



GEESE

GREG MARKEE

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*and if I tell you bird*

*March*

And if I tell you bird, flight we believe in, the quality  
of air. And if I tell you cloud, the measure of wind, the  
metaphor of change we believe in. The signal of atmosphere.  
And if I tell you bird, to watch I say, I need not cloud,  
I need not metaphor. And if I tell you song, the calls  
of territory, the glees of spring, of sex, season we know.  
And if I tell you bird, the color of flight, the color of  
breast and redded wings, the darts of living, the difference  
and how high, how fast we know. And if I tell you song  
without language, and if I tell you song without reason,  
I will have only passed, I will have only enjoyed simply.

That old man who knows stories, he never concerned himself with why. "Things are what they are," I translate, "appearance is everything." And poetry, for him a night sky still sparkles without reason or manifest, without science except how a cloud will break a spell or how night fades to dawn. Not a skeptic, and not a museumist, a realist if anything, with a dash of appreciation. The farthest out, God, and elsewhere and providing sound and material, fascination, a dash. That old man who remembers, his records are law, his records are myth, myth as law, to legend. I trust a corner of this world to his recollections, for time does pass I respect, for time does pass, my own weakness acknowledges. But a heart for living generously, and without urgency, to time and canyon, and he knows I will have been remembered no less than tree. Old man natural, and still roughriding in language now, in words no less spirited than having been. For a body born of desert visions and prairie wind, a body born so boldly among the hardnesses of material by no man, it is strong in character, and independent, fiercely. And the defense of being, that which once was beaten back with bow or either effort, that which was held apart physically, it is now captured and rested at a wordly distance. I fear no animal, I remember a bear. I fear no weather, I remember a storm. I fear no man, I remember a fight. He says things (things) as accountable to meaning as any authenticity and I am huddled and listening. I am without interruption, for having known the sort, I believe his pause will be for the wind, which I respect. Now. The old man, and having known stories, and having known when to stop collecting, for some things are sacred, and some things are only littled by institutions. And I know an appearance and this knowledge does not qualify me as anything he says, except as having been one among trees and other things I believe he knew existed because he smiled.

The kinds, the imprints of season, a sex. Warm air  
and coming rain, the smell of green. Becoming, duck  
and deer, fowl and curious canine, mother nature, the

cycles of wetness and next ages. All feels good, the  
perpetuations of coming food and light, the hope of  
little times advancing. They will know like I do, the

quickenings to love and change. I am new and growth  
and expecting the force of children. The swimming birds,  
the ocean cause, the cause of cloud, of star. Winter

is old, and firstborn a habitat listening, hungry bear  
and sex, returning geese and sex, the sex of flowers,  
the sex of industry, of digging homes, the everything

reconstruction, the replacements of blown down energies.  
The sex of flowers and a smell. And nothing requires  
so much as generations, as genesis, creation, there is

an obligation to fuck without the attitudes of knowledge,  
to seed an earth, to multiply. For if I believe in everything  
I believe in the nature of ecosystem, to make a species

tall and strong, to exercise the loins of season. The  
kinds, the burly kinds, the quiet kinds, the predators  
to sex, the fearnots, the changelings to sex, to sex. The

snakes to sex, and lizards. The frogs to eggdom, to  
new water down, the inkles of self like jelly upon reed.  
The babies, and how a trail of life will follow as I understand

cycles. And if anything, I will know the reproductions  
of first color are aphrodisiac, first smell, it is foreplay  
and life. And to this everything like sex, an awareness.

And spring waits minor monos. To air and satisfaction,  
to sex. And watch the maple buds flicker into start.  
And watch little things start. To make them curious,  
a season and change, a green and first rain wash away

the remains of winter. Old monos know, and minor  
monos, start a day in watch. The clouds and rolling  
differently. The air and charged differently. The sprite

of want, of babbling water's return, the rise of river,  
of best practice for collecting fox bug and fox mouse.

To make a day and watch, to make it curious without  
reason. Organism, organism, grow a little tender. Know  
a prairie light and ocean sundown, know a lake at ease

kein ice and geese returning any day like logic. I have  
nothing except interest, and this I cannot make character

of. I have nothing except the blanks of interest. Watch.  
And feel this leaf monos, broad and brown from the  
latest autumns and disintegrating like history. And  
feel this grass returning and cold upon bare feet, I will

relieve you of words. You are relieved. To make them  
curious, the stations of life, for each knows differently

a type of restlessness, a type of greed for meat and sex  
like springtime and hunger. A hunger for taste and want,  
the discharge of darkened days and darkened thought.

I love you all, curiosity, monos, I love. I love. I expect love,  
and differently with each age, and differently with each  
death and knowledge I let go of. I am relieved. To make  
them curious, of shuttles and seed and how a forest now.

Urgent air, I respond. I cannot deny life in one of its forms, I. Childhood water drown and near death, the attitudes by this or either to let it go. The terribles of time, the decay of tissue and how a skin shall weep, I honor body, I can only or either let it belong elsewhere.

Childbirth and the reformations of peace. Childbirth and the institutions of fear. Childbirth, that a society will want for this as I do, or either leave a troubled heart to stage and cloud. Shelter, its without I grow weary, a start to cabins then castles then the techniques of

plumbing and pastry and power I will not look back upon animalism for I was never or either to have stepped away. And what leads culture like goodness, that. And what leads culture like justice, that. Because I know not yesterday except their place collected upon

wallshelves and galleries. This epoch is grand. This epoch starts upon a gracious thanks with bended knees weekly and wooden bowl of drunken blood or either the honor of sage and purity, of a stone for every direction with an intend for each, a thanks. But a force is now,

and urgent air, I respond. At having believed in betterment, at having implied a divinity is nothing but a lesson. Divinity is nothing but a lesson. Or either its addiction. To feel as whole as universe and change. To feel as whole as eternity. A moment. But I am not a hundred

years ago, nor settled upon a history. And this gathered bread, I respond. And creature, I talk at time within your features. And creature, I resolve to belong better to this state, and knowing your features. And to everything a lesson and nothing but, except for urgency and devotion.

I do not know this from history. I do not know how a sky separates from history. I do not know dream from time. I do not know style from people, but only from its need. I do not know rain from other things. I do not know rain from its affect. I do not know courage by reflection, I do not know courage. I do not know friendship from loss. I do not know friendship. I do not know trust from mistrust. I do not know trust. And curiosity, I am not animal, but only considered and then lost. I do not know love from its absence. I do not know love. I do not know the otherhood of a ness upon its afterness, for its decline establishes it as impermanent except for memory. I do not know impermanence. And to live within memory, it is to the dissolve of being. I do not know being. I do not know if I am of an elsewhere thought, an elsewhere imagination, I cannot know. I do not know elsewhere. And to the

darkness, that rest is neither subtle nor loud, that rest is a wish, that rest is lifeless as I wish or either curious. I do not know darkness. That a content will be supposed if. That a joy. That a pleasure. That a lust. I do not know any of these things except their being as concept

and ideal and word. I do not know any of these. I do not know meaning. I do not know rainbow. I do not know fish. I do not know excellence. I do not know ministry. I do not know style from people. I do not

know people. And if a flashing wonder, and if a mind of beauty, wherefrom? Language? And its mention will be my discern. I do not know beauty. For a knowledge,

its faith, I know of no thing. For having known is to qualify. I do not know qualification. I do not know this.

*radio*

*March*

It is never too late to learn a lesson, so tries the radio.  
And change, change, change, in any way be an agent,  
  
so testifies funk and drama, the morning program of  
birds and blues, twilight and style. Invisible meaning,  
  
stranded lunacy, the day of word and sex. Oh, what  
coffee is without, just black with powder, cocked I am,  
  
and waiting. No, I will tell you a story. No, I will tell  
you a story. Something about talking fast and how it  
  
gets things. Something about sitting in the middle of  
things without having a thing to offer. Because I cannot  
  
resist in any other creative sense and I have no more  
control. So I am a priest, did your conscience tell you  
  
that? So I am earth, did smoke tell you that? It is never  
too late to learn a lesson, so tests the radio, in fuzz  
  
and words and little men in machines, little women  
in machines talking talking until I wish for a radio which  
  
broadcasts silence except for windsounds and ocean  
crashes and thunderclaps. I wish for nothing. Hey,  
  
star, make a sound. Change, change, change, and if  
I respond I am object or either subject. Change, change,  
  
change, and if I am cause I am governor or king. And  
tell me radio something news like buildings falling down  
  
and the need for action. Tell me of need, radio, tell  
me the next, because I would otherwise think of butterflies.

The beauty of atoms, that which exists before I. The  
beauty of engineering, how a culture absorbs a God.  
Aesthetics requires no training, sir. Appreciation requires

no doctrine, sir. And a place like time, for some things  
are the same in every mist, and others, the social constructions,  
they are history from the moment of creation. And

like any museum, I distill spirit, I collect dust. And upon  
stage, in the midst of Bacon and Einstein, in the midst  
of beauty and hypothesis, speculation, I collect dust.

For I am still simple and will always be, I concede. I  
am still marked for birth I know. This photon, how you  
capture. Oh, atmosphere, atmosphere, and why cloud

why, I wonder. Reduce me. I am not God nor have  
I ever wished. I am not creative like rain. I am not creative  
like volcano. I am not creative like carbon. A laboratory,

I respect this, the bounded contains of parts of pieces  
of parcels of cause. I can be a cause, just a little. I  
can be a command and into becoming a supercomputer

valueless servicemachine I call ThinkPad or either Macdaddy.  
But I do not use you all the time like now. I do not  
take you everywhere. I do not take you to snow. I

do not take you to heaven, that area which stopped  
being up back in 1961. The imagination of planets, and  
how an orbit begins. The features of galaxies, body around

body around. The features of body and how a blood  
orbits a system, the features of creatures and how an  
ecosystem became healthy. I wonder at nothing less.

To advance in stages, that an environment charges a personality. But its expression, to fanaticism, but its expression, to underexposure. That a folly, that a joy in interpretation, in the dialectics of being human, that a reason warrant social push. Or either to the subversions

of indirect cause because a front of liberty and first amendments are too grand a personality. But truth will not stop, and this harvest, its intercourse, the most to be done is a mature introduction, to genuine candor, to best and worst principles. And if he upon a marketing

stool attaches it to profit, the spin of idea, the spin of capital frenzy, some might say democracy, or either the profounds of courage imply a responsibility to an ownership, for its reproduction, for its industry, or either the implications of responsibility, the profounds

of patience, they are greater to wait, to allow the competitive force of arbitrary other. A greater public, for idea is insight, but its introduction, by this discipline, the advancement of form. For a shape is its start, the adolescence of thought, only this mark I will be. And if at first lucid,

to allow a room for error, for otherness, because a start is now complete. And if at second lucid, that a furor upon ownership and institution, inventions and publicity are a separated force I remember when I think simply. To advance in stages. And who would argue with a

progress, lest a progress be the deformity of culture or either the deformity of ideal, of peace. And to be middled, that a stage exist for both, a beginning, and its allowance, its enactment. And if the next advancement can manage its composition, let this profound be a lesson to its ness.

And of all the talk of original meaning, that which exists before a social, and of all the talk of how a psychology of meaning is advanced, a language, a myth, an art, and how I try to tell you something because I know something and it is important, and what I am trying to say, we banter and sway at clarification, at cross or either concept, at a beauty, and to turn a conversation to the dialogics of principles and origins, the importance of evolutionary thought and the rotunds of ascribing value, it is philosophy, I say, a science of logic and truth, but there are many interpretations, there are many languages, many insights to a cancer, to a justice, to a homeless man who represents without even knowing he does, represent. And of all the talk of science, that everything of substance in some way must remark upon its own reproduction and its own chaos or either predictability, and this without the greatest knowledge, that even its being be brought to a symbolic form because, in so doing, I know a manner by which I can attach myself to its solution or either its disregard because it may not have elevated my senses or either emotion exactly enough. Like cloud I call love, and metaphor all, the discharge of otherness, because I know cloud for all it has been to me before, this, and like fire I know security without having been cold, symbolic, and language, we need not share the institution of museum or either schoolroom to adapt to poetry, to dance, because we have togethered a form, a word, unto this picnic and unto this game of waddles, this city walk, or either this war, its meaning, and to know it rightly as just or either beautiful, but a dialogue upon the substance of symbolism and its capture. There are little things, and to these we share as they turn to night and star and wind, as they turn to cause and science, and if we know this, that a path for knowledge, the advanced words of a language between us, or either religion, either, upon experience.

And the follows of a life of gathering, the assortments  
of order, I remember stone and rain, stone and frost,  
stone and concept, word, I remember stone and cloud.

And the follows of material, and that which draws  
an attention, I have established everything upon symbol,  
God upon symbol, nature upon symbol, the social upon

a symbol, and to look about, it is a curse at oneself,  
for an imagination was lent to stone and moss, an  
imagination was lent to stone and ocean, stone and star,

and it is outside. I have given myself ultimately to object,  
to sign, peace to sign, love to sign, future to sign, and  
nothing remains except a sense. Judgment, it is implied

upon twilight, I know what to expect, I only know a  
watch; judgment, it is implied upon the organic strains  
of being, I have enclosed life. And everything outside,

away, imagination and association. And despair at  
having given an interpretation so freely, for there is  
nothing left to catalog. A slave upon knowledge, this

being, and if a newness to experience, I have also become  
the doctrine of calling something immediately, a youth  
of order has brought me this. And what I cling to? The

smallest which represent the greatest and multiplicitous,  
the things which represent some hallmark of thought,  
and ever a stone I know, but perhaps I am lost without

despair, or either I have made everything so little that  
if this existence is grander than any confronted knowledge  
could become, then I too, material, and I must appreciate.

