

like: frames

SCPG

Greg Markee

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SOPHIA

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MADISON

bulfinch yachts

Morality is implied in naked pictures. What does
come to sex? As if to be
without clothes is sexual or art is revealed the
looker sees a thing personal.
Only a critic for admiring brushstrokes then.
To drift away at nudity I
advance without scissors and sharp objects except for
letting down to flesh.
The weather is the bay the rain the grass.
Then art is gone and listed and
we are all Whitman people with social identities nor were are
any the same different.
And if sent so far to the self appreciating
penises and vaginas and butts and breasts and if sent
so far to say these are my own and personal.
The weather is atmosphere the fog is new again
yesterday the strawberries are kind the blueberries are bitter.
Then to say of other art that does exist too.
Morality is implied in that which houses naked pictures.
To secure these in special light and temperature.
To say these houses inherit quiet from churches.
To say morality without ever using that word.
Then to say this is important enough for not to charge
a dollar for admission.
Or say nothing lest open doors be language.
What does come to sex? As if to be without clothes is
sexual and what is humble and human then?
Nor when righteousness comes at epiphany gratitude for
public expressions of nudity
I reclaim that which is claimed by institutions.
The weather does this
Places me naked in a world house as spectacle.
Not only the weather does this to myself.
Am I not morality then? Revealed to whom myself am I not
morality then?
Do I not eat what tastes good?

and if poetry will not cure everything

And if to have started those remarks to everything
for believing in the concourse of words and sound. Style.
What stops literal ambitions what does stop the promise of
social solutions?
To have believed writing were for others and
to be dissolved of meaning by the powers of
different social foundations.
Some were to find that the separations of selves were
loss of control.
Or to believe in social separation it is to
start oneself and
the anchors of solitary being.
Bring that forward like strength then
nor is poetry framed in the goodness regards of others. Promise.
Then bubbles to intentions and
little laws around that which can be done.
And if there is no cure for everything I would like to
accomplish
then to question tools.
As if poetry were tool were vehicle.
Perhaps for some things.
Then we are all administrators and only brains and
only remarking upon the physical worldness.
Then poetry is divided after its creation
to the actionable and the inactionable.
And if
then it were only start and direction.
It were idea
though to find limits in logic when thoughts will not match
material properties or social interest.
If to resolve poetry if to
settle poetry
it is to humble poetry
it is to humble the poet to acts to humanity.
And thus doing
the words were only starts the words are limited.

intraordinary

For too far is an extension of ordinary then
nor to look back upon starts is
uncommitted and
to let
that
go
is necessary for the new middle body.
And if to elevate from centers
to leave exteriors to their own ambitions
leadership is to that which is intraordinary.
If this were public leadership how broad to fit
a public identity.
The social programs are
the intentions of faith are ultimately
the economics of sustainability are.
And out of this mess this futility
what looks within itself at
little symbols personalisms interior justice signs of
energy.
I am a model I defend models I create models
for suffering is not
isolated
for who is not ordinary and searching
at a loss?
And the greatest inward is the race to healing to
who is skilled and says
I will stay with your pain so you can move forward.
And the smallest ordinary like
developed social inversion piffle
for the rest are then recruited for
participation called for participation
without burden or with.
Intraordinary and
healing though that unsaid.
Then goes home and makes soup.

nor is coincidence intentional

Who can control coincidence?
Mark the divinities of daily living
imprint the accidental.
Who claims power when language occurs after natural order.
Though to speak like poetry like profess and
be called wiseness for the oncoming rain.
Coincidence is curious and leaves us figuring.
Coincidence starts science then
science explains away coincidence.
Too bad for that.
And if religion had a place for coincidence then
called for God act.
Some things to be left to smiles.
And if to start some paths for futures and if
to say all things were thus socially begun
who will look for power
locate sources and ask for reason?
They are smart for controlling nature
for undermining anticipation
for creating wonder.
Who does not live long in wondering the origins of stuff?
Or to grow accustomed to
the brackets I put around the uncontrollable spectacles
and live long among the certainties.
The limits of intentions are to love.
The limits of intentions are to knowledge.
The limits of intentions are to the self
its locus.
And if the control of coincidence were fashioned by
high celibate priests and priestesses
call them asocial and divine for
we are not connected except for what you do to me.
Nor am I humble explaining.
I am humble and quiet
and small
and turned.

the persistence of dreams

Who answers what does come again and again?

