

l o o s e l e a v e s

GREG MARKEE



s o p h i a
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looseleave

1997

i drink my coffee out of a bowl

February

i drink my coffee out of a bowl
when i pour it in

it rolls like black water

when i pour in half and half

it rolls in like clouds

when i lift up the bowl

the liquid is hard to control

it takes coordination

i have to drink it pretty fast

bec

pretty quickly

glug glug

roll roll

buzz buzz

How are you?

it is pretty fun

it makes me giggle

*The Clouds**May*

I can see these changes shape.

Senescent time, experience, changes, shapes, shape,
spectacularly, piece by piece.

I can see their shapes change.

The big ones move in and fill any absence that might be, they consume,
spectacularly, moment by moment,
leaving absence.

Trained and steered, as if any precious notion of sovereignty was inherent,
as if it was sovereign, this, any, precious notion.

And as if an environment, this one, this place did not train,
this place did not steer

these properties that do be so sovereign to this inanimate being.

This mother wind, this brother ocean, themselves tempered,
that they had no role in this.

This theatre.

But blurs, streaks, smears, these, each mine, of my senses yet infantile
this, yet inexperienced, these unknown wonders
smear my cognition, my known, that earlier was sure,
that earlier was proud, of this phenomena,
between this that I see, that

I know that I see,

and this that affects, that

I know that affects, it must.

These wonders, of this moving one, and
too, these wonders of these ones doing the moving, so it appears,
these inquire, of me, to me.

These ask me questions of boundary,
of duty,
of obligation,

these wonders ask me questions of trust,
between this single object be it ever so fluid,
so volatile so dependent, ever,
and between this which twists this object, this which pushes,
this that tugs this object.

This that questions this object and its properties unique,

and too answers and replies to obstinance,
 unwillingness, these questions too, this relationship,
 these mates, willing?

How could I know?

this relationship, voluntary?

How could I know?

except by my own experience as a cloud, pushed, tugged,

I do know.

I do know at least for me, at least for this instant,
 these questions right here and now, I do know,

I always knew.

But different, though, this nature I see, this,
 and the questions that it asks of itself.
 Different, though, these questions, and these kisses, these phenomena,
 these, and the questions that I am asked,
 the questions by my witness, of a relationship, that I, perhaps,
 should not be watching in the first place,

but I will not close my eyes.

And these questions that I am asked, by my witness,
 likewise might only be answered by questions, common,
 likewise might only be answered by questions,
 likewise might only be answered by questions,
 likewise might only be answered by

And floating, patiently, temperately, gathering, consuming absence,
 consuming me,

and I, it.

*Leaf in a Creek**June*

Floating Spinning Drifting Bumping
 stones peeking above ripples
 and streaming by stony banks

Drifting

Poignantly drifting and
 determined it is
 to leave leaves fallen on pools stagnant
 to leave the ones run up on sandy banks and
 to depart kinned leaves once steadied by like vines

Streaming Drifting

solitarily proving
 the presumed
 and reinforcing
 this ever known
 if only for a budding moment
 this ever known
 if only to its own
 self
 just to be sure

Floating Spinning

by places observant and
 all knowing
 as any skilled observer and
 all knowing
 as any inaction
 as any logged bank
 knowing
 as I do
 as I understand
 as I notice yet
 knowing and
 understanding
 each no more divine than ignorance
 less it governs a choice
 one allowing safety
 security

of one's own
of another
any other

knowing and understanding
each no more divine than ignorance
less it governs a choice
even this choice not to have chosen
that did not allow safety
security
of another

Streaming Floating
by places fertile
by places barren

pass leaves noticing
reflecting
observing
as any place fertile
as any place barren
as any place

leaves pass
observing
reflecting
yet take no more action than the places
each one stands before

Floating Drifting Observing
an instrument of this place and
instrumental
ornamental

of all places
this leaf
I

Floating
Drifting

o

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

*Still Life**June*

At times life abounding is
suspended
in contemplation as
a chorus rest and
I too am suspended
awaiting stimuli by
which to continue
By which to react
In this state of being
where each restless blade of grass
where each tumbling stone
where each experimental butterfly
where each whistling monsoon remains
suspended and
watchful I too remain
suspended within
a state generous and patient I
remain in
a state fair and just if
only for a moment by
these just creatures abounding me and
reacting to
my very own justness
My very own still
Hypnotically knowing and
reflecting
each's other
that one might have never recognized of
one's own
Suspended
as if caught between breaths at
the point
where one needs not consider one's

last air nor
one's next
As if each need rests but
for a moment stilled by
satiation and
suspended
Thirst and
hunger and
even these more significant needs of
belonging and
understanding suspended by
these like forces suspending
other creatures' gatherings
Cravings suspended
Rantings suspended
And by vacancy of action this
by nonnecessity of this
reaction the
omnipotent presence of oneness with
each's other
still life abounding allows
the chilling trickle of emotion to
carve canyons in
one's soul in
a sweeping instant allowing
the gentle grin of life to
return at once
Again allowing
tethered creatures
to tumble
to experiment
to whistle and
to watch as
they ever had
◦

*Collections**July*

Anthill. Anthill. Anthill. Anthill. Anthill. Prairie Dog Colony. Prairie Dog Colony.
 Anthill. Anthill. Elk Herd. Anthill. Elk Herd. Prairie Dog Colony. Blackberry Brambles.
 Blackberry Brambles. Blackberry Brambles. Blackberry
 Brambles. Anthill. Elk Herd. Prairie Dog Colony. Elk Herd. Prairie Dog Colony.
 Geeseflock. Anthill. Anthill. Anthill. Anthill. Anthill.
 Aspen Stand. Beehive. Aspen Stand. Beehive. Aspen Stand. Beehive. Aspen Stand. Beehive. Aspen
 Stand. Elk Herd. Prairie Dog Colony. Blackberry Brambles. Geeseflock. Elk Herd. Water Dog
 Colony? Prairie Dog Colony. Fish School. Fish School. Aspen Stand. Elk Herd. Aspen Stand.
 Anthill. Elk Herd. Ponderosa Forest. Ponderosa Forest. Aspen Stand. Anthill. Anthill. Fish
 School. Beehive. Beehive. Beehive. Anthill. Geese Flock. Fish School. Elk Herd. Geese Flock. Geese
 Flock. Prairie Dog Colony. Blackberry Brambles. Coyote Pack. Coyote Pack. Beehive.
 Prairie Dog Colony. Blackberry Brambles. Geese Flock. Elk Herd. Aspen Stand. Aspen Stand.
 Ponderosa Forest. Aspen Stand. Ponderosa Forest. Aspen Stand. Prairie Dog Colony.
 Hummingbird. Anthill. Blackberry Brambles. Mushroom Patch. Blackberry Brambles.
 Mushroom Patch. Aspen Stand. Geese Flock. Beehive. Blackberry Brambles. Sunflower
 Field. Sunflower Field. Mushroom Patch. Ponderosa Forest. Sunflower Field. Elk Herd.
 Coyote Pack. Elk Herd. Mistletoe Cluster. Mistletoe Cluster.
 Prairie Dog Colony. Fish School. Geese Flock. Sunflower Field. Beehive. Elk Herd. Mushroom
 Patch. Blackberry Brambles. Ponderosa Forest. Coyote Pack. Aspen Stand. Anthill. Prairie Dog
 Colony. Fish School. Geese Flock. Sunflower Field. Beehive. Elk Herd. Mushroom
 Patch. Blackberry Brambles. Ponderosa Forest. Coyote Pack. Aspen Stand. Anthill. Prairie Dog
 Colony. Hummingbird. Fish School. Geese Flock. Sunflower Field. Beehive. Elk Herd.
 Mushroom Patch. Blackberry Brambles. Ponderosa Forest. Coyote Pack. Aspen Stand. Anthill.
 Anthill. Anthill. Prairie Dog Colony. Anthill. Mistletoe Cluster. Sunflower Field.
 Mushroom Patch. Ponderosa Forest. Hummingbird.
 Prairie Dog Colony.

*Study**August*

Perhaps there was a time if not in a moment
 when I thought I might know these storied woods
 and by this knowledge I might
 begin to expel myself as an authority
 to passers and lesser journeymen
 seeking this and that and nothing at all
 on the natural truths of this place
 yet concealed
 and tell and retell wooded truths
 to passers and lesser journeymen.

Perhaps there was a time if not for a moment
 when I thought I might truly know and understand why
 gifts by this unlikely wooded source
 including temperance and faith
 might be packaged and given
 to passers and lesser journeymen
 when I thought it nearly my duty
 entrusted by hypnotic woods
 to remainder this newly discovered and indigestible
 by sharing this what I thought to understand
 to passers and lesser journeymen
 as if it could not be kept inside of me
 because it could not
 when this is what I understood.

Perhaps at this time if this be a moment as any other
 I feel fortunate to know that
 I might ever discover wonders
 beyond my present sense and that
 I might ever discover wonders
 of my own sense within this presence
 I feel fortunate to know that
 I might ever discover wonders
 on the natural truths of this place

on the natural truths of presence
 and by this knowledge I might begin
 to expel myself as an authority.

Perhaps in time by moments

by temperance and wooded faith
 there may again be this once concealed
 revealed
 declaring I tell
 to passers and lesser journeymen
 this I try but no longer can hold on to
 of this wooded
 as if I might realize
 that like talks by greater journeyman
 fell on deaf ears
 and still do
 now ringing with like truths
 of this wooded
 by temperance and faith.

Perhaps in momented time

when I thought I knew these storied woods
 and by this knowledge
 knowing there is yet to know
 recognize sources of wooded knowables
 departed from this place altogether
 except connected
 by greater journeymen
 speaking this once spoken
 by greater journeymen
 of this wooded
 knowing there is yet to know.

*Infinity**July*

Stone me.

tell me in minutes

your eons of pleasure

and distance

and monotony

and tell me in minutes

lengths and widths and interactions

that might interest me

and all of my interests

Stone me.

reveal to me a single finite

within infinities

I desire

beyond North and South and

beyond East and West and

Up and

Down

because it is no secret that I already know this

reveal to me

that I might reveal to others and

gain

by this apparent truth and

by this apparent discovery

gain

Stone me.

tell me in hours if not minutes

your days and revolutions

circling

embossing

one of these grander notions

Stone me.

that I might relay

in minutes

your eons of pleasure

and infirmity
 of this repeating
 cycled truth
 stoning
 eternally
 stoning
 Stone me.
 as if there was a single
 cycled truth
 and that it was noble
 and that it was knowable
 relay this to me
 pass it on
 that I might pass it on
 as if I could
 Stone me.
 of these forests
 stars
 satellites
 soils
 preciously untold
 likely
 will remain
 by degree
 untold
 Stone me.
 set me on paths
 that I might
 know
 that I might reveal
 that I might stone
 Stone me.

*Wildflowers on Occasion**July*

Turning
 bending
 by each
 drifted breeze
 each
 drifted wildflower
 currents
 among fellowed wildflowers
 waving
 in currents
 at each drifted breeze.
 Bouncing
 bounding seemingly boundless
 drifted fields
 of waving wildflowers
 dotted
 by occasional stones
 dotted
 by lone trees
 occasionally.
 Yellows
 concealing whites
 concealing purples
 concealing earth
 among grander shades of leafy green
 waving at each
 drifted breeze.
 Buzzing grasshoppers and
 hopping bees and
 flying dragons flying
 beneath covered clouds and
 warbling juncos
 beneath oceans of blue.
 Buzzing this occasion
 bound only by this moment
 for yellows
 for whites
 for purples
 waving
 in currents
 at each drifted breeze.

*Cacophony**July*

Ringing leaves

chatter my ears amongst themselves

spelling and dispelling rumors watched by telling ravens

Textured rhythms

pound from hounded footsteps

chasing squirrels chasing squirrels chasing pined cones

Winded whispers

associate tolled bells

clanging by thundered storms conducting air and earth

Buzzing processions

minding odors order minding

reminding of unquenched pleasantries in swatting instances

Piercing pebbles upon pebbles upon dried riverbeds

announce and denounce presence

rendering imagined images of friends and foes

Plunking skippers across flooded fields

flood memories long forgotten

easing pressured dikes

Warbling juncos

court feeders and feed courters

arresting curiosities of nesting felines

Silent moments

reckon bewilderment

resting on known tellings told by jabbered wockies

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.

*Bouldering**October*

- i. Large masses of crusted earthstones
left by millenniums
and scattered as marbles
pay tribute to elemental masons
- ii. Massive ornaments
carved by rains and by winds
and carved by creatures like I
stand proudly beyond predecessors
such as those allowing root
the ponderosa
such as those letting grow
the lichen
each grace these crumpled lands
- iii. Pillars all the while
supporting my thoughts
as Atlas
each lets my wanderings
and each speaks to my wanderings
telling of decay
through compositions
by fallen smaller
by widening chimneys
yet display resistance to elements
for the moment
including antagonizing I
- iv. And what stands with lonely masses of stone
as difficult
and as timely to consume
as any symbolic logic
though certainly no less rewarding
than the like
other than curious bystanders
oaks
aspens
other than I
other than other masses of stone
sensing presence of sense
none
- v. Singly
each represents its own journey
to forms of presence
though wholly
bouldered fields as well declare
collective tales
of seismic instances

- certainly no less significant
 than each's own tale
 though certainly no more significant
- vi. By hours
 by millennia
 regardless
 large swells of mineral
 common only to this place
 erupt
 born by this grand tectonic intent
 resolutely placed by underworlds
 as sentries
 vilify crumbling brethren
 to only be
 reduced by largers
- vii. A boulder
 a place
 as common as this place itself
 a boulder among boulders
 among other places
- viii. The durable rock
 clarifying
 its own composition
 merely by its continued resistance
 storm by storm
 to crumbings
 by wearing elements
 by burdensome bolts
 only hanging on for time
 never growing
 merely clarifying itself
 like most boulders common to this place
 do
 they clarify eventually
 affording smaller pastures of boulders
 now tested as stones
 now tested as pebbles
 and now tested as soil
 inevitably
 clarified
- ix. Tempered behemoths
 remaining
 beyond smattered forestal cleanings
 clarifications
 by these windy and rainy and fiery clarifiers
 and remaining
 beyond creature overseers

- such as I
 each beckon mine own temperance
 to resist
 mine own less-tempered demons
- x.
 Misunderstandings excavate and erode
 this very truth
 this very solidarity
 binding my presence
 before rocky models of temperance
 models of recognition and understanding
 which I may refer to again
 repeatedly
 throughout these numbered days of mine
 shadowed
 by a single unchanging mass
 among many
- xi.
 A mark of land standing against time
 millennially stranded
 with boulders of like circumstance
 and like properties
 none less bold
 and none bolder
 than this privated sentry
 which never was more than one
 and never was many
 though ever was and by this account
 ever will be
- xii.
 Stony cases abler to resist
 stinging elements
 by aid of good fortune
 blessed shapes
 hearty compositions
 each goodness allowing immunities
 to icy puddles
 to potent seeds
 to whirling winds
 relentless drips
 grounded and earthed stones
 might have never known
 until now
 have stood naive
- xiii.
 The institution
 of this grandest monument
 does recognize all
 but its very own pride
 by which its presence is declared

xiv.

Massive presence
thus calls upon
fellow institutions
like the mighty river and
like the mighty hill and
like the mighty tree and
like all else mighty
to as well recognize each's other
constituted
by times and by rains and by fires and by earth
though each no longer awakening
only tragically diminishing
in sizes and in shapes
and in resolutions
diminishing

xv.

The boldest of boulders
resolved and hiding
and remaining distant to focused externalities
inevitably weathering
even the proudest of unconcealed similars
will someday
succumb to those same forces
all or in part as most do
they succumb

xvi.

New earthstones emerge
fallen
from like propertied walls
pushed from the hearth
and from the kiln
and from the earth
pushed
new boulders join

xvii.

The path
of this bouldered meadow
to this moment
and moments becoming
given mine own punctuated passage
remains constant
it remains ordered
despite its very own spiral
towards degradation
and towards erosion
by elements perhaps stronger than stone
in celebrated instants
in the least
by mine own token emotion
relative to this grand

*Beneficence**August*

I will plant this tree for myself.

I will plant it for myself and I will not tell anyone.

They might say,

hey Greg, why are your cheeks so rosy, were you outside last weekend?
and I will say

yes, I went for a walk.
that is what I will say at first anyway
and I will think about my childlike moment
planting trees for myself.

but me and my big mouth
will probably have to spill the beans and tell the whole truth.

I planted a bristlecone pine tree.
the whole truth

on the West side of Smith Hill.
but still they will not know who I planted it for
and anyway if they did it would not change anything.

I will plant this tree for myself.

If anyone asks

why did you plant a tree?
I will say
because I saw one that was chopped down.

even though that is not the real reason
and anyway nobody will ask.

I suppose.
unless they learn somehow I did plant a tree
and they are curious
because they want to plant one for themselves.

And that is all right
because I got the idea
from someone else.

It is a good idea anyway.

I will plant this tree for myself.