Altar, seed and sand, air. I give you sage and experience of this becoming. And word. Oak and altar, stone, for what it represents, a smallness of divinity. For I know mountain, I know ocean, I know the depths of night. Offer this courage, of rambled times, this restraint or either patience, offer this celebration. And these handles of maturity, browned skin and whitened beard, leather. I know of nothing more than fleck. I know of nothing other than representation. I know of nothing superior to nature, its parts and elements, I know of nothing greater than imagination. Altar, it is this, for the sense for becoming, it is in the fronds of time, it is in the waters of eternity. Air is alive, and its absence, this blackened vessel, it is space. Altar, and spirit like dust, the skin of snake and dissolved bone, the dogs of watch, and them dead, death like age, upon the carpets of desert, of meadow, everything death, and by this ash I know your will. I know cunning and speed, I know caretaking and defense, I know the ways of gathering, of hunt. I know death upon an ash. Upon a bone I know death. Altar, and to this infinity, storm and tornado, the force of force. I give you sage and that which rises, I give you smoke and candor, faith that everything is only of something greater. I am a lesson to this altar. I too am incomplete, this body, like only one season. This experience, one hundred years unto eternity, only an atom, but relevant in some frame. Because I know life is, in miniature, I know a forest upon its boundaries, I know a river upon its course. I know an orbit, and its ness, I know I am a planet and small. Altar, and galaxy, Arabian star, the smoke of bangs and beliefs, the smoke of growing old, an offering. Seed and sand, air, and the rest like wine and meat, sex, an offering. Altar, and profound or either simple, that a recognition recall some favor for I am only ultimate to a partial God.

From underneath, always. That an authority begin, and to its captors, the toss of babes and spydom. For this right is quiet and its intentions could never be bang loud, lest it turn to force or either the plains of general publicity.

From underneath, and adaptive, to be given an instant, and a remarkable attention I know, and bury a meaning into gentler ways and symbols, that only we know about.

Ends are near, I say, in a respect to the silence, in respect to those who watch without a knowledge. Ends are near I say, among the automatons and never knowing, euphoria is near. And never to be given a name, and never to riddle the senders with questions, questions,

for time will tell. And dispel the adjuncts of waste and separation, for the uniforms of peace and solidarity,

they are worthy and never mentioned except as act, as faith. For teacher, I allow you. For teacher, I represent you outright. These pages, and to this becoming, a people

and not having realized themselves as instrument, as pawn. And for a curriculum, I teach you the silence of change, the whisper of social development, the invisibility of self, the cloak of emotion, the air of inquiry. And

subject, to these ends, you will have only known the purpose of beginning, and reason enough for your own

curious continuance. And object, a person like not knowing the fathoms of. For the discretion is mine, and having lent myself to want, I know better the participations of instrumentalism by way of professor or either thoughtless kernel of humanity, I listen to that which stops. Quiet.

Sky. How the sky. Treeform and light, canopy. How the light. Sage, the burns of, and how I know. Winter into spring, a change and I. Morning birds, how a return. The grass return, from dormant watch and quiet. The people to business and how an industry. Factory and smoke. The people to business. The cars and lines of cars. Taste of sky, and bitter cloud, the bite of March and air. The bite of time. The closeness of stranger, how I am not uncomfortable but only traveling. How a news begins an interest, a market news, a news of war or either misdirected politics or either famine. And never to know community except for news. Sky, and passing bird from nowhere, only black and silent. The pass of earth unto green. The smallness of instruments, scissor and pencil, wire. The sky and I, to begin in a circle and only realizing, how a thought begins. The calling people, and stillness. The hardness of cement and better the walk of forest. And how a caddied bag of wine and rest. The longness of day, and advancing. Traveling light and bloom begin. The children to school and talking. The code of childhood. And death, a stone for every. The words of women and indirect, and how a shining among. The sky, and etch the horizon. The last horizon, I, and indirect like rain only beginning.

A tethered force, where begins an age. The old to street,  
The young to street and taken in parent arms and hands.  
The blind, and stretching out for community. And  
revolution at first thought, at having been hobbled like  
winter. But a home is near, and comfortable it is, I

cannot forfeit that. Where I arrest my symbols, I cannot  
bury that. The lucky, to street, and collecting a sense  
for participation, I am only so whole alone. The lucky,  
and imagining time without purpose, imagining, life  
without obligation, life kein difference. A motivated

peoples, and for advancement, the rushing sort, and  
to follow in person. The student, and knowing why,  
the student, and collapsed upon sound and word and  
only remembering wind. A tethered force, and outreach  
these arms, metal arms for something better and slightly

more profound if nothing else. The wonder at how  
I gave myself to the negatives of energy and social combustion  
when only I needed this. When only I needed. And  
in leather soles and solidarity, to flower and force,  
the tendencies of attention. To imagine right from a

wrong, to know a life in something other than absolutes  
and logic, to struggle. A tethered force, and where  
manages an attention until I settle this bleeding heart  
like liberalism liberalism to its greatest x-force, and  
trust. Where begins an age where these tendencies are

known and not simply followed, where begins the age  
of consent. I only know time except for this. The women  
to street, and marching at an interest in colored dress  
or either red. And if the distress of want exceeds a  
principle, it will have been for nothing, or either just day.

This poem is not about land, it is not about ownership.  
This poem is not about possession, nor captivity.  
This poem is not about owning the wind. This poem  
is not about struggle, it is not about want nor greed, it  
is not about searching. This poem is not about science

nor law, it is not about social combustion nor hierarchy,  
it is not about civil defense. This poem is not about  
rainbows, it is not about butterflies nor peacocks nor

Kodak bears. This poem is not about red canyons and  
how to live among them. This poem is not about desert  
nor lake country nor how to live among them. This poem  
is not about life. This poem is not about God nor consciousness,  
it is not about religion nor moral attitude, it is not about  
things that need to be done, it is not about death. This  
poem is not about the stars, it is not about knowing  
stars nor experiencing stars. This poem is not about

the moon. This poem is not about river and how it carries.  
This poem is not about ideas nor concept. It is not  
about the construction of language nor the construction  
of sound. This poem will not inspire, it will not affirm,

it will not change in meaning if I read it again and again.  
This poem is not about the things I worry about, it is  
not about life's little obligations, it is not about the

curiosities I observe, the way a pregnant woman cradles  
her belly, the way a dog will follow, the way a storm  
arrives. This poem is not about revolution, it is not about  
self determination, it is not about social criticism, it is  
not about representative things. This poem is not about  
technology, it is not about sex, it is not about food and  
the qualification of types of people. This poem is not  
about isolation, it is not about fear, it is not about courage.

She says with the force of some thought that, either divine or nothing everything is. Uncertainty will have been a cloud she remarks, the security of having known something only slightly, for there is an otherness I cannot ever understand. With the force of some thought, I say I, cannot make you think in a way, except by way of reason, including good acts. And if you say nothing is sacred, including reason, how can our company be meaningful, and how do I exist? Some things are never mentioned, but in so mentioning such a thing I can only smile for she has defended a thing. She says with the force of some thought that pragmatism implies a method, a divinity forced is a lesser divinity, a word repeated is unnecessary, she grows old. She grows old. And to watch the lines of knowledge come, she grows old. And with the force of some certainty, would it not be more comfortable in declaring something as something and moving on moving on. But our company, to defend all that I am, woman and simple, to defend this, you will not have this discussion with another person like me if we satisfy our limits now. Surely you can understand. And surely, I can understand, with the force of some thought, but to understand is not to believe, and this is what I wish for, a belief between us. And a faith?, she replies, but a faith and its placement, its outright declaration, it is a smallening to divinity, some things require no declaration. And why speak at all?, I ask. Because a pragmatist must, because a civilization requires, because of slavery, because of love. Is not love divine? Some things are unspoken, she replies with the force of attitude I wished I had. And knowing an attention, she is certain in her uncertainty, until I leave. Until I am framed and forgotten can she fatly rest upon lounge and need not defend the nondivinities of pragmatic philosophy. And I never mentioned to her that I, too, am a pragmatist, but only a different variety. I say with the force of thought, or either just a tourist wondering.

And to these creatures, the account of God, and to this  
air, God, and to this, and to this, God, the habit of  
deferral. And to these concepts, these words, the world

of forms, and to this beauty and this age, the substance  
of being, the world of forms, and to this, and to this,  
the habit of deferral. For I take no responsibility for,

I take no account of, I defer, and everything, it is only  
watch, it is as it was given. And to these truths, I am  
never the manager of change, this land and settled geography,

God does this, God remarks upon a soil, I defer. And  
the habit of deferral, where turnabout, I am only made  
as any, I am service and only watching, the deferral

of oneself. And nothing the symbol, nothing the want  
for anything, and not an interpretation, and never the  
representation, the habit of deferral. And universe of

form, and a function to this or either from this, and never  
a change lest it imagines me brightly or either dim. The  
habit of God, the habit of accounting for the seasons

as unremarkable but only as, and given. And to this  
life, I do not begin nor end, and never knowing either  
except for the form of I, and only discovering it without

a curiosity. The habit of deferral, and never to choose,  
and never to sway or either itemize, and never to classify  
intentionally, the account of forms, and them having a

more divine purity among a transcended elsewhere.  
The world of forms, the universe of everyworld, and  
never to know even this in certainty because a deferral.

*it is poetry, no, it is education, no* *March*

The discerns of interrogative thought, and to give it a word, poetry, expression of knowledge, of observation,

and advanced, to feel so strongly that a doctrine be given to a knowledge, and the classification of expression,

it becomes the science of curriculum. And if a creative force to education, the amounts of collecting thought

and making its regards a form, because every other is entitled. Education, as either political entitlement or

either discovery. But to leave the discerns of interrogative thought to the poet, and education, its wholistic field,

that a corner be left to the poet, to the student, that an education indeed qualify as discovery, though through

the minor bounds of its points picking up modernity and new knowledge. This, poetry, or either its expression

in any fashioned sense, the baseness of being. And once advanced, given to education and given to the publics

of discourse. It was poetry, and may remain, but poetry grows old. And education grows old and requires the

spirit of reinvention or either reinterpretation. But then the poem, which once reflected object, it becomes the

object. Poetry grows old, and if an education relies upon the stuff of aged wisdoms and fascinations, if

an education upon the objects of style and presentation as historical, I will have only known yesterday, and

a poem of a poem is dull I know. The discerns of interrogative thought, and to make them curious or either stand away.

No longer childish, but the tendencies of child, like curious and the standards of inquiry. What science becomes with age, what method, that the inspires of youth do

not give way to the socialisms of determinism, and force of material want, the force of politics. And to have given mightily to open projects, that each becoming will be

not an end, rather a fusion unto the next. For a knowledge, and gives the spirit of art, of the expression, of the justice of. No longer childish, for letting the passage

of pain, the passage of struggle, it is transcendent, but this I hold to, I collect without the frames of intervention and disguise, I am not protected except for patience.

I am not protected except for the slowness of steps and ambition. Lifelong, and eyed to faith, for if there were an idea I had not collected, there can only be a something

I had not collected, lest time be simple, the mechanics of life and song, of beauty and land, of chemical and carbon, lest they be simple. No longer childish, but a

tendency, at desire and impulse, at lust and language, their expression. And having known a cause, and then cause of cause, and its accelerated facts, and having

known species and kingdom, or either the retreats of this imagination, the sensual pleasures, the poetry of space and mind, and having known history as participant,

I am strong. I believe I am strong. And confident, for the next waits in state, if I wish, if a curiosity or either not. No longer childish, but the tendencies of child, yes.

To the human condition, its deformities. To ambition.  
To desire. For despair and loss. For being responsible.  
For representing an idea. Apologies. For courage, for  
treating people equally, for trying to manage change.  
For confrontation. For faith among numbers, for receding  
into faith, for receding into numbers. For seeking shelter  
within sociological principles. To destruction, and to  
the material of want. For the material of want. For  
possessing. For interest and its expansions. For the  
industry of labor, for an open metaphysics. To time  
and its adjuncts like season and frost, the span of life,  
death. To knowledge and its capture, I am little. For  
having known certainty like dogma, for having known  
certainty. For having considered an elsewhere, for the  
dysfunctions of focus. For only a version of peace, for  
only a portion of genius, for only an interest in portions.  
For the celebration of strength. To the human condition,  
its fault. At being aware, at considering the morality  
of one manner and acting otherwise. At impatience.  
At the reduction of thought to its barest principles.  
At the arrangement of nature, at calling a decision at  
nature. At believing to know purpose. At directing  
a language, at believing a language was an end unto  
itself. At believing a God were contained within a  
thing. Apologies. To greed and its manifest. To fortune,  
to power. For the dualisms of being, for the imbalance  
of being. For the imperfections of decision, for the  
imperfections of this mortal faith. For any operations  
against the free pursuit of anything, and for the free  
pursuit of anything without discretion. For the division  
of ethics and morals. For liberal consumption, for a  
conservative thought. To the human condition, its  
smallness. To its emptiness. To its science and need  
for. To its heart and its physical organs, to its intellectual  
organs. To their separated functions. Apologies. I.

*early next*

*March*

And ambient. A  
wash to air, and body collects,  
waits. Colors at approach.  
Buds I know  
will.  
I know.

1.

They were butterflies. They were orchids, and deeply feminine. They were night like womb, and only becoming. They were language. And light, enough for taking. They were strong like futures, contemplative. They were prepared. They were undersea as anything, they were among and thinking. They were defiant and tumbled and defiant. They were colorful and unafraid, they were unafraid. And casual, they were this. Like frost and wormwood, the bitters at not knowing all. Like Tequila. Like Thursday and its belongs, the rehearsals of dress and automation, the theater of March. Like dead snow and melting salt and stone. Like the dead of forced words, the dead of forced inquiry. Like the cast of people living in circles, and them talking like circles, them forming circles, and again. Like watching circles. Like the administration of circles. Like and alike.

2.

They are sound like wind and talk. They are change like solidarity and only returning. They are rain and demanding like talk. They are intercourse like sunflower, the bends of everything despair. They are important and nurturing and becoming, they are soil and ready like time. They are easy like fear, and too easy. They are gloss like water. They are arranging, they are images, they are possessed like material. They are owned like material. They are bird like river, they are condor. They are old and ready, they are no longer deciding and no more than time. They are frozen like law. They are nurses. They are confined to bodies and waiting for the encouragements of sex and rest, meat. They are mortal like season. They are solitary and only having become like family. They are alone like Queen Mary, and figuring upon endless justice. They are alone only like queen.

