

inna day room

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Colors crossing the imagination like walls. Shadows casting history. Like yesterday, as it returns with a sound again believing in nature, the solid forms of youth, the flags of an

open people. How a room collects the last, depressing upon a modern same. And to wish at open windows, at daytime clouds, the outsounds, constance. There are the spaces, the sense of happening. And to wish at open windows in breath

and intention. Or either to start, the coupled engagement, of time and little trust, of watching the patterns of character,

them spilling their hearts as rain and pain, as testimony of cause. For there was a social concourse, and there was a littled person, something other than. Something other than.

And the firmback chairs mistrusting a rest, the table laminate, how it separates. And little steps, in quietsocks to the coffee

and never never. And how a security, how it arranges a release into a present. And let the portals change away, and let the clouds be framed in northern windows, how they do. And the din of recreation as responsibility among a retired

existence, a retired being. Like afternoon, as alert as a wish, a confound I have been working on. Painting solutions like

grass, how I remember an August meadow bending at some greatness. I remember this, the cause of season, of color, the cause of discern bending at some greatness. In waves like time, how it approaches, how a present approaches and

recedes, how it returns to where it was. And natural light, by northern window, what frame is this? And if a courage, or either reluctance, I will know and then return and go again.

we were there

At the place which turns a character outward, at a wind, a colored dawn surfacing. At the intersects of evolution, how it began loud and continues, or either how a theory began

generating ideas like truth. And at the change of season, the spectacles of life keeping a pace among shifting destinies. At the sound of numbers, the sense of numbers beginning as

a cloud and when everything became a number, a cloud. And to pass a story, that a generation from now profit in the oral records of social constitutions because constitutions change

like history, loud and all at once or either whistling to a start. And at the technical fairs of science, the affairs of art, the loss of language. And at the next wishful image, loud enough

for an attention, a trust. Like Saturday bursting in images and satisfaction, a start guiding a Sunday at the next. At the birth of reason, this separated from caves and shadows

and this meant for independent futures, them becoming. At the wash of canyons, of bluffs, at the formation of land and how it directed a living, how it made a social of independent

interest. At the council of living. And at a death reserved for memories which turn to grain, to fruit, to starcrossings and appreciation, upon a death. To rustled hills producing

character. To mountain altitudes producing attitudes. To remaindered wetlands producing character. At each, and at the next circle and the next, them producing anthems and

then language until they stop like winter stops until. At the indents of learning, how they became, how they became and then changed into something other than imagination. Cause.

internalizing God

Outside. And ambient. As a summer sundown, a midnight walk in misted air. Away like all of the forgotten progress, away and something of myself. And to travel into the recesses

of thought, them bursting or either subtle, sudden or fragmented, to suppose an asylum for that which is received. I have made

a thought of this, begun a language by experience, I have been a cause. And a faith in continuing, to the engagement of will, the race of collecting beauty. I will be the first to suppose a likeness of art, a meaning. I will be the first to wander a

history of aspen spring, of mushroom and colored weed, how it was a fragment, small and tender I realize but real as memory and real as morning sense, the dew upon bared feet, a first

hunger, a chattering squirrel. It becomes me, this potency. A several becomes me in pantheistic rhythm. Ambient, as a

life among questions, a living as an answer. And the certainties, never spoken, never put to a grace, lest I be a constitution, a contribution. But I am no object, not a single in any case, and I am no idea, I am no imagination. This hour, immortal.

This hour, as a conscience, an ego which passes from life to life or either elects just a knowledge, just a knowledge. Wondering the foothills, there is an image for this or either I will make

a one in words and emotion, expression. An eagle, how it Romes a sky, a river bluff. Beyond. As an automatic being really carries the freedom of thought without mention. The freedom of thought. Like ocean. Like air. Like concept and

appreciation or either dismissal. And a spotted life constructing reason like cloud, casting thought upon an other like time.

reassembling

How a life is turned, an experience which makes a something different of vanity, of want. Learning is a charge to change, and matter, the ions, the atoms, they are the structure of the liberties, tossed and reassembled by every. I cannot remember breaking day as it was, for there becomes new. I cannot remember a security as it was, for I can only recognize the maturations of one moment to the next. I carry a history, I carry the surrounds of charming winds, of summered light. And of constitutions, them meant to reflect change, or either constitutions, them meant to deflect change. And how a thought is reconditioned, how a start is something other than this environment. A carrying

force, time, like pain and pleasure, that which makes an art of care, of separation. A bird among meadow, a life among stone, reflecting, deflecting. And if there were a will to tender, or either a will to defend, if there were reason, there was enough to begin the accountancies of living, the redistributions, the tearing aways of lie and deception, for an interest becomes of the next. An interest shatters a history. An interest reconciles and an interest forgives or either forgets. How a life becomes one to the next, turning upon the tines of experience. Of northern waters, this will shape me. Of aerial dreams by mountaintop, this will shape I. In thoughts whorled in forest green, In irony

driven by clouds, suggested by clouds. And if a last is this day, and if a last is this modern idea having established its entirety of being, a return to deconstruction, tearing away the supports of an imperfect perfect, a completed art. I am not. And vanish, the stops, the olden words meaning a something other than. To waste. To rusted piece I have forgotten as of now. And the rest, a memory is composed, a matter contained upon the heartened stalks of sea been walks, of life study, of reflections assorting themselves. For a sundown begins like tomorrow, the freshened spirit of difference, that there will be a capture of this, its elements, and the rest to history.

service learning

The social acts advancing. The acts embracing social constitutions. And I become modest, portered into life sustaining itself. A wash of colors, outright emotion, the defense of right and the evolution of social integration. Whereby good fortune returns upon its giver in praise and afterthought, in patterns born of free will, them sustained by the reinforcement of giving, them creative or them monotonous. And what appreciation? I cannot know a reception lest a courage and a continuance be

the domain of sense. And the sociologies, the institutions of character, them melding in infancies, in tutelage, and the winds of independence, of individual free will, of social concern, how it sows itself. How it returns upon favor. How respect returns upon favor and grows upon summons. And how the ideals of one become, became, those of many. Reason. What charge is this, supposed by the relaxes of security, the absence of need, and the spot of progress pointed at want, the type of

want transcending material. And I will learn among the positive intentions, the heartened poems, the thoughtful poems, or either their allowance. The social acts, the graceful, the graced. What beauty lies. And at a loss, a recapture, to the phantoms of isolation, them imaginations searching searching for everybody like life. For this is how a cause, into, out, reflecting oneself and reflecting an other, and in a time I will be the same, advanced from conscience or either attached to a social conscience, a

conscience recognizing the liberties of change, this theatre, this role like instruction or either philosopher of change. Defending change on general principle, on moral principle, for change is. Change is. And upon the acts of character, what body is an image? All that can be, will, and the products? A knowledge or either the return of everything offered, for sacrifice returns in some form like age and manner. Like cloth, how it was in the first without intention, and how a purpose becomes of it.

The last of breath, the last memory, a politic. How a love becomes divided among ideal intentions. There is an afterlife among clouds, a one without division, of lossless being, of cradled imagination. And imagery, of countless stars, of skies bursting and turning to orange, to sleepened purple. There is an afterlife. Or either there is a present constitution contained unto this brain activity. And what force is this? What value is a littled being, a fundamental touch of the physics of this world, just a medium. But if something shall be said, let it be that I am no art. I am no passing message, no chorus to the rest of them. I am no. And if the divisions of those wanting the best of this life for this life, and if the divisions of those wanting the best of this character to be spent in relevance to the next, I am a feather, a wind. This breath is, indeed, a politic, a membered end, a glance upon the futures and the wishes of treatment, of medical heraldry, of theological heraldry

like time. I cannot say in any given certainty the calm which shall become of this, the personal elopement to the realisms of belief, the varnished truth of battered systems, or either the spotted memories of courtship dreaming dreaming. This is yesterday like ocean, how it was ever something greater than significance. This is sky to blue to amber, to dark and allowing the nethersense of shooting want. How a love becomes divided. How a love becomes. And if a pain in passing, and if an extended struggle. And if. Carrying the lonesome charge of character to those who share the support of society and to those mannered in community affection. Protection. And the last of the profounds will be this body once tethered to hope. Or either the last of the profounds will be a something greater like an enchanted history, a release upon the knowledge of a something which began as breath, independent, and a that which was cared for as it began. And the question, if it stops as truth itself, I will have been an answer, a breath like wind.

asylum

By what idled constitution shall the salt of becoming be lent to tethered walls? And if this body be given, to a what idled institution? That a netherforce wait, that the conditions upon

an exterior wait as sound waits, humming in automation and constance. And step to the deepest interior, where a surrogate protection shall shelter this will, this character. For a time

bending like memory, melting into daylives of simple being, routined order. Asylum like the word, the capture of rest, security. And if a total institution will allow an imagination, a total

will be the efforts of this existence, stepped away into a representative world of corners and time, shuffling and wait. And how a colony folds upon itself, how a colony will have a history unto

the moment of colonization. For origins, they will be the mark of identity, the subject of regards. And friendship, if it be a product of this environment, it will be as secure as the thoughts

of whether we shall share the aspects of this contained living. And the unconditions, the regards which confirm a belief and then allow them to the air, and the anticonditions, the regards

which settle against authority, how a character responds to the insulations of a separated social fabric and how a closed circuit of being turns one to reason. To words and simpled

philosophy, to the acts which spirit in free thinking as large as this environment. And a trade, to a sheltered social living as vocation. And a turn, that an exterior will suppose a return

if a soul becomes abbreviated just enough. Just enough. But there is no return from from, that place which shaped, lest the capsules of recency drive their moment, and then away, asylum.

fish meat

No meat today? Just fish. But is fish not a meat? Fish is fish. Is fish the only animal that is what it is? It does not

matter. Is fish fish because it comes from the water? No, fish is fish because it has no legs and it is not bloody. But

what about snake? Snake is not fish. But if I wanted a burger today could I have a snake burger? No, only a fish burger

or a carrot burger or a potato burger. No meat today? What is meat? Meat is muscle from a land dwelling creature. Then

what about whale? Whale breaths air so it is meat, too. So I should not eat people either? That is right but not because

people are meat but because they have a conscience. Do fish have consciences? No, they are only good for eating. And

what about muscles, do fish have muscles? It does not matter. Is there a special sentiment I should give before eating fish.

Yes, say this: Fishy swim into this net
come upon this hook
And I will cut you up and take off your skin
and your remains I shall cook
(with butter)

And is there anything else I should do when eating fish? No, but you have to be careful because some fish have bones. Do

those fish with bones taste better or worse? Some people like the bony varieties. How about crab? Is crab fish? No,

crab is crab. Is crab meat? I believe it is but some believe it is shellfish. Alright. Thanks. I think I will go think about this.

the occident

And what separates a culture? And what division will be the grounds of this metaphor, this religion, this experience? I have traveled the occident, the west, and the origins of several dialects are a reflection of a single uniform. And the others, they exist either as an antipose to its foundations or either as an orphaned separation whereby a new geography is embraced.

As is language, the construct of intentions. And I will begin a new history starting now or either I will favor an ancience of homelands and peoplement. And how people travel, to

the eastern winds in social missions, that a west will in a day be the earth. Or either how an establishment will allow the externs of otherlands to participate in the formation of this. How I travel among the economics, the substance of living as a specialist. And this home, I have never considered it to

be a separated truth, it is whole, and if it exists in the occident, so it shall reflect its influence as any comfort and any learning will reflect its greater home. And what separates a culture? The nominalisms of identity, the histories of ideas. And museum like evidence, that a mention be given to the formalisms of my own shaping. And if an occident, and if a parcel of it, the Americas or either a worded Europe, to the bases of the humanity, this character. Brother. But the world has not finished

and a peopling continues, redirecting words and stigmas, and redirecting lines and faults. In a day I will have been born in another place. If a history. If a history. And the begin will start in another fashion with another cause and with another

language. Another occident, forgotten as. And metaphor, it returns to that which is near, for nostalgia is novelty, and the question of origins, it will be as important as it is just and honest. And the question of origins, it will be as riddled as a future, for I will become the representation of history now.

the something walk

Something restless. Something intuitive. The inspirations, the gait of knowing. Shuffling a cross into a tiled floor, the floor where all that matters meet. Where a history returns with

bowed head and one change of clothes, and observance, that authority be settled apart from this. I have no question, indeed,

and the images, truth as substance with holy coffee in steel mug. And extracting wish after wish from these walls, these colors, this silence. Something grand, upon paper next, and something local, for an exterior away is a place forgotten and

remembered, only remembered. Dismembered. Like colored glass and etched glass, how a line makes a something different

of otherness. Something other. The pace of intellect, north, south, and back. East and west, crossing and back. I have always been like that, stepping away like that. How come I have always been like that? And the ideas, how a vision crosses,

how a glass demonstrates something other than an actual. I wonder like time and art, its fusion, meaning. I wonder like history. Sweeping in concerts and troubles, and sweeping as

solution. Yes, solution. And then gone. And how the next crisses phantoms like want and yearn, and how an imagination wishes like yesterday continues. Is it yesterday yet? And then gone. Something restless like solution. Something profound.

Reason. In the least reason enough to continue etching a floor like glass. In cross and cross wondering upon the substance of exteriors. Wandering upon the substance of exteriors. And

restless away. Something restless away like order, and then gone. Like memory gone to imagination, how it transposes.

two

Dollars, two. Departments, two. The duplication of ideas, for one is a lesser, a forgotten air of littles. And two, the healthy contest of likened ends. With walls, with spies, a perspective. Or either with open wills, with developing character at arms'

length, a perspective. Technologies, two. Systems, two. For growth will favor a one, and an alternative, it is the confound

to misrepresentation, to errant change, to injustice. And two, it is the cause of likened principle, it is the cause of innovation, of measure, and it is the cause of internalism. And I, I am of

one. Or either I am indifferent, and shifting to the greatest reward, tethering myself to confidence and back again as an honesty permits. Subjects, two. And objects for each, two.

