

how I come to know an afternoon

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about the faculties

1.

Sentiment. And metaphor. In a whisper of light traveling upon a carpet. The hours travel, in shadows, contrast, in dust balancing in lightbeams. In atoms and particulates, in little planets. I breathe matter and substance. I breathe sentiment and reason. And photons and microns and chevrons, and spirit distilled upon a davenport with cold coffee and the futures, the whispers of afternoons traveling. In the next hour I will return. History tells me I will return.

2.

For cause is profound. And god is profound. God is profound. God. God. God. The word. Nature. And time and that which we cannot control. That which I cannot control. On a Sunday I am a pantheist. Can I still be catholic and suppose the independence of poetry and rhythm? And can I not recognize a divinity to open mouth kisses and cinnamon and photosynthesis and any old book. God. God God. God God God.

For cause is profound. And I can only suppose the force which affects. The ramblings, the sleep. The way of a history. Sociologically speaking we are entertaining one grand book. And today I am a student or either an illustrator or either a carpenter. Entertaining cause. This time small and inside, swaddled in reason and force like yesterday. This time the grandest, directing and putting things in an order. Everything to order, to classification, to need, to utility. And then small again. Inside, outside, I become.

3.

I can think of anything. The history of scientific revolutions and religious revolutions and psychological revolutions and material revolutions and economic revolutions, the history of certainty, the history of individualism, the history of cause and response, the history of liberalism and the history of thought, it entertains struggle and the nature of novelism. I can think of anything. And I require no reason. I can think of anything. And I require nothing,

not a belief nor a generative notion nor a consequence nor a fear. I am not afraid of medicine nor accountants nor love. I am not afraid of being alone. I am not afraid of death. I am not afraid of wearing black.

Today I believe in many things. First, when I die I will either go to heaven or either I will return to earth to improve upon this life or either I will just stop. Second, I have left some legacy, sometimes proud and sometimes related to a popular theology like civil service, and sometimes solipsistical and self entertaining. Third, I believe in the electronic immortalism of experience, that everything I have done is recorded somewhere.

But a belief is only speculative. And depending upon how far and in which direction I travel among the philosophers a belief may be the closest that I can come to knowledge. A couch requires no defense. The practicalisms of shopping and driving, and the naturalisms of forest walks and canoe trips, these are different. But a couch requires no defense. And a couch supposes its own logic and its own universe.

4.

If I only rely upon my senses and my memory extracted from these senses I will call myself shallow. I am not an animal. I will continue to suppose because of another belief, this being the belief in beliefs, the confidence in assuming relationships and metaphors, and the confidence in attributing signs and meaning to objects, including the objects of language.

And then bringing the composite of reflection into the sleeps of dailyness. This is true, my grocer validates this conclusion, the old lady with the cane told me how it really was. And this is bull shit because it makes me feel empty inside.

And if I were a native American or either if I were a Norwegian or either if I were a Sri Lankan (where ever

it be) I would know the nature of truth in respect to the operations of geographical living.

I was probably born a relativist, and this notion of a relative emergence of societal identity is not really that profound. The administration of pluralism is profound, however, and it is in this segment of social consideration and dual forms of justice and God and god and education and the else in which social universals emerge. The administration of pluralism is a heavy balance, stepping lightly above regional interests and emerging thought, and stepping lightly above this which exists autonomously, while simultaneously defending regional interests and emerging thought, and defending this which exists autonomously.

Consider it caring, that the universalisms associated with the preservation of cultures need exist. Or either consider it an annoyance with globalists and governors. Or either consider it a response to overpopulation and a one-world market. In any case consider it something because the sweeping hegemonies of universalism are in the least a distraction to personalism and self identity.

5.

It is peaceful, an afternoon in the midst of nothing, with all of the faculties at rest. And change, let it arrive. I make nothing in this world today. And the imprints of education and socialization, this character, it is nothing. And this soul, it is eternal. Where a gravity sucks me into comfort drifting in and out of sleep like a season.

Autumn. With first leaves to the earth, golden. And dark winter with frosted breaths. And spring, with first tree skeletons budding. And summer, hot and direct, a force of humidity and dereliction. And autumn arrives like the last, a parting inspiration. I am a year older than the last. I am a year smarter or either a year more reluctant to engage a certainty. Confusion is the mark of age. I know this now settling into a time of passing light

and dust, a time of time.

6.

Responsibility. I wish for a wish. I collect wishes. And in my sleep I redeem them. Like coupons. A home on a lake. A big window. Responsibility. It is only responsibility, calling.

I have said 'no' to responsibility so many times. And if there were a call to divinity and religious service, I must have mistaken it for mania. And I could only say 'no.' Am I not correct? Or either I had mistaken it for a universal contentedness which requires no ritual nor sacrifice nor social hierarchy for interpretation. Or either I just said 'no' because I was not of a mind to share. Or either I was just lazy.

A calling? To myself perhaps. I must move forward. I must travel light. I must not own too many things. I must not engage a lust. I am no longer an adolescent, you see. I am no longer curious, lest epistemology be a curiosity. Lest poetry be a curiosity, I am no longer curious. A calling? A profession? A vocation? An answer? To myself perhaps. And thank you Dr. W. Whitman for demonstrating that a force of language is in the first a defense of individualism, and in the second, it be a defense of everything which I represent. A calling? Perhaps. And if there were not a choice I can only assume that I am following the program.

7.

Representation is grander than democracy. Representation is grander than art. Representation is reason. And this which I name, this which arrives, this which I associate, the metaphors and the antimetaphors, the reversals and the contradictions, the antimeanings, them all, I have given them to my universe of knowledge.

I have my very own universe. And this I maintain upon the carpets of social intercourse and the halls of liberal thought

with coffee and bagel, and the mattresses of experience. I believe I believe. And if such a notion is framed in relativities and selfisms I can also add that I am usually correct. Ha! Nevermind the appearance of wrongness, it was all a matter of demonstration. You know how some people say the opposite of truth in the interest of introducing a lesson, and some people deceive because they recognize themselves as authorities and, thus, capable of knowing regardless of their outward appearance. I know. I discern. For this personal universe follows principles or either I would wash away to the sea of insanity. There must be foundations to living, an operative establishment of physics and social regards. I know them. I know them all. I discern.

And if you have a question, the best I will answer is, "that confusion, it is a threshold, and you will not dement yourself if you keep it in its elevated place."

8.

Oh! What change becomes? Today I wait for the weather and the news from other countries. And if I am to follow an impulse or otherwise respond, let it first be considered. What is the advantage of disturbing a restful inquiry of mindly netherlands? A beverage? Perhaps. Fresh Tropicana orange juice with pulp. Indeed. The fridge is within the parameters of today. And a blueberry muffin nuked and with butter.

Oh! What change becomes? Some country is beheading people, or either some nation is beheading people. A country? I like to think of forests with chattering leaves as country. I like to think of grassy fields and flowered meadows as country. I like to think of stony lands overseeing oceans as country. A nation, on the other hand, I think of as carrying a social intellect, framed by geopolitical lines. And change? Social change is the application of politics, including economics and physical force and general smartness, the goal of which is the expansion of national symbolism, including language and art and religion and the other stuff. And natural change?

Well, if one can believe in an unfixed universe, then natural change is the matter of wind and rain and other erosions, and it is also the matter of solar systems and galaxies moving away from one another, and it is also the matter of myself, aging, with facelines and graying hair and evolving histories and principles.

I believe in change. Change is the source of inquiry and it is the foundation of an enlarging brain. And besides, if there were no change I would probably be immortal and bored to hell.

Most of my interest in change is concerned with the social sphere. I am still enlightened by the massive forces of a nature, but a social sphere is an arena of which I sometimes carry a degree of control. And this is the game, control. And the acquisition of control. And the demonstration of control. I understand control, I understand its nature and its relationship with the concepts of natural selection and general comfort. But to understand control is not a social mark, perhaps a social disposition but it is not a license and it is not the face of authority. In fact, if one understands the nature of control they may even be more likely to be controlled and they may even be more likely to become mentally ill at the thought of their own station in life.

But it is a start, understanding the nature of control, and it is the curriculum of social science. And after a teacher gets all of the students' attention, after a control of a primary environment is demonstrated, the teacher can introduce. That this body of knowledge which we have established will be known. Know thyself first. And then introduce a variable. And then know thyself once again. And then reflect and you will be a first witness to social change. You will have also been the subject of an experiment.

9.

What are my affiliations? What are the introductions I am exposed to? If I am the sum of my experience I can

assume my moral foundation and my every other foundation is a product of living. I need to believe that I am more than this which I sense. I need to hold to a principle which allows an imagination which integrates the affiliations of the mind with the positivisms of daily living. This is how I justify a quiet moment, a reflection, and this is how I justify a vacation.

It is easy to become wrapped within a routine. Eight AM, rise. Smoke cigarette. Shower. Eat and read the newspaper. Leave the house. Forty minutes flat. Every day. And the introductions run together. A wholesale change of environments every so often is important. It is important to the mind and it is important in convincing oneself that they are no slave. But it is hard to leave, it is hard to take a leap of faith. It is unsettling. I am not twenty-one any longer. Besides, I own things which are difficult to move. Besides, I have made friends. Besides, I am making a difference. Besides, I owe it to my profession to continue as I have, do I not?

10.

And in a worldly room, a considered room, a room with one shifting wall with my attention supporting a ceiling of clouds and blue wind. Brick, the wall, this time. It changes on its own. And I am ever curious at what happens on the other side. And run around it I have, only to wonder about the conditions of the other. Ever inside. Is it possible to be on the interior of a single wall? -- If I assume the exterior to be this which I have no certain knowledge of, how else could it be?

Deconstruct I must. With an intellect as a big iron ball swinging from a crane. Deconstruct. The bane of separation, the bane of inescapable interiorism, -there will be not a notion wasted upon a wall existing as a foil to my horizons. Deconstruct! Tear away the microns of order! Tear away the government of sanity! Tear away this which blocks my damn view! And I will nestle into a sleeping bag. And

when I awake, it will have returned. That wall. This time made of smooth river stone. This time made of sod. This time adobe. This time paper.

And this gravity, it has no place among a free will. It might as well be a ceiling. And this hunger, I am framed by a body. And this curiosity, there must be something greater. Everything is a contradiction to a life among the stars, these needs, these limits, these obstacles, this life contained within one hundred years, these infantile senses. And that all be a matter of response. A question, a response to force. I must understand force. An action, a response to a knowledge. Studentship, internship, I am the lesser for knowing authority. But I grow old, and balance puts curious things beneath me. Above and beneath.

A settlement is better than commitment. A settlement is mutual, if only to oneself. A settlement absorbs commitment, such a word need not exist. And adaptation, there is no force to settlement. It is easy. And throw responsibility to the wind, in the least the concept, it need not be spoken. And love, it need not be spoken. And beauty, it need not be spoken, it need not be considered. And lust, it needs no name, just complicity.

I imagine there is a civilization beyond that wall. A celebration exists. And in the early morning I can hear fireworks and music. But I am too tired and I drift away to a painted life of clouds in a row, blowing eastward to the sounds. I drift away.

11.

What good is philosophy? Now *that* is the question. Does philosophy have borders? Are there areas of philosophy? Is philosophy related to God? Is any given religion a philosophy? Is the study of economics philosophy? Is there a philosophy to preference. Is philosophy universal? What if I called philosophy by another name, would those dogmatists among us twist my arm? Is philosophy the sum

of language? When did philosophy begin? I will answer all of these questions immediately.

Philosophy is half good and half bad. Philosophy is contained by white fences. There are two areas of philosophy, the upper, consisting of words, and the lower, consisting of all the other symbols. Philosophy is separate from but equal to God. Every given religion is part of a social experiment initiated by its social origin, it is the field of this experimental research which is philosophy. Insofar that the study of economics is a religion it is a philosophy. The constitution of preference is the primary source of philosophy, for in it is an individualized conception of good and bad. Philosophy is universal, this I know because I believe it exists without me. If I called philosophy by another name I would surely upset a few hardliners, but I would have the bilingualists on my side. Philosophy is the sum of language. Philosophy begins starting...now.

discriminating discrimination

12.

There is something lost in a name. A character transcends a history and an affiliated experience and a language. A character transcends slots and boundaries. People must be free.

And the 'isms'? Continentalism? Existentialism? Idealism? And the others? They are marked by a social force which declares that *that* is a something separate from me. In the first in any case, *that* is something other. And if its principles find their way through my consciousness and I know no difference, I could care less. I am the same. For a manner and a philosophy put to words, it is an observation of some social arrangement or psychological confluence which would exist in any case. It is a measured observation or either reflection.

Change exists without words. And if there were a language attached, it would be the measurement of such social sways indeed, but it would have no bearing upon a future, -that is, unless we allow measurement to manage our lives. Science, dictation, language management, quantities, qualities, even poetry, all records, all memory, unless we allow these data into our consciousness, change would still occur, we would just have no knowledge of it. But measurement and declarations, this which we (I) choose to hold on to, it will be the steps of judgment and the steps of error. Measurement is the operative foundation of change because it allows a comparison. Measurement allows the conception of goodness and badness.

13.

Everything that I leave behind, yesterday. And dwindling. It is a memory. It was a memory. And gone.

Everything that I approach, confront, everything that I dwell within. Snowfall. And lie back upon a reclining throne, for white flakes reach my exposed cheeks. Quietly a future addresses me in an instant. And melt into a season

turning green. The earth, the breaths, I melt for the season. And comes a rain, and then it dries, and I sweat the last of knowledge, for there is another arriving in stillness and occasioned puffs of wind and wildfires. And edging out autumn, an isolating winter of snowfall. The future arrives or either I walk to it forgetting all the time the struggles would not allow my freedom nor independence.

A name, it is a matter for measurement. And a name, it is a matter of representation. A thing, an object, bound in art. And I turn to a measurement, the most recent representation, for a future is evident in the trail of recencies. And evolves language, marking the significant. And evolves reason, for I did not come to this place without it, I did not arrive at this place without purpose. For futures are an extension traveled through this spot of presence.

And if a calling were arbitrary, that what I know of 'dogness' be otherwise given the word 'x-ness,' no matter, for the declarations contain a meaning. And to those near to me, I can only hope that we share a language, that 'x' was in any case a friend. 'X' slept at the foot of my bed. I walked 'x' in sunshine and rain. I do not know what 'dog' means and it is no matter to myself nor friends. 'X' is a measure of quality, I have come to know 'x' and respect 'x-ness.'

And this which is 'x-ish'? I can assume some relationship. And for myself, I can expect a type of responsibility. A measurement has defined my expectations for an encounter. A future is shaped by a measurement. My attitude is governed by experience put to words. And in regards to this which I have no words for, my attitude is governed by the marks of pictures and emotions running through my cerebrum. A history, art. Memory, art. The past is measurement.

