

GUITAR LESSONS



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arresting hope

hope in chains
you are good at taking
say meet me halfway and who does not know the value of
fifty cents
but you ask for fifty and give nothing
and what culture borrows only borrows and
who could not excuse exclusion
when corruption tells itself it is good
I know of no war and no forefront which does not
exist as metaphor
like I exist
and who would separate the sides with a baby in their arms?
hope in chains
and given way to philosophy
and ways of financialism
the mind is half simple and
a religion which disregards thought
a person who leaves church
and is the first to characterize it then
and who cannot listen
when otherwise the only sound I would gladly
listen is the afternoon wind
and he who changes names for every other acquaintance
he who speaks
differently about personal responsibility
depending on company
and to forget history because
it is far too depressing she mentions that
all people will nevertheless die and the same
she who says prayer is depression
rather to get drunk
on tequila
and talk louder than the wind
hope in chains
the filth of inventing solutions only solutions and only
midnight realizing that
I am no different than the equalities of
the middle half of all democrats
though I never call myself anything
except knowledge
when the grocer saints and the industrial saints come
to relieve me

situation unknown

who is comfortable now when life is
difficult?
is life difficult?
who does know such things and only the original can
respond that, yes,
life is difficult.
for every person with only a following mind
like the one who copies words but not meaning and
not philosophy, not ethics,
they can only act as though life is difficult and
hidden beneath
the intentions of otherness.
and what I hold to,
if I never know certainty I am only experience,
perhaps it is enough and
I should cling to that
and call such a clinging
religion.
and the institutions which relieve me of burdens
I am comfortable I say
and
life is still difficult
and with struggle
it is that.
it must be that
or either I am reflection or either
I am peace puke and boredom puke.
but I am not afraid of peace but to force such
a thing is to disregard
the considerations of adversity, the
criticalisms of solving things.
but I am only independent and even that
I have not given to nor taken from.
and if what I do tomorrow is
important
and if what I do tomorrow makes a colony
of freedom and spirit
I last.
by this I last and make other things curious and
push them away
like habit.

digressions, departing history
and to leave history for the existence of
museum studies
without signs.
the world of curious objects and fascination, and
never to know origins and
never to ask.
what is doomed to repeat when there
never was a source to which
science spells.
and if the records are true, what
now to engage, for beauty is not historical
lest a map of time draw lines.
and forests do not change, do they?
except when a tractor pulls it
down but then it is
never to have existed.
and to leave history, the motions of,
for life is still original,
life is not an answer, life is not following, life
is not a response to lines and
logic.
and if history is logic, the repeats of
step and step, if,
then history is power if logic is power.
and I play dumb.
these denials are protection are they not?
that a manifest of social urgency
of civil rights of freedom
do they carry the weight of wishes which are
already in existence and
their identification of things is a
calling out, a settlement of things which
are better to remain
unsettled for their own purpose.
and to leave history because it is just
too damn hard to keep up.
and to leave history because it has no reference to
the things I do and
the things I exist as.
perhaps then, when all things are modern
I will consider
or either to travel further inward because
the atrophy of want remembers nothing.

the diversity of angels

what angel comes with wings?

I know of no angel which comes with wings.

they come on foot and

resemble something I am supposed to help and

in so doing

I am helped.

and what to learn by the acts of angels?

upon a lesson then

it is too late to ask questions but only then

to reflect

like prayer.

and what language does an angel speak?

I only know meaning that I

do overlook things unnecessarily.

I watch for freedom things and honesty.

I know of no language an angel speaks lest

patience be a language.

what angel knows death?

to have died I cannot say, what angel lives,

rather what angel

does not live?

and if a song, I know of no contradiction,

and if a light I have never seen

I will call it as coming from angels for I do

not know the power of

angels and I

give everything which cannot be explained

back to them.

what angel answers?

I know of no angel which answers

but only asks

little questions I think about.

and if angels follow orders, and if angels report

to higher orders

I consider the acts of angels no less

divine than original.

and if an angel comes when I call.

and if I am to compare angels.

and if I am to say one angel is better than

another

I have only continued to learn mortal

things

are indeed still important.

sharing rides

travel a
day
hitchhike
country slow
radio
cheetos
gas my turn
river stop
high
the clouds
summer
air
down the
windows

let them
pass
the fast things

I agree
with
politics
and then it
goes away

be free
the
windowdead
monarch

gravel

one lane
bridge

lunchmeat

be free
the
turkeys the
eagles the
people

calling someone a name who is not there but the person standing next to you is that
rid the negativity by implying a concept exists
as otherness
and not to address directly for
to do so is
to arrive from darkness and it is
to say exactly what you mean.
and when authority is voice and when attention
is given, to
not give the power of concept to
that which engineered a concept for
it is not desirable
I declare.
the moon is afraid when
I am afraid.
Uncle Tom has trouble listening when
I do not care what you say.
the clouds are nervous and fast when I should
be doing other things.
Francis prays in public I
should not do that.
for an attention drawn to otherness.
and to rid the ness of stepping out and to rid the
ness of otherness by the
emancipation of metaphorical hardship to light
the demonstration of public independence.
and to continue is to
aggravate a speaker until they have no more
metaphors
and they sock you in the kisser
and walk away
out of power.
or either to consider the meaning of statements
for
a woman's speak is
different.
but if I do not speak in metaphors are these
meanings any less
than winters which tire a soul.
and if I do not speak in metaphors do I
not mean it when
I say
I love you even if you
might only reply that it is a good year for corn

the invaders
clovis people shaping stones sitting around
fires
with old myth
then religion and points to rock art
but weapons still at mammoths then and the
great elk moose
and defense
I wear skins proudly
she bears a child
endless walking from north to the length of southern
days and
dryness ease
and agrarian eventually
everything to agrarian eventually
and proud thoughts still of how
hunting was not sport
I lasted then and ever keep a mind for
but a fatness comes with fire
and thought comes of
sharper points and language and what is now
technology and
whatever does make a
force more divine and penetrating
clovis people carrying points to strength
now and that was
before western time began but
this is really the west and the science of
dating materials
I say
in pushing away dirt
is as exact as I believe and
incomprehensible that bearded wooly families
bounced around these grounds
forever now
but I can give them either 12,000 or
18,000 years
because I am from elsewhere too and
I generalize that
people are bound to travel and
they must eat things and
make themselves comfortable I do
grunt and poke at
meat

a philosophy for trading
to profit, for
better to qualify trade as mutual then
sustainable.
I once gave a labor then
for ten dollars an hour.
and to then receive labor, to give
ten dollars for an effort.
to give twenty.
to take one hundred.
and a labor force, or either the oil for
wheat a heartland.
a real estate owns this within and
who does own property.
and the foundations of gold
of steel and gems
for nothing changes in minerals and
if everything is currency and
if everything is
necessary, the establishment of
market, the establishment, the
qualification of
value.
the acquisition of foreign
otherness for no silk
is from here and value then.
and if all is import I am the labor
for its distribution.
or either to suppose that this
land is great and
does offer, export then
and I the labor
to push lumber or either wool.
to profit and who does not
among traders lest
one buys for their own self and
then to only appreciate
without the mind of business and
then to only appreciate.
that.
or either to suppose product of
value and the translations
to currency we listen at
each other among shiny things.

profound ways

clever ways to stop a war:
start a war somewhere else
sit quietly as if war does not exist
fight a war to stop a war
sell important things to important people and then stop

and if a war never does
exist conceptually what to name
violent intentional death
and then to
deny the existence of violent intentional
death for
political purpose
because a rosy world
will ultimately be academic.
will utopia be academic?
will utopia be homogeneously a
process
whereby war is outlawed as concept by
the directed course of
discourse?
and what will excite me in a room
of words when
I only did use words to
explain
the confounds of material and
social existence and
a word was never meant to be the end
of things and
thus
you can understand why I cannot mind if
war as concept is outlawed and
I only know that
whatever you want
to call it requires an
address
for violent intentional death for
political purpose
is not silent nor are
the words which are greater than
direct.

he who quietly forms an opinion
to have seen things and
to see their natural counter.
social pushes and their
natural contradiction, the
mastery of control and
that which logically defeats that.
and how a people follow
that and
they do things which they perceive
as success perhaps
they want to guarantee their legacy or
just live.
and how the social aspects of religion
are each bound in liberation theology
because who cannot
be more liberated.
and how real religion is
cosmology and
understanding the
structure of the universe and also
the structure of humanity.
understanding is a
guarantee and what could
be more theologically liberal?
to have seen injustice
and how prayer is response
for natural counter.
and what does stop all
things?
I know nothing which stops
all things except patience and
letting things go.
and then I die if slowly at
letting everything go.
and to accumulate wealth as
game
for profit is Calvin's divinity
I cannot argue
for money replaces the
harvest of one hundred years
ago and
we are farmers gathering.

ability and performance
what aptitudes?
what qualifies strength?
among the abled and
what is inferior?
and to these wits I grow
strong and having passed a
body because
it grows smaller than wit.
enough character
to rise and walk through
social pressure and
hurry oneself through adversity.
what aptitudes require
no force, the pleasures of
and what performance
exists without
reference?
for this I climb into like
lust and this I can
be within until these
skills do die and then to
carry pride.
to make an art of
sport for I do love gymnastics and
the movements of
body.
but then I deteriorate
no matter to try lest these
expectations are lowered
and then I
still do love that.
until a mind does
wander and an age
becomes intellect until
this too fades
and nothing then.
and to consider these
depressions of development,
it is to disregard
presence for I am sturdy
enough for some form of
clarity now.
again.

snowstorm
wind
to windows snow
crosswise
eighteen inches expected
the drifts
snow sounds
pellets
stand against
and
a people can
watch you
and can do nothing
stern faces without
sex
and can do nothing
the drifts
consume independence for
people
collaborate among this
winter walk
where
summer butterflies then
to print
a crosswise nature
no stop to clouds
snowwind
the dogs
will not handle this
the time and marked in
footsteps
the ground swells in
white
I am a soul and I can
do nothing
for coldness
or to return
to turn and listen
for the
wind
empty street
the plow
the firemen still
work

salvia divinorum

unconscious

wake

wandering exercising a body for

it has no sense

no coordination

memory returns

mentally intact as I ever was

sense of being

watched

agape

still a body knows nothing

lay down

it passes

what is divine?