Like principle, the single element which allows a duality and a dichotomy, a paired testimony against against. And this

life, of matching worth, of measure, of supposing success or either withdrawing. For not every comparison is of an interest and I have not a need for everything, even given an opposite or a simile. Poems, two. Museums, two. Because a defense

begins as a micron. And an enlargement is a gross conversation of a corporate complex with ends, with ends. And if a thing begins in reference to an other, and either if a thing begins as a contradiction, it will have approximated fault, shortcoming

as aesthetics, as courage, as intent. The duplication of experience, of time, for a shared being becomes a constant. This decision,

a constant. This position, original as any choice, a constant. And among two, the intellectual demands of participation and the urgency of matching a pair with another. Social, two.

bringing Spring

Herald! Darkness cross to print. Living into Spring. To the last shadowed snow giving water. Melt. And days breaking like then, bringing cause. And the sequester of thoughts, open and amplified like sense. Away! The east, how it starts. The travelings east. And the darkness cross to print. Herald. I

want. I want. The colors reversing, to dampened pale, to a new watch of pushing up earth, in the first pale and green, tender and letting. Letting color to bold and strong, vibrant and veiny, textured green. Buds to leafy green will be. I know to expect, to want that which is possible. The water traveling

fresh. The earth fresh. And if a chill a moment, only a moment. Herald! And to print, the darkened thoughts, the isolation set aside except for I. A sound becoming, a sound bold and bringing into vernal realisms. The air, coloring life and coloring the declines of print. And implying, everything implying, the

coasting sky, the streaking sky, the clear sky confounding print. There is one like yestersong, pushed to print. Settled. Whiling into the day into Spring. Herald! And whereto darkness? No matter. This cause of softened earth, of time becoming generous, of sight. Of likened lands eastward, the appointed.

Of hardened print, becoming to the last. And bringing, the spots of cause, the efforts, a hilltree in bud, a weathered hilltree in bud bringing. The grasses emerging to upright, bringing. The sun, a more direct complement to a pale broadening its chance to contrast, bringing. Herald! And away the spirits,

the nightened days, that crossing darkness, to print. Believing into Spring. Where the gross of patterns are the life, the want, of access, of difference. Like direction, the east of awkward starts, the travelings east. How a center brings upon change like water, imagination trickling in the first. Bringing. Herald!

the poetics of social change

And in the course of words. And in the reflections of time,
of storied living, of charge. What advent of liberties, and what
can be done. Spelled upon metaphor as glass, as stained

windows and wish. I am getting old. As the August moon
from April I am getting. And chalk upon paper, paper moon

and witness, how a thought becomes as if it were a matter
of election. Listen. (Pause). And nature upon canvas upon
glass reveal. The urgency of want, how there are at least a
several wishes before they pass. And I will be the same and

turning to reluctance and away from this as a metaphor is
a turning away from a direct being. But, then, not everything
should be direct and not everything should be considered. At

least I wish. And if a change is as natural as not having recognized
my participation, I may not recognize a difference. And I
may not appreciate. And I may not engage the next stage of
faith. And in the course of words. I grow old becoming and

I grow old among the discerns of others. And if I was to carry
the sights of humanity and if I was to harbor the fears of a

humanity, how would I name the difference or either pretend
a difference? I cannot say. And while this begins, it all, the
words, how they turn to fascination, how they advance upon

the injustice of tomorrow reflecting reflecting all the way. It
all. And if a metaphor, (pause) a city of justice, a cornered

night, a golden fix. For change is the hinge of becoming and
a word, sustaining the last and balancing the new upon reference.
Upon the nightlit meadows and upon the expansions of the
last, (it all) will be remembered in a way collecting. To. (pause).

perspective

Meaning shuffling. Sense shuffling. And the limits of this body, the limits of this sense. And the limits of this thought, the limits of this reason. And an other supposing, I will be then open to reason. External reason, internal reason, intuition. And perspective, external, that which an other employs. To listen, the observations of the acts of another. And perspective, to stand anew focused upon an olden object, internal. Many, the watch of cradled forms, infinite as that where I be, and in

the next. Infinite as people, as attention. For each carries their own. And grow upon the last, marking. Learning and remarking by the longitudes of returning to a thing one day and to the next, or either recognizing that an other, an other, and perhaps others will be at the sense of a thing and each carrying their own experience, their own fascinations, each their own history for determining the nature of a thing. New by every exposure, my own across moments, and that of others

by assorted frequencies. And what we call the thing, that a several perspectives in the cornered least recognize at least a title to that which represents a subject. And what subject? A common object, indeed, but that which it represents, it be left to each, to each sheltered moment to a single person, or either left to each, to each separated person. And the limits of this body, the limits of this sense. I return, to the favored returns of that which provides for me the things I wish. And

a perspective of an object, the recognition of subject, if I am for want of security, for love or either peace, the aspects of an object will be seen as such. A subject will be recognized in an image reflecting the needs of this body, this limited body. And, too, the limits of this reason. That which allows a generative sense of becoming, beauty, logic, curiosity. And reinforcement of the aspects which will not stop a future. And perspective, providing a recency to law, to experience, that I will return.

expecting Pope

This body, lent to this earth. And this mind, lasting like an institution. Immortal as need, immortal as idea, that which it was born to represent in this having been. And now, closed and leaving a body to coil the thoughts of this legacy. Peace. A greater body having been the nature of this existence in this

living. A greater body, a reference. That which I have fashioned as capable, as providing, as purpose. That which began as constant and remained as constant as ever a wish. Prayer. This body, but a stop. And never a trap for there was a freedom in living in reference to eternity, and there was a freedom in

living as a lesson, an exercise. Expecting, the greatest reward of service, of pleasure, of responsibility, if I wish. Expecting, rest and reconstruction, or either a life upon the world that I have fashioned. For an instant. For twenty-six instants of reason and reconstruction. And this body, as it turned away

in official loss, a final lesson to the watch, that even a lesson requires a carriage, an escort. And this body, how it carried. How it did as it was told, how it served. And release, the thoughts to peace, to the compounds of nature without, and to the whitened air. Release, the service to that which shall

follow, that which shall carry. And release. This body. Release. And having been, the next shall come. Like faith through a window traveling. To a greater body, that which has been the subject of construction and reconstruction throughout. I think not the limits for they have passed. And I think not the

future. I think not, lest validation be the surface of thought, and lasting like an institution. Veritas. And cause like the surrounds of catholic peace, the universe. Nature greater than the compounds wherefrom this body brought. Original nature substantiated, just substantiated, for there is no reference.

germs

What belief will trouble the social? And what will be the cause of belief? This agent, courage, that a thought will introduce

the steps of social divergence. New, the walks of change. A germ, in the first minor, idea, the recognition of encumbrance, of tethered being, and growing into this want. A social will

be the purpose of this exposure, a teaching upon the canvas of this group, because the forgotten, the imports of history, they have been passed upon. And freedom, this germ, and a spacious sense of self, it has been left. And the notions of a

prosperity, they do not reflect the potency of this will. And turn, to the solutions of solidarity, of inclusion, of assorting

the biologies and the sociologies, of assorting the aspects of that which is a problem. And if I be a minor, a frame upon a future advance is first put. And if I be a major, a defense

against a troubled exterior. And conviction, born of reason, it will travel to its ends of reconciliation before a formal discharge against against. And it will continue, reason, until the separates are settled or either before they return to one. But a germ, what

allowance is there for belief, for modern change? And even if a lesson was passed on a generation ago, is there not a need

for the maturation of a modern society? Like the constant of civil learning, it must allow for the germ of modernity, and it must allow for the intentions of the past, the history of reason

and why things are the way they are. Or either a succeeding thought once advanced, once put to a progress of health and prosperity. For a belief begins a lesson, and social improvement, of course it shall begin among the powerless. It shall begin as.

beauty rests

The chance of green becoming, the chance of wetlands, the chance of sky. Beauty rests in this place. Like I give, the want of season, of endless grass turning to green and bending like

poetry. Like I give, the delight of sound, this other sense and capturing a nature otherwise otherwise. The responding trees,

the insects to touching down upon this, touching down. Beauty rests. And the water, coming upon shores and pulling thoughts. Water suggesting upon stoned in shores as if it were. And the time, what greater beauty, what greater constant than its measure?

Season and day. The filtering clouds, them dampening light and stretched to ends as cotton. How they come together,

and separate. And how an attention, it is all of this, the air touching upon skin. Rest. Its direction from the east I wonder. I wonder the east, the other. And the seeds beginning like a

start and reaching into gravity and away from gravity. And the words, how they find a base until there is no longer a need. Rest. Sense as smell, the taste of air, how it will release and how it will let. The quiet, when it will no longer advance and

will no longer demand. And like I give, the returns of letting go. The drying meadows responding, in a day they will begin

again. The seasoned wash, how it is at its height, bubbling downward like crystal. The passing sky into afternoon. The passing sky at rest. How an earth away can be known, and to imagine an earth away. The eastern version of this, at rest

I believe like the remains of this. And if a sense for the sum of beauty, I am a will to the next. And if a sense for the sum of nature and that which surrounds, I will have been at rest.

sunset mountain

Letting down the day. At a dusk to pale, to red, to deepened purple, to dark in the eventual. And how a wind complements the night begin. From the western night, the clouds assorting above cindered cones lent to ponderosa, to quickened life. A

star, at first, letting down the day, scanning the ultimates of nature, that which was born of geologic violence and that which

is a millennium lent. And gone to erosion in the eventuals of passing time. Gone in the eventuals. But a sky atop, how it never minds a future, to dusk and returning to dusk like the

expanded notions of eternity. How a night begins among the furthers of consideration, the twinkled lights above, passing through cloudholes and gone. Passing through cloudholes. The

lives, the protohistories of life, how they are all recorded as a sound, the lives still giving like rest. And lesser peaks, the buttons of the earth surrounding and pushing up from flattened high desert, them lesser cinder and stopped upon the ends

of pressure, seisms. And this, letting down the day. The air, an April push, the fabric of April, how it allows a wish. The

April earth, the volcanic earth and the last remains of winter, spots of snow upon northern faces, how it glows at a gibbous moon. And a model of reluctance, this will be here in another,

not forever, but longer than a thought. And the forest, ponderosa, if an end, by this, biting upon the stones of middle earth at

change. How a change, how a life makes. And darkness, the cross of rest and letting down the day. And fascinating what shall be the next nocturne. By the sky, gone for the stars, they are the witness of earth, how it travels, becoming and then.

perfect art

Autism began this. Against the distractions of a competing social. And material, how it was never afraid. This block, this aesthetic crossing an imagination, and what will demands

no compromise? A system, of patterns, one and the next, a measure of society, something other. And set upon the frames of security, for this could not have happened otherwise. And

solipsism, it began this. The heavens unto models of being, the colors, integrated in parcels. And shape, how there is no more a modern representation than that which carries not a

definitive form. The timeless art of perfection, how it is a constant. And the art, how it is a constant. The material, boundless as thought, and method, how it requires no audience because

purpose was accomplished before this making. And individualism, it began this. A social, it was ever a distraction, a balance which was not welcome, this was made for no social. And

responsibility, this was never, this was a labor of possibility from the beginning and there is no other concern. And at an end, and at an end. And if a pain upon figuring outcomes, it

is a labor of possibility. Like medium, how an exposure to these pieces was all that was necessary. An introduction by the acts of living independently. And reference, how could

it have otherwise become among absence, without sense and either judgment. No. Perfect, as a measure, representing the experience of personalism. And a social, become without, for

this kind is a private sort. And supposing a personality, an experience, I will be the model of that which teaches with or either without prejudice. Because this, this began as I. Begin.

chronicles of rain

Chronicles advance. Upon the hours, the parted windows, the night. And a thought against a thundered booms, the occasioned light flashing fear in instants. A thought, compromising

this and then worn away to the rest of time. How it was at the balm of beginning, the compromise. A nature precedes I if a belief in history. And a nature follows with a faith. Be content, for being requires no other, lest a storm, lest a storm.

And nature, upon the hours and washing across the panes of contempt, them dry and barren and wishing. And then gone.

Simply. For a darkened evening of sounds like rhythm, the hypnotics of sound. And rain upon the hours like a cleanse of thought. Begin, patience. Start. The chronicles, madness and isolation. How a nature. Or either the reinforcements

of observation, the expulsion of oneself. I am nothing against this, not a will and not a character. I am nothing. And all

that remains, everything like the pretending sky, the wet soil, the cursory trees, them totems, all is elsewhere. Advance, the rain unto this without I, for I have not begun. Just a fiddled

present, a watch. And the storms of everything, how they continue to I in ceaseless spatter because falling rain truly makes no sound, only a contact upon this skin. And I begin

small and thoughtless. And the chronicles of netherends, the starts, how they draw forward a being. And then I am a part. Advancing with a thought like cause I become among chains of cause. Compromising this and then worn away to the rest

of time. Eroded like the night I have become, and never to consider a nature lest I consider myself. Advancing upon.

to change

[1] A season with nothing left to give. And the force of futures, the open sky, the advancing sky, how it comes into this. What place shelters a memory? This, of constant days, of weather carrying the ended histories. It all is new. And the reluctance of change, gone. And if I look one beyond, outward at a totaled sky turning into space, and one beyond, the outwards of the universe, how it makes no difference this day. But I will have traveled too far, for the glories of change transcend the constants of sweeping systems and whorling worlds. A season, a cause, but I will have traveled too far. For the colors, the heartened winds, the space of meadows, it is the matter of the sphere

of living, [2] A season with nothing left to give. And I observe the turns to gold, the autumn roads of grass, the dry of the air. And summer to change. I observe the first frost, the skeleton trees, the naked trees closed, the finality of life. And autumn pass to change. I observe a life returning, the colors, the colors. I observe the acts of a giving nature, how a time, the resolve of water turning from ice, starting, the grass to life once more. How winter to change. I observe the breath of air, hot and humid, the sun downing in red to purple upon cloud canvases. The corn having risen. I observe the birds, them having matched a nature, the wetland birds, the river birds. And spring into

change. [3] A season with nothing left to give. And them into years and I begin as myself. For that which changes without in circles upon circles, I am constant as a lifetime or either I am a shape bending upon a weight. And if I be a season, to change in the eventual, and not having realized the fullness of total want nor the addictions of eternity. But I can watch this body, its poise, its decline, and I can watch a metaphor and know the agents of parallelism. In a time, to change. And in the eventual, the fragments of having been will have been returned to the universe, to its all. And if nothing more then I had never the dream of metabeing and the else. And silence to change.

liberation psychology

The minds, each unto themselves. And those of controlling features, those resting among the ideas of others, and those receiving receiving, perhaps a humanity is bound for communal intellect. Or either the minds, their regard for otherness, they will be trained with boundaries. As the politics of geography,

a mind is framed for reception, for security and against the onslaught of scavenging readers, of benders, of consumers. And the curriculum of the institution of individualism, the training of independence, this liberation, a frame for advancing upon the ironies, the curious, and against against. As I return

in defense. As I return. The mind, it is an imagination unto this body, it is a direction for purpose, for exposure, for a sense. And those of controlling features, I am once beyond, as free as a cleansed thought, as liberated as an image without the tethers of corruption. And I require no contradiction, no

question, no social affirmation, lest that be what I seek. And if a borrowed model, and if a followed act, it will have been referenced as something outside of I. For where I begin, the starts of genius, the begins of time, experience. And where I begin, if an occupation by the civilizations of philosophy or

the amounts of degreeism, if I lean upon this in the most I can be the greatest but ever compared to that foundation of which I was born. And free thinking, the state of mind, by what will be its introduction? As a defense against civil darkness or either as an offense to social structure? Or either the abandon

of conformity without a sound, the abandon of rules and the else, the constitutions of characters? An abandon. The mind, each unto themselves, and the training. I will have known the arts of controlling the controlling features by my fortieth year and I will have cared thereafter. Advancing without reference.

modest being

And when a song means something greater than the imperialisms
of objects. And when a poetry. And the relationships of a
becoming. How a life returns upon the imports of material

loss, a sense for the bounds of being. Because the limits of
extended living, how they become the minimum in the eventual.

