

l o o s e l e a v e s

1996-2001

Greg Markee

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Oak *June*

What a revelation

 to realize
 that the oak tree
 was not the strongest but
 that the willow
 meek and powerless
 so it seemed
 found power
 in its adaptability
 to strong winds
 downpours

Actually I now see

 its resistance
 to its own resistance
 is what made it so powerful

What a revelation

 to realize
 that I too might profit
 from flexibility
 that I might too profit
 from the allowance
 of sweeping change
 around me
 sweeping change
 around me

And

what a disappointment

 to realize
 that my strength
 adversity granting strength
 to stand against torrents
 and anything else I cared to stand before
 rooted

might not have been the best way
to respond to
sweeping change
around me
rooted
But an oak I always was and
as if I ever had a choice to become another
perhaps
I might shed these limbs
this timber
rigid
perhaps
But an oak I always was
to be carved by time
whittled
by bit
by bit

Wind, You are my Enemy Today

October

Today I find no consolation in you wind.

Yes, there have been times when you have offered relief

like the time last June

when I was sitting on my porch at dusk

seeking refuge from the still corridors of my home

and like the time even last week

when I was sprinting across Buffalo Park

on my bike

when you were at my back

Yes, there have been times when you have offered relief.

Today I find no consolation in you wind.

Your piercing interrogation of my will stills my reason

on this dim Autumn afternoon

on which I seek companionship

with this friend the forest and

on this dim Autumn afternoon

on which I am usually the one looking for answers

on which I am usually the one blowing inquiries

but not today

today I misjudge your intent

Your piercing interrogation of my will stills my reason.

Today I find no consolation in you wind.

You are my enemy today.

*Change**November*

I.

Beginning to understand
theses and heres
and beginning to know
whys and whens by whats
just in times
for the new
and nearly understandables
emerging
from considerations
from consequence
these declaring actions yet infantile

II.

From tradition from progress
from tradition
from progress
traditionally abandoning
this when
this what
has long been progressively
good

III.

Exchanging
rearranging
from new better goods
from periodic instants of
satisfactions and
understandings
from

IV.

From the timely
from the spatial
the constant usual

V.

From the corridors
from sensation
from experience
from expectations
from altruism
from parents
from babies
from health
from infirmity
from too much

too little from
consequences
and from the lack of
such things

VI.

From lifestyled requisitions
needful things
absent and
only known by
observation and
decision
funneled
from

VII.

From ecstatic instances
from instances of boredom
from revelation
from instinct and
attempting transfers to this presence and
attempting refutation

VIII.

Nows and heres
from the woody trees
the pitter pattered raindropped leaves
from the presently puddling pools
streaming
downward
downward

IX.

Pools rivering and
caught by mini dams of
sticks and mud
denying rivulets passage
until mini lakes
fed by streams
overflow their
tidied dams
them whisking
eroding
dams

X.

From pathways
from streams
downward
seaward
depositing

with earths from mountaintops
heaved
from volcanic days
and continentally drifting waves
from Precambrian from
prehistory
when balls and spheres whirled
relentlessly
round and round

XI.
Spheres
them teaming within their own
stony systems
from teams within independent galaxies and
still do team with
woody trees and
pitter pattered raindropped leaves
extinct in
due time

XII.
Replaced

XIII.
Resoundingly placed
in antiquity
replaced by each you and me
from common beasts
the hairy kind
hunchback
foraging beastly minds
responding only
responding
never thinking
these beasts

XIV.
Beasts
us from them
and also we be them
but not until
we have run the course
the gamut
the evolutionary fork
and bear to look
backwards

XV.
We
discarded by

greater adaptables
from experience
from places been
no longer be from
homelands
childhood from
tranquility
antiquity

XVI.

We
from corrosive teachings
from humble beginnings
from grand entries
high hopes

XVII.

We
from dull places
that never could have taught
a damn thing
because certainly such
places exist and
their presence
within excitable
perhaps divergently exciting in
their dull manner

XVIII.

We
from dry lake beds
riverbeds
overflowing each
from rainy days
like the lasts
changing ever
changing yet
sedentary lands resisting and
flora resisting and
beasts resisting
resistance

XIX.

Deferring difference
seeking constance that we
too
might merely respond
as any stone
ultimately responding
from the first and
never initiating

only responding from
the first
change

XX.
And affects
the ones chaotic
from pushes
shoves
by initiators turned from
stones
once nudged
returning
pushes
in time
by other forces and other
instances
evidenced from
sequence indeterminate
from change
ever been
now constant as
it ever was

*A Cry to the Limit of his Breath**January*

Through each single moment
together spent and
through every nod
gaze
electrical touch
each one at each special place and
each linking every
other togetherness every
other union and that
it will be no more by
whatever parting force a
cry
to the limit of his breath

*library**January*

As it is, in this fevered time of
transitive technology, this time of
transition when all accelerated

acquisition of knowledge and knowing
of every, and from every, is
within reach. As it is, by each good thanks

to elders, the archivists, the knowers,
now deceased and passing on, leaving
legacies of orders and of systems.

As it should be, lest they die without
remembrance or utility in any
form beyond their own creative and

remaindered system bound by and binding
boundaries perceived and otherwise.
And lest they die unrecognized by the

very recognizable authors, of
art, and the artists themselves, and the
scientists, filling their thoughts. Systems

beyond such textual forms, molding
themselves and shaping greater collections
by each new added volume by each new

voice brave enough to share. Systems shaping,
for knowledges repositing and
repeating within enlightened

stimulations and enlightened methods.
Systems allowing extended gatherings
via metal arms, and allowing

extended response and reply via
mechanical eyes within enlightened
places. Systems within places whereby

booktruths and their original narration
might be replaced by adventurers like
the ones seeking excitement in the

pursuit of booktruths inevitably
to replace lesser ones. As they are,
places in the least intended to grant

newness to means and to users be it
conversation and be it observation
and be it text or art. Whether it truth

sought and recovered within symbolic
instances relative to relative,
or be it, in any case, ones guiding