And more, I associate a goodness or badness to change. That a word reflect a history or either an experience, but more, that an association is made upon an 'x-ness' with respect to preference. Indeed. And this I know nothing about.

And come a rain. I know rain. I shall prepare myself in rubber boots or either I will go barefoot. And look upward at a measured God. You are a something other than a word.

14.

My attention is hard to come by. Movies, and stories with explicit plots, images, they capture me. And the rest? Epistemology, something new, an arrangement of words? Perhaps, if it is authentic. I am selective.

And an afternoon? How can there be a devotion to one of its parcels when, in the end, an evaluation will be of the composite? I am no scientist when it comes to recreation. I am impulsive. I am lazy. Sometimes I do not shower. Sometimes I walk in the direction of the sofa and find myself sprawled upon the carpet, waking up an hour later to finish my journey to the sofa now rested for a nap. And food? Upon a weekend anything is permissible. Sometimes a whole cantaloupe. Sometimes pasta with white sauce and sun-dried tomatoes. Sometimes Oreo breakfast cereal. And a cigarette.

Oh, yeah, I was discussing my attention. On an afternoon? Nothing is privileged for remembrance. I hope, upon its end, that if I can say anything of the day, it will be that 'it happened.' What happened? Indeed. And it was good.

15.

Sometimes revolution comes to mind. A social force can be so enlarged that I look for a cause. And swim to a source to politely ask for my removal from the subject list. It never works. In the first, the source of force is rarely an animate being, and in the second, if a source of force were animated what reason would there be for it to respect my sovereignty? And my recourse? Establish myself as a source of force independent from anything. I am an institution now and you must follow my bureaucracy. I am an island

now, only I shall regard. I regard. Me. Me. Me.

I will shelter myself if there is no other social defense.
I will elect a defense against nature and against cause, or
either I will establish a sanctuary. On the outside? An
anything can happen. And revolution? A name I use for
the dismissal of a disingenuous society. Or either a revolution
be the means to achieving the next stage of social evolution.
Yesterday was fine. But today I have a confidence that
exists as a contradiction to civil obedience. Today I have
an idea. And if there be a structure to scientific or either
poetic revolutions it is to begin as such, an idea. And offer
it an isolated home in the beginning where I can ask it
questions and imagine its potential. And then introduce
it to a reluctant world.

What change? Revolution what? It sounds disconnected
from peace. It sounds as though it establishes a difference
or either a conflict among existing social structures. Revolution.
From olden days. From aristocratic days. From notions
of resistance to invasion or either unwanted political dogma.
It is this, indeed, but it is more. Within an individual,
revolution is learning, it is the discard of intellectual discord,
it is forgiveness, it is morality, it is decision that exists
in opposition to a heavier theme. And likewise in a society,
revolution is the overturn of afflicted politics, it is the
establishment of a political party, it is social concern, it
is empowering to individuals, and it is an establishment
which protects an idea.

What change? Revolution what? Or either the protection
of an existing balance. No carpetbagger will agitate me.
I will form a circle.

16.

And in the nighttime of sounds I will consider my fortunes.
Health and intellect and the rest. I will consider directions
for the near future and the embellishment of spirit. I will
consider what it would have been like to be a priest or either

a pilot.

The paths are marked at night and I take them all. All of the professional languages, all of the proprietaries, all of the knowledges of universities and all of the knowledges of antiuniversities, and the agnostics, them all. The languages from eastern cities and western neighborhoods and mesoamerica, the knowledges of method and patience, I take them all.

And the larger my brain gets the more sleep I need. Atrophy, the body, there is not a care. In a day this body will relieve me and I will be prepared. With reason and the knowledge of differences.

And what is made of differences? There is an other. The nearer I come to the knowledge of separates the nearer I am to knowing preference and the nearer I am to know this which composes me. I am separated in knowing. I am given to likenesses and frames. And I am closer to a darkness which will make me a slave to separating myself. Littling my leasts, and aggrandizing this which allows a continuance.

And the social? Represent a continuance I shall, for immortality is an interest. A legacy with or without my flesh. And them to which no order was brought? They will be the strings and strains of some other modernity in one day. And that is why America is more concerned with the conquests of ideology rather than land, that there was a lesson buried within its own history, that a legacy will be by the forces of justice and reason and intuition, rather than the forces of physical objects. For a strength be not ever a strength, lest it be connected to reason and free will. And then, in a generation, the Kants and the Deweys and the Herbarts will tell you that there was a something that even they left out.

There is not a single book of social consciousness for all of eternity. But a trail of enlightenment, it is an arrow among authors. And to those which no order was brought, or either

to those with separate constitutions, there is a river and
I am confident we will meet there in a time.

17.

The books stack up. I have a greater interest in consuming
the histories and the philosophies than I have time. A
chapter of this, ten pages of this, a chapter of this, I have
a need for electing a one and following it through. I become
desperate and frenetic and impatient by the courses of
several intellectual streams. With poetry it is simple.
A poem here, mark the page, -for most poetry in any case.
But for books containing arguments and chronologies, there
is a disruption to reading five books at the same time. Forgive
me if I bounce among stones, my literary habits are the cause,
-it is something I am working on.

Like a tan and like a physical fitness, the charting of the
'isms' and the 'ishes' is something I am working on. To what
ends? Well, I suppose because it is something that needs
to be done. Solutions of history are sometimes relevant,
and the causes of whatever are sometimes relevant. I am
not one to suppose that all solutions are in text, but I am
confident that there have been important lessons. Besides,
I have an interest in cause and response and the process
governing individual and social concern.

Interest? Interest transcends preference. Interest is inclusive
of preference. Interest is inclusive of good and bad and
desire and disdain. Interest is the elected focus of this
which has some affect and is usually followed by active
research or in the least an 'open ear' with regards to a specific
subject. If I am curious, if a something has captured my
attention, I will offer an awareness to that which is related.
Books are one source of information. Duh. And conversations
with elders, common knowledge, common logic, and others,
these are sources of information. And the goal is putting
out the flame of interest, or either appeasing it.

Some people spend a lifetime upon a single interest. They

become experts and specialists, they become careerists. My interests are either too broad for pragmatic functions or either too scattered for any social semblance. But interests they are nevertheless, and I will continue to amble through several sources searching for that something which makes a sense out of preference and human ecology and nature. Tomorrow I will put the books in a prioritized order and finish them one by one. Yes, tomorrow.

18.

Today my interest is in passing the hours. Humming and eating, surfacing the social pond, holding my breath and returning to an isolated reflection. And cleaning. I was not aware I had a spider problem. And the dust? The mantle, the TV screen, the toilet top. And the Asian beetles, they are starting to come around. And I have this rug that sheds gold yarn like a dog. And filing. And. And. And.

I will ponder the chores. And experience tells me that, in a flash of responsibility I will conquer them without thinking of them. I will be James' automaton. I prefer this method of household attack, this being the mindless challenge to responsibility, rather than spending all of a day focusing focusing. My house is a home, indeed, but its first purpose is to shelter this imagination of mine, not to exact my responsibilities and not to present itself as a list of non-negotiables. Inspiration comes when the dust reaches a threshold, or either when the interior designer in me declares that the couch is in the wrong place.

And the art on the walls? Sometimes it is all wrong. I wish I had a budget which could appropriately reflect my interests. But I do not. Thrift stores sometimes have good art, and garage sales, them. I will let the interior designer in me ponder this facility. In the meantime, everything the same. And upon a forgotten stretch of time, all of the glass will be cleaned, carpet vacuumed, and I will have no memory of the homemaking seizure which came over me. I will find myself satisfied and prepared

for the next nothing.

19.

There is a sense to knowing what another believes. I would like to be known in a particular manner but this is usually not possible. People spend their lives defining their public identity.

But not everyone is socially concerned. The lucky among us, including those who establish themselves without a reference to social confirmation, they are the ones which come to be known as having character. Sure, everyone has character, but those who stand out, not in defiance nor defense, but those who stand out naturally, I look to their character as natural and authentic, and welcome. It is easy to accompany the social qualities which are in a harmony with an environment, and it is easy to befriend a person who is temperamentally open to a reason. Is such a quality acquired or is such a quality innate?

There is a sense to knowing what another believes. And if I was reared with a consequence and reinforcement to the attitudes of other people, I will have been socially shaped. I believe personality is acquired. How could I not have been aware of social influence as a youth, lest I was in some manner cognitively, emotionally or sensually deprived. And if I was to reverse a social conditioning, it would be no surprise to evolve in respect to a family or either a community.

But not every community is the same. Separated geographies import separate lessons. And separate environments initiate separate interests. And this is the first lesson in maturity, that an other exists. An other environment, an other style, an other manner, an other fashion, an other language. And the second lesson in maturity is the representation of oneself to a foreign social. And if I am to adapt, grow, or either have some sense of cause, I will need to establish some universal principle, some social construct and common

denominator, by which I can represent myself. That is, if I have an interest in my representation to an other.

There are benefits to being known in a manner. There are opportunities. The economics of living among specialisms mandates a personal inventory. For if I am known as intuitive or generous, or either if I am known as withdrawn and reluctant, my shop will reflect a social identity. Truth? The manner of my presentation can only be truth as far as a social sphere is concerned. And if there be a personal knowledge and attitude not reflected in a social presentation, though it be a matter of personal composition, it will have no position among social identity.

And if I am honest with myself, if I have accustomed myself to a continuing personal inventory, or either if I place a trust in some cognitive radar of collective unconsciousness, I will know my station. And whether it allows for change, whether my person can evolve or whether it is destined for a stagnated existence? There is a mathematical equation which contains the answer: if the force of the individual is dependent upon social reinforcement, the individual will develop big ears and eyes and aim to please a social constituency, whereas, if the force of an individual distributes social reinforcement, it can be said that they will be the shaper of a society which listens very well, EXCEPT, if such an individual cannot or either refuses to shut up, constituents' ears and eyes will grow super tiny and will not be able to experience that individual any longer. (Is there such a thing as Confucian mathematics?)

20.

Discrimination and prejudice, it is a natural condition. The trees, the clouds, the mountains, the oceans, there are separates. Too often disrespect governs the foreign. Attitudes are inventoried in relation to problems and deficiencies. And those who place a high priority in a social universe, the likes of psychosocialists, authors and professors, politicos, they become the driving authorities

on social difference. And in the worst event, call for a social adaptation which brings a foreign social structure closer to a line with their own social establishment.

Get out, go hug a tree, go swim in a lake. There is a broader world than social deviance and difference. And who knows, the continued subjection of people is the cause of their difference. Perhaps. Perhaps an inescapable social force drives one to nonconformity or either aconformity. And if it were a cause, I believe I am safe in saying that the social will justify such causal position as being the nature of a humanity, strength. There will be no apologies from a government which contributes to a moral decline in a service to its leaders.

But tolerance, the word is not enough. Appreciation is closer. That I take an interest in microsocial causes and natural causes, and that I take an interest in clarifying personalities as they are intended. Care. I hope the word care does not become a philosophical concept which can be shelved in some library with Heidegger and Noddings and the rest of the psychosocialists. No one owns care. And no one owns appreciation.

And if I develop a negative interest in a something or either I develop a competing interest in a something other than a primary subject, or either if I stop appreciating, I hope I remember the nerves of nature. That there are many sides to interest. That I am more than this interest, regardless of how I represent myself, and regardless of how I am known. And that time, how it sometimes folds in upon itself, it is a reminder that I am not quite done respecting separates.

voter registration

21.

Away from the barbarisms of history. There is a land which concerns itself with a modernity. The past was a developmental stage, one which I keep tucked into a drawer as a token of advancement. Now. Now I know the value of installing a good person into the position which is to determine the allocation of resources and the capture and distribution of morality. There is a land.

Democracy, it is an ideal. It is the enchantment of civilianism and personalism and sociological participation, as an ideal in any case. And democracy, if I am away for thirty years, and if I return, the form will be the same. There is a form which transcends experience and intuition and professionalism, there is a form which protects my thoughts and my imagination. Two houses, three branches, and an executive. As an ideal in any case. Transcending words.

The distribution of power. The assortment of wisdom, smattered across a council, experience smattered. And I know that I shall have a voice if I feel that I have something important in mind. There is a form for my participation. And there is a form to inquiry. And there is a form to deciding. The form is solid and only those who would like a total containment of power would contest the notion of a housing for interest, a frame for cooperation. Or either only those of a dissenting nature would contest a democracy upon the general principle of dissent. There is a home for dissent, there is not a member who would reject an enlargement.

But what lies within? The human element lies within sociological form. Personality. Experience. Error. Perspective. Judgment. This which is brought about by the conditions of living is the substance which fills the house of democracy. And herein lies the contest, the contest in which we are to establish a goal in the first, and in the second, determine which personality could best accomplish those ends. And everybody gets to say something on election day. Mr. Jones, you are my candidate, or either, Mr. Jones, I would not

elect you if you were the only candidate.

There is no contest to the ideal of democracy, the rules of order and form, there is only a contest among the inhabitants who walk a path within the bounds of its structure. One large game, indeed. And I can rest knowing that a contest will be contained, that I can be a supporter, a sidelined fanatic, or I can rest upon a couch, secured to them thoughts of anything but politics. There is no contest to structure, to idealism, or either it is inescapable.

22.

Intellectual power, it is given a home. And desire, it is given a home. All of the human emotions, they are offered a stop within a structure, an ideal. And who could contest the distribution of attention? Minor interests, for one. A democracy is a settlement for majority opinions. But democracy is also an ideal, as I have mentioned, and in a world of ideals, a collective interest is open to reason, it is open to improvement, and it is open to altruism. And if this be so, a minor interest, with supporting reason, it will be the friend of progress.

Lest a minor establishment not be considered peoples. Lest there be no electorate among minor opinions. The pragmatics of social appeal will suggest that a candidate will first feed their own constituency. And the rest? If there is a moral or otherwise economic link to a constituency I am confident any minor interests will be given an attention. I have a faith in the human condition, that people will help others if they are able. But if a group is considered as outside of the domain of peoplehood or without cause or interest, this is enough reason for a candidate to neglect, either consciously or unconsciously.

A majority will determine who has a voice. And the icons and the leadership of a majority will rank the needs of a society, identifying threats and methods of progress and the necessities of attention, and perhaps the necessities

for the establishment of a legacy. Who would not care to be remembered in a fashion? Regardless the inspiration, for there are a few genuinely well-intentioned leaders among us, the outstanding determination of values is the rank of a leader. The platform.

23.