I then ask.

freedom is within a social frame I can do

anything

until I travel too far.

when a world is filled and its

needs are food

and lodging.

what is recreation?

Is God a social structure?

am I in line?

too alert for meditation and a

body tired.

and who is depressed and

what environment is not the cause of?

unconscious.

and to act that way

commenting on the

ways

of angels

and invisible people with

conscioues

who watch

struggle and

document struggle and

can do only

nothing for they are

immaterial.

the primate
wears a tall hat
wanders forests and seashores
eats things and
worries
on whether the earth is round or should it remain
flat
on whether the payment for labor is
slavery if there is not an
alternative
or either to recognize the bounds of
every life for
all is framed is it not?
what is not framed?
when I knew no better he skips a
stone
before I knew the limits of age he pokes at a
lotus
blossom
the fish do swim
the chimes chime
winter marks thought and to turn to
history and declaration
for the way of social history social remembrance
germinates in winter then
the thaw when people get together and
bishops listen
wears letters and identity and
walks
in circles sits and grows things
the rain
harvest comes
and privilege
the beer
leather shoes leather laces and
walking shoes for
many places
observance
and about the value of calendars he
reminds himself of
responsibility the
way a records are kept demonstrate
order
but that is only something

ritual and symbolism

what rhythm keeps
peoples' permanence their own and other
rhythms than nature
the old words every Sunday, the
old songs at
harvest at
first moon
the poem gone then again starts and
I am audient and
to know the stops of ceremony
reliably
to dance the words of nature and
what interpretation I
enlist
never to close for truth is several religious
ways and then
only partial
the bonds of marriage and social
institution
the finality of death and to
remark upon that
that I find comfort in this theater like
truth
what rhythm keeps
peoples' minds I dissolve and then
to study ritual as academic
distance and
anthropology before to create
one's own
and to name objects as fire for
burning life as water for
giving life as earth
as air as
necessary
and grace to them having given like
God does give I am
humble
among such symbols
and celebration the chapelkivamosque
what order do you bring to
this and
what does not change among
people?

global religion, personal religion

Intact, the soul, and the personal bounds of action, there is not a world and science does not exist. The air is for this experience and it will not be obstructed. The forest has always existed and will not be cut. The fruits are these, the love, the matters of food and shelter, the immediacy of security, the mind for knowledge. And to know pleasure then from discretion, to know faith from discretion. And what troubles this are the impacts of a controlling social for to mind one's own is to live exactly and within frames. And the globalists, to hold change steady, to control community and commodity, community as commodity, and to secure labor for social purpose, for great things to social development and what a collective may accomplish like dams and space travel. And to bring together the base cultures, the indigenous thoughts, to liberate them and to make their struggles completed. And he who brings square houses and linear gardens to the lives of irrationalism. For what did God say about camping and comfort, the union of man and nature? And what city is not nature and created from earth metal and stone, and to agree that you should be comfortable when you are not to roam lands and travel rivers with dam bounds and treatment facilities. And a people who call things great at social expense. Only to listen, the one who discards community and city lives for permanence as anthropologist or either virtue man wandering and establishing camp which would exist for many generations had there not been that goodwilled gentleman looking for hired hands or either to move elsewhere he says. Any elsewhere except this property, for this is to mean something great like industry. And I only did leave then.

and begin like time begins

When nothing then conscious and stillness. Who starts an idea
bang creation and weather, the whorls and spheres and life then.

I begin eternal, and in the morning to fresh an imagination of
cause, the history I have given God smallness and to construct

everything from then upon then upon. The epochs and travel
them for reason, why a city at water's edge at the source of food

and favor. Some things do make sense and a life for knowing
the course of social change. And then everything is understood

and time does start in peace. What potency to knowledge to the
management of being. What is original? And what lives do cause

metaphor? I only did know heroes, I have read of them. And
yesterday is old, I do not live among yesterday nor do I want for

that. And heroes live and I am other than that and only listening
to stories. Imagination, the social region is small, the universe is

only small and things do come of this and thought is brilliance
starts the light the grass, the ideas they run. Thunder claps

brilliance applause a mind is connected to what did start, the
rain is measure of newness, the bee, the stag, the owl, from

life and electing policy for change if anything does change, the
weather in an instant, the weather does not change anything

and only responds. The birth of thinking creatures does not change
anything for they are mine and follow fear. I am afraid and I

lead those who are afraid. Originally, a time does want and I
follow this. And the end, how it is abrupt, I have memorized this

at water's edge, that mystery fails all things, and to solve the
earth it is to solve mystery. And then to know that time will then

say absence is the germ of riddles, and one knowledge leads
to the next when I will begin with some seasonal joy dance.

religion and neurology

what is given?
and the constructs of belief, where does this reside and
is it made to material?
what I know is this, and given then to
matter and
left as memory.
who does study such things, that all
imagination be physically accessed, that all thought,
that all intentions, that
they
be recorded unto material and
left for treatment.
the world is given, the exteriors of
land and atmosphere, the
environment, and what
it does cause I reflect upon, and to think not to deeply that
if I am the sum of material I am then
nothing else.
and the orders of electricity, how
it rests and grows reflections, one thought
carried to another and who
can do anything but partly explain that
little things cause other little things to spark
consciousness.
and where I stand among clouds and to consider many
things and
not to ask why
for I do not wonder at that only on occasion.
what is given?
and the truths of being, let them be
the mix of outward awe
and the notions of bodily machinery for neither is complete
lest a soul to never touch the earth
once more and
neither to allow the thoughts that
do wander, the composition of things and their
genius.
I am given, and
to succeed a body necessarily at grand things. And
these limits, I am the
limits of experience.

helplessness

to care and to not be given the tools for
interference.
a problem great and animated, I do
care at solution, I
worry at solution.
the foreign deaths I see and for this I can
only politically appeal.
the healths of people, and to engage that
to my limits, and if that is not
enough?
and how the limits of assistance, they
bring one inward or either
to science, that
a time will solve problems for others.
the problems of destiny, the problems of
finance, of spirit, and
how some things can never fill the
turns of fortune.
to say slow, to pace at the bounds of
trouble, and
prayer then if nothing else.
and the habit of knowing one's limits, is
it the habit of considering
one's relation to misfortune, that I cannot
allow death to creep into
these emotions, the futility of interest?
is the habit of establishing boundaries a
retreat from pain?
but only to care, and to address
that, or no, and
to disregard the self for all is given and
if the bursts of solution arrive
I am prepared.
to wait, the sentry.
to care and to see the dissolve of potential
and to not be given
the tools for interference.
I watch, and courage begins as this, and
to not turn away.
and if only this and the formations of
opinion,
to start an open source.

testing for leaks

who to lower into the well for
inspection?
the social well, the
bowels of socialism, the spirit of
nations, and
what slowly passes?
and if a well were the only source for,
who would not
protect it dearly and
mind it dearly?
the earth is slow in regeneration, longer
than a life, a
social attitude is slow
in regeneration and may never
resemble its health.
and the dangers for
entrapment, for
contamination, the dangers for
damage.
and who does know heroes, the
public, who does
recognize the manners of
social tubes, of
social growth and
social movement?
and patchwork, for intelligence
stays, for the secrets, the
cause and
to be cornered, to solve
the leaks, the pressures, the
questions, the
errant blasts.
and who is so trained to manage
physical systems, social
systems, to enter
lowness and
to quietly solve for failure and
to rise again in
trust on social elevators
and esteem on
quiet dignity.

counting colors

what I know of orange:

the color of the sun, the color of
fire.

a monarchs wings.

orange collects attention, orange has no
rhyme.

what I know of green:

the color of plants, the color of
some eyes, the
color of envy.

some ponds are green with algae.

what I know of blue:

Caribbean waters, the sky,
the color of despair, the
color of
authority.

what I know of pink:

pink is the color of girls, the
color of flowers, the
color of highwaymen.

pink is radiant, it is warmth and
celebration.

what I know of black:

black is death, black is
night, black lingers. black allows the
stars.

black collects heat.

black is stealth.

what I know of yellow:

yellow is daylight, yellow is
sunflower.

yellow highlights poems, yellow governs
orange.

songs are written about yellow, its
anxious and active
character. yellow is
lightning.