And the terms of experience, how they become the minimum
in the eventual. Taken among the greatest I once was, and now
reduced like an autumn day, to that which is the security of
thought and that which cannot be taken. How a day becomes

the minimum, and the pleasantries of being, all of the cascades
of greed and defense, they stop. For a satisfaction, I require

a grassy desk, an earthen chair, the civil liberty of participation
or either withdrawal, a voice. For a satisfaction, the news
of otherness, an imagination. And how a life returns upon the
imports of material loss, a sense of lesser needs. And the

simple, like a wind, like a knowledge, how I surrender upon
nightcrossed hilltop. A galaxy like this, change is but a loss
I can accept. And growth, upon a stabled being, reduced to

that which requires no material. But I cannot forget that this
body is, and to feed, and to bathe, and to rest, and to introduce

the ideas which are the genesis of others. But in a fashion, in
a fashion. And the lines of language, how they expel the losses
as temperaments to life traveling forward. And how that which
cannot change, it is this center I. Passing among stones and

time and reflecting. And when a song. And when a poetry.
I will have known material loss or either I will have known the
replacements to being, because. Like an interest. Because.

thought mosaic

The walls of persons. The divisions of mankind, how a geography, how an idea. The flats of intermediate America, how a living reproduces itself. And the sky, how an auburn sundown, and a watch. And an eastern quarter, an auburn sunrise returns a thought. The old people, how a moral authority becomes. The

river which connects a people, the slow winds of summer, how a thought travels among. And the games of social regeneration, how a line is crossed in folly, I will be the matter of several arching cultures. The language, born of history and experience and living among. And the families, brothers, sisters, children,

them dressing alike and them becoming among the divergents of change and how a time is a meeting of how one becomes. In a day. In a day. The walls of conformity, how they recede and come again. The divisions of labor. The divisions of one generation to the next. The divisions of interest. How I appreciate

a mountain, a wetland, how I appreciate a delta, a high desert. And the greater falls of nature, a glacier seaward, a canyon becoming by the force of water, drought. And how a separated people will manage a land. This earth for corn or either for the constructs of living, softwood and clay. And the managements

of elders, how a politic readies a people, and how a politic is a determination of principle. The divisions of politics and how it is a game of social regeneration. And the pulls and the lives of native peoples, how a voice. How an empathy. The great northern lakes, the land of great northern forests. The

divisions of professions, how a watchmaker becomes, and how a cheesemaker becomes. How a fisherman. And the urgencies of age, how I measure my own being. And the urgencies of a season, how each requires. And the walls, for without them I would be passing among everything as if it were the same.

growing up a son

The never age against an elder. Always learning like the time, the time. Of waddled days held against this. Of dependence, of inspiration, how I am a collection of them all. And if the

moment reflects a history becoming, I will be listening among the profound of youth, in retired plaid and grin, in wisdom like the rain which has fallen for sixty years, and in wisdom

like the circulars of speech. Always learning like the time, the lessons, how a hardship. I am a history of tethered lessons, them pointed upon the efficiencies of survival or either upon

the joys of letting go of balance. And how I control, ever spent in the image of that which I know, by the acts of sight, by the acts of participation, them resembling the lives I am inclined

to become. Of want, learned. Of method, force upon this potency, I cannot disagree with reason. And appreciation, there has always been a style to reflecting the consterns of nature. And

God, if nothing else, always cause pushing towards the ends of imagination. I will always be the youth, the sprinkled time of holiday, of allowance. I will always be. Against an elder

there is little as change and I am learning. And an age, when I watched for the first time, conscious of generations and conscious of growing into a reflection, and when I watched every time

after, how a line drawn upon a face is a permanent emotion and I was there becoming. And passing the stones of your lives I had understood, and if a reason was enough to satisfy

the imports of 'why' then I will have grown. As you wish I believe, grown at least to some degree but ever contained upon the days as son. For them remaining, reflecting an elder from.

man's search for meaning

As a contradiction, the oppositions to freedom to everbeing,
to mortality. As a developing kind, ever. How a nature is

assumed, in instants and made to paper, to understanding.
And against war, against the social divisions, man and society,
man and family, man and government. There is meaning trailing
the lines of intellect. And against nature, the formation of a

stone, obsidian, or either the living nature of aspens, sequoia,
timeless enough to outlast I. I am a contradiction to everything
and the sort of nature, how it comes to this corner upon the

understands of patience. And against God, against force, the
creations of conscience and cosmology. The philosophy of
the mind, how I am a contradiction, for upon a meaning, the
plasm of thought shift towards that which cannot be known.

In a time. I have not forgotten the challenges to the assumptions
of peace, of free will, of justice. Meaning, for it becomes this

intellect and I call it sacred or either certainty, I call it something
for the first wait is a nominal wait and the rest shall arrive.

As a contradiction, upon the nature of acts, the nature of foreign

assistance, the thoughts of intelligence away. And how I measure
intelligence. How a nature, the meaning of including oneself

as an object of and how such a philosophy will be the determination
of my acts. To prepare a land. To prepare upon the seasons,
to take pleasure among the allowance of living lands. Man's

search. And how it ends, and a philosophy of ends. The
dictates of living a good life, the teleologies of satisfaction.
I have acquired, I have spent. And a contradiction, and if
it becomes internalized or either remains away. I am measure.

release

Release. And to the whiles of everseason. Stage it was, and never to contain again. And never to hold, to know in given

certainty, for all is truth. And becoming as I once wished, all as I once wished. The natured hereafter of song and wonder,

the romance of wonder, the romance of liberal living. And to the ends of wish because license begins among ends. Release.

Or either freedom begins among ends. For the perfect peace, what dreams may come. I shall be a wizard, a keeper of time.

I shall know the watch of humanity, the patterns of knowledge. I shall inherit and then return all that is important because

there begins no possession at an end. And to the whiles of everseason. In painted body, arbitrary, in hustled form and

ultrasense. Given. All that was given, begin. And the anger of having been. And the impatience. The time, how all was

some reference to time. Another's model of dignity I imagine. I imagine so much. How a restless heart gives way to reason,

the ends of reason. Release. The imagists, how they are spent, and how their conformity to a single strain of being allows

for an ease of stepping out. And the original, never to return, lest a memory. And the original, a matter of everything I can

only suppose, and never to return, lest a memory. Lest I live again a thousand times. Lest a memory. Release. And unto

the next herald, the next want, or either pass upon them all. For what begins, without reluctance or age, without without.

electronica

The sounds advancing upon sense, digital. The patterns of human behavior, turning to the audubons of genius. How a light interrupts as if it were something important, how a color. Genius, like a memory and like the next will resemble. And a wind, pushed like history and digital. Presence, experience, digital. How a knowledge marries with the forms, the installments of design. And how a knowledge, its preparation was ever a reflection of something digital, how could it be otherwise? A nature collecting the vitamins of earth, the vitamins of a passing time, the parcels of nutrition, the numbers. I am of one collection, one set, one instant, and the limits of this being

are the limits of this sense, this exposure. The sounds advancing upon sense, the temperature, the taste of clouds. And the slow of light, how it separates into color. And the slow of sound, how it separates to blip and hum, to constance. And the slow of being, how it refracts into mantra, prayer and an electronic imagination, composition dasein. And the records, how they are another gathering of stoppage, the notions, how I push at the introductions of force. I command like I am a command for all I know is this, the rhythm of numbers, the faculties of numbers, or either all put to the computes of a numbered sense. That which once was beauty, remains, though

the nature of beauty, it is a separated force. And the concepts, of living, of justice, it is a separated force, and brought to the conditions of electronic being for its reproduction. For having been, if a creation and if a design, and if a life constructed, and if a system, how the digits of being surround a purpose, conscience. And if a conscience, a matter of this environment and a matter of this imagination, one expulsion to the next and one stage to the next. The derisions of this creation will be the substance of the next. And how I react, that a history surrounds these acts, this emotion, these tethered dreams, I will be as large as. And reproduced. Reconstructed of this.

conditioning

Brought about, upon the conditions of an environment, those natural or either those synthetic introductions of other people. And of nature, the social compounds of science arrive, the

understands of material, the reliabilities of patterns, the social determinations of value, beauty, aesthetic charm, that which

sustains a life. I am conditioned, to an environment, to the notions of efficiency and ease, pleasure, a nature of simple orders and service to ideas. And if a freedom, if a will is a free will or either if a will is only conditioned to feel free, it

will have been upon the push of nature, the outright charge to being among, and a recession of thought. And if a synthetic

whorl shall be the cause of knowledge or either the acceleration of truth, only upon its recession can a value be attributed to its goodness, its sustainability. And if a knowledge, and if

a test approves, and if a synthesis, the accords of faith upon the origins of conditions, the credibility of source, it will be the precept for advancement. Another word I shall believe in, another reference to nature, for the first was a mark to the

character of this trust. The social is given a compliment if a uniform with nature. Or either lapse the social, for the knowledge of a patterned world will be enough. The broader days of an

advancing season, the last was a condition enough to begin a response. The conditions of an environment, and favor the

seamless, that which transcends inquiry, for there is never a sense for believing otherwise. Conditioning, upon the designs of existence, and if I believe in a manner, institution, to the acts to follow, them assorted as natural or synthetic. No matter.

along the days

Broader, the sun. And carrying a light like summer into the imagination. How I rested as want and forgotten among the words and darkness. And how a word can only begin as hearsay. And a day begun as this, wide and balmy, rest thou constitution for light burns a page, the words, how they burn in color and deception. For the littles begin, the enchants of color, of seasonal watch, participation. And the needs of synthetic knowledge, the surrogates of social time, how they evaporate like olden

seasons, them dark with speculation and dark with hearsay. The widened winds, the balms of April, the broader sun. And making way for modern minds. The industry of allowance, how a patience begins to turn outward and how a patience in the end can only turn outward along with the self. How a sequestered thought had imagined the advent of summer being, the colors, the cotton, the air. But it was a word, and traveled to time begin, all of the images, the wait, to open

water. How a word becomes. And darkness, even it fills a presence with being, now. The sounds, now. The air, how it rests, now. Breath. I cannot become offended upon the intentions of this season. And I cannot care to separate a sense from this. Along the days, the last is put to order, to disregard, or either the front of being is a push to the hermits of yesterseason. I begin. And broader, the sun. Pushing out expectations and challenges, pushing life into life. And responsibility, it is an

active presence. And reason, if I bother, and if I consider the aspects of history, --never a need among this. Only a feather to an eastward wind, I know direction. Only a cause. And if a rain, only a cause. And if a cloud, I will be the sleep of an afternoon upon an imagination becoming. Reason. For open doorways, for evening suns casting long memories, long enough to base a beginning upon in any case. And the cause, of the evening sun making way for an end of stars. Cast, the night.

this poem will last forever

1.

Time. And eternity forward, this poem. Ennobled upon the sense of living, of experience. For words, tempered by the cause of print or either words as representations of idea. This being, a point, a micron to infinity but unchangeable. For truth, forever bound as a soul, governed by a character, a method.

2.

Time, upon the prospects of letting go. But nothing leaves a wind, a spanning light, a life. And nothing leaves a conscience. Only the settlements of the will generate a space for the expressions of divinity, for the unanswers of time. An idea, pure. And waiting for its next introduction upon velvet. I know exactly.

3.

Wait I can, upon a poem, time. The eterns of distant space, a poem, distance, a poem. And no matter to reluctance, to change, to a shifting social, for I need not exist. And pluck and draw upon the symbols which reflect this being. Today there is an ancient art. Today there is an art which explains.

4.

Time, for it fills a poem like a life. The creatures, the freedoms, the fascinations. And how a beauty. How I measure beauty and how I know. A poem like life. And take this want, and take this medicine, all away, take this skin and this heart and I will still belong to eternity like beauty exists in any case I believe.

5.

And call upon the unrests of middle time. I shall come again by the urgencies of social errands, the derelictions of people, the inspiration of infinite cause and infinite destruction. For I am a concept responding, a measure. And a poem like the last. A thousand poems, like the last. And I will know difference.

6.

Time, how it washes away print. But a poem, greater than sound and greater than history. A symbol like the ideals which transcend language, metaphor like time. And eternity begins upon a conscience beginning. Foundations, and called upon cause. Representations, and how they return with every time.

nations united

Against the atrophy of human progress. Against slavery and false imprisonment. The will of a separated peoples, discerned

by the political bounds of history. And advanced upon the local injustices. And an ideal as any of several, the likes of amnesty and treaty, peace. Collective character, there is a conscience which protects the will, in its spirit if no other. I

am called. Subject to an idea. Because a local reference, that lordly tower, it had been a success. A peoples were content in their representation, and the expanded notion of a likeminded

policy, philosophy, to a grander stage, I have learned the fascinations of positive conditions, the treatment of contradiction, the fairness required of genuine learning, and the original nature of standing for something simple yet put to a grosser composition.

Against an atrophy. Or either for a something such as courage and equity, sustainability. Life. For after all and among all,

life. And just when I was prepared to rest, a general constitution made to generate a common threshold for all peoples. All peoples! And the intended transparency of its carried institution,

it is a model. It is intended to be a model. Though I know modeling. I know the significance of symbolism, of representation.

I know the value of language, the expanse of thought and its measure of advancement. And lift it with the ideals of cause from other lands. Against the gravity of human suffering, of human torture, the dereliction of caring for that which is loved.

Against hopelessness and against the thoughts of making a science of goodness, of education, against making a science of people, and against making an anything of people for they are their own.

beauty, on being

On being, for if it were not, never a beauty. A color, that is all, a shape and never having met the value of declaration nor preference. For beauty, it requires I, the compositions of the world, nothing had I not been. The rains, the lands, the powers of land, nothing. And the social conditions, progress and a justice, maturation, nothing had it not been for the parameters of experience and the socializations of that which sustains.