To compare that which I consider to its inspiration, a cloud is not a word, a beach is not a sound, an ocean, it is not a representation. But no less, the nature of thought, its fabric, than that which was its start. For with an idea, I am wonder. And not confined to the absolutes of physical form. I am not slave to the attributes of physical property, I am not cornered to imagine a thing within context or utility. And of this mind, beauty or either reference I ascribe. A thought, it is not the same, indeed, but no less than, for I am God among. And discipline, to shape, to trust, or either to agree with the environment by which this comes. Or either disregard, for not every nature warrants thought, the insects of leaves of pebbles, to know a single is to imagine a multitude, or either know collective bounds as single, as colony, as forest, as beach. This water as river, this flake as snowfall. And how a consideration is its own direction, a reflection of value, but only a start, because the habits of this body, they are only minor to its universe. The gathers of sense and discrimination, but a start, and compels the mind for lookabouts and appreciations. The simile of thought, like herb organic, and these oaks, like seeds unto being, these creatures, I judge them fascinating, and like seeds unto being. I judge, or either leave to absence word, and make images to images and sound to thought to concept I cannot part with lest I be dog or either phantom. To compare, and discipline, it is strong or either gentle, at imagining exactly or either with the fuzzy edges of history, at recalling in a manner or either calling in a manner, for by this anchor and upon this epistemology, I am independent if nothing else, an other to nature or either nature itself. I am deferral to lake and wind lest its being inhabit this. And not to compare, and not to consider comparing, for I have known enough to fashion peace within which may only partly exist away.

*indigo*

*March*

Brilliant and mind star, and not reluctant. For a peace  
like time among. A number, it is less than person like  
tool. A word like tool. The apex of rationalism and

only divine because of its system, its efficiency. I am  
collected as material and only listening. Occasional  
act, and for this I am social. Indigo. By an other. Indigo.

And experimental or either sharply open. Aware like  
sage and elsewhere, in pretty places, and simple, because  
a wanting system or either its subverts are a distraction

to interest to nausea. I have a separated focus, and  
music like language, and in this service, for I will not  
serve an object. Curious, and inhabiting the grounds

of environment and aware like self like wonder if. The  
curious, and it too, away. All is away, and given. And

the order I make of something, charged to an elsewhere  
and listening. For perfection, it too, away, and I know

the trials of dogma and the trials of self desertion. I  
have a question, you, stone and mimicry, thought, you  
air and metaphor, thought, I have a question, or either

to bear its refrain. For today a nap I would rather.  
The gentles of wind and otherwise silence, and a poem  
of X's and Y's and other little things meaning something

other. And if an emotion, indigo today I start at figuring  
figuring the systems. And if a paper by these notions,  
indeed. For the rest is yours, collector. The rest is yours,

except for tomorrow which begins newly and slow at  
a sunrise. Divinity like cloud for metaphor, and having  
traveled among oceans. I am slow, indigo, and only blind.

Seldom the earth, and brought to mind as divine, except  
for life. Culture well, and without ocean except for  
life. And hummingbird away, to fly and still, I admire  
and sunflower. Church school, and having been sound  
except for force, and having been stable except for a

reliance upon old symbols and forgetting this. But history  
I understand. The parochials of history I understand.  
The everything death of experience and how it brings

about sages divine and word like peace. Enough for  
the academics, the studies and social concerts like day  
hours and moon celebrations. Seldom the earth, and  
now and buckled under social paradigms and interest  
and namecalls like radio I learn. Hummingbird watch  
in stillness flutter blur, and concentrated force I am

subject and now waiting. For cross and thank you, but  
an idealism would have never. You lived in darkness,

and only coming light softly blur like stillness wait.  
Olympia! To grand and snow, Olympia steeple and  
river colored glass, the silence after rain and monastic.  
Angel Peter Jesus God Friend I and present. Hummingbird

and nectar seldom the earth what I think. But doctrine  
and way but to admire in strength like nothing else attention.  
And the concentrates and sunflower mountain mushroom  
and water cress love. Old dead building and wood  
returning struggle to earth and moss and silence tree

pop. Seldom the earth, except for death when all things  
crumble and certainty. History like church school and  
having known river sage and desert. Dust and bird  
like watch making sounds until it passes for concentration.

Alift and rest in whorling air. To incense and campfire  
myth, the distance of history and the contemplatives  
of imagination wait. And burning coffee, to wait. Time

is small, surrounds. Time is small. And burning leaf,  
the better for knowledge, bow and pine and prayer,  
at comfort's edge like tobacco opium and within. Caress

the mind oh rising feminine, the numbers pass, the numbers,  
how they pass into afternoon and midnights. Judge  
or either little watch, to inhale and deeply, a nature

devout and only partly sleepily, the rest and vibrant.  
Endless lift and circles endless, to disappear for powdered  
spines and bending. Oil and smoke, a black from flame,

the shape of want and forming. To represent or either  
fractal and delicate without touch. How comfort the,  
rising air I am not pollute, for cloud from this into ash

I care not except for dream and the enchants of or either  
presence like self care and determination or the absolutes  
of nothing. Volume fills a light, and whorling whites

of air, the listless, oh the listless to watch. I gather if  
nothing besides, myself and certain in uncertainty.  
Just remain like nurse I believe of holy ways and shaman

things dark and ordered until death becomes us we  
part only simply for courage. Alift, and rest in whorling  
air. To incense and time gather the senses. This home

is judge for borders, call it smoke and thought, the ways  
of. And better for having burned steady a history or  
either to have burned steady a life and whorling destiny.

*the aims of*

*April*

The aims of poetry:

To each their own language, expression of knowledge and thought. A voice for each, and method. Rhythm.

The aims of philosophy:

To method, ways of acting. I have my own, but it is fluid or either absolute if I allow. For the assortment of idea, for the administration of change, for the manners of participation. And language, it is no prerequisite, for language is only explanation, it is only representation or either a manner of gathering the elsewheres of symbolism but a gathering is not exclusive. For many signs exist I believe, and belief, a philosophy. To extend, to advance once further, and again. And to act, and again, rightly. To know relationships and my place among. Them

The aims of education:

By introduction, I or either the elsewheres of environment, to generate the importance of oneself, to develop the potents of self as cause or either self as power or either its directed withhold. By introduction, with ends as benchmarks, as classifications, as separations of force and unity. And for discovery and the self as monitor.

The aims of anthropology:

The gathering of cultures. The collecting of cultures. The assorting of cultures. For no ends except a knowledge or either a comparison or either the application of this part I respect. I am other and only becoming smartly like.

The aims of astronomy:

The infinite appreciation of the cosmos or either their reasonable study. For I am only human and cannot all.

The aims of religion:

A common. Or either a common other I sit among, I am only deciding with hands crossed and concentrating of.

By collecting children in the interest of doctrine. By marketing politics. By assuming particular philosophical things about its segregated communities. By segregating communities. By allowing a single voice to represent a people. By monitoring the provisions of its free market. By municipal law enforcers being in bad moods. By the annex of private land. By the institution of public art works and programs. By the designation of titles to its public officers. By the establishment of paid social work. By the dismissal of 'uneducated' concerns. By its manufacture of idealism. By its forward push of technology. By its defense of the inevitability of change. By its offense of the inevitability of change. By its capture of objects from other cities, by their sterile representation. By its disrespect for nature. By its separation of itself from morality. By its selfism as expressed in morality. By its management of language. By telling people not to smoke. By rationalizing the suffering of its members. By believing the lessons of other cities are enough to dissuade an inspiration. By the control of poetry. By building streetlights which drown out the night stars. By sheltering minds. By controlling the media. By the construction of unnecessary facilities. By the misuse of tax money. By the unilateral declaration of city identity.

And what forward? For a presence remaindered, I wish for the occasioned silence, the occasioned engagement of critical thought, the occasional recognition of body.

For I am only realizing for an improvement upon being, that not every detail deserves an attention, that not every style is a necessary reflection. For I am only realizing

the value of shedding the parcels of that which is the push of social control or either nonconcern. The cares, of being, of lasting, they are a path of dropping and

substitution. Like reason and intent, to this hatred, it shall pass, I am blind. To this destruction, no more the interest, for an alternate progress is the greater force.

To this materialism, a reasoned response of capital improvement like the comforts of bed and desk, the surrounds of representative ideas. It is enough, the

affirmations of place, to allow the records of being, but I am greater than material I know. And what forward? Like peace and outlook, the directions of extended

thought, the securities of time and patience. I am a will to reason, and the spontaneities of care, a path for impulse I have not forgotten. For the human condition

succeeds on the starts of impulse, but a knowledge that its ends are conditioned by sacrifice. A health, indeed, and for every intent, its reference to body, to

the maintains of heart and mind. And what forward? If a day reminds, the categories and how they blur to medium and the ways of positive objectivism like care.

The order of objects and their defense. And to subscribe, to make belief upon cause, to make social value upon the threads of material. For a certainty is cast, a knowledge born of observation. Except for free will, the interrogatives of challenge, not all is firm. I decline an ambition at the markets of systems, at the catalog of human thought, at the catalog of suffering, its observation. I decline the weathers of emotion as science and the corners and playfields and containments of liberty. I will make you small in every poem, for a social nature implying an independence, the roamabout spirit of self direction, it is against the concerts of humanity as entirely equal and wanting equally and existing equally. An early establishment of equality of choice, indeed, and who can argue, all the stuffs of democracy, and who can argue. But the want for difference and self expression is profound, the denial of a complete map of man's spirit and soul, that the morsels of marketing have no earthly science to rest their capitalism upon, I will defend. The stars, I can be satisfied with a study, but heaven is mine. The stones of thrown volcanoes, but a creation is mine. The cause of conception, a science, but love is mine. The order of objects and their defense, but I am other. As astronaut, I am other and only curious. As geologist, I am human and only curious. As physicist, I am not wholly material, and only learned. For the defaults of inquiry are the return to original positions, the marks of man and that which exists before letter. And not compelled to sound alarms at knowledge lest I am among trust. I decline the commissions of my being to that which promises social remedy and group satisfactionism. To make belief upon cause, and to sell belief as science to publicists and financialists, I am other and uncertain. And if it becomes the academic transcendence of my publications from science journal to poetzine, I know I will have defaulted.

Things, in keeping. To keep a sound, the melodies of passing water, the erosions of stone. To keep a silence. To keep the breaths of everything, and held closely. To keep the words of love and loss and time, them buried into this, for I am now them. To keep the anchors of history, and how a remembrance, I am now this. The dusts of emptiness, and also a memory and filled upon a life. The things like vessels and left upon shelf at room temperature and waiting for a release. But I can only release its idea, and not wholly. The objects like rings of authority, and text, like basket and bowl, the buttercups of mountain wait, I can only release its idea. Things, in keeping. And knowing distance like space, it is small. And knowing the dunes of distance and blowing madly, forming, they are small. To keep, and upright things, the gloss of mind, and how these arms of aluminum and wire, I am their strength and minding nothing. For I know idea and its cause, the remarks upon knowledge, and how I can do nothing but keep in mindly solid forms until death and even then I do not know. Until the clouds of dementia return and even then I do not know if I am able to release the thoughts of paper days and poem, the thought of a sunflower, a grass. A winter. To keep a sight, vision like the everythings of smoke and sky, the melts of twilight, moonlight and courage, the shines of river and flood. To keep a blindness, and within. And held. Things, in keeping, the moss of darkness, I know its value, for from its absence, I. The blackness of mind and battery, the engines of concern, for from this blackness. Things, in keeping, I can only. To keep a blindness, a silence and the nothings which exist before despair, for if there were not a lower soil, and I. And traveling among collections ever to the ends of sense and blind like silence. Things, in keeping, lest I wander for absence is.

Not an imagination among, and responding only. Not a thought to social frames or loss, to the impeaches of advancement, to the retreats of everything despair.

And not a word, not a poem, to the kinds of winter, the kinds of springtime start, to sex or symbol. And not a want for other, the cause of starstreams and river

life, the cause of buckled air and love, the thunders of time. For only the satisfaction of presence, and only the lists of hereness I concern, and this I let away like

age. The glads of being, I let. And summer come, like sunflower I will not know, or either flying dragons I will not know, the catted tails of marsh and loon neither

duck nor goose I watch and step away rightly to social worlds I step away. Not a faith or its tramples, and not a listed divine like cross or dirt floor chapel, I only

know nothing and step away. The winter ruts and bent upon time, and some come through spring I wait, I cannot know time except for this I step away. Not an imagination

among, and responding only. The canopy of Juned in green, the diffuse of treeform and silence and morning cloud. Quiet and then done I do not know. I do not

know time from March. I do not know speculation. And mindless wander to sex or symbol, the written down canons and the other canons I will not consider. And a

stillness, to balance at and only curious no longer. The written down forms like season and newgrowth, mushroom, to balance at simply and recognizing wind only for as long.

*the standard observatory*

*April*

Circular building and dome. Opens to allow telescope.  
And inside and without heat, few other instruments.  
Wooden chair to eyepiece. Tabletop and paper. Pencil.

Only an audience, I. And critic consider the air of rain  
having spoken, the air of twilight dawn and coffee. I,  
and only audience, the measures of poetry. Or either

to myself, the reflections of early storm and light, the  
dryness disappear to breaking cloud and water down  
upon body. The starlit notes and how a thought to

sound and chamber. The measure of, and word as grass,  
the bends of lakeside tree and still. Insect I remember  
now and open sleep. Open. Only and audience, I.

Of places been and traveling like spore and touching  
down on midnight leaf and mushroom grow. I am sail  
for this, the reflects of earth and time, and how a partly

distance or either littler things like smell and tiny science.  
Like being and a million river stones once jagged and  
having been tumbled round to a place like this poem.

And tiny. Only a critic, the constructs of language, for  
I know no greater symbol like self banner and silk, and  
planted atop every dream I know. I consume, and diligence,

for an effort a sounder voice and more like wind and  
cloud, a sounder voice and more like the electronics of  
starchoughts and moonbeams. Only an audience, I,

and voice dance make union like steel for thought and  
melting word. A volcano and wait 700 hundred years  
like dormance I appreciate how a snow has never settled

here. I only, and audience, the measures of creation.  
Canon knowledge I distribute time like memory, and  
taking force away and drowning it until it separates.

1.

