

h i s
o w n
d r u m

G R E G M A R K E E

h i s
o w n
d r u m

GREG MARKEE

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protoHouse



prity lights

M A D I S O N

his

own

drum

his own drum

Tympani

o heartbeat stay

once a day

Prove yesterday's belonging

One drum is not another

and

A beats of life are

proprietary

See

rise to the crest of the hill

a fire for welcome

and when you are done

Admit

But to travel again

in what direction

Without reference

Say interest

the anonymity of peace

And when no names are spoken

but to keep one's language

hold it like

stillness

They will not know their sport until they are completed

Meantime is peace a scattered peace

nor reluctance it is

peace requires a station because

who does recognize peace without a name to call it such

I

And waiting for patience when

The outer perimeter of social persuasion is causal

the just and the unjust

the orderly

And no one knows

the philanthropist the altruist

And peace upon the observer in which

peace is recognized nor governed

it is just

nor justice it is just

a stone

Pearled eyes

content

the receptions of art

require no response

[that is not why I come]

The familiar

absorbs

receptions

Orange and shapeless

it is my shadow

telling me where I have been

Apologies

I was staring at the future

thinking

All of the blood in me

will be gone

and yet

My heart will continue

like permanence

a stone

the occupation of time

The liberal the directed movements of oneself
one's own organization

The occupation of time let down for rest
is no answer to the scheduled responsibilities
but what a thought requires but what a body requires

The occupation of time

plan on living thirty six thousand five hundred and twenty five
days

the segments the hours
to industry to love to recreation

mortality
is the force of occupation

Listen

was her heart a clock a cloak I do not remember

But stay

For what returns

a liberal interest as stillness and the spectacle of stillness

And without condition

a poet that reads poetry

A poet that reads poetry
is an answer
to death

Explain to me what it is
the consumption of life
causes a skin to age

I will be the next generation the next science

A poet that reads poetry
plucked
from an afternoon shelf
is an answer

Because

An aesthetic content folds without reference
but I take you
on a journey

It is I
mentions death in the first
having read a several poems like death it is I
mentions death
its reclamation

the big hearted one

With the big eyes and the

gifting personality

the big hearted one

I had only noticed myself from a distance

eating fettuccine

by candlelight

Did you say you know the difference between

old and new

acknowledge what is old is new again

But some

travel forward ever forward without reconsideration

the fallacies of the good life having lived

It is a stranger

requires an address

is a question of what limits

Is no dismantling turn to give

and I do not call for a philosophy of giving it is just

the big hearted one

Too requires attention

the march

What coat for a flask of gin
never opened
in twenty miles begun at midnight
and clear enough for stars
eastbound to a city's middle
where a capitol structure was decided
looped about and
returned then to sunrise
at my back smiling

the thoughts of the marcher

And distinct from the hiker
destination is destination nor path
but here to there purpose
a foot and another foot
[no one will tell you not to smile]

The machine

The bagpipes

Inna line single file [no one will tell you not to comment]
it is I would just like to know
what started authority
[this time]

never again

Ask of forward things

how there is no reverse

time and time again ask

if it is silence one seeks ask of forward things

Never again

mention progress other than

age

it is too late for yesterday's capture

it is too late

to retrieve death from death

Solace is a corner

where time does stand still

the art is

pregnant still

degradation is sunlight through a window

degradation is all

What I am born as

is my closest union with nature

and the carriage of sex

the transfer of souls into

an apartments of youth

Never again

language is for poets and historians and

were progress called in the interest of silence

then

I would spend a day

there were three

The braided
the institutional

Phenomenal
is three pairs gone and returned

There were three
silent enough

For willing capture
for willing hold

The movies of silent space
returned and repeated

Then drifted
into one or other color

like sleep
but not sleep exactly

But drifted into season
into autonomy

Is I remember language offered
reason again again

were there no religion

Were there no sundays
were there no speculation
were there no religion

Were there no social justice because
were there no atrophy of the human spirit
were there no human spirit