us to likenesses framed. As truth to a
thirsty man is water and as truth to
a drowning man is breath, so be it life

that truth to one seeking reference be
not the cup but this within, be not the
book but this within, be not the reference

but this referred to, be not the medium
but this streaking within. As truth by
whatever means or forms, true to needy

we, and as it is, the library,
resembling the relative form and the
technical flavor of the month. Yet as

large the library and as pure the housing
to the original inspiration,
and as pure as pure to the natural

form, to the natural experience,
life, those thirsty ones still be drawn to those
truths unrelentingly and satisfactorily

bound within authenticity. Those
thirsty still endeavor consolation
or whatever in the wind pushing the

leaves, endeavor consolation or
whatever in the usual creeks
timelessly eroding, endeavor

consolation or whatever in the
regular sun baking in day by day
roasts day by day. And truths like the ones found

only in the best volumes between lines,
and truths like the ones found only in the
best verse within words leading and suggesting,

calling out that one seek reference in
solid walls of limestone and granite. The
best volumes suggesting one roam stacks of

mountains, and suggesting one validate
for their own. The best articles suggesting
one catalog and remember and retell

the stories by camplight lest they die
without remembrance or utility
in any form beyond their own creatively

bound representation, and the best songs
suggesting whys and because within
shelves ever been within the best stories.

I cannot stand intolerant people

January

I cannot stand intolerant people

like the easy ones or

like the ones with an uprightness

the ones wearing dark colors

usually

surely you must know

them

like the ones that clean their eyeglasses as they speak

and like the ones that mumble

grumble grobble

and like the ones grunting approval to social swayers

of practically any sort without

a thought

and like the ones delighting in being among

the majority

you know

them

the intolerant ones

I cannot stand them

*Political Geography**February*

Unique

the geography of politics
 whereby separate origins of lifestyles
 those experiencing rain
 those experiencing heat
 snow
 earthquakes
 whereby these separate origins of experience
 create expectations
 they send messages alluding to
 simple preferences
 relevant to proximal relationships
 between a man and himself and places
 one and his diet
 one and his sport
 one and his leisure
 one and his medicine

 and likewise
 separate origins of being
 embodied within places such as this
 instill pride in knowing better ways
 ones more efficient
 more productive
 at acquiring
 and they instill a desire to protect the like
 as if it were part of my being
 because it is

Unique

the geography of politics
 whereby groups emerging from like experience
 by this place

 moving toward like determination and patterns
 in clusters
 at man's tendency toward expanding
 his understanding

he seeks the test of his truth
 the test of his being
 his knowledge
 the test of his experience
 his understanding
 that it might resound all or in part
 within new circumstance
 within new communities
 them too rising from a unique place
 distant
 ultimately the same as every other
 they might resound as
 they always had

and as man
 seeking refreshment
 in the potential expansion of knowing
 and at one time experiencing
 the refreshment
 the liberalism in it
 how it flows like a giant river
 with no rapids
 generous
 and how it appears to stand still
 yet it flows and carries
 in mass
 and it is refreshing
 this potential expansion of knowing
 as well assured knowledge
 itself be

and as man
 seeking refreshment
 within an apparently still and carrying
 continuous present
 it is so that certainties of before
 hold true and grant their own
 apparent
 greater subjection
 at least by degree

and that these might lead toward
this same constance
of social learnedness
reliance
respect
that I can teach my children
and that
independent others
from varied lands
and varied generations
that they might teach their children
and that
in our eventual union
we might find common ground
in exceptional experiences
ones divine by their likeness
ones divine by their difference
that will allow us each greater
patterns
determination
assurance

*Star Ceiling**February*

Above
and above that

rest assureds
Galaxies and ways I can only consider
cautiously consider
lest I blind myself with stupor
Assureds and ways
that have long since liberated liberties
and ones that continue to
through trial and error
again

Ones

if I am not cautious
will whirl me
into the dissolute and
into the one particuled
fragmented

above

recognizing my very entity
composition
as part of its own

I am Postpositive it Went that Way

February

For A. Keith Carreiro

I am postpositive it went that way
 Yes I am now
 I can move on and
 never look back
 I can transcend if
 I am as sure as I am
 which I am and
 I can forget these roots
 outside of doing what I do
 with grins and greetings
 and conscious passings
 like the ones passing new postpositives
 in my general direction
 that if I remember
 to raise my arm or
 to open my spirit
 I might
 be swept up by it
 be swept up by the new familiars
 and
 perhaps
 release earlier postpositive anchors
 I might
 escape gravities altogether
 unless I choose to let go
 and rest
 upon higher ledges
 for periods
 I am postpositive it went that way
 I am as sure as I am

Riverine, Riverine

February

Serene riverine

so green

so green

trickling

clean

driblets

beads

rivulets

or dry

like

late summer

Wind, chill wind

February

Biting and penetrating
cold steel
wind, chill wind
For bearing
I know it from the North
and by
interrupted melts
dangling from bony branches
as icicles
I know it a valid chill
and if by this alone
I would know it real
had I no sense
but
I do
and know it to be so much more

I cannot talk now, I am icicling

February

Sorry to be disposed
but
you see
I am in the midst
I am icicling
can you not see
my hockey stick
the perfect tool
designed perfectly
for such things
and my winter boots
the good ones
for running in
for dodging in
not the warm ones
but the best ones
for such things
so
you see
I would love it if you joined me
but otherwise
perhaps you will appreciate
I will be back at three