But a greater idea was intentioned than this America. An idea of participatory democracy was intentioned. And a time in the eighteenth century allowed for only selective participation. Technology and the distribution of knowledge and the apathetic notion of isolated contentment and honeymoonism, this was the course of public participation which anchored the existing and small power structure to a few. There was not a threat any longer. There were no resources to distribute. The position was primarily a position of moral authority. But among idealists, moral authority is the seed of progress.

And if this be a concern, progress, then I am anchored to an ideal. Or either if my participation in the concept of progress exists as a contradiction to regress, in the hopes that there will become a balance of comfort, I am still anchored to an ideal. And moral authority among idealists, the mastery of kindness and goodness and the else, and its dissemination, it is the authority which people can live with even if there are no roads and no schools and no health care, these are to follow, as reason allows for these within an ideal to some measure.

Measurement. Given first principles, the dedication of thought to issues is what is contested. Who can doubt some particular needs, but to what degree and in what manner are they addressed. And the moral author becomes the artist, painting a civilization of idealism, writing a roadmap, naming a mountain after a hero. Predetermining history in representation after representation. Predetermining remembrance. That a measured thought be the cause of physical and intellectual institutions, that a measured

thought dedicate itself to the whole of nature, including man and his relationships. All within the structure of an 'ology or 'ocracy or 'ism or 'ish. A frame, separating measures.

24.

It is the stuff of social poets, the operations of moral authority. Who would not consider themselves some type of moralist in some measure? And what I see, a barrage of intent, a dance of thoughts, a collection of ideas. Step back and create a record of humanology, and this will be a snapshot of politics and education and sociology and psychology and anthropology and civilianism and life in general. Humor myself with a language settling the social. That it be a separate from myself, that in social documentation I might refer to it as an other, and thus giving myself a peace.

And the same in any art or any language or any representation, that an observation put to a portrayal separates an observer from that which is observed. Allowing objectivity? Perhaps. And in the continuance of representation, the knowledge of the subject is brought to mind in the interest of its change or either allowance. A power is brought to mind in knowing an other.

And this is the greatest supraknowledge, the knowledge of others, for cause or either allowance. The object is arbitrary, for the reassurance is in knowing that an other has bounds, it is contained. And the subject is arbitrary, for the reassurance is in knowing that at least two others share like bounds. And given the subject of democracy, for I believe democracy has no single object, I will discuss it plurally. Democracies or either these democracy.

Affiliation, that a knowledge is acquired. And the participatory implications of a democratic system suggest one be a cause. And modernity grants a cause to everyone, a vote, or either the right to not vote. Assuming you are of age, and assuming you have not been judged incompetent, and assuming you are not a felon (some states). And a directed affiliation will be the

source of decision.

And decision, vote, this will be the mark of a representation. A ballot is a canvas. A mark or either a punch on a punch card, this is art. And it is designed in a manner in which it can be balanced with every other voting artist. Perhaps in a day a ballot will allow for subjectivity and degrees of support. Perhaps a ballot will one day look like this:

Candidate X					Candidate Y
[]	[]	[]	[]	[]	[]
-3	-2	-1	+1	+2	+3

Whereby a voter will mark a degreed preference for a candidate or issue. And all of the ballots are tallied by numbers. (A negative number would indicate the election of candidate X and a positive number would indicate the election of candidate Y) (A vote of -3 would be the equal of three +1 votes)

25.

Whatever. A candidate comes to represent. And with a dedicated power there happens a trail of following thought, this official, and this unofficial, which comes to be associated with an administration. Popularism establishes an administration. No longer is there a single individual and a single stream of intellect endowed by a vote, the authority given becomes a magnet of idealism and a magnet for those who wish to share an affiliation, with or without consent. And the nature of politics is established, a nature of competing interests which transcend an office or a party. Things must get done, and if they are not, the representative face of an administration will be dismissed.

Roll on. And the next. And the next. And my place? I either play safety and form no official affiliation, allowing a moderate relationship with every force, or either I galvanize my association with a representer, supporting

their whole platform, that I create a sustained relationship with an establishment. I suppose my level of support is linked with my values, that a candidate who wishes to engage my beliefs, either lifestyle freedom, freedom to profit, or educational or moral goals, I will offer an endorsement with regard to how closely I believe my own interests will be affirmed and engaged.

Or either I change. That by the safety of nonaffiliation I become bored. Or that by the continued exposure to this which has no meaning, I become a voice. That no longer is a single vote enough to represent my own establishment. I change. In the interest of gathering a handle upon social change I change.

And there goes the self. Toss the self to an administration. I am clay. I am an executive. The source of my information is by way of a chief information officer. The source of my authority is no longer reason connected to personal experience, but rather by reason connected to the social insulation of 'trustees' and 'benefactors' and 'donors' and 'critics' and 'associates.' This is the problem with a modern representative democracy, that the primary becomes lost amid associations. Or either this is the best of a modern representative democracy, that I can be an associate with a degree of access to a primary, that I can be a specialist, and that my voice be considered more than dissent and more than ramble. If connected to a reason and a good story it will be recognized.

And if I have nothing to say? Must I say I have nothing to say? Must I involve myself in politics in the interest of being apolitical? Is there a sanctuary?

26.

People paint each other as social opposites, particularly candidates, they paint each other as polar opposites that they be recognized as having an original position. It is easy to recognize diversity among contradictions but it is also a sad note. That a candidate must feel they need to

speak down to a constituency that they be recognized as independent. Fundamentalism is the shame of elections and it is the corrosion of higher purpose in public intercourse.

I wish to vote for this which transcends division. I wish to represent the humors and the attitudes and prosperity of cooperation and allowance and discretion. And if it is true, that a government will, in one future, align itself with a populous tired and bored with politics just for the sake of politics, I believe it will be time for a poet to be president. The kind of poet who understands the nature of language as objects, and the kind of poet who can tell the difference between social inflammation and social concern.

Everybody is a poet after election day, but a poet who has studied silence and calamity alike, a poet who can consume pictures and digest emotions, a poet who is sensitive to the rain and the weather, the social conditions, responsibility, a poet who respects other poets on general principal, this is my candidate. A poet who can say 'no' and give a reason, a poet who neither fears nor seeks affiliation, a poet who can repeat a word and give credit, or either a poet who can recognize incontinence of speech and withdraw, a poet who recognizes the limits of museums, this is my candidate.

27.

There are no conditions to acting out a day, there is no license for living as one wishes. And there is no consequence to activism and a concern for social justice and a concern for protection of natural resources, lest ends be achieved. And if the formalities of elections and due process are the vehicle of activism (one of several), congratulations for finding some compartment for constructively idealizing a public.

It is the least I can do, make a preference for one idea over another. Well, not really, indecision requires less effort. But really, as far as action is concerned, voting is the least I can do. For philosophies are spelled out, intentions are

listed like a recipe, and all I have to do is make a mark.
Et then? Voila. Canned plan.

People make lives of appealing to 51 percent of the population.
People make lives of restoring freedoms and exercising
justice in a new and improved manner. And others? They
make lives by deferring their civic responsibility to canned
politics. Which is OK, indeed. For a canned plan allows
one to focus upon something other than legislation and due
process, the likes of family, vacation, entertainment, and
work. And revisit politics every two years if I feel strongly
about something. It is enough, really. In a world of specialisms
it is not wrong to hire an idealist to read the finest points,
which I have little time for, and make an educated decision.
And if I have a concern, I hope I will have hired a someone
with an open door policy.

28.

And if a call to public service amounts to a greater involvement
than election participation, I believe a system is prepared.
There is not a thing holding me from public office. And this
notion becomes the security by which I allow another to
represent my interests. For if I was barred from decisions
I would be the private strategist. I trust in the ideal of
idealism and representation.

But I tinker. The system of idealism is not perfect, for if
it were I would be comfortable in turning my back to it. I
am not that comfortable. In fact, it will not be until the day
in which no system is necessary will I be comfortable in
elective nonparticipation.

And so, in the meantime, the least of formal publicdom
is the arriving at an answer on election day. And return,
I shall, to my comforts of my own public upon couch with
beer nuts, where the questions are colorful and elaborate,
and where the questions make me consider an answer other
than 'no' or 'yes'. The questions bring me to an art of curvy
lines and poetics. And I prefer this representation to the

balloting canvases in any case. This, where an expression is a compound of emotion and reason and quality. And quantity if I choose. If I choose.

back to basics

29.

The foundations of poetry, its simplicity, its elevation of particulars and singular ideas, this is my typical form of creative expression. And a jump to prose, its continuance and its elaboration, its development, it is an exercise in expanding my thoughts. The truth is that I most prefer the rhythms and the meters and the bounds of poetic expression to the formalities of making a larger sense. In fact, I believe I have trained myself to receive subjects in a poetic fashion. Simpletons of sense, drifting thought, I either have an attention deficiency or I concentrate too hard.

And the expanded exercises of justification and creating context and plot and antagonism and protagonism, -I do not pride myself in thinking particularly, the intellectual refreshment of prose is good for my social composition. In poetry, one can assume a thing, some ideas require no nature nor justification. Poetry is often timely, a word can be used without social comparison or contradiction. And prose? A grander atmosphere is created in prose, a language is already assumed and it is applied. Poetics is often the creation of language and meaning.

But both are creative, I cannot deny this. But the directed creation of poetry uses a different cognitive attitude than prose. If I am of a poetic mind, I will mind the details and reflect upon my own relation to them. If I am of a prose mind I will create a universe of which I need not exist.

Today I will attempt to frame my poetic self in a universe of existing language. I seek no change at this moment, and I seek no establishment. I have no plans of exposing error nor goodness, and I do not care if a thought punctuates itself or if it rambles on the rest of the day. And by dinner time, when I have made a unified order of a poetic attitude and prose attitude, I will be ready for application.

30.

Applied expression of two attitudes? I am bound for a

separation of my personality, or either I am bound for a stint at playwriting. Or perhaps bipolarism? Is this a philosophy? Bipolarism? In any case I will not be lonely in performing a day with two attitudes. And perhaps there are more attitudes or parts to the self. There is what I believe there is. On this day I am collected in a single apperceptive mass. Where if there be an idea that needs reconciliation, it will be given an interest.

My apperceptive mass is the universe, it is the consciousness, it is the physical world, it is knowledge. And my relation, it is the poetics of struggle, and the poetics of realizing my position within a knowledge. There is a plot to living apperceptively, it has just not been revealed. Life has not been revealed and it is, thus, poetic. But it is expressed in an ordered fashion, in a chronology, and is thus, prose.

Today is the both. It is all. It is the ends of realizing that I am at the furthest point from the beginning and it is the structure of continuance. A many-sided interest, indeed, I think I need a nap.

And one more step. What becomes of my activity, what becomes of my social composition? How am I to represent myself to myself and to others given such a union of attitudes? Forget them all. Forget that I am separated. For I am no longer separated. And return to the notions of preference and interest. The responsibilities do not govern me. There is not a choice which governs me. I can create in any fashion and to any ends. Or either I can observe and I am the same. The responsibilities are delegated to a lesser composition of my character, and I am left as a whole, receiving by a mind which reflects a grander purpose in being.

And if I read a poem, it will be read of a mind in relation to the prosaics of living. And if I read a story, it will be read of a mind in relation to the mosaics of the present. And if I elect to receive or represent, it will be by a collected spirit of knowing that my composition is fulfilled in whatever

spontaneous interest that arouses me. The borders and the attitudes, they are the wind, they are technology and they are the circumstance. All.

31.

History is metaphor. All of the past is considered with a relevance to the present and the future. But I am a skeptic. I know that the lessons of yesterday confront a different future, a whorl of subjects, a whorl of presentations and order which has no match in history. For if the future were entirely known by the studies of protohistory and language, I would have no need for entering into the next. I would be a traveler facing ancience and I would not know a source of will and life. I would only know the marks of formalism.

But I will not end my science. I will not end my words, those reflecting reflections and experience. I will not end my poetry, its personal institutions, its likenesses. For in a record, and in creating a record, a catalogue, I come to realize cause. And if I know cause, I know this which governs me. There is a liberation to the learning with respect to the reflections of cause, there is discern. And discern, the recognition of separates, by this I move forward. And upon an end, that all of the words have been laid in a manner, I will forget them all. This is my responsibility, to forget the exactions of science which have uncovered a more transcendent message than cause. I will peel away the littles and advance upon a knowledge with a respect to the present.

Or either I will revel in the satisfaction of completion. With cinnamon toast and apple butter. With tortilla microwaved with sharp cheddar cheese. With chocolate milk. I will revel. For a confidence comes in knowing that a record is at an end. And I made myself whole in littling the contradictions and the boundaries. I completed myself in science, that knowing cause, and that applying cause, in demonstrating cause, I have satisfied myself. And I will have a tater tot with ketchup and horseradish. And bury myself in someone else's testimony, a movie, a museum, an

arcade, bury myself in someone else's trip. For a change
or either for an alternative. Something new.

And enter without objections or subjections. This is difficult.
I can only be so objective. I can only be so subjective. For
I have lived and I am the carrier of those desires of yesterday.
But I am open to retraining. I am open to reason. Give me
a new cloud and I will follow it with a story. And give
me a riddle and I will manage a solution. In some manner
I will manage a solution

32.

And rest upon a stage. To the winds of thought. I have
all of the time. I have all of the time. And away! Carry
the charge of obligation past this soul. I will approach
it when I am settled, in an hour or either tomorrow. Or either
in the time transcending reluctance and impatience. Things
happen in a time. And in the clouds of being, I cannot establish
a mark for performing. And rest upon a stage, revealing
a script I am given.

And if there be a freedom to the will, it will be by the absence
of knowledge of what is to come. I am steered. I am trained
and educated. I am the doctrine of this environment. And
wait? Upon a stage, indeed. And the acts become me. And
the lights, the others? I have no control of them, lest it
be written into my script. And life happens around me, calling
and asking, answering. And the illusion of liberation exists
by the notion of an unknown future. For a cause is no accident
and a cause, in my awareness or either without it, begins
a charge to my person.

And if there are no accidents, if it is true, then there truly
is no freedom to the will, except the nonknowledge of what
is to come. The mystery of experience unfolding masquerading
as personal force and identity. It is an unsettling thought,
that my preference and my character, my institution, it is
entirely shaped. But speculation. All speculation. Perhaps
it is better to think in a way which allows an independence

to my personal being. Or in the least a sense of independence.

It is more constructive really, considering the speculations of philosophy, to think in the manner which provides the greatest attitude for living. And the goals of living, them arriving by whatever force, be they happiness, economic stability, health, these be the ends. And the attitudes supported by a philosophy of personal development and free will, these attitudes will be adopted if they are adequate in assisting one to arrive at those ends. Speculation, the philosophies of existence and the forces of change, be they engineered or if they occur by a naturally selective God, and speculation, my role within a governed future. I wish to believe in free will, be it speculation. And I wish to believe in acting among a higher authority. And in the uncompromising situation of having these two attitudes, I find I must speculate to some degree.

