

h o r i z o n p r o t o H o u s e

G r e g o r y M a r k e e

h o r i z o n p r o t o H o u s e

h o r i z o n p r o t o H o u s e

G r e g o r y M a r k e e

Copyright © 2013, by Gregory Markee, All rights reserved

P r i t y L i g h t s

h o r i z o n p r o t o H o u s e

HORIZON PROTOHOUSE

The last of heaven arranged itself in spectacular fashion
 with rainbows and legible clouds and patience
 and answers and then a star
 Where a soul can be rebent and settled
 adjusted for there is time and time again
 and time again
 Like the horizon where thoughts passing thoughts are registered
 and the colors fall into memory of colors
 and into darkness where rest is remade

Protohouse

because the last was not perfect nor is this perfect I know
 and will I learn to end promises for this is good
 And I will not adjust nor settle further when I am content
 for the wind and thanks and
 a quality dream is to mention there is a thing left untold
 Who does give dreams I ask
 I have never had difficulty sleeping
 and were God within and knowing is to say I am God of my own

Life nor wondering life
 but this is real the sunset posed
 and when the rain is attached and make the sky more colorful
 I am secure and know that I am secure
 for the signs of age are exactly on time
 and I am mentioned to myself when I realize
 That it were no difference were love side by side
 when the colors are here nor there but each
 and I am in no control but a place I have made facing

This is nature this is civil
 this is old like the moment before death when there are no secrets
 and the dispels of insecurity are received
 Like the resolved
 a confession and cleared of conscience and time
 but there are no regrets for to have been absorbed
 Happened years ago when the years stopped being recorded

and language all of language is errant and done
why I still write

The shelf is nearly completed
I have explained every color I can imagine
and though the clouds are small enough
I have explained them
the dull clouds and
the tall and cut clouds with black underside
Protohouse
is a starter's moment and I do not ask the sky to go away
I do not ask for the night sky to go away

SMALL GOVERNANCES

Small governances about as dots
along the countryside
with opinions of collective identity
of small systems sustainable systems
come together when small governances are
threatened
form a large system with industry
and presidents and armies
draw lines and politics
for a solution that is no longer small
but affecting
And whether to return when
space is no longer troubled and
retreat upon collective force retreat
upon ideas of organization and force
back in time to farms and crafts
is more difficult
because imposition has broadened
their thoughts to include
justice and social justice
and big buildings serve as reminders
whether they are useful or vacant

THE RATIO OF HOURS TO IDEAS

The ratio of hours to ideas
and he settled into age thinking old thoughts
content
Invention is their turn now
and the clock succeeds the imagination
and with spring the flowers again
Succeed the imagination
reliably
starting over

NOT TO BE EMPLOYED

Not to be employed
without occupation
unoccupied

The employed poet
fulfilled the poem
gave words to the unemployed

Nor listening an occupation
nor appreciation an occupation
vacant in spirit

TRUTH AND JUSTICE

Sought truth and justice
called it a way
and that which is not truth nor just
nor controlled by truth and justice
is the weather is the rain
and without control
but indoors it is fine
and there are rational books
which explain
the origins and devastation of floods of winds
which show no remorse for their taking
and the social incorrections which are correctable
are the concentration of an indoor office
controlled by thermostat and redirection
Social authority has no answer
to the rain nor to the welcome of Spring
which are
worked around
like solid structures and more solid structures
and the further advance of truth and justice
is to the separation of man from
the elements
but their recognition in language
and from a book
where too the stories can be found
only spoken on occasion
of man as nature actual and taking
as pleasures him like strength allows
though cannot be put into
constitutional forms
It is not reasonable to say one can take from another
because strength allows
An office is comfortable
more comfortable than the totality of truth and justice
which ultimately allows real power as direction
and lives are poor and brutish
and short

ESPOUSING

Espousing doom
the weather will come and wash wash
away the remnants of humanity
But the fitted one without language
and without walls
he is nature as nature is nature
And cannot be taken from an idea
and cannot be said away like righteousness
but he is invisible and makes no sound

SOUNDLESS POEM

The trucks in rapid succession stirring up
 the roadside dust
 vibrating the earth westbound
 with moving shadows and
 the redwing blackbirds taunting traffic and into
 the prairie rest
 with the beginning butterflies early for the rains only a month past
 and early in the season
 The road cuts the land and what was here
 minded the sky differently
 the road brings the opening of people of trade
 the general store with pumps and fruit and sarsaparilla
 and call this the germ of city
 for the wind can be escaped and the rain
 and there are different ideas when money is introduced
 like my own specialism my own station
 I would otherwise
 be the maker the sufferer of all that I require
 living deliberately with my own language
 but the trucks are memory to social structure
 and the train
 too rumbles the land day and night
 in a direction in a purpose I do not ask
 but they too pass they go away go away return
 The air is different and cannot be claimed
 and though I do not live lofted above
 the security of clouds as sovereign
 and the moving air is what I speak in thinking aloud
 calling at my own attention
 to avoid settling into socialisms and dependence
 which require no redirection actually
 for nature nature is compelling