*Lamarckian Theory of Identity**February*

Had an event
 eruption
 or specific effect
 lust
 been recognizable or
 had particular states of being
 efficiencies of character
 intelligence
 openness
 been transferable or
 had particular physicalities
 coordination
 strength
 enabled or
 had particular attributes of place
 fertility
 population
 shelter
 enabled
 the exercise of certain qualities
 eventually proving more than useful
 and that these qualities
 physical or
 either sensual or
 social
 generated
 general beliefs
 truths or
 generated
 confidence in certain behaviors
 patterns or

generated
 other qualities of ones' own
 passions and
 lust and
 had these
 excelled the individual
 thrusted
 elevated the person
 within new environs
 challenging
 and
 that adaptables be possible
 change
 growth
 beyond physique
 after this first slow process
 had qualities
 illustrating
 as perhaps few others do
 needs
 to continue
 by elation
 by emotion
 hunch
 in certain directions or either
 a need
 to discontinue
 by pain
 anxiety
 anger
 and

had vicarious experience

empathic observation
of death
its anticipation
its fear

had the consideration of peripherals

family
adapting
ideology
changing
lifework
living

had the consideration of altruism

sharing
surplus

and had not revenge
contributed to a

sense of self preservation
defensive nature
overseen
by senses of self conscience

had it not been

a zoo
a will of freedom

had it

If

February

if the horizon were all we knew
if there were no resistants
if the day never ended

if it were all the same

if the smell did not inspire
if we all thought it at the same time

if the weather
was the average
of everyone's thoughts

*To Gloria**February*

85 years to the day Gloria
I cannot help but admire
 your wiry frame
 your convolutions
 their thoughts
I cannot help but admire
 your patterns of action
 that you have long since
 considered
 why they are
 what they are
 you have moved onward
 since then
85 years to the day Gloria
 Each one where
 you had primped yourself
 you had prettied yourself
 just like now
 this scary moment
 I can only imagine
 when you were
 at first taken to a hospital
 because you were not eating quite right
 because you were not sleeping quite right
 and since
 you surely could not stay at the hospital
 you were taken to a home
 one where people go to die
the best of which are found in warm climates
 just like the one they took you to

but you would not stay
there either
oh
how you must have fussed
how you must have kicked
I am sure
just knowing you Gloria as I do
And I am sure that you swore
by everything Holy
and cursed by everything Unholy
all because of their likely disregard
for you
as capable of knowing
as capable of seeing
where you should be
and where you belong
oh
I am sure you fussed
even though you might have liked that place
within any other circumstance
but not this one
and they had to give in
They found you another home
to which you conceded
this time
They found you a home
One where you could lay down
that hairbrush
and not have to worry
about it being taken
by a stranger
or by someone else

misplacing it as they do
the hairbrush
that had primped
and had prettied
that silver hair of yours
for many years
filled with family
filled with friends
and even though now
each have moved on
How proud you are
and how the thought of it
makes you glow
that they have
Moved on
as you too once did
How proud you are
that they have
85 years to the day Gloria
I cannot help but admire

*Flash**March*

Pitter

Pitter Patter

Pounding

to hell and hail and
to water high drops
rising

rushing and pushing

quickenig

to the ground
in dispersions

to no way

this surface

or any

to accept such an offering
so quickly

flash

beginning

mindless confluence

of scrubs and washes

without choice

Pushing

further rivers

to traveling sweeping madnesses

tangling

determination and sticks

and mud rushing as flowing nets

carrying

to righteousness

like a child's

like an adolescent's

refusing

handshakes

by every certain certainty

of lies and distortion

of peace

known otherwise

as torrents

of potence

masquerading

as my best

lifegiving interests

of water and drink

because I know what else

that caution

is a friend this time

◦

*Stray**March*

Come inside
and have your pets
and stay as you would
as if it were your own
stay as you would
but if you must leave
because of the walls
and other stops
then you must
and be well
until next time

*Become, child**March*

Become a tradesman, child
Work with your hands and your mind
Appreciate the satisfaction
 of the completion of a project
Work with solid and straight people

Become a doctor, child
Bear the burden of eradicating diseases and plagues
Appreciate that your genuine efforts are well received
Find joy in a strain of knowledge that is
 relevant to all
 including yourself

Buy and sell goods, child
Thrive in the excitement of trading worth
Learn subtle nuances steering choices
 and learn to fill those wishes
Work hard and celebrate

Become a teacher, child
Learn developmental processes of yourself
 by observing others
Fertilize the garden of the future
 by preserving knowledge already discovered
 and by discovering new ways at making it accessible
Learn to motivate and celebrate
 within the achievement of others

Become a statesman, child
Greet exciting and new people
 and learn of yourself in the process
Learn to represent the will of goodness
 and to adapt your representations
 as you are presented with new climates and new people
Celebrate in many ways

Become a curator, child
Insure futures
 for great objects and artifacts
Shed new light
 on old perceptions
Enable the accessibility of collections
 to all interested in experiencing them

Become a chef, child
Discover sensational epicurean traditions
 that all can appreciate
Identify, prepare, and combine the finest natural ingredients
 to delight palates and people
Feed those who are hungry

Become an archaeologist, child
Offer insights
 to current circumstances and peoples
Provide necessary platforms
 for the sustainability and advancement of contemporary cultures
Model the respect deserved
 to alternative ways of living

Become an engineer, child
Appreciate the science of collaboration
Redevelop your understandings of physical qualities
 many times
Identify a need and fill it with yourself
Offer access to new places
 to new experiences
 to new knowledge
 through your buildings
 your structures

Become a farmer, child
Ride the patterns of nature
 and discover your role as a timely planter,
 as an observer, an actor
Respect subtle changes, and differences
Touch soil with your hands
Experience the joy of harvest

Become a minister, child
Contribute
 to the sick, the tired
 to the elderly
 to the poor
 and to the underprivileged
 and bind a community
Show that the unlikely is possible
Generate
 pride in those less than fortunate

Arrangements

April

Woody offshoots, pointers
ascending in spirals
shoot minty green bulbs unopened and opening

Windblown snowdunes, billows
hollowing their posteriors
encroach in parades of groundclouds

Offcañons, scrubs, washes
deepening toward gorges
contribute trickles then creeks then rivers

