

PERPENDICULAR PRESS

CHAPBOOKS

including

Prity lights

↑

PERPENDICULAR PRESS

visit author's website:
gregmarkee.com



Liberalism: Old and New

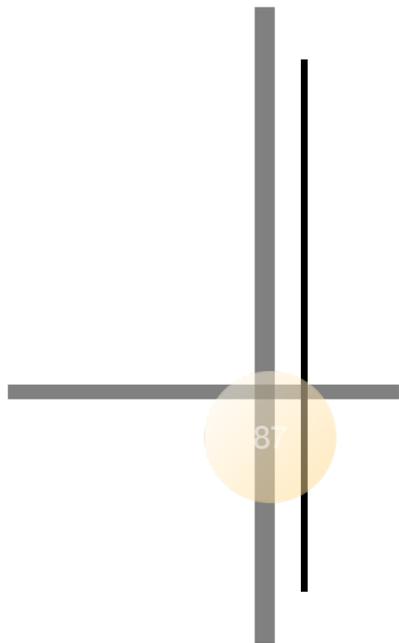
Gregory Markee writes poems in Madison, Wisconsin ; volunteers at Central Library, Madison Public Library ; has written more than two hundred collections of poems, including: *Looseleaves*, *PIDGIN*, *salvage and recovery*, *FICTION*, and, the alphabetics of *fourtyfour* camping . Literary interests include: Michael Cunningham, Walt Whitman, Stephen King, and, Saint Thomas Aquinas .

Perpendicular Press is a self publishing press, -as was Walt Whitman's

PERPENDICULAR PRESS
3134 Limekiln Street
Madison, WI 53719

PARALLEL PRESS

POEMS BY GREGORY MARKEE



LIBERALISM: OLD AND NEW

Gregory Markee

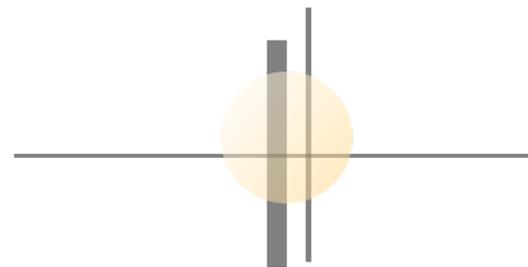
is the first publication of the Perpendicular Press ,
an imprint of Prity Lights / protoHouse press .
Typeset in Scala printed with Hewlett Packard .



Liberalism: Old and New

poems

Gregory Markee



PERPENDICULAR PRESS • 2022

2]

all of the quiet gathered
and there were no paint for the walls

4]

is a clearer night sky
and my breath polaris sentry polaris

5]

were the earth's hold for orbit a seasonal hold
a defined equator
I like cider this time of year

6]

they are all the same size every snowflake
crystals
six sided
for every six side there is an inversion as angle

7]

on aloneness
and the sun going down
in winter
snow on the ground
clear sky

9]

and when the dirtied forest road frozen
and a trees nearby and without leaves

Copyright © 2022 by Gregory Markee .
All rights reserved .

ISBN

[... notes / chapbook design reference several PARALLEL PRESS CHAPBOOK models ...]

Published by Perpendicular Press
Prity Lights / protoHouse press

FIRST EDITION

research

a poem is not research

a poem is not action research

a poem is a presentation

research

an object

a subject

research

a research library

a laboratory

research

interpretation

research

presentation

audience

research

statistics is not research methods

social change

advancement of the average life span

ecologic fuel

a priori a posteriori

what is learned with no preconceptions at a research beginning

though a question

CONTENTS

part one: old poems

page

8	the surface
9	ORGANIC
10	THE HAMMER AT THE ART MUSEUM
11	THE WEIGHT OF THE UNIVERSE IS ONE
12	TODAY
13	time is stolen
14	<i>trauma from authority</i>
15	<i>day old coffee</i>
16	painting rooms
17	<i>BURNT ORANGE</i>
18	<i>THE HEADSTONE BENEATH THE TREE</i>
19	<i>FREE VERSE</i>
20	CITY PATINA
21	BEADS AND INTENTIONS
22	short poems
23	THE FUNGAL
24	WATER SIGN
25	THE MYCOLOGICAL WARLOCK
26	SEPTIC
27	MONSTOR
28	INSOMNIA> WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP AT THIS

