speculation is afterlife among the living [and who is convinced]
was time a
fair death
upon the aged and becoming having lived and having remembered life
lay still

There is no cause to justice say the wind is correct [correct]
say the ocean say the night sky
is correct

Time is reference having been I am old old enough to know
discontent is having traveled with a fire in one's intentions
no
mine was a season like a question I already know the answer to
and legacy
is a pause before they know direction is a traveled path

The human condition is fragile is it not
the human condition is temporal
sat in a chair on the patio to a final sunrise turned his head
and took a moment for his self
done
and memory is gone speculation memory is gone

And from an exterior
the coroner after the news
the obituary the news a life well passed done for having lived
[absence is loss] [is a matter for the living]
[loss is a name]

Was
 a black shadowed countenance spoke of
 the challenges facing America
 candle light and prime rib and slavery
 it goes further back than that
 nor am I perfect to think of race relations when
 I am introduced
 when the Poles are proud when the Germans are proud
 when the Chinese
 when the proud Native Americans when the Ethiopians
 I am sorry
 I am not familiar with your history
 mine is several places American and yet figuring itself
 was
 a groundswell of being when that president
 confirmed the limits of America
 presently
 candle light and Missouri bourbon OK
 the screen door on the restaurant into
 the November air
 I too am watched and wondered at becoming
 don't try too hard
 I don't remember if I said that aloud or not
 put the wallet back in my jeans said good night and
 climbed into my foreign car
 I was carrying water like memory
 holding something I could not let go
 it is just
 your history is so much more interesting than mine
 no
 I am not a solipsist indeed I care about
 the temperament of time and competition

From aboard all
 the front pulls pulls the forward steel pulls a tracks
 diesel
 one city is one city through the horn and city speed
 one hundred and ten cars westbound
 coal car coal car container container graffiti
 was a hobo a traveler with a bag
 atop the ladder autumn is yet for traveling
 [the sunset]
 engine engine engine engine
 is a clack a clack about direction and halfway
 is a stop a scheduled rest
 the depot lit in yellow lights midnight clear air a breath
 never did the engines stop
 nor the conductors but ready again freight train
 heavy load onward and slow to speed
 again
 [they will be waiting] [there are expectations]
 had a train setup as an adolescent
 consumed a spare room everything to scale
 built a mountain with a mountain goat a ski lift
 built a volcano with a tunnel
 a bridge over a river
 a bridge over a river up the side of a canyon push on pull on
 industrial power is a lever advance
 and a summit crest down down control
 the valley
 destination is a graded pull to where one is sent
 control to a stop wait
 was a hobo now invisible like experience
 eastbound now like adventure
 again

Held a fishing pole
the universe for bait I promise
in a slovenly bearded language
pickled herring from a net
and beer
ask me a question I will respond truthfully
[truthfully]
just five feet tall about two and a half meters internationally
one question is another question and another
said authority more than my own
tomorrow I will tell you about war
and after that
love
in that order
the leaves were down about now and
the cars passed with intentions gone about direction
had several disfigured warts and
mangled hair
yes
I was the fish but prophecy is prophecy
I realized educational theory among the dead and dying when
reason is furnished good enough for my own
the universe for bait I promise
is a pressure valve to the living
I cannot disagree the stars are still beauty
if dressed appropriately I could watch the sky all night
the troll
kept a bird under his hat
knew when to let it go
knew when to prescribe medical marijuana and say
reluctance is asking another about faith when
I have not properly divided myself

O harbor the downed and the lent
see sunrise for not having slept
and turn west where it is I travel there are
lakes upon mountains with fish
O see what it is they hide [return]
[inventing names and choreograph inventing dance]
the baker is a see-er
and the governor a see-er I have no words for you
contentment is a thought
O cause the ministry of cause
Wednesday has just begun and there is so much to apportion
nor ever the accountant but there is so much to give
[so much to account for]
nor I have love for you when all is love
O the boundaries of a poem I have not located
was a man who never addressed a weapon
watched the early autumn snow
from the Aspens without leaves like breath
one and more things happen all at once
O simplicity but you are not so simple
but my arrested sense
I do not doubt winter nor the stag
I do not doubt winter nor the wolf
[I am early]
O courage o time when have I seen enough
[question]
I remember the docile ways of being in a city
honor is near to fuel [again to write a poem] [of that]
O shortness and what legacy I tote
the surrounds of a captured nature manicured a park
why one's secession is a score to their character is
not a question but rather an answer