I know this: that a future is unknown, and that the course of history demonstrates some intelligent design, and that I must believe in some degree of free will. And to think of all of this at the same time, it is enough to make one stop thinking. But it is a problem. And it is a riddle, to itemize one's concerns and beliefs, and marry them to one another in some logical strain. I am the larger for collecting my thoughts. Upon a stage of speculation.

33.

Or either I pass upon the larger concerns. For there is a time for this as well. Or either I let the thoughts cross in and out of consciousness at their own pace. This is an open mind and perhaps this is the soundest attitude for living, never affixing oneself to formalities and intellectual purity. No. Some things I hold to. And the rest? The attitude for the remaining speculations is that which I allow to drift.

What do I hold to? Murder is wrong. There is a social which exists with or without my participation. Literacy and

language is the union of social contradictions. There is a physical world, but it is not always correct. I hold to some speculations, I must in the interest of idealism and progress, if only personal progress. But let there be a contest. I am open to reason.

And if a contest separates me, I will realize that a contest, itself, is bounded by its contradiction to other contests. And if there were a box for all of the contests, it would exist in contradiction to boxes of other sorts. Everything has its partner, its duplicated character one degree different, and everything has its alternative. And if there be a reconciliation between any two things, that they be charged within a single and more comprehensive synthesis, there will always be one greater alternative. One more riddle will exist to be synthesized. And one more. And one more.

And that is why I rest. I acknowledge the futility in reconciling to infinity. To what ends? I must be reasonable. And this day the separates come together not by their contradiction to each other, but rather just because they are tired and in need of some consolation. Synthesis by retreat. An Eastern notion. That the matter of reason is revealed in a cognitive clearance. Or either that the important substances surface in meditation. And to the wind, them all.

34.

And prose, it is a word, it is an attitude of expression. And poetry, it is a word, it is an attitude. And I will hold them each close. For, perhaps, there is a time for one over another. There is an environment more suited to the attitude of a continuance and connectivity. A vacation, a narration. A project, a research, a methodology to remembrance. Or either an instant, a fascination, a single object, a dash of creation. This which divines the character of tinydom and atomism, or either this which recognizes an eternity and the aspects of a giving nature, an emotion.

A word, it is no secret. For the separates exist in any case.

Perhaps language follows an existence, a being. And there is no change by the social nominations. No matter. And the attitudes, they exist in any case, there just happened to be a genius cataloguing the aspects of humanity on one day. And the activities of living, the activities bring about the attitudes. They are just given a name. Today, this instant, I am of a poetic mind. And I will tell a song of my relationships. And now, I recognize a string of events, a plot, and I will live in a fashion with respect to a theme. Today.

And the attitudes, I elect the one which is directed and reasoned at ends. And do the ends, the goals of my being, do they shift, or is my election of a particular attitude a response to an environment, and with the same ends in a sight regardless? Or do my attitudes shift because my ends and interests shift. I have long term ends and I have shorter term ends, I have interests. And I attend to them all. And I address them all. In a manner I approach the obstacles. And what is required of me? For this, an attitude of intervention. For this, a retreat. For this, a sense of studentry and history. For this, a cleansed mind.

There are different ways to deliver myself. And on this day, there is not an environment which can match the call of simplicity and attending to my basic needs. I have no audience today except for myself. And my ends? They are nearby, they are protected. And in a contradiction to living as I do on most other days, my attitude is one of retreat. Not necessarily isolation, but retreat, whereby this which passes my sense, this pleasure and this allowance, it will be once again visited upon my return. The pleasures are banked.

35.

On this day I make trophies of the thoughts. And push them to the air. It can be exhausting, retreating retreating, noodling oneself beneath concepts, swaddling oneself in conceptual algorithms, and just plain thinking. Sleep happens, and then consciousness, and then a desire for recording

some novelty. But never a block, and never a closure. Open ends, a museum of changing exhibits, a conceptual exhibition which is ever on display. Or either I turn on the television, or either I browse a book, or either I take a quilt to the forest for a nap.

One cannot introduce novelties without exposure to novelties. Fifty percent time receiving, fifty percent time sending. It must be, or either I become a sheep, or either I become a commander. And in regards to receiving, I am not opposed to attending literary events, but I find most writers to be disconnected from philosophy. I tire from receiving words documenting something I have no care in remembering. I once heard a poem titled 'Lifestyles of the Dead.' that was good, it made me think of my own deathly lifestyle, but I have not heard anything good since.

I prefer finding my inspiration from natural phenomena and observations, from personal experience. And this is probably why I will never be read, because anyone with a common interest in finding inspiration away or outside of the social will not be of a mind to search for charted and bookly digressions. I would like to be read, I will not lie, but it is okay knowing that my constituency are not readers. In fact it is liberating to know that I write for no one.

And if I was of a mind to begin a movement, its social magnetism would be its diasporadic principles. There would be no Vatican to return to, there would be no clearinghouse of thoughts, there would be no central administration. And if there were to be an association of God it would be given a corner. And if there were to be an association of morality, it would be given a corner. One thousand corners, one thousand rooms, and I have the freedom to visit each or either I have the freedom to walk away.

And the attitudes, them streaming, perhaps I will dedicate myself to poetry in a day. Perhaps I will dedicate myself to a one. Perhaps there will be a reason. Or either I will

travel amongst them all, collecting virtues. And this will be my attitude, that not a single can contain this intent. That there is more to being than a poetic mind, or either there is nothing else.

36.

The faculties shift in knowing a thing in different manners. The faculties of the imagination and reason are realized and shaped by different approaches to the senses. And a primary attitude, this natural self since childhood, the one which requires no effort, the default attitude, this is the source of questions. I try on many hats. But the comforts and reliability of a primary attitude will be the ego and the checker to the novelties of an adapted personality.

And if I am ever of a mind to visit a wholistic representation of myself, a me which is inclusive of the varied attitudes and determinations, I will return to a personal history which began without discriminations and without the knowledge of separates. And the questions which separate me presently, the questions which challenge me to be a consistent and moral force? For an answer to these, I will travel backward slowly, reflecting, and arrive at a sense of mind which was in my own history which was a whole immediately before a setting event initiated two divergent attitudes. And from that instant I can apply a reason to the path in which I inhabit. And I can revisit its soundness.

It is all a matter of experience, really. This, and the reflection of experience. A judgment of a past. By this, I operate. I am a moralist. I am a synthesizer. Or either I am one to apply a reason to the attitude which governs me. An attribution of an attitude.

But who cares really? What good is a knowledge which only explains? I am what I am. Thank you Popeye. I shall stop comparing myself to myself now. And figure the course of understanding oneself is not located in a history and, in fact, why do I need to understand myself at all? I

do not. And if this is what I believe, then a poetic mind or either the act of writing poetry, its rewards would not be in the reflected moments of its development, but rather in the rewards of its completion. Of this mind, the purpose of poetry would be professional rather than personal. No. What a shame it would be. And the same goes to prose. And the same goes to painting. Et cetera.

37.

In the end I am of a poetic mind. And if this includes the other minds, all the better. And if this excludes the other minds, call it a sanctuary I will.

whenever somebody you know goes crazy,
you get a wish

38.

There are different kinds of crazy. There are the withdrawal sorts, there are the boisterous sorts, there are the sorts disconnected from a social reality, there are the kinds which punctuate some idealism off into the future. There is a crazy which needs to be protected against, there is an induced acute crazy, there is a phenomenal crazy which considers nothing but the present. There is a crazy which collects the past and puts it in assortments within museums, there is a crazy which believes that in all of the world there is not a person which can be a wholist, all are specialists.

And there become religions settling around types of crazy. There become temples to ways of thinking. There become attitudes and associated dogma, that, if all were to act in a manner the world would be an idealized place. There become social faculties, there become provisions and sanctuaries for adherents. But crazy? It is a word. And if I were to suggest a meaning for it, it would be in a reference to the values and affiliations I follow. Crazy is a psychosocial term used for individuals who fall outside of an establishment.

Crazy to a farmer? One who ignores a responsibility related to land and livestock. Crazy to a politician? One who disregards social responsibility. Crazy to an educator? One who is incompetent or unable to receive specific knowledge. Crazy is a relationship to a cognitively able establishment. And the greatest ideation of craziness, this which transcends establishments, and this which most people can agree upon, this notion is that which establishes an internal affiliation with a society and that which establishes an external affiliation with a society.

The governing majority is the identity of sanity, ever on a saving charge to bring crazy into a social line, or either on a conscientious charge to take a respectful care for those without the ability to recognize the positive reproductions of social intercourse. The governing majority, it can be a staggering establishment for one outside of its bounds. But

not all craziness elects to be within its bounds. Conscientious objection may be a form of crazy, the withdrawal type. But a world has a responsibility, a community has a responsibility, this being the maintenance of a unified forum for civic participation. Lest we dissolve the social.

39.

The maintenance of the social, it falls upon every person with an affiliation. People are filtered in job interviews and conversation. People are filtered economically and in regards to home neighborhoods. Professions qualify intellectual types and capacities for development, each establishing a threshold. And taken as a whole, society takes all of the particular thresholds and establishes a comprehensive threshold, and it then establishes gatekeepers for social maintenance.

The formalization of cognitive screening occurs in a postmodernity. But there is a contest. The far out craziness is not contested, but the bounds of some types of insanity are shaped and reshaped in politics and public affairs. Some contests do not dispute the nature of a particular crazy, but rather the sides differ on their approach to what should be done. Nothing? Perhaps. Or either intensive reeducation, job placement, strategies for care and reintegration.

Who will dedicate resources and for what purpose? Community living facilities? Prisons? Homeless shelters? A greater security force? Prevention? Elementary and secondary education? Ideology does not typically differ with regards to *who* is crazy but rather with regards to *now what*.

But every generation asks the big question or either establishes a defense for a particular *who*. And the person who was defended becomes the social exception and becomes an entertainer. And the thresholds are maintained. And with all of the exceptions accounted for, that generation then turns its attention to the *now what* dialogue. Humanism has been established, the exceptions for religious crazy and eccentric crazy have

been given a home, and the 'in' leadership can address the problem of resource distribution. Or not.

The maintenance of the social, the responsibility of governance, it is assumed by people who have ideas. Ideas! Oh, yes. And the popular perspective is that ideas are good. And if my ideas for social construction and reconstruction are recognized as affirmative, the tertiary dialogue of what to do with social obstacles can begin. Thus, people with unrelated ideas are often put in a position to decide on what to do with crazy people, this being because an idealist is given a comprehensive key to streamline everything within their jurisdiction.

Thus emerges bureaucracy, the apolitical establishment. Some executive offices defer their responsibility in certain areas to generic principles. And if a generic principle buries itself in mediocrity long enough it will be given reigns to establish itself as inherently good. There is no contest to the establishment of a department of transportation or a department of natural resources or a committee on disability access. And apolitics wins, and the idealist, they become contained as the moral representation of civic good will. Good enough, I suppose. That everything is accounted for.

40.

Apolitics is an innocent term for a segment of government which is not contested. And in the eventual, apolitics suffocates a streamlined agenda. And emerges an institutional government of entitlements for old ideas. And the buildings which house old ideas, they come to reflect an apolitical establishment. They are plain and functional and practical, they are not intended to be monuments or inspirational.

Buildings pop up. And they serve their purpose, they deliver the targeted specifics of one area of social need. And if you take all of the apolitical establishments and take a look at their administrative structure, you will

find that they are all alike. Administration is the mainstay of bureaucracy. Paperwork and records, database after database, it fills a building. And the intended programming, the care or service which is to be administered, it must answer in every regard to an authority which is at least once removed from any external contact.

Institution. The word suggests a place for crazy people. A place is suggested which carries its own professional language and its own system of belief. A place which is its own system with its own governing principles and its own post office and its own literature and its own financial records. A place which is independent in the interest of securing a chaotic portion of society. And society is glad to have a watcher of some specific ideal which would otherwise go unchecked.

I rest easy among institutions. They lighten my social concerns. And they lighten the concerns of officials in the public eye. If there is a problem, there is an institution ready made to handle it, one prepared to handle political fallout, and one prepared to assemble a social change committee. And all I really need to do is pay my taxes and I will have no worries for a lifetime.

41.

I have my own institution. It is a home. I have developed a system for the administration of my life. It is represented by four walls and a roof, a yard and a garage. And I believe that the people who know me are pleased to see that I have a place to contain my interests and my ideology. On the inside there is a couch and chairs, a kitchen, bookshelves and a file case, a bed. And there are the instruments for the engagement of my attention, the instruments for engaging a society, and there are the instruments for the formation of a social change committee.

Social change, it is, in the first, personal. But with the institutional tools and administration of a foundation the

likes of a home, the personal can quickly become realized. Social change is in the interest of personal goals but it is satisfied systematically. And the point at which an individual realizes the potential of their administration is the point at which they can disassociate their actions from their person. For all that occurs is professional within an administration and all that occurs will follow a separate system of values than an individual will follow.

There is a greater threshold for mischief and spending and testing within an institution than a single individual would ever allow for themselves. Disassociation. I am no longer responsible for my actions, I benefit from them, but I do not carry the burden of their consequences. And if my institution stays as only this home, that is enough for my disassociation if my toilet floods or if my refrigerator breaks or if I need a new television. I can remain objective in disassociation.

Responsibility first requires disassociation. I can step outside of myself and reflect upon the needs of this environment objectively. I can address a problem and I can manage a solution without it actually affecting my physical or emotional person. And then return to baseline at the end of responsibility. I return to myself, I reassociate.

And perhaps this is the cause of crazy. Some people recognize the need for stepping outside of their self but encounter a confusion or disorientation in an entirely objective frame of mind. Or perhaps they do not recognize that they can reassociate at the conclusion of responsibility. Or either they do not recognize a home institution to call their own and they hold no interest in disassociation with regards to some other person's or government's administration. A person needs a home, a domain of their own to do with as they wish, a home to administer.

42.

And upon a Sunday, the allowance for disassociation can

be a sleep in objectivity. Disassociation can be an approach to obligation but it is easy to forget that this body requires attention. A rest, a harbor, and a sense for what this body requires, a sense for what this mind requires. Feed it a book and a milk. And look no further than this environment, its engagement.

And tomorrow comes, it is in the remaindered portion of my mind, pushed away. It will be installed by sunrise and this presence will be prepared for a greater disassociation. A home will have been settled by daybreak, mental notes will have been made. And a responsibility will be the fuller for balancing itself between the microns of personal institutionalism and the macrons of social service.