Were there no divinity
were there no place to collect beauty
were there no force of beauty

Were there no word for kindness
were there no struggle
were there no service

Were there no loss were there no hunger
were there no mark for celebration
were there no hero

Were there no desperation
were there no witness
were there no wonder were there no discontent

I am early and realize I am early

like summer from winter

As they were greens a varietal greens

and will be again

moving like a breeze pushing a breeze

and humid

kept

and will be again

The portal of a season unto another

nor lament

for what is present is intended

given

the snow nor fear

but say indoors for being

kept

The tree beyond the window

stark and bony and reaching for nothing

now

And when is trust to say

the spirit of hibernation is complete

you will rise to the offered moderations

of an emergent generosity

as I

will

used books

Contain all of the information

Nothing is new

Sunspot

Who

Owned what I own put dog ears in

Used

As a coaster

Highlighted

Old and used

Eighteen ninety

In a backpack

Expendable

Lost on a shelf and true

blackmail

The candidate got drunk and ambitious
left a compromised photograph
something sexual
an intern
seven days and priority mail a package
an image
from anonymous
stop doing what you are doing

Went home to a BLT
a wife no children and a cat

Extortion is a lover's quarrel
no
someone wants your power
say something bad and mean it

The stolen words about the painting
ekphrastic
give them back
or I will tell you the artist's middle name
where do all ideas come from

the bookshelf the common bookshelf
with a cold cup of coffee
upon

bloodshot eyes

For a convention of staring
figuring how it is love is brought about
from this
just curtains on the walls

I have a question something about our peace

There is a causal draft lets in the smell of winter rain

Purple marijuana unicorns

Would you like to join a club called prosperity
we meet at the humane society
listen
to down and out animals and pet them

Just doing my best
to address climate change as a response to capital politics
so
what do you like to do
with a microphone

Maybe sunglasses

Bloodshot ears thick tongue runny nose
I better stay home thinking
I have a question something about our peace

slow reading

The pace of literacy

is a good book about interest
about death and the vagaries of death

All of a sudden there is stillness

and even that is gone

[accomplished]

How many ways to address the quick one

reads in force like accomplishment

rests

Nor the illiteracy of the illiterate is whole

for having joined a book club [once]

to find secrets of dying

All of their methods are contraband

stolen from volunteers from writers

from a library

And if I read at the pace of conversation

about corruption

do I not speak at the pace of justice the pace of death

The slow conversation

one page and another

redemption I think having considered redemption

the first poet

Having punched an idea through [a] social stratosphere
like defense

The other
is a painter

The first poet
there is a language which accomplishes thought
stays relevant
when death is buried when death is resolved

The sociologists
will make science of this one day
calling oil what oil is
the color of blood a clean line onto black ink

The prayer is no prayer even if it were called a prayer
even if it were desperation because
it is published

The poem is given the poem is taken
like a title

And if it were personal like a poem
is
the poet is personal like a poem is

leaving celebrity behind
Cameras published cameras
notoriety
character sunglasses

He met her and he married her
they were both actors
ate the same kind of food

The tree where there are no trees
the volcano
the dormant the volcano

Moving pictures
the qualified
and pursuant to qualification

They were both painters
they realized
they were both painters

The fish grew suddenly
arms and legs and flesh and hair and lungs
practiced archery