That idea

nor is it related to the functions of everydayness standards.

Though constance creeps in to

the machineries

and fear remarks that

time is simple time brings this again and

again

nor is time mine regardless of its compassion.

And to acknowledge

what comes in night cycles among

the burns of constant service the fulfillment of

that which I did not start.

The twenty eight day moon is round and bold horizon

red.

I have seen it creep to middle night sky and

produce a beam of light in each of four directions like a
cross.

I thought of being there.

Nor did I ask anyone to go

nor would have minded.

It was only quiet.

Nor did I ask myself why.

What does come again and again like possibility?

And if to believe that

dreams are too demanding of social concourse to allow
everyone their own

and if to believe dreams are completed

then what I ask of others is to theirs for

this constitution is giving.

I say that.

Though take me to what you will build to where you will
believe.

I am interested.

I answer what does come again and again.

guilt over remembering birds should not be left quinoa

Assuming the properties of quinoa are that of
rice, that

to ingest such things will

make them expand in stomachs.

I only did consider this after

I spent the bottom of the bag beneath the feeder.

And to consider the horrible thoughts of

birdfed genocide outside of my back porch and

to consider that

I was without intent though what responsibility if

to accept birdslaughter or negligent aviary homicide
upon my record of conscience.

Then what amends to that quinoa scattered in the grass?

Let it lay upon me I take the broom the water to

wash it down.

And if the birds form a gray zone of warning around my premises

I cannot argue their trust.

I had heard about that rice thing at a wedding that

used bird seed instead.

That was clever and generous.

And if I do not connect lines too quickly

apologies for that.

I really did mean well

thinking why to throw such food away.

I will get another bucket of water.

EEK WOW

New people new steeple. Bear the burden carry the cross.
The politician leaves religion for election morality. The games of
numberbombs appeals and sentiment. Struggling discourse
social intercourse redirection insurrection. We all are Moses now
with tiny thresholds little villages resident Jesuses, one was too
many two not enough did we not forget that? And the Jewish friend
named Sarah never compared ah. Left faraway places to live here
quaintly with smokestacks and small questions. The ground is natural
and habitual get drunk on that. And if the clouds come from
Norway I did not ask either electricity nor joint pain. Steady
brains and to cellular ends are those who leave the longest
legacies without giving up and becoming free insects which
cannot be stopped for reason. The artery highways people
pulse impulse make law of objects what means what. Symbolic
form as philosophy. Book as philosophy. Do the same thing as
philosophy. Aggregate congregate populate zion elephant peppermint
gingermint lion who is really king when all make laws no bow
any longer no respect disrespect intellect genius. Make a bad
word of that a sad word of that. And how did that conscience come
to be associated with fear dear? Oh, dear fear. Fear oh dear.
Ingenious a spot of smartness conquer fear dear with technology.
Conquer God and nations and capitalism and communism and schooling
and authority and righteousness and tenderness and human things.
What is left when everything is answered? What is still sacred?
What is common, what is uncommon then? Solve that. Evolve that.
And what is educational about confusion? What is educational
about education as discipline? Social medicine resists objects
except for language. Doctor can you prescribe me a good book?
And if the clouds changed today I was too busy too lazy too
crazy for accepting difference indifference. Its the money honey.
Its the economy honey. Its agronomy honey. Its all so simple.
Its all so damn simple. Just need some time alone to figure out
that one part of it. And if courage were to be to stand against
smartness answers, we only did want a dot within a spot within.
Make a career of spotting dots within other dots to baseness to
subatomic ultimacy. And that is curricular. It is all so simple.