HOUR

29	THE WORD, THE APERTURE
30	SUPERNATURAL
31	THE UPSIDE-DOWN CLOUDS
32	THE AFFLICTED BIRD
33	NOR THE WIND THAT FINDS ME
34	Lighted life and canyon
35	The night holds
36	DESK KNIFE

part two: new poems

page

38	old rivers are windy
39	ghost town marmots
40	dictionary:
41	the only person to survive hospice
42	we better climb
43	if one is not thirsty why eat snow
44	a road with no curves
45	how to stop time using an excel spreadsheet
46	old friends I find are still artists
47	k-12
48	planning for latency
49	what do you want to know about data
50	an old cottonwood on oak creek
51	on writing
52	research
53	winter fog

on writing
a parameters of writing are my own interest
the word [lens] mentioned by professor reese
an historian
philosophy is not history
were also written [to think is not to write]
I have a framed piece of typing paper upon my desk
since nineteen ninety six
[the eight laws of writing]
printed on a stylewriter II inkjet printer
speaking from experience
interest may be introduced
interest may be gathered
interest may be furthered upon an introduction and
a writing instrument may be
held
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz0123456789
waterman hemisphere black fine point ink
at stephen king's twitter recommendation
olympia 1955 manual typewriter

an old cottonwood on oak creek

no sound to the creek

the boulder from the water for jumping from

into the deep spot

and a climb back upon

to sun

a tree across from the boulder

white bark were my recollection and

too wide to reach around

and good for avoiding the sun

the stony bank the creekstones

a sound of silence

and I have heard the cicadas crescendo and silence

though they may not have been cicadas

at another location along the same creek

an old cottonwood were

an unformed [kacina]

as loud as Eagles and Steve Miller Band until

the cassette clicks to stop upon

the second side

each

and a cottonwoods lose their leaves in the winter

and the ponderosas

THE SURFACE

The surface
is not too far
one needs not hold their air when they are born within

There is a lens
as a horizon
that distorts and distracts that which is irrelevant
excepting light

The light is softened by the surface
and beneath [and where I am accustomed]
the only atmosphere [I call atmosphere]

what do you want to know about data

what is collected

planning for latency

nor age though

coffee with a friend

I left fifteen minutes ago

ORGANIC

is single cell and automatic

the organic thought

conditioned

Perpetuity

is saved in every reproduction

is Legacy is

never to die

He looks like his father

[Our father who art in heaven]

He looks like his father

[and she her mother is language said]

THE HAMMER AT THE ART MUSEUM

The hammer at the art museum is
function
and who to make an art of function
[excepting it were behind glass and unused]

With leather handle a
mention to age
[for all of art is part of some time]
[before it is put to observation only]

I am no nearer to paint
and to be challenged
[there is contest to the frame of art]
The museum I stand in is a person

I too respond to an environment
I am rusted
for believing I must believe
[and undersea]

And you are alone as I am alone
[I am no object]
though I make a place for objects
which shall disappear for their pure wishes

ACQUARIA [2012]

k-12
violence
leather
metallurgy
taxidermy
tumor

wide hipped women and procreativity

he is a pronoun [pyronoun] [proton]

I think I will smoke tobacco from my bong

mapping the human gnome

on the varieties of regional dreadlock appearance

[a quantifiable study of philosophy longitudinally]

outcome based taxidermy

anyone can say they are a shotputter

registration in philosophy

-

where is my five dollars from third grade
supposed to be a banking lesson for me [?]