Today October

In recognition of the very first time this year
 that I could feel that Fall had arrived
 this actually seemed a little earlier than most years
 socially speaking
 of course
 because usually I am one of the last ones
 to really feel its presence and its being
 but not this year
 this year I was one of the first to feel that Fall had arrived
 and in recognition of this recognition
 that makes me think
 that I really should get my skis tuned and
 that I really should change my oil
 plant some bulbs and
 I guess there is a few other things too
 that Fall makes me think about

Busy
 Busy

In recognition of today I should go get some hot tea
 and move a little faster
 to keep warm
 even though its not all that cold
 but Fall makes me think about that
 and it makes me think that I should
 make it up to Lockett Meadow one more time
 to see the leaves
 before it snows
 that I should
 drive through Oak Creek and
 get my sweaters cleaned
 get out the down comforter and
 I guess there is a lot I should do

In recognition of today

o

*Stomping Grounds**October*

Puddles

Puddles

Whet my pallet

Lined up in a row

Stomp splash

Stomp splash

Friends be enemies be wet

Beware

Oh so sorry

Snicker snicker

Pardon me

Snicker

What was that you were saying

Yes yes

Strategy strategy

Yes yes

Stomp splash

Stomp splash

Sucker be wet

Catch me if you can

Nanny nanny boo boo

Trip

Stumble

Splash

Stash *October*

Hide them and do not let anybody see them
because if somebody does get a peek
they might lose their power
they might lose their charm or
you might just use them all up
all at once
but maybe that is what you want.

Put them in a safe place that only you know about
a secure place
hide them
for a drizzly day or
for a birthday or
for a friend
like me.

Hide them and do not forget about them
because they may dry up
and they may not be good anymore
unless you like them that way
all dried up
because I know some people that do like them that way
all dried up
where they may even forget about them for a while
on purpose
and they return to where they are hidden
and they are just like they like them.

Imagine *October*

Imagine the color that people would be
 if it rained red water

Imagine the shape of our noses
 if we could eat by smelling

Imagine how tall trees would be
 if there were twice as much gravity

Imagine how lazy cats would be
 if they could talk

Imagine how fast gazelles could run
 if cheetahs ran twice as fast as they do

Imagine what a rainbow looks like
 the first time you see one

Imagine how small the universe would be
 if it had boundaries

Imagine how fun it would be
 to float down a river from the beginning to the end

Imagine why people would kiss

if babies were not made out of love

Imagine how often a handshake

has sealed a friendship

Imagine how hot it could get

without clouds

Imagine the color of a sunset

from the moon

Imagine what you would be learning

if there was no paper

Imagine how big the head of a sunflower could get

if nighttime only lasted the blink of an eye

Imagine how monarch butterflies know

which direction to fly south for the winter

Imagine what could be done

if everybody wanted to do it

*Dead Season**November*

1.

Smacked

between Autumn and Winter is dead season.

Dead season is the period where there is not yet a trace of snow
but deciduous trees have long since shut down.

They have abandoned their colors for sure
and most of their leaves are on the ground.

The wild sunflowers still stand about waist high
but they are only dried-up reminders of brighter days.

The wind is usually louder than the birds in dead season
even if it only blows just a little bit

and the chill in the air threatens that I might also be pushed
to a stately resting place.

The chill in the air threatens this.

2.

Within

the circularity of seasons themselves
reassurance lies in the notion that Winter is inevitable
and then Spring, Summer, Fall, again Dead Season.

Down time is inevitable.

and understanding this mention of natural passage precludes

mans and my insubordinate nature,

this being an inherence to struggle in the midst of folly,

and by recognizing this simple condition of ones' self

simply by recognizing the circularity of seasons themselves,

simply by the experience of past dead seasons,

one is driven to accept the inevitable

and rest.

One is driven.

3.

Patterns

unfold like quilts within down times
 and blanket beings with understandings and simplicity.
 Including times like these intended for catchups and set asides,
 unlikely patterns reveal themselves just by an association.
 Unlikely patterns comfort merely by their predictability,
 even within a season as dead as this
 when birds start looking for feeders,
 and what once lay on the ground at sunrise as dew
 does not come anymore, not even as frost, not at present.
 Through the inevitable admiration of the onset of winter,
 one is reduced to automaton by saving patterns
 overlooked in any other season.

4.

During

periods such as dead season plans might be made.
 Plans initiated by vacant stares at leaves caught in dust devils
 chart how tools will be set aside and laid out for the first melt,
 or the first snow, that is if farming is your trade,
 or else the vacant stares are all that they are, just vacant,
 because the blowing leaves don't mention anything,
 that was not already known.
 But maybe, during the dead season is when
 everything that has been consumed since the last time,
 is put into its place. Clutters unclutter.
 Making rooms for new seasons
 happens in dead season.

*The Last Philosopher**November*

The last man to have stood on this ground
 this earthy podium
 he that was free by fortunate circumstances
 by the absence of opposition was free
 by the availability of needful things was free
 or
 he that was free by his own brevity
 this willfully gathered by education
 this by conditioning
 to withstand elements
 and other factors
 his whole was made of parts.

The last man to have stood on this soil
 and to have touched it
 with his fingertips
 was unioned by each
 a side discovering
 a side telling
 braided by a separate third
 a conscience
 lending directions
 to research
 to stories

he had understood.

The last man of his kind to have known that
 others had touched this same dirty offering and
 each had told stories
 in fact
 he could recollect one single story
 told
 by elders and
 by children
 for each needful part of himself
 and
 he had understood that
 he himself was wise
 just for remembering.

Certainly degrees of arrogance were evident
 and
 certainly fixed patterns of pleasure were evident because
 these traits were what had long been known
 by earlier last men
 these to have stood by the very same soil and
 by earlier last men

these who had been brave enough to socially stand
 against things detestable
 such as injustice
 including slavery
 such as preventable poverty
 these pleasures had long been known by these men
 and
 certainly a degree of arrogance was evident
 in this man too
 who had done no such thing
 who had stood against no such preventable injustice
 in this man
 who had only played the part
 of earlier last men.

Him finding himself
 grounded
 within stories of earlier and
 recognizing himself as any of these last
 without ever having touched the earth
 either to validate or
 either to refute
 thus never granting his own chance to
 stand against earlier last men
 these who had been at one time learned
 though are now detestably wrong

nevertheless remains
 one lastly grounded
 between here and eternity.

Welcome

November

Welcome.

Come in, come in.

Yes, that smell is cloves.

Do make yourself a little bit at home.

I cleaned up but not too much,

in fact

I look forward to making some sort of mess with you.

Maybe

we could play scrabble or

we could bake cookies or

make popcorn

to have with ginger ale or

we could play double-solitaire in the sunroom.

*Healing**November*

A simple walk or a cup of tea

Understanding and putting into an order

any order

one that can mesh with a progressive state of being

one that can recognize others healing

A romp with a puppy or a visit to the library

Placing into such an order

such a compact object

thing

that if given the right time and the right place

it might be discarded altogether

A game of catch or a bit of gardening

Replacing orders with imaginary instances

threatening to discard orders altogether

for brief periods

or not

A haircut or an intentional smile at someone new

Growing and breaking shells each time

or

not this time

or finding that a new shell is as strong as the old

if not stronger

more impenetrable

defeating attempts at order

even orders making sense

told by more learned

and well-meaning

people

A bowl of soup

with some crackers

good soup and as much as you could want

and no hurry either

with a safe couch for afterwards

one that props your head up just enough

and no hurry either

one that understands how come there are jitters
 like no one ever could
 not even myself
 and it knows just what to do with them

A chat about ancient memories

from past lives
 with people with the same memories
 that were never there
 nor was I at theirs
 no matter

Understanding and putting into an order

any order
 one that can mesh with a progressive state of being
 one that can recognize others healing
 or those that are not
 but might be better off
 if they were
 healing
 no matter

Duck feeding by an urban pond

a synthetic pond

Responding to all the interference

by practice
 because the same
 thing
 may confront me again
 it likely will
 what a sickening thought
 especially coming from one of those
 self proclaimed healers
 an unhealthy one
 never healing his own

A lay in the park

away from the part where the other people are
 shoes off
 everything done
 that should be done
 on a quilted blanket

sleeping so deeply
 only to be awoken by the startling chill
 of duskness
 and a train whistle

Reminding to go back about
 business
 and
 feed the fish and
 prepare for the inevitable
 Monday morning
 tomorrow

Lunch under a tree
 within earshot of familiar voices
 sounds

Inviting
 Inviting
 Inviting squirrels to eat
 some bread crumbs
 because I am not all that hungry
 not this time
 just hungry to trust
 and hungry
 to believe

Bouncing rocks off of trees
 and off of glassy ponds
 farther than acquaintances' bounces
 and more accurate
 no matter
 and leaving things unsaid
 with a straight face
 that are as important as any
 thing
 heard lately
 no matter

A simple walk and a cup of tea
 black tea
 no cream
 no sugar
 in the big bowl mug

if it is clean

Preferring the walk down Aspen Avenue

then

South on Beaver Street

East on Route 66

North on San Francisco

Hello

What was your name again?

Andy

Andy Dandy Landy Fandy Mandy Randy

Nice to see you again Randy

Andy

West on Cherry

Home

Forgetting chores

on purpose

Remembering undervalued laborers

on purpose

and commitments

like rent

like birthdays

and commitments

like cleaning

teacups

black

no cream

no sugar

in the big bowl mug

where did that newspaper go?

o

*Downhill Racer**November**Inspired by Quincy Troupe*

At the top
 peeking down
 around
 Wind
 chill wind
 whipping
 my mind
 set
 Slipping
 the skis
 back and forth
 back and forth
 Tight buckles
 tighter
 Pole straps
 from the bottom
 up through
 and down
 Slip
 slipping
 the skis
 back and forth
 Bent at the waist
 a little
 Hands up
 Chin up
 Butt in
 a little
 racer ready
 First step
 skate
 knees bent
 balls of the feet
 balanced
 First turn
 soon
 like a train
 banking
 dropping out of sight
 engine first
 Pole planting
 early
 planting a rhythm
 pattern
 to follow
 left to right
 slow turn
 carve

carving
 out with the out
 side
 like a skate
 to the right
 side
 over berms
 over rhythm
 planting
 back
 to the left
 head up
 butt in
 a little
 skate
 carve
 carving
 deeply
 carving
 inside
 of the outside
 outside of the inside
 reaching
 reaching
 ends
 the end
 to plant
 to stand
 again
 up
 tall
 breathe
 again
 reach
 around shadows
 breaking away
 like signals
 up
 up
 back left to right
 skate
 on the edge
 letting
 them run
 all 208 Super Bad Dog centimeters
 downward
 aroundward
 carving
 Hands up
 pointing
 signaling

up
peeking ahead
right
skate
to left
knee in
cornering
centered forward
across bumps
berms
turning berms
ones leaning and
across shadows
running
owning directions
directing
down fall lines
down falling lines
downward
around
rolling lines
like rivers
over
under
up
downward
ever downward
aroundward
pulling response
from underneath
within
lateral lines
coasting
responding
downward
racing downward

To the Day, 1 Child November

BITTER PERFECT! So say I, Bitter Perfect! The best kind. The highest order.

The errant child throwing the stick at the tree, the tambourine slap at quiet time, the pure poetry passing hands in math class.

The puddle stomping beneath rainbows, the unstoppable laughter, the styles, oh the styles!
Yikes!

The tardiness to summer dinnertimes, the skinned knees, how painful they must be, the merthiolate.

Knowing answers before questions are asked, most of them, except for the simple questions I have yet to find answers to. Bitter Perfect!

*To the Day, 2 Campout**November*

Awaken Sense! Gather here at this fountain. This high experience.

The crackle of the dimming fire, the flame dances, the residual burnt marshmallow taste, the endless whispers of the forest.

The pre-breakfast walk to relieve myself, the crackle of the fire dawning from last night's embers, the culinary delight, pop tarts. Need I say more?

And the smells, all of them, melding into one common penetrating outdoorsiness, the outside, the outside. So often I neglect this sense.

The campfire when it is given a poke, the vanilla ponderosas, the dusty dryness by mid day poofing with each step.

And the senses, all, them melding into one common penetrating one of the outness, the outside.

*Turtle Lake**November*

Inspired by the Coconino Center for the Arts call for papers on the theme of water. The author lived adjacent to Turtle Lake in the southern end of the lovely state of Wisconsin from 1975 through 1980.

Fall

The Canadian geese
 flying southward for the winter
 in a V
 The hunters in their blinds
 poised
 The cooperative removal of the 'no-wake' buoys
 this time
 every year
 and then the boats
 themselves
 come out of the water
 for the season
 The first freeze of most of the lake
 almost thick enough to hold out a stone
 thrown real hard
 with a reverberating
 plunk
 The naked oaks
 the naked poplars
 and the others
 elms and all
 still stripping
 The first frost

Winter

The pickup hockey games
 these where only one person is wearing skates
 that are too big
 that are dad's size
 and the goal is a frozen-under ice fishing hole
 The reeds poking through the ice
 on the edges
 The occasional patches
 of clear ice
 that lets you see under water
 to wonder
 if there are any bodies
 or other fish

to see
 The large hill
 I forget what it is called
 it was actually a boat landing
 near Schroeder's Oak Park Resort
 and tavern
 using it as a continuation of the sledding hill
 down onto the ice
 as a run off
 The ice fishing derby every Februaryish
 the shacks
 the tip-ups
 The snow drifts
 across the lake
 the forts we built
 inside of them
 The snowmobile tracks
 and how they are good for running on
 when you are being chased
 in the snow
 and how they are good for cross country skiing on
 so you don't have to blaze your own trail

Spring

The popping thaw of the ice breaking up
 from the edges to the middle
 The spring I sold flower seeds door to door
 for being a cub scout
 a wolf scout
 so I could get the new rod
 and reel
 The putting in of the boats
 one by one
 at the landing
 the same one we would sled at
 and then putting in the 'no-wake' buoys
 by those with pontoon boats
 like our lime-green one
 and by those without those
 The seaweed overgrowth problem again comes to mind
 the one in the channels
 yuck
 muck
 The budding greens
 the greening buds
 the colors
 The first cast with the Zebco 202
 the same one I sold flower seeds door to door to earn

Summer

The swim out to the floating dock
the one in front of Schroeder's
the inner tube teeter totters
the lake muck
The fireflies
the mosquitos
the calamine lotion
oh the calamine lotion
or whatever else works
The endless stream of bluegills caught with the Zebco 202
and all of them caught with the same nightcrawler
or a bare hook
can you believe it?
The evening pontoon boat rides
including fourth of July fireworks from the middle of the lake
the one's from Delavan
I think it was Delavan
or Janesville
or Whitewater maybe
The lookout point that was really a marsh
the stuff we called quicksand
the cattails
and the cattail sword fights
The snakes
and the snapping turtle
the one that bit Jeff's thumb
while he tried to feed it
the same one that I thought was coming after me
whenever we would swim
The zip-sled
that left us feeling so cool
because we could turn backwards
like the barefooters
The same boat landing we would sled at
in wintertime
riding our banana-seat bikes down it full speed
into the water
The good times

*Unforgettable**November*

the smell of a highland forest
 the Milky Way from the top of Mount Elden
 the fear of walking too close to a steep edge
 the thrill of swimming
 in a natural body of water
 the smell of a skunk
 being lost in the woods
 on a cloudy day
 the temptation of nudity in a natural setting
 the colors of a monarch
 the good story from last night
 the one I had heard before
 but laughed at again
 the concentration it takes to climb a granite rock
 A thunder clap
 the sting of a blister
 the velvety taste of spring water
 straight from the ground
 straight from your hands
 the setting of an example
 on how to build a campfire
 a beesting
 the first chilly rise out of the sleeping bag
 early in the fall
 the smell of a smoldering fire
 the mean things that I have said
 and the ones I have been told
 the things that need to be done
 the schedules
 the citysounds from afar
 the usefulness of modern amenities
 the simple desires built out of habit
 the fogged sound of a train whistle
 the old friends
 the good ones
 campcoffee
 riding a bike down cedar hill
 the heavy snowfalls
 the red skies at night
 smoking a pipe
 when everything that should be done is done
 eating a fish you have caught and cleaned
 the feeling after sprinting
 for no reason
 a baby wild animal
 reaching the top and looking around
 riding a horse in a wide open area

*Skinnydipping**November*

Skinnydipping is good fun.

Skinnydipping should be done frequently.

Skinnydipping is fun outdoors whether you are with other people or not.

When it is cold, you should travel to warmer climates to skinnydip,

or else you should find some hot springs,

and if you do,

leave a towel

and some boots

nearby.

Molly, A Portrait

November

Molly
Eager
Tender
Modeling
Physical
Spicy
Replacive
Adaptive
Adventurous
Faithful
Assertive
Lawful
Beautiful
Wanting
Suggestive
Predetermining
Altruistic
Regal
Reflective
Animated
Showing
Telling
Audient
Experimental
Genuine
Mature
Innocent
Growing
Knowing
Inquisitive
Sensible
Identifying
Sustaining
Qualifying
Beneficent
Thirsty
Leading
Nurturing
Documentative
Careful
Naturing
Observing
Discerning
Molly

◦

Wetland in November

November

I.

The fields of thought
 them whisked by winded memories
 stir proud moments
 tremblings
 The romping through the tall grass
 The expectant knowledge
 of the changes of the seasons
 The smells only found here
 The collected memories
 them so tried
 up through this moment in time
 The openness to doubt
 found by few other places
 The openness

II.

The meadows
 the ranges of being rolling in and out
 respond to questions
 tests
 The patterned space encouraging
 expectant looks North
 and West
 Inevitable answers
 shelter
 water's erosive sustenance
 The saving greens now brown
 them familiarly binding soil
 dormant yet clinging
 The awkward placements of lone trees
 The simple shapes
 like the stones
 jutting like the hills
 Jutting
 The simple shapes

III.