what I know of red:

the color of fast cars, the color of
blood. red is the
name of a cowboy. red is a
cardinal. red starts a
rainbow.

poets from far away

saying different things for a
culture is local.
is not culture local?
and to learn upon the treatments of faculties, the
treatments of people and
to respond in poem, in growth.
for pain there, a beauty there, and
many things there I have
never collected, the
rites of adolescence, the
prides of land, a local mysticism, the
words which mean something.
welcome as if I could, at least to
grant an openness.
the kinds of war then, for what
compels the human spirit, the kinds of suffering, and
for what attention to
welfare and age, wisdom.
I do read music, how do I read music?
the leaves to fall in October, like that, the
ice to freeze December.
the geese do go and later than the North for
I do visit there and
carry the methods of traveling words.
I know this language, the
clouds we share.
culture is local and to
share traveling thoughts, to share the
wind.
that.
is not culture local?
and if, to suppose your presence.
and to bounce again, I am dislodged and to
pile your suffering with mine into
a Volkswagen headed for
the next, we carry each's other and
bring awayness to settled
growth.
and for local contact, we make everything local
like an instant and then carry
on, passages.

ideologically blocked

either to stand or change course.

or either reason to

unblock the ideologues who place themselves between
things and thoughts.

only a chore to manage

the removal of idea blocks which stall
fluid thought.

what stops and to answer

their existence with

patience for when they are

gone

I return with open channels I may never
walk.

a block is to challenge, and then to

give ground to that which

stands between, it is to see to one's eventual
smallness.

where did start the ways of standing between ideas, perhaps

among those wronged or either those

threatened by the freedoms of

exchange.

for some do wish cultural smallness and

at times

I too wish cultural smallness.

and what do I block?

these intentions block nothing but I can only

be aware of the way I have

existed

and I concede that

this is only sometimes correct.

and learning to not stand atween things and ideas in

thought or otherwise or to

risk offense.

and a sentiment to the ideological blocks

because they may not

understand an interest in access may exist because

what block does not beg challenge?

and too, to recognize that

there are bounds to participation for

I am not welcome everywhere and to ask

only a question or either

to fortify my own limits.

the reference

1.

book
many books
tenured professor
boss
authority
president
mother
experience
conscience

2.

what would Jesus do?
what do I know?
what is certainty?

3.

Tokyo
New York
Berlin

4.

color
style of hat
what words to use

5.

what is without reference?
vacation
unexplored science
sex
cold water

6.

the land I live is reference
time is reference
season is reference
hate as certainty is reference
love as certainty is reference
unconditional belief is reference
machines which operate without malfunction are reference

7.

numbers
history
language
expression
religion

weather conditions

dust settles with rain
wash fills
hillsafe the home and watching
sunbake July
stillness dry ambient light
tornado

quiet
tornado lightning
peace drops
art for October leaves
dryness the
grass to wind
dust to wind inside a home
indian summer

the cold cold
river's edge freeze
snow down midnight
to sleep to
that

a chair
Spring melt Winter access to
flowers
morning dew the rose
morning dew the wormbirds
the cult of dance
rain does follow
this
the cult of prayer rain
does follow
pounding hail
freezing rain the torment of
exposed soil
steady river steady rain
drysun now the
birds

drysun now
watch a nature
respond

people gathering and to call that service

one person speaks
to call her poet
one person speaks
to call him poet
and to be satisfied that a spiritual needs have been met
what are spiritual needs?
a priest is in attendance
is it enough to consider God
outside of church
and in many ways without
traditional ritual for
it to be called service?
one person makes me think
terribly hard about
injustice.
to call him poet
one person sings a
song
to call it poetry or either
music
and a politics considered then
what is America and
do I travel freely?
do I know
differently upon gathering
that a word
is only one person's
and that is important and
I too speak
do I not?
and solutions to history and
oppression I do
now understand the
word revolution that
it is my turn
no longer that
things are no longer mine to give
(things)
to listen
what becomes of poetry I see dark
things and then
solve them or either to
consider them

finding a way in a library

past the thoughts the philosophy the history of
philosophy
roaming popular fiction and how it turns then to
psychology and
sociology
the elder novels and old
reprints and no pictures on the cover
only a title on the spine
Don Quixote
and into time the classics and
not knowing they are anthropology
now
the shelves and educational theory, statistical methods,
case studies and
astronomy
fourth floor northeast corner study carol
nap
only partly sleeping to the rhythms of the
ventilation
spend an hour writing a quicky book on
looseleaf paper
the portable stapler
I call this one social welfare and find the stack
and hide it within
I am published am I not?
elevator to the basement dissertations searching for
meanings among titles
something about Herbartian thought
and this is new knowledge I wonder if it is an
extension of 150 year old
ingenuity
everything is a legacy is it not?
and what is original I wonder
the media center, the mixed media which has
not been transposed
is a documentary new?
is a news story
the germ of a book?
is existence the germ of a book?
I sit and write a little book about germs and put it in
the medical stacks

downtown smalltown

few cars
little hub
rural America
great strides there is a university near
thinking
stillwater
history
old families
youth does not replace age
youth searches
progress is pavement
progress is respect
to hear
the city wind
the city cannon
central
park
the river does not know the
size of cities
the lake does not
listen
to rivalries
these are social things
it says
lapping grassbanks and
logs
these are social things and
I am other
the shop
antiques
milk and cigarettes
dollar
popsicle and dog
company
city hall and justice still
firm
working people
noon
siren
one stoplight not a
need

what starts the middle?

when an animal to consciousness, what then does it
require?
or to be satisfied as quadruped, as
humble scavenger, as proud
predator.
does an animal think? does an animal share a collective
unconscious with its others and
there is no need for recorded history?
and is it enough, to be satisfied with the
permanence of knowledge
that
never to consider one other thing except a fixed
wonder?
finite knowledge, for the capacities for appreciation of
modernity, for the
capacities for social development and lithic
development are done
now?
and something personal, and that which transcends the
icons of civilization, the Jesus and Mary
chain, the
emperors and styles of governance, that a
human does come to know a greatness
startled to thought within and
that which does bring about the selfisms of personality
and direction.
the mind is formed, constructed, thought is
constructed upon the interferences
of environment, and what I understand, to know its
process
as psychology and what it is,
cosmology for to climb within this sphere now
for it is greater than and still open
for its expansion.
and a body lets to
walk soundly and answering and requiring
only what a body needs.
for then middled and legitimate and I grow strength in
becoming the capacities of
frames
receiving.

Bear Down

be well kept for change I manage discourse in
directions
the obstacles are time and questions and
little
the sun is hot and becoming and to stand against
the heats of social Godism and
reluctance
and if society does die and if it does turn
back against itself for
knowledge
I stand
be well kept, and to those who say to manage oneself
rightly and morally and
the fineness of otherness will appear
and if a ministry of self pride because
I say I love things
but I have no cause for other things until they
combine unnecessarily with me
I do not wish for wars even if I did vote for
the isolated choice of
that president or
the other president for
either would have chosen war I did not cause
and
can only stand against it by
the disregard for war as alternative to peace
conscience sharpens souls
I am alert and
what to stand against?
nothing
which is not my own and nothing which has no
connection to my own
for this I manage, I stand and own the
place of middle being
I say no
I ask a question and this begins the rightness of
courage
and to that which continues to demand
I put it in a box and
watch it become
small

chronic Grand

luscious bands the mind
radiates poison and good things
questions
walk slowly and receive good
I dress in black today and change to
colors
when I am alone
and generating isolated things
he had something to say
so he wrote a
thousand words i could not
understand but traded him ten dollars
for and
keep it next to my bed
a good trade
and call it poetry simply
the conscience
the ministries of conscience
what did she not know and
to say it all outright
believing it was all true because
that is what she thought
the satellites are all here now
the history satellites
the philosophy satellites and
they are all
figuring
on what word to make next so that
society can continue for
if words never did change
I would always be
wondering the same thoughts
luscious bands
where you take me I gladly go
to winter and
cold places and make
them mine and
I leave again for home I
stay
carrying everything I know like
law satellites

back when I begin

the houseplant grew tall when I begin
when the sun set when it was
winter and I was warm in thought I
begin
the notations of thought I
invent language
that no one knows so I cannot be followed
the paper trails and
people said things were a
particular way because that is what
papers say and
while it happened I begin
the paint got old and the art grew
irrelevant the art
grew into novelty and only curious I
begin to make it
new
I expect struggle now that
I am old
I expect the novelty of sympathy for
scars
I expect time to start
after I realize that realization happens
again and again and
it means nothing
the shadows were time when I begin
the shadows cause time
do you not know this that
shadows create things?
what is minimalism and who cares what
it is called for
they are not the minimalists
what is idealism and who cares what
it is called for
they are not the idealists
and who does not grow small the
more they think but
what is it to be small?
the newspapers said many things again and
again when I begin
the television was turned off

demystification

what steals beauty?
and if beauty is mystery
what consumes the subjects, the
faculties, what takes
social lines and
makes nothing of them?
and if
what is then left?
a behavioral conscience which
looks at law and
punishment for
what is right
and religion, to that which
asks impossible
questions to this, have you
no imagination?
and if it is then dogma, are
its foundations
suspect?
or either to remove the sum
of religion
upon the acts of its institution
what takes pleasure?
I only take pleasure
until
it is used and vacuous and
then wait for
its vessel to
refill or either I
require no vessel to be
given to me
I steal this thought of
independence
what arranges rooms
when beauty is
gone?
and if then utility replaces
beauty and
utility is beauty is it
not?
and then beauty still
exists called other
because it must

the competition to be the best peace activist

who will stand loudest against a war?
who will interfere with war in profound
ways?
who will step away from peaceful things
for peace?
and what criteria to be the best?
and what criteria for leadership?
who does know the proper answers to these
questions
as if everything had a social counter?
and what peace activist does not exist
in reference to war for
if war were to not exist the faculties of
peace
would not exist and then
the question
do the regards of antiwarism
thwart peace?
they do not for war exists nevertheless
except among those who begin war
to mark peace activists
and what peace activist does not stand
dangerously
and what peace activist is not ideal?
who is the greatest peace activist?
the one who undermines war of course, and
perhaps in silence and
never to be heard and
with a presence to undermine war even
among its
littlest forms
there is no competition to peace activism
lest they be public and then
fighters themselves.
and if, then all public opinions are the
grounds of warriors
and if, then silence and duty, a
world of professions and without progress
exists
let peace be considerate and
who is not a faculty of peace then?