The tremor goes away
when it was not so bad
leaving

the ingrown friend

Festered

turned a lovely shade of purple

As did I

wait

the swelling will go down

With the next social genius

renounced

by the original

See

We have something we have the clouds and

do I not

invite you

carry you there

Supposing

advent

Arrival

given cause for arrival

the interval

prompting space travel

brotherhood

that will save you

The newborn countenance

I am

being followed

by the derivations of virtue

Why me

I just got a haircut

minding my own sorts

the call is

romantic expects romanticism

forgetfulness

The long lines

arrival no

you misinterpret his being

he is a her

waiting in the same line

saving a place

for a good death

the impregnation of social foundations

The smell of the flower where the flower once was

memory is an aphrodisiac

there are some that remember

folklore

and the land before the land was sold

walmart

gathered all of the justices in little book lines selling things

like plastic and a variety of materials

the impregnation of social foundations is

a gathering of contexts a gathering of intentions

a resource

they eloped on the loading dock held hands when they were on lunch breaks

and when they were done with their shift they

visited the country

on their own volition trading kisses and grandfather stories about

cherry blossoms and winters with snow

public schools are good for that

too

communion is a gathering of parallel histories

defeated

until a presence is acknowledged

the smell of the flower where the flower once was

is personal but

she was there too like memory

is an aphrodisiac so what

about a picnic I know a place

the long list of old things not found in antique stores

Decaying politicians

brown bananas

sweaters with fuzz

refrigerators with doors that latch

philosophy

the long list of items of personal welfare

Toothbrush

hand sanitizer

long bow and quiver of arrows

laundry detergent

clean underwear

the long list of entitlements to public participation

Memory is mind reading not really

voting

the most plurally minded the most divided has a voice

representation is a privilege

book recommendations

camp consequence

The heads off of snakes for being snakes

he was a child

an adolescent

and she was pregnant was big before she knew it

The flat tire because of the hole in the road

and she was no adolescent

she was old

and late for bingo

It is a city calls a poet a citizen

pays by the line

depending on the publication the circulation and if

the poem is next to an image said the designer doubled as

editor

But for the clouds there is no place to look

I have seen the lines

have called them lines and it has made no difference

but a suffered attention but for the clouds

The statue of the horse

is a vote

to buy boots next to buy a hat

a shirt with buttons that snap

the lightning is my own

I invented it

Some find it but I invented it

Some steal it but it will not retain its original authority

I keep it in a jar in a cedar chest

check on it from time to time

Just lightning

next to the caterpillars

next to the domestic mushrooms

next to the medicine ball

next to the hats the pile of leaves

One thing does not mean another unless one thing means another

lightning is not love

nor grievance

The handled ways of energy is not the spectacle of appreciation

one is utilitarian

the other is a name I give to art

I invented it

I will give it away

when

the separation of want and interest

Possession is the chord of defamation

to that which is not owned

and to say interest is

a call to want is

a call to possession

Do I not own enough balls enough arrows enough crystals

say collection

is first a harbor of

some

before it is called collection

All things are separated

even the things that go together are separated

even opposites are separate and partnered in separation

no

All things are the same

there is no separation to anything

just

assume a higher altitude

I want therefore I am interested

is a spectrum

or to say the ends of interest are no relation to possession

ask of love and its clamor

do not believe every thing you think

And were it a question

by its introduction by its existence

notice

and how lovely is love to come in the swells of dreams

and were it true

yet named as other than truth

I believe

and upon a later science say

the inadequacies of experience is a shortness to interpretation

was a book channeled a thought and one thought more

supposing fantasy

nor is it patent to repeat and to describe what is given

but after

the longitudes of interest say

a developed thought from [that]