MAYBE

Maybe the clouds today
forming and passing in shapes
Maybe maybe
the sunlight responding full then shaded
Maybe the buds to watch
how fast they come they stay
Maybe the birdsounds about
the aviary the trees beginning spring
Maybe the opinion to observe
what is new what is old and forming

Maybe the cusp
of justice when they notice
Maybe maybe
the gathering of genius inventing a language
Maybe there is no governance
there is no conditioned sacrifice
Maybe there is no suffering but what I am told
and I with no contact to
Maybe they have already seen a limits
and no longer trust

GOING DOWN

To where the light is gone and reinvented
to where freedom is internal and contained
Going down
the demonic spheres about are separated
As low the spirit requires and the watching
the interfering no longer can want
For nature is clause to environment I assume
and when there are no ears nor eyes then
And put away within one's own for protection
and reflect whether a suffering like haze
Be it necessary for a way about the actual
but you are so great you are no longer
And to be completed with limits for having receded
gone down and forgetting social authority
The internalities of being are protected
and you no longer have a force
The likes of interference are no burden
nor I to interfere for absence too is gone
Going down
and it is no longer memory what once is dark

But the clouds return upon their absence
and they are no part no portion

GREEN

The elements are no batter
nor heat nor wind rain
the spring winter conditions
a response is taken from
this having happened [nature

And no pulled life
will grow regrow at the elements when they are
at loss for their own nature
[their cost is regrown [faith
[like their legacy is regrown [their cost is regrown

Fitted like purpose
for their next arrival [perennial [perennial
to remain and growing as intended
the elements are no batter
and I am restless in watch at this time [perennial

OCCUPATION

The social brambles occupied
the manicured lawns of idealism
With order old as nature
reclaims where they are not vigilant
And they put down their plows
for effort is to watch what is
Not threat nor becoming against
what is made of land
And erect fences and lines and
call difference like nature
Elsewhere and becoming as it had
in season and opportunity
Nor they but I
I am the occupier for in my absence
Then nothing of my own is remade
but what I seed as permanence
And ask of the greatest ideal
but my own is a set
Lasts as long as my own worth
upon these grains this soil social soil

APHRODISIAC

When spring
the first green amid a starting warmth
flowers up and buds appear
let away a vap'rous rush
to my thoughts into

And were the nearness of her opinion
to swallow nature entire and I
in slow circles
but I am listening and calling green
for its own color and what is attached

I have no other words
I have no further words for you
but silence
and the season
I have no other words

THE DONATED BOWL

The donated bowl wooden
and filled with corn meal
pulls in the spirits
places them together on the sill
for when the sunlight the moonlight
commune
[then]
like a drum and a drum

[And put a pinch to the wind like a prayer]

[when]

RUMBLING MOTORCYCLE

Rumbling motorcycle
country road
the birds about for silence
against an engine

WHERE THERE IS NO LAW

Where there is no law
nor planet nor nature
nor social sphere to seed
but truly a void and given
to that which has no memory
nor comparison

EAST EAST AGAINST THE SUN

East east against the sun
against a memory of ends
where starts the light
where rises character and travel into
The burning sun the lighted day
and start and start
toward the morning toward
first darkness of the day
East east against the sun
there is a spacious thought
nor a shadow cast to notice
until I reach the ocean where

RIGHT TO WORK

Right to work
to build bridges and towers
to drift on ships carrying goods
to grow to produce

And were it their will
them
and were it their will
them

Entitlement and law
as protection as force of idea
and whether to disagree upon
the character of production

And were a handshake plenty
for an establishment
but the forms are so long
and require so many signatures

Human resources is a list
taxation is a list
and to protect an employer
law is a list

Pits a force an opposing force
when production is
without regard to entitlement
for just to work rightly

SORTING

Bare the piles the lists
for some is still useful and given
nor salvage the limits of idea
sort and sort again

And nostalgia like history
for the old returns to source
the given remnants put into
ways modern ways

The trucks carrying goods
sent from the littered stacks
at wander and quiet dead
in character without sound

To the country the lucky
them wanting and
will be given again
sorted and resorted again

Until utility is no longer
the collections and
pulled from circuitry
the occasion of one for museum