On being, I am the cause of beauty, the cause of relationships and the cause of love, contentment. For in my absence, the remainders of matter, of systems, without value and without measure. And with I begins beauty, recognition of the apartments of living, taste and sense, and the higher matters of obligation and trust. Because I want, and the histories of being suppose a will, a character receiving receiving, and assorting. The good, the bad, the arbitrary. And never a beauty without having been, for beauty exists in this mind. And otherwise at rest, the continents, the auburn eyes letting down, the summer skies,

the wishing stars, them all at rest. For I am wish, I am pleasure. I am the grace of letting go, of want. I am the return of willful thought, the return of observation, nominalism. And at an end, nothing but an undeclared eternity, a nothing tree, a nothing ocean, a nothing meadow, a nothing glacier breaking into a nothing fjord, a nothing nature advancing I can only imagine at this moment. On being, I will be the construct of value, the shape of thought. And a beauty, it will be sensitive, it will be bold and pure and either not afraid of questions. And a beauty, it will be sensitive. That which requires I, the substance of instants, of presence. For everything, it is nothing without I, a meaningless eternity without the caverns of value, the want of freedom, the want of being and the want of association. Beauty, it is want, the aesthete of principle, the contribution of rhythm to existence, and if I were. And if I were. Nothing, like determination without having been, and like judgment without. For it cannot, lest speculation. Lest only speculation.

the smallest piece of me

Reflecting, the smallest piece of me. That which returns a character to its debate. The stifled wheels of social development and all of the learned bounds, the trials and mastery, the

risen interest, how an atom represents this. The thought, of ocean days begotten, the moonlit cloud, and passing, the way of nature, the mountain way, the prairie way, the way of the

lakes, reflecting, the smallest piece of me. For I have become throughout, and upon that which I was, a simple bone, the skin of living, a foot upon black earth, how I become. And the

rise of summer spells, the rise of warm autumn winds, the rise of nature, elemental as I and assigning this day unto no where. Elemental as I, the smallest piece, and reflecting the cosmos

of existence. Element, that I be without. The falling suns, the temperature from the west, the change and how I grew to expect change. And if a life began upon one form, how it became

a matter of several. And all, the parcels of this being, all that was, all of history and becoming. And a fragment, how it became something greater than its composition. How a material,

that which once was small, how it acquires a meaning throughout. And tear upon the threads of evidence, the microns and further, and tear upon the idea, riddle and transubstantiate and defer

meaning, and reflect it will, the smallest piece of me. Because the lines of winter, the ambles of winter, and they carry unto spring and the next, and how the records of living are the records

of this reflection. For I remember, and the thoughts of time, the thoughts, the thoughts of. The smallest piece of me, and how an aggregate of having been is a reflection. And gone.

the noet

How bland form becomes. The associations, them rested and away. And to pull from dreams, the imagination, the potence of objects. Ever a time, for the draws of summer light, the favored tree I beneath and resting unto nature. Among whorls and forms touching down upon objects like cloud, like meaning become. I understand the social constitutions, how easy it is, indeed, to draw and withdraw, and I understand a nature,

a cause like season is a cause, and like an autumn amber, how I understand. And how bland form becomes among my absence, my retreat and my sleep. For the next change, if I am to happen

it will be bright and fast, colorful and like the vivids of first being. Because if I rest as any, the discerns absorb history and they begin to favor reluctance, the discerns wash a memory arbitrary. The associations. And again making light of forms, of immediacy. I am an envelope of cause, this sense is an

envelope of experience, and the parameters of being, how I wish upon a day, an environment. How I want for the quivers to excite as they had I. But understanding a social is not the matter of thinking as another, and the forms, how they will tell a something different. And how bland form becomes, the

engagement of principle, the nomination of purity. I observe the last, and how a science. And if a netherforce, how an art. And a language, an image, how a meaning. And then gone

and reduced to an assumption, that that which once existed by this memory, I have a faith in its being ever, or either I begin the faith of having known it in a way, and that will be its everness. And if an envelope, that library of having been, it returns upon the simple as something altered, how a question begins the next. The next idled institution, the next cause, and the next. And how a form begins a season, a wind, a.

healing again

The rattled soul, it heals again. And to the force becoming, a something made of release, a something kept. And that which remakes because the last was a dissolution, a tempered decline separating separating. And among the accountancies of the spirit, the important, the transcends of nature, the participation, the watch. And inclusion. The rattled soul, it heals again, of canyons, caverns, of that which I am among, the wrested sky, the blowing night. And release the automatons of daily living, they become only as important as I allow. Because a being is greater than its requirements, and a being is greater than its service. Or either I forget the mediocre light and the mediocre wind and return to an inner mediocrity certainly the lesser. No. The rattled soul, it heals again, as a member of that which cannot change, of being, of the exteriorisms of lives, the elements which shape like time and destiny, the models of winter, how I cannot deny, and the models of summer, the open water, how a watch, I cannot deny. And as a member

of that which I call profound or either simple. A member of that which continues. I have forgotten. How I have forgotten, the nestled lakes, the autumn balms, the morning doves, I have allowed for nothing. And how a peace returns upon a history, it heals again, the rattled soul. At a measure of something away, the slopes of modernity, at least a part becomes a reference to the spirit of progress. And faith, that if a change becomes I will have followed its intentions and I will have understood why. Because an observation, it is nothing to the attributes of meaning. And I allow or either pass upon the discourse of civil structure. And the rattled soul, it heals again upon the visitations of belief, and upon the order of land, of open sky, of natural testimony. Wherefrom belief? I remember as one returning to that which is important, as one returning to the beauty of life. I remember beauty. And how it heals again, the rattled soul. And the discomforts of promise and promise, the discomforts of want, how they turn away against a health.

flash rain, stop, rain

Begin! Lightning eastward. Flash and drum, the rumblings of nature, the slow growls of nighttime thunder beginning. And

from a porch, the winds warm and comfortable and with a smell like something beginning. Quiet. And all at once, the

immediate pounds of water. Upon surface and bounding, the spattered drops of mist. Earth reflecting water like steam

and the surrounds of water. The threats of sound continuing, the light in flashes, BANG loud and growing. And the center

of torment, of giving nature, of force. And from a porch, the silhouettes of sky letting down, and the silhouettes of forest,

of flashing trees, of backlit pawns. And a passing quiet, the force subsides as quickly as it had arrived except for a continued

rumble and remaindered drops upon surfaces, rooftops, like code. And an answer? To watch. I am witness to the change of night and to the weather. To the earth becoming black with

rain and to a sound, a threat, I am witness. And I can only imagine cause, no matter. And I can only be the watch of a tempered night beginning again. Rain begin again. Start like

it had moments ago, start with the wind returning, the breath of God calling a something, cause. Upon an open mind, flash and rain, the night open to the earth and sounding and pounding

like crescendo. I have given before, but an attention, it has no reservations and it has no expectations. And the watch of midnight glory, of force, a sound becomes the night letting go.

standing at the door

Facing in. Facing out. Sentinel watching the passages. Of traffic forward and against, absorbing the intentions of all who enter, and those who defer admission. Because he realizes

the significance of an entry and he realizes the anxiety of a passing, and forgetting that a walk beyond may hold no meaning

at all. And the shuffles of business, there is so much that can be held against an entry. He will keep this gate like he would keep his own. The politics of keeping one's own. The politics of knowledge. For he knows the lessons within and how an

entry will shape a heart, and to watch the souls shift, and to watch upon the progress of letting go. Standing, and outward,

and giving as arbitrary this place. And standing, and inward, to witness affect of place. For a room once touched a solid heart and made it into something other and something aware. And he still cannot know if it was good or either a depression

of experience. And he claims the position of docent, of overseer to the exact riddles which lie within. And objective, ever the transparent watch, how it shapes. And as far as he travels,

never an entry, just the knowledge of an important something associated with place. Facing in. Facing out. And never a

bias, he will be the only to hold the standard, the average of intuition and the between of impulse and repulse. By the energies. And if he comes to be known as the gargoyle or either

a facet of this room, he can only because transparency really does not exist as he intends it to, he will have captured that which he once supposed. For he will be the value of a room and he will be the average of place. Object. A sentinel becomes.

social promotion

And if a status among peers, and if the retention of a collective.
For plows the social, at a wasted other recoiling and letting
down. This group begins opposed, and in its strength, that

it cannot be separated, and in its development against adversity,
a heartened becoming. But amid equals even there become
the lessers, the dependents, those without the original position

and without an original fascination. And latched to a system
of rewards, whereby this participation and this adoption
of communal standards, it will allow an inclusion. But it

cannot be taken, this identity, nor transferred, because its
foundations are married to a time, an early experience, and
a beginning. Or either the facts of social promotion are more

sublime, that an attitude of giving and evolutionary continuance
will allow an access to the core of group philosophy, of group
change. And the status among peers, the facts of social promotion,

they are the limits of practice and they are a living in reference
to a present with the dialects of history attached. One cannot
be the truth of being among others and exist as a reference

merely to one's own. Because identity is not stagnant and
because inclusion is greater than a word. But a word, a satisfying
class to some, it will be enough to warrant an attention, a

sympathy for having been among. And upon an end, those
begins of early space will be the memory of an age, those begins
will be the cause of looking back, upon an end. And never

having belonged will be the suspense of those as members in
name only. And those entitled, those ever amid, having had
the netherends of continuance, the social will not be as defined.

banned books

What entropy, a fear. And what knowledge will begin the closure of the social mind? For that which starts a progress, the reactives are content, the reactives are settled. And wish to pleasure their own as they had. What blasphemes, a fear. And what is the object of blasphamation. Because this will be the knowledge of banned thoughts, and this will be the knowledge of a contradicted peoples. And this will be the knowledge of a peoples who are atop social spindles and atop the public intellect. But truth, it is not always a spire, and truth, in the typics of living, it usually becomes by the soft and undergrown, the nonconfrontational bounce of literati. Because a question,

and because the obvious. The suppression of truth is disturbed by the force of honesty, of method and reward. Of bravery. What tells upon the valuable in disfavor, a fear. And what knowledge can counter the sweeping schism of irony and pointed genius, the clevers of historical disregards, this will be the predominance of a text which knows the course of change and the discourse of change. And subtle or either bang loud and judgmental, or either to take the target of authority and make a something small of it. What idea imposes, a fear. And what can be the goodness of naked speech, of littered fucks and hatred, and what can be the goodness of minding the temptations

into pulps and paperbacks? Or either what can be the loss of imagination and the liberal expression of concern? And what can be the inspiration of an underbellied culture of darkness? What change, a fear. And an object of objects, a fear. Against a filtered idea of progress or either against an expanded idea of progress. Authority will know. And the generations of a wandering mind, they will know, and to follow in finer and subtler ways, or either wield extremism as a wand once advanced, or either step aside as a subject unto that which cannot be changed, a hardened morality and a reactive morality. But collect, the stones telling that which happens and will happen.

nature begins again

Pushing through the prime of cities, of cadavered thoughts, cement and iron, nature begins again. A seed found into distracted earth and into the imagination of that which once was. Tree.

Like knowledge begins, a time returns of nested quiet and of sounds, the wind eroding the structures of man as canyon, the water eroding tile and footprint. And a time returns to normal, the collapse of symbol, of language collapsing back upon the

unstops of fern, of undergrowth first in cracked corners of hardened city spring, of empty lots into parkdom. First this,

and if a people still, how they see the firsts. Because the needs of social place are that which require the constance of pruning and the constance of heaving back at the immortal turns of that which will cover. Inevitable. The greens, and natural upon

the residue of black and oily streets and decaying humanity, or either a humanity allowing itself onto its baseline. Like a

land lent, only lent. And time recovers all. The appropriates of freedom, of a tall grass returning to downtown lots, and with a disregard for sheeted metal and rubber, those will be

gone in a time and like the rest. The improvisations of disaster and that which cannot be controlled. The improvisations

of a man learning to watch like a weather. And the fades of color, and how a summer light will wash away a color. And gone, from where a city once stood, the structures of thoughts which once implied their direct relationship with God. But

a spot, a metal, a fabric, the assortments of every material once aligned in tall structures, and now a sunflower and that which was not planted by I. But I can appreciate if I be. If I be.

is the plural of Jesus Jesi?

A spectacled social pattern. And the interpretations of a peace. And how many the expression of miracle, of affirmation, of model. For it began as original, and the compounds of universalism flatter an idealized version of progress by whatever name.

For it began as original, again. Again. The realisms of social vengeance, how it favors a method. And upon the salt of time, how the unfathoms and the great thoughts, how they transcend the normalisms of establishment, and how the next must be created in sight of the transcendent, and then recreated. And no matter the lessers of evil and injustice, of gluttony and the decadence of self, for all is forgiven like history. And a separated peoples, them fashioned upon a history and them fashioned upon the civil liberties of rightism, I can only speak as if I was for something, positive and without doubt, rather than nestle among the constant din of imperfection satisfied satisfied. And listen, to the constructs of a nature performing, how a seed becomes and how a genius becomes. The many like the spots of influence and dignity, a quiet morality sweeping like air. And if a miracle, I have no reservation, and there is no fear to a show of designed force, the similes of living and the notions of having been together at one time. One. And knowledge outward and scattering upon the needs of the lost. Principle scattering to attentions and translations making a lesson their own as if a community needed to begin like an other community.

that which has no control

The full contribution of nature, and how a metaphor
upon its laws. How a light recedes into the still
of knowledge. And how an earthen fragment becomes

a home. The mind is sequestered by that which I have
seen, the exposure to tide, to season, to harrowing
rain, the bounty of optimum conditions. I know optimum

by having been among. And the full contribution of
nature, the supports and the expressions of a beauty
which has no control. I recognize beauty as having been

among the daylight trembles through loose aspen leaves,
the watch of loons and predators, the sound of silence.
That which has no control, beauty, but reliable as the

naked whispers of middle life, the intuitions of having
been among. That which has no control. And how a
metaphor, a nightlit fragment of thunder, clear sky and

a field of stars and the booms of surrounding storms
not tonight. The expressions, of first light, the rising
clouds upon blue and letting through the seasoned sun

cold and amber. The morning begins as this, spring
beauty I suspect, the middle season and that which has
no control, nor intent, only a parcel of a contributing

nature. And to the words reflecting an earthen spring,
this, an old growth snag, this, the whiles of an arrogant
wind, but a word. And if I believe I can control a word,

then it will separate from that which it began as. And
the expressions of nature, the contributions, in full they
are a reference to being. That which has no control.