is indeed my own I claim and say truth like faith

but it is no truth a social spell nor a floundered

mechanics ungrounded in physics

just an idea

kept

and what one is led to believe like the love of another

the virtues of this or that faith

in a way

can be kept and prompted and kept categorically

until it is let away

for being without grounds without merit

knowledge of the invisible

Language and the apartments of language

what is invisible and without thought

excepting one infers another

supposing a structure a coordination of the visible and the invisible

There is that which is invisible for its science

its physics its location its size say material

there is that which is invisible for

its immaterial existence

yet received as sound as sense

and reason

reason is invisible but for maps and social boundaries

I wrote a poem called value

and one poem is no different than another if to consider

a symbolic logic as a foundations of inspiration

but say beauty

I have no escape

Address the idea as an intern to beauty

because it is mine to recognize its cause

the invisible a closed eyes and remove the other senses

I am interior

and led to the evidence of myself

like faith

which is not proven and cannot be proven

twenty after

Mark

same time tomorrow

when the goats will talk in indoor voices

as not to startle the faces

of existence

the masks

screwed to trees and walls with tongues and

some with big ears

scales

I waited long enough to know patience

watched a documentary

about the character of well spoken rock climbers

twenty after

hear me I am only talking to myself

prove to me you hear me

and when I have nothing to say

then

about the snakes under the floor boards thinking

better about vermin than I do

the mouse the amusing mouse

the decadent mouse

I am not passive in saying

a goat will not smoke because it cannot hold a lighter

let them eat mushrooms

let them eat snakes and tell me if

they taste like

odor

need I explain myself

I took the smaller half

before

I realized

you

wanted to cut it in quarters

it was good

before the dinosaurs
Before the dinosaurs
and before windmills
before birds were feathered
when all worms were male
before sundowns were spectacles
before buildings
were tall
before the idea of suicide
before people longed
wanting something
more
when snails were readily present
before lungs
before people died at all
when volcanoes were clocks
when people slept at night
because there were no stars
just an absent and curious moon
before vacations were invented
and the riddle of corporations
as governing entities
had not arrived
before pterodactyls before airplanes
before skateboards
that
was a good ham and cheese
grilled heh

not that carnival

The one with oranges passed about like communion

the one with eye paint

the one with men without names dressed as birds

not that carnival

Reference is the largest knowable number

of us

the strata

of us

among a given conditions responding

Is inclusive

is orderly is monitored

Now

is forfeit is a return to the absence of spirit

I thought I was doing the right thing

measuring

The last the excessive exercise in primitive trust

gives way to the next exercise

the wheel

but that is only my attention for cause is it

a navel orange

I prefer the ones without seeds

the wheel

Turns the wheel birth and death and birth

is a season unto the next

proving through age and the ministries of age

a traveling circumstance returns and returns

and better for remembering the versions of living

because

efficiency may be a question of cause for efficiency

I am minor to the distractions of learning

I carry memory like I carry entitlement

eat what I have eaten

[the clock]

And were it my turn for regards say

thanks and peace for being for that is a social course

I live and with distractions

making journals and love of the infinite and the small

on biodegradable paper say

I too am biodegradable

It is another surface in wait which attends to itself

pushes me forward

another year another idea another observation

like conflict like peace and what else I say

so too language is done

what wheel

so too language is done without me then

the consumption
The eaten berries
the eaten poem
the eaten information
I am hungry
the eaten clouds
the eaten moon
the eaten street lights
do you not see that it is raining
do you not eat the fog
the eaters are eaten
the consumption of the eaters
the eaters
the eaten soil
the eaten fire
I am still hungry
the eaten questions
the consumption of hair
of rope
the consumption of heroes
made of fish
flesh and fish
the eaten moments
the eaten place
I am hungry and say that I am hungry
the eaten words
are not the sum of fulfillment
the vitamin is eaten

the situation

Early in life

the station

is the cause of law is the cause of understanding

which language

You see

things do not remain the same

the ampled affairs of validation

are introduced to youth

like progress is introduced to youth

with their own poems

reference what spectacle

I had not noticed

After

the reintroduction of the self

but they are not listening

to old books

Obsolescence is

socially circumspect

the little room the painted little room

set apart from meaning

say studio

and the accounts

set apart from meaning

frames of the boundless
Because the horizontal lines the geometries of separation
say a qualified being is
apologetic in a qualified way
say a qualified want is achievable
but for the restless marvels of appreciation
without end and without divorce
is a wholeness declares
an exterior to my own frame
the center is the pause in which my soul is quiet or with questions
notice
the stars are only far enough to touch
because nearer is a provisional tree only far enough to touch
I cannot look away at distraction
if I am assumed by the nearness of judgment
there are so many eternities
physical eternities conceptual eternities
and enough to get lost within one or several
for to establish patterns within in the interest of
one's own cause
little frames of indulgence little operative frames
call them language
for being the first
a lingual square about beauty
for its own remanufacture again and again
but nothing is the same again and again among what is endless
but vocation
for what it is I create