Disassociation, with it a wish. The categories of struggle are set aside, that upon an end I will not have remembered their tiresome noise. Ends will have been worth that period of reluctance and incontinence. I was not myself, but upon this reinforcement I am now able to stand as an advocate for duty. In my reassociation I can wear the hat of a someone one step hardened by living.

But I cannot wish to disassociate my entire existence, for a philosophy of appreciating a path can be as rewarding as an acquisition of ends. A selective disassociation, perhaps, one in which I find myself engaging a responsibility, and a one which can account for a personalism in stages in a tandem. And I reflect. A moment removed, a cigarette or either a black cherry kool aid, and I remember a reason. That the last of my causes brought me something desirable, and this effort is not in vain. I am confident.

And two I become. Electing a separation of myself with a reservation for knowing which to engage. Two. A responsible authority reserved for a social sphere, and a responsible authority defending the little needs of the self. And a reason between them. A unifying character receiving the demands of a primitive self and a disassociated modern self. And

when I grow old (I will know it when it happens), I will have found a union for the parcels of my imagination. I am sure they need each other, for I cannot live as a hermit forever, nor can I exist as a social butterfly forever. A balance, this be a character.

43.

And again, disassociate. In realizing a completion, remove oneself to objectivity. And in the eventuals of age, realize an objective character. That a time, a Sunday afternoon, or another periodic experience, this be the balance to a shifting professionalism. An institutionalism of character, with assessments and with tools prepared for social evolution.

I will allow myself a wholeness of character, but it will be within the disassociations of living. For I cannot be completed fulfilling a list of responsibilities. The mind is not at work in these instances, and the attachment only to a professional self is the reduction of one's entirety to a framed personality. I cannot think of a frame which would satisfy me. Religion comes close, but even it is a reduction. Religion is a reference to an historical context and epoch of which, if I was a part, I was an idea, and not freely constituted. There will be more religions, and there will be more ideas, good ones, indeed, and I will endorse them all. In disassociated reflections, I will become the religionist and the hospitalist and the educationist, them all. For instances. And then return to another disassociation.

And perhaps there is a philosophy or either a religion to disassociation. Perhaps I will have made a cause for its curriculum. If, upon my end, my term of living can be recognized as good in one regard, disassociation will have been given a corner in some library. Or at least a paragraph. No matter. It is the manner in which I test the aggravations of a society of demands. It is the manner in which I happen upon myself. And it is the manner which allows creative experience and creative representation. And it is the manner I have grown to know as that which allows personal growth

and a degree of constructive discrimination.

44.

And if there be a continuum to everything, that in the end there are no separates, I will have lived a life at the corners of being. I will have looked across the intermediates and spanned the assumptions and the certainties. A science will have been made of the middles, and an attention to the outernesses of the cloud of experience will have been made. And the continuum, I will have reasoned its dissolve. For living and language, expression, the records, a reality suggests there is a similarity to all, but a reason exacts the particulars, a reason is operative.

Operative, that a time travels in a day. Operative, that a taste for well-spiced food I have. Operative, that a city be different than a country. Operative, that there be a sense to advancement and progress by technology. After all, it is operative. The social frames of understanding and carrying forward, the frames of composing oneself and representing oneself to another independent person, these are operative distinctions. For without a social cause, all would be alike, all would be of a continuum.

And if I disassociate, the harmony and reassurance of an untitled and ungatherable continuum offers a stop, a rest to the social contradictions. A rest to the operatives of namecalling and finalities. A disassociation brings me upon an antilanguage and antiplace, an antiscience. And the alternative pole of reassociation, I will reenter a social when the conditions are favorable. When the conditions are not a distraction to the truths of living and representing in a balance with the aspects of this self, the aspects of this self will be recognized.

45.

And crazy? It is no wonder that distinctions be made for types of people, those unable or unwilling to reassociate, or either those unable or unwilling to disassociate. Or either

those without a personal institution to administer, a place of answers and of confidence. The social is quick to respond to the antisocial, and the social leaders are quick to alternate between the needs of society to withdraw or engage. Crazy? It is a social determination for a personal condition, and it is an operative distinction. That one person can be recognized as an other, one being outside of the operations of a healthy and developing society.

And if a healthy and developing society manages the rules and obligations of its inhabitants, and if it draws the conditions for inclusion, one might wonder where the source of such a power lie. In the hands of the sociologists and the anthropologists and the authors and the artists, those representing health, those providing a wonder. That if a contradiction and a qualification be made for antiforces and obstacles to progress, there will be a majority opinion within a society that a type of person is a distraction to value and a distraction to social objectivity.

Objectivity, this is an operative word as well. It assumes objectives and conditions for achievement. Objectivity assumes an existence and a preferred existence, the two are not necessarily separate in reality, but the two exist as a contradiction, one being an associated presence and one being a disassociated presence. A person can only exist in a sense-based world, however, an objective disassociation is the governor of that sense-based world. Existence and essence. One is the theater of being and one is the theater of change and ideas.

46.

And a wish, to the disassociates. Those who have removed themselves in whatever manner, a change is your subject. Dream on, and never mind the social until the conditions are reflections of your intent. And never mind a name. And never mind the operatives.

Society dissolves if it is not fed, universalism dissolves, regionalism dissolves, the social steps dissolve. And likewise

they are constructed in reverse. And if I have only my attention, that is enough to accompany my isolation or engagement. I have this freedom, to attend to myself or either this which affects me. I have this freedom.

And if I grow by the constructions and reconstructions of a society, and if I forget myself for an instant, I will go back. To the Sunday and to the open window wind. To the words and the language I have made. And to the grandest thoughts, and the smallest, and the intermediates. To the continuum and this which is separated by reason. I have this freedom.

And if I reach an end to my character, I will have known the reason why.

character

47.

To know oneself and to know the manner in which I represent.
To know character. This established in the reflections of beliefs and the reflections of activity. I will respond to a force in a manner. Thus, the environment is that which reveals a character. And the alternatives which never became because an environment did not call upon the aspects of this person? Still a part of character though they will never be revealed.

An outward and known character and a sum of character, this unrevealed. The reflections of a Sunday bring one to a knowledge of themselves. The reflections in the course of rest and the redemption of a personal history allow a knowledge. Given a stimulus I will respond. And I am to be known in a manner. The public will know me in a manner. And if the manner a public knows me is aligned with the manner I know myself, a character can be said to be socially balanced.

I wish to be known as an intelligent humorist, a poet, an observer, a person of service. And I act upon these ambitions. And by acting upon ambitions I come to reflect those ambitions. I shall believe I am this if I act as this. If I act as this and this becomes my nature I will have the confidence of an identity which I will recognize as my character. And if a public receives me in the same manner as this which I believe my character to be, I will be stilled. Yes, this I be, or either I shall redirect your reception of me to include a something which is the cornerstone of my being.

Or either your introduction of an environmental or conceptual something presents itself as a discord to my continence. And I return to reflection or either react to a new stimulus immediately. I have changed. I have made a response to a new governing principle. My character is a product of this environment, indeed.

48.

But there is more to character than the introduction of an

environmental force. The history which travels with a person, and the knowledge of the universe, this affects this which I receive. All will be reconciled before an evidence will remark a character.

But the potential for remark exists, and, thus, character could not be fixed. An environment changes a person. And an environment taps the personal philosophies of reason. Or either an environment introduces variables which alter the manner in which a character is represented. And if this be the case, only the knowledge of a character changes and not the actual character.

I do not need to endorse the idea of a fixed character or the idea of a changing character. I am the same. But a reflection makes me consider that there must be some stone to my existence, perhaps a soul. And a reflection makes me consider that there be some part of me which is open to growth and reason and environmental introductions. I need not qualify my beliefs of character in one manner or another, because there is a reason to believing in either manner.

Perhaps I am split. I am severed. The disassociate in me grounds itself in a universal quality to myself. And the reasonist in me calls upon me to evolve and to respond to an environment. If I were to approach a contemplative existence in exclusively one manner or the other I believe I would be approaching life shortly. Perhaps this is an element to my own character, that I need exist in at least two governing frames of thought. I can only reflect upon my own experience and my own history.

But I do know that I respond to change. I respond by an attitude to environmental subtleties. And whether this be the mark of a shifting character or either it be a canonized response born of a fixed character, it shall depend upon the question. If a character is this which is socially received, I will be known evolutionarily by a social establishment. And if a character is this which adapts to a developing universe,

by knowledge, I will be known evolutionarily by myself. Or either if a character manages responses, if a character is not its outward expression, but rather the governor of outward expression, a character will be the anchor of one's social continuity.

49.

And a soul? Perhaps a character is an expression of the soul. An abbreviation of the soul, this outward. The soul, it is a stone, fixed, it is a nonphysical matter that neither grows nor retracts. And across an environment, it is the doctrine of cause. And a character, this aligned with the soul, I am completed by a confidence, a knowledge, that, this representation is a representation of this which I truly am. I could be no other.

And if I am to believe in a fixed soul, it is easy to believe in a God, a fixed creator, an intelligent creator. And likewise a character to God. By this experience, by these encounters I have been exposed to the character of God. And by this I could know God's character, a representation of God, but I could not know the soul of God. My knowledge of God's character is ever enlarging, it is shifting, in a day the character of God was generous and justice, in another day the character of God was mischievous. And the sum of all of this experience brings me to a composite identity of God's character.

But to know the soul of God is to know all. And likewise, to know my own soul, or either to know the soul of anyone, it is to have collected all of the characters and formed a composite. And time, it is at no end, there is no end to the representations, the characters of God. And I am not at an end, I have not completed my social definition, my character is still broadcasting. I am the lesser, indeed, but the general quality of soulism is that it is a well, a resource to the representations of character. There is an answer to my being, and there is an answer to God, the nature of God, there is an answer to the universe, and in an eternity I will be one stage closer to understanding. In a lifetime I will have

been revealed, in the least in a part.

50.

In a part I will have been revealed. I come to know myself by the representations and the interactions with this environment. And I come to know the character of friends and confidants and colleagues and teachers, authorities. And to each, I go to for a particular answer. And with the really big questions, I go to the character of God. And by the questions I ask, I come to know my own character. Learning by experience across a period. I am a chronological being, and if I recognize this, I must recognize the need to step away from time, that I take an afternoon to know the reasons, the characters which surround me.

Does everything have a soul? This tree? This cloud? This ocean? I believe everything has a character, and I believe everything and every concept has a true likeness in a platonic netheruniverse. A soul? I cannot give a soul to a rock, or either in the greatest sense I can give a fixed character to a rock. I reserve the notion of the soul for those entities which have the potential for knowing that they have a soul, those entities with a command of their character, and those entities which have the potential to respond, including withdrawal, from a social.

And I characterize. I nominate and qualify, I place a value upon other characters. And I believe the natures of those entities which I sense and which I come to know, I believe they are representations of that soul. And across a time I gather a greater and a greater collection of data with a regard to an individual. I attribute such data to the character of that individual, and only upon a lengthy exposure to a person can I believe that I am qualified to believe that the soul of this individual reflects these consistencies, which I might believe to be fixed qualities of this individual.

And one step advancing, personality is a representation of character. So, there is a soul, fixed. There is a character,

ever balancing the need to understand oneself and understand one's environment, representing the soul to an environment, and representing an environment to one's soul. And there is a personality, representing the knowledge and character of oneself to an external world.

51.

And perception, it is the sense associated with personality. I cannot see everything, but I am trained to attend to particulars which impress upon my personality. And given enough introductions I will have framed a reaction and hardened a personality to this character which transcends an immediacy.

Perception is the root of logic, it is the base of knowledge. And given a social language and given a sense I will have brought an external something into my cognition. And in a manner I will have believed this message to be. This strata of information is now given a regard. And given a personality and a character, I will have brought this data into my own in a regard consistent with my existing knowledge. And if I have no related knowledge of this concept or either this material, it will have arrived to me unrehearsed.

But I stand in a corner. And I observe from a position. I receive with a respect to the orientation of my body and of my history. I am not omniscient. Perhaps in a time I will have studied an object or a subject from several perspectives and I will consider myself an authority. Perhaps in a time. But I know the bounds of being one individual. And if I am to know this, I can account for time, I can recognize my handicap and I can make a science of discovery. A pace of learning can be had, that degrees of learning come with the foundational knowledge of my own limits.

And everything to this point of time which I have processed, I have formed an opinion. And the dedicated position is something I give to character. Character reflects knowledge, and personality is the manner in which I reflect knowledge, and the manner in which I seek knowledge. Thus, personality

reflects character in a manner, and character is the determination of knowledge as filtered by the soul.

52.

So what. Well, by placing divisions and layers of the self one can realize that one part cannot be affected, one part is the rational element of the self and subscribes to reason and logic, and one part represents all other parts. And with this knowledge I can attend to one portion of myself.

On this day I wish to develop my personality. I practice politics and poetry. On this day I wish to evolve my character, I learn, I am open to learning. On this day I will define my soul, I will come to know this eternal which is buried within me. Or either I make no plans for the development of any part of myself, but I am aware of this which affects me and how it affects me.

But such humanly divisions are the stuff of academics and teachers. The student is divided and aspects of that person are targeted for development. Knowledge comes in many forms, and the isolation of the parts of humanity is the earliest trick of educators. The soul, the character, the personality, really the parts are arbitrary. The most important lesson that an intern can receive is that there are separates to being. And the separates shift and sway, they are represented differently across various social environments, they seek different objects, they have different wishes.

And so the question is, "what is the purpose of education?" Character? Knowledge? Knowledge of oneself? Those with a social bend on educational matters would say the development of character is the most important. Those with progressive ideals would say the knowledge of nature and its command or allowance is most important (science). Those who rely upon a faith would suggest a knowledge of oneself is all that can truly be known. Personally, I believe the development of character is most important, with a dash of science and a dash of selfism. For in character, an

individual is allowed to reflect upon nature, and represent themselves consistently. The character is the gatekeeper of the will and it is the motivation of personality.

53.

How then, the character emerges? And if one were alone would there still be a character to recognize? The outward development of the character is a response to an environment which is consistent with one's nature, one's soul. And those who would put only a social tag upon a character are those who do not take moments in social reflection, and do not assume the actions and intentions directed toward inanimates are representative of a character.

I believe there is no measure to a character. Each may be assorted in some relation to a social identity, but they are more. Each is unique. As representative of experience and the representation of balance between an environment and the fixed self, there can be no measure to the varieties of living. And if I believe this, there can be no classification for crazy. But this is not realistic, for there is a social threshold to appropriateness. But this is marked in specific observations of asocialism and antisocialism by an authority which believes that a progress must include the notion of a segregated society.