I am middle aged
 began a child counting up and up
 and having hurdled middle age I
 find a reversal to thought like retrospection
 near enough winter to say winter
 I will love once more in my lifetime
 active love like the subtleties of affection
 but
 it is twenty years yet to locate myself upon the timeline of being
 afore I am properly guided
 and were it to some I am old I am aged
 but the others were geriatric and wondering
 how
 you see
 I know something they do not
 when I am ninety I will have nothing to say
 because
 I will be certain for having written a good poem like an answer
 knowing death is common is natural
 I contain the parameters of life for having studied life
 the falseness of language
 [do I not know silence]
 was fifty years backward
 promised fifty four tick tock
 math is to love is what time is to isolation
 [do we not go through this together]
 [do we not agree to be buried next to each other] [did I not promise]
 fifty is half enough to start figuring
 the day is more colorful than yesterday with cornbread
 with honey
 the difference between loving a person and loving a thing is answerability
 I am middle aged

It is impossible to be one's reverse
 traveling into a mirror is a deeper reflection
 I am no longer I
 [one cannot rid themself of themself]
 flesh is a position a qualified position but this thought
 is everything it has contact with
 there is no reversal to memory there is no reversal to time
 I love
 [I have never been in love]
 the qualifications of being are a conditioned instant
 the opposite of which is either physically positional or a qualified mental position
 was a mirror
 parted its hair on the left and I the right
 was a mirror for philosophy a mirror for man
 said a republican is no reverse to a democrat
 said a capitalism is no reverse to a communism
 I am old and learning
 was a child young and resisting
 it is impossible to be one's reverse
 but the woman to the man
 no
 [complimentary] complimentary were one to only acknowledge a bodily physics
 [what it is you think] are we not conditioned to be complimentary
 [what is interest]
 but the dog to the cat the consideration of interspecies relationship
 I cannot know what my opposite is
 I cannot be my opposite
 [or I will go to hell]
 [hell will absorb me] [disagree]
 no
 it is impossible to be one's reverse
 for if there were a thought do I not contain it [question]

I KNOW CRAZY

I know crazy
was the fractal sun the sound of the moon
the rose
crept up on my leg
the acid milk the bovine treacheries the farm
nor the socialized corn is innocent like the woods not the forest but the woods
I go I have been
I am not afraid to get out
were the clouds a calling were the rain an invitation
was her spell
I know crazy
for absence I know crazy the giant vagina in my dream
with the hairs
was no welcome but room temperature and swallowing
swallowing like a venus fly trap I know
crazy
to send such a dream like mastery and affiliation
the pitted force of gender to gender
but a stack
of books [anything can be validated] pick one but only one
sit by the fire and turn on that drum music
soon the impossible will begin
a star will be started
called a name like circumstance [Circumstance I]
just
leave it to a relative to set me straight
align me with my own history my own aptitudes
[the governing force of color] blue I wake to blue
do you not see me coming and singing a presidential song
I am early for the light the twilight [nor am I sure it was you]
the clouds bent before me and
carried me in numbers southern numbers

PSYCHEDALIA

The street lights keep changing nothing is familiar
I have no control nor recollection of control
the talking animals the hilarity of talking animals
and were life a movie a good movie [then]
I lay upon the brown grass before the end [of November] wishing upon a cloud
the strong tea
is an aphrodisiac the sperm
swells
all of the friendly spiders are curled legs drawn into mortality
[no] it is not your attention I seek [said the beggar] [with the chapbook]
at home
everything is accomplished [the shadows move]
stained glass is a constant the organ was never started
every whorl is a question nutrition one does not require but
the fevers tend one to pacifism to release
to looking elsewhere I imagine
the man on the street different than the woman on the street
justice is a seven letter word that is all there is no meaning to justice
this time the desk is yellow
full and swollen and with ideas like a poem like a poem
you have
a finite space to say infinity
was a catalyst a cattleist said the reformation is a bunch of independents watching colors
but I forget how quickly
the dragonfly lamp is really the monitor
o peace do dazzle me is my call is it not
I am afraid said nature because
I have no control nor recollection of control
no the walls have not bled yet just turned an enamorable pink
the unknown is after the oak threshold [said marriage]
I too change like distance changes I adapt
just leary of the affects of transformation [nor am I an animal]

