

GRAVITY kind



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gravity kind

Discusses the way roots hold to the earth, the way
grass and moss prevent the
earth from flying away.
So leaves do not float into May without touching down.
A way for snow to cover gardens.
Gravity kind the water will not erode but make canyons instead for
condors.
Nothing is so simple when
not to consider light too does bend and only
laying backwards on bright sand receiving.
And the tropists operating as opposite for if to ever
work toward centers then
what does grow?
Discusses the way of heavy things, and clouds
how to middle oneself between force and
nothingness.
And if freedom to be the power of anything I choose then
what am I
with connected?
Or freedom, as if it were conditioned by sacrifice
how to know if
have I given enough for to believe I am free.
Words.
And I cannot question that which speculates. And I cannot
improvise a meaning to
natural force as if it were
thinking.
And what does respond to rain?
I do.
And the starlight, I do agree that it does come
carrying imaginations even if gravity is not what
brings these.
I do respond to starlight and if this
to wonder at the gravity of stars as if wonder were gravity.
And if this too be speculation I do not doubt and
only a sacrifice of certainty that
this given be
no less free than condors.

what is fertile?

When the rain.

When the freeze is ended.

The clouds are fertile still in November.

The bed is fertile.

The body is fertile.

if you already know everything I know why would I have anything to say to you?

Never to have thought
poetry would end when you knew everything
I know.

Then what purpose to love's exposure and
death's exposure if
nothing new I bring.

Nor method, the depressions, the impressions, how many are
the ways to love?

And if two poets identical there are none for
neither charges differently nor
content with an individualism which is not properly
alone.

Nor was I speaking when you knew me
wearing jeans.

Nor was I speaking when you knew me
eating lunch like anyone Saturday.

And if this conversation is begun if to have mentioned subject like
your ace and if this conversation is
completed at the mention of clouds or either language because
you know such things intimate,
then what is intimate?

Thank you for the question offered and
I run away to what you do not know
nor tell you about lest
you become expert not realizing
intimacy is stolen and other if not original.

Nor that poetry,
its caverns,
had you mentioned caves I had not been
had you mentioned hidden idols and dead bodies and bones and
social evidence
or either to remark that
this poem is new nor taken
then.

If you already know everything I know why would I have anything to say to you?

For I do not require
guide to places been but only
friend for the next.

the idea of book

Contains knowledge and
when the containment of knowledge is expectation of
research

am I not contained in expectation?

Is book the opposite of freedom when
freedom is without reference?

Freedom is without reference.

Then rebuttal

for to have seen the aspects of burning books
how to

replace knowledge without a form.

Then what is reference if
reference is no longer contained in libraries and
how not to be angry with that?

For reference is authority if
it is to contain social spheres with expectation.

Nor honestly

who can live without expectation or
authority

when a body requires and when the limits of being
require responsibility and
reference to responsibility.

Nor to logically defend books when
defense is against that which prides upon
illogic and irration.

Only a marker if no joy that
a book destroyed is a representative knowledge
destroyed.

And who to defeat representation
but a mind rather not to be told and
who could argue with that.

And if a book

and if a representative form to icon freedom
into this world

how to argue for any limits of its treatment?

And only to then realize upon
an empty animalism that
what was done to representative forms because
it could be done
realizes me no greater freedom.

on the attempts of balancing friendship and self dignity

Relations, to give and reward from that and
to give and be left with no thing.
And what friend then when nothing to give when
the world requires.
This word is not law nor is poetry except searching.
Relations, for to member freedom and
what is freedom to one without consideration of others?
Perhaps it is enough though
I do consider
the braveness of isolation and
the security of isolation and
how there is no contest to thought.
And what is contest and
if to admire the falls of social honesty in a way which
declares friendship
then
isolation is as temporary as pride.
Self dignity and what is pride then it is all.
Nor do I confront that which is undignified for to confront the undignified is
undignified
though to leave gaps among social honesty then and
question friendship if honesty be an aspect of.
Relations.
Nor is every life socially referenced if
to love river if
to love ocean and call that freedom and if
to love freedom.
Self dignity, though what friendship cannot exist without
the twoness of being and
contract
with its very own personality.
And if to dissolve in this relationship for
competition is great nor to be afraid of smallness then
fear to that stop emotion suggesting ends
or either declare defeat and
I am sheathed and listening without answer.
For only a force then to participation and
the dignified clouds grow louder.

never to hear who the ground poets were

Who were the ones to have started the change and
what is desirable.
If a face to social opinion I am
only repeating
earthsounds.
And tempered thoughts, as if
morality were fixed and I sleep and wake to boarding trains then
sleep again,
what is free will.
And to the poet
either making paths or either understanding
paths and course have ever been.
Do the right thing.
Nor what is beauty if this
were the ends of poetry, oral gratification and
audial gratification,
the mastery of words in the right places to rhythm
I do not know nor to pretend a simple function to
poetry.
And if a charge to ground poetry and
them to never be known
and never
to realize they were ever accounted in some idea.
Only to listen for
where truth comes is no center lest
to steal poetry for religion then call it something other
homily.
Below great sounds and what is
social inspiration, again,
no center to lest idol these trees these stars and
call them all by one name nature and
other to nature
the social becomes.
And if that
what is not enough for groundpoetry to come when
forests and the clouds are second to
being
I am.

sympathies

Am I able to give
for loss.

What is replacement when time steals things like
life.

And when the air is so pronounced and loud.

The trees are remarkable and other.

And the words

to be better silent for touch

to be better in company and

quiet.

We go away listening and how long does

healing last

nor to be idea

apologies

for stillness.

And these sympathies unqualified.

No formula for

knowing what remains

important

only to offer.

And for loss

nor to argue the speculates of afterisms and

possibility

for prayers are sincere nor

certain.

Reason I do not know

cannot offer.

Reason to believe we all do find solace in memory

I do.

Reason to wonder at clouds.

Reason comes in winter comes

the spring reason.

Am I able to give for loss I

cannot say but

offer

little tines I value for

to put in boxes by

themselves and let them

wait

or send them away.

like

What emotion is like?

And what affection brought by playful days the
sun.

Carry this forward to
friendship and call it nothing nothing
brought to words nor
anthem
the title is nothing.

Possibilities for to sailing boats the shore what company
otherwise I stand
less improved and
only with experience then and
that alone is time nor love.

Compare like
only to lesser than love or contrast to
its opposite.

At an end to realize what like is
this is good enough until a better like comes along
for standards sake.

To what are standards then
when pleasure mentioned.

To grow for like dissolves the other
lessers coldness
hardness
when the wind is isolation
better friends I find in
being with.

And to call it like
reflecting
for if
then it comes again again in
pleasure circles
only poems announce.
You.

going to moons

What moon is not claimed?
Nor people live silently and without air for
to bring their own place.
Things can be said of
indoor living.
Things can be said of closed systems.
Never a need to leave this city block when
work and groceries there are
and if
the remainder of the world
fills its special duties.
The pump people.
The hydroponic people.
The people that move the clouds.
Too close I come to being independent when
not to speak for days.
Only a ground person comes out
at names
at night
proving trees are real and the ocean
to have read
is not imagined.
Then call them animals for them without
culture and submission
are not productive nor
offering
except possibility.
What moon is not claimed?
Send a viking.
Send a radio.
Quiet things can be said of
indoor living
and that is only language and to know that
closed systems require that.
And these patterns rows orders
they are only necessary
when thinking in metrics
eating packaged meals.

throwing a few graduate students at an idea

Then there was the self sustainable utopia where
the graduate student poets
were sent to work with their hands
and come up with ideas.

Should have sent an ecologist
at least for the first month.

What is education if natural selection is ultimate?
Probably could have appreciated a poet
by the third month
when the grass was cut.

And what poets were the same as if
expectations for social living
were constant across poets like
expectations for social living
were constant across the foodbringers.

And who could have imagined the foodbringers would
come to poetry after security
and dislodge the originals and
start the language and submission wars
for there is no license to poetry.

Then there was the self sustainable utopia where
the graduate student poets
went out with guns and traps and axes
came back reporting
a different nature
not remembering they were not sent naked and without metal.

Then there was the self sustainable utopia where
a value system with rituals
existed before.

What poet is not a rat and
the graduate student poets demonstrating ecology if
I am willing to believe
ritual is for common interest
I cannot disagree
lest I do become truly hungry.