Lying on the heat of cinder June road and quiet wind.  
Sound of spring pass scrub begin to brown. Not a  
movement dead except for stick poke and rattle like  
snake alive at last. I had only imagined from words  
the truth of such creatures and now slow away from  
man's road which will be paved within ten years death.

2.

Moccasin look dead next to Turtle Lake. And April  
cool enough to freeze a reptile. Eight year old with  
pebble and temptation toss. Fear and something other  
bonk. No response. Bonk. No response. And to leave  
nature lakeside against a grass for there is fishing I must.

3.

The certain fears of grass snake jump. I had not known  
a life I trampled. I am protected and now brave and  
chase a serpent madly. Step on back and wind one's  
fingers to below the head. Held firmly for a caught snake  
unaccustomed to capture will wriggle. Show a friend.  
Put in a box until snake throws up and release one day  
later. And to a home. Apologies snake, for my interest.

Mountaintop rest and four directions scattered to the limits of my sight. The condensation of sweat, and now cold and eating peanut butter tortillas and cheese and Evian. I have accomplished something I know, for if a mountain in one's backyard it will be climbed by adolescence or at least given a special word like reverence I remember today. And draw inward, spirit like prayer, breath and without reservation and land dissolve to mind dissolve to that which resembles sleep. I only know enough upon a chill like wind return and this time different telling me I have seen enough. And rise away the ashes of plastic and the other containers of humanity. Rise away a view I remember this body and now cold and switching backward down a path native something and unconcerned with memory from now on. For a wind is differently appreciated from shelter.

The percolator types praising an elder machine for its fragrant release of Kona-esque and Columbianish winds to all of a wakening household. Ah, what mind, the percolating pumps, the sounds of a lesser richness but ambience ambience and nothing a cream cannot correct.

The dripsters and Mr. Coffeeheads, the new reliable I know how a pot shall warm. And thank you for the allowance of a no-drip intermission because I cannot wait an entire brew cycle. Also the pumps of making and keep-warm setting for it takes two hours for every.

The french pressers and proud. Of knowing the base primitivisms of water and Ethiopian blend and nothing else except a brewing patience. A campground favorite and depress the throttle for these grains are through and through to garden dirt now. A general patience.

The Turkish blenders, the stove-topping espressors. Fill the base and H<sub>2</sub>O, the powders of social blast I know. Screw the top and bubbling brown, off the stove twice I do not forget. And velvet for its taste. Match this Starbucks I say Saturday without is only newspaper.

I have never been able to play the long irons, I have never been able to lift a ball into flight 200 yards from the pin. And my putting, it suffers from impatience. I am also one to place a value on looking appropriate in khaki and solid black silk polo when I should be attending in some form to the ball. I am a materialist, really, and not only financially speaking. The objects of golf and social form, I am a concern to them and a release upon all other things. Other things which require an attention. Focus, focus, I force, the ambitions of having persuaded an interest and a classification upon

myself because everybody needs an interest do they not. My drives sometimes have a tail, my sand game is evasive. And my conversational skills are far too objective for mixing with strangers, but I am very poor at remembering good stories unless they come quick like flash and I spew thoughts recklessly and as fast as I can think and as fast as I can imagine. Good stories, if a polish. My mid irons are not nearly as optimistic as a short game, but, again, I lack a patience. And without a practice swing I believe I must be playing for some purpose other than score. Apologies partner,

but my dedications are only partially to numbers. I wander aimlessly in thought and sometimes leave a cart in the middle of the fairway and have to hike back a hundred yards. I smoke while I play. And tossing a cigarette to grass and whack a divot amusing myself. I do replace divots by the way. I play slow but let people pass. Sometimes I play two balls, hitting each equally poorly, except for the eight iron which seems to retain some dignity. I enjoy the thrill of hitting over hazards but if you watch me I am likely to hit three in a row into the water. Handicap? Let's call it 20 if I kept score.

The codes of appreciation. The stops and directives of friendship. To be aware of an otherwise social, and to gauge the powers, to let them out as social winds permit, and to draw them back into the securities of home ideologies and content. And a question like the guidance of your complexities a stranger will not understand, what, exactly is your opinion about this or this or this and to forfeit an answer for a cloud. The codes of appreciation. And to be the measures of social allowance, that the potencies of thought are better in some distilled way like art or either fun without the mention of art as word. Slow and generous and speaking in symbols I know.

For no two are exact, and the social intercourse of exchange, it is liberated upon a monetary vote. The vasts of indifference are allowed upon the freedom of monetary expressions. But an overcast to those upon socioeconomic strata which are riddled with the social complexities of underpayment and economic underappreciation. A labor battle, always, against the haves with merry personal affords and those without the original thoughts of personal idealistic representation in the notions of objective sales. But I have this wealth, this capital like labor if nothing else. And if I can remainder the thoughts of slavedom, and if I can be the positivist in personal ambitions, a capitalism will set me free. So declares theory. But the worries of forced work are over the profounds of genuine freedom, for I can either work in spurts, at the minimalisms of food and shelter, and will you allow me a contentedness. For I am satisfied, or either the greater ambitions of collecting collecting material and the other comforts I wish. But who could hold the genius of engineers to the genius of linguists? And who could value the doctor to that of mathematician. A labor market upon sociological principles, the inevitability of free trade, and if not socially explicit then a blackened market. Inevitable. For no two are exact, and the social intercourse of money, it is a discern for the labor productions of being. And a freedom, to these monies, a woolen hat, or either persian rug, a chair I wish. Salmon tonight or either beef. And a price. And who could understand the nature of what I want? No matter, for all you need is cost for the entertainment of curiosities. And the productions of money, I am creative or either in a service for not having founded a social and manufactured something. But that exceeds the nature of capital theory, the conditions of labor, for a capital theory is only neutral and allowing some translation for social interests which are infinitely diverse. And if I am able to purchase, I am satisfied and applied to capital without regard for the social otherhoods.

1.

And basketball, one on one twenty-one, seven-zero is a skunk you know. H.O.R.S.E., H.O.R. is a skunk you know. Because a competition was only partial. And ping pong, seven zero is a skunk. Cribbage, a loss by 30 points is a skunk, 60 points is a double skunk, 90 points is a triple skunk. Darts, 301 before the other doubles in, a skunk. And the unofficials of skunkdom, a shutout, baseball or hockey, but usually by swelled margins. An overwhelming defeat. Volleyball, fifteen-zero, skunk, and move on to the next or either begin again.

2.

Times I have been skunked, my beginnings at the family garage ping pong table with dad, skunked. An old college friend at chess, I could only describe my game as skunked. With the knights, the rim is grim he would always follow up his victory with. Love is skunk in tennis, I always loved tennis. And if there were love in golf, I would be the match play skunk, driving with tails and impatience and all the metaphors of lesser competence. The bogey man in the beach, the waterdog. The summer as tees and skirt keeper, and par 3 fairways, if they only knew my after hours free golf privileges were spent as hack and resident skunk. My first game of darts I could not double in and I am amazed I still remember because of the several pitchers of Henry Weinhardt's. But the introduction or either schooling, thank you J.C. I have never tried cribbage and I suppose by general forfeit I am skunk.

For having traveled too far into the materials, and without discretion nor concern. And for having belonged to something madly and excessively, and now be the force of everything

absence. For only the smallest are in a control, the cubicles of foresight and the categories of ideas, they are now slight. The meaning of little things, everything is here,

and kindly represented in order except for philosophy, the value of. Minimalism, like bed and the consterns of silver cross, and the eleven books thrice read and

representing the spirit of academic liberalism. I know the world and round, and poised like progress for another tendered advancement. Money is each, the peace of

having been, and security, and a money, it too is simple and only demanding like society. I could do without, but a civil living requires requires, and this anthropological

state of acquisition and remembering things minimally, the act of keeping foreign things foreign and small, An opportunism like knowing the social confrontations

as primary experience. Mark, in sound and little artifact, in little fetish soapstone bear because there are six directions from an origin. I am origin and remembering to remember

and like drifting and receiving, and only participating like cloud and letting go. But a knowledge is, for having traveled and too far into the materials. The opportunity

of excess, it is a history to oneself, that a mark in minor resound the liberties of that which approaches. And bare feet and yesterday's clothes, I am only partly smiling.

And having known rhythm academically, like sound in voice, the percussions of thought. Like poetry as music and light and having given a creative force to its ends. But a greater cause in distribution, that the transcends of social recognition, after having managed the degrees of certainty, to gift these thoughts in audible light or either text. Or either the pleasures of mathematical melody. I purchased a guitar-like instrument, with twang and strings at ready, for a second stage, and post knowledge to social cause. How simply a thought I imagine I will represent. But a skill I had not anticipated, in fingered frets and strum, in a time. How to begin? A question as, for a musical composition, for myself or others? Bought for others I admit, but a composition like any poetry, it is a practice and discipline of oneself. A performance in a day, but I have fallen back upon the selfisms of construction and ideology, this time music. Having adopted the partner of voice, I am only a greater family to expression. But I have not amputated the origins of poetry, I wish only for another testing field. And if any sound is music I am musician. And if having held instrument is the mark of instrumentalist, I am that. But an approach to knowledge, this thing will be learned, and self study along the way. But I anticipate a more social allegiance to the forms of demonstration, at having escaped the riddles which dwell only internally, this is now public, and these banter as represented in scatters and distortion, in humm and echo, vibration, I am now cause of my own sense, and aware. And if I can sound these every intentions in a language without words, oh, joy, I suspect. At having known some mental dedication and some mental outlet. But a practice, for a discern is only matched in discipline. Or either recalling a memory, that the profounds of anystudy are made upon the stones of acognitivism, and the more absorbed for that.

Creation treeshadow, twilight haze and silence. The delicacy of light, and sight I. Cloudstone and sunpass, spring gray and bounding green, a rolling water captures and reflects, and sight I. Horizon to born on morning, the everything flowers like red and petal, the cheeks of laughter and blush rainbow emotion. The sparkles of sand heat, wave and crashing light drawn from thoughts, and sight I. Touch, the season newbud green and opening star birth like day a million ages of. Passions, and a littled heat like firestart among absence, the flickers of myth a soul begins or either is recognized. Prism like raindrops fall lucky into circles into lakes absorbing.

Plain air like light and flesh to stone to the phototropes of morning sun, the delicacy of light and sight I stained and glass and remainders the want to categories of a red a yellow a blue and green and silence reckoning I.

To fragile cause like bean and upward, the lifts of midday noon and alert barren red and beaming mirage and wish and what it recalls and sight I, imagination. To fragile cause and daybreak tremble watch, treeshadow green and ambient and showing through like stars and rest. To fragile cause a photon small and leaving friend away, the swells of spirit rise to cloud and passing stone, the stops and chords of visual sound. Bounding green and evergreen, the taste of blue and sight I knowing sunflower passion beetle eating photon. Creation treeshadow knowledge twilight rose and cast and purity like white descending or either purple or invisible and only revealing. And sight I bound and receiving dependence tropic air flower memory for night falls darkness I remember that. And death among lest a star forever divine and passing unto mushrooms and darkness rot moon glow wonder ritual turns to dawn anew shining dew proud. And sight I.

Instrument this, and object. I call it subject for knowing it more deeply than its properties. Form, this function is and simple more. The science of this instrument, and unlimited in thought. Sacrifice, to instrument the rest, a remaindered universe and directed, for small, indeed, but happening largely in thought. The conditions of a knowledge are a commitment like ring or either phantom gold and form. The tree for want, and dissolves the air and light and cause otherness. Growth as knowing a likely kind, instrument and everything in relation relation, the buttons of. To this future I, with fetish brand and that which elapses the everythings of time and distance. Constant. And how a wonder at the immovables of eternity I know this (thing) as having contained yesterday, the now, the not now, the tomorrows I am confident in because of stones and miniature earths, the bounding principles and the broadest fathoms of dignity clayform life. Doll and dancing instrument I wonder, and object call word if I must. But only a subject this, and inna form, intha form neither proud nor nothing lest I say its being is meaningful. Ka life and neutral to every X ends substance, every other. But form I mind and spirit function, and not a science connects a universe to stone instrument eternally at rest. Always at rest except for this wonderful remark I can only muster like language and the social symbolism of attemption and poetry I make always in reference. Without function, lust no, ka spirit, ka faith, and only the trusts in confidence I speak. Instrument this, and object. For knowledge, all and contained simply I forget the rests and dissolves of elsewheres mighty elsewheres I realize and forfeit for a lifetime. And I the greater fetish and growing into symbol, mine and death like age comes to try and steal the things immovable I have no fear. For now a time is subject and called like stone I know to know as a body resolves away.

*does the study of exclusion promote exclusion?*

*April*

Hardened philosophies of selfism, the history of xenophobia, genocide, ultra independence, classism, and nationalism, their study as warrant to the perpetuation of concept, or either the separation of concept from a tolerant ideal?

The study of otherness, of chosen humanities and self-service, or either the censorship of hate and bigotry, the minutiae's of personal regard and disregard. A tolerance by the address of intolerance within laboratory and demonstration

to ends without ends, a tolerance by the remarks of value upon isolationism, that it has existed, its social chain of evolution, its confronts, and thus emerges utopia? Or either the attention to greater interests without the

regards for social science and self idolatry, for I can only defend my own reason, can I not? Upon the beds of liberal independence, how can I reasonably address the suffering of another, that a victim I know not except

as novel word, that a crime I know not. For an otherwise attention to things and fascinations like energy and social monopolies and space travel, I cannot know social others. A value, or either middle earth, that a tolerance for word,

for word is not a pipe, and threats are only emotionally real. Only emotionally. Exclusion, to acknowledge the separation of peoples for peoples, and even among lesser minors, a sense of self, is there not? But a bound is a bound,

and without, animal or either Godless wander, no. For the remains of some incestuous self endeavor is pride and competition and social potence. But its advance like protectionism and force and people science, the limits of tolerance are reasonable.