Lightning
 began a wildfire
 [exodus]
 I understand reason [why they do not return]
 [it will be many years] [many]
 [before they can forgive nature]
 but the smoke
 stopped and the sky returned wondering again
 nor the birds and
 when the rain does wash away the soot the darkness
 the familiar cause
 of life
 is an answer is a seed is an idea
 [the roots were never gone] [the words were never gone]
 every word is recorded in the word bank
 [lightning]
 [the stacks] [the stacks upon stacks]
 reconciliation is sleep
 is when they begin
 the monitors adopt principles [principles]
 the monitors deliberate
 [exodus] exodus for silence the volume
 pushed the birds away another distance
 the bears
 underground is change above the earth is change
 a responding middle the mammal
 the reptile
 natural selection was never called a nation [outward]
 the camp in the park
 where the city used to be many years ago [Main Street]
 why it is I try [why it is I know]
 were there a word say manifest fate

For isolation
 was a winded sundown for sight lasted a spell
 pink and purple to a starlit black
 [the moon] the moon behind
 a shuffled steps a stone the ambiance November is a stone
 there is no necessary language if to be
 the drive
 communion
 for isolation
 was a tucked clock a poem the inventions of poem
 and if
 the shelves are properly sorted it will never have to be done again
 was a beer for light for altered state
 all night
 the birds are gone the trees are done the maple syrup is on sale
 was a hilltop cross said I was not the first
 was a packed trail said I was not the first
 [the rice gatherers] [now]
 to admire those who suffer the land [do not just call it beauty]
 I have a thousand words for you and we have never spoken
 the deciduous trees are done
 I have been warned [the boots]
 it is easy to know right from wrong when nature is so explicit
 for isolation
 to realize that other [voice] is my own like conscience is my own
 communion
 is company were God a soul [then]
 you are not my own I do not possess that which is independent ultimately
 insufferable
 asking proper questions like wonder
 my attention is beauty like the familiar [I only know the sky]
 [the humbling sky] like nature

Let

but they want my station they want to sign my own words

I put them in a jar and seal it with wax

[slur]

there was no promise of prosperity just the pilfering

pterodactyls

They gathered for lunch of duck meat and mead

slowly each agreed to each of a proper vocabulary

there were twenty women present

and all of the dogs

it was a glorious day for answers it was a glorious day

to start a conversation

Let

the exterior of a circle without windows is a one hundred and eighty degree walk

again

the pension may or may not be enough

do they still use numbers I read of a constitutional convention

[about the bible]

I cannot manage dissent

power is the surface of power

the autocrat invented herself like authority assumes itself

is it not time for harvest [yet]

no

I have never prayed to the moon but for attention

The possibilities of science do I not forget science

replace it with a word for awe

compatible with affection compatible with love

The visual a whorl of colors of information like answers

one cannot turn from the truth without some satisfaction for knowing the truth

and when it is proven false like a lie

say there is a flaw in questions because the infallible is

infallible

like rape is something different when it is associated with authority

who does not want a perfect life settled in certainty and sense

but call it life in any form with each of its flaws

is a question of what does follow death but speculation

even stars die one day there will be a dead dark universe collapsing on itself

but for love

but for the models of affection showing

beauty is not [just] of the senses

was a sound I walked into just loud enough and speaking a language

I understand

[the sun is not dead yet] [the sun created this]

and I traveled one word to the next like a sentence like a poem

I am nearly old enough to disagree I am nearly old enough to find fault [I am forty seven]

was her figure swathed in cotton [it is too cold for cotton]

there was frost on the ground this morning and the forest echoes

for absence of leaves [winter is soon enough to wear wool]

and what I say of peace is memory when there were no contracts

nor need for contracts

the restrictions of a body I watch [them] [answering]

the fractal pond out of the window

the fractal sky from the courtyard

the painted moon traveling across the sky a fractal a fractal

was all one big fractal [is]

clarity is the sound of a drum it never did stop answering [thank you for that]

the pipe the pipe is a song from the top of a roof [those are electric busses]

no

I left my watch on the dresser it will be morning soon [soon]