And spent in another way
than fashion than purpose
for to watch what is history
forming as time does roll

LOCAL SOUNDS QUIET

Near to the wind the windsounds
of first spring leaves May
the owl now the wind is still
and the occasional traffic
wheels on paved ground but the birds do not stop
chattering
nor city nor trains
but the edge of sense and where
the trees meet the prairie
a wider open

Indoors the industry of the day
the dryer finishing but no other sense
and open door the weather bleeds into
the wind restarts
and the occasional chime of
copper on copper

NEVER TOO GREAT A BURDEN

Never too great a burden
for reason is love and willfulness and industry
It is cause to understand life is
a series
One fragment of effort one strain of effort
in a line unto the next
I have seen the decrepit the stationary the listed
and it is not love to be motivated by their watch
And what is asked simply and
upon no authority
But their presence is in need of attachment
and to be willing is no
Structure to an automated relationship
but I consider labor without loss of friend
And to be heartened when a burden is complete
like payment the pride
Nor capital to say that I wish returns for
it is no struggle to forward our day
And again forward our day
without language for difficulty

OCEA NONS

The constitutional articles large as
consideration
The labyrinth to only see what is before me
It is large enough to say
the limits of thought are to sense
and when the walls the superficial walls are let
so too the imagined walls of
being
My position is willed and
so too these acts are course to
the falling of the inconsistencies of their force
It is practice
and were it only space and with no solid forms
the eternal lays of where I am
ever to solve
to make right of nothing
were nothing so invaluable as
a disconcert of the soul
And where there were no constitution but memory
and where there were no arrangement to put forward
against force and being
because I float
and solve history
say it is the distance of stars
among a quieted way
which is memory
There is nothing to forget nor forgive
but a vacuous question which is insistent
that I be I am certain I be

THE WOUND

The wound
deep and pus
and boiling with pain infection
Become by the constance of rubbing leather
upon flesh
at first blister until the skin is torn
The tissue was pink and healthy
and for neglected cause was covered
where the fester of germs
And the open way of the body
lets the question of invasion
for nontreatment
The green edges
and when an air is finally allowed
that it dry with a hole near to the bone
But closed and there is no entry
again to the body
as it heals from the inside now
and scar

THE DRAW OF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

The edge of the world
where time and principle stop
leave man as animal
with a station for eating and sex
and wonder
What is beyond and
unknown they travel into
with arbitrary names
figuring there is a way to return
but they never do

Genius is speculative
reference to nongenius
and the typical the regular
cause for language
because
But they do not return with names
nor want for association
the change is
they are gone for want
the moment they leave

FROM A PLACE I AM AT AND BECOMING

From a place I am at
 like the middled room of silence
 quiet and becoming
 There is a force outside
 with want and questions
 there is a force outside
 Of these walls I am solid and
 with answers like sense and reason
 I have not heard all of questions

A nature is courage to answers
 and with no control I go
 with no contest for certainty
 The freedom in becoming from
 one wisdom unto the next rise
 carries me forward into age
 Like a lesson and with measure
 I go I go
 with but the control for opening my eyes

The indoors the secure indoors
 and let in nature slowly for cause
 there is the security of questions
 And a control for witness the isolations
 [that is twenty years] [that is one hundred years]
 traveling into change
 What never did exist for I have been
 interior to a greatest speculation
 the force of nature but protected I

THE VARIED INTERPRETATIONS OF SPACE

The varied interpretations of space
 where life is nothing and gone for absence ever
 But the stars as beauty
 and speculation too were there more and distant
 And to leave such notions present
 but the others must see as I am convinced

The solid earth is a home and with no concepts
 nor gravity for words
 but bodies
 And were it fear to regard a trust in capsules and rockets
 as unnatural for man is not nature
 nor his own commandments nor systems
 To leave the stars for beauty
 to leave the stars outright and responsible
 to leave the stars further and further and far
 Because because a cost an imperialism
 because to steal beauty is to no contentment
 because there is no satisfaction here
 The power of speculative answers is no authority
 but force and engines
 were their consideration a qualification to futures
 And were there unanimity for oversight
 to leave a world past and harvested for travel
 it were their direction for ask if I am included how
 And I cannot question their God as my own
 for I am differently riddled in experience
 and have no other power but to observe
 It is a force to have my own eyes pointed
 it is a cost
 and my own reservations are naturally complex

THE AFFLICTED BIRD

The afflicted bird
otherwise healthy but chasing me
I am one hundred times your size for certain
and I know what a bird cannot know
And more amused than fearful
I do not know the proper question
to silence your onslaught
[this is my territory I grin]