Lapping wateredges, banks
rhythming in claps and recessions
arrive and arrive

Peace is not

April

Peace is not

the ebb of a tide

the return

the ebb of a swell

the ebb of a pressure

Peace is not

a star streaking, a comet in ellipsis

blazing

ways and means

freedoms

Peace is not

the growth of a forest, Sequoias

hour by hour enchanting

continuing

in concert

For if it were

all I would need do is grasp it

hold it close

protect it

Tease me easy, pretty old woman

May

Tease me easy, pretty old woman
 and smile
 because I like it that way
 served with your grin of knowing more
 and that challenge to avoid the avoidables
 as you did
 mostly
 and that challenge to savor
 the unavoidable
 that added the spice of character
 feist and zest and all
 I can see
 that made your grin your grin
 and you know it too
 Challenge me with those also
 sly fox, you

Tease me easy
 with that dash of
 knowing more than what you see
 just a penetrating
 little more
 as an afterthought
 as a kiss
 a French kiss
 lovingly knowing your whole demons are better
 at what they do
 part by part
 unleashing my fury
 unleashing me
 in part by part
 redirections

Tease me easy and allow my occasional
 easy teases
 as token exchanges
 them easy teases too
 of especially naked proportions
 which is all right,
 I will stand naked in front of you any time
 pretty old woman
 more naked
 more naked
 just tease me easy

o

Aspects of clouds

May

How they appear
and disappear
with the wind
or with the temperature
the night

How they overlap

one another
in folds
pockets

How they move

freely
in traveling sweeps
brushes
painting skies
sunsets

How they sit

move again
and coast
between horizons
and sit
move again

How they billow
in the afternoon
and recede
again

How they become
nimbus
dark
and burst
empty

How they drain
from the underside
in streaking lines toward

earth

How they march
in mass
across
surrounding tall objects
then
moving by

Cañon Sky *May 31*

Blue cloudholes take shapes

acrossing the areas

empty white, vacant

o

looseleaves

March through July

still letters
fluttering each
independent against solitary others
all rising all falling
in windy reckoning
and still again
dangling earthward
brushing the air
the motion
painting lights and darks
like
candles
answering whispers
and passions
in delicate manners
in instants and pauses
in green seasons and canopies
of dreamy opulence
scattering
parading harmony
for the fun of it all
for the fun of it all

bells
responding to blows
in chimes
against against
in gossip
chatter chatter
and against
timber lines
enlightening in alternating

rustles
then applauds
then observant pauses
the silent moments
setting to know
against boughs
themselves parading cousins and kin
in
daydreams
and loosethoughts
on tangled hangers
resting banners
parted and passive
and shoved
as leaves
each sent further
in directions
on tendrils
of corky poplar
all alike in pursuit
all alike
flags and dominions
of light echoing
resounding or still
alternating
atop fingertips
as acanthus
topping Corinthian columns
like every other column
paralleling
and supporting
this radiant canopy
as anyone I
in this exhibit

intended for reaching
in resounding coolness
in fluttering looseness
like monarchs stretching invisible twines
this exhibit here
garden on its own
with flowers
with mushrooms
and
with leaves of
butterflies
associating
free in passing exhales
or fluttering in looseness
like words
rustling their days away
like words
rustling
away
their days
in the cooling summertime looseness
of loose lost afternoons
and black forests
and canopies
transcendent
telling
truths spellbound
glowing
in their own
delicate manners like
every others
grand
and small
and replacing

delicate manners
with simple pleasures
and whispers of truth
and difficult questions
with an answer each
for every
circle
replacing circles
by breezes and words
thoughtful
contemplating
and fraternizing
in candid withdrawals
and inquisitive lunges
challenging
like new
green
bobbers
ringing with happening
and loud laughter
and tears
saying that I should know too
I should know
to
the
peacLOUDS and whistles
dabbling and streaming
that I should not need
laugh and cry
and rejoice
or that I should
join in
but it will be
despite or nevertheless

as a single raindrop
on a mostly sunny day
leaving only a pause
but a pause

kites alofting
spreading
ringing in rustling chimes
and dancing with the wind
from the lake
and the other wide opens
for nesting and twirling
and flying others
regardless disregarding
my own loose attempts
at becoming
as if I could not
as if I had not

To the Day, Release

November

FLY DELIGHT! Away and back! Just the escape, for a day, an eve, and the
usuals anew again, -in stereo.

And into the wind, the fragile pound of surround, the chill of the release, from a
mountaintop ascending.

The adolescent reflection grounding new growth in each drifting dispel. The
new shudder at understanding understanding.

The frivolity, because there is a time for this too, -like the toil, -like the toil.

And the band, all the temptation, all the thrill, the wandering, and the business,
blending into one, just as well, -contained. That it be, that it be

Crystal

November 23, 1998

Wind returning breath,
answers, away by frozen
fertile soils, dormant.

Enter the clowns

April

Enter the clowns

to hospitals

to heal

in other ways

to landclubs

to bring social flavor

to otherwise barren undertakings

as shaman

high priests

each unique

and pulling in different ways

in difference

without want

or gravity

ultimately

offering choice and

personal directions

and personal cautions that can

themselves allow connections with

others and theirs

Enter the clowns

at once

to pull laughter

to pull tears

-enter the ones with the paint

and the tempered social qualities

undesirable and desirable

The ones

carnivalic or

the ones inverted or

them that just be

ever precise

intentional

the ones with the usual appearances

frightful and

those only for the children

dying of cancer, -and only seen by them

Enter the clowns

the funny ones and the gardeners
dancing and blowing balloons and
distributing daisies
to pretty women with lovers and
to lovers with pretty women

the self-absorbed types
with lots of makeup

the contemplative types
the aggravated types
the copycats
the never-evers
the discoverers
the wanderers
the watchers
the do-gooders
the smelly ones
the tricksters and of course
the shape-shifters

Enter the clowns

to hospitals and landclubs and
fly away
nearby
with my burden
you carry

*daybreak**April 25*

The birdsong, bold and
solitary, and nearby.
Response, the raven,

and response chatter
the leaves, I missed at the first.
Latent night echoes

in sound, then color,
-scaling westward, white to blue
to gray and to dark.

And my place, alive,
awake as I may not be
again until now

tomorrow, sunrise
and breaking day and birdsong.
Response, the raven.