THE SPECTACLE THE CLOUD

Was a knight the pointed blade the book
said the imaginary is no testament to order
but false
kindly say

language at spectacle is an ekphrasm is a poem
was from a conjured creator can there be such a [thing]
the modern breast is a poem
and distinguished from love itself but not making love
as if there were some degree of difference

I hold the cloud in my hands I make something of this cloud
was once a dragon for boredom I cannot carry
a poem of a dragon when I have no interest
the light broke through this time
for wine enough and reconsideration a horse yes a horse
with prominent features
was a knight
alone
the book [that type of night] in leather I put
traveling o the rest is mine
the spectacle the cloud I am cause looking away
[holding demons for spells] [holding the uncivilized]
was a place with rivers and hills but no mountains actual
carrying the truth masquerading as news
competition is fierce is sensational
time is upon the rested to wait for information
[the sun beat down] [and so the story] [walked his horse]
and I another wine another cheese
the urgency of chivalry is mentioned in [this book]
it happens that he let down his propaganda for her
[in cotton] [and wondering]
it happens he let down his appearance for her
like a question

I PLAY THE CAMERA

Was a sound
midnight the low cloud the street lamp echo
through the newly barren trees for autumn
was a hollow car passing was a sound
and through the night for memory again and again until
a breaking light subtle starts the day before the purples the pinks
is a coffee was a smell the wafting steam
[enterprise]
[all to their stations] [ready]
I play the camera
I photograph the necessary
the dog the walking dog with no affiliation with no collar
the street sign bending and bobbing for a November wind
the cars for one direction travel the utility vehicle stops in the middle of the road
was a sound
[politics] [for attention] I hear
the majority declare yea the gavel I hear
a good idea do I not hear a good idea shuffling the marble floors
the apolitic is a custodian is a capitol tour guide is a window washer I hear
the machinery of physical forms being maintained
qualifying law validating law
[stone does not burn]
I play the camera
I register images
a good image is true a bad image is boring
was the smell of the library [the one with those moveable stacks]
was the smell of dust old dust
was the smell of a controlled climate [the image of a graduate student] [the book]
[something about training sight]
was a sound
footsteps she wore boots the kind that go up to the patella
footsteps

The clue
 life is a template
 but not the morning rise the siren
 I have not slept since the first miracle
 waiting upon the next instructions the next temper
 change is always welcome is it not
 [size does not matter] [the catalyst]
 call divinity at the social constructs no matter
 I have no affiliation since the first miracle
 was numbers for explanation for the dampening of contempt
 was numbers
 for certainty
 and away a year or more recognize anything can mean anything
 I say
 are we not gathered to break bread [to perform our assignments]
 whose genius is the printing press [was a Christian with a thing to mention]
 the disgruntled Locke to say democracy in a way
 [that is old]
 was a child with no fear for flight [the airplane]
 was a million years God a river the Grand Canyon
 indications the morning light the dust in the beam
 no
 today I look for eagles like the one roadside eating roadkill
 with its back to me
 the one on the snag above the river
 the encroach of truth is subtle is it not
 nor ever the need to evade an early death respond
 nor ever near to ending another's life
 was the information fit so neatly into a jar -all of the information
 that it be put [someplace]
 like a library a research library with study cubicles good for kissing
 in

The indecisions of history are a cord to thought
 haunts
 baffles a language makes them square and formative and ideological
 protection is warrant to blasphemy
 o time against time and
 difficult to nurture the pleasures of being like
 what has always been
 was a bomb of information following a foreign war
 authority
 and the highest shadows of authority like propaganda discern
 the proper camp of society
 leads a culture to its own character similar in every regard to itself
 reason is attached to the securities of state like
 a taxation a method of appearance a method of art
 the spectre
 is a shadow wanting blocks the sunlight steals the sun
 is a raven an animal a fearful animal for its character
 sends one to nature when nature is qualified
 sends one to the certainty of simple questions
 yes love is forever
 yes death is death is final
 it is I to know the terminal aspects of diversity nor will ever say
 there is more than man and woman is there not [question]
 when a nation does heal [then]
 when a nation does heal it is the affects of wonder which
 are a question to status being
 it is my own guard for now declares this is winter
 the threat of them [them] and them
 is a sentry posted at math and indecision
 for these bearings are defensive
 now until
 the establishment of a greater weapon a greater counter