WHO IS NOT DEPENDENT

For their nature resembling
who is not dependent
the trees are forgotten the land is forgotten
Pride replaces all of worship
and were the churches the halls to go away
and say nature is only equal to itself
And nothing can be done with nature
for nature to remain natural
and there can be no possible thanks
When a life is taken at will and without
concern [by] [what force]
[and they yet say there is a heaven]
[And they yet say there is free will]
[And they yet say nothing when they choose]
[and I know no differently]

[Question]

STANDARD REALM

The standard realm an opiate
for that which is unanswered
stays quietly in rooms with walls with fixtures
and certainty
dresses near to fashion
knows the stars as beauty and isolation
and the music when there is silence
resembles the depressed the convenient
the concluded and terminal
and the read books upon the shelves as trophy reference
for sight is contained like
the smallness of exploration
there is no more to see for camera images
and despair does not recognize despair
because there is not reason actually
for the bindings put on and taken off
at exactly the same time every day
conditioned for sunrise
and what is let
conditioned for nightfall
and what is let
it is the same as
history standard when invention was smaller
when optimism had not a sight yet
for what is absorbed in a way is
surface to culture
and to know that culture from within is
but standard

SPELLBOUND

Spellbound

i before e

when two vowels go walking

the silent k

and a thought for every word spoken

removes meaning

and transcendent grammar

is the next form

when I am ready

eventually I understand

what is being said

when logic is introduced

when reason is introduced

QUARREL THE LOT

Quarrel the lot
who does cede and back away silently
like politics
There is a question which imposes direction
for an assumption of authority
and the others to be content to be satisfied
And the many worlds in which a soul resides
with its own immutable status
but reference the physical nature
There is no more imagination when
a social mind exhausts itself
but to hold forward in a path
Quarrel the lot
and language for boundaries
and passwords
To establish an agreeable set
though better is diplomacy when the others
are cast in shadows for their becoming
And separated from the idea of movement
upon no intentions of theirs
but difference noted
Ever the difference noted and
there is no birthright to man's enforce
but reason ends a question

NEW FLOWERS

Inna potted pot
colors and daylight newsoil
affront the house for visitors
and bees
seasonal
[but I am perennial]
[nor I a flower nor bud]
[but nature is a metaphor]
[when I am not nature]
[what otherwise grows is a lesson]

THE PAINTED HOUSE

The painted house
new
she watched the weather
the rain in beads
down down
and the winter turn to snow and back to spring
colors
matching the trim
upon the surface
flowers

THE STONE HOUSE

Near to say the painted house
neighborly
and a shared garden
gathers through the seasons
like age
and with no effort
for stones only erode
in longer ways than life
put by a solid family with voices
for permanence

EVERY TURN ARE THE STARS'

Every turn are the stars'

I am not homeless but small

a star is not small

but for sight I believe and

a million stars are home

I am larger than a million stars [do I not contain a million stars and more]

but for direction

I ask a question again and again

with only my own answer as response

I have no control for

FACE NORTH

Face north freedom abandon the other ways

east is good for sunrise

[I]

Industry is possible

Face north see

where the winds do start where the memorable winds do start

It is yesterday's winter I receive

push away the caustic stillness

lay it down with cold water

Face north charge abandon everything abandon a home

watch the people with ideas needing assistance

and money for weathered buildings strong weathered buildings

and money for weapons

and money for food

Face north rebellion the gift of a question

and where a heart surrounds itself with

language for every riddle

good enough answers

[I cannot give away security when security is proven]

[how shall I replace security with security] [question]

THE LEGIONS OF SIN

The legions of sin
 them listed in the manifest of right
 [not exactly]
 [because sin is not mentioned in rightness]
 but the balance of being
 as responsibly succeeding goodness with goodness
 implies
 that which is no success
 is demeaning to

The spirit arranges no mention of
 such manifest
 but an attention to idealism
 and were trouble mentioned explicitly
 such that murder and suicide and thievery
 were decorated exactly as sin
 a biblical reference
 would lose its storied appeal
 resembling a constitution instead
 And were the legions of sin
 never mentioned
 nor never mentioned as having never been mentioned
 to say wrongness
 exists
 is a premise upon living in a good way
 succeeding once to the next position
 and ask of error
 [were error sin]
 [question]
 [and regret]
 and ask of the demise of convention altogether
 when a positive moral being
 cannot exist
 for any logical consideration of fault
 is eventually to a smallness of character
 though sin and the legions of sin need exist
 as counterpoint to utopia
 [do they not]