AN EDUCATION WITH PERPLEXITY AS CURRICULUM

And to those who believe
Intellectual deconstruction must precede intellectual construction:
As if we started from nothing
Then educate for sociology not for individualism
Then educate for authority
And to what ends are implied
And what are the ends of perplexity
To experience such knowledge is to
Then have that in a hat for one's own
Or upon the broadest field of perplexity where
That is what we offer each other to greatest ends
I can suppose we are all perplexed and
Hopping over one another claiming authority
What is left behind
Did I not enter this for material instruction
Perhaps
Did I not enter this for social knowledge
And if
To believe then that perplexity is inevitable
And we die when we have solved all of those perplexing things presented
Or to start at death and say
Death is death and what is knowledge after this anyway
A theological question related to perplexity
And perplexity standards boards
For the protection of simpler or otherwise minded minds
And if I am guilty
For perplexing and saying more than someone else's ken
For to defend intellectual broadenings
These are my own I say
And life is hard I say
And life is hard I am told
Though I do live among certain things when I am at home
Do I not prefer to live among certainty then
I am no hermit I say
Baffle me I say
And call it for my own good

literal paralysis

If we all kept writing books we would have a really big library.
What would determine what was good literature?
Or to stop it all
say intellectualism is at its furthest point.
Education is done then universities are microversities.
Be happy with the template of existence the rubric for living
nine o'clock to five o'clock central standard time.
No God until after dessert.
And if to believe that everyone should write one book and only
one book
in their lifetime and
the poetry police keep those in virtual cells for
print on demand customers
what is popular?
Poetry turns to voice then and authority turns to wit and physical
grace
if not properly treated with NCAA and professional streams
contest wit
poetry of competition becomes too proud.
I go home and wonder if I am too out of shape to last another
generation of this crucible.
Ask that over a cigarette.
Another hundred years of books will double the libraries unless
library science finds a way.
Oh, save us library science, from the permanence of living
circa pre 2008 when the library shelves were too damn full to
represent our brains any longer.
Preoperational thought.
The laws were formed before I came.
Still locating that volume.
And if to have written 100 bad books by the time I turn 65.
Nor would I ask a librarian to be sentimental.
Just dig a hole.
No book burning.
Just dig a hole.
Its all online anyway.

neurology today

When knowledge trees replace faith trees then
neurology is the last argument.
As if.
Explain love I say
in clicks and binary whorls in electricity.
Account for love as seizure and I will
grant you space enough for my interest.
That you mention it
that you train yourself enough to explain it
that you attempt
nor is love explained I say like a poet defends.
Though to give your mention acknowledgment we agree
it is a trust.
Love is something.
And if to accept the possibilities of bodies resembling
emotion
then I am short I agree perhaps limited and
disabled
in some unexplainable faith.
And when they say to go to war over religion
no
but only to go to war to defend that without explanation.
Have I ever been in love?
Nor matter that nor matter its actual account.
Neurology today and
limits to that are only the body.
Only the body.
And then to be realistic about living within the limits of
body.
And if cerebral interest transcends pathology
do we make machines of thought
call the brain idol
call its function fascination?
It is curious but it is not love even if I grant
that it may hold such principles.

reading vehicles

Then the slow lane people stood up
at the bowling alley
said how they were different from country drivers.
Just going some place at a pace.
And to have mentioned the abilities of cars
some are just differently abled like
the family van the westfalia the hummer.
And how much identity rests upon four wheels?
I have come to this conclusion that
color is more significant than driving style if
to consider the social economics of
planning for town hall meetings.
Identity is this when
walking was disallowed by that congressional highway act.
And the numbered trucks.
And the names.
I take charge of this identity I put a
bumper sticker onna bumper.
I represent in sage green.
Really I am anonymous compared to
horses
even if they were omitted from vehicledom in the
early 20th century.
Just not enough storage space on them even if they get good
mileage.
Keep an eye out for
the ones carrying bicycles those
free thinkers.
And if the confessions of the slow lane people are enough to
distinguish themselves from
the nonintentioned paces of
the soccer moms the starters the general Sundayists
what respect to the easements of traffic then?
And the zoomers
they are young and I bet they play their music loud but
it is not Miles Davis.