And not to realize
sustainability is without reference nor
external motivation
except for degree
and who causes that?

when the young take over
The old will wonder why
they never protested like that
which was required of them.
And ask
'should antiwar poetry include the word
war?'
and
'are the ends of poetry
tranquility
or to introduce problems?'
I never did use the word 'should'
nor could I
when modern problems are
endless,
they did not realize that.
And only to be satisfied with
a closed philosophy if
it includes boundless love if
it includes righteousness related to
some degree of reason.
And politics
what does change things like
pollution and
overpopulation and
who says that
no responsibility is demonstrated without
protest.
What is work ethic
I cannot argue
and intelligence
nor can I argue
though solutions are not 1970
nor can these problems be addressed with
cameras and
teacher namedroppers
linking legacies.
Indeed
the word 'fuck'
is only a word and perhaps
its inhibit is the problem or either the solution.

for rent

To own a thing philosophy.
And when the travelers never did
pay for camp.
To own one wooded night before
the next day gone.
I could be happy without responsibility and
submitting to
occasional housechecks
even if
to never expect full
community membership.
And if
to have ever lived in a place as
passer
winking at property tax and
commitment,
a life considers all sides and
what invitation is there to ownership when
such uncertainty
exists.
To own a thing philosophy.
I have always owned philosophy.
Nor to know
where I shall be planted when
I die
as if
there were an invitation for such things.
Where the sun is
not shy
and the stars are not afraid
where there are trees.
And then permanence is
a thought like nature.
No one has defeated that
like possession.
Even the poets with flags know that
no one has defeated nature
like possession.

taking turns sleeping

Watch the door no one enters.
No one has ever entered what comfort in
a world of suspicion.
And dear comrade I shall lay my head down
until you cannot stand awake no more.
What did start the dreams of
coloring sorts and people and
wondering who walks on night lawns.
For how quiet to believe that
there is no threat to
huddled we looking for
comfort excuses or something.
I watch the halls listen
to the wind and if
rain.
I ask what is quiet
breath
and time.

mortality: the research poem

Turtles, some clams and whales, turkey buzzards and swans can live a hundred years. What can you do in a hundred years? Have a lot of sex, think a lot, find the most efficient way to eat. A Sequoia from today was alive when Christ walked the earth. What can you do in 2,000 years if you do not have a brain? Does it matter?

What is interesting? Phenomena that exists in reference to me is interesting. Life spans, creature behavior, a cosmology which tells me when to rise, technology which I can apply. Is there a science to love? These are my limits I cannot respond for to call love science would declare me a scientist. Is there an art to love? Then to live upon laws for to call love art is to declare it object.

Is there a science to empathy? Who forgets to care or makes a formula of care? How to study education? Study study? How to make a business of finding things out? Is there a fixed social route that all people travel? Do all religions fulfill the same purpose? And poetry? Of course not. Where to look for answers, what is validation, and what research is not driven by love, what is interest is not driven by love?

Cicada lives eighteen years, that is a long time for an insect. Housemouse four years, hummingbird eight years, mosquitofish two years, newt seven years. And if a bullfrog has a soul or either they are to realize the answers to the tougher questions in a much shorter time, thus relieving them of their pursuits for truth within ten years, I cannot say if a bullfrog has a soul. Coral reef pygmy gob lives for 59 days, and what is their secret?

Nor can I speak for other species when I speak of love and mortality and curiosity. I can only speak of other species with interest, whatever causes that.

to change the name of war, is war near

Listens courage, what is wrong?
Death is wrong then life is wrong if.
For groups of butterflies scattering ideas like
responsibility,
only to bear children then what is joy?
And the days of gathering water for
peace
spreading seeds this is not joy then war.
To think of that
war is time and difference and
all things separated
and if love is not union nor becoming
to be then separate
like all things opposite.
What is rational and
to defend what tears away social structure
and what expansion will
give way to another. Listens courage, what is wrong?
Age when all things become for
I ever was.
Death is wrong I cannot stop
nor to bring death.
And if reason is kindness
nor do I listen courage to that which has
no license.
Struggle who cannot expect
nor is this between us lest we commit like
difference.
Then what has war not produced
as if the ocean peoples were
to be expected like the cloudcorn people
react to love in similar fashions,
probably for
who could not consider bearing children
reason enough for to know
what is correct?

epigenetics

Never an argument for social conditions as if
motherhood did not predispose
generations.

Environmental character causes genetic
genesis which
can be given.

The air is clean, the water, to have
overcome struggle
as if knowledge were imprint I cannot say.

Though how is hope not connected
to parenting nor friendship and
how old to be before I realize
the allowance of clouds I did inherit.

And if the conditions of settlement, this
place is familiar.

And what therapy to disease, the answer is
cancer and

what did end the growth of health?

What does connect hope to longevity as if
longevity were ends,
perhaps.

And upon the immanence of death only then to
realize legacy is

life what have I given I speculate.

The river did not stop nor the stars.

The phantoms of peace in winter nor the stars.

If a genetic museum then it is given.

The stars nor

how to react.

And what is not a social condition as if
logic as if words mentioned could write genetic
conditions.

Speculation.

Then what is reasonable for
then the poet the stars are brought
but to know them first is being and never
to have called that knowledge.

let alone

Let alone

what will not revert. And what having never
left itself

does go nowhere. Of course
to have been changed upon the social sways
digressions and inspirations

for I did think

the plausibilities of science if
a soul did inhabit or either inhibit.

And let alone then

when a soul was let alone or either understood.

As if.

And what did love do to volunteerism
for there never was a
charge to effort when nature was union

and that is enough and

to have settled that

let alone may be better partnered

for to only have acted

in love when in love.

Let alone

what will not revert. Nature will and
to believe that

though logic questions if I be nature I choose
indeed.

And alone with that

to revert to normalcy.

Hah!

And apart from that with little walls

then I am truly alone

never knowing reversion.

A question of origins

for from this I come I decide and locate comfort or
either security

as if one excluded the other.

And what is

to have learned?

capital sounds

Accounts, to say it does not get
as cold as it used to.

Things really do change.

Like that place the Walmart used to be
but I do shop at Walmart. Confessions.

What is free will and
to think freely.

No, stop.

I really do not want to be told such things.

We go to our separate corners to
ruminate about questions
then give up in relieving
sighs.

Accounts, to say there has always been
war.

Accounts, as if manifest destiny were social purpose.

And to cloud thoughts
that language turn to repetition and
rhythm

as if it no longer could hold something new
because

the thinkers were just
too damn exhausted and
too ironed to ideals to realize that
compromise is only
compromise

if reason is not attached.

And if footsteps make different sounds on
marble history and

who will applaud the barefooted
as reasonable enough to
smile

if nothing else.

Accounts, to say there are
too many cameras as if
still life were evidence of this.

It is not, even if they make no sound.

segments

Bring a life to little strains
little divisions.
Lives for an hour at a time and then
take a break
remembered.
Every night is process
and segments connected.
Batch living to say.
Then once a month the days come together and
once a year
to get drunk and
it all makes sense.
Where does it all come from and
what is personal history?
Never was good at thinking on
the move.
Like the seasons
what is not reflection and
memory.
And so lucid
to have traveled and after to know
what is redemption and honesty.
And the youth
oh, how different
to appreciate immediately.
The segments are to grow by and
to not be afraid to
grow forever
like little pulses little summers little plums
begin.
Open.
And what is within an undivided hour?
I tell you everything
numbers and freedom
nor discipline and
invite you to the next to
look back.

broke down mess

Never picked it up, never looked back at
time
where rust now starts on old
friendship.
How the grass does not stop
nor ambition.
Grass is ambition and
the constance of what does come nature, it is
push to look forward.
And so far to forward
the way things decline around
the immediacy of being
gives way to plans.
Broke down mess and
learns to live among as if
the failing culture
[what is culture?]
might as well be replaced with
trees and living things
but not with spite
only something like genesis and genius which
requires no attention.
For the demands of consciousness when
education finally rolls its head at
social construction
and turns itself to little tines like water
the clouds
as if this were meaning
it is.
Broke down mess, and then
dissolves like material dissolves
before it can be called dead.
And those ideas like prosperity
[what was that thought?]
the wind
rightly reclaims.

harpoon

Sometimes
to tie the rope
around the waist
fire the harpoon into the earth
to keep from drifting
away.

And watch the trees
and the houses and the buses
the buildings
lift a little until
gravity resettles down
again.

And I can take the rope off
put the launcher over my shoulder
and go
to the next congregation.

Sometimes.

Prepared.

I have not needed the
goggles yet.

without divisions

Without ideological divisions, is this peace
as no defense is required?

And what of newness ideas
or either to say
nothing can be new and there is no
gel of knowledge ever started
nor can progress ever be implied.

How comfortable
to memorize conversations.

What is circular?

What is not circular when science is
circular and memorized?

Without geopolitical divisions, is this peace as
no defense is required?

Is peace the absence of war?

What is peace and desirable?

What is quantity and
how much a body requires for
nothing is without measure.

And if everything is accounted will we
sit quietly

testing bounds in our isolated minds until
there is a gap in reason and

we thinkers move quickly

to rationalize

newness into what has
ever existed.

The disciplines, the faculties and
how the minds of people are constructed for to
exist in relations.

Everything in relations and
according to a method.

And everything divided to eternal bounds is
nothing divided.