But I believe there is no measure to character. And actions, there must be social accountability and social reinforcement, for if there were not there would be no need in getting out of bed in the morning. And if a professional salary be the mark of some social form of desirable character, or either if someone is marked as an authority of some intellectual domain, I must recognize these as inadvertent measures of character, that is, if I place a value upon money or authority. But formal measures, they cannot stand up to a logic because people cannot be put into categories neatly. I believe people change and adapt, and I believe a character will respond to something new. And in believing this, the moment a person is classified will be the moment in which that person

steps away from themselves, taking their character with them.

And further, the soul cannot be judged because it cannot be ultimately known. If one were to judge another's soul based upon character and personality representations, they would be assuming they know the core of that person just by association or observation. Speaking personally, I do not know the entire depth of my soul. And to believe that one individual could know another's? They must rely upon a faith in a homogeneity or either the power of their own naming to bring about one aspect of that individual.

54.

But it is in my nature to nominate, to develop a social language of types of people. It is reasonable to classify and characterize, for in believing in a manner, this is the first ground of a developing knowledge. I name and characterize in the interest of respect or either self defense. And I react to my characterizations. And perhaps if I were to characterize myself in a manner, I would, too, reflect what I believe to be myself.

And the nature of change is evolutionary. That what I once believed to be has developed, whether it be a knowledge of myself or a knowledge of someone else. And in the course of separating myself, in reflecting objectively upon the actions and thoughts of myself, I arrive at a conclusion. I hope my characterizations of myself can keep a pace with the changes and responses to an environment I undergo. And perhaps this is the manner in which I measure a character, the allowance for adaptation and the discipline in which one engages a living.

I can speak for myself. Myself, hmmm. And I will apply myself in a time. At a pace I unfold. And I will not become the names of others. There was a time when I existed as the names of others, but I stepped away from that. I could only, my character had reached a settlement with its category

and it stepped away to a more desirable affirmation. And it will once again. Shedding. Shedding. In dreams and revelations, in conversations and reflections, shedding.

That I be perfect one day, or either on the path to perfection. And in this recognition, the evolutionary nature of being is entitled. Character is entitled recognizing some name. a social is entitled, one which is reinforcing to a character in the end. And I engage. With a social construct. By a confidence in character I favor a path to social recognition, or either a retreat from it. I declare a responsibility in any case, that I am entitled to a free will. In shedding I am entitled.

the poetics of anything

55.

Oh, how the heart flutters by. It passes in reclamations
and settlements. The order of the last advances with circumstance.
And I can tell. I can know the sounds by one perspective
is not the sound of another. They only advance.

I wait for impulse, and for steadiness. The two will be the
knowledge of stepping out. And the stars, I will step beyond
them. When I am ready I will pass upon them. Making
something new of myself, and making something new of
history. Cycling over the seasons and the years, I either
advance or I make a home which advances for me.

I am the temper of knighthood. I can sustain an order and
I can make a cause for an establishment. But a day job is
only the reflection of a social hemisphere. And I am more.
A cause for myself, the amplification of myself and the
world and its illusions. And if a knighthood is a temporary
nature, or either if a knighthood is a social condition, in
my otherness there is an elsewhere which extends beyond
labels and function. And I give myself to it.

The passions, of advancement. There is not an anchor nor
a line to this soul. It settles, it floats, it returns and escapes,
it is absent or either this soul is infinity and affinity and
definity, them all. And reluctant. For the limits of letting
and allowance, they cannot overcome the needs of this body,
the physics of pleasure and the biology of joy. There are
limits which one must learn to forget. Or either be the
arm of society ever learning the nature of service.

The poetics of anything, it is a start. Anything is a start.
That in the first, a knowledge be the cause of other knowledges,
associations. And the poetics, the noetics, this which I
have contained, a mastery, it is a start. And in a day I
will have put a universe beneath my stones. And with a
charge to the familiar, release them all. I no longer have
a need for air nor moving wind, nor aspens, nor love, nor
love. I no longer have a need for knowledge, lest it begin

again. And if it does, I will be prepared to remember the last cycle, and to let it slip away one further this time. This time.

56.

Arranging words upon a paper, I am content. Arranging a voice for a social, I am an allowance. And speaking easy, of trees, of parties, of socialisms and mindisms, the weather and the constance of change. I have a subject. This time small, this time incremental, this time incidental. For a subject knows an audience, if only my own, and I will elect its representation.

Time is a subject. The orders of planets and whorls, the flame I burn in, the object of forgetting. I am stilled in passing, for there is no other. I am stilled in whistling winters and wetnesses not quite snow. And in the summer forged by the joys of letting down one's hair and calling upon paganites with canoes, and farmers, gardeners. And again winter, and again summer. Again. The gray creeps into this hair tousled by anything winds, I look out, tousled.

And content for my own history, a time recorded in fourteen volumes to date. A story of personal proverbs of rainbows and fashions and customs and wonders. Oh, how a list of anything travels. Always forward. And if I were to say the latest was the best, I will have stepped away from a portion of a day, a breakfast, gone, an afternoon coffee, gone. Or either if I place my reliance in a distant history of a friend or a neighbor, or the evening news, I will have forgotten the most important thing, my presence among among.

I have charged. And the records, the books, the stones, they were not meant for another. They mean nothing. They are a title. They are a collage. They hang upon a wall and carry no social interest. And if there be a public in any sense, I wish it to be a one which can recognize an arbitrary heart and its efforts. And back to the riddles or either the

tantrums of living once removed by your objectivity. I trust your objectivity. I engage your objectivity. In any sense my history, this composed in meters will engage your objectivity, for I was gone at its conclusion.

57.

And if there be a thesis, a continuity to drafts, it will be known as I am known. From a first word, a first mark, a letter to an audient, the rest will follow in a line. I have begun a chronology of observations and representations, of markers, let out at the speed of living. But even if I have been absorbed by the names of poetry, and even if I am to believe I have delivered the entirety of myself in a song, a reflection tells me otherwise.

There was a conversation of death I was not comfortable speaking of. There was a dream of a bright light which I told no one. There was that perfect ear of corn which I put butter and parmesan cheese on. There is not a story in everything or either there is a story in everything. Just ask me at the instant of cognitive engagement and a line, a thesis, it will happen. And I will not tell you if it was accurate or either it lends itself to consideration, but I can consent to the freeness of your exam.

And a cloud upon a shelf. A rain and a thunder, in a book. A thought, buried in language. I know the meaning of an instant, a revelation, a query. Or so I hold. Lightning, by this forum. And the construction of mountains. And the direction of stars. And the fastening of myself to a sunlight. Ahh! This beach will be a fine poem. In sandals, out of sandals. This water and its shoreline sounds folding upon a white sand. The pelicans. The fishermen. The sailboat, solitary. The shaved ice. A poem, upon a shelf.

And I cannot correct a history. I cannot redirect a history. Not in truth. Lest the social desire a particular accounting. But I know otherwise. And this afternoon is a matter for my own exercise. Welcome, if you will, but know the histories

of this poetry are only as objective as I. And I am bound to no such rule. And this language, as familiar as it sounds, it is bound to no region. There is not a harbor nor dictionary, there is not a church which carries a key to this. There cannot be.

And I begin another. I am of this day, shuffling to the water and shuffling back again. And a cigarette. How I remember the cause of this morning, I have made a list. And even an hour past spins a memory. And even a perfect verse has forgotten something. But it also leaves a something else. For the writing of a poem is a dash of experience and a dash of idealism or some type of 'ism,' whichever I be.

58.

Some poems are never meant for paper. Some poems, as others, begin in the imagination, but there they are also completed, and there they remain. Because they are too good for public reproduction, or because they are particular in their nature, they remain. I keep a volume of personalisms and wisdoms, verses, concealed. And perhaps I represent them unknowingly (how could I not?), and perhaps I offer them to their source.

Because the conscience has an audience.

59.

And if I know a public, and if I begin to believe in the securities of public representation, the best of these personalisms will become a public record. In the first they need be understood intimately and conscientiously, and in the second, they need be balanced with the interpretive tendencies of an inquisitive public. I do not always have something to share, and further, I cannot rely upon a canned reception.

An audience is human. An audience is reliably satisfied with this introduction which corresponds to an element of their own partialisms. And to strike a chord, this introduction

will be not neutral. This introduction will be either against a belief and a principle, or either in the favors of an existence. I will show you something new. Watch. And consider a voice. And consider a position. For this pillow of language was first a matter of my own, and now, to the day between us, I will give you a moment.

And in the course of reciting a memory I will listen. I will favor a manner of telling you the natures of a poem. And in this now, there is a something between us, a word traveling from my own, but sent in your language, that a meaning be reserved for our own company. And this code, buried in sound and art, it will protect.

Canons and constitutions, laws and labels. Between us is a reason, if reason is a thought in any case. If reason is a language and a union of meaning, this replacing a history and this substituting a future, we have a reason. Transcending the discerns of individualism, a reason is the atom of our engagement. We are now a social. And this spark of interest in our corner, though it be not everything, it is the mark of a public imagination, focused upon a something we both know intimately enough.

Enough to know cause. And enough to know a freedom. This word is enough to begin a rest or either an obligation, it is enough to start. Necessarily, lest this we dissolve, or either this be our intent, our future, we dissolve.

60.

Hanging among illusions and delusions, afterthought and participation with this mind. Hanging among the objects, I, knowing a purpose of selflessness or either the purpose of being one by the recognition of a unified several. This community is a wisdom unto itself, and if I be an introduction, a social seed, I will be a reference to the remaining advents of this material community. I am material. I am form. I am still.

And if a collage will be this universe I am among, and if I am material, will there be a separation to my being? I am to say, I. That a universe be defined by the expanse of sense, and further, by the expanse of memory, and further, by the expanse of the imagination. And are they material? Are these to be included among this universe, or are they to be itemized as a construct with a reference to my body? History is material, memory is material, imagination is material. But separated from this body, these. And separated from observation. I am their keeper.

And if I give a poem from my heart and from my position, if I am to allow the subtleties of my inner materials to pass into the social clouds of the invisible materials, I will have recognized a greater threshold. That a universe exists which is greater than string theories and chaos, a one which is inclusive of all the materials, a one of intent and first cause and first principles. I am sustained by an allowance to the higher plains, and the lessers, they will represent me. I will wear black today. I will carry a book as a thought. I will visit a house of ideas. This physical represents the other materials.

And this poem, it will represent the other materials as well. Now, upon a paper, this undeniably material. And this word, to a wisdom and back, it will be the force of an inspiration. And a cause will be the force of the actual, and this linked, of this mind, a daybreak, a morning bird, it will be the inspiring sound of tomorrow. Oh, what memory shapes a future? Oh, what idealism am I satisfied with? This poem will represent the other materials, and its materialism will be the stuff of purpose.

61.

Anything. The thoughts, the memories, the imagination. The world, the solar system, the moon. A lake, fed by a mountain melt, cold in summer. The physics of bodily movement, animal sex. Social hierarchies, divinity, the purpose of growing old and having families, the purpose of visiting

the divine, the divine. And music, and food, the smell of autumn popcorn with sugar, the first cold of October. And halloween. The thoughts, how they amount to one larger anything. One grand poem. It is a list and will continue even in my retreat.

All I need do is grasp the anythings. Pluck them from the materialisms and the invisible forms. Harvest the anythings and braid them into a poem. And trim. And trim. And this collage, it will one day reveal a perfect material. This collected from the anywheres, and returned. I will be satisfied when the degrees of aging have generated a sense of completion. Perhaps when I retire, or either perhaps when I am complete I will retire.

I am a poem. I represent the faculties of this life. A childhood, an adolescence. I still remember and I represent if I am of a mind or not. Representations come naturally, if this growing has been natural. And it was all a matter of anything. For I was not restricted in receiving receiving. And I placed no bounds upon what was best to know. But it is harder now. This life settles, and the anythings, they must transcend the earlier to mark this character. I am still a poem, developing, but the whiles of this imagination are more likely to reflect the impressions of youth.

But with a collaboration of experience. I cannot sell experience short. While the earliest lessons were a construction of this character, the later stages provide a reason for such a construction. And with a reason, the inspiration of dedicating oneself to a social fabric is revealed. I have only been a poem for six years now. Before that I was a something else, something no less profound, but now I am dedicated to representing this union of character and reason.

62.

And that another poem exist. And another. Faces. Of a beauty, of retirement, of will, of satisfaction. Faces, each resembling a character, an idea. Humor, comfort, rest. I

go to each with a question of such measures. A study, each. A poem, each. Intelligence, defense, wit. There is a poem for every angle of humanity, them walking and socializing, them exercising a character, representing.

And what am I? A force of some sort, indeed, as any. In fact, I am the last authority trained in couchism and reflection, the last subtlety of Sunday snacks and leisure. Or either the sensitive naturalist waiting for the first dry spring day. Or either the critic, for I have an opinion. And a dreamer, watching a technology evolve, that it one day include the poet. And a humanist. And a reader. A gatherer of ideas. Them all. This poem will be a composite of contemplative ease, and enjoy or either offer an allowance without an attention.

Professionally speaking, the titles are more instrumental. The banker, the grocer, the dentist, the gardener. Professionally the categories of poems are separated. A life need be lived within the confines of a track, that all the tracks fit neatly together, that the whole be in the entire reproduction of everyone's effort. Society is a poem in this regard. With confounds and consternations, with glottal stops and flowers. There are those elements trafficking joy, and there are those elements trafficking a responsibility. And most will grow old in recognizing the social above their own poemnity.

But there are events which return a public to themselves. War is one. The intrusions of technology are another. The loss of someone or something important. There are many events which bring a public around to a personal reflection. That a value replace the social participations in specialisms and common ethics.

There must be something personal. In the end, there must be a return to the self. For I am not a germ. I am not an organ in some large poem called humanity. I am whole. I am not a part. In fact, if I had parts and if those parts had specialisms, I would be a society. I am a society. With elections and

debates, with resources and allocations, and long-term goals and status. And character, this. That in the end, I return to this. The end of whatever, the last thought of the day, the last remark, the end of service. Or either the end of this life, I hope to be completed. And what a poem it was!

63.

Everything in a place. All of the concepts arranged in a chronological fashion. All of the double-meanings resolved. And a faith lent. This life was indeed a poem and I never figured upon the meaning. A good poem. With nature as a foundation, with experience as the keystone, with vivid imagery and logic and respect. With a mention of the universe and a mention of the particulars, a mention of the struggles and a mention of the joys.

And a reflection. To the plunders of adolescence and to the wit of middle age, and to the eldered and tempered respect for everything that came after. For a continuance. That there be a chapter beyond my end, I am confident.