*A state of ease**April*

Balance can be so challenging at times,
amid all the difference and the sway,
the tug of competing forces
that may make sense in some future
as one.

But for now they pull me and stretch me
thin in the middle.

They splice me.

I am sure there are places
and moments in nature
where follicles and twines,

the windows and paths
that link the apparently distinct,
become visible and vivid,
-but not right now.

All I can do is breathe patience enough,
that is all I can do.

I cannot aim
to bring those competing dissimilars
closer to one another
nor can I push them more apart,
distant.

I can only let them be.

They follow their connections
and paths and trails,
their twines and windows,
or they remain,
they continue as they have,
following in their own
relative stasis
if this is their chemistry.
They may communicate,
they may dance in tandem
parallels
and without charge,
or they may expand
like a universe,
outward and even.
The apparently competitive may do this.
A state of ease within nature
where challenges
find their own points of confrontation,
contention,
and they find their own areas and relationships and temperament,
their own nature and patterns in concert
all with the wind outside purring softly

or either howling
and with the wet drips of the morning dew
and the smell of the pungent
or with the touch of the musical instrument
play.

Balance can be so challenging at times
that even pieces that fit with ease in other trials
under different conditions
are swollen and distorted and dissimilar.
They strike awkward antagonisms and isolations
with want of constance and with want of union
but without the shape
that once was important and
primary.

Solace in the thought, perhaps,
that these that were so alike
and compatible,
now different and dissimilar,
that they may adapt,
again,
as they once had,
and will again as a balance does,
adapt.

that which we cannot control

June

The natural, tornadoes and storms, and
 the simple breeze and heat and clouds, patterns.
 The easy breeze too slow for the day and
 the steamy heat like yesterday, last night.
 And seasons when they come, late and tender
 or all at once violent and wicked
 and dark as night; with lightning trembling fear
 outside. That I consider the downpour,
 immediately, and the fast washes,
 cutting and cutting and cutting. To stone.
 That I pay my respects in a fashion
 for that which I protect, oh there inside,
 containing me in wonder as to how
 I will escape, I will, or find solace,
 in the least solace and mercy from that;
 that which cannot be controlled. Containment.
 The obvious and disregarding like
 grand social indifference; a city,
 -the common interest for my own good.
 That which erases: time and age, logic.
 Large as the unknown I can be certain.
 always independent, never from me,
 always to me, at me, from all around.
 The small and untouchable, the micro
 minding only itself, -the parasite,
 the virus. Full of wonder and awful
 and curious to larger specter, I.
 That which cannot be controlled, protected,
 -the sympathetic, -desire, that flutters
 and is delicate as a butterfly,
 that can be taken like a lover, whole,
 yet assumes and pulls more than the most large.
 It cannot be changed, it can only be

loved or addressed; a baby. Pet. A spark,
into a forest fire, in wind growing
on its own demanding attention, fuel.

Witness. Appreciation and respect.
That which we cannot stop; the undergrowth,
of the forest, the seasons. And the weeds,
aging and the laughter, the tears. The fear.
The sounds, pounds, and quiet within within.
And precisions and the insistences;

approaching and retreating, responding,
reacting, like tide and glacier, snowmelt.
Bending as a grass or bird on the wind

searching about with reference unto
the larger affect; to the larger truth
beyond the immediate, shelter, food.

God. Outside and in determination,
relentless always as sheol. Smarter.
And ahead. Most noticeably at those
intentional times of hopping on trains,
freight trains, in obvious wrong directions.
Just to see, to watch and check. Just to see.

And be sure. To document, to witness
for myself the events and daily wear
that supposes, composes, its own life.

That which is life, culture and fancy dance.
The foreign people in their own land, and
the styles, some that I like and others, well,
others I could do without as anyplace.
And the passing isolation, drama,
trained as theat

for what? but internalize, channel in
exact accuracy, I am obliged.
That which cannot be controlled, the moment.

The weather, to feel tremble on its own.
That I could make rain, to relieve this, that,
or that I could pass seeds into the wind
in the right place, in the right condition,
and float away, germinate on my own,
-just on my own, or perhaps one other.

That I could make it temperate. Perfect.
That which we cannot control or protect,
and that which we would not care to control,
protect; watercress, wildflowering weeds.
It may arrive at its own balance and
bare its own fruit tasty and drippy swell
and natural as it is and as it
may, it may, arrive at its own balance.
And death; life crescendo and container.

Tympanic and adolescent silent,
liberating I can imagine and
all at once sudden and natural. Done.

Forgotten as the turning of the leaves,
the little dollar gift to a lover,
the reminder, -or forgotten as the
chore done in afterthought for another,
or the mediocre movie, or the
deep breath necessary but forgotten.

As religion, the sacred, and too, the
secular and the social sways and the
answers, the calls, and the revelations,
all the uncontrollables. The others;
all the others, further reducing me,
reducing me. Me. As forgotten as...

That at most they might be identified.
The well wishers and all the difficult
people on their own, entirely on their

own and free; at least freer than me I know.
I am sure of that. I can feel it as
if there were something I should know, believe,
or at least reply to so that I might
also enter the stream if I choose to,
wherever it leads away and away;
with another, just one other, drifting.
Certainly seaward at whatever rate.
Certainly seaward. Down, down. Flowing down.
And the field, the newsprouts, eventual
decline, again for the dormant season.
And the meetings, the babies, the toddlers,
the waddlers, the running. The new parents.
And the new grandparents, for the first time
aware all over again, and new and
tearful and hopeful as lovers and friends,
old this time but confident anyway.
And the wind and the rainstorm into now;
-quiet otherwise but grounded in sounds
of the season. Drips and vacant wind whorls.
Welcome that it is and that it be as
it has been, -predictable and certain,
and reliable as one day to next.
Confident and delicate or bang loud,
all at once loud as life, or as quiet,
life, restful and constant, eventu'l clear.
Regardless, that which becomes on its own.
Again, reliable if only at
its own rate, whatever. Constant whatever.
And the absence, as uncontrollable
and disfigured as the need for patience,
-that patience need be beckoned in the first
perhaps does indicate something. Perhaps.