For only souls and floating forms then
relations severed
all.

repeating the stands of last generation
Reflections 1969 and if anything to have been
embryo then
and learning as if maternal experience would
assort this DNA.
Then introduced to global
concerns and
the relevance of local defense.
Cultural defense.
Unstopped things did come together and
broader conceptions of peoplism and population and
what is justice.
To me they answered.
Conceived among that and
me-ness for what is freedom when
there are questions of vote and solidarity.
I ask who they stood with.
Academia was safe and friends were catholic
not only.
Where do I come from?
And when the skin and origins are reduced to
being born in 1970 then,
and history then starts for me
I do not complain that American formation
is typical to have extended from the questions of
parents.
And if closure to the mind,
as if acid did creep into some consideration of
social limits,
I never did ask.
And these times are no less opening
and if to organize my own first principles like word and
body
I cannot leave out that which is not
immediately obstacle for
lessons demonstrate war can still crest
and ignorance among those exhausted is still
better met with love.

on the conveniences of social relationships

The divisions of modern social relationships
brought about when
man stopped being island when
the developers developed when
strong nation colonies introduced medicine and
best educational practices when
expectations and discipline were introduced as
the ambassadorisms of
local community,
split lives into personal and
professional.

No wonder the escapism of the second lives of
professionalism gathered around logic and
favors.

Convenience.

For the second life does support the
first and
that can be kept personal and moral without
question.

And if there is a convenience to personalism
as if social relationships were
expected to provide outside the parameters
of familiarity
then what is the general gestation of
patience for believing friendship can
last through many trials.

And who does not assort social circles into
that which does not depend and that which
requires limits and restraint.

And professionalism, the productive
whorls
and that which the externs cry immoral,
no wonder immorality, for money has
no attachment to God
except when it goes home to
its wife at night.

gratuity

Give thanks twenty percent.

Give thanks fifteen percent.

Bless us oh bus boy for these clean plates which
have not been spit upon
and these cups
with just the correct
amount of ice.

Generosity of course

how would it be accomplished if it were not for
money

lest I only eat at home or at
friends houses

and gratuity for that is
to return the favor no problem.

Give thanks twenty percent.

Give thanks fifteen percent.

Sliding scale for
some mention of performance and
a word with the owner when

Charity mentions financial hardship
because

who does not need a base salary?

the shoe whore

Black Joes. Drag down jeans going
nowhere apparently. Cold wool materialism.
Fantasies flip flops flip siders
Gold toe gray socks stuck between toes
squishy walk.
And the moon boots at ten snow was
nothing then and now globally warmed and
brown slush salt.
Suck up mudbogs water waders
rubber pullons green with yellow laces.
T-shirt conscience vote vote vote.
Hiking boots, biking boots, doctor boots, proctor
boots
dress well be well.
Who really does play tennis in tennis
boots, aviator boots.
The barefoot shoe whore gone naked
mad for grass still does tingle until
November comes insulate thinsulate
gore whore-tex keep out weather make weather
mean nothing.
Alligator ostrich. Vinyl kneehighs.
Plastic tomato pickers.
Snow does snow shoes but they do not count
nor do gravity boots.
Did I ever make Earth a better place when I
bought the Earth shoes.
What is low income conspicuous consumption.
Cold wool materialism matched patched
phat hat
corduroy pipe the unpolished oxfords
were always the best for
thinking

about thinking.

ambient love

Following sounds, and how the
messages come from
to wonder at that.
Language is not truth but truth can be found among
language
among many things.
The birds were truth when
the river.
The rainbow then was truth
delighted I had not considered.
The snow came when I realized and
that was truth I hold.
And if truth be love I cannot deny nor
pass upon love in most forms.
Except the grass
following sounds
whispers
nor had I considered you would
interpret it differently as beauty no less
than what I say
than what I belong to.
Urgency gone as if the wind is still
listen
the water too is sound.
And the congregates of social living do I mention that
the human voice is meaningless
or to be alone
I would still play music.
And if love were only sound, then.
Nor to mention sight the same
and taste
and social sense as if it were
nor can I deny these feelings
wrap them in patience and a box and
give them away
like
language luggage.

old man never fit into a body

People are sloppy
the old man listens knew this by his
fiftieth.
Grows old knowing
people are sloppy.
When they made all the people think alike he knew
it would never work.
Waited for the one who made a
difference.
That came and went and he
settled for Jesus and
mumbled string beans.
The books did not fit quite right they were
too committal
required too much shit
like it takes three books first to understand
that important philosophy about
symbolism and culture.
Settled for art.
That is enough
the word museum.
The old man
and inspiration now paranoia
tells nothing except anthropology.
What is seen is nutritive
to live off that
nor is a tidy box the sum of experience
body a vessel
how damn depressing to be
only a body.
Never fit into one.
Nor to resist
time it just goes away like
convenience
leaving happy little messes where he
last stands.

visited freedom

1.

Remembered freedom in 1988 like a child.

How things do change

the trees were so quiet now and the water
was only listening.

To ask oneself to freedom to give or receive?

Never considered such things

as if one excluded the other

except for now.

Nor is freedom erosion when I brought that bottle of wine.

And how did freedom wrap itself in

those golden orbs of people relationships?

There is only so much space as if space were

the foundations of freedom,

as if travel.

Yes, but not only.

To acquire what one wants and even that

depended on that

first string of loves and losses.

The jeans and sometimes shoes were more than

enough

when material did matter.

2.

Remembered freedom in 1988 like an adult.

To ask oneself to freedom to give or receive?

To give to give.

And if certainty is freedom, more and more certainty he committed in '94,

then a genius is

the most free if to give that away.

Logic says that does it not. Logic. Logic.

About twenty minutes then in

the Coconino National Forest then

dropped the words National Forest, forgot the title

and claimed it for his own moment.

Thought about peeing on it but

what is possession when

no one asked you to leave?

one language as itself, another as every language
And which language does limit itself to the truths of
area
of the human condition
and which language
contains all the parts of every language.
Apparently no limits to the broadest tools of
expression
but what is discovery for every language when it is
first filtered in
Egypt or either
Patagonia or either the
Yukon.
A sound and them to suck sounds from other places.
Them to confuse expression with
the philosophy of expression.
For little moments the surf and snowfall
one hundred words
and are these limits intimate or either bragging at
their own expanse?
To cling to
good ideas
who could not and
appreciate the otherness of being respectfully.
Though I too live and only
mark the day in memory and those near to this.
And if the general life of any language is its own development
from localism and social relevance to
the politics of inclusion and word association
there will ever be
lingual starts
I am among
because
beauty may be absolute I am confident and
the possession of words is not
the possession of
beauty when
I know that meaning differently grows.

smart lotion

Rub it on your brain.
See things differently.
Control colors.
Understand poetry with certainty.
Understand an engine.
Anticipate social opinion.
Make law.
Make science of politics.
Organizing organizing.
Use tools.
Design tools.
Frustrate old teachers.
Decide on things.
Plant a garden.
Make up words.
Get up at the same time everyday.
Make lists.
Think of songs as numbers.
Smart enough to care without reason.
Nature as system.
Museum as remedial religion.
Museum as social response.
Invention.

Rub it on your penis.
See things differently.
Feel warm.
Make up words.

Rub it on the dog.
Keep the dog up all night.
Dog barks in rhythms.
Dog is polite.
Dog knows things.
Dog is reasonable.

on the difference between expression and philosophy of expression

Expression assumes one already knows what to say and the consideration is to proper method.

Philosophy of expression considers the generic being of any message and the ethics of its distribution.

And if art is expression art first exists as message prior to its completion.

The philosophy of art is the consideration of associated reason for art

e.g.

society requires art for X reason.

The fulfillment of reason attached to art is its propagation

then curators will be the philosophers the motivators as the artist merely fulfills reason as if art could not exist without curator.

Perhaps art would not be called art without philosophy to divide its mess.

Though who could not create something under typical conditions considered creative and formative.

Only no place for such creations to be objectively considered.

Expression is never dormant only not considered expression as object when there is not an objectifier present.

And objectifier editor curator

marks expression as such thus attending to social formation in the mold of idealism.

And to be select.

That not every expression is elevated to artism, a social condition

by social authority.

What is social authority in regards to expression?

technology and civilization

Who to not be content as natural and
staying?

For to create hammers then doors then
electrical conditions for to
summarize human development
to no ends yet.

And what is madness among,
only to live among stages and preference and
in regards to
baseline nature
at arms length.

Technology will be solution
dams and aeroplanes and
communication devices
indeed

and the reference to baseline is that
I am not animal and
to stand still is to be consumed by nature and
what humanity can that allow?

Evolution creates fear of stagnation and
to form opinions that
competition classifies people
it does and
competition
gives people heart conditions.