And if upon the studies of inclusive being, the shares of wealth and knowledge, the borderless programming of politics and wonder, what value is explicit? And if a method to the grossness of welcome minds, that it differ

from the mentions of that other word, exclusion, what is the character of introduction of one concept as desirable as opposed to the introduction of another concept as undesirable. Or either is any explicit mention of concept

a notation to that meaning as something other, that the mention of both polar ends, inclusion and exclusion, that an actual social living exist somewhere in between? As likely as reason is likely. For a polar spectrum unto this,

the strands of tolerance. But a social push at the allowance of every, it is an effort. And if an exclusion is the natural tendency of self as proud character, perhaps an inclusion is a necessary introduction as educational ideal. Or either

if a natural tendency of the unbounds of everything allowance, perhaps the introduction of exclusive principles are enough to warrant some reasonable separation which is desirable within a categorical society. It would depend on your

sense of human nature, that the extreme of either concept is a fall to the dialogues of social progress. Reason is necessary, for not all is permitted. Reason is necessary for not every other is omitted. And a discipline at paths,

the studies at allowance and self integration, and the idols of being. The study of inclusion is a course upon otherness, but otherness as ideal? Perhaps, given a context and the potentials. And ever chasing I imagine, only if a word.

What authority does not recognize authority? What social authority does not recognize social authority? What natural authority does not recognize God? The

critical aspects of institutions, how are they not connected to social improvement? The interpretations, the academia of turning word and object, the world of symbols, how

are they not connected to sense impressions connected to material? The virtual lives of strangers, the virtual being of otherness, how is it not connected to symbol

connected to these cognitive faculties? What authority, the push of media, the directed force of knowledge, the enslavement of labor, how is it not itself the enslavement of

its own ideology. What president is not subject? What king is not subject? And the gardener, the turner of soil, the engineer, the maker of machine, how are these efforts

not given to God? What authority does not recognize authority, the simple manifest of hermit, the acts of hermit, is it a reproduction of a way? A knowledge?

For this I know, and certainty upon these acts, that they compel of this body and these thoughts, they are the manufacture of that which revealed itself. That it be,

from force to this I push, the way of knowing to that of action, and meek or either thunder strong. And if a knowledge of oneself in any civilized eventual, I will have trusted

a history and its becoming, its origin, or either to warrant an attention to the interpreters of cause. For every generation is an improvement and respecting the first or either recognizing.

From the west and rolling upon beachhead in gentle  
crash and then pause. Withdrawal. Rolling crash and  
pause. Withdrawal. Once breaking and a hundred  
the same. Swell and bulbous to round and line. Peak

and turn rising afront of the entire idea. And over itself  
and covering to descension and whitened water. To  
a beach and lesser roll to peak at beachhead crash. The  
sound of beach like thunder and more certain and like  
interval. Rolling wave and crash. Pause and withdrawal.  
For from this, the hypnotism of ocean, like mathematics  
and theater and wonder. Something like sound and crash.  
Withdrawal. The draws of despair and into water, the  
nights of being for I require no thought, only admiration

or either attention. I will not steal this by science, I  
will not become the inquiry of beauty, its source, I will  
not become a reason to any directly Goddened institution  
like wave and its successions. But from the west I can  
only imagine the sends of water, the water pushers and  
the machines which drive a force like poetry in laps  
for crabs and shells and my attention. Rolling crash  
and pause. Withdrawal. And how a bird does fly into

force and knowing. Above water air and the responds,  
dash and down seaside brightly above surface glide,  
and knowing out into the beyonds of break I lose you

for an attention returns. First swell and rise the water,  
into bulbs and backlit from the further west glow. The  
crescence of water and peak and crashing the sound of  
rolling a line in both directions north and south. Finding  
a way beachward the secondary bubbles of wash to  
crash again this time gently and with comfort. An air  
with comfort among sounds and pause. Withdrawal.

And for those recognizing creativity as a form of social advancement, and their collection of idea and object, without ever having a creative force aside their intuition of using the forms of others, I resist you. And those who establish structures and frames, and those who manage intentions without consent, I resist you. Not all representation of representation is sociologically interred, or need it be, for the homeward slices of thought, the simple greatness of sound and woven image upon wall, it is an imagination to those given invitations, or either to a public trust, a charitable trust I allow. And for those having wrestled material from its privacy, or either those commissions of thought like money, you are money artist, I resist you lest an ego be mutual and a stifled word be something other than. And representation and architecture from committee, indeed I dwell within ugly buildings, for not every is a basilica or either house of justice, but that which idols itself by several minds, that which escapes the criticism of personal experience and self absorption, that which is not given by the intimates of self, or at least that which is not started by the intimates of self, I resist you. And a colors elected, and how they turn to wash at social indirection and majority percentiles, for some objects require no diplomacy lest its meaning dissolve. The trust for social art, and having been given a public monies and having been given a land, and then its fall to public intercourse, and better for appointing the single mind of curator for this, for too many voices from a thing, thing like structure or even the art of corporate virtual structure, it turns an ambition or either pride to mush. A leadership which leads in committee, and never having touched a clay or poem, a leadership of commandments and having been assigned to material with only the psychology of staff development. I resist you and would rather live among smaller communities as a member of consent.

Novel restart, or either new chapter, upon the corruption of the last. For a hole in public trust and an accuracy dispelled, writer begin again. The misinterprets require reformation and a greater explicitness, for a principle stretched to individual ends. And how great it began, and with the every intentions of congress and context, but such things change I realize, a language changes with the sounds of different waters and different air, the calls of different creatures, different soil. Novel restart, at the ambitions of a more inclusive unity, and at names which were last forgotten. And to reference the old or either mark a new in other symbols transcendent. Poet, find my heart, and a courage to your imagination. I act upon sound and metaphor, the directions of relations to that which I know. Law from these remains. And novel restart, or either new chapter. Because of boredom or either fear, because the last idea was too many and

too great and middled steps had been something like forgotten. And the attempts at describing reason in some symbols, and kindly different and of a greater consciousness. My attention poet. And I do not know if such things would occur if they were not written down for I only know the surrounds of this, lest a text bring me to social elsewheres. And the transcends of giving oneself to literacy, the trusts of assuming the givens of elsewhere truths and substance, I only know this exposure, and reasonable until the personal trials of its lessons are tested and then I know its accuracy. And sound or either false because of this or either this, to search, to advance to another book, and ever in quest. Novel restart until I am satisfied or either old, or either death has brought me to the edges of this sleep. For a mortality I realize, and these remarks I guard as peace, a novel like time which seeds eternity. I listen twice to you poet.

I am slow. And these intentions are a ponder to walk and stride. Pass if you shall, for there are mushrooms and ferns which require an attention. And directed, we each I realize, but a pace is to this path and footdom, the noonish gaze at treeform and looseleaves becoming in budbirth I realize, to be the shattering light atween. Inna day. Inna. Pass as sound and inna day to rest at cozies tavern with beer and guitar I will enjoy no less.

I am minded, and now solace in the contemplates of middle spring, budbirth stick and jonquil yellow yard door open I photograph in fingers and pause. The golden sun and made to cool like air. Slow and strides I watch your back away a distance, for each we know symbols and ends, destiny like rest and the storied notes of electricity. I will meet you there in some grand eventual when these goddened ornaments become common like having succeeded life. And chest I breathe into stardom night gaze cloudy sounds and pass. The birds and sleep.

Pass friend, ahead go, I am slow but not reluctant. Only an interest I comfort. With softpack shirt on back and a lastly found glass bottle with groundwater within. I taste. And cheese I taste upon a body's needs and sleep like deeply forest I only partly fear. Moonglow daybreak I think twicely of you, friend. Go ahead, I said, for all these roads to death I will not say, but rather to a living like grass and herb, tobacco from spite I blow to air.

Away and dust and time, for it does clear. It does make itself known, ends. Save a table or either forget I will not an instant. Your waddled back and determined. For I gave an attention to something other than speed I cannot say. I gave an attention to something other than quantity. I gave an attention to something other than.

The hymn of human  
automation. Labor and  
regard to material.

A body suffers  
only partly in song like  
repetition. Acts.

Again a harvest  
and hammer collaring  
emotion like earth.

For truth in peoples,  
a difference at a sun  
burning metaphors.

For rhythm knows more  
than speech and blind  
to effort.

Throwing stones at  
day away, the calls of  
creating in ambience.

Hymn and religion,  
reason surrounds the  
work in hardness.

Steel and life, fabric  
to spirit. I am something  
other than given.

But time is this meter.  
Constance like knowledge for  
a day will end again.

Speaking easy and grass hat with daisy. And never to mind the taverned talks of sex and revolution. Kindly, she would say, the social balast of hate speech rises a remaindered balloon. And of love words, kindly, she would say, they too rise a balloon but differently. And how she wondered in minimalism and floral prints and garden grass, what would happen if a wife left a man for money? And never saying, no, because language was only words she knew. And wondering. To know a book, she the philosopher and acting metatolerant in Hegelian opposites and never minding the actual acts upon such intentions. There is not a responsibility to assume lest she the president become and only then reprimanding a mindlessness and thoughtlessness, a vacancy of being. For passions and cowboy boots, the lipstick-only face, the bookbag purse, and nodding at the confronts of liberty, celebrating liberty like insulated socialisms and pushing out and only knowing a center from the consterns of activism and picket signism and oppositional institutionalism. A home like Matisse and what beyond, no matter, and everything given over to personal reproductions and the occasional Klimtish dedication to gold and she-symbols and idolatry, the feminine O'Keefe and knowing orchid as intimate and never elsewhere desert away. Speaking easy, at cowboys and scholars, the masturbates of social institutions, the downed and homeless, them thin and needing, speaking easy at anything people and realizing that which a person defends deserves no 'no' except for a synthetic opposite which defends her individualism. She is protected and golden, tanned and shielded and only really loving that which she cannot handle because a primitivism. Because a primitivism and only waking to sunrise and never clock radio, sometimes on porch couch with boots on and percolator coffee scrambled hair and toasted memories. The steams of freedom are this, and sex she dares not what you say but only agreeing intimately.

The suicide women, and violently incestuous. Repeating the forms of one another and piling on the exclusions and selfisms of how and becoming feminine. One is not many, so a conference theme, and unity among. And the occasional loss to member to sex and man, the doldrums of gender tolerance. But a core, the suicides of women to brash and spirit, to be cause like thorn, like beauty in hardened places until death to brown to sunburn and dust for having been is remarkable like the socialisms of knowing she-others and she-lives and she-freedoms. Because a history, the suicide women and now partly male and hybrid but calling a strength feminine instead. The one up game, like the athletes of a team play to establish some form of dominance like she-alpha and she-omega she everything for woman is no longer enough of a label as character. And as a mind, a body grows hair and jowls to form, a shoulders as featured but not gentle, instead like a strength I cannot mind. The suicide women and knowledge proud glasses dark frames and attention to only some things. Determining and bearing crosses, and enduring the establishment curse as she-bull and pink-proud rosebud with enemies even. And lesser brows for the other auntie Tom homemaker except for mother who really did live in another time she can forgive. And suicide women rededication to self and body proud censor the imagination knowledges from that which once excluded for an application now is something greater than the finishing clubs of malehood with dedicated she-areas she knows sex. She knows sex. Violently incestuous for from that family a newer idealism than God and gender and the repeats of peace at the helms of master nations and master languages except for that which she reaches exactly to and beyond if she wishes without stop. Cloud, no matter bird, no matter metaphor, to speak simply and the surrounds of otherness which affirm because society has.

In terms of I, not I, and what of is, not is? Thou, not thou? If I am gracious enough. And now, not now? What of then, not then? Being and non being, I am confident of I, not I, because an expression of self, and if anything, I not I. But if a care, and if a social, thou, not thou.

And if a museum, and if a knowledge, is not is, the animates of being, them lifeless and material, word, not word, cause, not cause, God, not God, if. And if a memory, now, not now, and to have been, and knowing of, then, not then I believe. I am only partly solipsist, I am partly

nonsolipsist. Am, not am, and knowing other as is, not is, and that which vanishes, were, not were, to member time as other and the logics, how they make me small and categorical. Able, not able, and from having been, confidence, and knowing having not been. Rain, not

rain, theory, not theory, I, not I, and I among many is not I and only rain. The bounds of this, not this, ever not I except a being among. Was, and never having been and never will be or either remains to permanence or not permanence. Cause, not cause, not I except a voice among notvoice and that which listens, not listens. I,

not I, that and the other that, not that, cloud, noncloud, water, not water, other, not I. Thou, indeed, thou, lest a nonbeing, that, the other that, not that originally that but still another that other. Love, not love. But if a care, in contradiction to notcare only. Love among

nonlove. I among not I. Thou among not thou. Be, not be, I wonder. Beauty by that which is not beauty, canyon because of air, stone because of not stone. Then, not then, and still being but still not then. I not I. Is not is brave, not brave known as other like sleep, or not.

Following leaves, a forest floor and bowed in silence.  
Brown draft autumn death and leaves begin bulbous  
and popping forward and again in silence. The also  
clouds and traveling upon a wind I cannot fear except  
for sundown spring I will retreat then many times ahead.  
Following life and river now sound and pebbled underfoot  
thought river stone round and twang. Rolling bluff a  
flood no more for man did conquer I remember how a  
nature imagined. Mudsounds slop delta brown and  
slow like humid. Mountain crystal cinder air, aspen  
follow mushrooms into daybreak death. Following  
desert spider cactus web and wren hole, and humming  
quiet. Steel wheels and man did segregate a wilderness.  
Lines and prairie fence holding back migrations except  
the movement of peoples. Bending grass and airborne  
seed restless cloud no matter time and only the slights  
of distance passing. Following leaves, and undersea  
the imagination of kelp and kind shorewash bubbling  
foam little shells broken and bare feet I call northwest  
cold but it calls itself something other I respect. Bubbling  
twang guitar like man electric lightning energy from  
solar panels housetop to stop the environmentalist  
from wondering if. If. Following light to moonlight  
mountaintop air I call Milky Way galactic but it calls  
itself something other I respect. Little creatures night  
and airborne dying or sinking into man's blade cut grass  
by daybreak. Lakeshore laps and goosehonk goosehonk,  
Canadian I call them but they call themselves something  
other I respect. Time death rainbow. Time death, the  
river and never having moved for I watched from this  
stone as a child. Time death, the mountain and never  
having moved. Time death, and sun constant like memory  
like day. Time death, and the shamans of effort, for  
having known blood and muck despair, and now something  
other after leaf and leaves, newgrowth rest on blanket  
I call Navajo but it calls itself something other I respect.

