

i n v e n t o r y

*P r i t y L i g h t s*

G R E G M A R K E E

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*P r i t y L i g h t s*

Δ

MADISON

*permanence and impermanence*

The idea  
of nature is no change  
[but the trees are taken]  
the square wood house installed with a wood mailbox [is this not nature]  
the dammed creek is now their lake their source of nature  
and natural with a picnic table even  
called park  
the idea  
of park is no change  
respite and with little creatures now  
nor is nature excluded [question] [the paved road]  
and the stars  
the idea  
cannot be corrupted  
when the streetlights block the sky and the airplanes block the sky  
from memory I say permanence  
and nature's evolutionary path  
the idea  
according to this generation is a temple now a market  
once a forest as nature  
impermanence is what becomes of an idea  
the ocean is not corrupted  
[but there are ships] [but there are no storms to fear] [now]  
[without calculation]  
the idea  
the ocean is not corrupted nor the stars  
family is not corrupted  
[but there is age between us] [I have seen things alone]  
and in my distance my language has become  
different [there is so much to calibrate]  
[the taken trees are for a home]  
[the taken trees are for a prairie] [there is so much to explain]  
nature is permanent I believe [what]

*fame*

The forgiven cost of time  
traded words for attention  
and in their confidence grew  
from anonymity  
into a voice a representative voice  
[called to speak at hospitals and political affairs]  
and given the title 'doctor'  
like a license  
fixed things administratively [through them]  
for he stayed indoors wandering ideas  
calling things names  
that they believed  
[used his language] [in songs] the poet

*the fallen*

Having risen

having met adversity then

the righteous

the fallen

tend to cuts and injuries and questions and death

and stories then

for they return remembering

the fallen

*the test*

Prepared all

for every day of a life

when death does come simply simply

and were it enough to have

washed original sin from

its foundation

led a good life

stopped their suffering and their suffering

and were it just darkness just an end

and without grade

and without degrees

but a standard installed

mentions

one will be with the ones they care for

if

and if

*death be mentioned nor hell nor heaven*

Death be mentioned nor heaven nor hell  
[it is their death]  
and to see  
the collapse of life the collapse of a soul  
gone just gone  
nor in a want for speculation it is just ended  
and there are no words for faith  
but my own I regard  
I will see I will see in time  
weather heaven and hell are social measures for control  
or actual  
or were death final  
final  
but there will be no way to report to then

*the ascendants*

One by one by one  
called to the surface rise like lanterns  
like ideas each carrying a fragment of  
humanity time and experience without words excepting  
a final poem to cling with  
truth  
[It is a stone which is their memory their speculation  
[I know  
[each is let with language enough  
[and mine is no prayer but words as registration and confidence  
[for them for them for them  
[resembling faith for my own limits

*cold November*

Dark the sky is said just  
once  
I am fallible but not defeated

I go to rooms and wait for poems to call me forward again  
confidently when there is no further chill  
but direction like certainty

The gone leaves the trees do not bend  
without the weight of their wholeness  
soon it will snow

Justice to say reference no  
my middle my atomic middle is reference and connected  
to the roundness of time

The slow air from the north  
will blow colder and colder  
I do not listen but forgive a warning

Dark sky I assume  
a coldness to my being  
and an opposite I assume I hold the opposite of cold

To carry the insistence of  
tomorrow I am whereabouts I rest evenly  
waiting

*then she was a lady*

Then she was a lady  
having fitted a dress and considered marriage  
having discerned the dolls  
but there was a favorite  
still

Ten years gone by and names forgotten  
but it was a prince for memory  
with no stop  
and eventually a king eventually a queen  
as she promised herself

*the birds in the nest*

The mother was dead [ended]  
nor source of food for the young  
it is a week until they fly  
but they are early in their hunger  
nor loud enough nor solid enough

Death like sadness the wild  
nor so wild as to cause fear  
[for they are near] [and eating from the feeder I]  
for source of food for the young  
the mother was dead [ended and gone]

The mother was found

*what the young do before they grow*

What the young do before they grow  
they have acted out their lives  
they know death enough to ask no more questions  
they know sport  
they play kissing games  
and copy books  
teach books before they grow  
they write books  
and then they grow  
realize growth