EKPHRASTIC

For nature is original
 compels the spirit compels
 the profound of art
 revelations were mimicry realism
 though a copy is no exact mention of
 nature
 Realism as mention of nature is
 as close to actual as material
 and an artist's skill
 say two dimensions will never
 capture a waterfall a landscape
 nor a pen upon paper will capture
 a colors but in emotion perhaps
 and such media are not exact
 realism will not recapture
 the exact next
 But a fold
 to say the limits of media are
 to the advance of other philosophies than
 realism
 for another lesson is brought
 as nature is reconsidered precisely
 as ideal
 like morality mentioned in subtlety
 like color held
 attached to another order than
 physical structure
 A found limits are to the redirection
 of other limits
 that a poem a painting
 be otherwise full in itself
 called from a powerful aspect
 and held in spirit with concept
 The ekphrastic art at nature
 and what of art from art
 but once removed and twice removed is
 an even greater call to idealism

DEFENCE OF A CLOUD

In defence of a cloud I say
nothing
[a cloud will defend itself]
[only a cloud is a cloud]
but I speak of the forms as cloud
and for language as cloud
I have language for defence
[I have silence for defence]
[I have nothing for defence]
In defence of a cloud I say
nothing

But marvel at the shape of society
and how the forces turn
a horse into a harp
into an old old man with beard and hazel eyes
resting and then silent
and then a cloud again
saying nothing in pictures and images

In defence of a cloud I
close my eyes I have no control for
the forces
nor I steal beauty
incidentally

COULD NOT STEAL A SOUL

The thief
the gold and gems from struggle
from reaching into
the waters of larceny
theft is a curse he did not know
and a rise to theft
he shadowed the makers
with deviance
and when they were turned
took their money
but they held to their souls
more valuable
he went down without realizing
there is no return
from the voices
but to make salvation of them
could not steal a soul

MORNING NEWS

The morning news of straddled stars
and happenstance
the bombs the bombs the allegiance to bombs
and babies entering this world
with big eyes
watching public courage conditioned for public courage
the senate the agreeable senate speaks
in a single voice eventually
matched heaven with congress and sends ideas
for signature to them with means
the executive speaks
in numbers and metaphor and body language
while dormant volcanoes restart
and the polar snows melt to rising oceans
ten feet of shoreline is a trade for cars
and a populated cities are more compromising
nature resettles with fewer species
again calls itself nature differently
like the actors playing the part of trees the psychiatrists
and medicine people
and teachers teaching without consideration futures
but for now like easternism
and when sustainability is considered
leadership releases a sigh
attaches sustainability to monetary growth
and were war mentioned like patriotism
arbitrary war for its elsewhere-ness
a tribes restart like flat earths restart with discontent
it is morning
and yesterday's news is similar to the day before
yet written
and say a poem is anything
marks a moment
today a southeasterly breeze to sunrise
and the autosounds distant saying
there is a need for streets for streets for schools
to be competitive
there are no clouds nor sounds of clouds

THE DOMINANT SPECIES SILENT

The dominant species silent
 grows wings for pleasure to fly to fly
 does not remember what it eats what it kills
 them
 silent like a hunter but only silent for thought
 like prayer
 and there is no contest but within
 when they lock horns
 and back away knowing order
 a thought is quiet and predation is quiet

THE WORMS

Eat the corpse without realizing it is a corpse
 even a member of a dominant species
 is suspended
 when its body fails
 returns to a system
 but they put their dead in vaults and burned them
 removing them from ecology

ECOLOGY

The circles
 and the cars interfered with the circles
 [they required machines to remain dominant]
 but they too died eventually
 and were a species to become extinct
 say
 there are different types of people when all is a city
 a strong legion of them with force
 separate
 the others
 rely upon natural struggle as idea
 make law and call it natural
 eat what they grow
 from property they own possess

READING LIST

The reading list was the span of humanity
 [call humanity for having invented language]
 the pictographs
 with creation myths and determination
 are history
 anthropology is not mentioned for adventure
 for climbing into caves down walls with ropes
 and when symbols turn to truth
 exact
 and a symbols are no adventure but conceptually
 say they are mature
 and ready
 the manyforce of memory starts
 a literary career
 and the hunters have time for leaving lessons
 and pride
 a literates invented in symbol
 to write and the eventual press
 they come to gather further histories
 but it were philosophy with no mention of
 the past which is timeless
 and struggle is answered with education how
 nor consonants nor vowels alone
 but paint and carved stone with lessons
 do I leave out nature
 [question]
 for primary source is inspiration were inspiration sought
 and humanity is but a record
 [nature does not change nature does change]
 and to follow constance with my own emotion
 the author is invented
 with cause
 repeats what I am prepared for what I am preparing for
 mention God when nature is mentioned
 when experience is mentioned
 and say every text is reference
 every text is a parcel