And in this middle age of looking toward an end, I hope not to look too far. For this poem is not yet written. There are several revisions before I step into the next meter and into the next cloud, and into the next cloud. I will, in the least, be the cause of one more rain and one more rainbow and one more inquiry into the nature of God and planets and material and atoms. I will be the cause of crystals and harvest and ancience, history. I will be the cause of one more picnic by a lake.

And knowing that I am satisfied that I will know, upon an end, that is enough to step forward in a presence. Without a hurry, of course, for cause arrives in the liberalisms of living without a force. And in the recognitions of other subtleties. I am not alone. This poem is attached to another. Be it a season or a flood, be it a sociological phenomena or a friend, be it a history revealed or either a history refuted, be it a dream or a simple word over Folger's over morning

news, I am attached.

So I am large. I am everything. So I am small. I am an article, a word. In this middle life I have no commitment to one position over the other. And if I elect a side for a living, it is likely that that will be reducible to its largeness and its smallness. Everything is large and small. Everything is a metaphor and everything is a reference. Everything means something to this imagination and everything is an article. Everything is a matter of faith when I think about it and everything is without value when I think about it in another way.

A poem is a lighthouse. A poem is a school. A poem is a word. A poem is ink. A poem is a thought. A poem is a marriage. A poem is death. A poem is faith. A poem is irony. A poem has no meaning. A poem is a memory, gone as the sunrise. A poem is a star. A poem is every star, written for the night. A poem is a first vehicle, a yellow Volkswagen. A poem is a coffee. A poem is an allowance, I deserve a poem. A poem is a clock with hands that spin mercilessly and sometimes stop altogether. A poem is a nap, and when I wake I will consider that. A poem is a consideration, with wide eyes. A poem is an abbreviation of experience. A poem is experience.

A poem is.

A poem.

A poet.

A poem.

objects as people

64.

To call a thing, to recognize a thing, is to separate it from oneself. Disassociation. And in the course of disassociating and naming one inherently places a value upon that thing. Every relationship to the word I use, and every history related to a recognition, this is summoned. And the thing becomes a relation to the social or either a relation to an history of oneself. I know a thing by its relativity, I already know a degree of order and from this place I begin a further discern.

And the objects, though they are still, they have properties. A shelf has physical properties, dimensions and color. A shelf has instrumental properties, a utility. A shelf has social properties, this related to its acquisition, and this related to the fondness I hold related to the items it holds, and this related to its general beauty. If a shelf were animated I would call these properties character.

And if I consider a room, or either if I consider a museum, I would be considering the character of objects. And these which draw my attention, these that appear to ask me a question merely by their presence, and these that tell a story, though they have not the body of a person, they become familiar as. And in familiarity, that a thing share the qualities and the properties of humanity or either a single human, perhaps I can be legitimately content among a room full of things.

But there is more to being human than a cognitive and utilitarian presence. I need physical touch. I need definitive reinforcement. I need an environment to affirm my own character. Not all the time, granted, but on occasion I need these things. And if the limits of objects are the retention of character despite social cause, despite any social cause, my presence will be one of emotional atrophy existing exclusively among a room of stillness. I will grow old all the time learning to love things in a manner I would otherwise be directing toward another human being.

But if I take a step back, if I use the word appreciate rather than love, and if I suggest that a person is not a prisoner in a room, rather they can come and go as they please, there is the potential for a personal and social insight in a relation to the objects in that room. The properties can be considered and they can be learned. Potential can be imagined. The character of plastic and metal, the character of being put at ease by colors, the character of softness, all of these can be appreciated. And they can be the instruments of cognitive development. I also believe that it is possible to develop an emotional attachment to a thing, be such an attachment healthy or unhealthy, who is to say?

65.

A home, it is a place of character. I have brought into this environment the items which are familiar to me and the items which put me at ease. And the properties of these items, they each hold a cause within me. I go to each with a question or a want as I would approach any person that I know. And they have personalities. A pillow, leisure. A book, mental refreshment. A cabinet, it is an heirloom, it was brought to me by my ancestors. I am comfortable in this environment because of the items within it. Were there no items, this home would no longer be.

And if I qualify the nature of friendship, if I am to say that a friendship is a trust and a reliance for acting in a particular manner, I can say that I rely upon these items as I would a friend. And if they are an extension of myself, I suppose that, in the acceptance of them, I am reinforcing an acceptance of myself. I like this statuette, I liked it the moment I purchased it and its appreciation now is an acceptance of my own history. I appreciate this dining room set for its smooth lines, and this was how I appreciated it when I purchased it. I reinforce myself by appreciating the objects of my positive acquisition. I become closer to myself by a pride in the environment in which I created.

And a foreign environment? This I am familiar with and this which I immediately appreciate by its association with something I take pleasure in, I can be at home in a foreign environment. An object can be an extension of a person or an history. The memories, the relationships, there probably is no such thing as a truly foreign environment because I always enter with at least some knowledge of a familiar. And tomorrow, the rest I will adopt as familiar by an association with today.

66.

What questions become by this place? The symbols lead me to an inquiry. And if I am to share the space of someone else's native environment, the exposure of the elements of that space will be the introduction of that person. A geography, a land, a room, a collection of books, the objects, the terrain, all an introduction. For the aspects of space are the fundamental aspects of experience. I become by this world. I am changed. And this placed here, this actively introduced, it is a reproduction of my own ideas, it is an extension of my history. And to the others, know me by my collections.

A watch, a mantle clock, an ornament, a holiday decor. And the colors, the art, they speak to me. And the natural, the waterfalls, the tides, the glaciers, they speak to me as well, defining a force of creation. And I am left to interpretation, the actual mixed with my experience of it. No interpretation is an exact model of intent. I cannot know the reason for a shape or a color, but it may be enough to try. I do not need to know everything, for an idea can be had by an association. And this can be enough to direct an attention.

And settled, by the hours, settled. In a familiarity with the force of creating this place. And settled, by the notion of trust, that I am among a fine intent, safely. I am left to my imagination or whatever. I am left to the toys and to the belief that all can rest securely within this place. I can rest secure with the belief that there is not an object which is not connected to a character. I know the origins

and the tempers of potted plants and African art, I know the history of this furniture, and I know my own relationship to it. And I am settled.

But time passes. And if I have had no further connection to a person or creator of an object it is unlikely that an interpretation would change. And when I am satisfied that I have learned the lessons offered, this house will turn to a museum, it will exist as a monument for visitors, but it will no longer refresh my own imagination. And this may be all right, there are those who believe a home is not necessarily meant for a periodic change. Personally, I enjoy the newness of introductions which are connected to a developing politic or either a modern poetry.

Time passes, indeed, but I am not one to keep up. I rather aspire to keep my own pace in reproducing myself in my home, and allowing the reproduction of friends. I will be the monitor of my exposure, for I realize the potence of its cause. I am a product of this home, and I will, in the first, be the shaper of its ideology, and in the second, I will be the governor of how such objects are to be received. And for others? Enjoy or either inquire, associate. Would you like a coffee?

67.

And given the subject of nature, this which exists with or either without my presence, I am sense and memory. I can wish to be a controlling force among the wind and the clouds, and science may even bring me to that position, but I will know that a cause was, in the first, without me. And by the consideration of nature, no matter how small, or either how large, an electron, a universe, I will consider a first cause. And it is charmed, all. This environment was given to me, it is perfect, or either I have adapted to resemble a position which was made for me.

Nature, I believe in God. I can only if I am to question the models and the objects, the ideas, which are a part of this environment. Stuff existed before me, and if this stuff was

put into a position and a character by another force or either an earlier humanity, I will call it God. And I will know the character of that God, I will know the will and the goodness, I will know the nature of that nature. And how I feel among the stars, God is my friend. And among the rain or either the snow, there was a purpose and I was included as a receiver.

And perhaps an object, I. Depends upon what I believe the nature of objects to be. Or either everything is animated, everything has a character. I am a pantheist in this regard, that everything has a character. Just how far I take this notion of a characterized universe and the characterized parts of this universe, well, this will depend upon the immediacy of the environment I am existing in. In a living room, with me at rest? I am content among the characters which inhabit this space. In a forest, I am content with the animations of trees and leaves and forest creatures.

Just how far I take a characterization, and just how animated I allow an object to be, this is related to the trust I place in the origin of its acquisition and the associations and respect I have for its presence. That this wooden bowl was a gift from a dear friend, I will treat it affectionately; that this sweater I associate with the day I got my car stuck in a snow bank, I will associate it with that experience. Although I have not begun talking to the objects around my home, I do recall their histories. And in nature, sometimes I do talk out loud at the curiosities, sometimes I believe it is all too perfect and a response is the least I can offer.

The problem of animating objects is that they cannot respond in kind to inquiry. If I am to believe in a purpose or a governance to a thing I must ask a question in a way which the object can respond to. A laboratory, with scales and measurements, or either an art history reference book, I will engage a science as I ask a question. And if I am called to a certainty, if I am to respond for an object, I will respond in poetry in brackets. For I ask methodically, and I answer for others based upon

the assumptions I have gathered by a shared experience, that is, if an object cannot tell a story directly.

68.

An object represents an idea. And an assortment of likened objects collectively represent an idea. The macrocollections and the singular units, ideas all, and I turn them into concepts. A concept is a lingual notion with a cognitive function. And a concept, as being grounded in language is naturally social, as language is social. And if a concept be, thus, social, and I think in concepts, I must think socially. And the ideas, are they all social? In as much as an idea is conceptualized it is social.

The difference between an idea and a concept is that the latter is offered a social reference. An idea is a raw concept, it is a picture, it is an association, it is a recognized potential. An idea is a conception but it is one degree shy of being a concept. Conceptualization requires an active consideration of the elements which will affect and be affected by the act of engagement. For a concept is an unfinished redesign of an environmental element. And the act of engaging a concept will require an effort, an active change. And the idea not yet conceptualized, it will remain asocial.

An object represents an idea, indeed, but insofar as that object represents a language, insofar as it represents a social meaning, that object will also be a concept. The objects in museums and galleries, they have transcended the rawness of ideanness, their public representation suggests they are now a concept. Alternatively, an object which I have come to represent an idea, this which means a something to me, is an idea, it holds no social bearing, not yet.

But can an idea exist between several members of a group? I will argue no, because there would exist a social understanding of a potence of an object, that is unless each member of a group were to arrive at a similar idea independent of one another. And if this were to happen, the moment at which the object

were put to a social understanding, in language or either art or either some representative form, those collected similar ideas would be, then, socially engaged, they would be conceptualized.

Simply, though, an object is an idea. I say this because every aspect of everything is understood independently. For the sake of social continuance, a language evolves which itemizes thought as best it can, for social operations sake. And the unification of ideas is a conceptualization, as I have earlier described, but because everyone's foundation of experience varies, there can be no true social idealism, there can only be conceptualism.

69.

The objects socially connected are concepts. Ideas socially connected are concepts. Language is an object, words are objects, language is an idea, words are ideas, and when applied, either in the course of imagining or otherwise applying, in social intercourse, language becomes conceptual. I will outline the needs of this community, I will conceptualize, I will consider the aspects and utilities of a science, I will conceptualize.

And if objects are ideas, and if objects are brought to a social consideration, they become concepts. What I just said. So concepts have the potential for animation. That I can allow the history of an object, this idea, to be considered socially, with a reference to myself or other people, I will, in the first, consider it a concept, I will, in the second, consider it worthy of social discern, either respect or disregard, and I will, in the third, allow it to have an affect on other separates, other ideas and other concepts.

Concepts are a regard for humanity. Ideas are not necessarily a regard for humanity, but concepts, that they are a social representation of an idea, they are human. An object is human if it is socially connected. I have seemed to make a leap here, that humanity and human are the same thing. Humanity is a social organism, a collection of humans. Perhaps

a better word would be that a concept is of humanity, a concept is of human, rather than is is humanity, or is is human.

But I am sensitive to concepts. I am sensitive to objects which carry a social meaning. And I will continue to animate those which have not bored me yet. And I will be an affect as if I were exposed to a conversation or an introduction. I am sensitive to the cognitive presentations, the emotional presentations, and the sensual presentations; an object, as a concept, it can be appreciated without one turning to a materialism.

70.

Materialism or either conceptualism. The former is a word which brings to mind a reliance of physical acquisition and physical order. The latter assumes that ideas exist everywhere, in the mind, in the thoughts which are still to come, and in the objects, and these ideas are socially reconstructed as they are put to language and representation. Conceptualism transcends materialism, it is inclusive of materialism, and it is inclusive of other orders and origins of thought.

And how I respond to this concept away, I am first an antithesis. I am a contradiction to something new, testing, testing. And in the course of examination I come to know the nature of this representation. And I adopt or either I disregard. The conceptual pieces are separated for study, and I marry the some with existing concepts, I reinforce or refute existing concepts, and I introduce alternatives. That, at the end of consideration I will have formed a best mind for considering this before me. And if it be connected to an object, this object will represent the original concept and its associated social measurements, and it will represent the summative path that I have traveled to arrive at this teleological belief in the nature of this concept.

And if a concept exists by its relationship to a social body, the limits of concepts would be the limits of humanity to send and receive art (including language and including the

dissemination of meaning in any form). A concept is only limited by its ability to be received. And the more profound concepts, as they would require a trail of learning, they would be less accessible, they would be less social, though no less a concept. And those concepts isolated to a single individual, those which transcend ideanness by their conformity to some social standard, though they would exist exclusively as a part of a single person they would be no less a concept.

And how I think, if it be words or either pictures, or if it be flashes of thought, perhaps it is all art. Perhaps the conscious mind exists solely as the sender and receiver of concepts. And there are no ideas, except that which exists as incomplete concept or either that which exists in the subconscious.

71.

And if I can arrive at the notion of a complete person existing as one who recognizes the need for turning everything over to a social consideration, I will have become a conceptualist. And if I recognize this value of socialism then I am presented with an option: I can either continue to exist within an existing social structure or either I can expand the nature of the social. I can introduce new words and new meaning or either I can introduce a new art.

And representative objects, including the items in this house, they behave socially. They can be ascribed a meaning, and they can be reascribed a meaning. I can consider a representative object as conceptual and I can consider my relationship to that object. I love. I despise.

A concept can be apart from me or either it can be within me. And if a message is sent to me by an object, it will not become a concept until I have put it to a meaning. And the meaning is arbitrary, for any meaning is given a social foundation, but this which brings me to no meaning, it will continue to exist as a something separate. And people, as an object, they can come to represent a single concept. And over time,

perhaps they will become more. And people, there are those who will defy any category, and perhaps they will come to be identified with a contradictory concept.

In a literary or philosophical or sociological context, people can be considered objects. How else would social welfare programs operate? But it is a jab really, it is the separation of a public into categories, -those in need, those wealthy, those elderly. And the universalist in me would rather consider a population as a collection of individuals. But the conceptualist in me is drawn to itemize a population into demographics, and I hope that if I associate the term object with a segment of a population it is in an affirmative manner.