*misinformation*

Misinformation

the weighted politics of

this newspaper this newspaper this newspaper

there is an idea of the state within

each

critical theory and holding to the idea of

righteous and representative with reason

paper is a test and circulation is an answer

for readership is proven

and governed

but to say misinformation because

theirs is advertised and bought

theirs is weighted to editorialize like dictation

theirs is journaled by the left

or the right

what is balance to the sway of

intellectual traffic

except silence elected silence or

the consterns of independence I know

better

*to look for the else*

Had they rested their laurels neatly

without decision but to stay

stay

within a frames a jurisdiction

said what does not affect what does not affect

and when it were a voice for discovery

attention and

the clamorous dialogue after an opinion

sent them west and west and back again

you are then educated for having seen another

given license

[but they stayed]

[but they insisted they still have an opinion]

it does not take a world of elsewhere

to manage the consterns of this and that

say brevity is local and

attached to what is valuable

nor to be called

[away]

when liberty is so near so near

and without challenge

to look for the else is

another's government which is loud and

with it's own voice I cannot compete

but that is not why I left nor

that is why I stay

a question of home and making a home

is no question at all

but to say I am not small for recognizing

their genius

which comes neatly wrapped and friendly

if it is to be worn

All of the stones at the surface  
exposed  
they wore colorful costumes for God  
watched the God river cut through the bluffs  
causing an opinion  
and those to disagree  
regarded the weather as force as unmoved  
I cannot change  
and those to disagree  
gathered and stored time and fruit for the winter  
did responsibly respond  
and those to disagree  
like force assumed and thieved provenance  
said we are civil  
do we not use money  
all of the stones at the surface  
exposed  
but the river is only so deep  
and will not define history soon enough  
for answers  
and those to disagree  
reciting the pages of the printed book  
held to answers and formation  
nor letting a pagan spirit away entirely  
[and the hills are God]  
[and the clouds are God]  
and those to disagree  
settled upon a common language without questions  
nor splitting themselves to pluralisms  
and those to disagree  
made homes of stone

The lamp backlit the room the shy desk  
wherein a composition formed about  
a fictional sun a fictional hell a fictional heaven  
all registered all completed in thought  
all of lively potency registered  
there was a car could fly and swim there was  
love  
there was water called sex and rooms in a house  
neatly dusted and disarrayed there were clouds  
about the window formed after sunrise  
there were birds and confidence and  
to make a place one's own is no contest  
when the others ask so many questions  
of things I know  
authority is easy authority is a poem  
the grass is still green for November and  
there is a fire waiting to be lit there is yesterday  
with no challenge for memory and a shelves  
potent and with orders  
direction and entertainment rules and questions  
and there is no surface to discover but  
sleep and what is between sleep  
the charms of wakefulness the charms of being  
in which dreams are realized  
in which study is a reward and objects granted  
for effort what more is there to ask for  
but invention and the attitude of invention  
nor boredom for life when a marks are  
to the easement of struggle  
nor did he mention to anyone his position as  
governor

*the federalist*

Did not mention there is no longer  
a country  
he satisfied himself with hollow rules  
rules burrowed from the obvious that they  
fit into a constitution with consequences  
[exclamatory]  
in the interest of the preservation of the  
union [the institution]  
the institution is called forward when  
there is a challenge to order  
otherwise  
they just farm and harvest and make things like candles  
and homes  
and invent things like cars and engines and bicycles  
a selective memory for when roads are required  
did not mention there is no longer  
a country  
called freedom because  
freedom has no attachment to this or that  
[they just] [walked in circles] [saying] [saying]  
[free association]  
and the federalist formed a church of clay  
put a document inside  
said wherein all goodness resides and  
when they believed such they believed in  
original unhappiness and earned innocence  
there never was a charter for the others  
the followers  
saying smaller geopolitics and smaller geopolitics  
until individualism  
returned  
again knew no bounds but to enshrine euphoria  
again like captured art

*enough*

Having been adequately blessed  
enough to cause the rain the snow and winds  
was watched closely as a child