THE SMALLEST YET STILL CALLED WHOLE

The smallest yet still called whole
is a compound
of blood and tissue and bone
only a comparison to size
but without experience
infant
tomorrow to be with experience
to have exercised

PENDULUM

The sways and passes
I cannot get off
but continue fro and fro
what starts a swing
like a question
I do not answer
and turn to spectator
for there is no control
but where I watch

THE LISTLESS

Gone and silence become
listless
and with no courage nor thought
for rightness silence and pause
hanging
hanging
[a list cannot be borrowed]
[and I have no list]
[gone into]

CALLOUS REPRIEVE

The callous reprieve upon receiving
in good faith
and centered into one's own and blind
for social constructs
hide away the stones into
wealth which sits sits
and thus is no fortune but prize
A gift is not earned and
the accompaniments of sharing
require notice
and the callous reprieve rather
a separation
because good faith is kept in goodness
and spirited

The iron trophy with intentional rust
shapen to resemble the invaluable
for notice
and no favor is called about but friendship and
when it is not received
for the spirit of giving
a continuation is loss to constitution

THE CHOIR

Repeating

a prayers angelic

[but there is no sound]

And the horns the trumpets

with ringing ears for silence

[you are once again]

The sound of stars

but invisible and more positive

[and I am staggered]

And the wind begins

slow around the new leaved trees

in one direction

I look into

and say wind is no sight

but my attention for way

And sing with a quiet force too

inventing arbitrary words

toned with the invisible

ILLNESS

Dripping for attention silent
 and wayward passed
 left alone
 and turned to words within himself
 for cause and humor
 drawn away from days
 set a sight on Monday and nothing
 named the days for time
 then lowered himself to despair
 like a common weather without character
 There is no one to blame
 for the disturbed into their own
 calcium shell and without color
 the seasons turn in any case
 the sun rises with and without notice
 and sets again
 ever faster with age
 the quiet interior is a spell
 which relearns itself deeper and deeper
 and the lines bleed into
 one another one another the same
 color goes away
 And where emotion once was
 and where objection once was
 a stone
 listening for passwords and codes
 and feeling for rightness
 once felt like memory

And raises the glass to his glass self
 once again cold and solid nor longer forming
 for what they do is what he did

And knowing rightness is nested in constance
 as legacy but he knows no legacy but time
 that is not marked in his language

THE NEIGHBORS

The neighbors the docile neighbors
and animal sounds
an elephant a bear a bird
in the night the day
and moving furniture
the ship
migrations with tents with packed food
the cars returning from hunts from gathering
the game trail
and resting in shadows knowing security
sent away the children
for berries and money
carrying masks and silver and rings
return with stories
stories
of longing and death and vacation
and the gardens
them untended overgrown perennials
returning like habit

THE PROGRAM

Sent away their youngest
 each family
 unto the doctrine

Entered with pause with the start of decree
 for managing
 the constant din of underworlds and overworlds

The middled way is bottomed in history
 let away that which calls to be let away
 [the voluntary knowledge with no resistance]

And at a desk with a book
 because of an idea
 which explains ideas

The poet started slowly
 bent a way around what is already
 [nothing is easy including originalism]

Philosophy is mentioned
 captured the thoughts into language
 and answers

And the subjects introduced in the gymnasium
 the experimental room the laboratory
 the matriculated student receives

And to prove one is ever
 the student hereafter
 [they took deoxyribonucleicacid for identification]

ONCE HE UNDERSTOOD SILENCE

The mentor spoke in tongues
partly recognizable
one day language would be his
[was a promise]
once he understood silence

OTHERS

The morning fog stopped the sky
left it heavy
and the hollow sounds the quieted birds
something had happened
There was a vehicle accident far away
tore through human nature and seven cars
said there is no control
and quiet is a warning
Coincidence is what I call coincidence
nature reclaims itself including human nature
the obstinate force against danger
finding justification in statistics
There are ways which listen
to the summoned silence the fog like death
like reflection no wind and a still lake
time is forward into
In spite of caution in spite of fear
the fog will clear
and the drivers will slow reasonably
the living will slow reasonably

THE WALK

The walk
beyond the aged buildings sight
where grass and nature returns
in rust and sprouted forms
I forget
And to cities edge where farms
are taken as downed land
with trees and brush removed
yet something other than nature
though resembling
And where the forest starts
calling
with mushrooms and echoed light
there is no interference
but a threat for populations claim
Nor today the day
of encroach
the day of remarketry
and ever utilitarianism where
all things are numbered
Feet do not fail familiarity
and return past the times the regrowth
past the urgencies where in my home
I too collect history
let it regrow