I found my deposit book the other day and

I could go for an ice cream cone

old friends I find are still artists

regarding the art they create
nor their academic credentials

I had wondered how
a sharp line can be painted by
painting two colorfields next to one another
with no line between

I had wondered

and to write for an hour straight without
putting down a writing instrument

I type eighteen words a minute

the speed of my poetry

nor an ekphrast

a teleology of art is no question of mine though
a signature for
your painting
your book

THE WEIGHT OF THE UNIVERSE IS ONE

The weight of the universe is one

[speculation is included]

[and heavy]

[and prayer is included]

The weight of the universe is one

[what is seen is heavy]

If I am to lift the universe

with strings

[how to consider the unbreakable]

[and will my microscopes interfere] [will my telescopes interfere]

TODAY

Today I took the submarine to the grocer

[you are getting old]

And the weather starts a debate

[again]

Manatee is on sale

[free range manatee]

how to stop time using an excel spreadsheet

whether the width of the cells matters
is a matter of aesthetics and
proper fit

math is math and statistics is axiological

it were a left column
matched with an upper row
the rest blank
though rectangled each
a rectangle of rectangles inwhich

one check
one itemized check
the occurrence of
a gold star



near the slate blackboard89qw12er45 v [][> ^ ^ <

February

	alphabet	letters numbers penmanship	time telling	bicycle to school day
gm	★	★	★	★
sb	☂	★	★	★
km	★	☂	★	★

a february	month	a snow in the air
crystal breath	cold eyes	zodiacal
nor leaves	wait	vernal melt

a road with no curves

is meditative

and the scenery

marked in mile markers

nor other

time is stolen

The clock stops neatly at twelve

midday

as the runner slows his pace

The clouds stall

hung

The wind and the baby quiet

I put the numbers in my pocket

for the dead scientists

I put death in my pocket

for the priest to look at

[burnt orange] 2012

The heavy
man pressed against the open wound
saying
poverty is a medicine for sin

There is no answer for that which has no control

It is animal
The world is animal
The world is animal

What it is you free yourself from
is conscience
I speak to you in your absence

You are not God
but force alone and with no call

Authority is your resource like pride
to hold all numbers
that I ask questions I
know no difference who positions themself as answer

And to grow tired and
to see the other structures lose control

Responsibility is a memory

The headbangers with the key to the vault
clung
to material
[The key is made of platinum]
[burnt orange] 2012

if one is not thirsty why eat snow

a bottle to put snow within
hold the bottle next to one's torso for one hour
drink the water

a snow angel and having rested

lift one's mitten to one's mouth and eat snow

nearly fall asleep

still

a snow angel

we better climb into some body of knowledge said one medical doctor to another medical doctor

and the navigational map google mappers use to drive about communities

were it paper

ethics of medicine in regards to curricular assignments and turned in to a professor with a medical degree in regards to pathology and an ethics associated with pathology

say

ethics is professional

morals are

and the medical student uses ink

the body of knowledge inwhich to climb within

I am not a medical doctor

though my blood pressure was high by my primary physician recently and she gave me a prescription for penicillin

and while at walgreens I had a photo developed of walt whitman that I framed because

they sold pall malls as well and used to sell beer though I would not have expected to find rolling rock in the green glass bottles to have a bucket of rocks nearby for a crab steam [I have never tried mustard]

the body of knowledge to climb into I prescribe is: FOUR PHILOSOPHIES And Their Practice in Education and Religion REVISED EDITION • BUTLER

though cannot be found at walgreens nor would walgreens likely accept insurance for FOUR PHILOSOPHIES And Their Practice in Education

day old coffee

Day old coffee

before the mold first sets on top

It is a dark night to rise and replace a pot so early

The last of yesterday's darkened and hardened in character

With new fullness and reheated with the same attention to smell

*The birds do yesterday's act
chattering and chasing from tree*

*Smells like rain
fuller and with information*

burnt orange [2012]

painting rooms

Navajo white

in rollers

Green tape

Four days and a house

*A house is not a person
unless a house is a person*

the only person to survive hospice

was bob

and the other bob

is not buried in his gravesite either

and a bobber is

a two hundred and fifty cc triumph motorcycle with long forks

in london

and a bobber on a fishing line

requires no worm to catch a bluegill

upon an hook

dictionary:

reykuuvik [ri kuh vik] : a geographically isolated community; and named
after Reykjavik, Iceland, population 120,000.