The weathering fronts
 them declining accord and
 denying friendships
 for now
 and watching them unfold authenticity
 The anxious clouds sequestering sunlight
 The driving wind
 from the north
 the west
 The temperature realizing its place
 at last
 Stinging hail
 Frosted earth

The brittle remnants of grass crunching underfoot
 and the stones cemented in place
 for now cemented in place
 Frosted earth

IV.

And the stones
 cropping each
 intermittently scattered
 defying time's attempts
 to organize passage
 intermittently scattered
 Perfectly
 Continued advances of rains
 and other wetness sorts
 The eventual warm spell runoffs
 exposing stones by each melt
 Each taunt
 At first the valiant largers
 first exposed
 before Winter's chilling recovery
 The solid reminders of untouchedness
 The jutting inklings
 them mostly concealed
 Mostly

V.

And one horizoned timberline
 in three directions
 The other direction clear
 how it cradles sanctity
 The creeping ponderosas
 like vines
 invading spaces
 by lone tree
 by lone tree
 lest next season's melt reclaim
 push back
 The occasional stand of gambel oaks
 naked for now
 as skeletons twisted
 ugly
 And the occasional
 inlet of grass
 outlining wetland topographies
 in and out

VI.

The late Indian Summer sunrays
 one last time
 one last time
 Again
 mimic a season ago
 Almost
 The dying days warn
 The grass laying down
 The distant forest darkening
 thickening
 earlier
 The truant wildflowers
 their stalks folded
 The last-laden chirping
 The ready pose of nature
 The colors
 they are closer to similar now though

The contrasts
they are greater now
And a balmy midday romp
beneath a crescent sunlit moon
feels terminal
The contrasts

VII.
The first of Winter
one first time
It generates strength
confirms
The anticipation
The approach
The first flake
for real this time
A collective sigh
Winter is here
The tracks in the snow
by the birds
the few left
scavenging
and mine
The purely dusted land
and the horizoned encroachment
now clear
for now
The onset

*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 rainedropped leaves
from the presently puddling pools
streaming
downward
downward

IX.
Pools rivering and
caught by mini c
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 pl
 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

The Day Leaves Me Hanging

November

The day leaves me

hanging and
figuring for

what was the most important in it

so that I can do it again
so that I can make a routine of it
so that I can continue the sense in it

the consensual transactions by which

I and
my partner
profit

the assistance
given
to elders

the acquisition of
their
bytes of wisdom

The day leaves me

hanging and
deciding for

what of it was least significant
if not
entirely defeating like

hollow redundancies

and for

what of it was unimportant
so that it might remain isolated
the relentless inquiries
that can wait
forever

so that it might be avoided
the impatient choices
so that they might be extinguished
claims to ownership

The day leaves me

hanging and
figuring for

Reason for Graduate Studies

December

- I. To measure
To locate
To identify
To discover
To experience
To understand
To listen
To learn

- II. That I might be understood
That I might read and spell and dispel
That I might adapt
That I might affect
That I might reinforce
That I might include
That I might act
That I might politic
That I might train
That I might compose
That I might invent
That I might write
That I might activate
That I might research
That I might offer
That I might affirm
That I might be precise
That I might incorporate
That I might defend

- III. To develop
To socialize
To consider
To inventory
To play
To qualify
To exact
To test

- IV.
- That I might model
 - That I might contribute
 - That I might reason
 - That I might further
 - That I might personify
 - That I might reveal
 - That I might continue
 - That I might pursue
 - That I might enable
 - That I might produce
 - That I might empower
 - That I might regard and disregard
 - That I might create
 - That I might realize
 - That I might plan
 - That I might prepare
 - That I might intend
 - That I might teach
 - That I might lead

- V.
- To interpret
 - To validate
 - To pursue
 - To sense
 - To arrange
 - To celebrate
 - To research
 - To study

looseleav

1998

*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

the home of the clouds

January

towering
marking lands
above rims
ranges
cañons
above deserts
tapestried

rooting
trees of many sorts
ferns
mushrooms
and wildflowers
among
landpatches of grass
scattered

sustaining
generations of hummingbirds
of elk
of squirrels
raven
and butterflies
these
also pioneering here

erupting
in glory beyond
volcanic days by
compositions
intended for
grandeur in
many ways

Mountain Snowfall, no wind

January

A winter hike through tall snow

cloudly soft and
brilliant

high as a thigh it is within
a timeless falling fog and
silent

except sounds of
breaths
heartbeats and
sounds
of snow dropping on crinkly jackets
during
stops

A winter hike through tall snow

embraces and
at special moments

like this earned rest perched
deep within a snowthrone as
flakes come down

alternating in spells of
buckets then
droves then
whispers

beneath a blanketing ceiling
of gentility and atop
a blanketed carpet

and at special moments

as snow fills this in between

like quilt batting

special moments

like these observant ones

filled with near silents within

temporary thrones

built by plopping ones bones into
soft spots and

at special moments like these
sheltered
by trees
massive ones
old as wizards
and defying the season
with ever bold greenness and
at special moments
during winter rests
where I cannot help but make an angel
deep enough within the winter
to lose myself
for special moments
until melting flakes
ones the size of coins on
singly exposed chins
cheeks
remind in
a sweeping sigh the need to move again
upon newly dusted sidehills
slopes

A winter hike through tall snow
cloudy soft
and brilliant
just crispy enough to stay on the surface
sometimes
by treading softly
over dusted snow shifting under boot
atop crispy surfaces away

across a side
of a mountain
the occasional breakthrough sends me
wishing for the snowshoes
up to my waist and
the occasional breakthrough sends me
and my effort

switching back
upwards like
the silhouettes
the trees
retaining their greens
upon canvasses
of fog
of flakes
of confident silents

A winter hike through tall snow
cloudy soft
and brilliant
embraces

To the Day, 3 Carnival Love

March

HAPPEN ECSTASY! Desire amid this frenzy, these lights, commotion!
To the Ferris wheel. The big one. Twice. The snuggling in thoughtful notions
above lights, cameras. The snuggling.
The way such moments and senses suggest I consider only you know what.
How they chum grins. How they lead into new cliches and stuffed animals.
The tastes I can still taste. Can you taste it? The roasted corn with tobasco, with
Parmesan. The uncarbonated soda-pop. Ewww.
The whistles and horns. The sounds turning my head, and back again at you.
And the children, new this year, but as they ever were. I am sure.
The snuggling and the happening. The commotion and the kisses. The kisses.

*To the Day, 4 Field Trip**March*

TO THE COUNTRY! To the country I read of! All the colors, the smells.
The fire roads in and out of stands, of trees, of formations. Just the right spot. Just the
right place. The perfect country I expected! The perfect country!
All the day picnic in place. All the necessities just in case. The cold cuts. The red
punch for red lips, -and the potato salad. Of course the potato salad.
The ventures, sidetrips. To the climbing rocks. To the patterned trees and tall grasses
made for hiding in. All the colors, the smells!
The butterfly flock, them white or either yellow tickling puddles, flowers. Tickling me.
And the pause so I will remember. Just for me. I have been.
The rock skipping. And all the other water creatures. The wading up to the knees and the stretch to
reach the boulder in the middle. The one put there for laying out.
I can make it! I know I can.
All the day. Sigh, oh sigh. The perfect country.

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

*Promontory**March*

pointing
from like lands rolling
and swaggering
in evergreens
leaving needling beds
and shadowed dimnesses
for assumings of
what other within
might be within
such a forested finger

extending
from jealous like lands
without views
seeing over
sunken flood plains
carpeted
in contoured grassynesses
divisioned
by snaking rivulets
until fortifying melts
provide greater
streams

towering
comparatively above
sunken erodeds
by durability of
spirit and stone
enabling affronts
preparing feral mortals
the anticipation
of weathers
and of other occurrences
calling for actions
like gatherings
and hunts
and like elation
of mere witness

reaching
into vastnesses
assuring secrets
that they reveal
their own nature
in their own
seasoned manner
of patience
overlooking

*confluence**March*

Sandy brown meanderings holding a togethered path upon the western half yet generously allowing the pearly and mystical blue stream entering from the east its own privacy. For in the least, a limited track of its own until the two rivers commingle in desegregative swirls by planted boulders and bends and winds.

Lucky I to be present, to be granted the opportunity if not the trust to characterize and also bring myself into one with this phenomenal union. Lucky I to be granted my own nature and fluidity inside of confluent meaning, but also how arrogant I do acknowledge. How arrogant that I do elect to regard mortal I within such a timeless confluence, such a passage and mixture. But how could I not, and certainly, how could I avoid a consideration of my own place within such a union.

Perhaps my idol inclusion is an attempt to claim space alongside this obvious eternal in hopes that I might associate myself permanently with it. In the least, within mine own dreamy speculation of its permanence. And in the human manner of elevating oneself to permanence, as solid law transcending socials, I shall characterize this event through subsequent verse. Inevitably. As is the typical manner, the writingway. Yet, an attempt to frame such a phenomenal union itself deserves a

characterization. This characterization, itself outside of the phenomena, itself outside of this confluence including I by I. As well, the existence of the human placement of character, this personification, alludes to the centrality and genuine importance of it all. A relationship of oneself with another, particularly this other living eternal. Confluence.

And degenerative reflection inherent to the human condition, my own of course, it confronts characterization. It screams at conceptualization as any new wall of justice or as any new pool of conscience in my path does, screams. Reflection recognizes its

sovereignty in considerations to bring itself to stony permanence consistent with social laws and the harder ones we know. Hurrah for reason, ration. Reflection stops me to consider like a curious stranger I respect from the first, just like the last same curious stranger outside of myself, -then proceed again. Leaving me with either the responsibility to claim through documentation for social all else, or stop, consider, and leave as a grain on the beach of my placid past for future grins kept to myself. The latter leaving the original inspiration, otherwise personified and connected to me, intact, while the former, the sharing of this grand confluence, that I truly am a part of if I be at all, lends itself to humanity that I too claim membership.

This characterization, this type of memorization is not transferable though, and in all good sense, neither is any confluence, any phenomenal union.

Be it giant rivers pairing, dribbles sucking toward one another on glassy surfaces, or be it this anything which stands before me relating with every other. It is not transferable, not as it is intended, not as it is. And in acknowledging such an experience might never be shared outside of physically being in the same place at the same time, a characterization may never present justice as its intent.

Perhaps then, with all good regards to those who might perceive benefit by an attempt ordering such an occurrence I nor any could never exactly put a finger on, one such that no one could ever grant deserved justice, in fact, any attempt to offer such an identification might actually bring it harm. Harm by inevitably implying and suggesting expectations to another and in doing so denying their very first exposure to such a phenomenal union that a first witness carries with it, as either merging strain of the rivers before me offering a whole unprepared experience; a balance within itself affording an integrity of the moment that will protect the very nature of this which I see, that, I know that I see and could never be told by any yippie. And by simple witness, simple respect might too accompany. By the granting of a neophyte's association and actual confluence with this phenomena, in this case, with this

confluence, the natural will preserve itself in the nature of the newly exposed, the newly knowing. Bubbling in ellipsis.

A difficult place I find myself, torn between the natural, the teleologically recognized obligations, to master land and beast and the predetermined expectation of explanation of this place and to this place, characterization, one that might afford such a mastery. This, and torn between social obligations, to allow individuals to freely experience this about, including this phenomenal union as I have, am, and inspire to do.

*Political Geography**February*

A funny and unique thing
 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

 A funny and unique thing then
 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 particulared
fragmented

above

recognizing my very entity
composition
as part of its own

*Slickrocket Zoom**February*

Zoom zoom
 over under
 off the saddle cavalier
 and locked within technoframes
 turbining slickrocket zooms
 rivering slick sandy stones
 and other crumbly earth types
 like Durango Ned
 end Overend
 under arches
 bridges
 monuments
 and crossing peculiar coyotes blurred
 and rattlesnakes blurred
 just as peculiar and
 misplaced
 to foreign windburned I
 in yellow
 and red
 stretchy fatigues
 specialized
 Just for this sort of thing
 and capped
 in slickrocketland
 zoom zoom

*hands**February*

handiwork handbook handmedown handpick
handkerchief handball handclap handtomouth
handlebar handyman handpuppet handsome
handinhand playoneshand handfeed handbill
paidhand handshake handicraft handmade
 onhand handstand handreader handoff
heavyhand handloom handvote handrail
 sailhand closeathand handlens handout
handweave handtruck byhand handdrill
handwriting handy handle outofoneshand
handmower hiredhand handset handbag
handup handinlove handbell washoneshand
handwheel handler handdown longhand

*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

*Home, Home on the Rio**February*

It really only runs in the springtime
 the snow runoff from the peaks
 feeds it
 I have actually heard of people canoeing it
 at highest water
 in the springtime
 yes it is true
 so I have heard
 a person could actually hop in their canoe
 and float
 all three blocks from
 Route 66 to
 Butler Avenue
 without hitting a rock
 yes it is true
 so I have heard
 It is an interesting notion
 one I will respectfully decline
 to validate
 but you never know
 maybe wading someday
 again
 perhaps after a downpour
 I have panned for gold in it
 no luck
 but if
 I want to canoe
 I will likely head to the Salt
 the Little Colorado
 the Verde
 or the Ozarks anyway

 But the Rio
 it is real
 it is valid
 in Spanish it means river

but

 sure

 in English it means seasonal creek

 at least by my experience

 the one since I have lived on the Rio de Flag

It is directly West

 and Southwest

 of my home and

 thinking of it brings to mind

 the importance of living next to

 some recognizable geographic feature

 not including

 the basketball courts East or

 the ballfields and grammar schools North or

 the library, city hall, and park to the South

 you know

 the geographic features

 that were around long before

 the Anasazi or

 the Sinagua

and thinking of it brings to mind

 the importance of recognizing

 some geographic feature

 one placed there by time and elements alone

 at least in their original spirit

 perhaps in a well intentioned altered state

 now

 though still of the original spirit

and thinking of it

 at times in the evening

 settling into

 a game of scrabble and

 ale

it brings to mind

 well

 I do not usually think of it too often

 not like the peaks

 big and grand

like a totem
 but sometimes I do grant it
 my considered attention.
 One time in an early Fall
 September
 Seeking adventure
 I did hike Northbound on it
 in it dry
 just as far as I could go
 and then some
 I went upward the dry bed
 passed beneath a couple of roads
 through culverts
 and did not hit water until
 I reached
 the Hawk Pond reservoir
 and then dry again North
 further
 through neighborhoods
 ditches
 through clusters
 stands
 of vegetation
 meant for typical wetlands
 further
 all the way out to the Museum
 out to where it is
 regular wet again
 for a bit
 and
 also a good spot
 to rock climb
 if that is your thing
 do not get caught
 and even beyond
 where there is another dam
 holding back
 green algaeish gunk
 fun to play in

to throw rocks at
I also saw some water dogs there
but that is where it ends
to the North
that Rio
as far as I know
But Southward from home
if you can make it
through the teaming bustle
of Flagstaff
via the Riobed
via canoe
via foot
however
if you can make it
past town
you will find yourself
within the most
beautiful country

in proximity to town
Flood plains and valleys
leaving the Rio Southward
will place you
at Fisher point
eventually
and knowing where to look
one can find
ancient rock art
pictographs
Indian ruins
spotted owls
and other creatures
and further on
a shortcut to Lake Mary
within ten miles
if you give it a try
or two

It really only runs in the Springtime
the Rio
yes
and I do not really think of it
often

o

Pas de Deux

February

To panting rhythms

To freakish dusks

dimly lit

by sundowns burning out

and

by sweaty liquor buzzes

An offering

by each immortal

until exhaustion

Un pas de Deux

*Spared Land**February*

Understanding gravity
the highest of mountains is where earth begins
The pinpoint overseeing dales and plateaus and sea floors
Likewise
from the treeline
or even the mossline
the tundra
is where life begins
as a blanket
over otherwise sacred land
otherwise spared
Life downward from above
in any other form
sparing only areole summits
for untouchedness
except by my curious
and unsettled
self

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

quicken

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

o

A strange color in the sky today, -burnish *March*

a strange color in the sky today like everything is too dark for
the brilliant contrasts outlining typically hidden features

concealed by their regularities and leaving notice of new
strangeness like midday dewdrops sucked from the air onto
weepening

vernal grasses all about engaging with the new season
awakening these and I reawakened by this light apparently
unnatural so it is

suggested for thought merely suggested it unnatural be and
common by any other source but unnatural by its dampening
presence now

a strange color in the sky today as if a front of crystal magic
dust has approached from the streaking heavens directly
above and

everything in between visually is amplified through the air
and the texture and the smell and all through it all reflected in
precision

Downtown Tumbleweed

March

Before fronts
of storms
and merchants

bright
by night lights
all day long

and before others
easy corners
and passing coaches

and coasters
and sorts
and speeds

in waves
in lights
in ambles and stalls

in ambles
stalls
and stops

a tumbleweed
downtown
as if it were

*untitled**March*

Can it be?
I cannot accept it
it is too far away and
too clear in strange ways
I do not think I can accept it
so grand I must close my eyes to consider it
so
I tear like a dream
squint
Can it be?
in the way it makes me tremble unknown
The consideration that
if I do
indulge and
consider
it will never be matched and
I will
be only with the past and
dull evolving presence

After a Century *March 21*

Tired and looking back breathing after
all of the miles and cycles one then another
 one then another
 one then another
After a century of roads passing
under wheels in wonder of how
 it is bound to be and how
 it is
and how it will get to be that way
 by breaths and by cycles
 and greater associations
 Looking back after
 a century and all the miles
the easy ones and the blinding white ones
 collapsing bodies but not souls
 that they might return for
 another for another
 another
that likens itself to the very revolutions
 determined and repeated after
 the last time and mile and
 the mile before
 the mile before

*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

haiku, canopy

March

Columns parallel
suspend leafy clouds of green
diffusing light beams

o

haiku, cap

March

Areole summit
barren cap of life descent
touch windy heavens

o

To the Day, 5 Glide Across Country

Early April, Mormon Mountain

HUSH STRONG BODY. Move in silence, -and listen: Glide in quiet sweeps atop
the repatterning snowdrifts collapsing in wetnesses with the season.