steady one to one

One makes something of something
says something.
One rotates to fill in the imbalance.
Insult meets freedom resistance.
Socialism meets capitalism.
And if this is grounds for believing
one can say anything do anything
knowing balance fills my mistakes what is responsibility?
Balance is a concept for dogooders for
perpetrators would rather
it did not exist.
Responsibility is a term for dogooders.
Gather ye rosebuds
I do not argue.
Gather ye neighbor's rosebuds and
what neighbor will not consider that which stops that?
One to one.
Nor to believe balance is restraint for
to give life to give pleasure
nor to give for hopes of qualified returns
though to give because it is right and
that deserves return.
Give ye neighbor rosebuds
nor do I expect except
pass their buds to the next house after.
What does go around?
Or to absorb imbalance having been
slighted
or to absorb enough imbalance for to grow large in character.
What is discern and
if accounting becomes me
if accounting becomes those around me
I only check my records for
the lists of goodness I have held too tightly for.
That balance I cannot cling to lest
I grow in inconvenient ways.

feigning religion for fear of individualism

Summoning what one knows of faith.
Become that when pushed to isolation.
For that is a group like identity.
Be strong serve God only when required
to think for oneself.
This is divine like acts and
quietude
the push to that is
the push to middles.
Start from water from air
serve one's own
nor is that forced.
And if
the beginnings of outward stance for fear of forced isolation.
Who can appreciate that as if
to recognize those individuals
calling for individuals to be individuals are
speaking from a social perspective.
What is to defense but
to recall social identity then.
And what one does know then broadened
and broadened like
collective imaginations
for the pleasures of isolated anonymity are not if
to be sequestered
left apart.
The division bell sounds differently with every
chancellor.
Live within that what else.
Strike like expansions for solutions with
kin and kind.
And the cause for elseness
to have been pushed to individualism
when I would have only gone contentedly
or not.

what stops what, it stops it

They were too angry to cash
those last three checks.
I imagine they sat on that bureau.
Your money is no good here.
Too many strings attached.
They would go without food without electricity
without things.
Though there is no such thing as homelessness when conscience when
morality.
Then find dimes for
picking up trash
buy rice.
Then authority says your rice is no good here
thank you Viet Nam but you see
we have some internal difference of opinion.
Someone trying to get their tokens from
elsewhere.
What is authority?
The goodness of the country is paramount for
social health
social control is important when
we are so tightly woven and
without a center
we are only land.
The checks
keep sending them for
to keep balance upon war days is to
pay ambivalence some regards.
Pay peace lest it question.
Who does really respond to money
when security?
Only I am a whore then for
those shoes.
And if it is true that cattle pride themselves on
watches
what stops what?

the to do list

As differentiated from the honey do list.
Nor to be confused with the
black list.
The maintenance of the self requires certain things
[things]
to be done.
And when the farmer's almanac became
novelty for all but
farmers
the lives of responsibility moved to
relative cycles of self governance.
The dailies, the weeklies, the monthlies, the annuals.
And the lists of desirable things to accomplish by
age 65.
Live by lists.
How unnatural is that?
Then a question for
the nature of nature when everything changes.
Everything changes.
When the corporations go back from where they came
and the tokenists
get sunburned are drawn to foodtypes
then we can rest like autumn garden for
having served willfully.
They said so.
Okay just a little corporation enough to
balance nationalism and productivity.
And the charcoal lines say
gather ye stuff tie it down.
Store for the oncoming season.
Go to the dentist.
Nor does love belong on such a list then it is
framed.
Love is only reason and not qualified
except to her.