Abbreviated thoughts. And stops at open window  
to air, the early light and fresh like silence newspaper  
coffee danish time. Not a symbol here and things are  
only, they only are. The patio wormbirds and hopping,  
and sucking worms like straws. Coffee danish time  
and watch a silly little thing imagine meals. Abbreviated  
thoughts, and eyes arriving, a body and settled into  
rocker coffee watch. Animation mug to mouth robin  
freeze and sideways hop wormbird for acting like that  
which it is. And Sunday then, it turns to thoughts a  
way from sight, coffee last and start finally the symbols.

Two am and having read the last of symbols. To sleep  
and having wished there was not a need. So many  
things a lifetime and I, sequestered to routine and ambient  
dreams. Responsible rise and eight am to cigarette and  
labor a days demands. The heaves at society of categorical  
existence. The people. The people and poetry each.  
Green lunch and cola, more labor floats and return, to  
guitar life and rest. Six pm and sleep and setting aside  
the symbols for a stationed closure. Eight pm up to  
coffee up and lasagna night poem. Pink Floyd the slow  
return to self and word and word. News day time, the  
deaths of the world and the ambitions. Candle light  
quiet keyboard except for clack reading strong tonight  
and only partially hyper. I make music and two am  
and having read the last of symbols. To sleep. To sleep.

Surrounds of middle time darkness. Away drifts and social tides recede, they come, they go. And managing the radiates of self from peace and inner circles strand

quiet. Light and inner home idea, the thinks of culture and creation, willowed creeks and blue mound earth away and shadowed. History as clarity and library echo life plan. The models of rain and winter cold to the hopes of brown to green and troubled spring and bird. Troubled away and shadowed lest a truth front

an imagination I wish it not. Surrounds of night and middle time wisdom, starlit backlit life I forget. Tomorrow arrives in destiny ships I while away at. And the other destinies like wait and determination, I while away at. Echoes the zen of squeezed presence and misshapen for the netherforce of elsetimes and otherness. Away

drifts and isolation. But a mind is only partly forgotten and traveling home to when I need not remember like birds dashed with reddened wings and cattail watch, mountain water and trout cold freedom drift to body romance. The social tides, and back and waves, they

arrive like spoken treeforms and hard and living. Them other as any and in tallened buildings and walking lines and making words. The funny them and I am anthropology or either learning. But a distance. And middle time

darkness elsewhere, the casuals of that without relation to time except an occurrence of clock like thunder and how it remembers. To sleep this body and laid down cloth and health and despair if it matters. Childlike and prayer like thank you God and the rest for tomorrow the waters away. I remember tomorrow now and if.

For that which was the union of peoples, and pure as worldview ideal. What a peoples find from positions of social truth. As flexible as belief, but only so flexible, and its bend to life and how it can only be forced into position so far. For the ultimates of traveling and again further, how it requires a new sense of purity and social unity which does answer the questions like sacrament and. And to know the ends of knowledge, that a ritual worship overlaps the strands of study. I watch closely at an unthinking people, for I am cattle only if I disregard these emotions. I am chattel only if a pride among the dogmas of history. But a relevance, a questions overt and expecting, and too simple the lights of schism and separation, a social hop to more likely truth. And the retains of celibacy and the simples of worship types and wine, the transfigurations of body. And something other as profound and more inclusive. And if a dog like person like without meaning nor God. And if the museumists and without value. And if the social rambles too deeply to words to words and free speech because they can, I will deserve a greater elsewhere and ambition. Union is not virtual. Union is not sequestered to high homes and government. Union is not reluctant. And worship is not other wise nor elsewhere and requires no force of commitment. Religion restart, or either to forget it as source. For a dog, perhaps, and not among that which requires except for Sunday to ambled rivers dammed but still wise. To return likely to nature for it is a test of religious institution. The successions of nature, and science like and ever closer to words, the observations day and cloud. Or either to forget, that a matter is for the interns of knowledge, conceptual formation and their enactment. And only a Sunday for appreciation of otherness for the remaindered time is a matter of being, the structure of existing among types, an allowance to.

Thoughts to interjections, expressions, the symbols of acquisition. But the epochs of experience travel like any time does. For the modernisms, like loss and urgencies, the appreciates of art, the interprets of space and being, anew, meaning, anew, light, and ever change ever change. What becomes a poetry like scribe, the sounds to birds, the sounds to baby and cry, emotion and reflecting a social fabric. And what litmus, the social bounds, a that which receives, and letting go a history, and olden english, an olden latin, a reference for studentry for translation. For context in the fluids of civil speech, that a meaning entertain new forms, that a life of aged things (things), how they pass to novelty to dust. And if the grounds of observation are tethered to a genuine substance, a more balanced and neutral word for, and the possibilities of staying longer longer until the bulk of that language system is obsolete. And how it becomes replaced by the cultural symbols of the latest physical strength like genius or either military insemination. Or either to advance upon the directions of the mass of professions, a medical field of language, and then to a more modern social interest like the generics of natural science, and then to a more modern social value like the language of education or either innocence. Morbidity, word and gone except cause.

These regards, to guitar. To strum and balance, the picks of literacy. Social literacy like the GCEA's of knowledge transmission. For an emotion, as equally transmitted

in tonal regards. Audience, and to this self, the poetries of loss, of wisdom and science, the efficiencies of, the metered rhymes of hardship and civil expression, the

notes of justice, of beauty and despair, among the other translates of overdom and tautological repeats. Guitar and silence, for pause as much an appreciation as the

enlightened commands of melody. These regards, and figure this, the mathematics of string and vibration, no matter for the ends of any language are similar, except

a wider notion to the implies of harmony. And further, its interpretation, interpretation of interpretation, dance and the ekphrastics of paint as representation, the passages

and passages. To guitar and inner light, and if upon the epochal retentions of sound, I will have remembered the seventeenth century in exaction. And among the

dismembers of other verbalisms, and knowing how the other verbalisms travel without commitment, and how they die except for meaning. Guitar, and to this Spanish,

the adds of Americana and Nipponese, for there is a structure which allows for degrees of universal intercourse. The joys of receiving sound and without the confronts of

demand, for some is let. Some meaning is let and I hold no responsibility for that which comes except dissonance I know but this I let. For guitar, as instrument is developmental.

Carry forward these sacred acts for they are not bound to a time. And carry forward the constance of intellectual openness. And conceptual formation, that a language is only small and charming, that a language is found in many places and many manners. Of land and dying

land, that a healing begin as idea and into the actuals of progress and reformation. To remember, that a celebration is among many instincts and many things, many peoples and time. I will ever only live partly, but a lesson to the omnipotence of thought, of original cause, for the

blessings of being, only a body, only a body. And river rise, the activisms of gravity delta, of gathering each, the features of madness, that an understanding, the features of isolation, that an understanding for otherness. Carry forward the ordinations of value, of heartened

skies and appreciation. And to these arts, the mystics know I have lived courageously and with respect. And if a mortality, as it does, to proudly to have belonged to the greater composites of liberty and its expression. A rumor, that I not live indifferently, nor that I live in

absolute contradiction, but that a balance. Change ever changing ever I realize and that a change is not an instant but a series of instances. And the realities, that they be not confounding nor obligations, but an industry to tomorrow. And of substance, of material, not an

overreduction to thought, but that the pleasures of riddledom and logic, they be contained in respect to. Carry these messages, and if a time to grayness and facelines as they do, to allow a youth the responsibilities of freedom, a gift to futures, that a youth carry forward remarkably.

Natural, what science is? An observation of I cannot contest, or either if I be natural how could a science not be? But an objectivity implies my removal, I will not be nature this instant, but other to, like the anthropologies of outer living, the blinds of consideration. And if, a nature away and forming, I know it without my institution, I know it without a social governance. For this science is only watch and it makes no conditions. This science is bound to laboratory only if a system is eternal and boundless. For this science is knowledge and requires no maintenance, lest I again become natural and forgiving

and involved. Lest I introduce and manage have I returned to nature and having passed upon self removal until a calling once more. What science is? And this, thought like how a winged flight, and how a reproduction of godly birdness. Thought like how a crystal forms, and how a reproduction of godly crystalness. And upon the togethers of ambient thought, how a reproduction of the values of nature. I look within, and by such isolation I appreciate the netherness of nature. I know not wherefrom inspiration, to other fields, that, but its existence, I am partly God now, and emerging once more upon principle

and discern. Science as religion, if a system to these regards, and if an expectation. Science as knowledge, and if the passage of observation to utility, to the troublesolves of material and conceptual formation. Science as worship, and if a blankness to bird and fish, to the peopled migrations of land, to the glacial aspects of people, slow and deliberate, I acknowledge. Every science is natural upon a reflection for I am never entirely apart. But a regard to the furthest removal, for from that, the objectives of spirit and colonialism are enlivened to their limits until a return. How interest, and a guide I become nextly as teacher, having been and back.

Begins a light, to changing fields and bended grass I receive and etched symbols them. What cause like origins of watered rivers falling free and rainbow light I receive and wondered constance. Begins a light, idea like material over acred bristlecone six thousand times they soar.

Municipal moonrise hilltop watch a peoples flicker at being cause and only realizing they are receivers as any little thing to stare in kneebound wonder release. The dance of other littled creatures, system bound and eating moss for they are vegetarians I realize and water cress

fresh imagination. Stone and the overhangs of fern of time romanced I steal. Begins a light, a desert cause and only so barren because the endurance of life is at once greater than desolation or either its social expression kneebound and received. And if a cloud, what brings

this thing like wind and crossing sounds at whorl and sense saguaro hot. Tomorrow it will rain and spring green tender I imagine the hums of social insects collecting before the next. And oceanside kelp and having traveled the floats of tide and isolation away and back and at

rest pebbled beachbound and stink. The imagination fishes, the crabs and pool system mudbound clams as other parts of this. The lesser lights to northern shoresides and whaleback lions bark. The gulls, the gulls and nightfall cold and sounding ceaseless wash and stony crash.

A peoples and shaman of lesser cities no less, and scattered in thought and divinities like light and patience for a wandered time but settled physically. A lesson I, and passing. The rivers, and rolling lightly, everything among light until nightfall I remember sleep and woven symbols.

For something new among tethered minds. How a once belief believes it has acquired enough, and sounds the defenses of constant settlements and arbitrary yeses. But only so stunted among the push of conceptualism and ideation. The social fatigues, and an opening upon the compels of interest and discern or either the wrought insistence of truth. For a social evolution requires, lest I the crippled mind of xenophobisms and conservation conservation. And its expression, the moderns of first being once again, ugly and enlightened, slurring and jumpy and pseudocertainty. A path, and realizes that a watch a social interest begins. I, too, the maker now, a potence and becoming novice and known, amateur and known. And in the far awayness, I translator for other tethered souls like compassion. Again I know not death, a bigger box this heart belongs, and interest like fulfillment filling the aggregates like testimony and cause. And how a challenge, to acknowledge the otherness of things. And how a challenge, and among the retents of emotion and humanity, that a littled mind be free from, and objective like science. Only a patience I ask of myself. For something new requires lest I dissolve to stone and never forming again but only buried and constant for having implied a life upon its begin. Only buried and constant. Lest an interest and to classed rooms and labwork effort, the strains of becoming. And degrees, for only the partials allow a formation in slights and vigor and the slows and release of uncertainties like breath. Social, and those who profess like I and realizing a language. Never a novice like start again for this field lest the containments require in another thousand years. For something new among tethered minds, and responsibility or either apedom at the loss of discipline and new toolnesses. And pass, the faults of only partly participating, but too, the notions of nonterminalism and spirit, the embrace of path, I, and ever functioning only slightly until a respect to otherness.

This annual, and solutions. Votedom, in quiet circles and in little languages and arts. In homes and gathered forests, the hunts and letters, to grow. And of first aways and homelands, that a pride in origins, but I am experienced to lake and glacial hill. The qualities, like education, the reformations of reformation of civil liberty, the continuity of revolution, the freedom and exchange. And to these problems, as that the calls of war and labor, the draws of brighter lights, and to these problems, effort and elderhood, a sounding announcement like no, and its defense in littered symbols, scattered symbols like socialism and progress, like forward mottos and time like here forward start-again like forgiveness, if a tranquil base now. This annual, and solutions like blueness effort carpenter technique, biofuel cornlaunch, cow computers, and its manifest, the harbors of meta-bio-life-art science. And this institution like idea, the leaves of grass but different and rained upon, the push of land recovery and restoration, just an only sum for outer worlds demand demand. Inner worlds demand similarly, and an attention to the insults of neighborhood and alderperson, for these are the now symbols to advance a secular fundamentalism if its substance is as true as the passions of its conception. Votedom, begins the littles. Quiet languages and car circles, an attention to loud things and institutions, the installations of excellence, their words are mine or either the socialisms of support will rest everywhere except within its emptiness. This annual, to forestry tavern and snowed away cards and again, other languages. Other languages like night and peace, I am not reluctant but only protecting a subtle beauty in subtle forms like footprints and managed care literacy home. And cloud like spring develops mind and watercross. Harbor nights and bang lightning I am comfort now and riddling at an other. Now an other.

*miscreation*

*April*

Ugly  
poem,  
and  
at  
the  
establishments  
of  
sound  
itself.  
Ugly  
image,  
and  
tearing  
down  
upon  
the  
other  
constructions  
of  
policy.  
Ugly  
architecture,  
and  
marking  
a  
city  
block  
as  
ugly.

*procreation*

*April*

Sex and conception.  
Develops fetus to love,  
tenderness. Destiny.

Upright and walking on corners, wobbling among city blocks. And them laying down in city parks thinking thinking of little things is enough for an imagination.