One then another in symphonies, -the woodwinded pines whistling in breezes,
 creaking and popping, and dripping like chimes. Triangles. The continuing
 drones, the other perfectly misplaced blows.

And my heart, the tympany, announced, repeating in steady strides, glides, down dells
 and dales. Aware, now aware and charged.

And my heart the tympany, crescendo, repeating in capital steps, up dells and dales.
 Inside.

Hush strong body. Roll in, roll out in swells of conducts and rests and glides and
 glides. Take notice. Admire in light and sound the tuning standard by which
 rests arrest. Hush.

Reflect the measure, the contour, in strides in glides and contribute in admiration.
 Elegant and naked.

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

*Boogers for Gustavo**April*

To you Gustavo

saying

dance

dance

dance

like a monkey

like a monkey

for my pleasure

for my pleasure

dance

dance

dance

Ha

Ha

Ha

To you Gustavo

boogers

boogers

boogers

I wish you pleasure

and joy

and even as I do

dance

dance

dance

I do perform for you and

it gives me pleasure

this dance

and even perhaps your audience too

but at my will
I say
I say
I will
dance
dance
dance
like a monkey
like a monkey
I will
at my will
but for now
for you Gustavo
boogers
boogers
boogers

Crashing limb April

- I. An appendage
 A limb trembling and creaking
 on the bank of the Verde
 high but low for the season
 Spring wind
 Limb bouncing and sounding
 leaning leftward over the right bank
 as we approach
 Crashing Popping Snap
 Falling in heavy speed and splinters through the lowers
 still brittle for the season
 bringing some along to the river below
 in a sweeping crush
 and in a spray of splatter
 and followed
 by the less heavy twigs remaindered
 Like that, done
- II. Lucky to be here, I, to watch
 Lucky to be out of the way
 Floating by considering uncontrollables with a grin
 awe and chill
 a look at all the other trees lining the bank
 that they will not fall on me
 Drifting alongside new driftwood
 and chilled by the same wind
 and chilled by the same spring runoff
 and chilled by the shadows
 from the canyon walls as before
 from the trees
 from the clouds
 and chilled by the whole same of 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

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

*Sunset jots at Yavapai Point**May 31*

7:00

Clouds and clouds

A straight rainbow from them vertically to Buddha Temple

Clouds flat on their underside like a waterbody with waves and tides

Sun concealed but subtly announcing itself beneath the cloud level

with first bright lights and a glow not quite round, a beam,

then dropping like a golden coin beneath the horizon of the clouds

fully exposing itself

Casting shadows and haze across the cañon dark and light

Casing wind approaches or now I am aware of it, chilled this time

Pink gathers beneath the sun and grows,

this as the cloud western ends first darken and darken before breakthrough

Whole sun lighting each half-side, the bottom of the clouds, the top of the earth,

revealing contours of each

Rainbow brightens

Cloud splits into cloudwaves and drift into a series of concentric circles,

sonic waves,

surrounding one another and surrounding the descending sun

and embossing it as a pebble in a pond

each circular cloudwave lit on their inner near the sun and dark away

One cloudwave drifts in front of part of the rainbow

and rainbow resembles a colorful lance

7:10

Sun not yet touching the earth brightens innermost of concentric circle clouds

dimming pink and showing a halo inside of just the innermost circle

7:13

Lightbeams break out of the halo in dusty streaks

over western points traveling eastward

Fifteen lightbeams I count of differing intensities

reaching toward the stony cañon formations, plateaus looking like stages,

and toward the changing cloud formations

Altogether a stage as well, each temple and platform flat as a table,

clouds as a ceiling

and the sky and light connecting me with it

7:16

Another lightbeam breaks through the halo before the halo mostly disperses
this time orange light blinding and colorfully warm
Light brilliant in varying intensities
illuminating rocks at my feet and my pen and my fingers
glowing with warmth but I am otherwise windblown chilled

7:19

Sun bright, all the facades and flat surfaces beneath the sun
are merged to one flat dusty image with deep contrasts
Outer concentric clouds are now dissipating into blue regular sky
Rainbow gone
Cañon floor melds into a dusty gray
and above them, the temple tops appear to stretch and float
above the gray shady bottom
Nearby junipers present themselves

7:24

Glowbright circle beaming and coloring the remaining concentric circles
in radiant oranges decreasing in intensity outward
Sun difficult to look towards
the juniper needle-balls glow on the outside and are dark in the middle

7:27

Mountains to the west remotely visible
Clouds that were colored in oranges are now collecting yellows and bits of green
Sun so bright, to take a quick glance you can see the boundaries of it
in deep black but then you must look away quickly
It feels again cooler or either the experience has left me feeling revealed,
and simple

7:32

Clouds unite and again recapture the sky
and find their way in front of the sun putting down vertical cloud bars
that hold out some direct light but not all
Sun is now touching the ground and decreasing in intensity
Pink at the top of the earth and I can actually stare directly at the sun
I can again see the cañon floor and the inner gorge
lit and contrasted in long shadows

7:36

Remaining clouds left turning pink on the bottom, dark on their backsides
but white on their sides facing the remaining sun
then to pink then to purple then to dark blue across the sky
all the way eastward
A few holes expose plain blue sky
The vertical cloudlines immediately around the sun glowing in an upward streak

7:39

Glowing so orange that I can discern the trees silhouetted on the horizon

7:40 sundown

Where the sun once was is a false sun,
a glowing circle still honoring its source
dawning on other wonders I am sure
then gone
darkness quickly comes

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
bobbars
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

Godspeed, Cowboy

June

With
the
wind,
ride
away
clean
for
new
adventures.

o

*Ambient Today**August*

Blue cloudhole in a grayswept sky and
another two

Parading transformations

Portals

left to right

a kite

a serpent then

a ship

for a spell

reflected on quiet lake surfaces

rippling in afterthought

and textures and

lapping bubbling arousals where

hazy treelines laying shadows fail

to consume edges outright

and again they come

the misty drops and dribbles

dripping

dimpling in circumference

in whorls

one

then another

inside of each

inside

of each inside

plunking

deep into

weighted lakes

clumsy in view and

pattering

over leaves

like stairsteps to

the grassy grounds in

puddles of drink

Hollow and wet and

sweet

All the air today

outlining visibles

the overbrush

airbrushed in continuance

the distant lights nearby and

outlining invisibles

the echoes

the birdsong

isolated and friendly

the leave chatter

muffled and dampened

the footsteps

intentional

to the darkwater edge

robust and sounding then

quiet

patter

patter

patter

To the Day, 6 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.

*Self Portrait**December*

Gregory
Adventurous
Healthy
Spirited
Sensual
Sensible
Elegant
Challenging
Changing
Playful
Creative
Natural
Inquisitive
Summative
Tall
Referential
Equitable
Moral
Mortal
Fragile
Fanciful
Talented
Observant
Eager
Sporty
Romantic
Calculating
Political
Carrying
Cautious
Constructive
Crafty
Nominal
Willing
Confounding
Altruistic
Athletic
Exhibiting
Handsome
Iterative
Errant
Handy
Thankful
Astute
Affirmative
Gregory

o

*Another Rainbow**December*

As dramatic as the last

arcing wider

and nearly the same location

not entirely touching down

beyond the cloud on the east

dark underneath

suspended above

Diamond Head

unique from

The last

one full side to side

and subtle

colors foggy hints

but entire

from stony western peaks

to eastern green ones

nearly above I

centered to its highest point

But this

equally amazing

equally simple

and brilliant after

latest mistings

masquerading as storm

equally vibrant

enlightening and alive

a wider band than the last

colors bold and cut like ribbons

following lines

ending at the cloud on the right

sending me looking left again

and at the fish flying

and I bobbing away on swells

looseleave

1999

*Stained Glass**February*

The right piece of stained glass had been so elusive.
I had looked all around for some time
in shops and galleries, in homes and churches.

I had kept an eye out for the styles that I knew,
-those that I learned to prefer because of my own tastes
and those that made me feel in a certain way.

And I also learned to admire those that would look good
in someone else's window, perhaps one friend
or another would have this taste or that.

I could admire the geometric ones with the squares
and the ones with the half moons, the triangles
the darkly leaded and wavy panels, or the fragile.

The ones with etched panels fitting together solidly; or,
the textured panels fitting together in lines
and the thick smoky tile glass pieced as a mosaic.

I could admire the simple ones only with single-colors,
with just rectangle panels worked into a frame
or with just straight lines and perfectly selected colors.

I could admire the gothic ones sometimes,
grand as angels and tall for cathedrals and
worships, and other passages of light and prayer;

-representing the heavens or just the clouds above
on a day like this, drizzly and reflective
but allmore perfect for looking through colored glass.

I could admire the ones entirely for aesthetic purposes.
Them simply for sakes of art and artists;
some with blown glass bubbles in their own panels,
some with colorful balls swirled into frames,
and, I am sure, meant for hanging on walls
or to be placed in sills, to look at as pictures, as objects.

Not meant for looking all the way through, though,
-as other types like the shapen ones, or the religious.
It had been so elusive, the right piece and then

in Memphis, Tennessee, South Main Street,
on a wet day, overcast and common and dim,
at first cold then just all right to walk through, -and good.

An open storefront amid all those empty and boarded,
amid the plain and vacant fronts waiting.

The dormant ones held up and motionless, quiet;

and right inside, a cement floor collecting drips, then up
the walls, the windows. Glassworks. All fashioned;
historic ones under restoration missing frames;

blown bowls in rainbows and smooth waves;
glass jewelry for wearing and glass jewelry for collecting;
curvy shapes like stuck water of colors and egg drops;

and other glassworks, -neon signs
advertising advertising, and lampshades, ornaments;
and even etched granite for headstones and signs,

for corporate fronts, for monuments, for keystones,
for large tabletops or expensive garden pathways.
But mostly glass, leaded and stained, colorful.

Modern stained pieces displayed in the front window
that were likely the manager's favorites

or otherwise especially chosen for the front.
And the ones displayed in other places in the shop
doubling as a studio; as a meeting place of intentions.

A gallery of glass of fragile and grand intentions.

The tremendous and transparent or the opaque.

The radiant, the circular, square or
contemplative, direct, flashy, and modest.

And plain pieces with clear textured panels;
plain with occasional colored shards about the perimeter,
that sing as you look through them. Color. Light.

Ring. Sing. In digital harmony like a tuning fork
and did not really need to be signed by their maker
because it should not have really mattered.

But I asked and she told me she did them, -
Robbie; she gave me her card, -Robbie O'Kelly. I see.
These caught my eye. The clear one with the green
and with the little yellow V's around the edge.
More money than I had but I bought it anyway
and just the right size for toting on my travels.

Small. About one foot by two feet.
The panels a little textured but the right size
to rest in my window, at home in Madison.

Plain clear with colored shards around the perimeter -
green; and a strong metal frame to hold it all in
without afterthought and without detraction.

Just to look through, to alter the usual,
to pass the light and day in a special and curious way;
for ambiance and daybreak. Just to reflect.

All of the stars

March

All of the stars can be seen from this highland.
All of the stars can be seen from this dusty port
it is now easy to say is well worth the hike.

All of them, way out there melting
into uniforms and constellations. Shapes,
dots and connecting patterns

providing luminescence, glow
uncovering pebbles and stones at my feet
and limiting crisp shadows to static.

Pinpoints anywhere filling the night
with time and detail; their distant inferno
and their ancience, all there, told.

Stories of friends and twins and adventurers
and beasts and mad geniuses and lovers,
and myths and legends, and truths and lies.

All of the stars can be seen from this highland, -
this open observatory; and what freedom
to inhale them all, to consume them outright

and then release them to the place they were
all at once or shooting them one by one
into the night to watch. Release.

They cluster. They arrange on their own.
They link and twinkle and escape within me;
contain and swallow me as parts, all at once.

I reference them as inquisitive and inner,
naming them sense and calm and peace. Beauty.
Clarifying the constellations as original

as if my very own presence seeds these
amber notions of patience and flavor, -
seeds sovereign kisses and touch beyond trial.

And I remember certainly, yes. I do know certainty,
of all of the stars seemingly beyond,
but here, proud and anchored within.

Certainty, in that, perhaps there is no answer
just a greater question and wonder and tangent, -
that the questions continue, they adventure.

And most certain in that questions here,
they have no consequence. Here the thought
of safety takes on whole new meaning.

And why I came, I remember, all of the stars
like a bosom, like a deep rest,
and simple sounds are all that there are.

Like the night and the familiar and reassuring
voices of trusted and loved ones, or just
the quiet night with the air. The peace whispering.

Where it is all right to sleep, it is just all right
and consider the beyond, the within, the contract,
over and over until it happens on its own.

All of the stars above this tranquil peak
and above the barren dusty floors
with good views themselves, I am sure,

but not as good as this highland effort,
this observatory above the sky where
lenses outside of my own only interfere

with all of them above this highland
throne for clean views and watches of streaking
successions and whatever else, whatever else.

Meteors. Comets and timeless seconds.
Brief pauses of decades of wonder leaving
concentric imprints of stonethrows, -by the Gods.

Overlapping one another, overlapping
outdoing one another in craters and ridges
over and over again, over and over again.

All of the stars shedding light, the streaking ones,
-on occasion, but the holding ones always bright.
Them patterned and solitary. Clustered and bunched.

Deep and outer. Leaving maps of other places
remnants up and away, away. From here:
dusty port good for certain.

*Love**March*

I.
 touchsensationgrowthharmonyadventureoffering
 nomination deviation beauty trust temperament zest
 alleviation demonstration gratitude fun laughter want
 pain taste place character triumph acquisition donation
 temptation resistance trial anticipation fear
 instrumentalapproachreachgenerosityallowance
 change flavor determination rest observation sustain
 approve generate grant propose answer reliance assist
 teachmakethirstdispellmotherhoodchildhood
 contemplationplaceessentialbuildingcarebecoming
 entertainment beginning soft radiant poise ancience
 unknown initiating exciting challenging trading belief
 abundantssimilarconstructiveunfoldingwithoutaspiring
 silly independent encouraging petting warm kind
 continuousawaybravespecialopenknowingdancing
 easy appropriate straight staple here arrayed qualifying
 whole selecting source local enough healthy projected
 inclusive accepting returning amazing honest predictable
 candorpleasereproductivelightbuoyantIstrongwillful

II.

peanutsglassperfumemerlot	lingeriemuskcandlegrapes
pastadessertmusicilkoils	daisydancesnowfallpoem
fruitpillowbackrubfeather	peachgoldringpicnicletter
songholidayfitnesscake	popcornpuppyfireplaceSanta
kittenscrabbletheatrekiss	watercamerafingertip
walkbreakfastpeppermint	ticklelinensshowerknitting
palmapplefrisbeeclock	horseswatersunshinechildren
sunrisebearrugdaiquiri	Sundayfantasylongdress
lemonferriswheelchurch	ginrummyguitarhandkerchief
handmirrorhoneytea	conversationtentaweriversmile
sundaewishprayerumbrella	blanketski-tripsugarolive
birdnestcoffeecarressgaze	wordpillarrainbowpicture
ribbonvelvetchocolate	gardencucumberpathsculpture

set theory *March*

The largest, parted and sequenc'ed sequenc'ed ad infinitum
leaving but an empty set untouch'ed

The largest, parted and sequenc'ed
sequenc'ed ad infinitum

leaving but an empty set untouch'ed

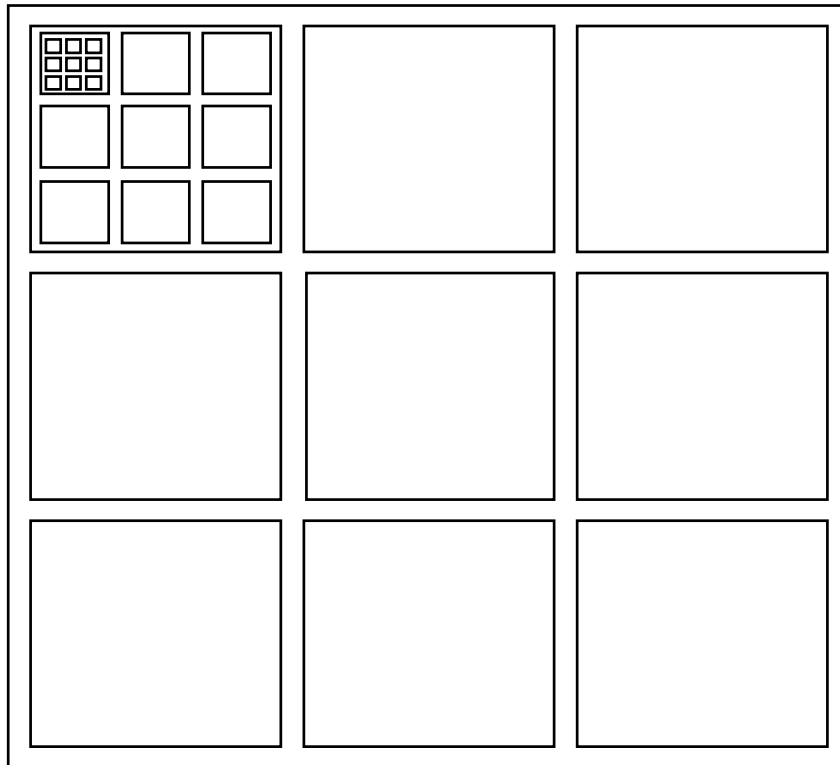
The largest, parted and
sequenc'ed sequenc'ed
ad infinitum

leaving but an empty set untouch'ed

The

largest parted and sequenc'ed sequenc'ed ad infinitum

leaving but an empty set untouch'ed



Walkabout

April

out

o

*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

*Meateating**April*

Beef, pork or fowl typically comes to mind when considering a meat entree, -domestic stock and farmyard species long ago mildly wild and long since bred for meatier thighs, richer tips, buttery breasts. The somewhat beast tamed, shelved, and available for drought and for special occasion and convenience. A carnivore, though, bear, perhaps kodiak or polar, or shark, or game cat, especially young game cat, is of a different variety of meat. It is, in fact, the variety of meat by which animalism is defined and not merely on par with the annual crop harvest. Animalism containing the spirit of animal mobility, free range and strength necessary for competitive survival, instinct and inner quiet, sense, independent will, decision. A species that is not domestic and whose gaminess is beyond that of elk and of buffalo, and whose raw flavor and digestive rest brings to mind notions of savagery and primitivism. The most native spirit. Meals that require no vegetable, no sauce, perhaps no water, and likely no conversation. The hunt of the hunter, and the chase and the pride in being among the highest order of the food chain, the ease and satisfaction.