callous
You are trying to get up and I am trying to get down
insensitive
brushed shoulders the focus
and without handshake gone
to an appointment an elevated appointment on the top
floor
yet gravity
for you but not for me
wanting to land once again among a terrestrial way
where there is language without a governing association
I can tell you what you will find
up there
say beauty in most of its forms if you ask but you will see
for your own
self
we see it in your eyes my imaginary friends and I we see it in your eyes
the reservation
for good souls that is all I can say were you to ask
the rope is long enough
reaches the top
from there you will forget me
no
the stationary will forget me and I will have to create
friends all over again
there is no lesson to our passing but to say
there are several types of freedom
there are several ways of freedom

dear God

The pleasantries of our association are not always pleasant

hear me

about broken bones and sadness

boat wrecks and train wrecks and auto disorders

but that is only civil

a matter of being

is a question of what to mention to one or other divinity or

the sum of divinities

and for what purpose mention conscience mention change

and the grace of thanks

for this and that forest and natural beauty because

I have not been without

including my own cause I have not been without

I see

the smallness of want is a contribution to my own character

the germ of peace starts within were there no discernable peace

need I mention the clouds

the attributions of justice are present

were justice mentioned

you hold me

I believe

rightness is the equivalent of modesty

and in your own interest I offer a pinch of blue corn meal

like a good habit I picked up

every morning down the sink or to the patio wind

dear God

I love you irrationally

Like smoking tobacco

like lying slightly asleep in the afternoon

like unintelligibility and its language

I love you irrationally

Like wandering like traveling without a question [but]

like the surface of water from beneath

like time spent indoors in winter like time spent

I love you irrationally

Like the mathematics of social relations

like an imagined color upon your form

like admitting I was wrong

I love you irrationally

Like the affection for a pet

like a salad when I am quite hungry

like a defense of irrational love

I love you irrationally

Nor I can say why [why]

believing in disbelief is

compelling like doubt I ask

will it ever go away

Will it ever stop asking important questions

art student two

A slower path

and by the time you are finished you are retired

The condensed version

the methodology of a condensed version

But to graduate o

as authority then you are retired then you are critic

What is art what is good art

the categorical waste of half of what is presented

It is I decide

a shortness of proper color a shortness of dimension

I have a wall

waiting like a gallery

Immersion is a consumptive force

this one deserves no title

One hundred year old [things]