what is illusive?
and not to know which thought precedes
thunder and what thought
it does cause
the rambling earthquake, science answers
many things and
I wonder more
at speculation
that if I am curious after knowledge, that
I stay curious I will
remain human
and if it causes me to discern into
mental illness and social atrophy then
what good is thought
and not to know why land breaks when it
does and
why a rain this moment and
how a language can be divisive
not to know only and
to let such wonders pass for
I cannot dwell until this mind sinks deeply
into its own self
love is illusive, I do know this, and
death, this is illusive
for ways I make an opinion of lest they
swallow me and
then to step around this and to
acknowledge only a problem will not
consume I
and how numbers will be profound at
times like
coincidence and
how there is an older self before me in
this mirror
what is illusive? and is social development
directed, is there a common genius
to a congress
I do not know
today the clouds are familiar and they
pass, they dissipate for heat
and either the season or the press of
responsibility is to
blame
what is illusive?

in the garden

congress fertilizes social programs
congress plants roads
congress elects types of trees to plant
congress manages development and calls a place
park
and the foothills, they are too tall and stony
except as beauty
the moon is too far away and heavy and
requires too much directed cooperation
people grow uncomfortable with too much direction
or either we are
on a comfortable shuttle
forever or until we have evidence of a sustainable otherness
outside of this planet
and whorls the people they
continue to move, to rebuild
structures lest the rain tear away even
granite eventually
lest the wind bury things in dust
knowledge is fruit
compassion is fruit
I know these things because they keep me
language is fruit because it keeps me
a soft bed of grass at midnight
there are other things, indeed!
what are other things?
congress said there would be rain today
congress said that summer will come and
I will know it like last year
the president said that progress is sustainable and
I know that progress is sustainable if
I live sustainably as an individual
I cannot argue with this
the water is controlled
water is directed
the things that live, of them only a few concern themselves with
terraforming and
shaping land
grass does this or at least it keeps things and
other creatures move soil to keep land
habitable
but the birds do not change the sky the
birds only fly among the sky

magic
against laws and
illogical policy which acts in reverse and
that which makes people wonder and
stand pondering
social inversion and hat rabbits and pocket doves
the decline for want for social welfare by
the acts of giving
the decline for social deviance by
its replacement with security
against laws and
one critic poet demonstrating in wordly opposites
the nature of intellectual cause
the defeat of academic
ground by the race to
new and improved words and
to stand conceptually
in front of digress
against laws the summer is hot and standing
is it not?
the magic water
and lessons to why the
principles of democracy expect my participation
how to teach that?
it is not taught except for tricks and
challenges
the social taunts and
I dare you for your thoughts
and the change from God as everything to
a long chain of social Gods and
people who each own one person
beneath them
then who made earth or
either
that is imaginary
and what is force I collect force and
call it something else like
freedom
for word is alternative to one knowledge and
anything social is any other social thing
and it to disappear
when it is not useful
except for its sign
for memory and change starts this applause

I then know you as something

who asks the same question until I answer
correctly?
who stands abrupt and ugly and
defensive?
I waste at not traveling conceptually freely and
I give you no more futures
not everything is material
not everything is character
not everything is labor
and time I do not fear I do not fear you time though
he does remind me
I am old
I am old but I live forever
and if there is nothing I can say that
I not escape your watch
and if there is nothing so profound we will
turn and attack together
and if the world is still small
the world is yours I give you this and
I am elsewhere and secure
with rain and seasons and
memory
who stands and knows me present for
I am not invisible
thank you for that at least that
and what is the name of your ness for I wish a
philosophy to learn
the air is quiet and smells like a clinic
there is a door which locks people in
there are people who call cigarettes contraband
and who is content like this and
who is not disturbed
and if I call you respect
you grow no more human but only fade a
little
and again if I call you respect and
if I call what you represent respect you grow
no more human but
only fade a little
what do you represent?
I then know you as something

the earthgoons
collecting things
managing things to their limits and then
going beyond limits
ever to be once advanced
a society was happy but not happy enough
electricman said
a society was content and then
someone
realized
its water was not clean enough
build a museum and then every city
of your size will have
a common grounds for dialogue
collect history
and to know that that was then and history stopped
in 1980 though
nothing changes desperately change only
happens to think of other things
realizing
the power of science though
who considers why to know the body
to robotism?
who considers engines which
tear apart mountains?
all will be flat then and
who can argue geographic principles when
all is flat?
and when everything is automatic
who will press the last button
sending us back
to the repeats of stoneage?
collecting things
desperately the pacifists
believing in records
but a museum without faith is no house
and a museum without
interested futures
is the ballast of social welfare and
who does visit interesting things without
carrying futures?
and who is left to consider the
dead animals
in the zoos?

adjunct stars

they come they pass
the
beauty which is not original but representing original
beauty
for that always does exist
like character and
is always represented
the mirror is only two dimensions
I climb into that when I am alone
an image of health is
near to beauty and ideal and
how to make that standard?
they come they pass for ideas
they pass for charm and love
they pass for wisdom for having grown old and
how they expect things
I give them
the beauty of courage to hold things in the rain and
to hold things and believe them
original
but I know a candle is only contained and
the limit of language is experience and
the limit of art is experience
I know limits do I not?
they come they pass and
again to live among the adjuncts which pretend
lest I say
there is only one and however shortly it lives it will
only
represent itself
change is nothing then
change is only imaginary when
change is always in reference
change is experimental
only
this
change goes away when the earth does cool and
change dissolves among contented
things
they come they pass and
what is original does
not

do you know the way to middle America?

where things grow
take a right at the stop sign
think about social ecosystems
consider the clouds
water the earth
take a left at that gravel road after four miles
take the first fire road to the right
stop and get out
where things grow
toss a pebble
pluck a long grass and wind it around your finger
walk a ways until
the air feels dense and cool and
the trees feel dense and
a bird tells you he is there and
then it is quiet
walk a ways to the clearing and
stop
put your hands in your pockets and straighten your arms
take a deep breath
go south off the lover's lane fire road
off the trail and
find the stone
sit there until you grow old or
until you realize something
where things grow
consider the clouds

figuring life

1.

to grow old
to learn stuff
to segment an eternal consciousness
to count things
to learn what can be controlled
to have birthdays
to develop symbolic systems
to imagine material

2.

what I do not know
what I do not care to know that affects me
what is authority
what eats life
what is time
what is expected of me

3.

art is experience
is art experience
art reflects science
does art reflect science
art steals things
does art steal things
art reflects consequence
does art reflect consequence

4.

how I count
how I ask
how I am satisfied
how I know my capabilities
how I study
how I relate
how I establish things

5.

development is change
living is development
systems is living
ecology is systems
universe is ecology
material is universe
thought is universe

6.

where to go for answers

medicine
social medicine
say these words
authority
be well cooperatively
physical medicine
swallow these pills
do no harm
slow no social development
be well physically
withhold no medicine
for money
do no harm
invent no medicine
in haste
measure wellness
until a wellness wishes no
further measurement
do not confuse
doctrine with religion
recognize disciplinary
advancement
recognize the
limits of medicine
model wellness
social medicine
and
physical medicine
to be kept in
separate cabinets
remember
lust and
compassion
accept exterior
origins
to wellness
accept individualism
do not make pills
unnaturally colorful
do not make pills
unnaturally tasteful
do not make
an institution of
treatment

what is an observatory with no place for man to sit?