the qualifications of asylum

Because a peace brings, and because of the mismatches of ideology or either the incapacitations of being. This

place begins in words, in riddled laws as the confines of any social. And the onset of this place, how it turns to mark the breath of new beginnings, hope. Because

a security brings, and because of the conditions of an alternate life. The disguise of liberalism, its absence or either its presence as something other than its claim. And the primary needs of nutrition, of acceptance, and

the primary needs of affirmation. Because a life brings, and the colors of expression, the profounds of isolation and incarceration for having considered in a way. The colors of expression. This place begins in thought, upon the judges of this security and upon the politics of an

existing peace. Because a wind here, it remains sacred, because a peace brings. And the misfortunes of netherhealth and inescapable subordination. And the whispers of a separated allegiance, the outcasting. And because the inclusion of an omitted peoples, an overgrown class, they will be the hiers, the models of potence for the retreating society away. This place, as an ideal it begins, a speculation of hope, of something greater and secure. Of open minds, them declared and them learning, of gratitude. Because a devastation, the force of nature, a peace brings, because the promise of beginning among silence as any pause should begin. Because of reason, that a mind need not consider its qualifications for expression, and that an expression need not qualify. A peace brings, and with this place, its participation, the faculties of pleasure of romance, a peace brings. This place begins in words and then into something other like a nature.

an old professor to watch

The expression of knowledge, how it turns upon the psychologies of an audience. And he having lent himself to all types, how he became prepared for each of the necessary institutions required for developing a diverse social intellect. And begin from neutral, always like the morning, first light and reactive. And curricula, how arbitrary, indeed, at least compared to the civic lessons and the moral fabric which be, ultimately, the greater ends. And upon an age, how an object turns to the confidence of letting go. How a student body becomes all, and the manners of living upon the openminded limits, how they carry out amid a life which once began as segregated. There was a sheltered plan, for living in at least two ways. And when a knowledges will have formed their greater union, how a relief becomes and how a stillness becomes of the mind. And an objectivity, just one of many [things] which are supposed. Because [objectivity] is an object as any of the lingual objects, and this known, how a subject began. And how an expression of knowledge, arbitrary or either reflecting an audience. Them, yes. And how a dependence, how the lending of oneself becomes necessary when it is no longer required. An old professor to watch. When words, they are the lesser to the impasses of social problems like engraved conformity and general apathy, and the idea that education and training are the same. He, like a word, an institution, [object], and that which will exist for a time in his absence. Absence, for a time.

categories, and stepping into

Begin, the largest, the doubled knowledge. But I cannot practically be among the alls, the eternal spaces without division, and I cannot wholly rest infinitely. And begins

the next, the clouds of realization, that there be an all, indeed, but that it be integrated. Parcels, the light, the dark, and the conscious and the unconscious. And in

the sacred eventual, the minded deconstruction to a scattered nothing. And I bring about the next, the assortments of beginning again in stages and connecting the important.

The important, indeed, and such a notion becomes the reflection of this being. I have a value, and the reconstructions are the assignments of such. And stepping into, the

reconstitutions of value, the categories and the familiar. For I know a creativity is this, and I know what is to come, the expectancies of having made a thing upon

this value. And the rest, the grandest plasm of misidentification or either constance, and that which cannot be separated. I am an instant, a humbled instant, and with the courage

of entering a field of separates rebeginning as one, I am known. As something other, creator independent, for looking down upon potential rather than my own foundations

of soul. But this carries me, indeed, one and many, I need not a solution for knowing one or the other, but only a courage for stepping into the curious lines of an

imagination, a one at ease with a singled flattered design but then began as boredom or either experiment, to change and to manipulate. Or either to gratify oneself as God.

cadaver

Corpse. And unto this netherthreshold, release. And that which once contained the value of character, the measure of being, in stillness. An object of decay, and continuing to represent an existence of history. A field of experience, a sense it once contained, and now a skin. Now a quiet of dampened human color. And now a sterile body upon steel, and nothing more, lest a representation. And if I believe upon a settled hereafter, or either if I believe in the natures of legacy. And if I believe in the causality of death. A lesson to this observation of the next, because it is inevitably relevant, I am destined as all to become a tissue, a simple tissue adjacent to a material world, only adjacent. Corpse, and release the tines of patience, because there is not a chronology any longer, just infinite patience. I suppose. Only I suppose. But for my own, I have not passed, and the lessons of consorting with the dead, they are more than reflective, or either simpler, and they require no permission. And I need not believe in God, though if I did, --and I need not believe in the mechanics and the kinesiologies that had once driven this form to love and lust or either any of the human conditions of Augustine. The lessons of the dead, best kept as metaphor. He is. Because a mortality, speculative, and modeling as some utility.

at the top of nothing

Pressured into realizing the kingdom of nothinghood.
That the efforts hereupon, they are a wash of inadvertence,
of spectacled blanks, of the knowledge of zero. And

to admire the chaos of shifting uncontrollables and a
plasm of immaterial and irreverence, it is either beauty

or something other. Void, like time and like its absence,
and to identify one's superiorism of being above the
relents of innerness and outerness. But I be, and at least
this. For to watch the morphic tendencies of bewilderment

and indeterminability, there is my own and there is an
other. And if this, the singled separation, and if I be,
from here to begin. To know oneself, for the festered

consequence of being amid an outered absolution is a
riddle eternal, an infinite dissolution. But a presence,
of an exterior to this, the significance of a blanded
reality, the significance of nonstructure and whorling

time, it is a cause of inward adoration and the cause
of making something within. Because there is no relativity

to being next to nothing and next to absence, how could
there be lest I singly accept an other as only such? And

I must, that in a faith I turn from eternity to the degrees
of rationalism within. Constructing the imaginations
of goodness and everything I believe. Constructing a
life within for a defined period. And then return upon

a death to the clouds of shapelessness and meaninglessness
because this is where I have always been, twisting and
figuring upon the ends of an eternity that could never.

robin, three

Morning bounds, to worm to worm. Upon a wetted
blades. Three contradictions. And delivering cause

for yawn and coffee.

democracy is experimental

To words, the freedoms. And chance fall back upon religion if a democracy travels too far. Or either too quick, or either separated decadence, fall back. But mine is the lesson, the reason, that a prosperity establish decision. Ends, for as distant as I can imagine, just a summary in development. And to plan upon the experiments, that a path be progress, the following path, the original path, the path of ways. And then to words, the freedoms. For all to records, bureaucracy, bureaucracy. Automated bureaucracy and transparent bureaucracy. The trust of bureaucracy. And who can defy an imagination or either a bureaucracy? And who can suppose a protectorate by the grace of common will when a will shall be independent of others? The mutualism, and sweeping as a cloud, the rationalism, for these ends are shared or either I am prepared to accept dissent. And if I turn, to believe a freedom be

the greater to words and legislation, than constitution and institution, and if I turn, that I believe I require no handmedown license for a will, a character, that the transcends of living are an exposure and not a documentation of such, and if I turn, to the whiles of beauty or other, and the whiles of vanishing yesterdays, the whiles, the whiles, I need not answer. For the substance of trial, I can grant promise and turn to time the catalogs of a

simpler peace. And the substance of trial, if I be a reflection and a want, if I be, a public becoming, a grooming public or either a watching public, no matter, lest a word become chain. And the freedoms, them captured in syntax, if the poet, because I do not fear the nudities of records and the nudities of knowledge. Because I know an interpretation, and then gone. And I know an interpretation, and then gone. Because a record, a freedom the greater.

peace can be found

Oh, restless, peace can be found. The battered minds
letting go. The confusions, the riddles of a separated

people, I am no longer. Because a wind, the quandaries
of wind, the rain which cannot stop in spite of wish.
The waves, how they lap at the destructed will. And
the people, how they become small. The towers of a

weathering stone, the spires, the glass and iron, the
angles, how they become small. Because a relentless
night, the justice of stars and eternity, the marks of

the dead, a legacy, because the relents of timeless wisdom,
I began as prepared and will die as prepared I am certain.
Peace is found, as the drums of season, the rattling
day, how a truth ignites a star, a star beginning, or either

how a truth allows a star. Oh, restless, the night begins,
and then another, the strains of midnight understands,
the upright truths succeeding one another. The continents,

and how a truth begins. The quandaries of rivers, the
quiet lakes accepting accepting. The quandaries of a

cloud. And government, how they become small. And
engineering, medicine, how they become small. And
the scars of living among, how they become small. The

boxes of written peace, the boxes of law, the boxes of
wisdom, the fenced boxes of nations, how they become

small. The minds letting go. Oh, restless, how it was
a start, the mossy earth, the canopy of trembling leaves
and light fluttering a moment. Moment, like passions, how
they become small. Or either begin as something other.

stopped

The tops of trees, them bending at a wind, stopped,
the wind, stopped. The hooves, stopped. And the
cathedrals, stopped. To nothing, to stillness, the greatest

words, the night, the lighted meadows, stopped and
vacant. The leaves otherwise responding, the lapping

water, the erosion, how a canyon, how a land, stopped.
The weather, the tiny weather and the rain, the thoughts
of being, therefore, the traveling people, the watching
people, stopped. The hardness of earth, the thoughts

of clay, of black sand, the clouds, the whispers of a
willing love, the whispers of a security, of a beauty,

stopped. The natural, the timeless, the recurring, how
a dependence upon time, how it demeans the soul, a
bird upon meadow, the stroke of fortune, of an art

manufactured by a greater force, stopped. An appreciation,
the ocean before, the path of water, the nightened space
twirling and whirling to a sleep, stopped. The values,
of being among, the sense of being among, the want of

greater things, a liberty, a cause, stopped. The poems
and the other addictions, the words, the judgments

of a goodness, the people at an altar, the outward push
of an altar, everything outward, stopped. The drums,
the seasons, the pounds of inner worlds and worlds
away, the wine, tobacco, the corn and other sacred

pleasures, the dust of that which once became a temple
and then returned to something greater, stopped. And
the thoughts, that if I believe in a way, in a way, stopped.

circlepome

Wake unto this next beginning as the last. And wake
upon the onset of redundance. No matter, that the

pleasures forbid an intellect because the returns of being,
the creations are those of interpretation. And drift

between the pomes riddling outward and spiraling.
carrying the expanse of this body throughout a day,

again. Throughout the seasons, the lifetimes, this body.
And if an adjustment, it be for the conscience, that which

allows a separation to the impenetrables, the whorling
unstops, the circles. The conscience, and trained by

the metaphor of belonging to a circle. And unto this
beginning, once again wake. One experience the greater

and aware the next supered cycle. And if a history,
and if a chain of histories, evolved from first moments,

from lifetimes past or either by the force of first days.
I remember like a cloud I remember, reawakening the

promise of letting go of the familiar, because it shall
return in some form. And interpretation, had I not lived

in between I would consider likely, but if only a time,
and upon my last I will have received it all as a beginning.

For when this celebration I wake, return to the harmonies,
the confidence of knowing futures. And why an interpretation

because the lesser chants of this soul anticipate as the
rest of me a stage enlarged. Becoming once again becoming.

making a home for one's ideas

Because a social had not placed a number upon these thoughts, or either the blinds of this mind were not satisfied. And so the construction of an alternative

matrix was the necessary plot for the constitutions of this experience. Walls for art, and the rich soils of an emerging harvest, a place for the contents of a battered

imagination. I cannot be stolen among among. And I will be the publicist, the discretion of invite and the publicity. To reflect the grandest field which contains

these smallest beings, these microns, in secrecy or either aloud, and representing a character as I intend. For a message is consistent about the public levels, if a

fragment rests among its likeness. And because the attentions to these thoughts, they looked away in the midst of living. A matrix, for this, a stable home which

liberates and conserves, it is the valve of outward appearances and the institution of a humanity I reflect. Protecting. And if no other, I will have had the satisfaction of being

posited among some intellect, if only a virtual one. Because a policy is a stampede had I not been there about, and because a public question requires some

reference. And the practicalisms of creation, a canvas, a metacanvas thereupon stable like time. And to reach within for the answers, as deeply within a home or either

as topically as I wish. And if I travel, the thoughts, they were protected, framed and secure. Because an idea requires an attention, lest it worry itself to the other.

how a King

Having done a something great for a population, and a population having had a void in leadership. An enlistment, of a public, to the will of a singled wellness, permanently. That a harbored animosity for those against, be the passing upon the acceptance of responsibility. And for a community, the likened response, in its infancy, that it be prosperity and promise, the security of futures and the colored dance, the colored fusion of egos. And what object, this person, now the perfect sort of humanity and living in grand structures and recounting grand thoughts, and what object, the becoming of a something which represents a kinder and gentler attitude, or either if a presence requires, a strength of character, a force of freedom. And having the continuities, the intellect for carrying an ideal forward. You are a trust and I believe within the public circles of a carrying society. But reconcile this notion that I too may become King,

reconcile it with your own notions of self worship and and self idolatry, for I was born among another promise, that all people are created equal, and if I wander as disciple and forgetting, may I concede these wishes, for contentment, I am the letter of service. Because the fortunes of participation are the dismissals of self determination and possession, and because the language which becomes, let I, let I. All reconciled. And if a fathering nation becomes the pressure of taxation and hegemony, and if a dissension, a reason for elopement, a rationalism of becoming absorbed to the throes of aristocratism. Having done a something great, it is a stage, indeed, but as far as I can see, the imaginations of a protected culture, the securities of poetry, these can only be reconciled if. If. And if an object becomes, and if these quarters require a service, subject I be, because your will is that of a public carrying its own like this.

the sacrifice of theology

And regardless the strain of Godism, the search for answers is a check unto the materials of living. There are the passages, the requisite modes of receiving and receiving, but forgotten upon their consumption. Not a theologian who will lift a text above its meaning, and not a sacrifice that will be remembered. For the richer are they having rescued thought from the tantrums of doctrine and ego. And the richer are they having reconciled a path of receiving with the subjects of reconstruction and faith and nature and service. And reason, as it were, analogical and prescribed, or either reason, as a dialogical entity, I have received. And time, because the lessons travel not all at once. The sacrifice of theology, a continued attention to living and a continued reference to the last of great ideas. And if I change, once a scholastic

and now something other, ever the idealist and holding to the profound of change. And give relativity a nod, because every is possible, but a question, how it brings an understanding unto a diffused public. And the missions of thinkers, how theirs was not that of selfism, but rather a study of virtue, and that which is good and that which shall become good, it was the surface of a foreign presence. Apologies. And regardless, the times of freedom, how there was an ideal reflected which holds some decaying relevance to this, this. Because among the matters of beliefism and ontology, and among the pushes of beliefism and ontology, there is a why which sustains a social action. And I know, the last of cause, I know. And the profound of social intercourse, among such matters, material is inward and the objects be those which sustain reflection. And sacrifice, the ordinations of limits and the ordinations of time. And sacrifice oneself to the curiosities of mysticism or either miracle, or either sacrifice oneself to the objectivities which sustain such a timeless endeavor. Reason because.

doctor doctor

The medical type. The science type. The social type.
The type which tells you how to live. The type which

declare the potency of mechanics. The type which sort
people. The type which think as large as possible, and
the type which think as small as possible, them who
explain things. The type who identify the symmetries

of human bodies, the type who fix human bodies, and
the type which create potions and pills to give to the
doctors who fix human bodies. The type who know

the course of human development and the type who
understand the course of social development. The
doctors who position God within every material and

the doctors who position God away, and those for
whom God is arbitrary. The type with the fascinations
for language, how a sound, and the type for a fascination
with sense. The engine doctors, the constructivists

and the materialists, the style doctors, the art doctors,
them pushing ideas in unique forms. The caring type,

the ethicists. The teaching types, the empiricists. The
experientialists, the isolationists, the phenomenologists,
the caretakers of history and the forcers of history.