the categorical waste of half of what is presented

Tell me a story to attach to

a photograph

lighting

Long shadows the opposite of light

night the far side of earth

but for a stars

Inside the candle the carbon of a moth

caught in wax

the residue of wick

Click technology the lantern the bulb the magazine about the history of war

shadows

in which a cat

Porchlight stranger political canvas

ring twice

objectivism old and new

One headlight gone the high beam still works

passages all of the automobiles change philosophy

the automobile marks the decline of metaphysical studies

Campfire the story of God and murder

the flaming marshmallow drifted smoke unto her beauty sing me a song

ash and coal

Lightning crack the light

and gone

pragmatism

Convince me

when

evangelicals reconcile

Thomas Aquinas and

Aristotle

nature and poetics

I say silently I am listening

then

The pragmatist the pragmatics of pragmatism

neutrality is not

leadership the poem the garden tool

Position me

in an attractive place

near the river

Just a moment to think and

I will

think

about what needs to be done

And what might be accomplished

if

I am in love

the birds

Overhead

we terrestrials

The intelligence of birds is understated

look at them

look at them

but they will never go to the moon except in a cage

like the rest of us

Overhead

they too look up from up

Is night

the owl silent eating silence

Is small the hummingbird

Is grand is owning the hawk

Is myth

the raven

Overhead

nested in the tree nested on the gargoyle the city bird

listen

The common feather blue the turkey feather the prayer feather

listen the wind

to the professor

So

is it up to me

the invention of my own method

with respect to what is said

no

as if one completes the other

information and transmission

I am listening

and I am not blind

is that aromatherapy ah

curriculum

I say nothing for the acts are vocabulary

it all makes sense now

so

did you introduce the idea

of slow reading

I kept that one and that word

solipsism and a piece of birthday cake

for that

dead philosopher

no

you are not a professional you are not a dentist

with an opinion

these are

liberal arts humanities and

suffering is addressed

yes

the reluctant egoist
Put to individualism

The best way
I have learned learning

Is not in isolation
is in isolation
you see

There is no rule
for pride
even if I will live longer than you

Because

I was told I have a good heart
when I was young

Some [things]
stay with me

More than others like
your company

Speaking like
what I am
thinking

there is no force
Of christmas we gather
the familiar
into little wrapped boxes with bows

It happens every year at this time

There is no force
to nature God is no force is no bewildered force
is no reluctant force
God is no force

The obligatory the effort
invested
the solved gruyere cheese and riesling

They
walk in hats cross roads in hats

The others
too
saying merry christmas

And were it important
to believe
I have not decided

To take a moment

full circle

From the beginning

I do not remember

Was day and night was heat and snow

babies were being born

again once more

Say I have heard these words before

and know

them

Like cause is cause

affects the next turn the next play

Are you and I stored

necessarily called

by name

Is a mattered wait for circumstance

turns a hunters to gatherers

to appreciators

This is the good part

I remember

rivers

Falling over stones

learning fatigue

The whole of the institution

is a list

without punctuation

The chancellor is inclined to answer with respect to the departments

deferral

and attend the semester graduation

no

depends on the chancellor

for one kept reading kept asking questions

The shape of the institution

exists in reference to a chancellor's questions

say

one entity existing parallel to other entities [schools departments]

say

those who inhabit such entities exclusively

have a closer attention to their curricula

than an oversight body as ultimate authority

A strain upon those

consortia organizing forces for there reliance is upon

a segregated local ways

They grow tired wondering

if their faculty will show for a demonstration

okay [how long do I have to talk]

if I could

Want for nothing

Spell backwards

Interpret art as it is intended

Itemize time

Believe God has never lived and will never die

Appropriate love to the loveless

Understand the nature of suffering

Withhold judgment

Transmit culture

Undermine reason in the interest of reason

Grow a tree

Entertain my own idea from scratch

Appreciate kindness

Rollerblade

Plausibly plan for three dimensions

Go to opening night with two friends

Remember

Devalue remembrance in the interest of philosophy

Devalue philosophy in the interest of remembrance

Cause an election

Bicycle a coastline

Budget for wonder

sdrawkcab llepS

Have a garden party

Register a new word every day

Reconcile wonder and chastity

the history of civilization

There were buildings already

when I arrived

there were cars

We had a stove and a fireplace

bought meat at the store

and berries

I started school and learned to spell numbers

remember stories like my own

clever things

Gave me a diploma

put me to social use

voted for one thing and another

I dream'd in a dream [Whitman]

went to church

put out a fire

Formed an opinion about wisdom

age

sunspots

There were children

playing and graduating and playing

the whole time

minutes

The span of a life

water

Takes a life returns a life

moon

The poet's fantasy

justice

The social contribution

nature

The tree

divinity

The covered thoughts

glass

The lens

things that chatter

Teeth

for fear and understanding

for the december rain

Squirrels

Friends chatter

one and another opinion

Typewriter

a key and another

tearing reason with reason respond

The spring ice chattered with the weight of the man

Birds frogs monkeys bugs

and without tongue

and without voice box

early communication

No

clicking is not chattering that is something different entirely

The chattering mind

do I think in words in voice

[respond]