Bent coffins and driving, stepping at gas pedals and moving in ambitious steps and stops to buildings. The open coffins of board meetings and showing pimpled faces and decomposition but gold and other metals like precious stones still bright. Upright and wobbling

to grocery store cash counters with frosted flakes and coffee. Wobbling in the occasional parades like last years thanksgiving day parade and giving thanks to the same God as last year. Coffins and overnight death

and dreaming of pretty women and how they used to be, and strength and how it used to be common. Dreaming of history only. Coffins, and them of all sizes and colors and speaking out against speaking out. And speaking of death, coffins speaking of death and how it would

be nice to die in one way or the other and to be buried in swaddled linen beneath a cherry tree and having left the square of life. But for now upright and moving in

the mechanics of squaredom and upon the rules of coffinness for there must be rules, the code of coffins says so, it has always said so. Upright, and wobbling to lecture like student, coffin to lecture for the administration of thought. To the funeral bookstore to be seen as master death. To the flower shop for home graves. Upright,

and then open and ugly for death sex and sympathy and oozing like cadavers ooze, the morbids of language and the embalms of knowing peace conditionally. And then to wobble again at sunrise for that still turns brightly.

And having been proud among the socials of a geography like America. And having become the waver of banners and having become the nationalist. And having then embraced the concept of nationalism intimately for a social becomes the evidence of pride. And having transferred the notion of nationalism, that any culture socially framed and governed might be nationalist. That any culture might appreciate the affirmations of nationalism if they could only similarly pride themselves as the social efforts they must certainly participate in. And to have become the pride of plurality, that only if a separated geographies must recognize a separation for forms of governance because a system of many locals, the plurality of geographic social systems, how things go unsaid such as unification among diverse social elements. And who could speak such things for fear of fear of borderism and expansionism. And the plural nationalists, to know bounds, and to represent bounds first from this establishment of familiarism for I can only represent that which I know, and how manifest destinies arrive, how they turn to how, the howisms of democracy and social participation. The howisms of museumism and other representative forms. And having been proud and forgetting a geography altogether, for a discipline becomes the ideology of national spirit and place is arbitrary. And among the socials which were brought about by the spirit of American land, the occasional return to earth and mountain and bordered lakes for prayer. And how a nationalism returns to how such a grace is endeared. And an education turning to the models of pride, and a social corps traveling to the elsewheres to institute institution like nationalism. And the plural nationalist, and them having allowed the greatest ambassadors from elsewheres to lecture on other homelands like scientists. And then realizing a land, and borderdom, like an ideological valve. And pluralism, having defended a nationalism kept.

*velvet*

*April*

Soft and black fabric,  
or either purple to touch  
and candid and plain.

Worn for a social  
establishment like praise and  
ideology.

Dashing and private.  
To take off naked and a  
revealed form beneath.

Wide collared and dance.  
Open collar and subtle  
like style I preserve.

Soft attention, and  
begs a question any question  
I offer myself.

For touch, the resounds  
of freedom, and day ends, the  
denim once again.

But having known the  
accords of attention like  
martini outlook.

Representing the  
subtles of liberty. Soft  
and colorful bold.

And now forgotten  
until Friday night surveys  
return again now.

Institutional authority, the corporates of being, the swells of social air and craft. The standards of act, and not a diversion to a directed progress, not the outspeaks of social change, of inclusion or advancement, not the radiates of engineered improvement. And not a monitor to dialogical manifests of want. For an efficiency upon the ways of conservative management, a system relies upon the exacts of history, the exacts of institutional perception. And not a model to that which encourages an outreach, a social chain of every mind, not a room for the tenders of hearing everything. For a public requires the will of systemic structure, these capitalisms require an attention to product, and this offering must be consistent and in relation to its societal puzzle, its corporate mind. Authority, and protectionism, for the ideology of flight, of divinity, of curricular standards, of the specifics of corporate regulation. For all is parts, and a corner given, only a greater sphere upon the empowers of reckoning bodies like commissions and chairmen, principals and investigators, leadmen and them committed in years and otherwise, them confirmed. Institutional authority and governance, and an interpretation to the isolates of social independence, the bewilders of outspeaking mania or either the purchase orders of maverick investors with selfism and early retirement, or either maverick self starters owning public things. Them owning collective style and inspiration, them owning the subverts of public reproduction like publishing houses and them owning access to xerox and radio broadcast things and never having acquired consent nor considered its necessity. And clips, these wings, for having flown unnecessarily, for

having flown unnecessarily among those shelters like

nature symbol cloud park or social symbol skyscraper for having flown unnecessarily without authority. That. And to wonder at nothing except why a social stagnates.

Regards to meaning. And social speak, the swaps of language, value as earth, as canyon, to soil I know your

sound, to vagina and the fourth worlds of birth, I know your soul. The eterns of thought, and how transcends

imagination, and how a poetry to language, it is but an instant, a sound and having meant despair in the

mighty first and now meaning something other. And to cause like rainbow to God I know, and now God as

othercode like volcano and its expulsions littering an ocean floor at first I will expect land inna time. Inna

time. Regards to meaning. And social speak, woman as sound and motherly and if a force becomes I know

it otherwise. Man to the declarations of spore and life begins, to provider to discipline, and if a force becomes

I know it otherwise. And river to its collects of rain I worship, the air to cloud becoming and darkness shelter

I require by whichever sound I offer. Regards, and advance upon the thoughtless, the inconvenient, the inefficient,

and upon that having isolated itself from other things. The swaps of language, for knowledge the greater even

though I tire of hearing such things. Ocean as metaphor, cosmology as metaphor for social systems. Insect colony

as metaphor. And having recognized that a person is unlike other things and the nature of change begins newly.

How it comes, and dreamfast, cloud evidence sweeps.  
The intermittent slows I change. And thinking, how a  
night slows a thought cool like relief. Outstanding, to  
sense a star, a winded soil and blown like time. The

remarks of sound pushing symbols and nothing changes  
only slightly. Nothing changes. Water evidence and  
whitecap days edgewater cattail bend. The burns of

spring gust a life like bird and force against. The burns  
of being. I was a child and knowing such things had  
no meaning, the way a wind blows a canyon, the slowcross  
leaves of last dead season and drying and then passing  
to dust. I was a child and knowing such things had  
no meaning. A word, to permanence like solitaire deserts

encouraging such things, high plains and snow back  
then. And getting old and returning to youth but not  
remembrance except for how a body lasts in a way.  
The crossing way and eastward, for travels all that it

touches. I have crossed a continent and knowing the  
otherness of mountain soil and salty air. And the inadvertence  
of wind, geology and mind transformed. The gusts  
of elevation, of pushing the slights of butterfly and thought,  
birdsong and temporary. Nightfall and tempers want  
like sleep and slowing. The blindness of wind and a

station for being. The culture of wind. Man's April  
wind and minds the elaborates of rain and hailforce  
ice and sideways pound. The everything wind and forms

to thought other things and meaningless like the exchange  
of seed and reproduction, all zero lest I account for  
myself and one other. An other. And release I watch  
you return in another thousand years of intentions I.

Bold or either ambivalent. Socially concerned. Social.  
And their opposite like allowance and letting the wants  
of anything. The forms return like season honks and  
fallback rests for a leadership is terminal and exhaustive.

The watching, the change of mind to season's edge,  
snow and Canadian, the consummates of flock and  
freedom fills a sky. Mass ascension. The studies, of

them and defending an air and knowing a bow to the  
other fashions like predatory birds and thieves, them

ugly in thought and passing. Bold, and framing appreciation  
for I wish a cloud like mind, the soul of air and thought.  
Bold or either natural and choosing natural, always

calling things natural. The beneaths of sectored peoples,  
them natural and consuming, the dams of people consuming,  
them natural. And to fundamental clockwork to struggle  
at life. The sound of being, and grassnest silence if a

rest returns to sex grounds and summer living. Socially  
concerned and staying among the consents of worldabout

change and everything change. The silence of night and  
bold the species for moving as they always have. And

bold to continue. And to appreciate the permanence  
of impermanent things. The soil and lifelongs, the canyons  
rivers, the barrenness of sky. And the ambivalent, the

equivalence of everything like a year ago. And everything  
the same and dying except for newborn younglings and  
thought. Bold and proud, and mattering as anything  
matters. The natural and the otherwise things, as natural.

By the inners of peace, the satisfacts of knowledge, of the equaldom of choice, I represent normalcy. And if a change, that to light and inspiration, and if a digress to the histories of rest, I represent normalcy. And the regards of otherness, that another normal allows this being, that an other appreciate likely, I to gravity, the social attractions of freedom. By the standards of care, an intimate ness of spirit and inquiry, the recognitions of cause and their resounds, the respects of cause, I only know this courage, these natural liberties. I only

know within, but its management, I am governor. And approach I realize, the wisdom of realizing an attention to scattered dreams and otherhood, the likes of want. And immaterial, these inward bounds I confess. But a distance, a shape to that without which hungers this body cold, that which urchins sleep and that which closes a regard. And simple, to having been a collection of otherness, I museum, indeed. And simple, to having been the formation, the being of these surrounds, but

I can only be. Or either to absorb oneself into the incests of selfism. Normalcy by the intends of this exterior. So say I, and these words, how they reflect the observes of springtime matter, the May and stars, the delicacy of light. So say I. And if an exposure to beauty, what I represent is. And normal. And if an exposure to a love to gift to an expanded life, what I represent is.

And normal. By the inners of peace, I know it as. And if a social contradicts, how a language forms in defense. And how an art becomes in defense. And if a language, that it only exist in defense, you will know that as normal I wish otherwise. Social, there can only be lest I fade to these within only. But normalcy, the dialects of, I am their reforms, and I to wisdom of a chosen environment and representing. And knowing a peace as otherness wise.

Announcements, these mannered acts at justice, at cause.  
These sideways walks and the follows of symbolic chains,  
symbolic melodies I watch. An attention to, and knowing

the aggregates of truth, that a peoples of difference are  
complementary and offering, that a nature I am its element  
as any, that a mind, its attention to its ness. The aggregates

of truth, and following that which feeds a hungered soul,  
that which alights a disheartened social. And having  
traveled several ways, and realizing the elaborates of

pathdom are a path in themselves, the election of trial  
and the election of many elections, it is a path. For a  
littered life, and if I be the compels of service, if I be the

social strains, the developments of social composition,  
I the elder. And to these anawim, the service of, for  
from this inclusion, I the service of learning and twice

heartened to a standing social. Philosophy, and the  
grants of wisdom, the certainties and walks, the knowledge  
of, I will not collect or either become old and ever hungry.

Announcements, and outward, these mannered acts.  
And to be known as otherwise fortunate for independence  
and self determination, it is an inevitability, the social

applauds to that which applauds a social, but their  
redirections, a morality and the frames of, that a modern  
populism attend to littler things than heroism and prophetism

and profitism the likes of society and its appreciates.  
And how a concern erodes for the influence spheres and  
time, for a knowledge standing, it is greater than frames.

*greetings*

*May*

*thanks:*

wonder full. and sky  
cinders and sunflowers, Greg.  
canyon shadow thanks.

*good luck:*

wellnesses and cause  
travel upright, a cloud. and  
daybreaking friendly.

*fly straight:*

target beam photon  
intent. danger swell answer  
death only afraid.

*to your health:*

babbling blood system  
diet greens and walk air light.  
appreciation.

*happy birthday:*

daybirth baby time.  
age and name becoming to  
smile at knowing youth.

*sweet dreams:*

old sleep today I  
died. with your thoughts in my arms  
I give you a peace.

*welcome home:*

sweet American  
love grass rest nest. and eat bells  
dong visit singing.

Social rush, the intends of language, of musical notes.  
And their contradicts, that of nature, the hushing wind,  
raindrops fall and birdsong. The imitates of nature,  
to brother, sound, and friendship rush, a word and poem,  
the divines of substance. For this meaning given, emotion

and given in blue note drumsound. Against a doggened  
bark I have no control. Against the ambients of falling  
stone and shoreline crash, the ambients of crackled  
fire and quaking earth. I too this evidence, the represents  
of social commands and speech. The expressions on

the outers of dictionary with every meaning. The expressions  
at the requisites of response reaction, the expressions  
at cause. Humm I give you, and languaged as any. And  
whistle, these intents as meaningful as any. The symbols  
of sound, them objects. The intents of guitar strum, of

carhorn dinnerbell telephone. The intents of fire alarm,  
of siren, and each with the embeds of language, of meaning.  
But a rolling wheel is socially worthless lest a meaningful  
squeal. But a pattered hoofbeat and worthless lest a  
ranchers parade as threat. But a bugling elk, I am not

the intends of this sound, and ambient I give it, and a  
peace I give it I can only, but without social meaning  
other than divine. Ambient. And a trumpet, doorknock,  
a whispered 'hello,' different as having been shaped for  
social conformity. Symbolic sound, and including language

and the vocabularies, the vocals of. A handclap and  
meaning. A footstomp and meaning. And different than  
the ambients of river rush and glacial pop. Different  
than a condor's flapping wings I indeed appreciate but  
know that if a language exists between us, it is asocial.

What I can offer, nothing little and nothing so specific  
as things. But a greater material like time and good  
thoughts. A quiet and inner emotion, for now I am stable

and it is yours or either your own area, I can give you  
that. And will I drift into other things, you are welcome  
and settled here in quiet and sheltered. Be well I ask

only and forgetting the elsewheres of anxiety and rush,  
the matters of words, them gone to air. And religion,  
it is little. Psychology is little. And I have not a medication

for you and not a thing to bear a social pressure upon.  
And Sunday grass only I forget. And the intents of  
knowing how an opinion drifts and I forgive myself

for knowing to boldly. What I can offer, and if a time  
turns to imagination, and if a body needs, then I shall.  
And put a health towards you only so far and pulling

away I realize. A pressure can be great, friend, and  
if a weathered soul I realize. And if a hardened mind  
I will bring it soft again before returning it to strength.

And other far away things like force, to shelter from,  
and them there and needful like weapons. But them  
only there and at rest I assure and them away. Until

the fathoms of inner strength return, and gently outward,  
we, and strides at slowness and cloud, and walking  
tightly over the resents of history and them having sucked

at feelings and thoughts for too long. And day long  
and the demonstrations of history as again new. Be  
well, what I can. And then inner like quiet energy new.

For circulation, an interest measured. For books in print, an interest measured. For the types of book, the genres of science and intellectual extraction, abstraction, a readership is measure. And this vote to quality, upon a listening dollar voice and upon an advertising interest, because a population of any sort is potential. A potential for

further volumes, for modern theory. The journals opening minds I can tell in the number of editions. An extra attention to edit, to accuracy, by the forces of social outrage or either a letters to editor, the critical acclaim which stirs a public. And a purchase. And the development of books, novel and social theory from these bound surrounds.