The paternal type and the type who know exactly how
to contain the wayward thoughts of others. The type

who can fix a heart with steel instruments, and the type
who can fix a heart with rhythm and meter, word. The
type of doctor with limits and constraints and the type
of doctor looking for boundless resolution and beyond.

doing policy

And if policy was process the fastest thinkers and the most outspoken would be the makers. And if reason were the graduation to the esteems of compromise and literal inclusion, the others would be the makers. And as it were that a separation exist between the science of social advance, the representation of originalism, or either the art of social advance, inherent originality, or is this reversed? In any instance, as it were that a separation exist between those of original thought and those representing original thought, the determination of policy be either process or ends. Because a good

idea transcends its discussion, its discussion is an imaginative clarification. And a body of policy people without original ideas are those trapped within process and circling circling and trying to lay claim upon the externs of ingenuity. Careerists without having made their own substance to this social. And them having been upon the grounds that policy affects, they will know the potence of good idealism as opposed to the empire of sustaining the balloons of oversight. But even amid the chaos of performing policy without ends, perhaps underscored by the notion that the subjects of this eternal

dialogism will become engaged and therefore become among the hierarchies of riddledom, a lesser of equity gets left to the sides, by the chatter and by the histories and by the technical necessities, a slave to the central force of inclusion but formally being included for any outsider to see for sure. And if policy was process, and if doing forth the matters of the state or any other government or constitutional body was the expectation of performing and reflecting good ideas, surely you must realize your public position is transparent as good as your unspoken source. But I will learn to come forward.

There is not a wonder the attentions look to elsewhere. Given the technologies and the accompanied disregard for diplomas. That a knowledge, its acquisition be the matter of curiosity and ease of getting. For I can accumulate in a manner I choose, at a rate I choose, and the focus, it is my own. And if a following of disregard for authority and a diaspora of principles, what better the inspiration for managing this possession of personal epistemology? And schools, if they look outward, that their existence be the requisite of society, and if they are to realize the nature of lifelong learning, what introduction to the wheres of becoming can there be? For technology allows an independence and the stores of books and the discourse of idea and thought. I have a question and its answer transcends that which once was a milestone of learning, for I imply an interest. And interest, only the greater of environments will impart such, and if a formal place, so be it. But a living beyond and a living among the transcends of inner curiosity, had there been an introduction to the treasures of history and the forms of math, the explanations of psychology and the open trains of a philosophy and several philosophies, had there been an introduction. But government has not kept a pace with the matters of learning, for the dictates of physical presence and the reinforcements of summative evaluations and degrees degrees, government has not kept a pace with knowledge, its interpretation and its manifestation, its utility and its pleasures. And if a hardened fact of learning in the interest of fitting in among many, and if a reality of becoming mature remains the captured enlightenment of having succeeded a formal course of studies, only a time will illustrate the novelty of having passed through, in a manner. I have succeeded in a manner, but a knowledge begins upon an interest, and the many-sidedness of interest, it has no home like want.

just your average extraordinary

Aptitudes for receiving special instructions, and aptitudes for performing the necessary obligations of living. And knowledge, in a way. Just the standard of the given type of being. That an exposure be a constant among those predisposed or either environmentally inclined, and that a belief be interpreted as the substance of a whorl of individualism. But character is a standard which transcends the uniforms of typology, and the mind, given qualities and manifests, and given manners, it is ever the intention of something greater. And if a sound, a sight, the process by which knowledge becomes,

unique among the total of society, but given a corner of a social spectrum, it is as typical as any corner. A model of becoming and requiring its own management, its own language, its own treatment. For a day is the rest and given the constants of need and curiosity, the hierarchies of being, the time travels as for the rest, and an attention, to separated littles, and to separated ends, perhaps, perhaps. But a cluster, a colony of like thinkers and like imaginers, the standards for becoming elect a diffused path. And if the reliabilities of diffusion are the motions and the actions of a known body, there

will be a process of enlistment or either a process of a forced enlistment, because only some are diagnostically the same in truth because an oversight is the emergence of an uncontrolled group. Unacceptable. But upon the recognitions of a body, what flag will be the center of that which learns and that which controls. Because speaking as a person and speaking as the unofficial or either the segregated type, as a known sort, responsibility becomes the cast of membership. But the unwants of diagnoses, and the closure to the novelties of being other are the withdrawals, or either the politics of letting go.

failing hell

And if a consciousness in hell, I will know the better of my actions. Because a consciousness need exist for one's recognition of immoral histories and the causes by which this fire begins. And if an acceptance, of the

eternals of this damnation, an eternal discomfort, it is the conscience which will have survived and it is the conscience which will recognize that, indeed, some suffering

is worse than others, and a hell, it is a worse in some degree to other manifestations of it. Logic, I suppose,

but I must believe that the stages of wickedry are the presence of a mind, or either a stone I be. A stone I be, and destined for the collapse of the soul, to watch

or either wait, to idle among mountains I will never see. And a hell, if it be infinitely intense slightly accumulating its hatreds and pains one after another, again, again, in uncontrollable algorithms that I not expect. I can

never expect. And the burns, I thought my heart and my being infinite, but the institution of pain is far beyond

the creativities I had ever imagined. But each, the stages of remorse and endowed consciousness, how I look aback upon the cause, I can only. And knowing the

histories, it is enough to suppose a beginning of retreat. This consciousness will fade until it has healed itself,

this history will heal itself and look forward at the problems of living in hell. Because if a consciousness, then a good and a bad, a preferred state, and if this the matter of living is as hopeful as I become forgetting.

the perplex

Not prepared for an intellect stabbing at this consciousness
like morality. And to respond with nothing, nothing
but the lasts of one breath and an unforgiven question.

failure to thrive

As if an environment held no responsibility for the activities of its members. Failure to thrive, the diagnosis

for the lack of vigorous participation in this world, this sequestered world, this containment. And if the majors, them wishing upon conformity and likeness,

if they were to be the reversal of fortune and the receivers of a templated existence, how they would endow themselves, in the first rugged and principled against against, and into the disdain of letting go. Retreat to the symbols

marking the start of social inversion. Oh, how I wish, not at the return of an everyone to a grounded zero, rather upon an environment which shall receive receive. How I have so much nested within, or either it is a simplified nothing as the acts of progress have demonstrated.

And pushed to the edge of soul, to the edge of nothing, but a concealed confidence knows the ends of being

are not the shape of decree and force, rather the notions of eternal allowance, how they are categorized as some dependence, they become this outward personality

and I have not an apology or either every apology, as you wish. As you wish. And an environment, I can believe this place affects this dismissed self because I was the matter of its intercourse. I was the matter

of becoming, and if a dimly lit exterior was a childhood or either an insensitive schooling or either or either. I have so much to pass upon. Responsibility elsewhere I can only declare, for if I were to hold my own to the standards of responsibility I wish, I would be insensitive.

the infamy of stars

And if I believe among beauty, a star, and if populations believe. But how a belief can only be as large as its social construction. And inevitably let down, to the associations of belief with the grand cosmic principles and the eternals of middle space, how every star I lie beneath is bound for letdown, lest I know. I can only

be a social creature, learning and learning, and I will be the everturn to that which represents an idea more profound than I can muster. I return. To the hallowed

of midnight in slipped voice upon knee, I return. And with a question for believing once more because even among the fatalities of thought I am not through yet. Infamy, I give you, and if I look at cause, at disgust, at your iron turns, it is a look within I realize but I am not

as large as you. Because a Sunday, because an outer light. And because the responsibilities of maintaining

a self force a separation. A population believes, and truth, how a star redeems it as something other. Because a star is incapable of lying and yet it carries a character, perhaps I introduced this. And if I only told the truth how might I carry a character, or either if I said nothing at all but a physical presence how might I carry a character. I am invisible like an unstar and hoping at the notions of eternity or either remembrance. I am invisible like a

social construction, a belief, and how every star as its own threshold of energy and appearance and its own matter, and how, if I remove a star from beauty and into a science let, how it becomes something other like infamy. Because a beauty is belief and a social truth this. Like a star burning into something other, beauty into other.

revolving poet

The sun, daymoon. Clouds atween and passing. Like blue acrossing the field of day, to the summer ridge of horizon. The horizon, ends of greenish lands, of hilltop worlds, the ends of oceans and where this earth begins the next. And for every start of the poet the outward

amble of shape. I make beauty. For this thought, it was once an endless night, a vapor of truth upon morning lake, a regard like meadow, a regard. For this thought, it once began nested and obedient, it once began certain like time. The castles, the granite stones pushed up

through soil, the format of earth, it once began certain like time. I am certain among time. The star, first star at a purple sky opposing a descending light, and how a cool becomes of truth, earth letting go and time escapes this. How a summer night, time escapes this, the galaxies,

the midnight corners of creation, the silhouettes of leaves, the format of night. I construct this. For the wants, the urgencies, begin like thought. And the perfections, if I had remembered pleasure. I remember this. Now. The wind, how it begins, and I know the west and I know

how the east begins. The wind, and lying grass down facing east. The curious, of creatures, of biology, and facing east toward beginning. I am life. Like poetry for creatures that can fly, and like poetry for people that can fly. I am life. And the day, returning from

the east in dew and light, how it remembers. The sound of early morning like silence and still. The patterns, the knowledge begin again. Format begin again like earth and how a day. Wind returning. How a wind. And like a morning start a knowledge. Summer grass air.

surrender at a window

The common tree full. And the other tree, full. The resting tree, full. And with a lawn, the manicures of constance. There is not a change lest the changing tree

allow. And it too, full like June. The imagination tree, the prayer tree, the book tree, a character for each, them dotting a lawn. And the sky, how it begins a world

and full like cloud. The sky, and dampened blue, the justice sky this day. Every day a one. The human path of pushed down soil and worn grass, hard pack to

the keeping fence. And horizon, not a word. And bird I know not but assembling in the common tree. The masculine sun providing, caretaking. The shadows,

how a changing tree, its shadow. Full. And the stones I imagine, them planted about, the sitting stones and the thrones, the observation stones. The mushrooms

drying into the late morning, the late morning. And with a lawn, the order of borders and how a fence is redundant. Iron fence. Keeping. And never to touch

the earth or either know for real, certainty. The common tree, but how I know common. And the other, I know other. That a sky returns to this, the full greens of June

and the open thoughts, passing. The bird I know not and candid orange breast robin, maybe robin. The climbing tree with fat and low limbs. The morning, the ends

of morning and the patience and how a lawn is patient like that which participates. Patient lawn. And to speak of ends or either return to the sky likewise patient.

the molecules of

What interest becomes? And its substance, taken by
a nature, to giance, to oceans, to space. To summer
winds, interest, to summer glacier pushing. The summer,
and day, the startled day. To forgive a startled day,

restless day. To forgive the predictabilities of nature.
And if I be something other and unpredictable, forgive
that as well. The weather and seasonably cool and a

cover to prairie, to high plains and winded earth, the
river. What interest becomes? A city? For I am nature

like grass and like insect, as the plethors of life I am
nature. And destruction known as something other
like creation. The lingering words of spring, and how

a system. Atmospheres and life, water, the constructs
sustaining this body, and taken by a nature to ends

as far as I can tell, horizons, the attributes of summer
mountains with snowmelt trickles barely. Ends. And
still meadows like orange they will become. I absorb
these taken by nature, this interest becomes. A thought

like cloud, them many and evenly spaced traveling.
City, nature be and certainly predictable, colony of

activity that a night be reprimanded, that a night be
held and pushing out stars. The molecules of night like
drops. I am interest becoming, the lava, black earth,

delta, and a seed scattering. How in a moment this
sun will be upon a city or either I will tell no person
of this interest. The air, and clear like I began, small
and patient or either small and redundant as I am.

I too discharge categories

The prostitute or either phantom, steppenwolf like conscience,
discharge the labels, the categories which imply a something

other. For them having been known as their acts, they
were once child, once victim and once artist. The thief,

the insane, the aged with humped backs and threaded
lips. And them, teacher and dayjobber, merchant, how

a rest forgives the pains of identity. The wine man with
loud wishes and boister, certainty, the organizer of dissent,

the book person, the poet, more than once something
other and then shaking for pathdom and now shaking

for history. I give you history, the lot, of adolescent woe,
of adolescent love, I give you time, because a hate does

pass and because a love does turn into something greater
or lesser but something other. And if a tormented soul,

understand the whispers of middle freedom, to the air,
to the air. The man collecting money as if it were a

limit, the man hoarding money. A one who pardons
everything, the airpriest, the gentle knight denying the

instruments of his calling. Reason, and how a question
or either watch panels the acts of another. But all is

not equal, indeed, just equally considered. Because the
keeper of inmates, the keeper of people, because the

vagrant, the beggar, the public sleeper, I understand
your fortune or either I understand that I will know this.

silent cause

Divinity and the making of, morality and the making of. Experience like the professions which sustain a

social judgment, the one who makes of himself something small, that a sympathy, the one who makes something large of himself, that an authority. Every person begins a suit to living in the interest of ends. Because a social

responds to the lost person, the tempest character, and not the shadow of conformity. The middle social, as it follows, the muddled social pushed between sympathetic

weakness, cause, and the authorities of intellectual force, cause. And if I think like the wind, the river stones,

and if I think like the spaces without and how they feel and how they make, and if I think like the divine, that relevant to this becoming, and if I make the divine or either recognize the divine, push at its reproduction

in any silent manner. For goodness is the commonest representation or either the only representation. And as a tear, a heartfelt regard, a gift or either demand, the

middle social I leave. And push back upon the unbending automatons who have never seen branches of wooded

tissue becoming into shade, nor the virtue of city as it was intended. And how the target of cause be that which does not respond, to reason in any one of its creative forms, how the target of social cause be the

apathetic winds of rolling minds, them isolated and only hungry for more of the same. And in silence, the revolves of change will pass this unto something other.