the beginning of the end
To see through
the beginning of the end
in which
a greater philosophy is required
wrote a poem about
memory and the directions of memory
[reference]
All of the barrels in a line
walk on the right side to get where you are going
traffic
Climate change defeats winter on the surface
it is coming
it is coming
Fire inferno the arid wind
spreads desolation
Look what you have done to me without food
blame and the sorceries of blame
Witness
the locomotion the train without captain
all of the cars without captains
the airplanes
fly themselves without responsibility
To see through
the lens of becoming
I will carry as much as I can
leave a trail of seeds
for the others

the incontinence of truth

Speak easy

and without consequence

social truth is harder to mine

but for experience

Said love once is enough to be received

because I know

and the gates for love's access

the incontinence of truth

Mention more than what is said

for every thought

there is a question there is a form of question

until words are completed

And the pictures of the mind

which require description

respond

a civil matters are foreplay

Until what passes resolution we

understand

nature

for to start again and again

independence

A couple of books of poetry

were a path

never spoken

a discerning eyes a microphone a subject

but that is only social

I was not thinking of you

on that walk

I was not avoiding you but I was not thinking of you

nor do I say independence

when

Things are different but for the sky

achievement

responsibility

moguls

beauty

If to be alone like isolation

is only correlation to independence not causation

because the hat I like to be seen

[judge]

a pair of independents

the finished weather
Dead
hibernation
a chilled earth the sky is filled with weather
finished
the phone still rings people
monitor people
check in on ice
these clouds will go like the last
nor change what is put
into me like chill
I remember a poem
requiring
death to be reborn
one inch wiser
when the birds return
with my attention
I remember a poem
about her
kept
me and my company without conditions
weather will return I am confident
and the questions are my own
status
answer the bud
for green
listening
to what I listen to

change does not exist

The people

replaced by their children

one season for another

return

Progress is familiarity carried into a new office

The task of the artist no

the task of the designer [the artist]

Harvesting science plucking thoughts and material

that ever were

cordially colored

make no mistake [this] is an answer

The laboratory

I tire of certainty

and what rush to justification

Another book

Ask what does change our system say

change does not exist and cannot exist

but to know

the difference between

one cycle and another cycle

the incarceration of the mind

Nor let

a wandered mind conceal one thought

thought police

wearing corduroy

you are in service to a greater good

as are the rest

Yet she dances

like protest dances

called interpretive movement called school

the reclamation of the idea of thought

You are sunrise

like a frisbee is sunrise

The walls the heartbeat kept

solve your own problems once and again

[the listeners]

the monitors do not ask questions

like counselors ask questions

How

they know

anticipation keeps a hold keeps a direction

time is empty I cause time

doing time

with ideas

the trust of a new year

Inhabit oneself

there is no greater soul than time

It is a year to pause and go again

in one of any direction

The littlest fantasy is a germ

started from the idea of completed potency

I too know what it is makes you shine

calls new words at language

The wheel of importance will not stop

I wonder

Attach myself to progress to invention

like competition

It is a delicate wind with some snow

time will make you as large as you wish

I count

one system for every problem

And it is no problem regard

there is a path like trust

music

The rambléd texts said aloud

information is atonal

But it was sung held and sung

The other one

with the rhythm

Proved importance like mathematics

like song

Is an allowance to interpretation

And the painter

was her made my ears ring

The string

vibrated about the painting

And a poem is no music but it is

music

Because something is needed

because something is required

Everything

is ekphrastic given what creation

the early days of becoming
The early days of becoming
there is an umbrella held away
what would dislodge a taken roots

One idea and then another
free will is a grown moment
like possibility not mere plausibility

The others passed
doing their doing
like models but I really do not know

Is a question of originalism
the authenticity of an intellect
for being the first to realize

And say no sound in the interest of protection
I wish
to remain alone in knowing

The garden was not meant for this
astronomy
but it is but it is meant for this

Hold to beauty because you are
intentional
supposing I am intentional

the muse the mime
Is no clown
is nothing inverted
say there are lessons to each

The painted face
brought the construct brought the secret
brought the attention

On my way
to lunch to the habit of lunch
I remember an hour ago

How a mime is measured I say
mine is a larger box
nor more honest than a good fantasy