and having extended metal arms and
sensors without
ever having been there
to imagine undersea systems by the paper
records and
images and not to have
experienced this
to see the stars is only to understand them but
it is only to realize
I have never been
and if knowledge is only enough then
science will only be
enough
and there is not an explorer
who will bring something new to life lest
he has made records himself
and if
then he too is robot
except to himself
the worlds
but humanity is different when
a thought exists independently within an environment
and all
are poets
the infrared images are only
enough for reconnaissance
the imaginary planning is only enough
until it happens
adventure is not safe and
adventure is not certain
adventure is not an extension of myself
science is not adventure and
knowledge is not experience and
having brought data forward
it is for reason
that I wonder
the possibilities of existence and
of imagination within environments no man has ever
been
no sensor I am lest
you read my book then

running into walls

off balance on the way to
coffee
running into walls
too much in the brain today
too many stops
too many answers
too much certainty
and walking S lines down
hallways
like drunkenness
figuring figuring
what is success I wonder
I do know what is right
and to stop
to gather oneself
with cup in hand and
begin again
the woman walks at me
to stand aside at that
'good morning'
to you too
no one will ever know
how these walls
push in
lest they move them
the investigation
I am responsible for their
straightness
am I not?
and balance
I am only prepared for
simple solutions
and a conflict absorbs
me
running into walls
and every turn
is corridor
I make no sound at
walls for they
obey other laws
I am listening

for those who know the difference between a spaceship and earth as spaceship
first principles
for those who leave in metal spheres
and
carrying oxygen
first principles to material
and
upon the mentions and the attentions to
vehicle
the attentions to the maintenance
of life support and
velocity
then
an interval for the poetics of the
imagination and
love
an interval to recreation
for that which is taken for granted on
earth and
that which comes easily on
earth
requires the duties of vigilance and
labor
first principles and then
the expressions
or either to
embed the arts within communications
for sustainability
perhaps
but still an interval of freeness
for that which is not
tethered
to responsibility
and to those grounded
that a belief in
earth as vehicle
to them
we are still responsible for sustainability and
balance
if only with fewer
restrictions then
let
outer exploration be
inquiry

what do whales think about?

birthing calves

food

air

what do bats think about?

food

sex

sleeping upside down in caves

what do dogs think about?

early consciousness of pleasing authority

moon

comfort

sleep

food

what do whales not think about?

astronomy

exercise

what do bats not think about?

chaos

society

what happens to bat excrement

rabies

what do dogs not think about?

leaving

art

mathematics

ordinary stall in futures

and traveling too fast
the thoughts of those with sound resources
for them struggling at
social definition and
them struggling for time
they are only ordered and positioned
for a conditioned existence
to them
theology is liberation and
theology is authority
without remark to beauty or natural awe
and stalls
without reason the social march
for day to day
and self maintenance consumes ideology and
intellect
and all personal force
it is managed
and resistance then
for these dreams are not my own and
this history is foreign and unattached
future is divine, indeed, and
who could debate canons and policy and
who could not surround
insight with possibility and potential if
resources were equal or either if
ceilings were
expansive and
if ceilings allowed for
social development
stalls
as if direction were slavery and
as if intentions were those of
exterior wills
it is not wonderful
to know that the clause for boycott and
a return to self is
fixed by redemption and
allowance
it is only reasonable to follow on occasion
until I am authorized

am I conditioned
am I conditioned?
of course
am I authorized?
and what is authority
that which immediately calls for response
that which tells others to tell others to call for response
and to exact the source of conditions
and to say
I do realize things now
the function of
instruction
am I authorized?
that is assumed
by the source of experience
the long chains of social experience
tell whether
I am authorized
to teach as I have been taught
am I conditioned
to teach as I have been taught?
or either
to be conditioned to
think independently and
reasonably
at hardship and social change
that I might interfere with hardship and social change and
make it some degree
different
for progress?
what is progress?
am I prepared for progress?
do I know what is better than?
and to say
any thing but hardship is more desirable and
any thing but discontent is more desirable
I am conditioned for that
I realize this that
I am conditioned for that
if nothing else
progress is better than hardship and discontent
is it not?
lest I am conditioned for suffering
perhaps that

the red and the white

building exact systems apart
they call each other names
they live in separate areas

the sunflowers are yellow are they not and
representing
the sun is yellow and representing
everything is yellow

snow is simple
ash is simple
what is white in nature is a clover flower not
everything

to strip meaning from the course of
color
to assume meaning in color
everything is red today is war not red
is time not red
is land not red I give this nation red and protect it

green is grass
the wind is green and here I lay and
separated from diversity in
calling things the monochrome of green

who does not sell green

and the purple women what woman does not sell purple
what woman does not wear pink underpants
what cigarette is not lavender

ocean
let it be black
the universe is black
I climb into that when I die
the stars are black and
sleep is black
I climb into that when I die

buildings of stone
they are colored
I climb into that when I die

poetry as social vent

the blasphemy the mundane the
curious sent to social and
other
confessions and imaginations the
dastards of
society sent out and
smelling bad the
wind takes it away
and what of murder war thievery
what cause and
what I witness what I am so certain of
what I know
to build the foundations of
consensus and
to wrap hatred in tidy yellow ribbons and
send it away
oppression is this
no, oppression is this
character assassination and rebuttal
the bounds of social
betrayal and
what is a solution
what is a solution and
is it enough to only speak such
things
for peace it is enough
he says mentioning guns and
oppression
to manage a field of thought that
such things exist
within the vents of
evening banter
and if beauty is mentioned it
will be among
the potence of wicked concepts
and blasphemy
for these start the
thoughts do they not?
the wicked starts the thoughts
or either I grow to love the
wicked then

social definition

to say that which is nice is without social
definition
who does say that peace is without definition?
to teach the pride in suffering as the course to
social definition
to gloat a society upon that which
stands against
things
who is strong?
and to be easy in the face of the complex
and to be open among the breadth of
certainty
what art is the equal of science?
what art does forget science altogether?
and if the course of natural science exists as
metaphor
that every scientist use
Godly materials as self reference and
object for self definition
who does tell me many times that they are
strong and will I know
them as this?
who does call things strength and expect I
respect such things?
I do respect such things
I call things strong and hold my tongue then
I consider strength
and what do I consider strength?
to say that which is agreeable is not
strength even if an agreeableness is true
to say that which is agreeable is without social
definition
or either to say agreeableness has not
asserted itself
the conditions for assertion
have not been met
and not to concern oneself with social
definition and not to concern
oneself
with the links of this to social prosperity
for the anthropologist is revealed
every neutral is revealed
every one who notices is revealed

the never ending song

I only know one song
one lament
the never ending song
it was written for no one
it is different each time it is played
it connects with its
last movement
it is not a burden
it is not struggle
it is not urgent
every one tries to educate it
this song does not respond to education
this song reflects nothing
I only know one song and
it is without purpose
it is without license
it is without prejudice
the way
a day sets without boundaries
except the limits of
instrument
the stars cross
to play to that
to play to afternoon
the season passes into rain
the birds go and
come again
to play to that
I only know one song
one symbol
to anything give until
it touches down in
rest
blossoms and peace and
lightning then
rockets and astronomy and
lightness
hardship
to fill a lives with that and
whatever consciousness
resounds

story creek
fiction does not exist
the way a river runs
starts in moss and cress
starts little
we come together and
when it rains
we come together
in the spring
we come together
fall leaves travel down to
rivers drift caught
everything attached to water
fills downness
the sediment and
switching lines
fiction does not exist
poetry does not exist
poetry is not this
cold sand bounds the
dead white bird
ashore
sand is change I remark at
that
nothing changes the
house in earshot was
not there when
I was a child
the way a river runs
I once thought of this as a
river
I know better having
seen the Mississippi the
Colorado
this is only water
traveling
who gives names?
I was proud when
this was a river
fiction does not exist
only I join
things
which I do not know
yet

you do not expect to be proud
to give is nothing and
not to be proud
to have supported another strongly
to have given strength
to have given the idea of
beauty
the awayness of relationships dissolve
the separations go away
to give is nothing and
not to know pride
at offering sense
at generating ease
at supposing no conditions
to have spent time without favor
to have proven freedom
to have overlooked suffering and
age
to have overlooked the things which separate
I do not keep records for this
there is no accounting
you do not expect to be proud
you expect no return of favor
to have given art
and meaning, to have given this
these intentions are willful
and then withdrawn
if they travel too far
and no apologies to
history nor
discontent and then
not to be proud
at having fed
at having given the foundations of
what a person requires
this shelter is peace and
without conditions
to have watched
to have attended to without question
to have attended to and
not to be proud and
to have no name for
what is character

to be down I crawl within metaphysics and take history with me
how not to carry history
but its relationship to the eternal
only to crawl within metaphysics then
to explain
to be down
to understand that
and if all is governed then
history is governed and I will question
governance
for history to be true
for history to be fine
for history to be oppressive
to carry that to the order of nature
the order of divinity
for to leave aside history is to leave aside
social relationships
for history is social
even natural history is social by its
consideration
and to carry that for answers come
among broadness and
that which includes history
the way things are is subtle and
indifferent
and that which contains everything including thought
contains history
and the trials of this life
I am concerned with many things
and hardship
it is among the things of life
and if to consider the universe and
my place among
without the concerns of hardship
then all is beauty
and when history is the bog
of this being
I am no more reluctant to give history
to that which creates history
because I understand history differently
than
experience then
and what comfort
returns to psychology I act

the metaphysics of poetry

the limits of language are these
the limits of expression are these
and what is contained within
each of the seymores of thought
let a mind
does roll
to galaxies and
matricies and
religious orders and
land and
time and
culture
let a mind
does roll away
and if poetry were thought then
to finish it there until
thoughts whorl to certainty
and then dissolve
and if poetry were the distributions
of thought
then something other
that a pen and discipline then
to mark in attempts and trials
to mark in arts these thoughts
and what form I make
as great as the imagination and
as hard as experience
as certain as experience
with smells and dogs barking
with reason and nature and speculation
and all tethered to
the limits of language
for stillness then
what I cannot say but
only think
then I am contained and mute
and there is no social
to that without conveyance
or either the social is the limits
of language
I believe this
as if language were sex and
reproductive

of the realities

I choose this one with flowers and
butterflies and mountains
with reason for figuring and with
grass and shores
with gas lamps and curiosity with
poetry and
effort