And concepts, those invisible, those visible, those audible, those floating around my brain, there is a purpose to them. In a day, in fact after this coffee, I will wander downtown to apply these concepts. Or either I will write a poem which means something greater than these words and I will present it at a reading. Or either I will watch a movie knowing some representations have a history. The social is evolving, and if one ever had a question, all they need do is ask themselves their relationship to the social. My language will change. And these concepts, they will grow old.

glass ceiling

72.

If there is a ceiling to this learning, if there is a ceiling to the application of this concept, I must understand it. For I cannot step around a body which is not recognized. I will forever be amid the source that reduces me, and I will forever wander amid a cloud of which I have no understanding. Defining the elements of the source of change is fundamental to becoming a source of outwardness and of doctoralism.

And if I gather the mentions which frame me, there will probably be one other, there will be a something more which surrounds me. And the greatest frame, it is a ceiling of glass, it is a one which is the mark of limits. I will go no further because it has no boundaries. And this ceiling, if I can be the sense of its value, I will be the greater in knowing that there is a reason to being among a community which recognizes the ends of inheritance.

And the rest is mine. I have gathered the comforts of being, and I have gathered the attitudes which indulge my social tendencies, and I have gathered the concepts for ingenuity and language. My presence is established and I must be comfortable with it. I must. Or either I tread the walls of insanity at understanding one further, and one further.

But perhaps a degree of insanity is allowed in this modernity. For progress is a maiden, and if I am to quit attempting the ceilings of my confines I will atrophy. I am not yet. Allow me a directed passion, and allow me a reason in which to approach it. And in a time I will have met the corners of this envelope once again, recognizing there is one greater. And if I use the word God for such an enlarging force it will be because I know that ends are, indeed, eternal. I know this now, in the least until I have set it aside for an instant. And when I return with a reasoned approach I will be of a mind to enlist the things I earlier thought were insignificant.

A glass ceiling, this surrounds the ultimate ends, it protects them. And socially speaking, mortally speaking, the people

of great power, they are aware of glass ceilings, and they are aware of their institution. That a type of person or a type of culture be bound until they have met the single prerequisite of knowledge. There must be an offering. And these people must recognize the cause of prosperity and the cause of technology and the cause of harvest. There is a purpose to this ceiling, it will protect an idea. This ceiling will protect a concept.

73.

But in this home, I am the definer of limits. I will allow a ceiling to protect this which I worship, but there will be no social boundaries here. Elsewhere I can permit the social metabolisms of knowledge, but in this home I will indulge or either lay a quest down at will. And upon an afternoon, if there be a question which supposes my intellect, I will become the scientist or either the poet, documenting and discerning 'til answerhood. Or either I flatly quit, for I cannot recognize a reinforcement which no longer reinforces.

The domestic glass ceilings are the grounds of inquiry and the grounds of judgment. I will reserve myself in increments at the consideration of cognitive thresholds. I know not to approach a divinity full momentum, and I know not to believe that I have learned all of the secrets after a single meditation. And this is the evolution of concepts. That a chain of knowledge emerges from a pace, and that a language enlarges by experience. That what I know of the unknowable, it will one day change to my favor. And there will be a replacement. There will always be a replacement at an end.

Perhaps we rely upon an antiknowledge, a knowledge of knowing there is something yet to know. And those keepers of the intellect, and those parts of me which bring a sensible reason to intuitive exploration, these gatekeepers are the elements which say 'no'. They realize that not everything is correct, and if I learn too quickly I will dampen my spirit of research. Perhaps we rely upon the knowledge that there is at least one other, searching, searching. And it will find

me in a time. Knowledge will find me.

And the glass ceiling, I will not approach it at all, it will slowly approach me. And I will feel more confined and more confined, until I am to realize that it is only a step away. The boundaries, while they appear to become smaller and smaller, they are actually doing me a favor in revealing themselves to me. And I take a step around this familiar frame, knowing that a patience was the source of becoming larger. And in this patience, realizing that a step into a larger intellect is still framed. Again framed.

And in this house, if I am to be free and liberated as I wish, how might I forgive the existence of a limit, or how might I forget the thresholds around me. Think not too deeply, I say to myself. And the habits of consideration, they can be the cause for joy or ease, I say this to myself. There are no boundaries when my attention is not associated with the finality of an experience. And there is no glass ceiling by the thoughts which are governed by a presence of mind.

74.

And then I release myself. To a simple day of coffee and cartoons, perhaps the morning news. Without a regard for chains I train the optimisms of myself. But I am not all that simple, and I cannot force myself into an attitude of complacency. The trials and the limits, they are, rather, considered in a disassociation. That they will exist, inevitable, and the responsibility turns to the pleasures nearby. And a living will arrive at the outer limits all too soon. And I will have made a position for the reason of the next.

Steady, how it arrives. Like an autumn rain. And you can reduce me to your cares, for I am prepared. For as little an atom as I be, beneath this glass, I am ever whole, and I am considered. Thankful to be positioned in some regard, any regard. A mention is a regard among an ultimate force, and a lawn to lie upon, a starry night before me, the unfolds of the season, I am not alone. And perhaps the greatest gift,

the knowledge of a greatest force. I was born prepared,
with a knowledge which allows me a degree of rest among
limits.

Or either the bounds I have inherited, they serve as a model
for the protectorate I place around myself. There is a long
string of authority of which I am a part. And each authority
has found the center to freedom. There are stars before me,
and there is an earth before me. Authority has told me this
in so many ways. I have said this in so many ways. And
for all of the imaginations I have crossed, I do not care if
I am little or large, there is no matter that will retain a
freedom of spirit. This flesh, perhaps, but there is a something
more to stepping beyond such a trivialism.

And I do not care if I represent. I do not care if I animate.
I do not care if I love. I do not care if I think. I do not care
if I know the value of numbers or mechanics. I do not care
if I lie before a summer sunset. I do not care for poetry. I
do not care for dreams. I do not care for forest sounds nor
ecology nor biology nor limnology. I do not care for shutting
down the senses of life, they were all a chaos in the first.
I do not care if the universe began in an instant or either if
it is still beginning. And I do not care for people. I do not
care for the symbols of modernity. I do not care for books
or letters. I do not care for care.

75.

And I return. I again recognize a social as a home. I cannot
not care forever, it is not in my heart. And upon a return
to self management, the wheels of progress begin again.
This associated with health and prosperity, family. A
living among the forms, as a form. I, calculating a difference.
And knowing the ground of eternity is a ground of relationships.
Everything finds a place.

And the limits, they are a Godsend. For I cannot be a charge
from the beginning. This is learned as life is learned, with
a passion or either reluctance, both. Tomorrow I will set

my sights upon one additional footstep, a one which will represent that I have something more to know. I am a cell. I am a child. I am an adolescent. And tomorrow, the same, begin again.

And as the symbols change, as the world confronts a change, I will rise as an observer. Recording the colors and the language, recording the logic. And when I have completed an examination of the stuff of living, I will engage, or either choose nonengagement. I will choose. And this is the most I can expect of myself, that I choose, and in recognizing a choice I can only assume some degree of responsibility for the outcomes of my interference. And hopefully the environment will have been a one which allows a reinforcement.

And by this, the assumption of responsibility, I will have accepted a goodness and a badness to my action. I am the judge of myself, and I will know the difference. And I will govern a future which associates me with an environment. And the ceilings, if I am to feel the hegemony of a living, I will believe in the concept of stepping around obstacles and recognizing an inheritance of living with a good and sound character. And perhaps this is the question, what, exactly, is a good and sound character?

Is a good character one which allows me to continue to grow? Or is it possible that a good character only exists as a contradiction to a bad character? That in knowing the badness of a character one is drawn to define a goodness. And if this were so, that a world of good character would be the best ends, and knowing that a good character can only be known as a contradiction to a bad character, I am sorry to believe that the world would be filled with badness in the interest of goodness. No, goodness can exist without a contradiction. It must be able to exist independently, the responsibilitarianist and the conceptualist in me must believe this.

76.

So let the errorisms and the troubles fly away. This is

difficult. Letting, allowing. That there be no memory of the bad that remains. And if there be a badness associated with a person, how to separate the badness from that person, that the remainder be a person I am comfortable with. In a world of liberalisms, how am I to allow the breadth of consideration necessary for critical insight while imagining a preference for a good half? And if I elect a good half, am I on a path to, then, separating the good from the more good?

Progress is in the shedding. I believe in progress. And the ceilings which bind me to a particular history, the ones I cannot step around, I get a sense of isolation and tempered madness, a sense of confinement. Progress waits, I can see it beyond this trouble. And I am an optimist yet I cannot manage a positive living with this hanging over me. I am aware of a goodness, but the directed force of this has no solution. Patience.

And one day there will be a room of standards. Upon a retirement, and upon a shelf, the quarrels of the mind will be settled. I will rest easy with only the notion of badness and demonism, but with no particulars. Badness as a concept is impotent without particulars. I forget particulars. And enter the next experience with a trail of constructive history or either an existential candle in my hand. Move forward, in this manner, age has taught me this.

And to this holding up the flames and enchants of a digressed history, a history of particular madnnesses and want, and a history of hate, to this? I will listen to a logic associated with such an exposure, for a logic must be sound, and a justice relies upon a soundness. But I remember, a justice does not rely upon particulars, and a justice, a notion of goodness, it does not need exist as a contradiction, good justice does not need an antithetical bad justice. Good justice is original, and good history is original. And the application of good justice and good history, it is an allowance.

And to believe in such a notion of social progress and social

alchemy, the satisfaction of living is innate. Despite the ceilings and the overwhelms and the undersupposings. A notion of a constructive and good character, it is an attitude. And this is the source of my research. And hello to a reason which satisfies an optimism. And hello to a sense of progress which discerns automatically. And hello to a logic which warrants a consideration of a troubling history, for without it I would be alone.

77.

There is not a social participation which does not include some degree of something I believe to be bad. And perhaps this is the object of interaction, that a homogeneity be the ends of discourse. And we keep shuffling, the people do, across the world. And technology evolves, that we are an inch from collaboration at any moment. In a day, there will be no difference, or either there will be no recognition of difference. I believe people are inherently good, and I believe that people believe that people are inherently good. And in believing this, the explanation for social variance is that some people do not consider other people people.

It is easy to champion a cause for a minor group. And it is easy to consider missionarionism and no-child-left-behindism when a line is drawn between an internal people and a people which are an object targeted for change. How is a governed group allowed a path by which they may one day become the social change agent? This is the stuff of glass ceilings. That a group be targeted for change, but that they are not given a purposeful voice as an end to such change. And people are not blind, they recognize a closure to their social influence, and they turn, either to a greater, more inclusive electorate, or either they turn inward to atoms of social thought.

In either case, the social sphere suffers, there is a greater separation of peoples and a greater divergence in approaches to winning a universal political appeal. And religions emerge with reference to geographies, and ideologies emerge with reference to professions, and conceptualisms emerge with

reference to the type of future that will be the most good and the most habitable. When an us/them mentality rises there is no solution which can bring together a separated peoples except the adoption of an attitude that, 'perhaps I was wrong.'

But a separated people may be what a majority believes is correct. That I will exist in my corner and I will do my part, and you, you can care for your own. I am not opposed to helping but let it not affect my own status and my own wealth. And welfare programs come to exist as a social entity by the notion of a formal location for the 'thems' to attach themselves to. And if there is a social program for 'them' then I need not worry, I assume no direct responsibility. I am free. And the social programming becomes the vehicle of separation, in direct opposition to its stated goals of developing an inclusive society, and likely in direct opposition to the good intents of those people who champion and work at such efforts.

78.

And formal glass ceilings exist as policy. Welfare and education, it is a matter of public leadership to address those bodies which pull at the ends of resources. Policy is the establishment of a treatment of one body by another. And those among the receiving end are formally addressed by a majority's philosophy. And to overcome such a philosophy, perhaps a philosophy of dependence, the receiving social entity is pressured to follow a graduated plan toward an independent state. Or either a receiving social entity is of no mental state to acquire independence, and such a corresponding policy will reflect a permanent glass ceiling.

Policy and philosophy. The former is a formal social construction designed for the protection and preservation of an existing social structure, while the latter may be related to an ideal or a concept which has not been largely socially introduced. Policy is associated with responsibility. Philosophy is associated with an attitude, idea or concept which has

no formal establishment tied to it. Policy is instituted as a threshold of limits whereby an action of some sort would be necessary if certain identified conditions are met. Philosophy is no less social, but its institution is not formal. And if a philosophy were to be introduced to a governing body, and its tenets were translated into a utilitarian approach to a particular problem, it may exist simultaneously as policy and philosophy.

Policy and philosophy are both concerned with particular problems of a particular domain. And particularism, as a social construct, suggests that there is an evolutionary nature to addressing problems. A domain will change, the particulars of a population will change, the attitude of a governing body will change. Philosophy has the ability to adapt to changing particulars, but a policy is framed by the social context in which it was constructed. Policy needs redirection on occasion, that it continue to address its outcomes. Philosophy is not necessarily conjoined with the notion of outcomes.

Policy is always first philosophy. In fact, living is always first philosophy. From the beginning we are to consider value and problem, and consider solution. At the moment of resolution, decision, I make a policy consistent with my philosophy of engagement. And this policy I carry with me until I am introduced to a greater solution. This ability to shift policy is a philosophy, it is life. I will grow by philosophy, shedding policy after policy.

79.

And the policy by another which affects me? I will form a counterpolicy. I must, if I am to address my own position in relation to a ceiling which affects me. I will engage a counterpolicy which allows me to live philosophically. The ends of addressing glass ceilings is an attitude of living liberally, of stepping forth independently. I will know the pitfalls and stops of living in a relation to the policy of another, I will grow old stepping to freedom. And the greatest policy, that there be an intelligent design to the

universe, that there be a glass ceiling of limits, this nature and this body, I will recognize it as well. And I will define a contentedness in relation to it.

And the rest, they pass as a wind passes. For the social changes, I knew this by the third stage of my life, I allowed this notion into my philosophy. In fact, this was the notion which allowed me a degree of permanence to thinking. Some things are stationary. Like this day. And like this association, that I be an extension to nature. And like this thought, that the confounds of social policy, they are a matter of living among others, a matter of living responsibly.

But I can disregard as well. In the interest of a personalism I can disregard the social sweeps, and the time, the time, there is no time. Not today. There is no ceiling today. Today I let. I am small enough today that I have no relationship with the limits of living. Begin again. Like the first of anything I start from the beginning. But knowing that I have engaged some standard. This infancy is once smarter, once evolved.