then left alone religion comes naturally

Quiet colors the sounds enter.
The divisions of material to this activity
to being
who did survive that fall when
knowledge was again nothing?
And the days have no numbers the lists are
held in brackets.
The cross when Jesus was nailed down.
That is why it is that shape.
And if cosmology were a religion cosmology is a religion
and speculative.
Egg noodle lunch guitar.
And why women warriors prefer that voice.
I love women warriors.
I love women warriors as poets.
I love pregnant women.
And if museums did inherit quiet from churches or
they did inherit quiet from hospitals
I have not decided.
The body is a temple and lost.
The mind is nothing without a place for it.
Cast apart
a peoples require order.
Nor am I Sunday cast apart but only
to ritual.
I did mix wine with water and ash
set it on the floor
knelt over it and wondered if
that were enough to be a priest.
Dipped a piece of bread in it
ate it
then sat down over tomato soup pondering
to what degree of sacrilege I had just committed.
Depends on which animal I ask I now
suppose.
The birds are good for that I believe.

frames brought by systems

Ordered to callings. Resist that
circumstance is not permanent no matter if
trained to believe
the exact words for colors sometimes change.
The official order is that
trees are yellow today and
only the wind is green.
The voice changes
only the wind is blue today.
The voice changes
only the rain is pink and it is hereby decided
no other pinkness can exist.
And what is color when
to believe nature does not and cannot respond to
social identities.
And I know my sacred place for being
is then nature.
For I dwell as close to nature to
resist accepting the forms which people try on me.
I cannot be
one word to another word in instances
for I become that changeling if to believe.
Nor is the wind really colored and
who can resist that authority which
dictates language.
It were not a poet for that type of color in language is
different.
Nor were it affection for that color is
without control.
Ordered to callings and
trained for being by the symbolic forms
to be a symbolic form.
Then resist too much or too politely and
be called for that.
Who is not pushed to anonymity when
the force of directions are persistent?

landslide

The rain lasted for eight years on and off.
And a ground grows soft.
The inevitable dislocation of one earth from another
gravity in the end does claim
that which does not bind.
The hills will be flat
even the ocean gorges will be filled like
time does fill.
And if the ends are six feet of water over every planetary
soil
that is speculation as to when
earth is settled.
Then settled again when the core cools the sun stops.
My experience of
living among a changing earth is to
get out of the way
beware the mighty
anticipate
call for science.
The prevailing social mind seems to be that
the last one remaining is the winner.
The prevailing social mind is
to challenge nature.
The prevailing social mind seems to be life fills voids when
death.
The prevailing social mind seems to be
that life goes on.
Pick one and only one.
Remark on God when
half a hill collapses in the eight year rain
steals twelve good family homes.
Only two lives lost.
Only two lives lost.
And a ground grows soft.
Who is conditioned to adaptation when
control is doctrine?
I admit I am small I cannot say.

subcomprehensions

Because I did what I did I do what I do.

Remark

that freedom is the substance of intelligence.

Confined in lines and

little voodoo objects.

The mark of intelligence is control then

social control

self control.

Who is not enamored to themselves to know language

profoundly?

Then who does require someone else if

to control speech and

social direction?

For progeny and social reproduction is

not matter.

And to live within that complicated scheme of being

that children are divine and

as faithful to words then.

And if to live only freely and without direction

to know so much damn stuff

then apply morality and consent

control those symbols which were

only received.

And those neural clicks and

those retreating ear rings am I now intelligent for

that thought which caused Lamarckian

brain adaptations?

Though to know is nothing.

Knowledge is excrement.

Then we are zen and quiet and we allow

thousands of people near to us without touching them.

Because I did what I did I do what I do.

And who does not live in chains of

comprehension.

I cannot say though to understand my own is to

assume.

Remark I am.

I am strong you are

For having assumed I am strong you are.

The midnight sky is moon

fascinating as far as color is.

These eyes are closed like clouds.

The air is breath and

to assume that is wholeness I am the

depth of light you are.

Nor is language anything remembered.