And to get the alpha with tools and
the alpha without tools
let them wrestle then and be friends and
set progress down a
brief moment like collapse for
history does empower technology for
within history is reason
and with reason
the necessary prosperity of the intellect
considered self actualization.

social adaptation

Grow old in one place and
what environment does stay the same?
The function of place is the provision of the
conditions for survival.
And social systems
no one does remain sustainably independent
the taxmen claim.
The question
what ambition does alter little villages
be it threat or either
the consideration of the
possibilities of collaboration.
Though to take a step is to
realize change is difficult to return.
What was lost no matter lest
to die with the sympathies of youth, ah, that, and fade away.
And what does now order the
lives of work and being when
change cannot be stopped?
Hold to one marketable structure for
this is a token
economy.
I hold labor nearby and cannot
give it away
then I am slave without compensation.
And idea I do not give away
perhaps a trade.
Adaptation and its introduction to
the animals of anywhere then
to assume I am animal
for not to adapt is to die.
Then hold that unhappily over me.
Oh, the power of evolution theory, the fear. Quiver.
And the economy for living,
hold to land and
do not give away the questioning sense to
someone having a plan.

slow reading

Underrated, the consideration of every paragraph
when academic the subject.
And in larger questions whereby
novels introduce dialogues
zoom of course then reflection for the littles may be in the whole.
To poetry
to be written in the strokes of attention
the editor is small
to think directly with a writer.
A page is a lesson to read several times.
The standards of academia
push the generalization of knowledge and
slowness consideration is
discouraged for training and discipline are these ends.
After these degrees I read
without force
that culture does develop with intent and
I can be these intentions then
life does begin.
Books as manuals for social change
books as power then I realize.
And rate to not consider, and even the novel for pleasure,
what pleasure is there in expedience?
The questions
a good book does answer
if to listen is to have considered context and
relevance.
Middle aged and living among entropy what does bring order?
Only the thrice through poem then
good enough and that
is not forced.
And if it is futility which slows me to thought
then I am desperate
nor have I trusted and if this is not
reason then what is?
Only interest does dissolve ambition.

inside someone else's genius

What type of genius to exist within as if
it were reasonable.

And if, to expect answers like science
for the order of being
then to know directions.

And if
a concerted commitment to this without ends
not to know

best to be patient
for genius is irreducible and
genius is inescapable if it be genius.

Social genius or either
the genius which constructs things
as there is order to either
and who can satisfy every social corner
turn the minds of people to digits and
acceleration
and call that authority.

As if authority were genius, any authority
recognized as such because
it all descends from
social pyramids and
first order and if
it does allow for secondary sets of genius within then
genius is truly more genius than
declaration as it allows
systems of merit.

And to call someone not a genius
socially announced as genius
for to be prepared against establishment and
systems.

What is reasonable, it is
to be reasonable to question for
if I am content as nongenius then
I will not be content among existence among if.

body as tool

Walks in lines.

Talks with a body for
words are not protected.

Stands between interesting things.

For if to say

love

though to stand as love is meaningful.

What is active

and this certainty

demonstrated

in talking message

the confidence to stand attending

to sit in

to wait

as if only messages were resistance.

They are not.

For to admire

to respect

to draw support for

positions

the social body is a parade and

the supplements of language are for

them clarifying

confirming upon

body contracts.

And respond

how to imagine yes in object lessons?

The body is an object and

to walk through the

clouds of discern to

gather truth

as if every self important message were

truth if

it were bodily sent.

Then respond in body clarifications

like sex until

verbs become sound.

walk in the woods

Slow pace heavy feet.
Go to the woods the
clouds through.
Fallen logs
the path is human.
Mosquitos.
What are heavy things?
The trees do not move.
No wind.
Cars in the distance what is
sacred?
Walk long enough and consider
what is important.
Breakthrough the clearing
left for grass.
Saw a rabbit
last time.
This time the burrs to
socks.
Left the forest too early
had not completed a thought.
Return around the
forest
what it holds.
City encroaches,
people need a place to live.
Lightbreak homebound
the path is human and
mowed.
A sign says
Park capital P.
Not sure if that was
the woods.
What is one hour away among
natural cause
by any name?

relative size

The priest who commented on
the gentle little people four feet tall who
entered his home and
would not leave.
Authority whisked him away to a home for
rest.
And did the little people teach you anything?
And to have been a little person to
the genius giants
responding
if to do as one is told
can I think as I wish in privacy?
Nor do I know the intellectual limits of
freedom if to have been
contained
if to have had
consideration contained to oneself
for a moment.
Authority recognized
what is not relative?
Nor to believe I do grow as large as I wish.
Nor to believe I would consume
size
had generations made me a meter taller.
And the size of intellect
how to address the possibilities of imagination as if
such things could be measured.
The Nobel Laureate who commented on
what intelligence was
as if
living confidently among unsustainable
ambitions made one
large.
Large enough to exist as authority
apparently.

feral words

Dog words sounds

conversation any.

To listen to what wraps itself upon experience.

Any message poetry is common.

About the wars what is new

what stops war

what starts war and ambition.

Democracy as say anything power.

Democracy conjoined with free enterprise power the words

defend separation progress.

Shoot a lighthouse to

social ends

let the rest catch up.

Dog words

spent religion

truth is higher

nor does it kneel until

it is without contest.

Gold and metaphor.

Metaphor metaphor what is

direct

nor considered cute nor clever.

And strength like policy

indeed poetry is without limits

then what poetry questions democracy if

democracy is without limits?

And a thousand dogs

to answer freedom

what is clever nor cute.

And the distills of the

imagination

supposing social control upon

mention of idea like reform

like freedom.

I never did empty myself of

thought at them.

I kept a thing.

on the currency of objects

Went to an October cornfield
filled the pockets with kernels.

Home.

Laid them on the ground
watch what happens
science.

And by the questions of poverty
took the empty pennies
handed those intentions with
dates on them
away.

Gave 1970 to the pretty beggar stuttering woman.
Pennies one knew as objects another new as
currency.

The paperclips went
into the desk
could not tell them apart.

What is meaningless and only
recycled?

Books as currency collected.

Never much for the philosophy of
philosophy.

Ten book trip to Half Price books for
two mediocre poetries.

Words as currency.

Invested in conversation
got a

smart metaphor back.

Watch what happens
science.

As if things [things] could
absorb intentions and if
how to manage intentions to
imprint objects.

As if.

And how to clear meaning from objects.

As if.

indulgence

Why accept a smaller box of ideas when
to let go of a larger box is
to let go of control?
To make things real for another?
Then religion was simple and started like certainty
then.
And first principles upon that
so much progress
so much is civilized upon that.
Nor to believe it really
that material began in a flash
and to pretend it is true
every novice can accept first cosmological principles and
get along
without having to read journals.
And the seamstress of tales
smiles
for pretenders to
indulge the believers and
knowing better.
What is honesty?
Nor am I corrupted in spirit that
if this story is not perfect nor with social meaning
nor to be closed to the next.
And to indulge these fantasies is to remark
I am of simpler frames or either
otherwise separated from you.
And intentions
faith as having considered
nor do I declare speculation certainty.
Though first principles
tell me then where to start counting
and if science
the eternities of
I shall exist for memory as if
speculation were only
a matter of time.

aesthetics only

Judgment upon form. To not question
judgment.

Knowledge is what is.

Then.

The baseness of perception

they called it neoimpressionism divisionism
the dotstuff

leave it to the same museum people who put
arrows on the floor
to segment beauty.

Then

how else to know to go to
the third floor northeast gallery?

But that is art and
something other.

Then

nature

the grass indeed

no categories for excepting cut and civil or tall and prairied.

Aesthetics only

remove the shoes.

no name for sensation excepting

return again Saturday.

Existentialism?

The namedroppers will remark existentialism.

Nor to call the

simple acts of being a category like
religion.

Nature or social art

leave that to anyone's philosophy.

Then what is

responsibility

for things require change do they not?

Silence

ah, poetry.

canvas

Knifepaint skyblue burnt orange

the stretched canvas.

Leftover two by four frame.

Fiskar scissors cut a paper box lay it down.

Call chaos

resembles sunrise falling stars eyelids

texture

mute tones pink paint peaks.

Ghost shadow eleven numbers seventy seventy.

Done.

Remove the cut box and

there is nothing.

Ten days temper dry

never

meant for a museum.

Would have used new wood.

Hang on a wall. Sign it with

a Sharpie.

What is an absence box.

There I dwell.

What is conceptual art?

Hah! Never thought of that.

Hang it upside down.

Tomorrow flip side.

What changes? A freedom box still

hovers in chaos.

What is conceptual art?

Take it down

throw it away for considering concept.

Empty wall.

Knifepaint skyblue burnt orange

drywall canvas.

Rest easy duds the wall no frame never meant for

a museum.

Never meant for

concept art.

you do not need me

To call something beautiful

you do not need me.

To appreciate poetry

you do not need me.

The wind does not sleep and

the divisions of colors

the divisions of nature

to go into that

if you ask.

To believe one morality one system what is right?

You do not need me.

Nor to have felt touch

to have imagined touch

to be close enough

nor am I dissolving if I

touch.

To race in the open

to run

to run

you do not need me.

To throw names at incorrect things

to open doors

you do not need me

nor to walk through them.

And the veils of certainty they are

only your permission.

And the features of belonging they are

only your permission.

To memory to memory

you do not need me for

I have not always been except for

now.

And what does bring curiosity

the words

I give

when you have returned from or

hold them until

they are meaningful.

fair trade

What is a thought worth?

And them to have separated themselves from

everything social

then thoughts are

objects of commerce.

Among friends

a thought is given to

and wrapped

handed delicately explained.

Then books and

material for thought

the hardness of being for so little is given away

when

communities are divided.

And if each will profit from neighbors' prosperity the

actuaries

account for less original ownership.