Wake up the morning

June

Spark the sun and shine a light;
open the curtains and call
hello to the morning drowsy but
coming around
with all of the breakfasting birds.

Coffee up the clouds
with a light touch.
Charge a flattering toll to the wind
with plans in mind
like a sail and a hike and
a day of fishing,
sunning, a day of something;
as a sun makes its way above
the elms
stunning.

Wake up the morning with
a light touch radiating,
outward and chilling and the most friendly
like a lover with
a light touch,
open.

Space: War in a hell painting

June

Godblood inferno
Answer in torn babies and screams
and heroes the way you know
afraid

Yell and be proud
Victory
Truth and certainty
Certain insanity
arriving in sweeps of dismissals, and dances
again fearless and drunk
with vomit and arbitrary flavor
any flavor

The brand new amputee
at first with a giggle
a cry
Crouch and be near that limb fallen
in red
grassy puddles in pieces in pieces
in shiny day
despite despite
Tiny time
penetrating as any object
reach with vacant arms
and think of embrace
think of embrace only

Still and pause
Be tall honor

Conquest and valor awakening
through preeminent time by high bidders

and callers
staking souls and hiring hire
Hiring spies
Hiring fire

Gobs and clusters
Serpents
and respite in ownership
the little, and the littler
The yet proud and pure
The broken glass
colored and beautiful
red and green
strewn
and dreamy like then
The old cheese, so good
The water
The pause

Littering consequence and fear
and threat
always
of physical strength in real hammers
and threats
of being left behind evolutionary
or without place
without without

And still
the motivation of service
to one's group, sect
or the highest bidder for
a higher mercenary yet
with fewer questions even

And still
the motivation of discovery
of wow
free travel
and intelligence
Knowing just a little more
in contempt or otherwise
disaffectionately

The ration, the calculation
calibration
tuned
alert
for the coming watch
Pause

Armed with tall manner
proud and humble
and able as soil
clean
robust
generous

Splatter
Domain and consequence
all for underestimating
misevaluating
the allworst
and glory

Day

I cried for you

July

I cried for you
and yours;

for all of the
necessary honesty,
-and as a result of it.

And for
all of the fear,
innerwise
afraid of itself

occasionally,
but lovely
and
full

I see.

SHEETLIGHTNING, no rain

July

CRCrrCrrrCrrrrrCrrrrrrrCrrrrrrrrrrrrcrAAACKDRUMBANG

ALLLIGHT, the sky
with static

fabric it over
quick

and
shear
the power to the middle of the earth

in chills behind me
like a careful stranger

done

*Imagining education**July*

education is imaginary
as an airplane
or a poem.
as imaginary as
reaching out and touching
a
newcloud
a pillow
and any other new learning.
education is
imaginary.
imaginary,
education is
natural and tasty
and full
as a pie
cooling
in suppertime breezes
in summertime teases
and lemonade
tart.
imaginary,
education is
dreaming
the ocean floor bumpy and barren

and the creatures strange and otherwise
and underwater rocketships fast
to the moon and
all the way back to the ocean floor.
education
is imaginary
and wet
as a first kiss
a French kiss
and a sharing gaze
and a touch.
education is.
an idea.
a trial
and certainty.
a bridge for moving things
and thoughts
a ferry
and its contents.
a butterfly
education is.

A poem from mine own August

Reader enjoy, and think not too deeply
the birds, the smells,
their smallest parts and particles.

Brevity will entertain the whole of them
in consolation and exercise -
in art as in experience.

And fly with the smells, the fragrants
and the folly and the day,
bright and continuing into tomorrow and the next.

Reader enjoy, and compose upon nature's canvas
in a brushstroke, a walk and a kiss,
and good food, friendship.

And be read; open as Whitman,
Emerson, Thoreau, Dickinson, them all, and the new classics,
and the new: Troupe, Angelou, Gillespie, Morrison, Letterman.

For they are what the others were:
brave, spirited, and the rest,
that we entertain and masquerade as humanity.

*Counting broken mirrors**August*

One if by land and two
if by sea
Three if by air
forgotten

Three lights
Three burning tobacco rolls
Three broken mirrors
shattered
and still reflecting

Two shipwrecks
and one mangled heap
of tin
on an ocean floor
pointing
like a saber
toward Babylon
Toward

One fearless tremor
and sheetlightning layers
upon layers
four wide at least
I can tell from this vantage
why I am not afraid
of three

Three gunshots
Ten gunshots
skyward
Like little rockets

how high do they reach
and do they return
like raindrops
pitter patter
Three moments
and a pause
a successor is named
logically
Entirely logically
a successor is named
or at least a frame
of succession

One footstep
Two footsteps
One clap
Two claps
Zorro be still
and listen
Respond
with a clank of the blade
on wrought iron near

One clank
the magistrate
Two
the jury
the pardon
Truth be known
and done with
like a whore

Three moments
and a tremor outside

and a single daisy
cut
like the day
for you my love
And like the season
full like a shadetree
and generous
like fruit

*Recapturing philosophy**October*

Tomorrow moves ahead and passes the
days 'long to memory and reflection.
The errors and rewards, lucky trials
and certainties, -and passions, old and new.
Refreshing flavors and the favorites;
the flowers, the powers that be, and each:
the candor, the aesthetics, intentions.
All for tomorrow, another new built
upon the last tempered rotation by
the day before and the day before that.

Tomorrow, ahead moves, marking the day
with ranging thoughts: consistent, curious,
and common thoughts, long and short sighted, kept-
for maintaining the middle self, -binding.

from the inside of a cage

from the inside of a cage

it is

uniform

even

it is

tempered

tangible

it is

contained

expected

it is

constant

quiet

it is

reliable

understood

from the inside of a cage

it is

cryptic

connected

it is

reflective

progressive

it is

angry

solved

it is

curious

compliant

it is

answerable

certain

December

from the inside of a cage

it is

mine

framed

it is

simple

humble

it is

careful

solid

it is

imaginative

safe

it is

complete

hopeful

from the inside of a cage

it is

domestic

interrogative

it is

shy

coy

it is

mindful

protective

it is

reliant

submissive

it is

timely

ordained

o

Angel

December

Everywoman,

you must be divine.