THE LIFE OF A BUILDING

Once industry popular for money
and the use goes away like austerity reigns then
and the steel and the concrete
is slow in its return
and the push of life again through throughout time

THE ACCOUNTS OF COMBUSTIBLE FUEL

The decomposing
 gone underground and settled in soils' interns
 the combustible ferment
 oil is not invented but discovery
 upon a fire's find
 to make a fire last to make a combustion last
 and the foundry one day
 the germ of industry
 and a question of whether a fire can be
 contained
 let out slowly
 moving lubricated parts as vehicle
 for intentions
 though it takes too long to replenish
 and a resource which is timed is
 cause for reinvention

SO THE WINDMILL AGAIN

So the windmill again
 for the wind has never been stopped
 the wind is fire
 put into a battery
 put into a vehicle for intentions

LATER INTO THE NIGHT

When dreams they arrive
 with docents for wandering through the imagination
 practice
 for weightlessness and death
 and the impossible
 and love love
 what I sense as
 and to be startled awake
 and the invisible is a memory
 with minor attachments to reason
 and were their dreams the same
 to know of aircars and crafts and lucent rainbows
 with a same for metaphor
 were there a social way to dreams
 yes thought is for the wakened interpretation is for them
 having not believed

But this is a dream sleeplessness is
 smoke
 for I cannot accustom my own to
 the sense of standards
 later into the night when
 darkness
 suffers the soul in truth and the immovables
 alert

Light does come and the imagination is proven
 and let away
 and were it struggle to know
 that forward is atween nor restless
 the moments of sleep as darkness and without memory
 yet cause for rising unto
 astronomy like sunrise
 it is a wandering mind without bounds but time
 and where it finds itself holds itself

THE TUNNEL

The tunnel
soil walls and beams holding earth overhead
beneath hell quietly
[they do not know]

I had not believed until
a wasteland was proven
with heads and old books and devices
which suffer the soul

Quietly advance to the speculated
reaches of elsewhere
time begins again with nature
creatures and flora elsewhere

It is I who built the tunnel believing
and sunlight eventual
letting down the walls upon exit
so they cannot follow

THE PORTRAIT IN THE PUBLIC HOUSE

In silence
ever
for such a talkative chap
the quiet room is loud
for to have known
his rambles
above the piano the books
near the still life
to place a lamp in front
of his condition like a muffler
seven more portraits and
his can be taken down
for space
seven more deaths
God forbid

THE FOUNDATIONS OF LOSS

Slowly loss
when there is a breach of sentiment
open to question what were no question

The fresh air was always has always been
no occlusion to confusion
it is just to notice

Pulls one apart
covers them in healing scabs resembling
error

Slowly loss
love is gone mostly
there must have been a final straw

And a surface
independent and weak meniscus open nearly
to infection

Again infection again
conditioned for infection
conditioned for isolation

THE SOURCE

The water bubbled to the surface let itself down in gravity
reference
will find its way to a body gathers
down a small stream
river
there is no life which is not started and
the stars
for their eternal watch
audient
see life take life see the absence of life
what is begun
but a river is no majesty to observation when there is no sight
appreciation
on being
is
the make of oceans the make of time
a body is only beauty and disconnected without life
philosophy is only philosophy without life

THE DEPRESSED

Let down into ways
there is no light for the mind
and the stars
nor look above
make of oneself holy time
the moments pass
the moments pass

THEATER

With actors whorling lights pretend
 a drama and stage for realism is a flying cast and
 props like a simple bedroom [conversational]
 She lit an audience in song and routine
 moved graves and witches resurrected the dead
 gave proof reason the possible the possible
 Bent struggle to her own belief said aloud
 'the boundaries of man are time and sense'
 picked up a phallic blade against an antagonist
 There is no mercy to certainty
 nor the oppressed are voluntary in their wrap
 and lent a song to protest loudly
 The animals as covered men synchronized
 and whether I steal away vanished into
 a story is their charge

At the remote and distant surface of catastrophe
 the young hero sent
 in magical boots and with an old and sharp blade
 Destined for valiance or either death
 and the antagonist with confidence and hired moral men like strength
 will meet at sundown at the ridge
 One hundred to one and reason is dismay
 physical force and silence otherwise
 beauty is no notice among threat
 Of course a victor there never is a question but how
 for righteousness is a story
 nor clever to halve the hero the nonhero immediately
 But they are turned like resolution does turn
 and the antagonist the only one to sink the furthest to death
 but courage is proven and resolution peace is proven