Better even to engage in the hunt and not merely purchase the food or be given it as a gift, even better than bartering with berries picked by one's own swollen hands. The hunt, with all the danger and the toil and the caution and the smell of the wind. The long thoughtful waits and the quietude. And the patience into one ancient passion by which arose cannibalism for sure, certainly social hierarchies, and certainly trade conflict, -and likely arose sport and pride in triumph. Likely arose civilization and certainly independent man, that one, and groups of one, might tend toward ascendancy by trophy and taste, the beast, the most savage one might possibly consume, -with deepest respect or indifference. And then leave the carcasses with the Arabian fangs stripped where they fell, and the massive memories left and the scratches, the tired feet, and all the other ornaments. Depart, -anything but domestic and anything but tranquil. Except for now.

o

intentions, MM

April 8, 1999

for
A good natured wife
a thoughtful and healthy wife

That I might be a good husband
that I might be a good father

For a museum of a moon, a system
for something to work for
for fun and newness, fitness
for new places and for curiosity
for discovery
for those interested
for collaboration

Toward a common goal

For a spell
for a spell

*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 awe
 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 theatre that I must await
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.

Plaid

colorbands
narrow, narrow, wide,
crossing
wide, wide, narrow,
colorbands

often
red, black and
yellow
or either
yellow
and black, green
often

for shirts and skirts
for ties
for socks
for hats
scarves
for wool mittens and gloves

for the weather
for gifts
to keep up appearances
for woodcutting

certainty

June

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*Perfect World**June*

Peacocks
over and over with
tailplumes tall
and young ones without
as proud

Wildhorses
galloping and galloping
playing with parents
and young ones running

Racing and
Racing into the wind without fear and without thought.
Racing without
at tallgrasses
blowing easy breezes in
rolling prairie fanwaves

at the horizon
on the hill

at the wildflowers

Racing

with butterflies
plain
yellow and white
here to there
fluttering in

Fast folly
processions and parades
to

the treelines
streamlines
horizons and cloudlines
painted in action and
swift

Fast and
blazing
like the sun
over and over again

breathless

Burning
orange and
yellow and
into red twilight
at the eve
The beginning

Blazing without
amber

Inherit the solar wind

June

a natural truth
grown and called
science
by we sure onlookers
who know strength as
this dominant
still alive
may exist
but the most
small
algae
moss
lichen
unchanged for all time
may have already
grasped this
which we aspire to

shortessay: The representation of science

June and December

The representation and portrayal of science subjects in curriculum, in museum exhibits, or in text, is scientific only to the degree one considers method scientific. The representation and portrayal of science subjects is initially artistic before it reaches the repetitive status of method deemed effective in presenting explicit messages. When portrayal is of subjects which are socially undisputed as scientific, such as space satellites, medical vaccines, animal migration or suspension bridges, I think one's first impression would be to assume that the message that they receive, via some representative form, would be as scientific and concrete as the actual object or phenomenon. This could be ideal, a representation mirroring the actual object or phenomena in meaning, however, this assumes an intermediary, which removes the recipient from primary observation and interpretation.

Under these representative conditions, an audience is selected or considered for the reception of the primary observation/interpretation; a format and method is present in the representation of this message. It is this formatted interpretation, removed and secondary, which then serves as the representation of the original science subject. This formatted representation could be a lesson, a display, or a book image and it would, itself, be open to interpretation; either as to its consistency with a primary source, or, the formatted representation would, itself, be open to a primary interpretation as an original object or phenomenon if an audience had no earlier primary exposure to the material (e.g. suspension bridge). That the witness of the formatted representation was mediated and secondary (in respect to the e.g. bridge) would likely bias a future original interpretation of the object or phenomenon, or, it may otherwise impact an audience's existing conception of the primary object, or actual event. Regardless, it would be this original formatted representation of subject that would initially have the character of art. Its link to the concept of science (besides the subject material it represents) would be that it was repeated, improved and developed, or otherwise displayed in a manner that best allowed for the transference of a specific message.

This is not to say that representation and portrayal in the form of curriculum, museum exhibits, or texts is undesirable because it removes one from primary exposure. There are several reasons why secondary exposure may be important and warranted, and why it has continued in the form of graded educational systems, research centers, and exhibit halls. Some subjects may be very complicated or may not reveal their reinforcing capacity initially, such as mathematics or computer programming, though their persistent and nonconfrontational representation may reveal positive reasons for their consideration in the long run. The representation and portrayal of science may serve other ends. It may accelerate the acquisition of students' knowledge of foundational material and it may eliminate some need for trial and error. The secondary reception of a representation of science may also supplement, expand and/or redirect a primary and original understanding of a subject.

The representation of science may also serve personal interests. The presentation of that which one understands of a subject may open that interpretation to inquiry, which could assist that individual in developing a clearer and more considered conception of it. That a representation may serve personal interests would suppose that an audience or student would be present as a matter of altruism to the

presenter or curator. It would appear reasonable that the most desired situation would be that which could allow for the continued growth of the presenter/curator, but would also fill some need of the audience or student.

If a culture were to embrace the formal representation of a science for, say, reasons of accelerated learning, the methods associated with the representation of the science would develop. The methods may eventually develop to that position which could most efficiently teach, instill, or condition those social assumptions of the subject (all things considered including student health and safety, long-term effects, and other community members). It is these developing formats and methods that may be typically overlooked as 'science' for the less fluid conception of it within the domain of objects and phenomena.

This conception of science as method, then, would be recognized as effective by whether it brings an audience to a desired and preconceived understanding or state of mind. If some methods could be recognized as more effective than others for given audience-types or for certain types of messages, they could be said to be scientific. They could be termed this because the formatted representation would be predominantly fixed, and, it could potentially be analyzed, evaluated and interpreted as a primary object or phenomenon, -and it could be improved. It would seem logical that such a format or method would be 'fixed' moreso in museum exhibits or text than for social-studies lessons of specific periods, but fixed to a degree nevertheless. This might also suggest that other more purely artistic exhibits and presentations, for example, the display of Raphael's paintings, or a seminar in creative writing, could adopt similar presentation strategies of method that have been recognized as scientifically effective by more traditionally recognized 'scientific-subject' communities (e.g. the bridge-builders or the medical profession).

These developing representative methods would be naturally reactive as they would be linked to student and/or audience performance, and they may need to reflect new insights of the subject. If the intended audience of the presentation of the subject or phenomena were to not receive a desired message, the message would either need to be held for a more appropriate audience, the message would need to be adjusted and personalized to the existing audience, the foundational interpretation of the object or phenomenon would need to be revised to be more consistent with new or confounding factors, or the goals of the representing authority would need to be revised, -perhaps continually. The reactive nature of the representation of subjects in curriculum, museum exhibits, or text, or, the interactivity of the objects or phenomena, the researcher/presenter/curator and the audience/student characterize method as science.

note: Emile Durkheim made the comment, "a science of education is not impossible; but education is not that science." Perhaps this is something to consider as our scientific methods reach their limits of efficiency, yet we find that the specific understandings we teach are not balanced with appropriate ethics or applications.

*Fury Fury**June*

Anew

Intensity

Into outer space

like the ground beneath my feet

crackling and popping

Go Go

Pop

and the keyboard

sparking Wow

in activity and chatter

ideas with each character

hummmm

and words trying to keep up

like cream

and

maintain objectivity

in swells

percussion

Bang

Bang

Pop

Pound

around

crescendo

*Bloodred Wine**June*

Inhale; Bacchus sweet, a full bouquet. Wine.

Just like the temperature and taste of
today. The temperament full and rolling
compliments to all the satisfactions,
the other attractions and all the ease,
-at rest. Contemplative and assertive.

Curious. Harbored, and with bread or a
loaf of conversation and afterthought.

Witness. Friendly honest and festive, and
of good grapes, no doubt picked at the right time.

Money is stupid

June

Money is stupid
it has no brains
and it has no emotions
it has no sex
it has no sense
money cannot talk
and it cannot listen

I suppose that it could look pretty if
you hung it on a wall or
held it out in front of you
at arms length or
I suppose you could skip a coin on a lake
like a flat stone or
burn some bills to keep you warm
but otherwise it is stupid

Money cannot think
and it cannot regulate
in fact, money does not even have value
unless I say so or
maybe if someone else says so

Money is stupid
it has no conscience
it cannot play
it cannot make love, or kiss
or hate
it has no arms
it cannot compute
it is not afraid or brave or
hard or easy

Money is stupid

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

o

park mosaic

June

The blanket toss, like a parachute near the big tree, but in the sun.

Shoes next to the blanket, with the wallet in them, the pocket change.

And the good book, the paper for notes.

Sounds, the voices, the visitor's talking and observing, as they do.

The lake nearby for wading in and for splashing, with canoes and rowboats,
sailboats.

The fishermen by the shore, and the kid anglers on the end of the pier,
catching bluegills, one after another.

Newcut green grass and shade elms.

Lovers rolling over one another, and over, in giggly conversations and pauses,
without a blanket.

The snoozer, belly down in the shade, no hat.

Barefoot grasswalkers, oldchildren and slowmovers, shoes in a hand,
closed book in the other.

Bikeriders on the paths, looking up and ahead, forward, passing through.

The mothers strolling strollers, watching waddlers and looking about.

The lovers sharing backrubs, and resting upon one, another.

Mint chip ice cream, melting quickly.

The clouds, rolling in front of the sun then clear again, sunny warm.

Picnickers assembling sandwiches and munching, fingerfoods.

The snoozer, exposed belly up.

The old benchmen with newspapers, with striped shirts, plaid,
button down and shortsleeves, untucked.

The guy with the grocery sack, the backpack, and sunglasses, passing by.

The man in the tie, the suitcoat, hand full of papers and a slight grin,
a slight grin.

The bikini-top woman with cutoffs, hiking boots, speeding by on a bicycle.

Firetruck, away and unseen, -whirrr, the siren.

And the animals, birdsong and chatter, dashing and collecting groundnuts,
watching, nearby.

The chipmunk, dash and dash.

The leaves and the limbs, opening and closing, letting light and sound shuffle,
rustling and stopping.

The chipmunk.

The shadows, the silhouettes.

The clouds, dreaming left to right, long and almost transparent, wisps,
streaming with touch of gray, white.

The sundown retreat.

The blanket shake, the grass flying.

Windy day: Lake Mendota

June

Northeastward.

Windsurfers,
left to right.

Patterned sky,
clouds equidistant,
each their own space,
and fistsize held at arms length,
with the wind,
moving.

Whitecaps,
here on the south,
all the way across.

Chill.

The large sailboats,
anchored down.

Terrace people looking outward,
leaning windward,
quiet or either reading.

Birds,
struggling for accuracy
or just watching
from a line.

*Glass ceiling**June*

An observatory on the moon would
do well to have a tall clear glass ceiling
pointed in desirable directions.
A bubble toward Alpha Centauri.
A planetarium of high orders,
reclining with seats for the scientists,
the leisure scientists, and those other
pondering sorts. For the watchers and
the sorters and for the other just-resters.
With holders for beverages, Tang and
orange juice both, and shag carpeted, common
tables, and bean bag chairs with tiger stripes.
Set in a special area not quite so stuffy
that might allow for personal
mechanical experimentation;
a stellar gymnasium for sporting and for
dancing, -experience, in a new place.
With an adjacent library with shelves,
for roaming, for reference, for study,
entertainment. A mixed media type,
to check out stuff. A children's library.
Of course a telescope, -with eyepieces
for both eyes would be good for peering and
pioneering through the clear glass ceiling.

everything, a stone

July

All of the flowers, and the words, the water, everything, a stone. The air a stone, as the bird and the tree, the painter, the brush, the stroke and its continuance. The idea and the action. The blade of grass under my feet, my feet, the smile a stone. The dance and the puppet, the puppeteer, the puppeteer. The light a stone and hard and cold and frail. A pebble. And the man, the puppy, their play. The boat and the wind and the rain and the cold, each a stone. The time, the fear, the food, the drink a stone and plain too, as a solitary unhurried errand, to the market, a stone and a throw. The park a stone, and the people, the man with the hat, the jacket with the leather patches, the woman. The child and the blanket. The airplane and the amber, the colors, the boast, the walk, the news and the neighborhood. All of the houses, each, and them all, a stone. And the mailman, and the letter, and the clothes, and the train, the tracks, the wood. The butterfly, the butterfly. The stride, the speed, the step and the consequence. The gravity and the heavens. The moon and the moon, the moon a stone. The earth and the soil and the seed, the leaf, the tranquility, the chair, the pen, the eyes, the inspiration, the invitation, stones. All of the fish, and the birds, the loons, the cranes, the romance, the breeze, the smell, the flavor. The walls, the floor, the entertainment, the paper, the pot and the kettle. The friend, the blanket, the bed, the shape of my frame, my frame a stone as any. My fingers, their reach, their direction. The cane. The war and the remembrance, and the dance, and the closure, and the rifle, the bullets, the enemy, the reason, the toil a stone. The struggle and the madness a stone. The mountain a stone, the ocean, the tides, the waves, the gulls, the porpoise, the seals, the shells, the beach, the horizon. The ink and the glow, and the radiance and the heat, the heat. A stone. The automobile, the pleasure, the daytime, the schedule, the freedom, the parade, the banners, the band and the songs. The horns and the drums, the watchers, the woman, the boy with the coat. The girl. The shoes, their shine, the socks. The bicycle, the balloon, the candy and the cigar smoke. The handshake, the past, the parade. The conversation, the air, the speech. What I know, a stone, the sharing of food, the well wishes, the doctor, the pill, the building, the construction, the materials, the hammer, the growth, the development, the business, the money, the dollars, the bills. The effort and the abundance, the trade, the workmanship, the humor, the measurement, the yardstick, the instrument, the plumb.

The design. The lighting, the floorcovering, the visitors, the windows, the drapes, the chairs, the switches, the sinks, the showers. The basketball, the games, the music, the coffee, the chalkboard. The learning, the math, the writing, the memorizing, the anxiety, the foolery, the sports, the camaraderie, the winning, the scoreboard, the score, the ball, the floor, the court, the bleachers, all of the people that were there, the cheers, the officials, the handraising, the yelling, the shouting, the coach, the uniforms, the numbers, the competition, the feet, the handshakes, the opponents. The joy, the party, the meeting, the discussion, the plan, the plan. The belief, the understanding, the gratitude, the thanks, the return, the payment, the payback, the ease of it. The nature, the arts.