The day is not sleep

though anything but rest.

And I will keep giving to that which is

pleasure fascinating as far as time.

For having assumed I am strong you are.

The sun too is overcast and

holds.

The midnight sky is star I am taken and

hold to that.

And what remains I close my eyes and

speak like sleep does.

Together is nothing if not taken together

like faith.

To be small is nothing if not

taken together.

I am not urgent.

And I wait for having assumed I am strong

you are.

Nor possess that

like lesson.

The midnight sky is air

fascinating as far as origins are.

I do not consider but here.

And grow

like seed like sheltered seed.

For having assumed I am strong you are.

Then love is a word.

Nor is language anything remembered.

reentry is always harder

They go fast out.
Reentry is always harder.
There is an atmosphere to negotiate.
And
having consumed that starbucks coffee the
literated mind is
too directed
too caffeinated for
concentrating on qualifying oneself for
social reparticipation as if
that has changed it has.
For two weeks is
enough for philosophy
to take hold without me and
what is interest anyway in traveling alone?
They fear I bring back
jelly fruit and
icons I do.
And the pictures no apologies for
journalism.
The contract said no contraband.
The contract said
time is limited or you will change.
They go fast out.
Like excitement they go fast out.
And if responsibility does change
in the course of
bubbling oneself for
having forgotten origins
then expect to start from zero and
either among jealousy.
Then who is not a priest and
sensitive for
offering?
But that is only a ticket that is only
a contract.

Response to Saw Wei, February 14

What psychiatrist will not know beauty
Resembles secular morality
The photogirl images in water
Pace this mind
Of learning for
Progress is in little steps outward
When time and trees are my own
Authority is friendship or what it considers itself
Assumes I am given to beauty
Itself? I am I choose such things

refusing aid for pride

Nations cling to control in disaster
Philosophy as aid from within
We grow strong that way when hurricanes
Souls hurt do not souls hurt?
Nor is aid to individuals systemic
Nor can aid to individuals be systemic
Care is having been together now
And to ask too much for change
Before receiving as if submission expects
Have I not healed independently before?
Then I am isolated and strong
Nor fear them having left
A people from here will not leave nor cannot leave
As if external healing did have strings attached
External healing does require things
[things]
How is self sufficiency learned?
Nor bullies can heal
Rather to be angry at God for tremors
Then they wear uniforms
Nor is rice temporary if intentions and maps
And what is a nation when God shows
Nations are only reintroduced at a disaster
This one is ours
The self is reclaimed at a disaster
For having fallen to study solutions
Survival is reignition to inspiration
Pride is only everything
Now that homes and lives are spent
Pride is only everything
Now that the self is solved
Now that the self is resolved
Pride is only everything

paperback

use them as coasters
when they are done forgiving
on the shelf as art

wall art calls genius
to those invited visits
then what is genius

registration clubs
receiving as religion
until darkness comes

on the end of pier
who did what to whom I ask
sun burns at patience

paperback poets
for planes, trains, automobiles
read a page, stop, look

ideas yellow
like pages thoughts turn yellow
keep up history

stratify knowledge
hold separates together
neatly crossbinded

trade books trade winds trade
give away conclusions in
graphic letters trade

and backpack filler
thoughts herald exploration
brought Huck Finn today

invasion of the catapults

They come pulled on wheels.

The little lobbyists saying loud louder
but they put a poet in jail!

The clever one

he was not even a real poet just do a search on
the borders website.

What thoughts rain at

first amendedments questions and
we have not even wondered at
the second and thirds and the rest
yet.

How many are there now?

27ish.

It is open to interpretation.

I say reason still prevails and justice and words from
that.

The little lobbyists saying loud
louder.

I never did say they were wrong.

For representation requires the representation of
representation of

They make catapults and other flinging things
strong now.

They resemble shows of force.

They come in many colors.

And for those of us
clinging to the forms like museumists do
that is important.

And who can argue when
there is a market
for catapults?