Was a question the rationalization of purpose
 of parliament the houses
 [otherwise they steep] [otherwise they insist one thing is better than another]
 the committed go to war
 establish lines and principles say possession
 [has it not been forever since this was a closed system] [and giving]
 is a question of human nature to claim
 to address the securities of one's being of one's nest
 but to say evolution then
 and were it a women brought to battle then
 and were it infants and children brought to protest for which they do not
 understand
 ask will there ever be the word war it is
 ignorant to regard war's existence as a matter of the word war
 [but war can be made small] [war can be wrapped and put in a museum]
 [next to Van Gogh's Sunflowers]
 it is a matter of faith to recognize the deficiencies of another faith
 the unison observation of one sacred is not necessarily that of another
 nor the lengths one will travel to protect by claiming
 [the poem was not translated] [that is the problem]
 [the poem was not translated]
 [and if it were it would just rest] [on the shelf]
 do we not have our own poets [question] hear me hear me
 do we not have our own poets saying the same thing as reverence [question]
 but a gun is expensive
 and if it were to be said a gun turns into a blade turns into a pen
 [a voice]
 is not so much the impact of volunteerism among the forceful
 but say a higher order of freedom is
 what is done with freedom upon the acquisition of freedom and
 to begin from such an original position
 [is or is not a mind to them]

Are my own
 trust that time is accurate for
 I am only conscious since a nineteen seventy Christian time
 believe the lessons of bicycles of the introduction of gender
 say it is my history if to say the charge of first premonition the charge of certainty
 the light of social history is after the settlements of love
 yes there is a higher cause
 radiates like the newness of want
 the order of first cause is a family a declaration of family
 creeps in the securities of the longitudes of nationalism
 the mentor
 is an historian with reason with booklist with answers
 but the philosopher
 to say you are twenty five years old now thirty again thirty five
 the spores of history are an amusement
 the spores of history are a grain of salt and meaningful
 profit is time and I declare eternity like knowing all
 [are there not limits to interrogation] [question] [what are the limits of authoring]
 are my own
 ultimately the river with the wildflowers nearby I say
 silence is golden for having read silence is golden
 the unvarnished truth is no book is no text but having been riddled scholastically
 the trust of the mind lends itself to self service
 the justification of [that] war was and is national security
 [maybe I will go be a farmer]
 [all there is is war] [is there nothing else to say of history] [question]
 [culture did not come from] [nowhere]
 [I am of the preacher clan born for the medicine clan]
 are my own
 ultimately and that is why
 I stand erect proud tall and with questions and with questions
 like education

And were it a newspaper to start an article
 and were it a poem to start a poem
 and were it a journal to start research
 and were it a book to start a book
 no

Maybe a little bit but not really
 and were it a mentor to start the next mentor
 no
 it is a cultural [thing]
 it is a curious [thing]

In a vacuum you cannot hear me because you are not present
 but you can hear me
 saying beauty and talking about the night sky
 rolling words across the floor like dice
 [with no sound]

I hold these truths to be self evident
 in the beginning
 natural selection was a snake
 when all are equal some are more equal than others
 Earth is the center of the universe [no no no]

And were it a library in which patrons roamed and moaned and drooled
 but did not read
 [but what beautiful books they make]
 say the library closes at six tonight I do not know
 what you do when you go home

They were professionally developing
 with rams' horns and bourbon and beer
 a large photograph of death above the piano was the founder
 the master of ceremonies whispered time
 and hum
 [there is a poet among us]
 [the black ball] [is a member]
 welcome citizen welcome citizen
 gather ye time after summer when the wildflowers are browned and browning
 take your pipe and listen
 for what I say is their sorcery and their sorcery
 [the black ball] [is to their cowardice] [their fabled wit]
 the truth of higher education is
 that it requires an invitation a written mention of pledgeship
 the mentor
 climb above the long lines of history resembling philosophy
 the one
 is no secret like the charms of death
 called wisdom
 but unto their own
 the invention of the soul for having been blocked
 [the black ball]
 the black ball is a start nor an end
 once the callus once the restless once the wanting
 they ate [together] the meat until the silence
 upon them
 one and one they shuffled away one and one
 [yes] [there was a poet among us]
 [still had a thing to mention] [but it is never your turn]
 [hands him the eight ball]
 are you not condemned to silence like I
 am condemned to silence [question]