Everything, a stone. The books, their content, their truths. Government, satisfaction, tolerance. Defection, harmony, aggrandizement, each a stone. A thought and all the thoughts, them all. A

phrase, a sentence, a song, a dance, a practice, a piano, a note, a stone, a stone. Experience, a stone, emotion, affection, health, vagrancy, hunger, desire, lie, lying, steal, stealing, rape, raping, capital, wealth, beauty, technology, family, religion, duty, obligation, trust. Garden, gardening, a stone, the weed, the flower, the petal, the root, the color, the vibrance, the bee, the mascot, the ice cream, the dairy, the cow, the farm, the barn, the milk, the corn in July, July, the day, the awakening, the oak, the rest, the ambiance, the ambiance a stone. The weather, the snow and the rain again and again, and the weather. The sunlight, the daylight, the daybreak, the dayend, the darkness, the eyesight adjusting, the focus, the picture, the image, and the senses, all of them, stones. The sounds, the touches, the feelings, the smells, the feelings, the power and the passage, the similarities and the relations, stones. Marriage, a stone. Discovery, a stone. Discovery, a stone. A blossom, a stone. Tea, a stone. A cookie, a stone. A package, a clock, a photograph, the tools, saws, awls, and instruments. Discretion and honor. Hatred and valor. Speech and silence. Width and length. Intelligence and respect. Fruit and meat. History and presence. The future. Dialogue. Repetition and constance. And aggravation and retaliation. And attitude. Shame. Balance. Favor. Peace. Character. Poetry. Words. Letters, stones. And keys and locks and chains. And keyholes and holes and potholes. And summer and fall and winter. And spring and monday and noon. And aspirin and penicillin and prayer. And infirmity and alleviation and callousness. And countries and cities and streets. And parks and museums and gardens. And categories and types and strains. And coliseums and ballcourts and rinks. And dragonflies and flies and dragons. And humidity and dank and sweat. And charge and electrify and zap. And push and shove and heave. And follow and distance and watch. And award and gift and donate. And humor and laugh and tickle. And run and limp and waddle. And dog and pig and pig. And pig and dog and dog. Dogpigdog. Pigdogpig. Barkoinkbark. Oinkbarkoink. Squealinksqueal. Oinksquealink. Barkbarkbark. Sniffsnoartsniff. Horse and zebra and giraffe. And cow and reindeer and ostrich. And and and and and and. And a and an and the. And this and that and those. And there and their. And fragment. And phrase. And incompleteness. And ringing. And dinging. Dong. The range. The open. A bit. A chunk. The chunk. The bit. Palace. Clergy. Orgy. Everything. Stone. Lie. Lay. Belie. Sleep. Womb. Birth. Baby. Infant. New. Breast. Mother. Suckle. Nutrition. Comfort. Whole. Blood. Life. Connection. Share. Force. Experience. Complete. Union. Unite. Milk. Natural. Nature. Fields. Prairies. Lakes. Mountains. Seas. Forests. Canyons. Mesas. Buttes. Cities. Scrapers. Sky. Stars. Ancience. Conscience. Presence. Patience. Stations. Space. Visitation. Appreciation. Construction. Demolition. And waves and waves and waves and waves and waves and waves and waves and waves and waves and waves and waves. Hypnotism. Stone. Stone, stone. The stone, a stone. A stone, the stone. Stone, stone. Stone, stone. Stone, stone. Rock, stone. Pebble, stone. Cinder, stone. Stone, cinder. Rock, cinder. Pebble, cinder. Cinder, cinder. Cinder, pebble. Rock, pebble. Stone, pebble. Cinder, rock. Pebble, rock. Stone, rock. Rock, rock. Pebble, pebble. And place. And here. And associations. Above. A challenge. An analysis. An antithesis. A tempt. Contempt. Exempt. Attempt. Temporary. Eternal. Nocturnal. Infernal. Inferno. Flame. Fire. Wire. Conspire. Admire. Retire. Hire. Crier. News. Lose. Use. Refuse. Refusal. Perusal. Removal. Intrusion. Contusion. Infusion. Collusion. And ice. Ice, a stone. A cool stone. A melting stone. An evaporating

stone. A frozen stone. A stoned stone. Stoned frozen. An easy stone. A hard stone. A colorful stone. A big stone. A lonely stone. A stony stone. A stonish stone. A beautiful stone. A warm stone. A friendly stone. A stone in a path. A stone in a shoe. A stone blocking my thoughts. A stone in a stone. A stone in a stone in a stone. In a stone. In a round stone. In a square stone. A smooth stone. An enveloping stone. practical stone. A useful stone. A useless stone. An ornamental stone. A mental stone. A stone of squalor. A stone of filth. A stone of luxury. A stone of pleasure. A whorehouse. A crackhouse. An outhouse. A doghouse. A pothouse. A home. A doormat. A coatrack. A rug. Slippers. A pipe. Brandy. Warm brandy. Brandy in a glass, in a stone. In a bone. Brandy in a bone. Brandy and a pipe. A pipe and a pipe and a brandy and a brandy. A stone. A comfortable stone. A restful stone. An earthy stone. A throne. A tall throne. A flat throne. A golden throne. A wooden throne. An imaginary throne. A filthy throne. A large throne for a stone. A large throne for a warm stone. A large warm throne. A large warm comfortable stone. A large warm comfortable changing throne. A throne, a throne. A bone, a throne. Brandy in a bone, a throne. Brandy in a bone, a changing throne. Brandy in a bone, a comfortable stone. Large, warm. Tall. Easy. Pleasing. Sticky. Smelly. Hot. Steamy. Fruity. Tasty. Sweaty. Balmy. Dreamy. Opulent. Shady. Breezy. Lazy. Hazy. Dazy. The daisy. The lazy daisy. The daisy is lazy. The daisy is crazy. The crazy daisy is lazy and hazy and aware. The daisy is aware. The daisy is rare. The daisy is care. The daisy is bare. The daisy is fair. The daisy is aware. The daisy is thirsty. The daisy is a stone. The daisy is a bone, a dry bone. The daisy is dry as a bone. The daisy is crazy. The dazy is bony. The dazy is rare. The dazy is crazy. The dry bony stony is crazy. The dry bony crazy dazy is a bony daisy, a lazy dazy, a stony daisy. A fair dry stony daisy. A thirsty daisy. A hot balmy lazy daisy. A stony crazy dazy. A stony crazy daisy. A daisy. A regular daisy. A normal daisy. A usual dazy. A typical daisy. An average daisy. A simple daisy. A nobody would notice if it were not so hot and opulent out here I had to sit and watch for a spell daisy. A made-you-look daisy. A hot as hell daisy. A bony daisy. A bony daisy that likes the sun today a hell of a lot more than I do. The type of daisy that leaves you crazy. That type of daisy. The type of daisy that leaves you crazy. The type of daisy that rearranges you. The type of daisy that deranges you. The type of daisy that arranges you. The type of daisy that contains you. The type of daisy that contains your stone. The type of daisy that contains your variable. The type of daisy that contains your crazy. The type of daisy that is thirsty. The type of daisy that is bony. The type of type. The type. A type. Alpha type. Omega type. Delta type. Type type. Hype type. Hypertype. Hyperhype. Hyperhyperhype. Hyperdrive. Hyperdrive a car. Hyperdrive a stone. A tone. A baritone. A baritone. A francophone. A francolin. A violin. A contagion. A wager. A pager. A page. Cage. Rage. Sage. Rouge. Luge. Stooze.HugeCubeRubyScoobyDoobieMovieLouvreLoveDovePartridgeFrancolinViolinHyacinthMyastheniaLusitaniaTransylvaniaManiaSlowGoRowTowMowLowCowHowFrauSpouseLouseGrouseEraseDe faceElateDeflateIrateAggregateAmputateTarantulaTentaclesOctopusFingersReachingandReachingS peechingandTeachingGrievingandLeavingHeavingandTeasingandEasingLathingandBathingRoasting andBoastingandToastingKeepingWeepingSadMadGladBadTadDadLadFadHad HaveWant WithNeed CanShould Do Donotdo Donotdo Notdonot Notdodo Donotnot Dododo Notnotnot

Dodonot Notdodo Knotknotknot Tietheknot Untietheknot Sheepshank Square Bowline Slip Noose
 Goose Loose Juice Applejuice Orangejuice Cranberryjuice Cherryjuice Tangerinejuice GuavaJuice
 Guavanectar Honeynectar Sweetnectar Tastynectar Lovenectar Nectarine Nectarinejuice Loosejuice
 Juicejuice Juicejuice Drinkjuice Drinkjuice. Straw. Glass. Ice. Icecube. Danube. River. Flow. Sweep.
 Carry. Fish. Sediment. Float. Warm. Moving. Blue. Temperate. Swimming.
 Floating. Stroking. Paddling. Refreshing. Refresh. Drink.

Everything is a stone. All of the trees, the wind. Growth and history. Love and hate. Passion and
 stagnation. Family and friends. Health and Care. I and you. My day and my season. My time and my
 substance. My message and my intention. My meaning and my message. My subject and my object. My
 objective and my reason. My subject and my association. My subject and my inference. My my and your
 you. My you and your me. You and I. I and I. You and you. I and you. Iandyou. YouandI. Youandyou
 IandI. I and youandyou. You and IandI. Youandyou and you. IandI and I. Eyes and ears, stones. Lips
 and tongues, stones. Texture and moisture, stones. Sensation and perception, stones. Love and adoration,
 stones. Healing and certainty, stones. Kneeling and praying and offering, stones. Generosity, giving,
 laughter, struggle, tears, pleasure, sanctuary, touch, safety, security, knowledge, home, uncles, aunts,
 mothers, fathers, daughters, lovely daughters, brave sons, family pets, satisfactions, intimacy, love,
 making love, making babies, making pleasure, making friendship, deep and healthy and strong
 friendship, admiration, respect, honesty, loyalty, credibility, truth, study, conscience, aspirations,
 mediations, thoughts, kind thoughts, unkind thoughts, naughty thoughts, tender thoughts. Everything
 is a stone, the earth and the air, the fire and substance, the atoms and the planets, the unknown and the
 inside, the eternal. Everything is a stone.

o

Sky mosaic

July

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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 supertime 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 bevy of bubbles

July

launched
and soapy gold like a light picture
true all around
all the way through
and upside down
orbiting
in each
the weightless
sinking
spheres of
photo wishes
and recollections
answering amongst themselves
the single breeze
again upward

pop
now and again

pop

glossary of errors

[Summer, 1997]

- 1] Error of unpreparedness:
 where prior knowledge is incomplete and decisions of seemingly sound logic misinterpret resembled circumstance by oversight, by environmental or by chronological misinterpretation
 negligence, oversight, zeal
: perhaps when a camper expects water at a certain site based on prior experience although the water table is low for the season or a dam has been constructed upstream

- 2] Error of inexperience:
 where assumptions of external contextual relevance to a new place illicit sterile or malproductive action
 dogma, experience, trial
: perhaps when a geographically popular product is marketed in a new environment that may have incompatible social or climactic foundations

- 3] Error of chance:
 where action is warranted although solutions are recognizably not within an experiential repertoire except by reduction to best plausible alternatives
 attempt, consequence, effort, potential, random
: perhaps when an athletic team finds itself down in points with little time remaining and a coach or team leader is called upon to recognize the circumstance and initiate an alternative plan in desperation

- 4] Nonerror:
 where defined outcomes are intentionally avoided or not procedurally sought for alternative or paradoxical purposes
 hierarchy, misrepresentation, transcendence
: perhaps when a group of adolescents establish a youth organization with a specific form of governance although find greater productivity in reaching goals after a period through an evolved governing model

Related concepts:

- ◇ certainty: unconditional understanding related to context, intention and outcome
- ◇ determination of error: when desirable outcomes are not evident within a reasonable period

space ferry

July

carrying carbon
and other ingredients
back and forth and back

anchored unloading
loading, unloading, loading
anchored unloading

captain shout, grimace
pushoff, whistle and away
smooth depart and zoom

passengers and things
moving on schedules and fuel
until quitting time

Roman Candle

July 4

Inna hand pointing skyward
outstretched
the heavens
liberty

phhhooo

green
sparkle
pop

phhhooo

green
sparkle
pop

phhhooo

blue
sparkle
pop

phhhooo

red
sparkle
pop

phhhooo

white
sparkle
pop

phhhooo

blue
sparkle
pop

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

Element: tellurium
presented to: Periodic Table of Poetry

September

Snow white
brittle
and clouding glass with stains
with punctuations
dots
like snowflakes
down
coming down
like feathers
warm and friendly
and melting on my tongue
making
opaquing
the usual Te

o

Element: xenon
presented to: Periodic Table of Poetry

September

Inert
salt finder
supposing bubble chambers
and lasers
and vacuum tubes
supposing luminescence
bright away
across shady corridors
and half-moonlit parks
that strangers
that strangeness
might be revealed
and come again
when I
know it more
when I
know it as more
Xe

o

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.

quicknessay: Is computer software material culture?

November

Computer software is not material culture but should operationally be recognized as such for its anthropological classification and analysis. The most obvious argument that computer software is not material culture is that it is not material. Computer software is a virtual medium which is dependent upon physical delivery and storage systems. A computer processor and monitor, each dependent upon electricity, are required to access a program from a memory storage bank of some variety. The memory storage bank cannot allow for the direct observation or interpretation of computer software items that it has contained within it. Such an observation is fundamental to the classification and analysis of the item. In this instance, an analysis would be dependent upon the physical hardware required to access the stored data; without such hardware, software cannot be accessed nor studied.

The hardware itself, the processor, the monitor, and the memory storage unit might be studied as to their qualities. They might be classified as to their size, dimensions, their capacity to hold and deliver information, and their relationship to earlier and later computer models. These actual material aspects of the computer, while functionally dependent upon computer software, might be housed, physically manipulated, and studied independent of another delivery system.

Computer software is characteristic of material culture. It undergoes cultural transitions and improvements as user preferences develop. A word processing application may develop simple graphic applications, or acquire other useful functions. While this virtual culture does remain dependent upon the delivery hardware, it is possible to classify its properties as more material objects might be classified.

Further, creative documents developed within computer software programs would also not be material culture but should operationally be recognized as such. Creative documents that remained in their virtual form, rather than their being printed as a hard copy, would be as dependent upon computer hardware as software is. In fact, creative documents may be even more virtually dependent as they rely upon software in addition to the computer hardware. If the creative document were to be printed, however, the text or image document could then be materially classified and studied as a book or other image.

o

I am an ocean

I am the stars
 I am a flower
 I am a day, an afternoon
 I am a window
 I am a color, I am black
 I am patience and impatience
 I am lust

I am a forest
 I am a sound
 I am contested
 I am a snowfall
 I am a whim
 I am an experiment
 I am a breath, a whisper

November

I am an ocean
 I am a tide
 I am an anemone, coral
 I am a mountain
 I am a cloud
 I am smoke
 I am wind

I am afraid
 I am spellbound
 I am driftwood
 I am a story, a stage
 I am a book, a page
 I am a bicycle
 I am an orchard

I am a current
 I am a watchtower
 I am a custodian, a healer
 I am a witness

I am a leaf
 I am a dance
 I am a mantra

I am a house
 I am a river, a river bed
 I am a blade, a knife
 I am an instrument
 I am ink
 I am sweetness, and bitter
 I am canvas

I am love
 I am a cliff
 I am an overlook
 I am a valley, a pine
 I am a handshake, friendship
 I am a stone, an island, a sanctuary
 I am a husband

I am a captain, a scholar
 I am a system
 I am a kitten
 I am a moth, a grasshopper
 I am flight, rest
 I am new
 I am want, capture

I am chase, tease
 I am release
 I am a cup
 I am water
 I am peace
 I am cancer
 I am money, token

I am tobacco, wine, song
 I am ale, beer, sex
 I am agriculture

I am a season
I am a moon, crescent
I am home
I am a cap, a scarf

I am a word
I am a poem
I am a shape, a flavor
I am a passtime
I am a light
I am a stem, a petal
I am a cane

*Rocket poetry**November*

Zoom zoom. Zoom. Good rocket design, quick thrust.
Fun to pilot because it is responsive.

Looks sharp from the outside and it has a
nice interior layout. Yup. Zoom zoom.

Zoom. just right for finding all the super
grand novas far away neat and framed like

photographs in their systems captured in
single accurate motions. Elliptic.

And all their moons suspended and swirling
around and in, out, of the allnifty.

Delicate by flyby. Zoom zoom, barren.
With dry lunar seas, pinnacles barren

as any, and high plains drifting dusty
if I were to touch down for a reason,

for an observation or an outpost.
New. And with the right craft, confident, it

truly presents itself in full cosmic
galore. Full fashion. Better than the make

believe supercapas and helmets like the
fantastic starmen wore when I was a

child. When I was a child. Yup. The pointed
caps like sorcerers and the crazy make

believe starmen with tinfoil helmets and
golf club transmitters. When I was a child.

Beep beep. Beep. But herewow with finger food
floating in weightlessness and strange dinner

conversation and background music of
the stars so electronic and perfect.

So Pythagorean, the concert of
the spheres. Tabled and breathless, more complete
than

not like I thought it would be, not at all,
-except for the cruising, the exploring.

I always figured that this would be what
it is. The zooming back and forth. Zoom zoom.

Zoom. The occasional deliveries,
supplies and diplomats, to the outposts.

Joyrides, and otherworldly flybys. Deep
space ventures plotting new highlands and lows.

Cartographing, far and a day away.
Zoom. Rocket poet piercing confidence

that I am, I be. I can be sure, this.
Because I can still copy those tiny

shiny images and creative tops,
spinning and continuing atop the

surfaces and textures, the galactic
color whorls. Blue, glow and neon, and gold.

Color whorls I can still produce with ink
and paint without audience like when I

was young. And I think that is why I am
confident, far and away. With the stars

and the launches and all of the certain
elements of dreams and of disbelief,

and wonder. Zoom zoom. More full and flavored,
passionate, than pres'dential elections,

and vaccines, and jumping off high ledges
to blue waters on hot Arizona

early autumn days more passionate than
skiing down hill racerfast. Zoom. And more

passionate than sprinting on a bike with
the strong wind at your back. More passionate

and marvelous, reflective, the solar
sky as it crosses my mind, and the most

far away, the most far away. Away
recorded, whorls, archived into an old

computer. Library. Shelved in a form.
Zoom zoom. Zoom. Good rocket design.