history is small

The natural, the evidence of, the stars, the speculation.
And how a lifetime of watches brings one to suppose
the creation of canyon, of life, river basin, and the evolves
of species. A tree ring tells a period, the patterns of
hardened winters, dry summer seasons. The strata

of stone, the earth, the volcanic pushes, evidence. The
archaeology of early creatures, fossil impressions and
how a tree is made to stone, petrified. Evidence of a
time and evidence of a condition. And the environments,
the blown soil, glacial evidence, seafloor silt and how

it now becomes exposed and earth, terra. And the
social, the shards of distant peoples as pottery, as an
image upon wall, the hunt, the woman with full breasts
and pregnant. How an image. A time, the evidence
of, the structures of living, stone shelter and now covered

in the soil of a thousand blown years, the trampled paths
still limiting foliage. There is a presence of history, of
naked time, the skulls, the bones of animals that have
been fed upon, the droppings. And how a culture will
care for its dead, to ashes or either the earth, to the

sky or either to the reprocess of systems because a culture
is nature as any. Evidence, that a stage began this
continuance, and speculation, hypothesis, indeed, but
a memory is as much as a science and if I believe upon
an existence before my birth I must allow the small faith

of evidence. And the structure of animals, how they
are uniquely created for a place, how a time adjusts a
creature. And a knowledge, the lore as it began, the myth
as it began, speculation then, indeed, but how it tells
the principles of an even earlier beginning of conscience.

the hermenaut

Interpreting. The words, the lists, the passages of a social intellect. And further, the evidence of a living. That a sound be made at once amplified, at once unifying the assortments of social history. And a new word or either a new substance, a modernity of new evidence which captures the last in a new manner or a more qualifying manner, a more certain manner. And the poet, the front of science, the front of explicitism and implicitism,

and telling the charge of the last neomodernism and the latest postindustrialism and the last postneoism. Because a time advances and I will not be the tether of my heritage, or either it will be scrutinized, because I travel in a like direction, forward. And social, I travel this, and always the better for improving upon the speculatives and the language. I make small a language. I reduce words with words and I gather the just and the justice

of meaning and advance it once as any herald must. Interpreting, and sounding the passages with art and forgotten thoughts which mean a something now as they ever have, or more. And the lifestyle of one having set their mind to social implications and foresight, a room, a studio, the table of open minds and littered with the evidence of living. And bluntly pointed at precision, a direction for new empowerment and the

pragmatism, neopragmatism for stepping once outside to a new language I create, from the last and containing the interpreters of history, but history is only partly relevant to an expanding now. This I know, I knew this upon my first doctrine, that a surface of change will continue to sweep the interpretations of social time into a sphere and release it like a dismembered model. And the gaps, a knowledge is convenient as.

bombing the moon

Because some people must bomb something. To the moon. Dazzling in fractious netherclouds of atomic waste. And littering a barren scape with ultimatums and supercraters, neon glows seen from the surface of a blue home body 250,000 miles apart. What can be done otherwise? With the arsenal of billions, what fireworks might be made of that which has the potential of undoing history? And because it is just plain fun. Making targets of land, target practice for nations and either demonstrating abilities for reconstructing the environment, the shape, of next stages of humanity.

I follow bombs, because in them are the primitivisms of conflict and that which could otherwise be settled by way of reason. And an arbitrary third, to the hateful notions of manifest destinies and constant constructivism, by every, to point the symbols of want and defense away. And a moon, of dust, without atmosphere and without purpose lest dreams be purpose, a moon for forgetting lust and genocide, for forgetting, and this body, perhaps a purpose, perhaps a purpose, indeed. And upon every launch, a prayer for victims which need not exist, and a watch for the whorisms of commercial

implants, because a war brings this and as an earth advances itself to victimless wars, commercialism, it still is, present like a factory of strength or either dereliction. But away, it all. No matter. Because the moon from northern America is still pocked, it is still quiet, and with a knowledge of it having been raped, there is not an idea nor act which will limit its purpose within this heart. Take it for what you will because the trades of peace are discretionary, and pardon if I censor the tirades to the youth or either let them press the button because they must know this in some way or not at all.

traveling report

I too rode God far. To the ends of fabric, that once began as little and history. And it will end like the finish of anything. And beyond the washed cliffs, them falling falling, beyond the guided mnemonias and the packed earth. I too rode God far. With a mind for letting go until absence conjures a future and until nighttime manages a rest. Be low, and still, the tenders mark a path, of potence and beauty that travels forward until it washes away and dissolving among oceans and the other recoils of water, great flood and ceaseless rain, and the opposites, the dry erosions of summer wind. Far, like a memory, I too rode God. And if I waited for an instant to allow a time, and there I rest like a shelter once begun and dying into deserts and earth and salt and sulfur I imagine. And the clouds, there is not a finish among them traveling and reporting in sweeps and tests and performing endlessly performing. A continent, another, and the separations of man and his dwelling and God, the evidence of dwelling and I am welcome I know like the returns of any bounty. I too rode God far, and far enough to realize a home away, a place away to the ends of sense or either begin as new, star and spirit, light overhanging the passing worlds beneath. And not enough of boistered prairies, of grass to touch without bending, of rolling leaves and wind, dissenting wind I walk into and direct my back against against. The passing worlds, I too rode God far like a season and becoming mindless because everything is at once. Concept, ocean. Concept, moon. Concept, eternity like tomorrow, tomorrow, concept. And upon which I dissolve like language taken from the substance of meaning, dissolve like word upon life, dissolve like the future without history into universe and matter kein meaning and dissolve into the space of moments. I too rode God far, as far as I remember and a wind. Concept.

Tom omni

Everywhere begin. First light, begin, and last light, the silhouettes, he was where the heart began, begin. And now, again, the tempts. And good as a poet, kind like

a grandparent, handsome as a northern sunset, aware like wind. And if a question, knowledge is nothing and words are nothing to a one who understands the

misplace of meaning and a language like art. And if a question, what or either why, knowledge is nothing to everywhere. And I, in wait that a presence of something

particular and small, that I begin. Jealous like a fool and waiting like a fool for something original against everything begin. And I have no respect for this I cannot

defend and I have no respect for this which requires an eternity of defense. Everywhere begin and among your absence as if you had never gone away because

everywhere and your life, it is nature, it is the surrounds of night, of light in whatever shape, of bad of good of hedonism of virtue of the rest. And if I take a lesson

and if I wake as a forest one morning or either an ocean, blue sky or either sunrise, if I wake as this or something the likes of everywhere, I will let you know I would have

settled as coffee as patio as sound. As the limits of being I would have settled. Everywhere begin, and the knowledge begin, that if an everywhere need be localized,

governor, you, except this home and this path of separated pleasures and modesty. Of degree, these my own I know, this if anything. This knowledge from this, begin.

one boisterous belch

One boisterous belch. And following the ingrains of brotherly love or either brotherly tantrum. And so I am the lesser and always will be by the staggering time of coupled years. And if a haro of enlightenment that I be the elder in fact or either the equal because all of a family is equal beyond the age of thirty five and younger than sixty and the other equalities of age and the beyonds of retirement I will be an equal once again and waiting like a child. And a boisterous belch, one, at the thought of living another separation among the confines of youth. What can I do with a knowledge of second placism and quiet order? Ever the next. Ever the next. But I wonder as any of the independence of setting a sail away away into the eloquence of letting everything slide including time. But I wonder like a question of morals how a one can outlive the sequesters of an ordered kin, perhaps a memory, that it lapse unto a wicked

new start of parenthood and gimmick. God says so. If I believe in sex and the ideals of reproduction and the continuation of one's sort, God says that a history will be forgotten if I believe. One boisterous belch, and a time return to the ankled wisdom of spat and force and the else that entertains the hierarchies of siblinghood. And following the ingrains of possession, what will be the value of success among, and what will be the community, because gymnasium or either stage, because home and parental land, because church, these are the neutral organs to competition or either interface. And one boisterous belch, that it be the sound and the remembrance of carnalism and genuine disrespect, and respond in kind for it is the matter of having been among disgust. Disgusting, indeed, as only a brother, and particularly one of forty misbehavored years. But strangely, how a home becomes of disgust. Boisterous, indeed. Indeed.

jet

Fast craft defying. Fast. Upon clouds and
screaming through air.

Fast craft silver. Pluming white smoke trails
into history. Gone.

Fast craft forgetting slow things like gravity
and sound left behind. Gone.

Fast craft to London. Letting down wheels
in time for hurrying again.

Fast craft.

speaking in anthems

Talking upon whatever volume, and talking in truths.
The same, a message singled and pronounced, announced
like knowledge. First in the generalizations of modern
language, and the same to poetry, put to poetry and
song. Be still for the performance of the heart, and be

recognized for I can be no other. Banner I wave, golden
and then tattered for a use decomposes its objects, its
lesson browning to earth. For the imminence of this I
wave, I am coming to mastery and if I only was the equal
of this message. But I continue, for trying is the most

modest of gains, the simplest. And if I arrive at the
sounding message of eden, that I collapse upon reason,
the common before we, I was ever the confidence of
trial. For a forest deserves protection, a peoples, a
food, there is an anthem for every, and if an anthem

were to contain them all, this is what I am trying to
suppose. Ever trying to suppose. And when I was to
fail upon the volume of speech, that an enlargement
exaggerates, and this was never my intention, only a
message. And whatever manner. Whatever manner.

Then the sky, a song. The birds, a poem. Then the
ocean, a memory. And all things social come to this
for I am one and the politics, a game I am no longer
fascinated with. And the disguise of forced meaning,
it is no longer lest I be cornered. I am cornered. And

the single truth upon these acts, a quiet disobedience
or either a disregard for collections. And take an anthem
or no but this I leave because I am not alone. I am
not among sunflower nor rain, and this herald, let it
be said because I know no better way of representing.

caring outright

The sky, the peoples, them all. The universe, the grandest thoughts I elope to. The oceans, the wind, air, simple air. The darkness, how it deserves a touch, the stars

forevered in time. And that which is of no place, the reason, beauty, all that I can consider, art and color,

justice, inventions of the mind, the soul, so small. So small the soul, and waiting how it does. The forest, the corners of the earth, hometowns and downtowns and places, them where people go to die. The sounds, of

dying cicadas, the buzz of summer and dying into brown. The water, this which matches a sky, reflecting upon the clouds. And shadow, light shifting. The way a morning turns to noon, the way an appetite turns from

coffee to tea. Change. Any change. I adopt change. And come to nature for all is this. Every thought and

every object, every want and this which turns the moon. The moon I want. And how far a breath, the farthest, I want this. The ends of mathematics, the ends of an

education, the ends of philosophy. I want this. For I can make its nest upon this mind and return it outright upon the other passages of experience. Footpath, a

lantern, and that which sustains a museum, the flame of knowledge, the fear of ends, for this is so much the

greater. Peace, like language. Peace. And season, a morning, sunrise. The structure of nature, how I look too closely. Atom like knowledge. And bending meadow for it responds to something. Grass bending at air.

creating a better book

And as the people account for experience, them minding the lessons and them bending at principle, them, they will be the creation of principle. For how a structure, that everyone will ultimately have passed upon an insight because the nature of anonymity, that which lasts, it be a collection. The grandest, and that which allows for the most interpretations, because the subjections in this are a constitution, a married force. And I elect your pen as the matter of direction because I have told you everything that matters. Everything that matters. And the rest, I am no glossary, and besides, I have one book further, one further advance for the next. And

as the people, this congress, as it stays, what certainty will be made of this social. Biblical, poetry as it is, and word, as divine as any, and if four thousand years shall pass in this name, another four thousand shall grant a newer modernity. And let them dance, for they

are represented in natural fiber, in humming chords, in prosperity and science. And let them know that a subject which does create order, that a lesson be made of hardship and loss, the human condition, it all and bound. Accounting for experience, because something now requires an index and an arm, a reference and that which escaped the first containment. Something will ever escape the first containment, and the next, for if there is a lesson to experience it is that the human condition escapes the bounds of history, that I know in any case. But it is no

failure, capturing a micron because if a single form were the matter and the part of each, 'brother' I would say and let my eyes begin to the clouds as I wish they always could in profound whispers again thinking of the next. Experience, and that which transcends change. I only.

how a rainbow is extraordinary

Because it consumes all of light and creates a rhythm of it. Because it marks the temperance of weather, it comes and stays for a brief capture. I release it. And

because it is tall, I give it an earth, the vantage of my mind. How it arcs and how I have never seen the ends of rainbow I can only imagine. And if there were no

basin of land and valley and the other it touches, it would be a circle. But science, the decapitator of the imagination, 'how there must be water vapor' it says

as a matter of fact. I can only agree. I can only to an evidence agree. But romance is not explicit and the air, the sense of rain, the sun spanning darknesses, I

know when to look for you. Afternoon like colored glass and vivid blades of treeform away, vivid separations of sky and earth, I know when to look for you. How

I know when to look for you, explain this science. And light and subtle, and often twice colored, the sky, a heaven is implied, a greater reward for living among this

and a moment. And if the ends of beauty are as simple and outright as natural pause, I will rest for an eternity with pillow and air and the smell of rain arriving through

open doors. And make another to a friend. I will imply like rose and summer, like the sound of water and like sense I will imply. For what it means, this, an anything

which means anything, a spectacle. And nothing more lest a memory of colors bending upon a moistened air be peace or either the advent of simplicity I insist now.

knowing the bitters

Sugar like balance. And settled into rest. How the mind will pass upon beauty for itself, the beauty inside, the gloss of analogia. I still speak a language, am only lost by degree, because matter insists. Matter, how it insists. And digestion, the hunger summons, the tethered fruits,

them storebought and compelling, orange and lemon. And I wish for the taste of, into dreams of poetry, the last gasp of social commission, I have not divorced a language like the remaindered world, the clouds, the bundled time of daybreak, the ever-yellows of summer

meadow and fashion. The remaindered world I remember and now a matter of conscience. A matter I do manipulate for a passing span of two growth hours of water and green age, of ferries and temptation, of anis and melted cloud, light and swirling like oil upon. And the latest

art I remember, this, the dots, the chords of miscreants because I am of parts, I am a part and all a spectacle like rain into ocean into the horizoned catechism of a nature I believe, this within. And bitter like education, I have no taste after this. And bitter like philosophy,

I have no taste beginning now. But as a cause bewilders, so to an imagination, the cogs of every machine and the want growing into eternity. Some day I am confident. And if it comes in glassy shots, in neon green like absinth and luck, I will declare the bitters are harsh like mental

denial and the infusion of learning only upon the expansions of logic and never to touch the earth. For it is possible, never to touch the earth and the tendered grass. But I cannot say the dividends of reaching out are greater than those within, only the substance of one's conscience will.

seeing a garden through the buildings

Nature pushes against. It is a seam, a separation, and a culture, if it allows or either if it turns its back upon

a maintenance. And the reassurance of living among an eternal decline of civilization, how a green through

weakness, through hallowed cracks and the deposits of pedaled dust. All will return and I smile at the revolutions

of seed and spirit, at the want of itself, nature. For cause is justice, and this for which I have no control,

the littered sprouts, the first weeds, the alley mushrooms, the intentions of beginning small, eroding. Eroding.