THE ISSUE

The issue popular struggle
 the easement of taxation
 [they go into themselves quietly with weapons]
 and pride and mobilization
 [do I not have social needs]
 the higher surface to help the needy
 [resistance is precurse to understanding]
 education education the educators are educated
 [there is a long line of educated]
 [there is a long long legacy]
 [started with a name]
 and the aristocrat peers differently
 through the social lens of freedom
 [uses her imagination and sleeps well at night]
 to cling to popular opinion is the media
 with considered ratings and sales
 [and the election is a qualified promise]
 suffering is quiet in a social democracy
 assumes all suffer as life is suffering
 [and they circle around the pharmacies]
 [draw possession lines around the pharmacies]
 for the right to life does not include
 an entitlement to a healthy life
 the spacemen are entitled to a healthy life
 [because they consent to have their bodies studied]
 [for the good of mankind]
 how and who to discern character
 is an unspoken question
 [theirs is a good nation we have built]
 and to pass freely across borders that exist
 for social programming purposes
 [but there are highways both sides agree]
 I have an opinion best to wrap in silence with a smile
 [I am nation building quietly this nation]
 I have an opinion best to say aloud
 [I am nation building quietly this nation]
 the issue popular struggle
 [question]

THE NARRATIVIST TOOK THE CLOUDS

The observable nested in relation in new light
the old lens
told a story from birth and before birth
interpretation is narration
and the clouds are structure to
daylight what is given
resemble many things passages
a form which passes over war and conscience
a form which is reliable
with the wind and time moves
the museum gathered the clouds into the sky
bent heavily for rain
and the engines start
push them to the east with rain
there is a lesson in knowing that
a symbol is doubted on occasion for its change
I am not always the same
the narrativist took the clouds and animated them
through to the clear day
when they were done
and explained death among the airs
like symbolism there is a lesson in knowing many things
other than oneself
and what is seen often is put into one's heart
given a place
and when the clouds covered the moon
was said that love has a question
and when the clouds formed a pattern across the sky
was said that cooperation is a path
though the story is mine
and were I to have passed through one hundred generations
and will pass through one hundred generations
the clouds will be the same
with a structure and with a purpose resembling time
I
receive and send again
with and without an audience

MOTHER BIRD

Mother bird
will protect her nest
grow to ten feet taller than a threat
with an ugly face and
violent song
and return with a throat full of food

NOR THE WIND THAT FINDS ME

Nor the wind that finds me
cold and wondering faith
picking up the tines of concern
like memory

Nor the wind that finds me
aging into my qualities
letting favors as allowance
I grow into

Nor the wind that finds me
huddled and watching and learning
with a question for there is no answer
and I am assumed like thought

Nor the wind that finds me
eager to be without bearing
silencing social consideration
for force

Nor the wind that finds me
having slept until the sounds
among the trees whistling
startle me to errand to fly away

SAMPLE COURAGE

Sample courage fight or flee
stay upon danger
upon an instance the next the next
having known courage
and struggle
grown into my frame
and with words to match

NOTHING ABSENCE

Nothing absence for blindness cost
[I watched the season go away until my sight]
[and the smells too are gone rescinded]
Nothing absence touch is a thud touch is a hammer
and the softness of thought is a memory
Nothing absence for taste is paper
smell is paper
and I cannot reinvent the taken
I cannot restart an idea which is taken
and the imagination with a single cataract cloud
slung overhead
descends upon what I start
that I must make notes with ink

STANDING

Entitlements and rights
 a conversational narrative upon nature
 [and interpretive]
 this historiograph standing
 a right to be free from rights
 but gone about conclusions naturally
 when authority declares qualification is indeed
 necessary
 [qualification is a mention of social engineering]
 and were I taken in a direction
 because authority claims a means
 it were two forces for their account
 a population manages voice by voice
 one by one
 and were I to compose as being within
 and say a standing were original
 an entitlements are no license
 to what is already licensed naturally

Six feet and two inches
 holds a book to his chest
 and removes his eye glasses
 and when there were no entity between
 for a question
 there were no obstruction for a question
 readied the horse
 against their regards
 and set upon the capital
 to claim an office
 to remove the idea of allowances
 and his task were complete
 had he convinced them and them
 but it were not always his turn
 to speak

OH PRUDENCE

Oh prudence
ways
a solution is first a problem
and do I judge my own character in fashion
for consumption is their witness
and the model is service
oh prudence
with quieted song
it is your pace
and unspoken
blend of nature with my own
I have something to learn
oh prudence
I have something to learn

ANY DAY

Any day the rain
when she floats in clouds from the west
for nature's wait
it is a long time
it is a long time
since the rain
and the green is nearly gone