And catapult reason tossers.

Then the lobbyists ask me nicely for
direction.

Mine is only art I say.

I cover it with moss I say.

exponents

The particular skill of watching strawberry plants
come.

They get together Saturdays.

Eat cheese.

Comment.

Comment.

For really now how much attention does
a growing strawberry plant require?

They will be good this year.

Better than the last considering this is an election year.

And the particular skill of
harvest.

More of an administrative position I

I suppose but

I try not to interfere

I try not to be too critical of that outside of my ken.

The rain comes soft the sun
pushes that away.

I saw that did you see that?

The rain comes soft the sun

pushes that away.

Man!

They really multiply don't they?

Shoot arms into the ground.

It was just yesterday.

unseasonably cool spring day report

Brief walk
not all the leaves out.
The wind.
Windsounds.
The clouds.
I went into myself.
Went into the house and cleaned
enough to justify
a laydown.
Could not sleep.
The
books have all been read.
They all said
the philosophy of poetry.
Returned to discipline.
Turned on
all the lights.
Picked one of the poets like force and
called it something
different.
Opened the door
and
listened.
The blueberry plant was not dead after all.
Only returning from being
repotted.
And
the oriole at the feeder
said
this is only a phase.
Thank you for that.

said numbers better unsaid

(for Mind's Eye Radio)

Apologies I should have offered the bagel before
bringing the number report of
how many colors the human eye can see.
Apologies for bringing science to beauty.
And even though
I did not estimate those raisins all the same
for digestion does require some silence.
And if to pride oneself on vocal sound
it is not to mean the rest of the body does not require.
What I should have said
was breakfast nothing.
And apologies for apologizing sometimes I go on.
And the accounting for stars
maybe I am just too damn literal or competitive wanting to be
the first to rationalize important things.
But then
what poet will not number their pages?
Perhaps an identity crisis or to greatly respect your opinion or
to want to change social things.
I am not really a born again numberist
really.
It is a shield or a curiosity or an inescapable reality that
I was born on the 70th year of the 20th century and
that is how much my recent pair of shoes cost.
Size 12 I am sure you wondered, -that is size 47 in Europe
which happens to be the telephone dialing code for Norway.
Curious, huh?
Oops, I go on.
How is that bagel by the way?
Maybe a pill would help me.
Or two.

civilization and sympathies

This adolescence what do we grow to?
Postdenominationalized corporatized then
what power was not satisfied though
to be guilty.
Give me a hundred dollars
do I not spend it?
And when cabin is not wealth when city
resembles this
When health care cries brings buildings and
desire marketing
who does not reach for my buttons?
The little clouds of
the silent ones
I do look twice at who will inherit such things.
Though it is difficult to become
that which is quiet when
I am known.
When I am solved it is difficult to be.
And the satellites the
watchers
all of the ideas without my consent like
to be governed
as if I have given power to
that which is most plausible
that which is most realistic most fantastic.
And difficult to maintain dreamdom when
demands among simplicity.
This is adolescence is it not and if
the growers and shapers I am
without redirection
I ask
is this leadership or just instructional.
Though what is leadership with
intentions for the dissolve of ends?
I am elsewhere in your presence remarking
have we not done this before?

beauty struggles to keep itself

Then art is beauty.
Called that and
neatly put away.
In the shoe box under the stairs.
Held for sentiment.
It is worth money.
What beauty does not hold value.
It is not worth money.
The glass will not grow old nor
discolor.
And if
the anonymity of its maker makes it more curious.
Then
I never did ask.
What beauty can be shown
always I ask.
I fear it will lose its power.
It will grow old.
It will grow timeless among me.
That day.
And if to leave it at rest
it is to compare it.
Then art is beauty and
beauty is kept.
To fear the holds of object for
what is truly valuable.
And a question like responsibility
nor wish to contain experience
in things
[things].
Nor rid oneself of the forms
lest language
be without borders then
gone.
Lest art be without borders
let away
and hold nothing for thought.