Tell me
do you hear me
listen for sight

The wind and the direction of the wind
will affect the closer north than the north from which it came
is also my watch

Death is easy
you just lay there cold and simple
it is life I care about

withholding judgment
Is a prize to say victory
nor had they withheld judgment
regards my esteem

And the pregnancy like cause and effect
regards love
or either God

You have made a useful building
one architect to another
river stone

The priest
and the mattered blessing put to words
holy water

Beauty is black velvet beauty is witness I turn within
one reference is not another
reference but

The problem of the accuser is the problem of the poet
the accused
and that without voice

Listen
I am an object
I am not really here not really

the order of want

Colossal freedom economic freedom

may or may not be reference to those in need

But for those who care

a measure of collectivity

Said the school the social school the moral school

with the paid actor

The man

at rest as much as any man can be at rest in a homeless state

I stopped at the intersection

saw him seeing

On the way to the grocery store

with a list

I want

I have drawn a bubble about my capital

There is only one person I think of before myself

a true giver who requires

My energy

my consumption

the littled lines of despair

Gone wilted and gone

Time heals some wounds but what heals time

The pretty clock next to the pretty clock

I cannot decide what time it is

It is the sound the cadence the memorized cadence

And to be old

The status of having seen all things

Relatively

What is new like your voice saying what I was thinking

The others died

They were old I am old but they were old

Life continues about the movers the linguists

Reconcile a tapped body with humanity

The one and the evermore say nature

These eyes a moment

There are books about loss two hundred pages

There are poems

I am not buried in grief nor plan to bury grief

Carry my loss o city

And I will carry a memory as well posthumously

And if it were too soon to know release

I will wait another year deciding

The ways of plural love

Nor indifference just

A force as membered as our company if once

how to write a poem

Unwrap the beetle let it wander

to the match stick

you are employed

[research] [no]

It is that which exists with and without my percussion

spectacle but

my eyes are not my only sense

hidden in a closet

from ghosts from the dead and thoughts of the dead

It is a pink flower among other pink flowers

restless happily restless

From here I can see the end of the world

up the hill where the sun does set

and when I rise in the other direction [then]

Unwrap the malformed robot

with tentacles

took my job called progress said in words

put everything of value in a long row

according to size

And say happily is our time against all of the other time

reproduction is not just sexual unless it is

sexual

You will be remembered

for beetles and malformed robots

like yesterday is remembered mostly good

the errands of potence

Because the labors of intuition are active

and were it enough to say [idea]

I am

and that cannot be stolen I think

there is a limit to being in two places at the same time

said a prayer for the participatory

them wearing green and the limits of green

it is cold today the ground is hard

there are very few animals out but her chow chow by itself

the needs of the body the limits of the body

are an address to machines

I am

taking no responsibility for the internal combustion engine

but use it all the same

like legacy

poetry is easier than philosophy is easier than engineering

but the painter

had no reference to the introduction of being

that is why

the office of the president is more than a single person

the errands of potence

settle themselves like ritual

but for invention

to set aside a time of day for study in which

cause is my own

the kite

The string

and the wind

the tail of the kite

the burden

lifted

tied to the ground

reference

I have no where to go

all the same

Tied to the ground

reference

The poem about the kite

and the wind

The cloud

tied to the ground

reference

The daymoon

tied to the ground

turns the earth about

fantasy

yesterday's loot

The golden pig gathered dust
the strung beads
turquoise from within the earth
the bicycle requires
attention

The dignity of a place for history
coded
said the osteopath
the cartilaginous fiber is
upon your middle age

The room of mirrors with the plant

The golden chicken gathered dust
gathered information
the golden rabbit
and the quiet force of the golden rabbit
[fetish]

I bartered for want
having taken thievery

For the garden
for the flowers of the garden