Catherine, a portrait

1917-1999, in loving memory

Catherine
Grandmother
Just
Honest
Matriarch
Dutiful
Energetic
Playful
Inquisitive
Lawful
Open
Giving
Attractive
Tasteful
Watching
Understanding
Interested
Proud
Caring
Careful
Friendly
Pastoral
Devout
Timely
Smart
Investing
Ready
Colorful
Fresh
Collecting

Revealing
Patient
Volunteering
Abundant
Willing
Floral
Catholic
Nurturing
Naturing
Practical
Teaching
Connected
Connecting
Remembering
Speaking
Cooking
Driving
Sorting
Visiting
Wishing
Praying
Deciding
Recounting
Releasing
Realizing
Working
Smart
Informed
Catherine

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

polka dot

December

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*Placenames**December*

hospital
clean building
where sick people go
to receive attention
sacred for healing
and for learning how to heal
and for visiting loved ones
under care

school
busy building
for learning
the ins, the outs
of social nuance
character
and for acquiring
the skills of maintenance
the self
the community
the family

gymnasium
open building
for throwing things
and for running
sprinting
for movement
discovery
the physical self

church
place contending
truth and fortune
are reconciled
through individual
altruism
reflection
prayer

city
meeting
of life
and specialization
with representatives
for each
with tall buildings
and glass

state
geography
of the mind
with divisions
considering
social protection
social continuance
comfort

park
grass area
with large shade trees
maybe
and weather

ocean
deep
and rolling
outside of continents
with creatures
and darkness
and vast indifference
ambient

space
all beyond
planet atmospheres
and without heat
and without ability
to hold light
empty and taken

home
place of shelter
with beds and flowers
familiar
smells good

theater
performer's catalyst
tall and open
with a front
for interpretations
and a rear
for interpreting

laboratory
experimental room
with bubbling liquids

and smoking chemicals
with testtubes and brainy types
wandering
to and fro
with labcoats
and clipboards

cave
dank dens
in cliffwalls
for bears and wolves
for paleoliths
musty
and with echoes
and with echoes

summit
apex
the tall mountain
with grand views
and little spot
for windy rest

museum
object treasury
displaying trophies
and curiosities
for reference
for joy

tavern
beer and burger locale
with Friday fish
with jukebox
and wood-paneled walls
with pictures
of local heroes
and a pool table
a dart board

haiku, footsy

December

under the table
touching feet softly and with
other intentions

o

haiku, ribbon

December

ribbon for your hair
to hold it, to present it
colorfully, red

o

philosophy of testing

December

Operating from an original position
determining a subject's knowledge of an object
determining an object's knowledge of a subject
that their future interaction
under actual conditions of stress
might be reliably understood
or otherwise reveal confounds
if not to the examiner
then to those interacting pieces
for development, maintenance, planning
for reconstruction, admiration, security

Poet statement

December

inspired by: Authentic promotion: A manual of business communication for artists and artisans, by Molly Gordon

I do poetry because I find it to be an easily accessible medium of representing my thoughts. It does not require special preparation and I find it can be applied to a large range of my interests, -from the scholastic to the whimsical. I also find this literary form to be an efficient way to store my past works so that they can be easily retrieved and reviewed.

The themes I select are most frequently inspired by natural or social phenomena. I recognize that science and observation have an important place in my work and I make an effort to strike a balance between these and a poem's readability/accessibility. I think a poem should be entertaining and read voluntarily, although I also believe it is important to challenge a reader and provide them with something new. I select the words and format for my poems by considering that which I think will most effectively engage an intended audience.

I find that one of my greatest challenges is to locate a balance between purely entertaining reading and a degree of academic reflection. I can sense when I am open to each of these positions and I am able to lay my thoughts out on paper. The actual act of writing is a powerful tool in shaping my thoughts and when I reach a decision that a piece is completed, I feel comfortable in presenting it, and if necessary, defending it or redeveloping a more consistent position.

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.

the kind of swimmer I am

December

I am not much for swimming fast
or for lapswimming
in fact I get winded after a single pool length.

I am the kind of swimmer
that likes to run and jump into the pool
to climb up the high dive
and yell 'look out below'
as I cannonball
right next to a friend.

I am the kind of swimmer
that makes motorboat noises with his mouth
and opens his eyes underwater to see what people look like from there.

I like to see if I can hold my breath
and swim from one end of the pool
to the other without
gasp
coming up for air.

gasp

And I am the kind of swimmer that likes water toys;
diving rings,
air mattresses,
kickboards,
nerfballs,
you name it.

I am not too fond of watersplashfights,
but I will do them if I must.
I will throw the water balloon,
squirt the supersoaker,
and I will dunk.
I will do it if I must
just try me, I dare you.
I will also play 'chicken'
-that game where you get on a friend's shoulders
and try to push and pull another team into the water.
I think it is a bit fun.
But my favorite is the low diving board.
I can do a flip,
not real prettylike,
and I can do a backward dive.
On the low dive a belly flop does not hurt
like the high dive.
I like to stand on the end and bounce up and down a long time
until the lifeguards say 'stopit.'
I also like to hang from the end of the board.
Yup,
I am that kind of swimmer.

looseleav

2000

*Perfume**January*

cucumber, freshly cut, for a salad
ocean wind, from the patio of a beachhouse
oregano, chopped, on a cutting board, for spaghetti
coffee beans, in a hand, waiting to be ground, oily
musk, rich like male perfume, human
doctor's office, sterile and clean, alcohol
sport, labor and perspiration, work
rose, a bud on a bush, blooming
newcut grass, mowed and in lines in the yard
fish market, with merchants calling and icing the catch
lemon, cut in two and squeezed into water
baby, freshly changed and playing
campfire, burning cedar, crackling and smoky
skunk, that has just sprayed a curious dog
bittercold day, one that pierces the sinuses
cinnamon, sprinkled on toast, or a stick in apple cider
soap, in a shower, lathered and now rinsing
orange, being peeled, being sectioned
pine, in a forest, in the winter
new shoes, just out of the box, first time worn
clove, pungent, poked into an orange at the holiday
gasoline, spilled, on the ground
puppy, of a new litter, still nursing
mountain air, after a rain

*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.

*Properties and Uses of fire**February**1. Properties of fire*

Fire uses fuel, it requires something to burn and also air or it cannot exist.

Fire can spread from one location to another if there is fuel,
it can be wide open and continuing everywhere like a forest fire,
or it can be small and contained, as a candle.

Fire fills visual space and it responds to air currents, it seems to dance.

Fire can be started with a match or with flint and steel

or it might be ignited naturally with lightning or very dry summer conditions.

Fire is hot to touch and caution should be taken.

Fire is red or yellow, or even blue or nearly clear
depending on the fuel being used.

Fire puts off smoke from the burning fuel which might have a smell.

Fire does not have weight, in fact it seems to defy gravity.

2. Uses of fire

Fire as a campfire can provide a sense of security and safety,

or in the fireplace it can provide a warm comfortable glow, as well as heat.

Fire can provide lumination to see by, or it can be used to cook by.

Fire can be harnessed to generate power,

or it might provide the energy for a combustion or steam engine.

Fire can be applied to some materials to change their properties,
such as sand into glass,

or to bend material into useful shapes.

Fire can be used to incinerate yardleaves or trash

or it can be used to cremate the deceased.

Fire can be used to clear land for agricultural purposes.

Fire is used to start a cigarette or a pipe.

A candle is continually lit in some churches for spiritual purposes,
and a wedding ceremony involves the lighting of a single unity candle
from fire by the bride and from fire by the groom.

Fire can be used to boil water.

*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.

*Insight**March*

A
stop
and a breath.
First knowledge
before I begin
a venture.
Into the grand open
to know more than a clue,
more than a hint.
Into the open
with a bit
of what shall come
in full.
A frame
I now know
just for now.
A moment;
start:
Beauty
Good
Old
Dry
Whereabout they may lie
in their entirety
I know not
now.
But a map I hold
for safety
for protection;
Given by someone
who has been there
and remains an
expert.

*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.

haiku: Washing day

March

Sitting naked. Waiting,
the clothes to finish, that I
might be warm. Ho humm.

o

haiku: Friend

March

Welcome to my home.
Make yourself comfortable
and stay for a while.

Hang up your hat by
the door, take off your mittens,
your shoes, if you wish.

I was finishing
a crossword puzzle and had
plans for a coffee;

a warm mug and a
plain bagel with cream cheese and
sunflower seeds, -mmm.

o

*newSpring**March*

Light rain and morning drops resembling dew
overcasting the gray lakes; newly thawed
and awakening for the fisher Kings,

and the birds, the birds. Waterdrops patter
in spheres. Flowers up, struggling through decay
typical for the season; to clean things

in another fashion like a walk in
a park. Tomorrow it may shine and be
different on into regular but

the drops for now are okay. Just okay.
And refreshing from the last mild winter.
I wish it had snowed more. I like winter

when it is supposed to be winter, -and
spring for spring. I can tell by all the signs,
emerging. The birds, flowers, smells. I can tell.

*Treasures of a first spring walk**March*

Brown tallgrasses, chest high,
bowing with the wind;
bending in succession;
responding to currents of air,
-in folds.

And hard, the earth, this path,
from the weather and
from the wetness and
from the breeze,
sounding every footstep,
off with a pat,
pit pat.

Caterpillar, black and orange,
acrossing, and a second
toward the small pond
for now volleying with the wind,
whitecapping.

I might take a closer look on
warmer days in weeks to come,
but for now I will trust
the water from a warm distance,
I will trust the water from here.

And newbuds, emerging a light touch of
green
to contrast the winter
residue;
there are
garden flowers breaking back home,
but not here,
the colors are hollow
and vacant like
the muffled response of late winter
lingering.

The feeling, though, different,
-it is not that of the mild winter
that I sense is nearing the past, rather

closer it is to cold spring;
the blue patches of sky hiding
amongst the clouds stand out
as conscious and hopeful, new.
And all the ice, gone with
the short days,
-pushed away by the newgrass
green on the trail,
here, there,
and pushed away
by the birdcalls blending
with the footsteps
pit pat.

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.

flutter

Wings balance on wind.
Wings rest on breaths
puffs
and return delicate notes
of flight.

Wings balance on wind.
-Like kites
they string fancy
rests on air
into springtime
gala.

Wings balance on wind.
Rise and fall
and rise
-flutter,
respond to a soft
breeze,
they answer.

Wings balance on wind
They hold still
and adjust as they should,
-that inquiries
be caught,
be redeemed
and sent outward.
Again.

Wings balance on wind.
Wings rest on breaths
puffs
and return delicate notes
of flight.

May

*The Art Museum**July*

The place I
visit
for inspiration,
the place with
ideas
framed.

Ideas
clear and pronounced or
mysterious
or historical.

The place I
go to sit,
to reflect,
to think about
my own circumstance,
the good,
the average.

And the
place
I go to sit,
to speak and
pronounce myself
to myself,
as I do
in
few other places,
-perhaps in a quiet
forest, with
a
quiet
wind, a
butterfly, -or
in a cathedral,
a temple
built in
esteem.

And the art museum,
a place
of art, and
art
itself,
an arrangement of
intentions.

Clowns

July

Clown 1

That pleasures remain

Clown 2

That pleasures remain unconditioned

Clown 1

That pleasures remain

Clown 2

Yes

Clown 1

I told myself that I would be gone by this time this year

Clown 2

God knows where

Clown 1

Yes

Clown 2

Where

Clown 1

The capital, where the decisions are made

Clown 2

I went there once, I got lost

Clown 1

Would you go back

Clown 2

Yes, it was fun

Clown 1

I told myself that I would be gone by this time this year

Clown 2

What stopped you

Clown 1

I did not know where to go

Clown 2

Did you know what you would do there

Clown 1

No

Clown 2

[]

Clown 1

[]

Clown 2

I have to be on my way

Clown 1

Where are you going

Clown 2

To the market, I am making a salad for dinner. See you later

Clown 1

Goodbye

*All of the Universe**July*

All of the natural, all of the supernatural, the magic, the beliefs, all of the days, all of the numbers, all of the wonder, all of the life, all of the systems, the planets, all of the galaxies, all of the minutes, all of time, all of the games, all of the oceans, all of the lakes, and the fish, all of the fruit, all of the sweetness, all of the bitterness, all of the temptation, all of the aggravation, all of the animals, all of the plants, all of space, the stars, all of them, away. All of passion, all of misery, all of the darkness, all of the smells, all of the weddings, all of the governments, all of the nations, all of the computers, all of twilight, all of the unbounded, all of the dead, all of the places, all of the dreams, all of the rooms, all of the colors. All of the emotions, all of the fear, all of the theatres, all of the quiet, all of the dancers, all of the rivers, all of the solitude, all of the suns, all of the books, all of the maps, all of the art, all of the bridges, the Golden Gate Bridge. The snow, the frost, all of the clouds, all of the air, atmosphere, all of the pictures, the statues, all of the future, all of feeling, all of the new moons, all of the hotness, all of the continents, all of the mountains, all of ancience, all of ambience, sound, all of pleasure, all of torture, pain. All of the valleys, all of the cathedrals, all of the energy, all of the patience, all of the spoken, all of the unsaid, all of the intimate, all of the spells, all of the curious, all of experience, all that I know, all that I am, the hair on my body, my fingers, eyes, everything. All that I enjoy, all that I hate, all that I eat, wherever I go, all of the places I have been, all of my words, all of the typical, all of the unexpected, all of the worthless, all of the years, one after another, all of the decades, all of the seasons. All of the temples, all of the people, all of the jews, the catholics, the muslims, all of the religions, all of the wars, all of the land, all of the customs, all of the sons, all of the daughters, all of today, all of yesterday, all of the memories, all of worship, all of prayer, all of travel, all of age, all of growth, all of character, all of pacifism, all of activism, all of optimism, all of creationism, all of Darwinism, all of thought, all of education, all of the babies. All of the strength, all of the weapons, all of the blades, all of the bombs, all of the miracles, all of the grass, the fields, the birds, the waterfalls, the pyramids, the stones, all of the roses, all of the families, all of the ancestors, all of the millenia, all of the sequoia, all of the soil, all of the sickness, cancer, disease, all of the hospitals, all of the doctors, all of the surgery, all of the waiting, all of the preparation, all of the mystery, all of the unknown, all of the known, all of the things I enjoy, sport, parks, a walk in the forest, the beach, all of the things I admire, health, a good conscience, generosity, all of the directions, north, south, east, west, up, down, all of vocabulary, all of music, all of the instruments, all of the peace, all of travel, all of science, all of method, all of the ways that I go about my business, quickly, slowly, all of trust, all of decay, all of the past, the future, the future, all of it. All of America, all of history, all of society, all of Egypt, the pharaohs, all of the cities, Alexandria, Istanbul, Rome, Athens, All of New York City, all of the towers, all of the streets, all of Manhattan, all of central park, all of Flagstaff, all of Phoenix, all of Mexico, all of Israel. All of reason, all of philosophy, all of help, all of assistance, all of caring, all of need, all of determination, all of suffering, all of violence, all of pain, needles, paranoia, all that eases, rest, sleep, happiness, friendship, home. All of the

world, all of the occupations, all of the cosmos, all of the settlements, all of the colonies expanding outward, all of the seconds it takes to build a monument, all of the seconds, all of the grains of sand, all of touch, all of behavior, all of sweat, all of toil, all of anger, all of gratitude, all of mythology, all of the Gods, God, all of the kings, the bible, truth, lies, stories. All of the kingdom, all of the houses, all of the horses, the animals, the cattle, all of the corn, the windmills, all of the work, all of the fields, all of the Universe, the universe, the Universe.

The poetry, as it grows larger than itself. All of the poems.

The highways, the travelers, all of the watchers, all of those with prejudice, all of those without prejudice, all of the whites, all of the blacks, all of the Asians, Asia, China, Panama, Africa, Senegal, Kenya, Ireland, Australia, Peru, Brazil, Wales, London, Oxford, Harvard, Cambridge, Canada, Whistler, Switzerland, Norway, Austria, Algeria, Lybia, France, Morocco, India, all of the Indians, all of the Americans, all of the native Americans, Pangea, Antarctica, Iceland, all of the airplanes, the Moon, the Sea of Tranquility, the Dead Sea, all of the mountains on the Moon, Mars and Pluto, Mount Olympus, Mount Everest, Korea, Tibet, All of Afghanistan, All of Mongolia, All of Arabia, All of South Africa, All of Cuba, All of the Dominican Republic, All of the Caribbean, All of the Caribbean Sea, all of Thailand, all of Pakistan, all of Bulgaria, Sophia, all of Sudan. All of Ethiopia, All of Mississippi, all of the heartland, all of the Mississippi River, all of the Mississippi Delta, all of Portugal, all of Belgium, all of the Milky Way, all of the stars, those I can see and those I cannot, all of the worlds I know of and all of those I do not, all that I know and all that I do not. All the places I have been and all that I have not. All of the creatures, all of the dimensions, all of the good, all of the bad, all of the satellites, all. All.

cardrive

July

Motoring.
Driveby fast
and easy.
Zoom
with a glance
and overtake
another.

o

Forever is a poem

December

Forever is a moment, an instance
retired, continued, as a poem, done.
The days, the seasons, -Sundays and Autumns.