And to the mind of

the individual when

learning and its rationale is

conjoined with cost

the greatest lesson is

nothing is free if

language and its exposure is not free.

What is thought worth?

Depends on the thought.

I once bought a book of

prayers

ten dollars.

I once traded poetry for poetry.

Good trade.

And to cling to

this thought I do not tell the ends of this knowledge for

to have been trained

protect oneself if

to continue as player.

What is thought worth?

For a friend an invitation

and

hold to that like contract.

on being challenged

Ah!

When the grossness of economic conditions startle a
friendship to competition

how exhilarating!

When the conditions of philosophy
enter the family

how exhilarating!

And if there are ethics to social discourse that
love can be held

without contest

who can deny the objects of mental athletics?

And if

a friendship is truly

who will not return with secrets?

And what friend is unwilling to accept defeat?

And if the repetitions of loss

the downness of being for logic nor righteousness

never was my favor

to be bold enough to walk as honesty.

Ah!

And if one victory does bring one to the next to the next

what is fair play?

Then ethics

for I cannot always follow

would I not feel as though a slave?

And if this relationship to be

reduced to the professionalisms of hierarchy and imperialism

then daily five pm we

part

for having lived in separate waters now.

On being challenged

and philosophy for sport social Darwinists ask

who is prepared?

Ah!

And if

only to account for oneself then

what is family

if not alone?

give love or give nothing, but not to withhold

Efforts for being, give love or give nothing
but not to withhold.

For in the loss of
heartness

then a body declines.

And the competitive spirit which brings loss
to friendship and other
things

how tried is the soul which is deficient and
efforts to

hold oneself high

nor to the negative qualities of
animosity to not take those steps.

Give love or give nothing and
no effort to nothing given and no intent to
nothing given as

what is withheld is charmed and spectacle it is
opposing.

Though what opinion to life

nor defense is counteractive for

these mental spheres

nor are they victim ever receiving the falls of
otherhood.

And love is not exclusive I respond

and this defense is love

one point and lent.

And if certainty draws to isolation how far to look inward

how far to reflect

to these amends for walking past

the righteous

one will go back.

Apologies or either

endlessness offward being without
connection.

Then give love nor to dwell.

Then give nothing if

without sense for circumstance and

not to withhold

for I cannot draw myself into myself

for peace.

lights out

What is energy?

To live within daylight before the 1800's except

for fire then

logs were protected.

And the coalness nuclearism

turbines

how they still demand

and the limits of energy are

the limits of what a world does provide.

Lights out

to think of that

the limits of production and

if to consider limits

how uncomfortable when decadence was social prosperity and

fuel was without ends.

The world does change and

the extracts of humanity are

favor to them having resources.

What is energy this

warm home wintertime and

gasoline

for cars and cars.

The daylight still exists and

try to live among that like

hardship

when the demands and insistencies of

collective being require

afterhours and comfort comfort.

I only disclose that

I do not light rooms I

am not in and

to burn candles is to

be old and comfortable in ways

I enjoy.

Nor to stop progress but

its invention

with a sense to the environment and

what does give without

its knowledge.

acorn, acorn

Acorn.

Acorn.

Does as acorns do.

Drops and rolls

starts a life

near history is new.

elevation kind

Born unto tall places and wind.
The senate was never high enough when
the moon was high enough
to see.
Nor to stop
at sight and
kept forward distance into places where
man divides himself
turns himself into a matrix of himself.
Then each cell
divides
unto universes and
receives
nor does anything connect universes.
Then earth in each and
going to hills
stand on canyons' edge for
possibility is memory.
Tall places and wind and
what is conquest
nothing is conquest but
only to have been upon research edge
fantasizing.
In a moment to
divide again for size does not matter and
will not matter when
every atom is membered with
the knowledge for nextism.
As if cycles were ends nor to
stop.
And this to choose but only then
to hold together
at points of separation for
how long to patience to know
another genius spans a larger cycle a larger cycle
to exhaustion then
to find tall places to
settle into at last.
To be.

clinging to one object as if to any
As if one symbol could be another
I cannot speak for
anyplace.
And what does mean
the cross?
The cross does mean the cross for
who can argue with that for
x-ness is implied within x.
Then what of strength when
symbols are too mighty too robust for their
first innocence and
meaning has traveled too far
spent too many memories.
And what was innocence when
realization strikes the
nerve of knowledge nor
to have imagined the complicity of cross
the complex nature of
metaphor.
And what is lost
the next symbol to fill the void
taken by the throes of contemplation.
Then a circle is a cross
is it not?
No I say.
Only to be what I wish the cross to have
stayed as
and personal
the circle.
And what greater idealism I cannot
speak
to the souls which cling to circles
and independence.
And to advance again how far?
One thing to represent the foundations of the last for
there are needs for
innocence travel.
What are the limits of one
thing
[thing].

traditions

Can I only speak of my own
traditions for
it is what I know?
And culture it does grow as
clouds spread
western words
southern words
words from the
north.

I have learned the
value of fire harvest ritual bread
I cannot spend and
language I
cannot spend except to say
respect.

And winter comes
poetry candles of light called
church then where
women and men marry
say eternity.

Can I only speak of my own
traditions I
know no other
but learn
the ocean way for seeing
the mountain way
for time.

And the way of daily congress
to make
beads and pray to that for
what their numbers
are.

And clay and
melons
the art of forests and
what is home
it is not fixed nor certain and respond
history is reliable.

life happens

So it goes then the
inconceivables.
The fender bender the
out of milk morning the out of coffee morning.
For errors I am not
machine and
better to trade the
dogshit carpet for
what I call free will.
On being
I can only announce no pleasures in the
broken voss the
snow day slow day
I cannot control and how it
affects me
perhaps I can control that.
Life happens
day to day and
if only to be professional and efficient
what room then for poetry.
Even though I never cared for that.
So it goes then the
inconceivables
conceiving
like skinned knees and popped buttons minor
things.
Remind me of 1984 when
it was perfect then
1985 returned me to
falsity and freedom.
Ah, what does last!
The camping rain did add to
this soul.
The broken watch I
trusted oh, to laugh at now.
So it goes then the
inconceivables.
To keep
a history of that.

a couple extra scoops of coffee

Not to mind the empty pot for
if someone were to
make
the next it would be
amber.
I will drink it
but if
the empty pot is mine some
extra grounds for
the mix.
Until the first cup drips out
pull out the pot
holding a temporary cup under the dripper
fill the cup from
the pot
notice the oil swirls on top.
Ah!
What secret vice to
empty pot responsibility.

And I will not tell you what I do with
the stovetop Turkish maker on
weekends.

philosophy in philosophy

A philosophy of policy and
for to exist within as freedom.
Possibly I say
though what envelope will not shade its interior?
The absolutes of material
and what struggle will not cling to
some material
as if words were material?
That there is not a possibility for
canyons to reflect
human nature lest
detonations and paint will mark these walls I do not wish.
For nature always is
lest Greece truly did have no dinosaurs nor fossils
then philosophy is
its own limits and
what can exist within bounded hardness?
The greatest philosophy or
perhaps the philosophy of antiphilosophy and
call that policy
for only to live within
what accounts for
my own experience for I cannot doubt
that which does not
require
to count in ones and twos nor
walk in pigtracks but
merely does exist.
And to love that and
if love is a philosophy perhaps that is enough.
I will say it is.
Until I am hungry I will say love is enough
though what love does not
eat?
To why I call for anything?
To why I resist a borders which do not affect me?
To why I resist love?
I do not but only know its presence and
from that
listen down what will not matter.

when writers strike

When writers strike will they stop writing?

No

but only to write without
affiliation.

When writers strike will they become
arrogant at picket lines?

No but

only to be clever for
a word can undermine many things.

When writers strike will they commune with each
other?

Are not writers social creatures?

I cannot say.

When writers strike will they
question their profession?

As if the hardness of any profession
required

faith

perhaps.

When writers strike will they carry their
audience

with them?

I hope they will.

When writers strike will they turn to poetry?

I hope they will.

When writers strike will they
check their watches?

As if time were the mark of what a body
requires

coffee.

When writers strike and will the sun still
shine?

To remember to

take pleasure in that for to return away from nothingness and
absence

for what is inspiration still?

When writers strike who

will write like

smoothness and experience and what I should know?

For I will look for that.

do you know the way to picnic point?

Where the autumn frogs
and the sundown shorelaps
the benches.

It is not far away nor
hidden.