*silence but the clock*

Silence but the clock

the snow will not make a sound nor the cat

prowling the living room

tock tock tock

*looking back halfway looking forward*

I was not young when I was told I was young

but now I am young I believe

at forty

easily inspired and wanting

there is more to absorb more to be

indeed life is short and half completed

and evidence of age to parents to sibling the signs

what is wisdom

now

to know youth is to engage without limits

and to know wisdom is to know guidance like experience

the efforts and the easements of love are no struggle

or to call it something other

but responsibility is cause

for continuation for rationalism

I do not live upon impulse alone for there are degrees

there are stages to collecting trophies

and forward to belong to panels which did not exist

but by my own invention

consideration of the past is not such a labor

but is applied naturally to this strand of being

I will be old one day

again looking back in judgment upon my starts

in a way which has me look forward again

like training

a well a repository for the humors of having been

and realizing age is not completed nor complicated

then

and call life at being at every age

all of this memory is connected

gathered and full and called forward again and

again

I am young for newness again and again

*riders of time: visitor*

Riders of time

never read a story never learned to read

lived his parents' life who lived their parents' lives

nor just as they lived but actually when they lived

there is no time

there is no calendar

knew when he would get married

knew when he would have children

knew when he would die

there is no discovery no invention

and in the sameness of passing in common

a faith in traveling to the next world at death

they all believed

nor I can argue such truth but to say

I was raised counting the years

and to believe I am impossibly no other

because of counted time and counted seasons

and because of my society's call to independence

having found a foothold in my heart and ways

I will not be like anyone

but they

them who are their father and them who are their mother

are passengers

wise and perfect in seeing

doing as has been done perfectly

that is all

excepting to say my apologies for my witness of

you

whether I am

a contaminate to your soul or I have always visited

I am curious

nor have a lesson for you

it is I who takes questions

*swift as*

Swift as

a life swift as being swift as memory

swift as yesterday gone swift as tomorrow is made into yesterday

swift as age swift as morning done and gone

swift as freedom sweeps swift as justice swift as conscience

swift as a bicycle a car a bus an airplane a jet swift as a rocket

you are completed when you start

swift as fate as destiny swift as a done dream swift as becoming

now becoming something else now becoming something else

swift as a story

I know how it ends swift as night swift as the season swift as cunning

swift as time there is no reluctance the tocks advance

nor I wait nor I stop nor I watch time advance

but I am gray already

is it early for lines

swift as order swift as reason swift as being all at once old

and telling the young and interested to be

be

swift and completed swift and with folklore with wisdom

swift as a butterfly swift as the wind swift as a flower

swift as a cloud swift as a shape swift as her hair long and swift as a beard

swift as growing into identity swift as knowledge swift as

permanence as experience again and again and again

swift as the sharp blade

swift as poetry done I remember

the one traveling on God's back swift as

the one on the horse traveling and talking and seeing swift as

love swift as a ring a child and then death swift as living rightfully

swift as entitlement

swift as what is without contest swift as free will swift as

rest swift as labor swift as effort swift as sight I saw

the ocean I smelled the ocean swift as being

*head inna circle [ajar]*

Monster with blue and red curled hair  
big lips and wicked eyes and holding a bird with a frown  
big nostrils and blotted skin  
hands without fingers  
and attention but to nothing  
[it is a blank background] [formaldehyde white]  
[empty]  
[nor wanting]  
I look twice again at symmetry  
the head in the circle  
head inna circle [ajar]

*enemy for what I know*

Enemy they declare  
[I did not realize I had enemies]  
they say  
behead behead for trespassing  
nor neutrality a statement when zero does not exist  
there is no neutrality when life is value  
inclined for the sensational they were  
filming  
and making contrast for brutishness shortness  
and governed the governed the women are governed as anyone  
but more  
my rules are known  
for what I know westernism westernism  
is no place  
too once was brutish and short and  
understanding idealism in a way is  
popular and without contest but  
I do not start over this time  
I do not allow little churches in big churches but  
say  
adjacent to utopia is youth beginning again and again  
[and if I am convinced this is no utopia]  
[for a star found its way into these borders]  
[this will be better for learning]  
enemy they declare  
it is my interest gathered by a barbarism  
which is your contest  
nor I realize your freedom as mine  
with papers official papers  
now you require like a civilization you are come to  
but what is your name without a mask

*the jury*

Is one hundred people  
the jury  
for ways of living under contest  
communism is sport  
the assembled sequestered do not know it snowed last night  
when the question of death rituals arose  
[it is sunny again and they notice windows]  
the jury  
sits in a large circle with microphones and a yes no button  
silence  
abstention is an answer  
the term is one year  
the jury  
answered the whereabouts of God  
[again]  
[is answered every year]  
answered the question of free will  
answered the question of superstition by seventy percent abstaining  
the jury does not ask questions  
[is only an answer]  
[taking turns is fairness]  
is one hundred people in its one hundredth incarnation  
there is no anniversary celebration  
they return to their rooms  
wondering what they did to the weather  
[this time]