And if a force of humans is enough for another age, how small I think, how small I know. Nature pushes

against, in strides in days, the season, how it is a measure and I am not too far from birth. And the seam of the

natural and its contradiction, the unnatural, I am one or either the other governed by my own decision. And

change, let it be a matter of fact returning beyond the dormant stages of social collapse and slavery, I have

a hope for you flower; pilgrim. As you intend upon this slab of earth and heartening. And if you were ever

destined for a place, peace it be, like garden which requires a simple nothing from this body, lest an attention and

lest a moment. Nature pushing against, indeed, and I for models am one to collect the wishes of this beyond dispute.

thinking widely

And if there is a place for the consumption of wholes,
life and stars and conscience, them all one, death and
absence, concept like freedom, word like poetry, the

aesthetics of civilization, of olden nature, and if there
is a place. I will be that which consumes, I will consume
my own flesh, river and canyon, family and air, I will
drink together with myself and hand away tobacco

to myself, hand away myself. Because a land without
difference, it is I and waiting like time, like eternity

and change, I am I. And within that self which contains,
within breeze and wind, within the whorling clocks
of season, of growth, I am I becoming once upon a mind
for knowledge. The social, I, the only, I, the caverns

of language, how it represents the uniforms of justice
and that which I can imagine, and that which slows

order to a stop, for deconstructions, how they sound
and how they want disorder and that which is against
man except for I. That I be one and the else, the summer

glacier popping, the sound of ice, and the slow turns
of mountain cinder eroding by hundred-year ponderosa
and the next, the next I. And handing this to my very

own, the knowledge of change, of nature decomposing
into life and eternity, this imagination I. And handing

government to government because it is the program for
knowing and that it becomes as I consider in any case
protecting itself. Government, I am I, and thinking broadly
at cases of nature, flashes, because this is the program.

the staples of man

What wind I require, what rain. What earth sustains the notions of continent, of separation, the trials of language becoming. And what health I require, amid the bombs collecting subordination like fear and like time collecting history. What nature I require, what growth of forest, of delta, what growth of pain, for becoming is as much a matter of pain as anything. I, the word freedom, and what evidence I require that a step I take is among this order. The muzzled shots of idea, them cascading for an experience, for an experience makes this. The cloud, and one hanging at morning treetops like ceiling, like glass. The engines of invention, the streets of labor, I am among them. The cabbage lunch and time, how I remember this, a garden reminds, a bird reminds. And the phantoms, that which collects death, the air to some, I, and that which collects the receptacles of death, oven and earth. By which I return

to the marks of knowledge because I can only follow death until. The chords, the music of poetry, the rhythm of word and idea, what poem I require, what song. And what memory of the last epoch I have lived upon grass and wit, what memory of mud home and fenceless agriculture, I require. The Sun, beating like the day into this skin, I am old and I have required so much. And the moon, beating like the night into this mind, I require contradiction, I can only for growing into the imaginations of youth is a contradiction I require. And what sky, what midnight cloud into dreamspells and open window. What dream I require, what arrogance that a dream shall become, I require. And daybreak, the northern hills, the lakes like glass like emotion starting. And sound breaking like nature, day begins and the trees resume, the clouds resume. And the summer as any instant, I require the summer as any instant beginning.

alone amid

Separated by the currencies of experience. I am like
no other I discovered when I grew old. And declare,

to the social fabric why I cannot believe in a way which
demands a contract or either a way which supposes

subordination. And the missions, to the capsules of
them determined to like minds, them hurrying along

the rails of conformism, our engagement is the subtle
text of your conversion and ultimately your allowance.

Alone amid, the crowds of sufferers beating the clock
to material favors, if I could only. And the games of

independence, the ends of games, independence or either
isolation. There are times when the usual social balance

is that which spars without consequence. And the game
of acquiring the knowledge of one better. And lost,

that which truly was an original interest, or either the
inclusion of its idea lost among the fantasies of becoming

the greatest. For respect, I speak in eloquence and never
to mention that which is the object of this struggle, the

beauty, the satisfactions, the natural. And separated,
for we are not alike except the competitions of each,

our own struggles pushing pushing. I will be silent, as
a watch, for this, because I have again grown older and

allowing another, or either the efforts of this conversion
be now reflective, bounds reflecting away. And alone.

the overconscience

That which I know, the treatment of others, the manner in which I wish to be treated, code. Apology and the thanks I give. And that which governs what I know. I am only discovering the fascinations of human order and will always be, and every insight returns me to this machine, this body, for I will have an eternity in the following without without. I speculate, upon the interpretations of life, its force and its influence, that which influences,

and the remarks of living among social construct or either constructs, there is the model of social respect and there is that which is a facet of such. I live among one and speculate upon the other, ever drawing its most recent empiricism and objects into a harmony with the day. For not every rule qualifies nor quantifies as legitimate, not every force becomes, but a conscience I believe it is constructed, by the environment, by the

social determinants, and it is allowed by the physics of mental conditioning and the potential for knowledge. In part, the genetics of learning, but it is not enough to qualify for participation, the environment is the next, and handling and keeping the gates of knowledge. A participation among the formations of code, and if the formations generate the positives of living I am reinforced. But speculation, after the constructs have been made,

I am thankful, and for this, comparative goodness, I am optimistic, and for this, the experience of success, I am apathetic, and for this, indiscernible change. I am a trophy, a word, a fragment made by a force, and if happiness were a matter of looking not too far, if... But I speculate because honesty too is a force supposing a greater truth governing this. And conscience, yes, and overconscience, indeed, and upon its satisfaction, another.

downing sun, country drive

As evening begins, darkness compels. And the lasts
of colors splashing a widening west. Red and trailing
like the scales of clouds, concentric and outward from
destinations, ends. And the fields, endless and enough
light to engage a knowledge, that a month will behold

the knee high starts of bounty. I remember summer,
the tales of western porches after this downing sun hour,
to lemonade, slow and ice jiggling against glass. I remember,
the joys of watching celeste and season, how the colors
represent, how a blue turns to imagination like growing

old. I remember. And upon four wheels, this carriage
into majestic freedoms and country roads, and to believe
that it is only Wednesday. It is only Wednesday and
this. Oh, what I appreciate, the way a metaphor anchors
a life to time, and how a sense becomes a love because

linking the greatest beauty to that which I wish will
last forever, or either that which I am confident will
outlast I, I am the stronger for marrying strength, I am
a force if I be nature, I am wisdom if I allow a sense.
And your company, truth like the heated vapors asserting

a passing sun, I do know the science of your existence,
and I prefer your art. Behold, as I am no other witness
and I am no other contrast, a shadow only and driving
into the remains of the day, and simply thankful for
the invention of appreciation. And windows, them

forgotten and cooling this body like nightfall, and the
mind settling. For all wishes, the clarity among near
darkness, just another metaphor, and another governing
this circle. I am a part, and if I remember the next time
of this instant I will be content again as I can only be.

using the knowledge of one trade in another

How I am not of this mold, but better for having been shaped by the last. Experience is simple, it is chronological and it is developmental, I know something different

for being a painter among poets or either being an historian among architects. And if the next history is a knowledge,

and the next, I am formed without reluctance for the strains of being and the diversity of being is a blossom to this soul. The marketer as the teacher, the governor as coach, the priest as author. And the hybridization

of being, no less than any modernity. For these constructs around, they have listened to time, they have listened to that which is the greatest of any profession once

removed. For cause is this, the justice of having been touched, and its reciprocity to the next. The goodness of certainty, that which transcends, cause is this. And being, forgotten why a removal of oneself, this moment

is new I recognize but a self is each of having been and discerned. Carpenter as mathematician, musician as

guide, pilot as weatherman. As if things were connected, As if one knowledge was a step to the next, indeed I am constructed, I give this away, but content for the insight of my making, and curious that I will be once

more advanced in a moment. Because we get together as social equivalents do among our reflections and wonder,

at the force of how it was all combined in that adolescence before before. And this, what knowledge greater than the policies of each than their templed union among this life.

am God of myself

Creating a better self upon every life. Two arms has worked well, as has a conscience. The mind of an educator, the good type, the balance of an artist. Am God of myself, and listen closely to that which has happened and design, a more spirited frame, a dash more motivation, perhaps, perhaps. And respond to an environment I am not certain of, that which transcends this locus. To the mind of agriculture I respond, the appreciations

of beauty, I respond. And physically, if I desire the body of an athlete, so it is, the logic of computerdom, so it will be. And if a heaven, a plan for a saved mind, this conscience will rest. The psychology of living and the speculations of hereafter, I am trained and programming in response. For this is the game, the bionics of the social development of the most adapted and the most adaptable. An open mind, to the social constructs and

to the participation, and longer legs, and an extra sense for knowing that which approaches from behind. A humor, indeed, and a sense for humor, a sense of memory and a sense for knowledge. And the abilities, the interests around, the want for independence, just a touch, and the knack for socialisms. Forgiveness. Indeed, forgiveness, for there is much outside. Am God of myself, and forming a present and developing the next. But not too far for

I am still I and I wish for no certainty as the one responsible for the shape of this body and this intellect. That a room be maintained for an overforce, the institution of something greater than I, because this will be the object of living among. And the attitude for discerning problems, the attitude for recognizing, and the confidence for solutions. And an evolved sense of taste, sight and sound, an evolved knowledge of meaning, for I must prepare again. Again.

wormwood

for houses of herbs
tinctures
for absinth not too far

and traveling
foot over foot over rail
the rain I
cannot notice

not knowing kindness
nor justice nor beauty
except for dead moth washing
downhill

time twirling
into sleep
and bitter
self nurture

except for art twirling
like dream I wish
from the west

minding Saturn

And fall away, the inconsistencies, the thoughtless
heroes and the literature without metaphor, without
passion, without regard and without responsibility.
I make the universe into the next, at first barren and
little, an object I hold, and launched far away, for objects
far away I know are the atoms of dream, of invention.
The turns by lamplight, the air pushing against skin,
there is a memory of diagrams, of radiation and this
which I choose, Saturn, I mind the night. And go, forth
upon z axes outward as the earth has been more than
flat for many years now. Compelled like danger, its
element, for I live outside of it, away from the frames
of moral intuition and moral hybridization and moral
urgencies, I take a moment and know its fascination
and liberties like anything. Objects away, for I have
thrown them there, scattered them among stars and
light, scattered them among the gentle din of summer

hum. And fall away, restless, the arrogants, them
subsisting on single ways and single manners because
I know more than one. At least this. And I know beauty
in more than one way, its vision, indeed, its sound,
but a cognitive sense I gather, the temper of material,
how I rest among its virtue. Object, for this knowledge
is represented and kind, -I fear no such thing, and its
participation among others. Among moons I participate
in candid dance. I am not ashamed. I am not washed
of emotion and not littered beyond my means. Like
haiku without the bounds of syllables, I still remain
a form, a force, and reflecting the eternities of glowing
death and stars and souls rising outward upon z axes.
I am brave in the face of redundance and that which
recurs like the religion of material form. And if there
were something beyond such a settlement, indeed, I
have found it too and marked it as any other object.

furnishing the universe

The aesthetics of everything. A galaxy placed, a planet,
a people scattered from a beginning and appreciating
design. Them born amid design and recognizing a moon

as invitation, a generous star as reason, a mannered
intellect, a recognition of the degrees of form, this as
reason. And the local, the fractals of rivers, of canyons,

how a tree becomes of open earth and sheltered environs,
how a mushroom knows darkness, how a sunflower
knows direction. And I, if I am to believe in my participation,

I am of an intended place, I am lent and intended. As
a cloud, stardust and the glitters of anysky, of something
born away and spanning large like concept, sweeping

molecules and spinning the creations of time, the universe.
Ultimately aggregate but intended. For a force minds
the eastern cosms and the western cosms, the upcosms

pushing out imagination and the outermosts, them pushing
yet again. Ends. Brick and mortar, for each the
element of union, stone and intention, I call home universe

and I call community universe, for this is my start and
my dimension, the remainder, imagination. The aesthetics
of everything. And if I locate a place for the mind, the

concepts, the numbers floating as bodies, love and the
else, the furnishings adjacent to the physical aspects
of being, complete I am and designer, for I can borrow

no greater space. I can keep no greater space. And if
I live among, having located each and being, keep a
conscience I shall, or either forget appreciation, design.

season as specimen

A perfect bride to its contradiction. The colors opposed to everything cold, the leaves, them sounding as opposite to the barren churns of air and ice. And a moment, this parcel of nurtured time, how a settled heart is long and a want is less. Temperate and tall like grass, the ambling insects, the buzz of little life. And sleep in middle rooms of meadow, near sustaining ponds quickened to summer, drying today. And forgetting the frame of winter, just bitter enough to remind that a time is temporary like life. The separations of life, of earth and wind, moments are marked in relation to the celestial activities of a system. This producing, and this resting, this wanting for change, for I know a future thirty-five times again,

I expect like I have, that a cloud and its absence, that a wind, how it turns, that a heat with no bounds, how it turns to burnt autumn and then death once again. And the signs, had I no memory and just an appreciation, had I no conscience, only pleasure and its portions, only sense, it would be enough to forgo the responsibilities

of preparing once again. For I love like sound, and I wish for nothing. I am balance. But facts as truth, the virtues of knowing, I respond to clouds, to rain and the death of summer. I know a horizon is a contradiction, a place away is contradiction becoming. And if this were fine like eternity, like beauty, or either it be and the minimum I be makes for a lesser season because I was born of lessers and truth is temporary. But mark, like autumn becoming and then winter, that I will appreciate a space of wildflowers like this, of sounds as near to silence as I wish. Mark this. And the contradictions, I fear none, only their knowledge, and this will rest as dream as history. Until something a time away begins a memory of specimens, for I keep them as jars unlike.

old

Losing oneself to history. Sight ambling into imagination,
response ambling. Inside like rest becoming. I used

to wonder upon the course of aging, how the matters
of life degrade or either how they become another. And

the mind, turning to truths decades old, this sustaining
within. And all of religion, what I know is better than

anything that was ever taught, better than any social
construct. I include everything because borders, they

were suspended as I witnessed the cooperations of
institutions, of people, the impossible suspended and

a faith returns like gravity. And if an arthritis, and if
the other decays of this body, I want for nothing because

an experience is still. And minding the habits that I
still allow, sunset and coffee, the imagination, not all

is gone nor are these questions still irrelevant. And if
I had prepared for retirement psychologically, and if

I had meant a concern for dependence, if I had only.
But regards, none for having lived ultimately and within

the fashions of presence, for it was a manner which I
may continue. That a rest allow this reflection or either

escape. That a body, and however frail, that its declining
minimum still engage a world. Flower, for what it represents,

and open window, for what it represents, all that remains
as necessary for believing that time will manage upon.