Follow the lake.

on bringing together

Who can argue the family reunion
the family dinner
and from
public gatherings out unto
the grossness of otherhood.
I cannot argue
nor to be content with the limits of periodicity.
On bringing together
then the social
functions are genesis and
making.
Then what regards to
affiliation when
expectations are predetermined as if
the force of professional conduct
declares agenda.
For other purpose that than
reproduction as if
there to be an external motivation than
our togetherness then
what are we if not
first friends?
And if cordial and manners were enough to
sustain we passions
then passions are the limits of etiquette.
I cannot argue
on bringing together.
And what degree to
each of the socialisms and
wherefrom genuine conduct
wherefrom respect.
I only can ask myself nor speculate upon
the psychologies of being.
And the disingenuous and
how a public folds from the truths of
quieter socialisms like
friendship
in places.

symbolism and the chains of authority

With affiliation
authority as nucleus
wherefrom?
Given and hired as in professionalism and
what is sustainable?
If the rewards of
continue then
symbols of authority are as stable as contract.
And upon the affiliations of
social spheres
what is different?
For authority then is
merit based
and the surrounds of competition as
game and
cleverness. And
long enough to establish
one individual over another then
associated
systems over other.
And the chains
for professionalism then absolute and
among the general socialites
the demonstrations and
pleasure socialisms
what is not theater?
The writing.
The presentation.
Though what is not philosophy and
to grow
a thought in little streams of
symbols for
one thing will quietly mean another.
And the counsels of
thought
how swift a change when
information is compromised as if
meaning were
truth
as if it were not.

on the interstate exchange of prisoners

For money then
a profit for handling people.
Nor can one contest
the need for
some address to social problems.
And after theft
how is not incarceration rationalized?
Nor how to rationalize
theft
though how to address a
social imbalance of struggle as if
that were social problem?
And among a
population of
disenfranchised how not to
consider better ways for being?
Then
prevention is beyond its limits.
And if
the transfer of
local problems out of state as if
trading
inmates were to
impress upon a peoples there is no
jurisdiction to restitution
or either
in the interest of
actual assistance that
an awayness is therapeutic and
recognized as corrective and
then the
reestablishment to
anyplace then
hope in olden systems?
Perhaps
if one were to dissolve history.
Perhaps
for choices are systemic though
choices cannot remain
systemic.

50, 100

For halfway if business nor is
everything sold.
And the currencies of coin for medication is not
numbered likewise
nor is love so
monitored.
And the discretions of
knowledge
I am filled with knowledge nor can accept no
more
and when words as symbols
only to be with another though what is said
I ask that
fifty is interpretation and
contract
then 100 to do the possibilities of
what is within charge.
As if responsibility
who is not responsible
differently?
And the halfways the halftracks the halvesouls
the anything segments of contribution
the anything segments
and what is declared participation.
Love is 100, OK.
And if a riddle and
numerology
apologies for calling love anything but what it is
that it require no metaphor
indeed.
And the games we play
no thing really requires metaphor
though what candor is to the arts and
what candor is
to valentines is nothing
if not genuine and
meaning
in any language ours.

entering a contest to win a log home
What the hell would I do with a
log home?
As if sitting creekside on ten acres were not
enough.
Then what within
I would say a home as any with
furniture and shit.
Probably a hearth and hardwood.
And to be built
strong of course then a commitment to
anywhere but choice
and if
to call it destiny to have been brought to ownership in
West Virginia
Colorado
Maine
Yukon
to love that as home?
Why not destiny?
Then what within then
bring these outdoors into
the receptions of being.
What the hell to do with a log home?
Oh, dream away
to retirement to retirement when
the clouds of social constructions are replaced with
original clouds above and
watersounds nightsounds
to dream of that like folly and sink away.
And if that is enough
the pivots of objective meaning
as dream reference
then that is purpose is it not?
What the hell would I do with a log home?
If to know it personally then
keep it and
if an object only then what object cannot be
replaced with
something personal and attached
to what is meaningful?

suffering the sun

Rain pass

suffering the sun. So for long to

carry things

[things].

To appreciate the grass as

thanks.

To matter to life.

And if to doubt

when the night goes away and

curl into

darkness

what is remembered?

Rain pass

dryness collects dryness

nor to mind

isolation for strength when

the planets cannot stop

what they are.

And if a

gender to being

nor to separate myth as if

conscience did

make this ness.

Rain pass

goes away the day

fields little structures

dependent.

And if to ask

if light is body nor heaven

as if

the moss were men and

growing

how far to travel until the

darkness does

truly consume things

[things]

collects the little parts and

puts them

together again to

start.

assembling peace or watching peace assembled

Then I participate when
to see faith as little streams and moss.
Only the standers to
know when
the elevations of
rightness nor its allowance
the manysided
feelings
what was that [rightness] and its allowance?
Oh, to grow
then charm away
belief for friendship.

Then I participate when
the ends of ends are ended and
the stones are back and
earthed with wildflowers.
And the rain when people gather
it is mention
nor can I forget that people do assemble
nor to answer why.

We are young in age
all of us and strong.
And ask when I demand what is
demanded of me.

Respond.

Then beneath like when beneath is
for to hold
that if nothing else like
prayer.

Then I participate when
the blocks of injustice only
block what I love like
possession like material.
And if to hold something as idol when
I ask for something mine
that is given away
in faith in reason
in faith.

what is quieted?

When the open thoughts abrupt
made to see things
authority.

What is quieted the loudness the satire the
frozen wills
for fear of anchors.

When the women call for
little things out of reach the men too but
differently.

And the robust brass
the confident granite saying
people were here
people are here.

When the grass is too long what is
quieted then?

When the mountain butterflies the shoreflies the
desert butterflies,
when the secrecy of knowledge is not
spent,

when the the lives of birds
will be young I know.

And the debates of sympathy the best way for
health I do not
argue.

And the questions which
pull me
what is quieted then?

And if struggle sees no bounds will there be
the requisites of
morning and afternoon brakes I
do not call this peace.

The monotonous of responsibility
what is quieted?

When the open thoughts abrupt and
cause no matter
the colors nor to cling to that for
what is peace in colors lest
they are not mine.

nor to stop making wishes
Nor to dream
if the imagination is what I can hold with
anystruggle.
Nor to stop making wishes then
lest I am satisfied.
And then erode I fear I fear
to stop making wishes.
Nor to be satisfied as complacent and
knowing difference like
resting upon that.
And the vapors of cause
I do not question
but am content and
only do what they tell me.
And if
another's dream
nor to end such wishes I cannot say.
But I am given choice am I
not?
And the cisterns the
places which
hold me tightly the
places which
govern me tightly
[too tightly perhaps]?
What is poisonous of thoughts
then peace is asked in
company.
Only that
I cannot argue.
Nor to dream if
impossible images are what is called
freedom without
grounds.
And if I do
surprise myself in galaxies and freedoms
through trial
I do
nor learn to expect the
settlement of other.

when the names of coffee are marketed as ideas

Then social representation
for common things.
And who could not claim a
domain with
an attachment material to idea and
lift it and
its user to
that place.
Retro roast, bike fuel, revolution beans and
the free trade market for
people do
wish to conjoin with
goodness and idealism or
either to wish to
the abstracts of
sipping in porchlight peace those beans without name.
What goodness.
Then social representation and
what is sacred when
all things are called
for possession before to drink it.
And the question
capitalism ah what rise and
without that
I would not know names nor vocabulary except for
coffee and its degrees.
Nor to resist progress
I say
[that]
and of a third to
question myself that
if I the market the marketer I.
Nor to discard passions when
who cannot sell things and smile?
Rejuvenation java, rocket roast, indifference delight,
and who can
believe the passions when
they are attached to tickets?

paying too much for stained glass

No regrets for memories.
The bus was still intact.
And upon a shelf
the afternoon lights show
green and crystal
on quiet carpet.
How to be
as if one beautiful thing [thing]
were enough to
provoke goodness
I still have not decided.
And the way civilianism and
civility and
citizenship
that it were contained altogether in
a thing so quiet.
No regrets for memories and
to appreciate it as
material if
its context became too much
philosophy.
Then it was made for love and is not
that what it was about
I remember.
And if to consider the
portions of money
only that it were cost
greater than the other arts I own and
what is money if not
spent.
And the way
an object
is now
to offer new context.
Then again the thought cycles past
what it was and
I make it small and
meaningful.

dot among policy

Answers frozen yes.

Gets the papers.

Meets deadlines.

Started strong and reinforcing then
met his ideals, met his
religion.

What else then the
whole of prophecy proven the
poultice hole of prophecy proven.

What good are records
no question and
the linearisms of
social formation in this culture are not
damned
like
they
all say.

Them.

Dot among policy the
replacements of ritual with
(doing)
things to always believe that.
To cling to that.

Answers frozen yes to
the following who
lead these social joinings
per discipline and training per
the constructs of
proven
social science.

Nor to argue
responsibility for
all responsibility is taken and
put in little bottles
for when
time comes again for reference
to know that
responsibility was
never a question.

the deal

For something bigger and better.
Nor satisfaction in with
strings attached.
Nor will the fineness of personal progress be
questioned if
to be better for
the intellects of preference.
Fine art is
my own buying
damn ugly meaningful shit for walls.
Take it down a
closet of
damn ugly meaningful shit for walls and brains.
No complaints the
next is always
best.
For something bigger and better they said
the house comes after
the car
before the baby.
Logic that if
the ends are the social streams
nor to question some orders.
Oh,
live gallantly and with things.
Such thoughts are fundamentalized with
of course
food
A body does require.
Then the peripheries if a body does require then
how to grow such
things?
Nor satisfaction with strings
attached if
the necessary lives of others are
this service.
Only to trade
one next realizing nor to be the same
after
lest a soul I think.

plainclothes

Nor naked only wearing for
the elements.