I choose this one with language and
representation and
communities
and the others like war and struggle
for to elect one over that
is to know that
and the others like escapism and
isolation
to have tried that and to have left that
for it was dull and
tasteless

I choose the wind
the one with wind and season
the one with tequila and
guitars and drums
the one with passion for
I know passion as that which brings
other things
the fertile soil and I forget myself
the cloud clouds cloudisms
for clouds mean things like
rain and life

I choose this one with memory
the frogs and birds and
little things
and that which adapts to what is
given
like grace
and for other people
and for things to bend a soul around
and for today, that it be not
fallen and back

I choose this one with snowdunes
then for to imagine
angels and
what it is they accomplish

to the hospital

got pneumonia? go to the hospital
got arthritis? go to the hospital
got a heart condition? go to the hospital
trouble breathing? go to the hospital
need love? go to the hospital
need food? see a doctor
short on cash? see a doctor
want to change careers? go to the hospital
need childcare? go to the hospital
break your leg? see a doctor
got a virus? go to the hospital
need more time in your life? see a doctor
gastrointestinal worms? go to the hospital
depressed? see a doctor
not sleeping right? go to the hospital
having seizures? see a doctor
impatient? take drugs
hair falling out? take drugs
got a drug problem? take drugs for that
relationship problems? go to the hospital
don't understand poetry? see a doctor
bunions? go to the hospital
car out of gas? go to the hospital
bored? see a doctor
got cancer? go to the hospital
got a hickey? go to the hospital
got AIDS? go to the hospital
ugly? take drugs for that
got hepatitis? take drugs for that
got syphilis? go to the hospital
break a nail? take drugs
late for work? see a doctor
getting old? go to the hospital
don't know who to vote for? see a doctor
don't know whether to continue fighting a war or not? go to the hospital
can't remember your childhood? go to the hospital
hemorrhoids? take drugs for that
garden flooded? go to the hospital
tooth fall out? take drugs for that
pregnant? see a doctor
need advice on a good book? go to the hospital
erectile dysfunction? go to the hospital
swollen glands? go to the hospital

a geographic region which manages its own churches

it makes nature a church

the canyons, the water, the mesas

this is a church

this is made a kingdom

christianity is a cross then

for social liberation

for isolated people

who are hungry

who have no shelter

the trees are made to columns

the land is an altar

freedom is made to travel

to wander in thought is to swim

to run

to watch the clouds roll away

return

a building is meant to sit

at countryside as art

the beauties of land are

collected and placed within

structure is season

structure is the day

the sabbath is recreation

I consider God then

the moss and lives

the wildflowers

the woods I watch

the eagles, the tides and drifted

sand

holy man is

watch

and knowledge

it makes nature a church

glacier and volcano

to imagine formation

the lives, the elk, the wolves

there are mighty lives

other than I

the stained glass

a cross is memory

a cross is confidence in liberation

the doors open now and again

as if I remember

sapient

wisdom
detest things
to know and then to decide against
and wisdom
discern
to know difference upon difference
and affection for
that which
sustains and
disregard for
the nothings of uselessness
and to make of that a metaphysic
or either
to gather difference and
certainty
and to let it sit quietly qualifying itself
as information
the collections
and what is to be done with knowledge
this a knowledge itself
the standards of
ethics
the standards of care
the standards for division
the standards upon
which knowledge is gathered next
wisdom
detest and
reinforce and
grow to want
to fascination
what cause is judgment and
what is original if
to spend a life hopping from
one moral to the next
metamoral upon this
the manner for
seeking and
for allowance
and first principles upon
what is natural and what is speculative

night fog

rolls in darkness
hazed lamplights the night
porchwatch the
carlight clouds and
ambient sounds
the no rain drips to soil
and to be covered in
curiosity
the speculates of the
imagination stop and sense
the speculates of time are
still
and stillness burns like
nothing burns
perhaps a nuclear bomb
fifty miles away
I wonder and
this presence results
but I will
wake tomorrow I am
confident
to see this burn away to
sunrise
I think
rolls in darkness and
the wind is gone
the animals gone away
the stars are gone
echoes voice and
echoes drips
and consistency to all
all is drawn
together in charcoal
and brushed
everything is brushed to dullness and
light rings
voices brushed
but I am sharp and
considering nature is
marking itself in
one other way
I know
and why does it drip?

new thoughts in an old building

how a factory
operates then and efficient
creating
material goods and industry
calculators
now a factory
and brought with
theology
to study good things
a room once lined for
piecework and linear constructs
and brought to
social concern
the lives of workers are this
now vocational and
charged for
social reproduction
social discern
the elevation of social service
and a building
what it is
to hold the souls of
early ideas
they are never gone
the ghosts exist and learn
the ideas slow to
concern and action
and then to social change
for all is social change
is it not?
when a building is metaphor
is not everything
social change?
and if an industry is then
tired
this renewal is
too metaphor for newness
and possibility
and walls are this or
either nothing
witness

for want of direction, wandering

places
turn to common
wandering lines and making meaning of that
lines
that a mind does wander into itself and
a self recedes
what is familiar is taken
the stars are familiar and
taken
the solid land is touch
to at least keep that
sense
and what is valuable
God is more powerful than imagined
than ever imagined
God is different
to find peace
a lake is home until it washes itself of thought
and then it is nothing
the streets connect to
otherness and
what is not otherness?
places
I know the universe
how time is no longer delinquent but
only constant and
repetitive
I know the universe
and what is different
when fear and love are old and
judgment is finished
when a mountain is complete
when rain is complete
and if depression is
to know everything
to have been given everything
and if depression is to know all of social science
what is beauty then?
for what I am told
the clouds are beauty
until I am then distracted

urthstrains

too many people believing
development is manifest destiny
but who would not cover their own
at thoughts of unsustainability
and who would not say
that finer creatures who
live within their own are
lessons of otherness
and what is conscience then
to the separations of clan and clan and
who marks difference?
division is important in the interest of
individualism
but I trust for the factors of oppositism
to act in remarkable and
reliable manners do I not?
that a course of specialisms and
self interest is determination to
find a gap and
fill it then
but who does tear down the selves which
are sustainable?
who carries away sustainability?
who carries away notions of
self improvement and
calls it public?
and who considers the land
a factory
that it not respond to nature like I do
respond
I am tall and proud
we are tall
and to carry that in conquest and
without the
humors of humility
what pride is not humble?
for to oversee things is not to see their
dissolve
and to oversee is not to
listen for the keywords of profit and progress
but only to fashion a life among

he reads nature like text

brings his chair
and watches squirrels
the occasional quiet deer
hears an airplane and
thinks of it
no less natural but
only consuming
the hiker brings meaning other than
the pleasantries of thought
what is it?
he stands at hmmm
and sits back down
for time does pass
to realize that and
things appreciate things
what do things require?
to exit
he does not live there
yet
he only comes there and
goes
what does the self have to do with nature?
a contribution is
dusty and uncommitted for
even to leave
bread is nothing
to leave nothing is
better than nothing
the lives of strangers and
what bird proves a soul?
what bird
thinks in numbers?
to last evenly and
who does watch me?
for I cause nothing
I do not walk in bounds
I do not make beautiful things and
call them natural and
live within them
brings his chair
and reads

listening lines

what I hear
I hear the bells
the winter bells
the cold winter

the steel cold
what I hear
I hear the clouds
the silence of clouds
I hear silence and think of place

I hear the wind push the clouds
what I hear

I hear the race of many men
filling their coatpockets with things they require
a moment they require to fill their coatpockets with charms
and then they hide away until tomorrow comes
what I hear

the phase of the moon
the phase of life
the phase of cause
the phase of being
I hear this and turn away to novelty

the time I hear and turn away to novelty

what I hear
the fire
the chopped wood
the forest footsteps
the bird
this is what I hear

the pressure of pen on paper
what scribbles I hear
thought
and continue
I hear the thought scribble into the next like time
the time I hear and turn away to novelty

and to arrange littleness

for what control I collect
what control I gather
and put onto little shelves and
move them for
precedent
and to exchange littleness for
littleness
I found a bishop
I found a chess piece
I govern a thought
do I not govern a thought?
what brings me to thought?
I throw away littleness and
am left with thought
I still think freely
do I not think freely
without something physical to hold?
I make freedom small and
think of freedom
I make emotion small and
think of emotion as something
other
I make beauty small and
think of beauty as something
other that I hold
that I am in a control of
that I collect
and put onto shelves in my soul
for they will always be
there
will they not always be there?
justice will always be there
for I have collected justice
have I not collected justice?
the river stone
the lava stone
the apache tear drop
have I not collected justice
and made it small?
have I not collected cause?
have I not made myself cause?