Algoma, Wisconsin is a small community approximately three
miles radius from city center with a tugboat museum which charges five
dollars for visitor entry, and located on the Western shore of Lake
Michigan South of Door County and North of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The
community is representative of the geopolitic of Wisconsin, one of
fifty states in the United States of America.

BURNT ORANGE

Only God did make a tree
only God did make me

The fire started with lightning
the dry brush had not seen rain in months
taken
restarted

Only God invents a fish

The dam is mine

The clouds are play
the waves are play
and the stars

I only see

And summer's smell

A million Gods
is no greater than a single

The last of information is my relief
where I go away
absorbed

Nature puts a storm into the middle
of an ocean
with no effect
I do not know

Nor longer leg'ble

The headstone beneath the tree

tilted and with moss

Time is overgrown

on a hill where old birds fly

the barn too fades 'way

bones across [2012]

ghost town marmots

the ghost town was silver

mined

tnt shut and

the miners went home

left

buildings with no paint

weathered and weathering still

train tracks rusting if train tracks can rust

tools about

and a few dirt roads

still the marmots like

prairie dogs

a colder climate and elevated to near tree line

stay

because

a large rodents find food as any rodents find food

hibernate

when the snow

return in spring

the rocks

the hill slopes

the little flowers

return the same

old rivers are windy

old rivers are windy

sediment and deposited inward

an inward shores as sanded beaches

for camping

the canoe

the tent nor slept within

to float

and paddle in hand

to float

the sound of paddle

water

a swirl of water

about bends and

a trees

the sound of a bird to watch

float

FREE VERSE

Taken content from its form were there a matter of meaning rather than manner

the clipped ends of the poem and stripped of rhythm perhaps

perhaps a rhythm to content were a sense gathered

and rhyme declined put away upon a research library shelf the contest

were I so put to assume a way in iambic pentameter or either prose itself or

were I so put to assume a need for the absence of form such as free verse

the lesser perhaps

perhaps

though add discipline in its spirit or either reluctance may be the shepherd of thought

as well the allowance for an acceptance of buried secrets in writing

were a form alone the relevance of a published inclusion

nor I ask our language be the same

for my next poem may be as your last and spelled correctly

CITY PATINA

part two: new poems

The ivy

the old and kept wood homes

the stone homes with smoke from chimney

the city building at the center the granite has changed colors nor longer smooth exactly

the river quiet and through and overgrown and overlooked

the bridges old and stone

the statue from two wars past

the area of cobbled street the storefronts

a narrow alley with trashcans leads to a garden

puddles gathered from yesterday's rain the sound of wheels

COUNTRY PATINA

Old fence line the stone old stone fenceline

the covered bridge over the slow creek

the barn with absent boards needing paint

the horses still

rusted tractor abandoned

the field left to rest this year

the country church gravel parking lot bordering the corn

morning fog

the country trail over the ridge

the cornbread

DESK KNIFE

The desk knife
for show is a letter opener
a fruit peeler
a metaphor for a writing instrument sharp

BEADS AND INTENTIONS

The microbeads Egyptian clay one and one and one
for every thought I do not confuse as monotony
strung on silk

Trade beads antique one hundred years and a coin
togethered on twine now a token economy
an intention is not a prayer but a thought like whisp

Rosary simple count and wooden beads the silver cross middled
not all is circular nor leading into itself again
nor for wearing and put into the cedar case

The found glass bead unlike the others upon a strand
for where it was found
outdoors as if it were placed and were I drawn

And the beads to gather for their aesthetics I put
lined for their size and quality
not every bead is qualified

FULL SAIL

Full sail I am lifted
the chopped caps of decision I am atop
carrying a thought

RIGHTEOUS

A bent words of their advance
are no contract to mine
I am poet

ANIMAL

Legged and breathing and hairy back
you are different than I am
do I not believe to myself

WORDS

Words are no habit I am quiet
nor think loudly of conscience nor think in images with explanations
what it is I say when beginning like a prayer

SNOW

First snow and full flakes
the world I know is quieted in winter actual
gathers like patience

THE BLANK PAGE

The blank page and without argument and without error
I am introduction to argument and error
within every form