You return me to my knees

and my naked innerself,

trembling and paralyzed;

because knowing you

is knowing the boundless

and it warrants every piece of me

disposable and yours.

Art, a day

January

Vanish the wind.

With a brushstroke, depart
the clouds and make way.

Rise, the sun, summoned, as if
it might do anything else.

Vanish the wind,
and the dark into gray,
into light.

Shuffle the children, on their way
to school
to errand

Shuffle the children.

And the meeting, the funeral,
the date and the conversation
all

pass by like strangers,
indifferent and weak
but surely with some purpose,
surely,

strange acquaintance has purpose
like a shadow or foreshortening
to add
depth.

To add depth.

To the day, art I say,
it is proud and away
that I might step back and adjust it
to make it more comfortable,
with my signature.

Vanish the wind, the clouds
and stay the sounds
of footsteps, of birds

of horns,
-at least today, this is my favor
simply;
and color the trees green again,
I am ready.
I am cold
like the bony branches.
I am cold.
But aware and in the middle
that I might readily observe,
count and discount what I see, what I say,
and make way
for a better day, --vanish
the wind, -the devils blowing white dust
across, across the frame
holding it together as complete
and done
as of now.
As of now;
done.

O, O

January

Intimate, this spell in a quiet park;
aware, the bells far away, and the gulls.
I am content for the day into dark
when I know what shall become of the rules.
Vanish, they will, with the natural cast,
safely into you, nested 'til next time.
Where this presence is equal with the rest,
it will return to favor our own line.
And the grass beneath, the clouds, the looseleaves
shuffeling as they do, and the sweet taste
of marketberries, -altogether weave
adoration of plain circles to last.
Within you at other surrounding hours,
the attraction of all these are coupled.

*Skylight**February*

I.

Letting natural light
enter
refreshing the room,
the colors. Shapes.

Shine as bright, the day
outside, but all 'bout the
interior,
this home.

Attuning shadows
to the bright day,
sometimes
caught
by clouddrifts. Moving.

II.

side to side
Grays coasting
then bright again
briefly
until dusk waves.
Sets.

And tease into nighttime
starpeeks.
Moonglance and sigh
moonglance.
Ambient.

Or holding out rain
in stormtimes
patter patter,
and sometimes leaky.

The Wind

March

By and by

and

and by

blow

[like your shadow

[if you hold still

[all sunny day

[into night

[time

[swept.

*Dime Town**March*

Miniature, the way its gone about:
the healing and all the businesses.
The shops 1, 2, 3 in a row for the
convenience of we dealers, traders.

Dime town, like the name itself, moves in tens.
Currency and temperature, -reports,
-passed along the distant channels of thought,
where from, origin, unsung, never'less
potent, and the old direction followed.
To the stars and heavens because they know
and love, like other dime towns, those rich in
their own sacred flavor, and promising
that they may serve as a model, a path,
or in least be curious; -an atom.

a Good will

April

Force, of character, that which drives a steady
friendship and accounts for errands, unsung,
that they remain as little as their intent;
and at the middle, the adoration,
the gift, the one that forgives without reason
and rests steady, as a garden, a path.

Constructing other qualities, this, like
desire and ambition, and like solid
memories of gardens and paths with steady
friends, straight from experience; that they
continue into the well that refreshes
the newdays, the dawns, -the well that provides.

What remnant remains after the worst? What
solid piece makes this garden a garden
if it had no...?, a flower and a path.
A line in the sand, a steady hand -
creating what I see into memory -
creating what I see into memory.

And determination to accomplish
a steady task, a path, to build in light
of others, -and in a way that continues
beyond the day. The way that grows into
a garden of consistence that expects
each accord, each handshake as uncommon.

Taken as regular, all the tidings,
the wishes, that they occur on their own,
without afterthought. Regular, the clear
and steady notions for advancing
understanding of one's own occupation;
that they entertain, that they continue.

Power, to build, to imagine and reflect,
with attention to detail and attention
to the season, -when to bloom brightly and
when to rest, when to quiet the garden.
Yet force as potent in a season quiet
with the wind, as amid summertime bloom.

And aware, passersby, that they be seen.
And aware, the steady day into night,
with the season, steady, now with a stir.

*Daymoon**January*

Awake, and shining whitely, quietly,
against the blue against the backdrop black
of nightstars hidden and waiting. That they
emerge when the sun retires--and with the
still moon gliding, fill the dark with far away
looks. Now gibbous and curious in daytime
draw floats like a cookie in the sea.

*Mass Ascension**January*

Rise forward,
advance into
the early day air
with relief and
a breath.

Ascend.

And climb high
by little passes
and waves by
inch by inch;
and be
free.

Be the first to
see dawn
first revolving upon
the horizon.

Give
the country away; to
them,
to them and
them, -I
no longer need
it, -the sea, the
earth, the
tired soil. I
no longer need
it, give
it all away.

Ascend higher and
believe
in spirits and
saints and
everything else
behind; that
they be forgotten,
like the rain beneath
the clouds,

there but
forgotten.
Unnecessary.
Ascend, like the
birds,
not frightened but
just lifting off
one after one another.
Into the air, up
into the air,
like the birds.
Ascend.

*The problem with permanent revolution**January*

That those with
the greatest
resources arrange
spectacles, and
arrays of talents;
that those with
means by which
to support free
independent
thought; that we
be overcome
in our own
pursuits by
those, --
contradicts our
message, -for
the gain of
those. Then
louder we become,
embraced by
those, lifted as
one, --and
forgotten, us
each.

I am weak today

January

I am weak today.

I had trouble rising out of bed this morning and

I did not eat much all day.

I spent a lot of time

dwelling

upon my age

and

the seasons,

-how quickly they pass.

And

I spent time

wondering

about the size of the world,

how small it is,

and

how many people

expect so much

of it.