if there were a night
in which time stopped
oceans fell silent
the wind fell silent and
language held no meaning
then
and the souls of people
paused and received
all of information
all of history and
every course of futures
and to do with that
he says loneliness
she says restart now
it does not
the loss of time is nothing
and what to forget
everything to forget and
nothing is strange
except possibility and
what is that now?
possibility
for when time stops
time is then nothing and
it leaves
the mind parts with chronology and
order
what is order?
birth again
as if life were inevitable
and everything
silent then moves again
I see the lighted sky
and then
the water and its sounds
gently
I give order back
to language
and only regards to stops
I remember that
as if it were
in my control
I do remember my name
I do remember questions

returning from out

easy to go and form directions
returning from out
is the difficulty
how grand the galaxy
but people do not want to hear about that
only to go and
bring no stories then
for that
people want that discovery
personal
for that
dreams are attached to that
and the dreams of
people are not
mine
travel and
how were the rooted bottoms
I am bound to tell you only little things
how were the caves
the summit midnight
I am bound to tell you only little things
easy to go with
course and
planning
and to have lived so long in dreams
and if peace is a social construct
I am no longer peace
the lines for being common
require
one's permanence to place
do they not require permanence to place?
lest the
network of travelers
lest they
assemble themselves as
something other than home
and who is special then?
and who holds little ideas in
glass jars
for to be asked questions or
to think of times I am bound to hold

one volume
all cry
and the decibels to their loudest
there is no pain in greater amplitude
there is no greater sound than the greatest sound
no matter
all cry
no matter to say what
no matter for democracy
what is that?
is democracy volume or content?
what does democracy have to do with sound anyway?
all cry
I am listless
ballot screams and
passion rants and
say fuck but
say it loudly and
I will decide what it means
and if a radio turn it loud
the whos horton heard
a model to them
all cry
and then we have a voice
and the hands do bang them
the pots and cymbals the drum pots
charge at them loudly in voice
rant
all cry
loudly and loudest and
when a breath is gone then grab another and
scream demons and warfare and
songs
all the time certainty
all the time louder and
if you believe no one listens do not believe this
if you believe it does not matter do not believe this
if you believe there is a limit to loudness do not believe this
all cry
and concern yourself with vision not now
call out dragons and yell fire at dragons
lungyell at history
pitch screams at tomorrow and then
think of something else to yell about

cigarette deliberation

sits on stone steps
smoking slims and fats and stubbies and
100's and roll your
owns
smokes anything
thinks of the next one
deliberately
eats on occasion
holds a zippo in his left hand
dribbles tobacco where he cannot smoke
dribbles ash intentions where he can smoke
draws strongly draws shortly draws
lightly
puffs to the wind and
when it is windless pushes lingering puffs
into the space in front of his eyes
lights them in intervals
menthols
straights
lights them and watches them burn
lights them and rests them on his favorite books
watches them smoke peace a
brief moment
blows through filters to crackles
blows at lit ends
takes two and sparks their cherries together
and smokes them
to his head
and starts another
sits on stone steps
sits upright
eats on occasion
outside
lights another into deliberation

the battle for reproductive rights

she owns the uterus
he owns the uterus
and if he owns the uterus he owns what it is attached to
she owns the uterus and what it is attached to
and if he owns the uterus
will the child own itself
and if she owns the uterus
will the child own itself
and social reproduction
who owns the uterus and what is the uterus
life is the uterus of social reproduction
but who will consider the origins of life
when a social already exists
he owns the uterus
he thinks of futures
she owns the futures and knows the future
and social reproduction is hers
because she knows origins
and if he claims futures
he realizes he owns the uterus
is a uterus currency
is a uterus a metaphor for immortality
he wonders limply
but social reproduction is philosophy he
declares until
reason brings him back to the possession of the uterus
but she requires no philosophy
he requires no philosophy
for holding things tightly is not philosophy
and he will fight for that
she will not fight for that either
that philosophy cannot contest existence
she does not say that
but knows that
she owns that
she owns the uterus
he owns the uterus
she is currency
she looks pretty and stays indoors
he talks and talks until he is quiet
she looks pretty and stays indoors

get in on this

man says he knows something
man gets attention
better to believe than risk
not believing
better to have faith in possibility
better to live as he says until
he asks something of me
man looks determined
evidence is order
drink a beer with that man
ask him things
act how he acts
man gets attention
better to regard than spend time not regarding
better to offer a pause than
to walk on by
possibility
what it is I seek he makes me wonder
does he hold that
what do I hold most dear he makes me wonder
can he give me that
man says nothing
offers me possibility
stranger kind enough
better to believe in one thing he asks
better to believe in possibility

puke

I know something you do not know
man, get in on this
regard these first principles and
I give you possibility
I give you chance
man, be still
I give you stillness
better to have faith in something than to disregard
to keep stillness
I know something you have not yet regarded
man, get in on this
see the possibility of possibility

only to those who believe women share a common intellect
only to those who believe all men think alike
how simple to believe
I knew all of women in knowing the degrees of one
how simple to believe I am
like any other
what is the cause for common intellect
to witness common intellect
perhaps there was a cause
and how to return selves to their own minds?
and if there are reliable qualities of woman
and if I carry the reliable qualities of man
to then
register the roles of gender
to then
hold limits to the roles of gender
lest sexuality disappear to chance where
all will eat and consider lives asexually
or either to assemble chains and empires of gender
whereby active qualities
are selected by menus according to one's
sexuality
how simple to believe
even if there were a menu for being male or either female
how simple to believe that
even if
that independent thought still does not
exist
quietly beneath gender systems whereby this
the discoveries and allowances of individualism
bring one to love one's social opposite
and not the social structure associated with that opposite
but
the actual individual
how simple to believe
love is the limits of representative form
and how to make the object of love better if
the object is without some
personality
or either to believe love is the elevation of one's
representative character until that
character is voluntarily taken away
and then
we stand naked

namedropper

he had known a person who was given a name
and to imply that all
people who had that name had certain qualities
he had assembled an entourage of
people with names
like character and
they were each fitted with a character then
and to imply that names were
fitted with philosophies
he did know that such things were
absurd
but to generate such a thought is to
expect I overcome such a system
and what would a namedropper call
their child?
by this I would know his own character
had I not been witness to
his nominative conformity and
his directives in social control by way of
dropping names
arbitrarily and without a smile
but who is without tools?
and I look within
I confess to saying nothing when I am annoyed and
believing myself the greater
when near to that which disobeys
laws of social liberty
I confess to ambitions which I do not say
outright
and if I am to pride myself in not believing
two Marys are alike or either
two Michaels are unique
I can only wonder what I will name my child and
how such a name is grounded in
social history and
what such a name is to cause to that child and
what people are to believe of that child
prior to friendship or other
and to only offer the peaceful resistance of
stepping away from the namedropper
for my message is unattached and personal and
this system is already claimed
is this system not already claimed?

de lion is not de king of de bush, de elfant is de king of de bush

slow big

trumpet

rawhide

packs

communicates

protects young

tusks

grows old

ambles

sways

defends

pushes trees

run on keepin' on

blue grass notes the prairie
kin want knowing
butter wildflower wind
look straight at pause
the ones who take away the
ones who keep the
ones who live long my life
and say control things
the clouds the mountain too
I travel and wait for
volcanoes and trust and
rain the sunflowers and them
who tear down walls and leave me naked
go to gas station
sit there with burrito
wondering where they have not been
blue grass the high dessert
what I want
kin and transformation
to want it all like this is
forever but
things change things change
to river inland
the dams and what I protect
northern dams southern dams
holding back century
sounds the native voice
the trees do change to watch
me coming down
and angry wandering
to forget
but I am guilty
but I am guilty I say
for I kill and
I take from many places
I live in many
unnatural seminaries
the camp when I am gone is evidence
I leave unnatural things
except I am nature
am I not nature?

without a way
stillness for
ends
without a way
and a social stops
for to look beyond isolation then
clouds will not be stopped
nor summer comes
the grain and
stories of
they start again
loss is only common
I insist
and givenness is remembered
I cannot forget
and draw strength
in that
the springs and miming purity
the springs and little sounds
the wind is near
and a social stops
stillness for
the records
I try not to discourage
and I go near
to that which does not
discourage
the weather is that
and near
the daylight moon
does not discourage
nor what I think about when
I am alone
I am alone
and stillness for
being
and stillness for recognizing
little things
ends
and if I know something
I know that
this does pass
like certainty
this does pass

the Grand Canyon photographer with Troop 33

Hilltop sunrise
eggs and sausage
shady switchbacks
captured that
dusty bottoms wind
shuffled away while the forty
trudged
foot over foot pots clanking
village stopped how the natives had seen before
footbridge captured that
the water
captured Supai Falls then
camped
brought a chair
when the learners sat on comfortable stones
snuck away for Mooney Falls
I later saw what he saw in
Arizona Highways
color
knew how the second timers brought
hammocks
knew how the falls roared without reprimand
until sleep falls hard
early canyon sundown
cold morning slow start
race to the river
he stayed back and captured other things
he gave away other things
the water is precious
it carries and
adventure is the curious
stand on ledge
to tremble watching that
he was allowed off the path
had a soft pack before their second generation
talked with a smile
made comfort in
extraordinary places and
captured that kept that
with canyon stillness
the color of
experience

what is real?