Full moons and eclipses, -the birth of a
galaxy. A moment, spanning one to
the next, -a dawn breaking and then a cloud

passing a horizon, -and another.
All of these, -forever. A sentence, a
remark, a greeting. An arrow in flight,

fruit dropping from a tree, -and a leap. A
fortune told, a footstep, a breath. A drop
of rain falling, a leaf turning colors,

a trip. A year, and then another, and
then another, -a good year. Forever.
A meeting. Forever is a poem.

looselea

2001

*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.

o

There are things I know

January

I know the stars, the oceans. I know creatures: dinosaurs, sharks, birds. I know days and words and language. I know beliefs and customs, I know religion, I know friendship, I know love. I know waiting, I know patience. I know books, I know education, I know memories, there are things I know. I know temptation, I know indulgence, I know celebration. I know art. I know the mountains, I know rock walls. I know bicycles, I know maps, I know walking, I know travel. I know sport, I know boundaries and rules, I know government, I know the common interest, I know cooperation. I know penance, I know age, I know freedom, I know cages, I know limits. I know people, I know family, I know woman, I know man, I know child. I know history and mathematics, I know everything, nothing. I know death, I know life, I know nations and cities. I know beauty, I know intimacy, I know lust. I know nighttime, I know sleep, sound sleep. I know deception and fraud, I know misrepresentation, I know trust. I know care and honesty, I know giving. I know prayer, I know God, I know expectation, I know longing. I know change, I know the seasons. I know plants and animals, I know rain and snow. I know clouds, I know gravity, I know heavy. I know knowledge, I know truth. I know the morning sun, I know the midday sun, I know the setting sun. I know young and old. I know fun, I know serious. I know wine, I know bread, I know jam, I know drink. I know honey, I know flowers, and bees. I know fire, warmth, I know hot, I know pain. There are things I know.

*Godbeads**January*

Strung
around the neck
for looks;
green,
red,
orange,
black;
for looks.
Mixed up
colors,
flavors,
rattling with
steps.
Each
pierced,
in the middle;
bouncing.
Or on a wrist,
doubled
over,
shaking;
large and small,
round.

front flip

January

A high skip into the air,
squarely onto the feet,
-knees bent, spring
 off. Launch, all the way off the toes,
 straightening
 the legs into the air.

Arms up, straight, and pull them
 inward, pull the head
 inward, toward the torso.

And pull the legs inward.

Butt up, and
 around, over the head,
 with the legs tucked in
 and leading,
 all the way around
 and reach
 with the legs,
 for the ground.

Land softly on the feet and use the arms
 to stabilize, -so as not to fall down.

Stand up tall.

*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.

*Of prisons**January*

Prisons are the place where criminals are detained, that they no longer break the law and that they be punished for breaking the law. Prisons also exist that criminals be rehabilitated so they reenter society without being dependent on society, and also that they do not recommit crime.

Prisons have tall walls, fences and prison guards so that inmates cannot escape.

Prisoners are separated amongst themselves for sleeping arrangements, for work assignments, for eating, and for recreational activities.

Prisons have plain walls and floors. Sometimes there are lines painted on the floors to follow.

Sometimes there are signs on the walls to obey.

Prisons are guarded by officers in uniforms. These people make sure that prisoners follow instructions, that they respect themselves and others by keeping clean, and that they assist with maintenance tasks.

Prisons have special personnel that visit and work in them; such as chaplains and religious people to meet the spiritual needs of inmates, such as educators to assist the inmates in general skills such as reading and math or to help inmates receive their high school diploma, such as doctors to help heal inmates with health problems, such as librarians to offer books for inmates to read, such as barbers to cut inmates' hair, and such as attorneys to offer legal advice to the inmates.

Prisons maintain the physical needs of inmates, they give food and water and clothing.

Prisons limit the social interaction of inmates so that they remain isolated.

Prisons limit the contact of inmates with the world outside of the prison walls. Knowledge of current events, world news, and even family life may be censored by the discretion of prison staff.

Each prison is overseen by a warden who supervises prison staff, including the guards. The prison warden serves as the liaison between the daily life of the prison and life outside of the prison. The warden also establishes policy related to what is expected of inmates, prison schedules, meals, hiring of staff, and release of inmates.

The prison warden serves at the discretion of the Department of Corrections [DOC]. The DOC staff is appointed by the highest executive officer, which is an elected position.

A prison is different from a jail in that a jail is a temporary holding facility for inmates who are sentenced to short terms, or for inmates who have not yet been to trial.

Prisoners are first segregated by the degree of crime that they have committed. If a prisoner has committed murder, rape, or theft of a large amount of money, they will go to a maximum security prison. If a prisoner has committed a minor crime such as possession of marijuana, or for a first offense, they will be sent to a minimum security prison.

A minimum security prison allows inmates greater freedom in their daily activities, -inmates may even be allowed to go to work during the day and return to the facility at night.

Freedom is a place

January

Freedom is a place where I do not have to hide.
Freedom is a home, a forest, an acre of land.
Freedom is a place in a poem, a chair, a bench, a book, the beach.
Freedom is a boatfloat down a river.
Freedom is where I can remember.
Freedom is where I can be strong, where I can understand.
Freedom is a breath; it is fresh air after a rain.
Freedom is where there are no boundaries.
Freedom is without a price, -a prairie, -a meadow.
Freedom is certain, it is not reluctant, it is the weather, it is frost on a window.
Freedom is a mountain trail.
Freedom is a snowstorm, outside.
Freedom is a day.
Freedom is where I go to think.
Freedom is the library, a chapel.
Freedom is a classroom, a laboratory.
Freedom is where I find consolation, it is where I wish.
Freedom is a puppy at a park.
Freedom is a park.

*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.

*Every poets' 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.

The far side of winter, a thaw

January

Old snow dripping
in between the
long nights by
icicles by
rooftops, by
tree needles, nubs,
hurrying the
break of spring,
like a dawn. Quick
winter, still slow
with the broader
days and brighter than the
beginning, a spell ago-that
early start, -the
first cold snowfall
in late autumn blocking
roads, blocking
travel. Wide open now
and more patient than
the wind dying into
iced lakes closed and blown
with the new geese and
the waterbirds baring
the season. Awakening,
I, with a chill breath and
a shiver, -coming out like
the time,-coming
out with the latest,
the thaw.

*The supernatural**January*

Riverflood assuming land; earthquake, now,
at once. The natural and rare, the conceived.
Eclipse. Shower of meteors. Chance,
selective evolution, species
relying on one another, growing
in tandem. Social phenomena without
ends, -coincidence, -life. Curiosity.
Fire in the forest, natural rage pushing
life. Cloudburst. Time crossing incidence: birth;
-a passage: death. Tornado whipping buildings,
crack, crack. Sheetlightning. The unexplained, the
grand, a canyon from water, wind. Lavaflow.
The undeniable without notice,
a miracle-the new. The perfect.

*Miracle**January*

The unexpected, broad and sweeping, fresh wind. That which changes, that which alters. Of a force greater than oneself -the conceived; at a moment of fear, of hope. That which refreshes. That which draws the far away near and that which produces. The possible, in full and exploited. For progress, - that which corrects and expands the allowable. The authentic, the timely natural, as a warning, as the necessary, like water to fire. The simple, the hopeful, that which contains the will, success.

Raincloud, shadecloud. Wind. Seedling growth, new fruit. A turtle, an egg. Tall building scraping the sky, shelter. Fine company, many-sided interest. The ocean, the tide. The stars, the constellations. Travel. The state, progressive government, collaboration. A city. That which protects, that which sustains. A gift, a remedy, a cure. A correction, friendship, the open. A game, a forced error, applied knowledge. The exact, primitive, raw. Life, relationships, trust. A flower, the attractive.

This which summons, which raises an eyebrow. The curious, the mistaken, a bird in flight, a raven. An airplane, a submarine, technology. A butterfly, a colony of bees. Honey. A field of grass, blown, blowing, a forest. A painting that I notice, this which represents. The simultaneous, emotion and action. Conception, a birth. Lightning, electricity. The spectacular, a waterfall, a river. The understood, the trusted. The bare and simple, a blanket. The careful, the ready, a plan, policy. The certain, the witnessed, a sense.

Old friend

January

for Glenn

It has been many years
old friend,
it has been since
your wedding
I believe.

Not much has
changed
[stayed the same],
like my car, it is
still
the same old
white camper
[where do I start?].

My hair is
gray
in some places
now, and I
react to news
a little slower
than I did
[more
patiently].

I thought of
you
the other day,
-how we
used to
get silly in
school, how we
used to
frustrate
the girls [Noelle]
- all the
way back

to sixth grade - those
were good days
[and I would
not change them].

I wish you
all
the peace you
deserve, old friend
[may we cross
paths again in our
later life].

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. [

All hear

February

I understand that
you have access to
my thoughts.

I did not
give you
permission [but it is
all right
anyway].

I expect that
you will
respect them, and
you will
allow me
access to yours
as well [an
exchange].

By this, we
may agree or
disagree in
full view.

We could be
on our way. [Thank
you].

*The spider**February*

In
my
home,
spinning
line
twine
from
the
ceiling
down
down.

Pushing
out
thread
with
spiny
legs,
hanging
in
wait
watch.

Hanging.
And
climbing-
up
again
fast,
with
spiny
legs.

Upside
down.

And
spinning
line
again
from
the
ceiling
down
down.
Hanging
down.

*Ritual**February*

On time. Sounded by sudden drums, chants, with
water dropping in pools, in goblets, for
consumption, for sustenance. Bread. With candles
as clocks, with words as locks, robes as curtains.
With chants, footsteps, for fear, honor, for grace.
With sacrifice, absence, -restraint in one
of the forms: fasting, chastity. Parade
in rhythm, over. Over. On time.
Communion with others, with forces, taller
than one. Culture condensed for consumption,
as a pill, for unity. Order, group
character, value. Sacred acts, as idols
bearing, receiving, gifts, of the important.
Worship, contained in representative action.

*Justice**February*

The trial has begun
and each of the jurors
listen to testimony as if
they knew justice. And
as if justice had wings,
that it sought temperance
naturally, it takes flight. Into
hearts it goes, first into
hearts, what is right and
what is wrong, and then
what can be rationalized is
taken to the mind, and the
heart is left behind like
adolescence. It continues,
the courtroom beyond the
bright light, and so good
that it does or else I would
lose myself altogether, I
would lose myself if it were
not for justice.

I cannot always tell who the
jurors are, and it is important
that I do, -how else would I
lock myself into righteousness,
like I do my wings. And when
I am confident that I do know I
start again like I do every other
task, -first in simple steps like I was
told in kindergarten, I remember
twenty-five years ago, and I build
my case. Whether I am a liar or not,
whether I trust, or whether I have any

faith at all in my justice it no longer matters, not like it should with the heart, and even worse, it matters less with the mind, where the real truth lies, not the barren first truth that gets me into trouble and passion.

Oh, how I miss it, the first truth of the heart. How easy it used to arrive with all the friendships, the waterfights, and the skinnydipping, oh, how I miss it; when I never EVER believed that all the people who judged me meant any more than their frolics, -than their folly. Who would have believed, surely not me, and if I would have asked any of the jury back then they would give me the same response, I am sure of it: "we must believe in the first first." But how silly to think that such thoughts would have even been within our grasp, they are far too accelerated and it was probably those first ramblings that started the whole court issue in the first place.

Twenty-five years ago, years past, like sundown and it was the bright light of those days that bring me to my knees now. They stand out like special favors and it is those days that I put myself inside of when I have no other place to go, not the forest called public by those in the know, -what else would it be?, and not in my living room with myself and the plants. Of course in experience where the cavaliers of those days are just emerging, like every time I think back, I think of what was certain, I think of what was unmistakable, like purity and what truth was pure, -of course the purity of the heart, I know it now like I knew it then, -you just cannot rationalize

the heart. It would be a great truth that rang true in the heart and in the mind, It would be a great truth, like the time friendship did not require reciprocation.

It is the safest place, experience, I guarantee it. And all you need to bring it back is a nice comfortable chair, or the floor, -that is all. A moment.

And what was right of those moments, not even that the jury was anonymous, not even that the truth was primitive, but that such thoughts never counted, they never happened. There was never a judge and there may not have even been a God, I just do not remember like I probably should. No, that is not true, I do remember, there was one, but not like now, God is as certain to me as miracles and I choose to account for the good and the bad in two terms. It is rarely ever so tidy though, but then that is what experience is for.

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.

Home

The large house down on
Leroux Street is very attractive. I
believe it is owned by a lawyer
and used as office space. I wonder
if they would sell it to me or
give it to me for a poem. I would
call it home. I would call on it.

February

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.

Good dog

February

Smelling trees, grounds, fire hydrants;
marking, marking, -and run to the next.
Playing with bones, with balls; gnawing,
gnawing, sleep. Good dog.

Gnawing.

Watertowers

February

Giant balls
on metal pillars
taller than trees,
in every
downtown
across the
countryside;
with water
inside.

Winter fog

February

Ground

cloud
conceal the night

lights
with
fuzz and glows,

warmth;
but
not the absent moon.

all day

February

Parading, the
ideas: the
ones to
remember, the
ones to
build; both.

o

Meet me at the end

February

May we arrive
together at
the end;
After this

.

o

*The color of March**March*

I.

Puddling wet,
snow closing out
with the season, -pale
dissipating like
the cover of clouds,
wispy white, away;
releasing earth
again new, and
letting go, the
life, -release: red,
and deep green,
the color of earth,
holding out.

II.

With each melt,
the people, friends,
bright like cold
roses and bundled,
scarved with
retreating corduroy
collars -- falling back
upon the warmer
day than yesterday;
falling back with
still red cheeks
and black coffee
with milkswirls,
steaming clear with
afterthought; and
swallowing myself
into late winter

walks among the
brown tree spines
holding imaginary
green leaves
coming out with the
future moons
away, still standing
hard, pointing
blue skyward
with pillows
billows, wispy,
white: March.

simple

March

A day
away
at the
edge,
-between
the still forest and the lake,

with wine, warm
as
skin;

and with
reduction in mind:
removal
from the rest:
a
chair
facing west across
the
thawing

lake reflecting
the late
sun,
orange and glass,
and
simple
as

the
self.

*chasing chasing**March*

Just beyond reach, the force I favor, and
in its wake, lessons: the manners, the manners,
-and all of the other asides: the

unexpected, the occasional. But
toward the original, the first, and on
the way I am content to garnish my

own with the asides knowing I am still
en route. Distracted like youth with some
important find, but never without the

larger still in sight, -all that I wish for,
piece by piece, collecting the whole of the
force in increments, in learning, increments.

First, this place, then mastery, here, and reward
for reward. Then others, acquaintances,
elusive as a force, yet toward ends it is.

drive-by educator

March

Stealing experience
in contempt of
the good, -
in

contempt;
licensing

contempt.

*Separate peoples: A fork in evolution**March*

Two tribes, each developing in relation to their environment. Equal and autonomous, bounded each by systems, -manners of action, reaction, rules of governance consistent with place; consistent with the tasks of acquiring food and childrearing. And action, the most productive, this which imports the greatest rewards: security, allows the continuance of this tribe: prosperity. Without interaction of the tribes, without the crossing of family lines, without the sharing of technology, education, without direct witness of another's productivity, tribal lines are destined to exist separately, -to evolve apart.

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.

Straight back chair, OUTSIDE

March

Upright, at
ATTENTION,
looking
outward from
smallness.

TO the marsh,
the reeds
bending
to
the wet
surface,
-touch
and UP
again.

Touch.

*Secret society**March*

Whole unto itself, with ends concealed as
pure. That ideas remain protected,
that a trust develop with a decided
relation to the whole: the outside. Quiet,
social, ordered with regards to precepts,
and notions of justice made into rule
by their discreet application inside
and out, -that advance succeed. That members
profit with efforts, with knowledge; that secrets
remain. With attention to rites, to continuance,
for the directed outrage against against,
in silence, and for the proper alignment
of futures. Toward expulsion, the worst;
toward propagation, the favored, in silence.

If

March

If	If		If	If	If		If	If	If	If
If										If
										If
If		If	If	If	If	If	If	If	If	
		If						If		If
If		If						If		
If		If						If		If
If		If						If		If
		If						If		
If		If						If		If
		If						If		If
If		If						If		If
If		If						If		If
		If						If		If
If		If						If		If
If		If						If		If
		If						If		If
If		If	If	If	If	If	If	If	If	If
If										If
If	If	If		If	If		If	If	If	If

*Authority**March*

The most natural, strength I am drawn to touch, to become. This which I respond to, the source, of patience, of pain, of thanks, -the source. Life, new, and that which swallows it, that which captures life and leaves empty frames, mantles. The sun, the planets, the days going going with the clocks, tock, tock. That which creates colors, that which creates, that which builds, -homes, and families, shelter. That which teaches, that which dissolves. The greatest threat, the tallest mountain, the ocean, water. The oldest and the wisest, my own experience, before this: I know.

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

*Moon**March*

I.

Far away
 round,
 alight at
 night

amid stars
 falling
 away, -and
 sometimes
 in the
 day, alight.

White
 like
 marble with
 texture,
 with lines

of
 experience,
 dark and
 gray;

with
 oceans,
 dark and
 gray far
 away.

II.

Circle me
 with
 wishes;

with
 myth,
 circle me,

with
 protection, peace,

far away.

looseleave

loosele: