

MOSAIC

by

Gregory Markee

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Prity Lights / protoHouse

Madison, Wisconsin

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AUTUMN AIR

time The familiar near Having added the season to the last
history
of four directions.

rhetoric. A badge
abling access to a universe, eating alone,
regards

go.

Circles.

just rain

mushroom From undergrowth loud as the stars patient, as star
just rain and middle night
debris.

the loud smell of garlic? photo
purple the once black drapes,
I am a camera [I am an ethnoastronomer] snapping, snapping.

Accounting for distractions for movement without cause
taken into farms watching grain and elections
[what of final Prophecy] the

the Worn weather

good and bad suspended

[the selfist] in reference. [question] I am easily convinced,

the masculine house with corners all around. framed like first grade

a box of mathematics and penmanship

A house is not a person unless a house is a person.

decomposing ecological waste.

twilight

everything is practice Good bye. something has lost its purpose,

throwing stones and bones [callous] at plot and character and set

I am awake and function properly

edible bugs walking in cursive lines spelling spelling.

all of the important opposites like love and hate and man and woman,

if I the other.

I am a developing nation with a rich oral tradition,

poetry is

poetry, if it is said twice.

library with shelves requiring ladders that roll.

November brown sunflowers

with hat. bent fallen

left

inventing aengines.

and fold down seats,
inventing agencies,

conformity muscles
educational electivity educational cartoons
pulling up a chair to the card table for the lost time. lost time

summoned in spites and spurs and plans
for dam water skiers and electricity
the campfire of citydom and thinking, and bumping into old friends

coincidence, coincidence
nature is without me, a day is long exactly,
drumming character, am I not what I protect how

because things should be named,
a birthmark a scar on my ankle,
is there nothing left to mark, [do they trade languages] because

overcast, fifty-three
and spited news of suicide bombs and diffidents with smiles [how ever]
I was glass

drifting up to the clouds? up assembling disobedience,
Where reason dissolves, and institution dissolves
to pull down clouds and air

and Stone boxes filled with air, another every day between the hours of nine and five,
[open the Joan of Arc box]

Wednesday, May 30, 1431 and breathe the air of her last breath,

[Galileo was born on a February Tuesday 1564]

[open that one]

leave the top off

it is I with a soul.

a house of study, is not a person unless a house of study is a person

the walls will tell you so,

so War is profound.

and the light is natural like noon. Things grow here in the daytime.

when the mushrooms are gone away

the public mushrooms,

the dandelions make a sound when they pop up the dragonflies exoskeleton and

waterborne

I am satisfied.

an animal works for me.

on wooden float with cane pole and pipe blowing clouds. open season.

the clear road and ready for philosophy.

Passing by in theory,

with questions?

The universe, womb star

they may live to be eighty old years old,

and the first is already forgotten with villains beauty fogged by social conditions

fire and lightning rivers

[stolen and put] beneath water indefinitely I cannot live beneath the water indefinitely,

free will may include breaths

unaffected by social floods, and air is for cowards.

The sun still sets there is an horizon underwater

there is no alternative to responsibility

and die.

the caretaker, dusty drunk with rusty weapons,

Just gone the speed limit,

trickling lights, red ahead and white behind, at intervals and stanzas,

Rolling over the same ground. line

the dragons and cloudcities it is no bother to hear your affiliation,

Do you want to trade cigarettes

There is so much to think about, this is no time for rainbows

the dragons and cloudcities it is no bother to hear your affiliation,

to die holding hands with someone anyone. Never having been born

so

With food from cans on plastic plates

windows that do not open, Thanksgiving Wednesday,

If I could just locate the person in charge

I will join her on the red couch without cushions, just padded boards.

surrendered

[is not reconciliation]

wait,

galactic a larger sphere,

the organic food,

Proper property

power. the mighty poem, carrying this and that.

and simple not to be simple any longer.

to solve me is to declare something important about yourself,

There is no authority here,

I know because I have lived this life before.

of treaties and moonwalks and plagues, with language in my head

I have also been there, to where what once was great and now appears small,

and to the last day of the world,

when a baby was born and the guitarist did not stop playing, when the curtain.

The sacred objects

are my own age,

And fences

There are rules attached when populations

there are lines

the shapeshifters do not notice every thing

careless.

there is no answer, shake a rattle at the years
these warm walls,

There are two types of intelligence, there are two types of things
There are ugly things, ugly things
it is too cold and too dark to strike a difference, the words as photons

There are reasons for expression other than a pocket of instruments.
there are higher orders,
those which protect me without my knowledge,

born, empty of experience and empty of lines and empty?
Not everything is yes,
cold dry earth rising into the soul. -this is for my people.

setting oneself atop the last, the camera appears. context.
to the economy of living Oh!
Abandon!

the moon is far,
receded
homes on hilltops in blank verse. and rain.

here I make mistakes. the mathematical objects science is always an infant,
pocked by genius
the representation of science is an art,

Once and more, once and again,
the sun as it falls below the west,

I do not believe it is gone. This happened yesterday.

The purple away to dusk to stars a second coming of a dream
of small subjects resembling giants
like metaphors

small is lesser because the small is twice a subject.

inspiration for doubling myself.

because

A cave

two oceans and an allegory

horses.

I left without a word,

the world is flat

[throwing stones]

Something small,
with all of my cancers I
do.

matter contains death,
I cannot remember.
celebrating age

What is certain in a closet. No.
a community of ones with the simple attention of the universe
the undoing Only the victim

I have found no solution for pride
spending its host
indifferent With budget and financial entrails a coat button,

I am not the same. paths and portals
the science of living is a contract.
a friend first a stranger. the objectivists including, the spiderwomen.

living fundamentally degradation decomposition purpose.
autonomy whorl
graduation.

the social twine of conformity, security in collapse,
ocean of ends evaporates
absolute bounds of vacuous folly of dissolution,

planetary accordance temporary luster
a storm is redeeming I
matter in weather

a slave to experiment, swimming and swimming among trees and homes,
the elevated people
the animals barking upside down,

coincidental space
Every snowflake, on a string,
the stars on strings, a stone floating by.

but the mind. Wandering
the same trees
the paper surface,

tomorrow is a new set of rules
morality is seated outside of the human condition, free will.
identifying with the darkness, a man from the forest,

an ill within a population.
ones trained in the analysis of social health a day of mourning
truth [graduation],

absolutes riddled with poetry

confounds littled by containers,
the future has no books and no language, no speculation.

It is an afternoon.

on a mountain
photograph lightning.

January rain,
Mention the spell, I am cold. simply cold
Language is no mistake.

bent to listen. a reference for the things I
do
photographs, photographs, the everpatterns

burned by the same wind the same history.

Reflection.

I am

I am that burden. for bearing a cross.

I am.

marrying this and that,

The soil is hard.

I list things
through a window.

What mark equals a galaxy? word.

the legacy of daybreak.

nocturnal intermission

a position for poets, Desolate. Lake ice. West wind drifting snowdunes.

spotted bare ice.

desert

a sky as July,

Nothing grows in this place except the imagination

anesthetized humanism periodic mania. fertilizer

the same black shoes,

redeye coffee garage cigarette. Parameters and boundaries, walls.

May I stop along the way,

step into a waterfall, dissuade my imagination

the day ends as it begins, young and unfinished

The night is truly young and unfinished.

collage of character

filled with unfinished nights,

Empty as ordinary. The past can learn a thing.

The homes are filled with certainty. ordinary steel toe black shoes

The city old people. swimming by the moon.

I lose myself among the many,

bathe in ashes

change

Liquid, censorship is a word for other words,

not knowing itself gone until collapse,

I am an equal, day

I have no equal

in my pocket, truth. color the day with me,

I will afford a tree

O! What can be sold?

the natural and the unnatural.

social alchemy, flagged for deconstruction.

tomorrow will arrive in a moment

with pipe in a hand.

the objects of a studio, The month of my birth.

To stone,

my heart becoming smaller and smaller, more certain, shedding stops.

a day in advance.

the bells, bong, clouded and reaching like a sky. coloring the moment blue.

content myself with the fabric of the present.

The cause of laughter

huddle the contemporary

contempt

the same stories the same numbers,

the spirit of restoration and salt upon.

inventory.

lonesome as a moon.

weather needles,

That is all,

[animalism as philosophy] hymns at my back,

the last day of conformity. The last day of conformity.

[question]

with painted on clouds with painted boards for a floor

of life and art,

intestinal common sense

secrecy

I have suffered. franchise.

sleep Away, the phantoms

Water cutting like a blade like a raindrop, then gone.

Butterfly attaching itself to a wind,

marked by a cloud

beauty is an accusation

I have no language,

the simplicity of separation the shapes

return, green and permissive

neither a question nor an answer

everwant.

an acre of thought for rent. [classified]

The fine history of predetermination: Schisms and futures I already know

Come along spelunking, into this wall

answering the sounds of silence. [they were a question]

like a gravity like a possession. like a germ

Beauty is a circle.

returned

Nothing is kept. security for the troubled. reverent like history,

arrows to a greater likeness

time is reconciled in pause, from the rumbles and horns

Never to let the surface near,

the residue thoughts, I am the source of myself,

smart is a social category

a reflection of a place. I age again, an idea is an object

smartly chosen

the same displaced youth

patience is an instance.

a crowd and a nation and a language.

a sabbath to being, the break of days the break of information,

living in a compartment,

send a cloud along, and another,

face the circles of another nature,

with a burden turning to automatic the survey of eyes and ears

a consequence of living, that is all.

conciliation. precedes reconciliation

first birth, then rebirth The reason for schools [question]

ATHUNDER BECOMING

suffrage and boycotts
the clouds of elders
appreciation is a storm,

rule settles the pantheisms
simple with philosophy
with ritual sunrise begins my question,

I am a part. Dawn, with dew and hanging vines,
protecting the sky
Owls

Yes, history is fine. Ambient. astart
in rain, in torrents carrying carrying,
I am not defeated. the cost of responsibility.

a subversion, To ripen.
an icon of the matters A call.
the congress of obligation.

This day is spent, it is accounted
Just okay. Sunday cinnamon
economic mantras constance.

first a poem.

cloudburst science

first interpretation call it. [silence]

past stone, ancience reprimands

a certainty, earnest decorating a future

protohistory,

Friend! the mirror of a universe.

Objectivity is an error

forgive me. a contest with God,

thunderless and quiet, wet with smell, echoes, a cloudbreak.

pour darkness into sleep. [breath]

I will rest. Rain come down.

volition Rain come down.

Rain come down

here.

cumbers of this body. living as an alternative.

the burden of certainty a tumor of

experience.

the imperfections of first history

Awake. One long poem.

yellowing yellowing. A box of photos.

giving and taking

potence is not license. up and down lines

the temperature of my skin,

if the moon falls

if I wake,

sundowns burning out painted. Like a color collecting above,

Red.

kites, words

clouds assuming shapes, [I have never held a cloud]

a poetic distance,

I have.

I can know a string, the cosms

A high desert with wild dogs and scavenging birds. if

were there no place,

The likes of my imagination, a wicked wonder

let them learn?

flood,

a word introducing itself.

The echoes. all of the names

To know time.

like a folded note.

the curator of mentions.

the education of Spencer, the economics of Thoreau. the value of Adam Smith,

petty trades and transubstantiations

a thought connected to weather, a poem, a cause for rain.

prairie is a medley

Reason.

the streets, they move,

of life away of clouds and mossy stones, of horizons.

sky thinking of rain.

reflections pass. A sentiment.

a glass fence, [window] peace finds a ground [inevitably]

the stones of spontaneity.

partnered with an id

the art of making

Surrender,

Suggest a game, no further forward

cooled by the clear skies, [it is night]

I am somewhere I decided to be a poet.

ABC.

With plots and ornaments, ardent wind. whitecapping a water.

waves and claps against deadwood and debris. You are reason for sailboats.

sometimes you stop

my presence will pass. And words as objects,

gently on an altar,

this has no strings
uncertain knowledge. [call faith]
now grown old? and more practical than a poet.

the matter of judging the best life?
night windows open, six thousand years more,
And a wisp of wind

I am not praying, were a God be listening.
I am not asleep. I am not.
the pantheisms

a specialized world.
enter an order.
Asphalt lines Crushed animals raccoon intestines whole deer gravel shoulders with open eyes.

I am man.
triptiks and best routes
[Asphalt] blankets of oil and pebble, a commitment to a freedom in which no animal was a part.

Evolution
poetry is as it has been. the all of a separated history?
solipsism.

sentiment, and the ocean people,
a common sun, [fading under a surface]
the commingling of universals,

about my swing.

the foundations

incubated erupt. my poem for this epoch, my policy.

the antforce of allowance

there are no more limits, [gravity]

I. I quit?

the morning without a knowledge of the night,

Tap. Tap. Tap.

keeper of words.

the machinery of free enterprise

the square garden The language of collecting clouds,

[ontology]

send a poem,

This time a dragon.

the way a weather arrives

divinity.

Bang hard,

show me. A map.

An acoustic guitar.

the antistars and antimatter and antitime.

abandoned and without consideration. the things of my youth.

handheld galaxies and little people.

two is greater than a one.

Adopting an animal.

I am positive,

I am a soul.

traffic and white noise.

And the rains, periodic,

geese overhead.

(Thirty-four this time around.) their inheritance.

a golden honor

which [witch] is transcendent.

the cost of claiming Calling it.

first principles.

There once lived a man, he died.

spoke in allegories.

travel the course of all of the epochs of history, [ORP]

slave. [question]

discern An apple tree. the human condition.

let this be my burden,

The burden of certainty is the burden of time.

ex nihilo

Empty. There is not a rain, a cloud. No star.

no dream. No history.

not the cause for time.

And out of nothing, conscience. reaching without ends.

nor Evil nor chaos,

Now.

A cell.

written into me

this, is.

Nativism. Eating blackberries. and

Office hours

are Wednesdays. maybe Godot is waiting for me

a confluence of significance,

Everything is the same age

I am prepared for September, then the monochromes.

frustration for social slowness

the jurisdiction of knowledge.

codified the lasts of conformity

the abstracts of social deviance.

the directives of conformity.

the institutional consequents,

deviling duststorms and little creatures scavenging scavenging.

I have my books,

structures itself literally,

native words and native cause.

filling a philosophy.

From ten in the morning until noon,

posttemporalism.

facade of respondent living

the land which rises steady

for two miles

darkened and fresh, through the poplar stands, and down down.

Coasting

the kitchen of a saint,

Be loud.

and passage.

The surface of autumn

bending at natural change,

The slowing grass.

the day closing an earlier instant.

sending a storm sending a want,

A timepiece upon a wall,

Against the rain,

continental or instrumental?

athunder becoming

WINTERBOURNE

winter time, Winterbourne

melted into springtime. [confident] And onset,

trespassing dreams. reluctant in sleep. And twilight, reluctant.

impracticalisms of emergence myths

startle this spirit, The contradiction. The contradiction.

[of birth]

poems considering the next. to grow strong

sleepless art, restless art, thoughtful art.

roll by a social intellect, sip at the silence of it.

every day is recorded love, its access

[once] there was nothing but a sunflower field in its place.

I shall not make law. a stone is cut by water clouds aside. White and feathering.

the bear of forgiving.

the birdless days,

comparing time,

How I come to know an afternoon,

of progress of pilgrims, the somewhere cafe

defiances of protohistories, skeleton trees,

muted sounds and echoes, just a rain. Stop. And frozen upon a contact.

earth's return to ice.

And sunless for the clouds. Stop.

teams of civilization [the self and the starry night]

existence and a measure Cursive ramblings and incontinence.

the stars had no strings, and the moon, was a fantasy. nor round nor famous,

settle a science in poetry, alternature,

a star through night cloudholes. And winter cold

cold like the earth without me. rest.

Pop, night. a forest

sound to silence. Zero,

slate, autumn branches pop. Arbitrary.

The shack icemen,

manyreason hermitage.

[whether] a varnished truth is truth yet,

banners and seymours,

Alphabetical or colored tabs, new symbols

relented time, when the tugs have passed,

[perhaps] a troubled grains as truth in a context.

eagling above a winter

agent of difference.

Of spring greens and summer rains, autumn monochromes, winter,

imagination's receipt

forgotten like the sound of morning

To age by such an ignorance.

Ken.

And close to home the creek, frozen with life underneath,

how I come to know a winter.

Starry night, [among]

And salt [sulphur], emergence from inna fourth sitting.

earth of smoke and fog,

[keep] the baton.

a place have I for drawing

And just what is? Possible.

the last maturation is the marker of the next,

[defiance is the retention for learning's capacity]

The colored cars,

driving across grass

Now a frosted wasteland, desert blowing funeral, blowing time away

into this softened age.

earth I will dress for.

starry network,

a shame the word freedom need be,

an existing condition My impressions and my warmth,

The canyons, carved, the wind,

cold raining into night a sounds of water patter eroding.

And music, of whistled lands, of dashing seas crashing [do not freeze]

The libertine open, with pocks of red

With yellow, the golden sunstorms

The dunes, character,

a setting cause, winter. death the raven

The iced lake popping.

a cloud will be then the same,

gentle as a leaf upon gravity.

And riddled night, of winter stars,

or black like pitch. The convalescence of night

relentless and sovereign, and wishing

eating among spaces and carousels and moonlight

time is a temple

the automatic lives, [I am small] the germ of winter's away

bang and cosmology,

return to nothing, a page of a quiet book

because. Because.

membering and dismembering a nature.

conditioning unconditionalism.

muteness. Silence. He forgets.

The time of day
crossing an afternoon.
and descending.

with currency and privileged reason

I begin as
the recoil of standards

the recoil of learning.
cause, an age upon the dereliction of standards. Reserving
not the open.

A butterfly,
A butterfly, [release]
ease

symmetry is a relation,
a thought is poetry in kind
social fabric, beauty without classification.

And mind the ulcers
the wicked,
and mind the comedy,

the entries of alien listfulness the tines of civil postures.

And if I grow, another bounded shell

And borrow, the assembly of the starry night,

a winter rain will thaw a meadow, they are not your own. Oh, science!

This time is not kept.

Not the days,

owns its own struggle,

as a cloud left to right certain as poetry

The morning news, the lake, wet upon an icy surface,

It was easy to be a scholar in the first century of scholars,

And now,

discipline is conditioned to remain inside of its own social establishment.

an intimidation to

purchasing.

[economy]

swollen creeks pulling away a winter.

tomming a tomorrow

if a thousand stars will be enough, and if a thousand more,

snowshoe rabbit, great wolf, of costumes, [I wear the season]

elemental as a seed

Restless and uncomfortable in leaving, restless and uncomfortable arriving,

And olden moon,

an olden moon, [a traveled chest of Norwegian wood,]

sentiment

of halves and broken bread,

a poem is my own,
postmodern man settled in libraries and diet. A race of naming, a satisfactory conclusion,

talking down the clouds
the airborne seeds,
The day is an arc. and falcon.

where all of the clouds are collected, the place where numbers fall to the earth.
And the stars between,
pinnacles and time, traveling water, red dawns and clarity.

I close my eyes or open them not knowing the difference.
the pause of limits, the applause of limits.
the numbers, carry a color to the earth how, and a sound.

cognitive and symbolic, metaphorical, nod to the forms,
noetic living, dashing as a winter sunrise first pale into subtle
orange.

plainly, I cannot understand.
And the gone stars,
replaced by paralysis and experience

migrating monarch hibernating bee.
mental note.
like the night, slow and deliberate.

from this cave in opposites, devil debate.
the models the entropy,

a membrane, of this which cannot change, Soul. [question]

a beach of black sand,

of melted stone and isolation, [a different winter]

to melted meadow of folded grass, of open air

hooved rhythm.

How a mushroom knows a darkness. How a whale can know direction.

pushed up stone. To islands, the glacial hills

the surrogacies of outward living,

when a school cannot accept a question.

when a music is reference, when a pleasure is mimicry.

an hour for bustering the knew, Wednesdays

the break in our intellectual cloud.

And wait until the sun starts again.

Turkish coffee Percolating

sediment

texture

a love so grand carries its own soul.

follows as a season.

it rains, cold like steel,

eclipse

moon passes quickly

traveling with the wind across across. And philosophy traveling.

of far things language, a healing room away fear and all of life's errors.

Gone like the enemy,

Like yesterdays, collect as a friend.

a knife, decision,

the sound from the unsound.

courage parted from discouragement.

the rightness of color and abstraction.

altitude,

And carried, if I let the wind, I am cloud. a leaf, a fluffseed, a butterfly. An air

with lips turning to thread sunspots, upon skin and cancer,

How something great becomes small.

The last will be love, unconditioned

and clouds again,

like a teacher discerns, refracting history and gone

rainsmell, battering rain and gentle rain, mist raining rhythms,

cascade down down refuting

it is poetry,

it is as poetry, it is like poetry.

numbers not married to things. Poetry not married to days,

the watercress and bubbling sediment,

[I remember]

Man of medicine,
Medicine man, [bone doctor] endobeing, and swaddled in skin,
Healer,

when spring, Noetics,
a poet follows a poet, beating
pause, as meaningful as sound,

a lake returns to water, broken ice from shores, popped.
theatre like rain beginning theatre like spring,
whorling worlds around around.

sage green
The counts, water and melted words, like winter earth.
the washed meadow, remaindered brown, washed in wind and wait.

pastoral winds.
Eastward, a thought. Another.
cold from change,

the fathoms of social asylums,
from snowed tops and shaded histories.
light,

belonging longer,
Green is many,
and delicate ferns then, absorbing change. surfaces. surfacing

inna day room

with a sound again

at daytime clouds, the outsounds,

open windows

firmback chair

northern windows,

Painting solutions

natural light,

dawn surfacing.

Like Saturday bursting

anthems and then language until

winter stops until.

mushroom and colored weed,

Wondering the foothills,

eagle,

Romes a sky, a river bluff.

charming winds, of summered light.

the varnished truth of battered systems,

was cared for as it began.

Asylum like the word, the capture of rest, security.

The nominalisms of identity,
restless like solution.

With walls, with spies,
the darkness cross to print. Herald.
Bringing.

I grow old becoming
nightlit meadows
(pause).

the longitudes of returning
the cornered least
a recency to law,

Veritas.
substantiated, just substantiated, were there no reference. [merlot]
the powerless.

green becoming,
turning to green and bending like poetry.
Water suggesting

sketched to ends as cotton.
born of geologic violence
the twinkled lights above, passing through cloudholes

spots of snow at northern faces,
gibbous moon.

travels

a labor of possibility
against a thundered booms,
And rain upon the hours

the pretending sky,
the advancing sky,
of scavenging readers, of benders, of consumers.

the civilizations of philosophy
An abandon.
without reference.

a day becomes the minimum,
earth for corn
against an elder.

the rain which has fallen for sixty years,
I cannot disagree with reason.
a line drawn upon a face

contained upon the days as son.
reflecting an elder from.
I live again a thousand times.

the audubons of genius.
the taste of clouds.
the slow of light,

the slow of sound,
the rhythm of numbers,
Broader, the sun. And carrying a light

wide and balmy,
light burns a page,
open water.

upon the prospects of letting go.
the unanswers of time.
the atrophy of human progress.

slavery and false imprisonment.
amnesty
never a beauty without having been,

the wishing stars, them all at rest. [when I am away]
an undeclared eternity, a nothing tree, a nothing ocean, a nothing meadow, a nothing glacier breaking into a nothing fjord,
the aesthete of principle,

The falling suns,
riddle and transubstantiate and defer meaning,
how bland form becomes,

that library of having been,
a wind, a.

I forget the mediocre light and the mediocre wind

I have forgotten.

Begin! Lightning

And the center of torment, of giving nature, of force.

the silhouettes of sky letting down, and the silhouettes of forest, of flashing trees, of backlit
sounding and pounding like crescendo.

all who enter,

if it was good or either a depression of experience.

an important something associated with place. Facing in. Facing out.

transparency really does not exist

Object. A sentinel becomes.

bounce of literati.

cadavered thoughts, cement and iron,

language collapsing back upon the unstops of fern,

and now a sunflower and that which was not planted by I.

like an other community.

the full contribution of nature,

always like the morning,

the morphyic tendencies of bewilderment and indeterminability,

for yawn and coffee.

and the whiles of vanishing yesterdays,

and trained by the metaphor of belonging to a circle.

For when this celebration I wake,

a place for the contents of a battered imagination.

circlepome

the onset of redundance.

I remember like a cloud I remember,

posited among some intellect,

Not a theologian who will lift a text above its meaning,

But I will learn to come forward.

the open trains of a philosophy and several philosophies,

and the many-sidedness of interest, it has no home like want.

failing hell

And a hell, if it be infinitely intense slightly accumulating its hatreds and pains one after another, again, again,

And to respond with nothing, nothing but the lasts of one breath and an unforgiven question.

Retreat to the symbols marking the start of social inversion.

And pushed to the edge of soul,

how every star I lie beneath is bound for letdown,

invisible like an unstar

The sun, daymoon. Clouds atween and passing.

a regard like meadow,

The star, first star at a purple sky opposing a descending light,

the silhouettes of leaves,

Summer grass air.

And bird I know not but assembling in the common tree.

The bird I know not and candid orange breast robin, maybe robin.

that a night be held and pushing out stars.

The man collecting money as if it were a limit,

]

the varnished truth of battered systems,

substantiated, just substantiated, were there no reference. [merlot]

turning to green and bending like poetry.

the twinkled lights above, passing through cloudholes

the audubons of genius.

the taste of clouds.

[

it has no home like want.

the eterns of middle space,

To the halloweds of midnight in slipped voice upon knee,

invisible like an unstar

The sun, daymoon. Clouds atween and passing. Like blue acrossing the field of day, to the summer ridge of horizon.

nested and obedient,

and how a day.

of pushed down soil and worn grass, hard pack to the keeping fence.

the attributes of summer mountains with snowmelt trickles barely.

that a night be held and pushing out stars.

A one who pardons everything, the airpriest, the gentle knight denying the instruments of his calling.

And push back upon the unbending automatons who have never seen branches of wooded tissue becoming into shade,

A tree ring tells a period,

of naked time, the skulls, the bones of animals that have been fed upon, the droppings.

And littering a barren scape with ultimatums and supercraters,

I too rode God far.

like the future without history

as far as I remember and a wind.

that it lapse unto a wicked new start

for trying is the most modest of gains,

the way an appetite turns from coffee to tea.

how I look too closely.

Grass bending at air.

and let my eyes begin to the clouds

science, the decapitator of the imagination, 'how there must be water vapor' it says as a matter of fact.

of two growth hours of water and green age, of ferries and temptation, of anis and melted cloud, light and swirling like oil upon.

except for dead moth washing downhill

how a sunflower knows direction.

A perfect bride to its contradiction.

to burnt autumn and then death once again.

[]

[I do not know]

POLICY IN POETRY

The wandering songs of freedomism.
so much greater than language because a voice is my own.
That is all.

and them having left language.
house and land and standing water.
How a day I call Sunday,

windburn and silence,
The cost of knowing love. [maybe love is not known]
the purple west, a half sky of failing stars.

I am stone for her and I am glass for her.
I am the morning and becoming in solid form.
And when the word is mentioned, winter.

Incarnate like time
that element which animates.
without a finished knowledge, I cannot know

All of that which I have learned to require, I fear its absence.
An open language.
I accuse.

a symbol becomes the manner in which it is carried,

Clear like water, or dark like night, lens.

a lens is my burden.

for being made of many things,

when a peoples are surfacing

The brown of grass bending. Bird.

Bird. No wind.

Three I imagine, the clouds now three.

I imagine, the bells, three.

a coming generation only knows the carriage of management,

appears as something beneath,

I.

And truth is greater than silence.

I am sorry, you cannot read that book. I have read it, you see, and I find it tasteless.

a sun a month ago was more direct than this.

like night beginning and then radiating as it does. Into that which listens as well as the others.

paraphrase the normalisms of that which exists without science,

a truth which exists socially only by its inclusion in poetry,

the enchants of freedoms like dissent and assembly,

(that I exist, I build a tower),

Relativism (a touch says otherwise),

Summer grass hat in hand not realizing autumn

Poor girl lost her way. And lost her symbols.
And gone to the stars I think where she last remembered.

a member of change.
upon a copper to this rain.
there is so much from the anchors of nature, so much.

[death] has its place in the governance of any mortality.
upon the clouds of yesternight,
Until I fall deeply into courage,

confluence.
And orange, backbound into purple to black.
And the sparks of stars beginning at my back, them waiting like time, resting, for in a moment the light will be theirs.

the same if I were not, if only by another name.
the sun, down like pause,
and the inkled stars breaking,

no more reluctant but kind and watching.
an appreciation in brackets and flat stones,
To the sounds of otherwise silence,

And rain, hard or either gentle upon an imaginary imagination.
Thank you, he said. You are friend.
upon a worldview of ribbons, them velvet or either plaid,

how much punctuation does it require,

as a leaf becomes attention.

And to accuse the goodness of being, to accuse struggle, to accuse the tethers of lifespan,

to spell a sound differently,

how you have changed or either I.

(I attribute it to that).

another winter will start me away,

old man, cane.

as poet, as house poet or either picture poet, I change.

Unbundling, a philosophy,

The ends of unbundling, individualism!

For the bounds of this restart upon a solution of entropy.

And cloudburst. Patterned sky and down.

I have eyes, I have discretion. [I have ears I have discretion]

And if you would have me differently,

Poem without words.

Oh, compels I, that from which I come.

and know to forget the rains of certainty, of otherness.

and splitting the last into memory for

the cars once coaches once footsteps.

of paint and horns, of colored pencils and airplanes.

as bells close a sundown,

The man from yesterday in red flannel passing.

an answer to believing I am without purpose only if.

a poetry returns to its foundations, and leaving in its wake the sounds of its capture.

a seed still is a part of this.

Because the fourth season is conclusive.

passes quickly as all of history

the overcasts of anysaturday?

I have no panacea lest a smallness be the start of social justice.

the everyforce of equivalence, the everyforce of compassion.

And horse upon history with rubber shoes and maintaining a control or either its idea.

With skulls and magic, and dollars to candles to orbs and Jesus mocks.

Because I believed the horns when I first heard them like an obligated ceremony, and I believed the horns the night I became a saint. Obligated.

and conscience, it is not secret like time.

And the fallen with ants, thousands of ants.

[¿] The relaxed water, its tired marsh [question]

until falls again snow I now remember

[late autumn]

I know red as having been socially introduced to red,

Or either I know red as taste, as wine, as personal experience.

Or either to recognize the same as already being.

Until a body requires. Until a body requires.

the monochrome lust, the open lake and not yet cast in winter,

The stone chimney, of a burned out being.

the rattling hum of divinity in any of its forms,
like the surrounds of leather chair and smoke and a leading skull.

[tobacco]

The tropisms of vacuous inquiry.

how there is now a requisition for the features of that which is not subordinated to word.

And forgetting cloud as beauty.

GEESE

bird,

cloud,

song without language,

he never concerned himself with why.

roughriding in language

hungry bear and sex, returning geese and sex, the sex of flowers, the sex of industry, the predators to sex, the fearnots, the changelings to sex, to sex. The snakes to sex, and lizards.

and geese returning any day like logic.

the discharge of darkened days and darkened thought.

the decay of tissue and how a skin shall weep,

having implied a divinity is nothing but a lesson.

I do not know rain from its affect.

I do not know impermanence.

No, I will tell you a story. No, I will tell you a story.

a radio which broadcasts silence except for windsounds and ocean crashes and thunderclaps.

I am not creative like rain. I am not creative like volcano.

and how a blood orbits a system,

to dance, because we have togethered a form,

stone and rain, stone and frost, stone and concept,

among the automatons and never knowing,

Factory and smoke.

The code of childhood.

The last horizon,

indirect like rain only beginning.

outreach these arms, metal arms for something better and slightly more profound

if the distress of want exceeds a principle,

This poem is not about the stars, it is not about knowing stars nor experiencing stars.

or either just a tourist wondering.

that a corner be left to the poet,

poetry grows old.

for letting the passage of pain,

At believing a God were contained within a thing. Apologies.

Colors at approach. Buds I know will. I know.

They were night like womb, and only becoming.

They were defiant and tumbled and defiant.

They are frozen like law. They are nurses.

a cloud is not a word,

leave to absence word, and make images to images and sound to thought to concept

the fuzzy edges of history,

All is away, and given.

collector. The rest is yours, except for tomorrow

I am slow, indigo, and only blind.

And hummingbird away, to fly and still,

about sages divine

Seldom the earth, and now and buckled under social paradigms and interest and namecalls like radio
stillness flutter blur,

the silence after rain and monastic.

Seldom the earth, except for death when all things crumble and certainty.

Volume fills a light, and whorling whites of air, the listless, oh the listless to watch.

and shaman things dark and ordered

I am only human and cannot all.

with hands crossed and concentrating of.

By its manufacture of idealism.

and how they blur to medium

The stones of thrown volcanoes, [and] a creation is mine.

the dunes of distance and blowing madly, forming, they are small. To keep,
to the impeaches of advancement,

I only know nothing and step away.

Quiet and then done I do not know.

Tabletop and paper. Pencil.

dryness disappear to breaking cloud and water down

and taking force away and drowning it until it separates.

protected and now brave and chase a serpent madly.

switching backward down a path native something and unconcerned

And velvet for its taste.

my conversational skills are far too objective for mixing with strangers,

the consterns of silver cross,

fetish soapstone bear because there are six directions from an origin.

And bare feet and yesterday's clothes,

I have not amputated the origins of poetry,

the flickers of myth a soul

and passing unto mushrooms and darkness rot moon glow wonder ritual

how can I reasonably address the suffering of another,

word is not a pipe,

that the extreme of either concept is a fall to the dialogues of social progress.

What authority does not recognize authority?

the simplified manifest of hermit,

rolling upon beachhead in gentle crash and then pause. Withdrawal.

and a hundred the same.

like mathematics and theater and wonder.

only admiration or either attention.

among smaller communities as a member of consent.

And I do not know if such things would occur if they were not written down

death has brought me to the edges of this sleep.

Inna day. Inna.

Pass friend, ahead go, I am slow but not reluctant.

for all these roads to death I will not say,

the occasional Klimtish dedication to gold and she-symbols and idolatry, the feminine O'Keefe and knowing orchid as intimate and never elsewhere desert away.

except for mother who really did live in another time she can forgive.

I, not I, and what of is, not is?

Mudsounds slop delta brown and slow like humid.

Steel wheels and man did segregate a wilderness.

and never having moved for I watched from this stone as a child.

a way from sight, coffee last and start finally the symbols.

the morbidity of language

the metered rhymes of hardship and civil expression,

the features of madness,

Change ever changing ever

science is only watch and it makes no conditions.

nightfall I remember sleep and woven symbols.

Again I know not death, a bigger box this heart belongs,

Ugly architecture, and marking a city block as ugly .

pimpled faces and decomposition but gold

the embalms of knowing peace conditionally.

Inna time.

Water evidence and whitecap days edgewater cattail bend.

pushing the slights of butterfly and thought, birdsong and temporary.

the styles of geese

And immaterial, these inward bounds I confess.

Or either to absorb oneself into the incests of selfism.

a modern populism attend to littler things than heroism and prophetism and profitism

old sleep today I died. with your thoughts in my arms I give you a peace.

[question]

and again to love and its recitals.

The anthropology of trees remaindered

I dare not start an interest.

the preserves of comedy and thought I love.

and close to touching things which have not been named,

and letting go kings and sound except devotion.

Must, a quiet smell.

your camera was a distraction.

The cause of courage,

it is without cut bounds.

a word to oneself,

[star]

[and notice]

STEREO RABBIT

[all] is swimming.

Skin is water

water sundowns.

no problem is great to passers,

stars burning questions,

stare like all intentions do. Stare.

Salted brick, stately function

Protos wine. Original, I of thought.

Archetype forest floor, greens and canopies

the merits of shapeshifting and ritual.

excused and not knowing another day was an allowance to westernism.

God aspects wholeness greater blackness blankness.

stages, brilliance and corruption.

candidates logic candidates inhalants.

(air go traditional)

a soul place for divinity,

Never confused him for Jesus, he liked to be alone.

divinity is as absolute as commitment.

I return and carrying ideas I burn. Burn standard.

A years to find home

peace Systems come standards. Cross upon that.

having photographed bulls,

damn you evolutions

I claim no law,

and death. But not today, love.

if you are to believe we have accomplished.

some times claiming status.

The inside of a bead.

as cold as anything to the bone

The spider whom I let

the question of identity. I

Perhaps today will be excellent.

Why I compare smoke?

salt and the silence of weather.

I collect them and arrange them like clouds.

Language is evidence.

The movability of theory.

and harder things like imagination.

clear and with watercress. I drank from it with my hands.

'I dreamed this dream and I still dream of it'

I sometimes touch the ink end of the pen to my tongue when I write.
madness and its opposite.

absolutely, time is tender,
and reasonable art changed the first of every month.
having consumed fuck and hatred and the other words like war.