Nor elements to consider for the
wool is cotton is
natural and bending like I
bend.

Nor to nor
no colors prescribed and meaning politics for
wear.

And the police of fashion then
resistance
and what is comfort among
resistance
to each those surrounds.

Protest is
and how to go about the ways of
recovery and discovery
the ambitions in
letting down symbols>
letting down symbols>
and the business of life as that.

And the apartments of
comfort wearing do we only discuss
coffee then and
what is material?

Nor to consider material and
only resist that
which announces itself?
Saturday comes then and
jeans and sweatshirt
no thought.

And if that is the base of
plain positions then
the resistance of thought or
either the
resistance of attention to
what draws from other importance
which?

Then what is important nor
to resist thought on generated principle.

pound dog

Caged and certain about
the needs of difference.

Pound dog
spectacle and told and
timed.

Lights out the sleep comes
in and out at days and
nights.

Collected with
the pound dogs of many places.

To congregate though
assorted without
nature this pack
divided in bricks and fence.

The language
what is desperate and
slow.

What is not patience?

And to be fed.

And to be forgotten away from
schedules.

Caged the mind
goes away to silence when
memory had no
calling.

Pound dog and
lines
on floors.

And the possibilities of happiness
the possibilities of
expectation
anticipation
what is not hope?

Then after what is not
rested and cycled
for what does come again again
it is not alone and
thoughtful.

weary from trading humors
Nor liberation theology considered
when the
cross turned to
water turned to food metaphors turned to geography and
what is underrepresented.
And the growths of
superiorism trade the
twenty tokens for
the necessary social heartness of
that which
is only needed to live peacefully
then
what is not worth peace
lest suffering is a result of tradingness
compulsories.
And how much for wisdom as if
the poet
held no material
as if that.
Nor liberation theology considered as
only to be strong and
confused with
label type degrees
I only wanted a jacket for
the rain
which settled here
the clouds
nor to confuse that with communism when
it was only a jacket
for warmth.
And to know the
strengths of beliefs when
new people confound old places with
gametypes and
new ways and
to resist satellite radio for
when it accompanies a nonplace only I am
without attachment lest it mention
the special codes of
home.

the special codes of men

Starts in circles recovering from
things of other men and
hardness
isolation.

For together climbs in language does not
together climb in language?

And clicks and information the
subtle godlines of
peripatetic ministries like
being together without
conditions.

And if to know is to have been told the
grace of being is
revelation

for not to know origins nor to question origins
and only the suffocates of
social metaphor
to think endlessly of
things with roses things with light things with
gravity things with
orange.

Starts in circles and
we bring many things forgotten into
the presence though
we have lived together have we not
lived together and
history is well

[history]

if we are from similarisms like war.

Similarisms like having digested the
same infernal
education.

And if
to have asked oneself what is language
for nothing else to say and if
timeness for philosophy
then what is worth and
what is practice?

We only save little things for
love.

displaced

Having offered then
misunderstood.
Walk away without return no satisfaction
in.
And if life proceeds in lines like
crystal then
trust
from elsewhere.
And how history crosses itself to never
rule out
champions of
divinity in
how redemption does save itself
without lines nor
social streams but only
the pointer cars and one two horns
mark imbalance when
it was.
Nature is kind and
faith in that
even if nature resettles without trees this time.
Apologies for that
nor to destroy the present for
time again
divine.
Having offered nor
to draw noncrossing marks for
invitations
fade upon themselves and
to take no step in stopping
good intentions.
And having saved that
little corner of myself for comparison to
what I am
what I become
and if that were reason
that allness was incomplete
though I have only started.

divine comedy

And the fire trucks came like
clockwork.
Watched them pass eating ice cream with
the ghosts of old friends.
It was right after
the Nissan with
the Porsche license plates decided
it had
other taxi business than
my problems.
And if the language of sirens were
to account for
mistrust
like the bartering blanket angels and
the coca
conspirators
all is well now
what can I say like
emptiness for
having finished redemption with isolation.
And when the ruins
were genius
because aluminum bubble buildings were
too damn sterile and
a protohistory without
spaceshit was necessary for
mental health reasons and
for those ideas of linearism
that
everyone knows
culture depends upon.
Oh, damn love what have you forgotten when
these conditions are
boxes
and anyone knows love is
explosive if
it is love.
Then predict foreign fires for
to watch them is to
only have given reason to watching.

fish is fish

Is not fish meat?

Grandmother say fish is fish.

And all the other

communions then practice

to assume that if

fish is fish.

And the communions when

bread is bread it must be and

what is essential?

Then a body or

to commune is essential and

food is social.

To live for food

when to recognize a body.

We share caramel do we not

share caramel?

And the words as if

poetry were communion

perhaps if

words were idols perhaps

the word love

who knows that best and

how was that practiced?

Nor am I one thing when

to only fish I eat when

fish is fish

still eaten alone and

thinking of

other loners am I

then communing?

If to say such things as

belief and

faith then I am

faithful.

And to water from hands

when the

earth is dry

to be thirsty or we drink

together calling out

bodies.

eloping with ideas

Went away carried a thought
over the cherry threshold.

Spent a
honeymoon with mental chemistry mixing
what becomes with
sand and that
water and that
bread and destiny.

And just how much love is in a
thought.

Never wondered that
except for
how much to invest seventy
or either fifty or one hundred.
And if a thought never
answered freedom then
what is marriage if not freedom we all are
contained
are we not all contained.

Nor to say a social union is so
different if
when the bells exclaim virtue I am
no less virtuous for
clinging to inspiration and
the other winds within.

Nor to consider that
incest when
the other is my own.

But it is I say and to commit to loving one's own is
incest
is it not?

Then to twirl into little holes as time does pass.
Time does pass.

And if a problem is
enough to contain oneself to
smallness and eternity
then wholeness is one's own
alone.

I cannot argue with happiness
except my own I question.

rally open

Rally open cry freedom and
when this liberalism
exhausts itself
I do participate then
look for answers like conservation.
Oh, so many
to enlist and
when the troubles start after what is perfect is
considered.
We live differently.
Do we not live differently in
square buildings each and
sanctioning
regional foods and
regional Jesuses.
Nor is different say the
people never having met
Coca Cola nor Budweiser Minute Maid
from space.
Where does corn come from?
And to say a can.
What reverence to that and to ask
who does know
symbols
without their origins?
Trash is trash and
lucky is lucky if
to have reached consciousness in a place which
will provide for
hunger when
conservation wears on.
Nor to give upon liberalism if
it will contain a rally directed at
good things
[things].
Hah!
And then to know
good things like certainty
nor are they caused
and to have received that in patience comes.

sleeping

Restless find a soul to sleep upon.
Know that
if to wake is having rested through
social chasms schisms
rightness
nor did it matter when the
new master
of sounds
only made beauty without intentions attached.
Thank you.
I love you when
to rest is thoughtless and
stay within that.
Nor to remember night
it is only given.
Restless was not convenience and
the corners of this body
do grow small
if only dogfloors and dogearth
without compassion for
what a body requires
more than temperate space.
Hold this hand until drifting is not drifted and
words
what are words?
The fairies
what are fairies?
And the spells of union we were
together then.
Were we not together when
I dreamed of sleeping and
did not wake when I remembered
this has never happened before?
And the strangeness of
comfort
as if death were a part of this
nor to be afraid of
forever when.

making that which is love unremarkable that it not be stolen

Making love small and
invisible for
the copycats and the social thieves
steal such things.

And to put
intentions
into stones
carry them to forests to plant
rest them easily.

For one day when
the others have learned such things
nor to defend
love with circles and names for then
it is defeated.

And if love defends itself
I do learn
and to give it back
for time.

And what I ask for being nor to question
love
and if to know
that the tempts of living as
possession
they go away at death.

What does not go away at death?
And to power
seeds with faith to power
the clouds
is it fair to steal love from mortality?

Though to protect
as if possession
I cannot nor to live indefinitely nor
to gloat for
hidden treasures never shared.

The passions keep
and if
only a startled moment of
insecurity
then
what was what is?

cigarette blues

Onna cold step
cigarette blues no protest
intentions.
Tobacco burns insight
things go by
without me.
The cars the birds and
clouds.
Buildings being built.
And if the inner questions rest at
cigarette's end
what are inner questions?
The
stops of being and
to carry ideas of rest with
material
what have I learned?
And the radar if
to be broad and
hearing
there are so many things to be
sorted.
And what largeness to
the world and
who started that?
For I can only govern little things in
plans and
insight.
Onna cold step and
the last
what now is a puff of air and
how long do such things last?
And only
rightness carries
the liberalisms of
allowance
nor can I question what is
given.

the organization of resettlement

Who is invited now when
zero?
Nor to create rules for socialization.
And when the puffs of air
slowly reclaim their
paces
after the threats of intentions then
a minor cloud
to claim.
And if home is this
that which is remaindered
and enough for
being
what is organization?
Nor authority to instruct the
isolates of freedom and
what is never touched
again.
And what is lost
what turns itself aside in
fantastic circles of indirection
nor to disallow
that experience
remarkable.
And when time trumps attitude and
the autumn leaves are again
spectacle.
Again.
Again.
Nor is this year lost in
journals
nor rendered symbolic if
to do the little lives of allowance.
Nor to remember
what I once searched for
like cause is given and
to make little churches
of such things.

the object of interpretation

Only to have been curious.