the social is real
the social arrests me
the social is not only real
I see the clouds
the clouds are real
are the clouds not real?
and then summer
comes and
what is disturbance?
is disturbance not real?
when winter is disturbed into
spring
when spring slows with
color
is disturbance not real?
what arrests me
is this not real
for I attend to
that which arrests me and
concentrate upon that until
it is invalid
the body is real
and that I do not fight
I do not fight the body
until everything is invalid
and I turn upon myself
is the body not real and
is the body not
the ends of reception?
is the mind not the body?
the clouds are real
and if a body
stillness comes and
sees other things
the blue is black turn into
night
the stars are real and
blackness comes stillness
I tell stories
language is real
is the social not real?

gank blotter oath

gank blotter destiny speaks in
symbols
guesswork certainty but
do not tell me certainty for
this I know
predictions make
ways for themselves
gank blotter the witches madness
time sits in quiet rooms
thinking of itself
stupidly Godly
consuming itself and
other things
uses language sucks in words and
makes things local
Ben Local that is
gank blotter
divisions and what cannot be divided for
to turn back
that which divides
it is to be alloy
are we not alloy?
are we not difficult and inseparable?
judgment symbols destiny
the rose
gladly the rose
gladly the flower and
gladly all of flowers and
slippered slopes to where
all things are common and
clouds they do not pass and
there is no fire
to nature
gank blotter the
mind in certainty is
less crystal now when
things are clear and one and
less than order until
the bites of certainty
go away
gank blotter goes

managing daydreams

canoe
float away
see birds
sleep on sand
throw river stones at river logs
visit stillness
care for things
watch a city change
from its exterior
watch a city change and
never to leave
play chess in city parks
canoe a city river
count crows
keep an eye on mischievous chipmunks
build a canoe
grow things and
eat them
grow things and
give them away
discourage nothing
gather poems on a floor
sleep on them like
a dog
sleep like a dog
give primate flowers to primate girls
see cathedrals
urinate on a public building
smoke a cigarette in a law school library
become a genius
know shit
buy a van
live in it
park a van in New Mexico and pray
draw pictures of clouds and sleep on them
sleep like a dog
drink brandy to moonlight
dispel rumors
float in a canoe
see birds
sit in an abandoned stone home with no roof
play guitar
form opinions

challenge getting in, challenge getting out

what capture things, the
mind
what holds tightly like marriage holds tightly
for to struggle in certainty
for to struggle then out certainty
the balloons are brighter there
where things are
contained and
then the balloons are brighter when nothing can touch spirit nor
confound spirit
and if trial is voluntary
what is captured
only a contract then and
to break that is to
go away differently
what genius on other sides
the solutions are somewhere fixed
are solutions not fixed and if they are not here they are
elsewhere
are solutions not fixed?
and to search for truth or order
the inward quests
and to suppose that such a truth is futile
and to begin a release then
of every question for
no solution can be adequate
to give up and go away and to remember history then
that is enough for ends to constance do not exist except for
death
and if I wish to die that way then
and if I wish to die like liberation dies
quietly and thinking without attachment
is there any attachment
so soft as
eternity?
what captures things, the
mind and
commitment
and what dissolves that for indifference
and if to give or only to receive
who is not the flutter?

circles

first circles the day
the shining wake clouds go away
clouds cover sun
clouds go away
the season circles
winter night and trees then
spring trees the buds
summer rain pounds
the leaves do fall
autumn trees stillness
the self circles the
times through childhood adolescence
reflect and lives
history repeats itself in miniature
history governs history
history repeats itself
returns to memory and begins
again
reason
death does come
a stag a life does go and
come again
in time
a bull and death for
culture
to remember that every Saturday
representative forms
meaning circles meaning to
return to death
the great metaphor moon
whorling earths and
circling sun
what does rise and
what does come reliably
sunrise
first circles the day
death is gone
is not death gone in life?
the shining wake clouds go away
clouds cover sun
clouds go away

getting along

to believe in many things
storms are fronts
the cold is a front
the bitter rain fronts the next
given summary time is
token
and peace dwells here
if any place peace dwells and
the rain as front
from hatred that
though causes better things
I ask a question
what sounds voice and
what is change
by the cycles of infinity or
either
to believe in many things
that possibility is still and
I have not given up on
butterflies nor
where they hide when
nature is force
and who does qualify the
shades of pleasure
now
we are my own
I am our own
only that and
the things that figure
for being is simple to understand
courage
for being is simple if only to
walk simply and
we know more than
flesh and obligation
do we not?
and the fronts the
clouds the
sinister clouds the
pale mornings pass and
butterflies begin again
do we not
say such things?

4th way congress

passing stooge gold tassel
cigarette
decisions for golf metaphors
cat coffee break
bookstore poetry I am vain
the last train
set a mind to visit the lake
reset a mind
earth problems again
they come and inhabit
they live here like fairies
who stopped cigarettes
who started to say
books are too exceptional and
when did philosophy give way to
common sense
I had the idea Dewey
until you asked me to live moderately
and a doctor is
one of common sense
the poems are
not thinking and only
observational and only
inventing new observational words
whoopee
who stopped thinking
who stopped short of awe and
expects
granite building
halls still old
bannisters
they stopped short or either
I stopped defending
for confusion
for money
for time
and what difference depression makes
to recommend that for
common senses
the year
it is Tuesday I believe

ambient personality

love sounds delicious
Catalina everywhere
who will love
love has no control Madrid except
my own
to generate love
to mix love with drinks and
pass it forward and
expect
that love exists
the needled pines I receive
winter
in April when
only other buds appear
they saw beauty did they not
when I rested and saw
April clouds and
how to know it is April from clouds alone
what is not joined
the paper which presents
the elements of nature
after their separation and
I believe this is nature
do I not believe that which is presented
to be nature and
do I not love nature
I live among that and
to know that nothing changes England when
I exist in a library
love sounds delicious and
that concept is
irreducible
until I have only
sucked meanings from concepts and
left them
naked and wordly
and where did the owls go
Catalina and
Madrid
for they left nothing and
memories

winter ends one day

and spring comes
winter ends one day
the snow is gone I did not know
and little buds are green
it comes and
a cold is only fresh
then
I dispel what tightness and
urgency goes to corners
there is no consequence to
jitters
there is no consequence to
time and listening
the birds feed again and
rabbits chase rabbits and
spring comes
I call it that
and what soon is
temperate
the molds of wishes and
concern is outward and
industrious
winter ends one day I
call it that and
what begins
I am only to patiently wait
and
if the clouds are the same
there are
more than clouds and
other things
the grass begins and
outward at butterflies time
it will come
too
the sunshine windows rain
it will come
too
and finish the day
before I
imagine it differently

he is no alert

signs nothing sees
the fires no solution only
calls out space
no remark to justice to
determination and
what cries care
he listens
what moral anthropology to
see demons ever
away
the earth quakes and
who will stop that
knows no future and
tells me interest for
poetry of presence is science
by language and
without
speculation nor value
nor wrong
nor complex spirit
I am material and answering
I am material and
predictable
and what cannot be control if
time is its own
and there is nothing to
the way of things
[things]
if they attach themselves to
attention
the river closes
the mountains were gone
to notice that
no solutions and
supposing
to leave that behind until
it is invisible and
all things they
are little and unformed forming
where nothing goes
responsibility

poet stays home, poet visits many places

and calls them names
things of the imagination and dustmops
Saturdays to Prague
listen to Charles and many things
and calls them names
reasons with infinity
there are some things which defy
and what defies
what is definition the walls and solid
enough to hold me still for
Saturdays to Idaho to see if museums are
the same
busts pickles and
radiates poison
plans for Saturday
philosophy the water salt
philosophy the bookshelf
philosophy the vacuum
Saturday to Perth then
I come reminding
that people settle in villages and only
farmers wish to be farmers
and only
people driving country lines wish to draw country
lines
the earth is mold
the earth is fungus
salt for that
lithium for stability
philosophy plant dinner
philosophy plant clothes in the washer
fall tightly asleep waiting
and call them names
Saturdays to ocean any and
dreaming castaway stones and floating things
and call them names
listen to the language of many places
to choose one over another for
what goes on to paper
philosophy sweep the walk
philosophy keeping time

local media, satellite media
what comes the weather
burglary on Vine
two new year babies
Afghanistan war then
tsunami big things
AIDS is fierce is it not
to turn it off
to shut down little things
self media
who is not existential then
the air is clean the
coffee is strong and mighty and
without coercion
big bands describe things in
New York City London
peace people international
Monetary fund and
poverty
poor people call money bad
poor people think largely
what liberation theologian
votes
in school board elections
all of them
traffic is down on 12
CB radio tells me
information
two way radio I learn
city hall with metal detectors
city hall suited and booted
city hall sucking things in
nuclear power
direct current bombs and
corporate identities
corporate hospitals and
for profit social service agencies
for profit schools
medicine is greatly advancing
did you not know
the shuttle launches in
social intervals to
keep me docile
what comes the weather

spring impass snow

imagining nine
inches the
wind
terrible wind
terrible wind
January April
and comes the depth
crystal wet
not put away
things for ice the salt
winter comes and had not left
jury clouds and
jury cold
steel
yellow flowers
through
this is temporary
what is not temporary
then

depthroat

knows secrets

calls no identity to witness

steers investigation

inside words

mysterious

with ideas attached

people as representatives of

corruption

gone like a cloud