I am weak today,

not like the other day

that I played in the cold day sun,

the other day

I walked in stride,

I inhaled deeply.

And

not like then,

when I finished all the little things.

I am weak today.

Things pass me over
and
I forget about them.
I disregard them
because
today they have no meaning.
They make no sense
or
I pass them by
for tomorrow

for tomorrow.

an Ocean of space

January

With
an
Ocean
of
space
--I
would
collect
all
of
the
Sundays
and
put
them
into
one
perfect
lifetime
and
call
it
yours.

*Already**January*

Stop it all, I am perplexed as you wish,
-already, -already. Make no more riddles
and spin no more shadows on the walls, take

me to the truth. Now, -it is time I say.
The simple truth of the matter, buried
in vaults and in minds, take me there. (away)

I was there once before but only for
a short instance, -and then I was taken
away, stolen. But I knew, I am certain

that I knew. I knew. I was stolen with
indifference, it could not have mattered
whether I knew or not, but I was stolen.

And I must know, I must know once again
what it was that caused it all. Take me there
so that I may stop being perplexed, -so

that I may know, actually know,
-already, -already, -that I may
continue to know. That I may continue.

*Everypoets' Promise**January*

I.

To parent knowledge. To become conscious,
 and to expel the wrong, the invalid.
 To entertain the whole of the universe
 by its witness, by its consumption, -and
 to invite it back upon itself. To
 clarify with deserved pleasure and
 pain, annoyance, -with sense. To order the
 ordinary, and the extraordinary.
 To declare, to revel, to inhale in
 company, in memory and in spirit
 of the present on through tomorrow, and
 on through the next. To parent the social,
 the new without form, that it assume and
 that it lead forth, outward, -to represent.

II.

To summon. To strike the moment with a
 poem, a will, -to mark it with decision,
 mine. To anticipate and allow the
 questions; let them rain. Let the questions [rain]
 lead: to regard or disregard, to reject
 or follow. To absorb like the darkness.
 To deny like time, a pause, attention:
 a sounding bell. To marry the distinct,
 the opposite, that they frame one another
 in complement, in meaning; that they captain
 a new direction: reinforce. To sing:
 all of Mary, all of peace, violence.
 All of the day, tomorrow. The next, after.
 To favor, to court the good, the just.

World

February

] Of oceans, of continents. [

[Among worlds and bodies, moons.]

] A home, shelter, as this which provides. Of ponderosa forests, aspens, of rolling hills for gazing, for grazing, for wandering. Of avenues, of beaches of shells, of people passing sights and signs. Pyramids, the ancient, the new. Of doctors, engineers, of clowns of clowns, of couples, of families. Factories and farms, firms, and governments. Of cities. Of animals, creatures, large and small, of tigers, ravens. Of wilderness, of the free, of the contained. Of dreams and gifts, affection. Of kisses. Of mountaintops. Of clouds brushing tides out and in, of sweeping forest fires, hot and white. Of people, passion, religion. Identity and dress, food and entertainment, of theatre and stories. Of unions. Of winds, snow and rain, atmosphere. [

[Among the far away, among dreams. Among constellations, stars. Among the most patient, the old, the allowing. Among asteroids and stellar sounds, wishes. Among providence, a place, a rest. Among the harmonious, this which fits among itself, the simple and reliable. Among the other completes.]

] Of fields, prairies. Of meadows and glaciers, gardens and orchards, vineyards. Of riverbottoms, of mud, bricks and clay, and straw. Of wheat and corn, oats. Of satisfaction, of development. Of production, of salt, of earth. [

[Among the boundless.]

] Of the boundless. Of valleys, skies. Of deep breaths and touch. Of pebbles thrown into ponds. Of ocean currents, of air passing places, of vehicles. [

With Gloria, wish

February

Smart guns skyward. Riddle
the clouds with humor and
pageantry, with slavery and
jealousy, -with want. Fire
away the last remains, Gloria,
-make her wish. Wish. And

deny good faith wrapped in
trade, good faith inside of
temptation, leave it for the
animals. Think of what else,
the daisies, the daisies, think
of them in hand, all that they

really are, more than color and
stems, what they are. The life,
the drunken little life, good
and simple, protected, safe.
With Gloria, wish, for them, -
for them and them, both. All.

He is nothing if not ideal

February

He is
nothing
if not ideal.

He is not temperance
or unity, he is not protection,
not love, not adoration.

He is not
attention, he is not
a sword, a blade.

He is not trust,
he is not honesty,
he is not belief.

He is not
preference,
he is not taste, touch.

He is not
afraid, he is not
pleasure, he is not grief.

He is
not
favor, he is nothing.

Return to time

February

New and white, from places plain; vacant spaces
of fields of covered snow, rooted and dormant.

With seed in shed and hope in the promised land
bounty, fruit and iron, steel. Relying on aged

tradition from lands away, trust past; diaspora
arriving in force like ships of discovery; recovery

whiling away the natural stones, the present
diorama, fixed, that will surely return after. And

when it is, that I step aside, return to time and
wake with brothers, when it is that I breathe now

in full without afterthought, when it is open like
words and reflex says it was right, -when it is.

Lasting as ice as the frozen grass, brown and
twisted, bending like I return, -with affection.

drive-by educator

March

Stealing experience
in contempt of
the good, -
in

contempt;
licensing

contempt.

Is it a full moon?

March

Is it a full
moon?

I cannot
tell

from behind

the clouds,

I must fly

above
them

to get a better
view.

Yes, it is full

and it
colors
the
carpet of

clouds
at my feet

lightly;

with
lightning
beneath.

Old mirror

Old mirror, watch me
age; see me travel through time,
through moments speeding

quicker than the days.
Collecting dust all around
and shining brightly

against the white sun
entering through the eastside
window, reflecting.

Old mirror, see me
change, like the seasons or like
copper, into green,

covering value,
but shining experience
and evidence of

travels, of lessons.
Witness the parade of light
and watch lines on walls

stream with the shadows
as daily dusk approaches
like lines on my face.

March