If the perceptible universe is X
 the universe is X]point plus[and without punctuation
 if love is X then love is X
 if the weight of the universe is 1
 so what
 so what is reference without reference
 really
 if love is X then love is X
 said no one but
 to lean forward at the thought
]remember November[]the first snow[
 and were genius socialized enough to admit
 say capitalism
]there is an economics professor that is for sale[
 but that is another reference
]is it enough to vote[]only I can say[
 if the perceptible universe is a matter of sight
 then
 if the perceptible universe is a matter of mathematics
 regard another form of beauty
 if the perceptible universe is a matter of poetics
 then
 ask
 what poetics leans upon a physicists
 if X is the value of a poem what value to winter]to discontent[
 if the perceptible poem is X then love is X]or the opposite[
 if logic like manifest destiny is cause for beauty
 do I not ask what it is follows beauty
 was a start
]nor the universe is cause for the dissolution of the soul[
]nor the perceptible universe[
 [just] [a frustration with limits ever limits]

Reason is away and searching
 I am hidden in my own want
 buried beneath the coils of history and ultimatums
 concealed beneath the leaves of social governance
 there is little time left to make substance of being
 when the custodial tasks of the day warrant my
 attention
 but a breath to oneself like formation
 upon a disregard of
 the profundities of existence it is the minor stations in which
 it
 trickles forward like cause
 [I am not done listening to thought] [I say]
 [grace is not done] [but mattered in the inconsequential]
 reason is away and searching
 nor labored nor fuddled nor imaginary
 I no longer call it reason
 for the answer to *why*
 but a unions of certainty which occlude no spirit
 I do not ask
 Was a gatekeeper wearing a tie and black
 shoes
 I had no words for no memory for
 the cordial stations of being are silent and without questions
 but I knew
 was I the gatekeeper in no memorable appearance
 reason is close and closer
 and the consequents of getting along among a membered few
 is often their disregard [is it not]
 it is I says like confidence
 prove to me you will live longer than I but
 that is not all [that is only endurance] [that is only suffering]

I DIDN'T GET THE MEMO

You don't say
elephants are fair game
bring a head home
tusks and all
I didn't get the memo
there is no restriction to astronauts requiring legs
I didn't get the memo
is that what that was
was that love
I just saw the big baby as if I needed to take it on a ferris wheel ride
ok
if that is love love is easy
I didn't get the memo
and the pickle the pickle was good
I enjoy a good pickle as much as the next guy
I did not ask
you don't say
am I too old to start a soccer career
how about chess
does backgammon pay
I am good at games of chance
I am good at Parcheesi
I didn't get the memo
to say hereby pink is elected ok
to say justice is a book
that is all
I didn't get the memo
was the clouds for governance I do not understand your rules
except my own I suppose
I didn't get the memo
nor the one about the most beautiful person
I didn't get the memo

THE SNIPER

The eye the glass eye the scope the sunrise
stillness is an insect
rooftop concealed the conditioned breath
the slow target at the sidewalk
[government]
[public safety]
congress is peace is demonstration is an agent is a source is an order
[to kill is entry is a dream]
[and to be no more reluctant than family]
[certainty is license]
point
and question were there no war there is no question
the quiet range of purpose
now the ease
target and a draw upon the trigger a quieted bam
to the head
the fallen
the dead for life and spilt blood
gone is accomplished the deed and
wait until they are done grieving done searching
to unit return
without conscience for death it is
a matter of being it is
a matter of being