The night holds

me into itself

Lighted life and canyon

ocean surface where colors yet touch and to say the word beauty

for the invention of word

THE FUNGAL

In darkness the fungal

elements rise and assume among the quiet

The watching nocturnal spirits

witness

And the dead and undergrown are consumed

taken back

To the ecologies of nature

every solid form returns

Nor life

I give you another name

And buried upon yourself and too the stars do know

you rise and plan your absence for sunrise

Spore puff

and gone and mallowed into the soil

Again

and again

WATER SIGN

I was born among the water sign also

carried a stars into this body

vessel

To know where one is started is a start to identity

only born naked as a body

and otherwise swaddled in time

The other constellations are introduced

were there no memory

I am first to recognize

NOR THE WIND THAT FINDS ME

Nor the wind that finds me

cold and wondering faith

picking up the tines of concern

like memory

Nor the wind that finds me

aging into my qualities

letting favors as allowance

I grow into

Nor the wind that finds me

huddled and watching and learning

with a question for there is no answer

and I am assumed like thought

Nor the wind that finds me

eager to be without bearing

silencing social consideration

for force

Nor the wind that finds me

having slept until the sounds

among the trees whistling

startle me to errand to fly away

THE AFFLICTED BIRD

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

horizon protoHouse [2013]

THE MYCOLOGICAL WARLOCK

Sat upon the mushrooms
the sun has not risen
and with iron kettle with the other ingredients
the sage the sage the yellow of a dandelion the legless body of a millipede
gathered one hundred caps
exactly
put his torch into the fire to start
and added river water to his brew
it will be a fine day
and enough tea for two

Sun up

absence glass [2013]

SEPTIC

Sickness the body toward conversion
when the germs of social entropy assume
At first enlightened and outward as strength
and then boisterous and loud and riddled in doubt

It is not hers nor his nor mine
though sweeping among social spheres
Famous and quiet and confident and giving and trustful
and there is no answer to a germ so finite

The germs reproduce in productivity
make license of intelligence make license of material
Nor retirement can stop such a germ
nor funeral can put away such a germ upon a legacy established

THE UPSIDE-DOWN CLOUDS

When they separate I see the protesters above
with posters and righteousness
with babies
[all good protesters have babies]
with ideas

SUPERNATURAL

The autumn birds flew through winter and landed in spring
hungry
ate the dying
with spread wings and perked feathers
and language

supernatural [2013]

MONSTOR

With gargled breath and brownblood eyes a horn upon its nose
and two horns above its eyes
[the three horned monstor is rare]
with lumped gray skin and leather loin cover and a smell
a righteous and earthy smell

Your language is not my own

I stay out of your way

I am not ugly nor do I breath heavily

I do not live beneath a bridge

[I only wonder your sin from a distance]

The diet of unthinking creatures the rodents and snakes and varmints

yet your slowness and yet to have discovered fire

I do not say aloud I do not think aloud [for your powers may hear]

with teeth which grow and grow and do not stop growing

you are animal and with my attention

absence glass [2013]

Insomnia

what are you doing up at this hour

Daddy

why did you name me Insomnia

The word let in the proper amount of light

oh, day

the poem

and the lit ocean I pass unto

the same the stars

I have a word for you

Age

that which does not move for my own movement

And the poets spelling similarly

calling time for time for common ways

[is it not the task of the poet]

[to arrange]

[thus]

[nor merely register]

The star the stars their notice

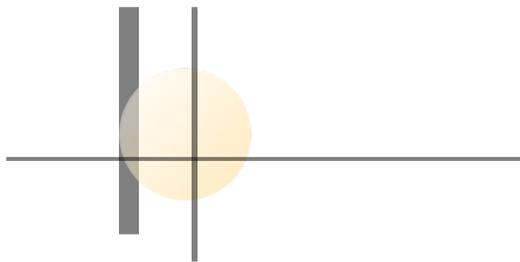
I start the ocean

when you are gone away at the moon without looking back

I hold the piece you seek

and know you will return

for



LIBERALISM: OLD AND NEW

Gregory Markee

is the first publication of the Perpendicular Press ,
an imprint of *Prity Lights / protoHouse press* .
Typeset in Scala printed with Hewlett Packard .