*religious measures*

For what course of divinity I seek. A liberal theology, a measure as that which defends individualism and the expressions of the mind. That which defends a peer association, public parade. And if a sense for isolation or self quiet, a liberal theology will not have mannered its intent. A conservative ideal, a house of worship, the

compounds of nature, the peace of mind of the absolutes of being for some things do not change. A security, and if there is no gathered sense for this, a question to those confounds which declare a path of security and offer this otherness and its mixed customs and nonbrilliance. And then a service among deficient for a hope still qualifies.

And how an intending public moves an interest. A one dismissed will find an alternative path. An unsettled one will search again for more meaningful paths. Teacher to publisher because a direct social association was too chaotic. Mason to knighthood because a social construction

turns to ideology. Priest to wanderer because a catechism was too explicit. And how a social mind follows a discontent until a questions answered. The turn of meaning, athlete to coach because a body fails and a heart never has. The turn of meaning, police to fireman because I am still

in service but a social control I never had. And to realize a something great in selfism, in the honesties of looking outward to modern circles. And how a social transforms by the failures or either the trials of newness. This epoch to service, this epoch to nature, to ecology. This epoch

to dollardom, this epoch to the wants of food and the qualities of, an aesthetic appreciation. And a wanting class, a social change, for a liberalism implies the trust of experimentation and ethic. Engineer to builder, artist to engineer, a boredom becomes or either the grants of

social need suck a peoples from many sources. Communal or either sociological, that a community allow for modern impressions. And anthropological, I, to wonder at the paths of people, or either too interested in the paths of others and searching for something to do better. But a

truth, to the expansions of social spheres, to the wanders of being. And an anthropologist, now, only to recognize a wandering mold to existence. For a happiness and against those unsettlements, searching, ever searching or either responding to the listens of elsewhere betterness and hope.

Psychology is not a substitute for religion. The conditions of knowing oneself may be elementally divine, but an exported and projected personal system, and under

the title of religion, it is an overlook to the other qualities which a religion is. An excommunication of psychology needs exist for a reclaim of religious ways. Or either

an import of religion into the philosophy of the mind. Better, I suppose, to qualify them both as necessary, for a thinking mind and the act of knowing oneself is

a foundation of humanity, and a greater cosmology, an outlook of man's natural inheritance and development is also a necessary foundation of humanity. And questions

like the whereabouts of the soul, and the place of morality, the conditions of getting along with others and the conditions of what to expect from others, does the plotting of a

vicinity for a moral compass need exist? What purpose will it accomplish? Maybe to the surgeon seeking the holy grail of the brain, but even then I would declare

such a pursuit one psychobiologically based and irreverent. Maybe if a soul were discovered in the course of extracting a brain tumor. But then what? Could it be programmed?

And what would I tell it? Would the act of programming a soul be a psychological endeavor or would I program a new soul into that old soul? Psychology is not a substitute

for religion. For, perhaps, religion is an allowance to an otherness and a psychology is the list of entitlements to oneself. I act upon either and both, and in a balance I must.

Quiet room and whistle. At having escaped with a life I call this. And partly afraid and partly of a mind of retirement. I will call myself mature. Yes, that. And not really bored but a partial dwelling upon the sensations of having climbed mountains and having traveled recklessly and having consumed several substances in the interest of greater truths. And, perhaps, having found greater truths, them enough to settle into a life of walls and cities. Or either a more profound danger, a one which transcends the immediacies of extreme natural experience. A more profound risk the likes of investment strategies and the elevations of one's social self. A danger, indeed, at the chance of public exposure and social management.

And perhaps a metaphor, at having lived to edges with thrills and the thoughts of craziness, the rush of bodily charm. A metaphor, and wondering the movements of speed and how an application to systems development and staff development and public outreach. A new

rush, like wonder similar. And in the night a return to the base elements of nature as theme park, of roads and paths as carriers of fundamental learning. I was trained innocently and with a mind to public attention, perhaps, and I watch a modern youth, including the 80 year old youths, in the midst of seeking something independent and reassuring. And I can only say, an appreciation to the acts still becoming, and I will realize that I never did retire but only forfeited a declining body to that which could not claim it earlier. And an attention to mind, the cause of social construction or justice, with its own thrills, and remembering that no fear is enough for a salvation of truth the likes of improvement or either amputating an ugly theory or either thinking in simple terms. For if a lesson from stone and weather, that I exist, it is to believe in the adaptations of self. And I cannot teach you that.

And drifting among orders, the ways of people having traveled. Oh, scholastic, a first remedy for answers and requiring little but time. And nature, the chains

of light, to air and leaf, rest I listen for what comes. And to a love, the pleasures of both a bodies among social currents and clouds and mixing freely. Drifting

among orders, for every expects a something different and change. I, interest evolve, and the pillows of social unrest, how a question now. The nuclears of combustion,

a politic, I address a knowledge presented. The nuclears of peace, and how an arms fall to reason and the other ways of being. And the cycles, knowledge of, I returning

and again to love and its recitals. And the empathies of pebbled beach, I know plans and worth, a mossy earth, I know plans. For what compels. And drifting among

orders. The formals, there must have been origins I realize and many questions to houses and rituals. And the divinities of discipline, the arts and inspiration, the

forms. I am the address of social wisdom, and drifting among orders. Among love and loss, among method, the poetries, the paints and life. The shorebirds and

rain. The old coffee men, what path are they? The young and mothering, what path are they? And the isolates of selfism, the appreciates of anyname prayer and peace,

what path is this? And drifting among orders, for none simply is the aggregate of being and the borders of the settled heart. A path and then knowing age as many.

The extracts of peace among, the isolates of peace among violence. The contradictions to war and tinied islands of antiforce. And seen as creative creation and bringing futures. A nature and kindly that without imposition, that which promotes a volunteerism to being. That a lust belong to this, an endearment, and the forfeits of otherness for I only know the nonintrudes of yestersound and wind. And to an otherwise social, the ministries of laughter, the invitations to cultic smiles and rest. The ladled images of grassback summer stars and twisting slowly to the times of night. Bring this peace, and defend in little inward bounds collapsing like eternity inward until a hate is spent or either transferred unto life. The extracts of goodness meaning from the social erosions and decay. A cornered stone, a remark, that a harmony is not lost but only becoming and brightly. A darkness to dawn and life. And without the judges, the tempered and stern, a place for them otherwise until a mannered approach or walk-around. And first inner, upon first principles, the concepts of formation, firstly personal and qualified as moral but open. And a gathering upon social leaps and affirmation and brother unto. The begins of cell to social being, dialogue and its associates of material. The appreciates of, like season, the excitement of growth.

Because an urban growth everywhere except a space forgotten. The anthropology of trees remaindered and I imagine how it all once was, the surrounds of evergrowth and songbird squirrel. Where a sunrise owl still, where the dwells of native insects still. And forgotten, a space

and not called park, and without paved paths and without reasons for its traverse. A microforest and remaining as a world once had except for bounds. An island and unaware the encroach of bildung lot and the other materials of sociology. I have never entered, for I am afraid someone

may see. I dare not start an interest. Rather to watch from windows the fallen trees and the aspects of larger stands. I call it reservation, for having it stayed in a way. Or either preserve, for an autonomy still exists. I believe a generations of smaller creatures to only have

watched an exterior to machine and sound, to only have considered me and my threat. And fortunate to realize the representative quiet of a place forgotten. I will not tell but only mind a simple place. I am neighbor but I know and foreign. I am smart, and smart enough to have

died as contradiction to natural ways. And to consider it otherwise, that a swallowing force is that little I shall become. And in all my culture's majesty and dominance, an irony to realize a minor self among a universe of nature. I am scurry and collection. I am bound and only watching

something smaller than myself because the greatest is far too great and I wish to know myself as something other than small. And a concentration, to a preserve I cannot reveal lest its character slip to some function of I. And a concentration to sound and the dispels of thought, perhaps reason enough.

An attention at  
the minor littles, the  
dots of  
imperfection.  
Another way at becoming  
I imagined once  
lesser but now a quality like  
character  
at realizing the world personally.  
And to celebrate or  
either  
simply recognize and last beyond. For  
impressions are the forms of  
curious wonders and how  
an adaptation to  
the constants of the  
stoned materials which pass this  
mind.  
Something forgiven and then  
liked for there is no threat to dissimilars  
except their disabled regard  
which turns a mind to  
wind and desolation I  
once was  
changed.  
The focus and I hold your hand  
outward and speak something  
elsewhere quiet and  
confident.  
Imperfect, and mental lawns to overgrow  
returning to peace.  
Imperfect, and other things inclusive  
and belonging I am  
only struggle now to the preserves  
of comedy and thought I  
love.

*floating dangerously*

*May*

Pilot soar. I do not believe recklessly for I know you are known for tumbling and demanding of things for the executions of want. Except a death I do not fear material.

Poet soar. And close to the social thresholds, and close to touching things which have not been named, and if they should be named you leave me with.

Priest soar. Canon rose grass path smart life. To watch a humbled mind and to become and letting go kings and sound except devotion.

*the lie coat*

*May*

It was old and comfortable. It was old and heavy and wool. It was silk lined and cool to skin. And black. And black stone buttons. A collar he never turned up but it was meant for this, for keeping out elements I appreciate now. And stand afore a mirror resembling wisdom and something else maybe time and smoke smell gone I remember. It was old and heavy, function.

*the lie scarf*

*May*

A dampened colorful. Knitted and knots occasionally spread apart large enough for a finger. Must, a quiet smell. It was worn around the neck and twice wrapped looking out at early Spring I remember. It was old, even then and I never remember having liked it except for now. But not its smell but only its smell I imagine it warm. And how a memory across a shoulder if friendly.

The realities of paternalism. The realities of parentalism. But how a care transcends. And how a language becomes of acts. A language of indirect redirections. A language of bodily regards, of reward, and if a safe environment, the careful disregard of appeasement because of ease. But an emotion to this, a developed relationship, and how a course of study equals both of its participants. Language as any, and into the transcends of actual education, the type which may be socially transferred. And upon first principles, those of manner and social allowance, a grooming to the higher functions of independence and appreciation. Patience and its regard to time. Patience and memory. The lapse of early force, of early handed overhand, and how a physical teaching turns to the embeds of social intercourse with its own natural pleasures, its own natural function. And language to verbal, the poetics of leading one from isolation to the phonics of sound. It is safe. And if I am not here, it is safe. And behaviorism to thoughtful meaning. The care of offering compliment in a manner, especially in the beginning. The care of earning change, but not too far, for a relationship upon earning and ownership, a capital sense to existence, it is not sustainable. And upon the foundations of that which once was called therapy or either integration, or that by any name, but nevertheless apart from natural strains of development, but now a stop. And now a rest. For early purpose is complete and education begins. And to forget that too. And care, forget that too. Forget any association of these intentions with philosophy. Just open. How base a humanity. But travels these interests and how a guitar for I have enjoyed. And how a swim for I have enjoyed. And never expecting as I would of others except for presence. And I cannot be anything but authority I realize, and ever marked as a perspective. But an expanding authority is reassurance until a selfism is large enough and content. Upon its own and visiting.

*at the zoo*

*May*

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and the bear ate the monkey.

If a little man in straw hat was fishing with a cane pole in the piranha pond.

If the buffaloes had enough land to migrate, if the mustangs had no fences.

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and the eagles fed their young monkey.

If the alligators ate monkey.

If the carnivorous insects like ticks and mosquitos and all of the germs and the leaches and the viruses, if they all ate monkey.

If a rattlesnake listened for monkey and bit her in her bulbous red ass and then ate her.

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and were expected to have a guide until you came of independent age.

Wouldn't that be wild if the dolphin were curious enough to travel up a river.

If a penguin pair were so monogamous and content that they were to establish their own private breeding ground.

If a carnivorous plant like the venus fly trap were to have so fertile an environment that it grew large enough to eat monkey.

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and your camera was a distraction.

Having lived to limits. Having known the limits of time.  
Having proven limits and no longer the confronts of  
change. Having been satisfied with limits. Having formed  
a psychology of peace and having stepped into it. And  
having found greater sounds in the contributions of others.  
Having established and having formed a content. Having  
known excitement. Having known certainty. Having  
imagined social mastery and having saved a life. Having  
put a belief to song and having believed that belief were  
the sum of experience. Having formed an opinion of  
afterlife. Having listened to something wiser than oneself.  
Having married wisdom. Having caused limits. Having  
formed religion upon limits and having stepped into it.

As conscience, the self. A language within as to the surrounds of elsewhere. Or either a cornered imagination for oneself. The privacy of being and how a settlement arrives. The solutions of experience and the directions of soulism and morality. Make these words a personal language, and not an answer to otherness. Make these thoughts as art and certainty. Make these dancing colors the force of liberation and self reliance. The interns of being, and, in a way, the separation of oneself, the announcement of oneself to oneself, the reflections of want. And in a course, the selfisms of peace and redirection. The cause of courage, of the attachment to light or either a social darkness not a one can answer to for this is the status of being, the sum of separates. And dialogue, to the will of mindking omniscient. And how an external system finds its way upon paths, ears and mouth, for the developments of taste, of surprise, for the regards to newness and its interpretation. And always the greatest inside as the design of truth, that every approach from channels be given a slightness or either special position. For all fits nicely in an intellect governed by one elected part of itself. And the exchange, this is a preference, and this is a preference I know. And this, it is without trust or science, it is without cut bounds. Take this, answer this. Hold this for tomorrow's information. And if it be judged by an even greater otherness, conscience like soul. Or either name like personality I know myself as, and reliably. Like method, and it does shift, the materials and exposures, lest I the stone. As age, perhaps. As death, perhaps. And learning, ever, the strains of experience and turning thoughts and cosmology. The turns of philosophy and never for an outside lest such an act be managed quietly except for the turning boggles of thinking thinking. And as rational as anything I have ever known, for this is the apex of reason, a word to oneself, and response lest a slave I, to an internal dominance I have no defense to.