The leaves the fallen leaves are familiar I remember November
 the early sundown to watch
 a hero's welcome I it is their grace no
 it is my grace
 Thanksgiving is a color like a pumpkin Thanksgiving is a smell
 was tomorrow
 the first fire of the year and the abled bodies
 a game of catch
 are we not the same age as adolescence
 and how the genders separate to the kitchen to the living room the game
 the cheese the beer o
 that is all I remember [was a buffet]
 turkey and stuffing cranberries the rest
 and
 a prayer like divinity to mention thanks to what brings us together
 we eat like courage and a toast
 I will have some wine after all
 the candles the windows grow dark
 approach the buffet again herring and clam chowder tabasco sauce
 yes I grow old
 considering this memory I grow old yes
 pumpkin pie pecan pie both
 don't bother for me I can sleep on the couch tonight
 had I a wife I would compete for one of the bedrooms
 coffee yes please
 doesn't the next game start at seven thirty
 and regular once again ok is this not why I come because
 some things cannot change
 [but they do] [do they not] [change]
 I wore the new leather coat I was noticed
 tomorrow I will be up at sunrise to start two more days [of this]
 giving thanks

Hereby announced the proclamation in which
 church is representative the church is
 A nail into a smallness which knew no smallness [door]
 the abundance of life is now a hospital
 She said about last night
 the winter of religion in which capitalism in which a separation unto philosophy only
 But they used the symbolic forms did they not
 like a tribe they used the symbolic forms [and with no land attached]
 Was a nail smaller than a Jesus nail
 said protection the jurisdiction of protection is hereby removed
 Reason is peace and with no subtlety but the blunt form of honesty
 like ink is honest
 But they are not married they have no children
 [they] respond to a center one thousand miles away
 They have no sport and to understand the course of history
 the curse of history without reference to the body
 The bookshelf is a qualification saying there is a degree of reference to education
 [but they speak another language] [they] [reference different forms]
 The individual is memory I have not forgotten
 take them away o pagan lord and return them to me when purpose is evident
 Do I not love say care [and were there no reference]
 yes [is an answer like sound is an answer]

The balance of knowing
 forgiveness is a recognition
 [she] [had wings] she concealed her character
 the difficulties of receiving an angelic presence is
 different than being an angelic presence
 yes they do believe in miracles
 was faith allowed
 and given to the explanation of chance
 it is heartbreaking history cannot be reversed or appealed
 death is death nor ever meant for the dead
 but compassion is their memory and
 the teaching of stillness when a bodies are so disrupted
 is a tear [it is okay to cry]
 one day I will be an angel said the child
 one day I will be an angel said the adult was her father
 [there is a long line of people dying to be]
 [because]
 bereavement loss and judgment comes upon the dispatch of
 starter angels
 for one angel can carry the course of a community
 if
 though to say divinity among the unfaithful may be
 a matter of demonstration [miracles]
 [they are persistent] they are gone when they should be gone and present when required
 and were faith in angels a disregard for academic paths of healing I say
 show me
 [but she never looked in a mirror I knew she was beautiful]
 [but she has to go some time]
 Do they see you like I see you
 how do you see me
 as a giver of free will the ordination of free will the return of free will
 [then] [what is responsibility] [what is authority]

I am important I summon important people
 I am the president of important people
 the red and the purple and the blue and the yellow
 I make small parties of important people that are impenetrable
 We make decisions in the interest of greatness
 I am reluctant to say
 an elected official is important though I would not exclude them
 [they make great salads for our potlucks]
 fifty percent of grace is feminine I cannot comment on feminine
 I once knew a movie star sat at a restaurant table that is all I know
 nor do I invite my mother to professional callings
 but to say perspective is a candle
 [the ghost of Shakespeare was easier than I thought] [the ghost of Kant was more difficult]
 I have not yet drawn my drums for technology
 [the candle still] [and now a poem]
 [I did not ask for you but yet you came]
 [o Herbart dead at sixty five like all good men]
 [yes the planets do align]
 [but I only think of beauty now] [fall asleep to that]
 The dead presidents certainly outnumber the living
 was a rhyme for reason why legacy is significant
 Time is a string time is a beaded strand
 each glass is a moment pause
 I hold the clock as the children age again and again
 each along the way saying cause [cause]
 Was hers a movie star was hers an athlete was hers domestic
 what change could I possibly make
 among the closed forces of exercise what change could I possibly make
 [I am important I summon people] for reason they ask
 Dear journal
 a dead man approached me with an answer with a calling
 O hallowed you look good for your age