As if resistance were to the materialization of
peoples

who can doubt such things?

Labor constructs and the other Marxisms and
Freudianisms.

And the way learners are catalogued the way
service people are
catalogued.

And to have been guilty of
social formulas like
policy.

And who can doubt hunger or either ignorance and the other
pathologies

I cannot.

And what is sensitive and
what is care

when the challenges of resource distribution are
married to

financial regards?

As if resistance

and to call and call like humanity for
the sensitivities of friendship circles and
to call against objective regards which
cast we into followhood.

And when the museumists say
make of this condition art as if
the direction of liberation theology were
a proven system unto itself.

And to only live differently and without corners.

And to only resist
upon the singularisms of
social ambitions which
doubt the possibility of two geniuses.

Nor to resist dialogue when
such things will suppose an acceptance as if
such things required
supposition.

Only to have been curious.

Only to have been curious.

without the written word, how would we know things?

Then the symbols and
turn to littler litter
truths
when the word is frozen history.
And if
history goes away
decomposes itself in
left dust
only to realize what is
for tomorrow
then to think for symbols only and
grow small in that
grow small in that.
To species with walls of
ignorance
for their letting down the
reference of
knowledge and
origins.
Hire a historian give him a room and
let her resettle the
histories which
make us uncomfortable
or either
to know not age
given up.
Then the symbols of hell or either heaven
what time is
near
that allowance is
nor is this best the pessimist if to
watch
birds and leaves and shit for
morning news.
What is simple
I can only say that
bones are simple
nor am I simple if to
consider.

doing something for oneself

For mortality and time the lists nor
responsibility.

A moment to
stop
engines for flowers
the guitar.

The tree I smell that and
know
for nothing is nothing and strength
it is not automated lest
the blinds of
robotism become this
soul.

For mortality
nor intentions of what is given
to always be kind
and to hold to the importance of
being
in primacy
like spirit.

And the liberation theologians
to let down a guard when
collective
demands like commercialism are
accepted
then to
fish
for fishing's sake and
their release.

For mortality and time the lists nor
consider possibilities
and only to
regroup the
animals of reluctance.

The water
nor food for nutrition
but to
enjoy.

accidental nature

Air proves the open. Accidental
nature dissolves
nor recovery to confinement.

Bicycle to 100 miles
path

dividing the east and the west.

High sun, air still proves
what I require.

To ask is shelter nature nor am I
then.

And the fires of exploration
to leave
wheelmarks to soil and the
catons

the bearings and if
to know is science and that
that science is nature I say yes
science is nature
nor physical.

And what I think upon that which does not
change
nor cannot change
no less natural than
to believe.

Clouds prove the air. Fast and
time.

Rain proves the clouds.

Thirst proves

I too am natural and body nor
less dependent than
learning I have not stopped.

And if

to say an accidental nature is this
that a following
from faith

given from what proves
for to realize

a bicycle proves direction and if
to realize

I have supposed that.

to retreat to one's room

When the wars of
conversation
the competitions of social participation
[who began this social Darwinism]
[who said 'nor to get along']
what speed is participation?
And the promise to have
began with
the endowments of security and
to realize this as
any handicap when
the free market bellows responsibility for
the starters to have
began without mentors nor parameters
write the games they play.

When the wars of
political equality
[as if politics were to stay against a medical morality that hangs crosses in
rooms and charges
money]
though who will not participate in
political equality?
And the substance of
social niches
[like believing I am unique]
[and then still believing I am unique]
nor to fight for
Kingism
because I am on other lines.

To retreat to
one's room and
the quiet dust remains the
December same
in spite of the
diet wars
[nor to mention my food is not a metaphor]
just the same
and I can only mention
the comparative philosophies of
lions and elephants.

irreverence and museums

No values associated with art nor
art for art's interest
just collects things with their intentions like
voodoo.
Puts them in a hall
makes kitchen a museum
what goes into a body
is the body.
Do not eat acid and those are the rules.
Watches
who comes to
reclaim intentions
like fishing.
Collects things [things] like sport.
Only at midnight
goes to the parlor to
sit
like prayer centered and religion without a name.
And if quiet is
religion then
the same value to library nor
Sunday mornings.
Who is they who did say museums have
inherited
quiet from churches
while the streams of ritual
still stillness exist without charge
then what is money
weighed against the spirit.
Oh, curiosity righteous art on walls
call it art and
to be captured by the
animates nor
social inversions of
divisionism neoimpressionism charm as if
a type held value.
Perhaps
if preference is value.

art from important people

For refrigerators and
bulletin boards.

art for important people

What is a friend?
What is meaningful?
What is a dash of experience?

classifying art

What is objective?
What is unclassified?

representation and art

What is misrepresentation when one thing
makes me consider another.
A title is
only something.

crosscultural

The two ideas from war meant the same thing.
Who is really in charge here.
How delightful a ballerina elephant.

on frames

Context is great is not context great I forget myself I frame myself.
Wooden.

on the silence of being with love

I close my eyes then.
I mean nothing nor what does come.
Texture.

replacing one peace with another

The unconditions
nor to have considered greater peace.
Language so important
it makes no sound
but memory of
futures.
And what is nothing physical when
things taken are
replaced with spaghetti from passages.
I do know where
food comes from and
to rest within that.
And the confidence of ten years nothing is
small but only
built upon.
Foundations and no expectations for
their disregard.
For travels history
the unconditions I stay
for theater.
Not only and
peace is no formula
peace is no directive nor opposite to
another substance
and only different having met
jeweled stones smooth and attractive
them too without conditions but only
ornament.
What is context
I cannot say when the clouds to touch
as if description.
And the lines of
never having met the fierceness of
newness
the tangled change like
excitement
for to consider
history halfway to no ends.

the reading list

All the classics and if
the stories repeat themselves
what about that time I
ate the chimichanga on the steps of the
7-11
with the red slushee
which classic was that in?
No mind
I know how it ends
with transfat and pink lips and
the cigarette walk
back to the car.
Thinking of tomorrow who does
not
write for tomorrow as if
even the historians
were to call directions to interest.
And the creative disciplines with
metaphors for
knowledge
call directions when they
read to the
Barnes and Noble literates and lookers.
All the classics
they have on me a spell as if
there were reason to
realize the context of
revolutionary France
for to learn from that and
write a poem of
interpretations.
And if I understand correctly
the week after next is when
I will be transferred to
the poetry department
where I will be
put in little boxes to think when
two hundred translated pages are
too much to believe
everything they say.

auto repairs

What reliability transportation and the
one's who know
the value of replacing
damaged headlights
the worn belts.

I have never known too much about motors except
for reading and
if that is poetry I cannot say
unless poetry is guidance.

And where I would be without engines
aengines
probably in some agrarian
manor seaside
weighing the possibilities of
corn versus fish.

I will come back to that thought.

But I do know sound and
the personality of automotive health for
I am one to cling to
vehicles
like friendship.

Almost like social friendship.

Not the materialist I still
resist that
though the temperate being of parts
responding to
my direction
what reliability transportation
and if that is friendship or either
the slavery of material
apologies for that.

The least is to give it back its form upon
bender dings and
to give it back its content when
it is thirsty for attention.

Nor to be the automotive spiritualist like zen
I shall keep things in
perspective
like the way I am expected to treat things
[things].

snow and rockets

Snow comes down rockets go up.
Once peace let down its social resistance
moonward.
No rest for human nature
labs to build.
Pretend science is not
exploration.
Then science
whysnow when
thinking people forget their troubles in
instants.
Wisconsin is not the
Mediterranean except for
westward expansion symbols.
Did Plato mean the moon when he
apologized?
And Jerusalem snow snowballs
pause at
real people fights.
No rest for human nature.
Rockets go up on
first Thursdays
put it on your calendar
even January Florida pays no mind to
Mothers nature and time when
the shorebirds there
forgot the nationalism they were some part of.
I studied lists for this
and what is not perfect
the aengines.
And who could say no at
never having had a reason to say no.
Minnesota snow come down
big flakes today.
It only meant winter.
And the regional airfields only meant
better transportation.
I get around.

social work stuff

Left little impressions on people the
possibilities of
virtue.

Never could go to school for that they said
even the
divinities of word
some things are only a part of
having been.

And what is right like
throwing money bones at welfare systems at
that threat of
social disharmony because
some social problems will
always exist.

Are we not human?

What is method?

Then getting things done like
outcome based models and
realizations of the need for some struggle for
progress is progress and
not to interfere with that like
distraction.

And what does motivate when
hope?

And the soup is warm enough to
stop thoughts briefly
[pause].

And the regards are sincere enough to
stop thoughts briefly
[pause].

Redirection is only an instant and
for having considered redirection for another
at peace
perhaps the redirection is
mine

[I pause].

And to hold warmth
like coffee.