*afternoon sounds*

the afternoon birds at the feeder  
[reminder to fill my own]  
the furnace turning over [it is November and chilled]  
there is a polar vortex but that does not make a sound  
and what I cannot hear does not make a sound  
but for sight  
the winds on the bone branches cause creak and sway  
nor the clouds make a sound  
nor the cat makes a sound  
it is the voices of thought which come into congress  
and go when they are satisfied  
[I am looking for an answer]  
[I have books on the shelf]  
[I am looking for a new voice]  
the clock is a sound I have time  
time  
I always have time [for silence]

*to lay in ruins*

To lay in ruins  
where once the walls like museum  
had nails to hold art  
a roof for shelter  
[they came they went]  
evidence is stone shaken from foundation  
weathered away  
and crumbled [they once lived here]  
[existed]  
[and I]  
to lay in ruins one thousand years apart  
there is a broken pot  
a fire pit  
[there have been vandals for all of time]  
the weather is the same today  
as one thousand autumns past  
sundown is the same  
you are not so different but gone  
and abstract you are gone  
I rest with water in your living room  
to lay in ruins  
and where were your questions  
but here for time  
[where are the dead] [question]  
[and what becomes of death]  
[I only know my own]  
[it is the wind for memory I too am old]

*I was writing*

I was writing  
when the gerbil entered the room  
upright and six feet tall  
defying death  
[the rabbit is dead] [the puppy is dead]  
claimed a seat  
and I soon forgot him  
chattering logic and chirps  
I was writing

*silence is golden*

And matched the wind  
I call the voices quiet and misunderstood  
to listen to the air explaining  
and no one can hear but I for thought  
put a cage about my own judgment  
silence is golden  
and when it is completed then  
the satisfied voices rest  
invite the birds and chatter the whistling air  
and closer to silence for its authenticity  
[I say you are silent]  
[but the silence is within myself]  
[ancestry is a trust nature is a trust]  
[they have always been my voices]  
[and I still listen]

*the foreigner*

Given license  
geopolitics is protectionism  
power is endowed  
[but they waiver]  
[the weight of being without status is their burden as well]  
the foreigner undocumented the alien  
geopolitics are generous said the executive  
with a pen  
[all of the nations use pens]  
security is official  
the borders explained updated and explained  
one nation is a foreigner a stranger without introductions  
[for fear]  
one nation butts against the other  
but an infant  
one nation marries another calls it a new nation  
I am not invited to understand  
geopolitics is a question  
geopolitics asks too many questions asks too many conditions  
[they said they are full]  
[but the President found some room]  
[but you must pledge allegiance]  
[to geopolitics]

The same sun as where I am from  
goes down down causing  
darkness  
they said they said they said  
they said the same stars the same moon  
[rhetoric] [this is real estate]  
given license

*real estate*

Real estate  
framed inna lot the roads circum  
navigate the what else within call freedom  
call nature [this is not public]  
property is golden and gathered  
put a tract in his pocket for power  
special power  
grain and grass and amorism the sight  
oh grace  
what hill what crest early morning sunrise  
winter the conditions  
as far as to see this is mine [all mine]  
and the legal deed is trump to contest  
real estate and held  
a box of charms  
[there are no neighbors] [but simple]  
congress is to want for people  
[there are no people]  
land regrows its own nature  
and for cause say time and time again  
reclamation is a private matter  
[the ecosystem never did leave]  
and there is no house nor barn  
and the roads are taken away  
I am just passing through privacy  
where winter is winter where summer is summer  
let  
for the other place my own  
habitat  
is a city where I belong  
trading custom and language nor here  
has already been developed I see

*numbers*

One poem [has already been] [written]  
counted  
marketed for sale [dollars]  
  
The autopsy the counted poet  
[two hearts]  
one for her and one for her [two hearts] beating  
still after death  
and the mind in three parts  
past present future [fascinating] [enough to pick a hobby]

Four jobs he toiled for his family of five  
never saw them  
[just knew their names] [five names are all he knew]  
six accountants verified the death [it could have been much worse]  
[he could have lived]  
confirmed the stone for the plot  
on the seventh of the eighth month [the day]  
a single cloud again like the poem I remember  
about nine questions

Did you live  
did you die  
did you know love  
did you see  
did you believe in God  
did you care  
did you need  
did you enjoy  
did you speak

Zero is wait is patience is nothing is void