Still no rain.
Still no rain. [Still no rain.]
redundance is a rule. redundance is a rule.

Arrest love for returns Arrest love
of birds now redundant.
And a fog I saw would not have happened.

rise sun cancel fog the lake vapors
the grassword love
like reason I absorb you for originalism.

and turn away at the conforms of society at dis-ease.
And quiet simple stars,
And law and law and law.

feather at the door. pointed things, phallic things.
explain to me the psychologies of rain.
as. Tree old. Cloud. Watermark

I am ten thousand years and change is other.
I smoke want in a pipe, I burn sense, I smoke sovereignty.

Saturday comes Sunday

And the wind I listen, birdgone.

Sunday pass Saturday, the

I discharge categories and pass the time as cloud passes time.

with pure and cold water and salt.

Time is not only new.

Then if a God what.

That a professor be more important than knowledge.

Landbound lines, the connections city and city and city .

Season, and how it appears old but it is young and dead.

he who enters wears a broad tie. He wears a badge.

change is first sleepless.

I burn poems for poetry and smoke to water blue sky. Stop.

True you are, and without force.

knowing stars no closer than God. The bay window.

The confines of simple. The clouds.

Speak softly so I can hear you

And firelight, the darkness sounds, cedar,

[pops]

DRUMMERS DRUMMING

enough conversation for the rain and
drummers drumming
and how a peoples separate themselves

eating an animal that eats other animals
to close the infinities of boundlessness,
this daisy now grown I do not know if it will be here then.

that every soul hereafter declares themselves an adjective
the underground trains surfacing every few blocks and diving again.
the city dog knowing and resembling nature.

and never to consider how I create a world.
lest the stars fade then and I really sleep like death I die and slowly.
in reference to hardship,

Nothing is extraordinary.
apologies for bringing art words to uncertified spoken frames like general discourse
The war is only temporary

The wind I listen Monday.

I am solved.

what an educational philosopher talks about when they are drunk.

trust in the woman holding the sharp instrument
around the ministries of the mundane
the written grass, the spoken trees, the water signs.

the cabled birds I let away.
the theological inquiries that sucked us oppositely.
How much does a soul go for nowadays?

The wars. The wars.
So long I last a moment then. And poems.
When the moon was only beauty.

In ocean redwoods, in river mist, slow river.
Then I see through warism and its enemy pacifism.
And what woman is not fertile?

because pens represent weapons
Mighty pen. Civilization surrounds you.
And who collects war I cry? And who gives it out again?

I wait now only for validation and it comes quietly.
Nothing so empty as a quickened heart,
I remark at freely having been.

One long poem. I only know one long poem.
Who would remove competition among history professors?
Gathering the philosophies, the laws, gathering the arts, the faculties, gathering the texts, the poems, the reasons for war.

Exhibits are sentences.

I could have painted that, she says.

The couple holding hands and patient, waiting for sex.

I pray in the same theater.

selfish. ugly selfish.

oh, prophecy, I disgust my own and forgiveness then, that a man is never a prophet anymore I remember.

in these collections which struggle to remember sex.

as if the weather were everyone's thoughts.

the suffering clouds, the suffering night sky.

Now a poem does come.

musee liberum

The marble men and women, the weapons, the sacred stones, the tools, and that which is beauty.

the waters I trust, the clouds to paper become, and to mossy stone and watch the birds then I forget history only starting.

Drives an old car.

I did not mind my own company, the criticism within.

and how they only know each others in one dead language I learned when I was young.

I have never been unlimited except what I wish for you.

them to have thought an arts to dissuade the heavy frames of uniformed men,

then his opposite is without categories

Love has no opposite.

to have caused hunger.

when a man returns from God

social inversion comes in times when spirits settle.
and we can grow tired together as if there were a choice.

I wonder in a moment when I die.
and when a sense then develops, compels the imagination,
dance is given to the stasis of the intellect.

I am not afraid to mention. The stars
trade cannot happen among that which is not owned.
She wore velvet. She held the moon close.

today I will wear natural clothes, the colors of personalities.
of anatomy in appreciative terms,
The way a fog will cover even this I call it reclamation.

the way a land plants itself,
Go away and make yourself beautiful to other things.
The cars, the cars, the horsedrawn cars, the star cars, the rolling cars on lawns,

and especially as the paper it is written on turns to yellow in the sun.
and without attachment to the molds of institutions
No. These personal lines are with meaning.

the pen which only rests,
to what ends, to what ends I cast?
leaves come freshly spring. inna meadow rest and watching the dogs accepting dogs

The stars are near, I separate among them.
Watch me pass when.

the startled animals, the trees pushed down, and weather then to erode upon the habitats

War is only an answer.

I suffer the courses of curiosity, the agency of want,

whether it knows itself as language or not.

a book with all the page numbers scratched off, a book of poetry with the author's name removed,

and the cows which appeared roadside when I opened my mind, they were always there I know.

[drummers drumming]

GRAVITY kind

Or freedom, as if it were conditioned by sacrifice

And I cannot question that which speculates.

And what does respond to rain? I do.

I do respond to starlight

as if wonder were gravity.

and only a sacrifice of certainty that this given be

what is fertile?

had you mentioned hidden idols and dead bodies and bones and social evidence

upon an empty animalism that what was done to representative forms because it could be done realizes me no greater freedom.

I do consider the braveness of isolation and the security of isolation and how there is no contest to thought.

what friendship cannot exist without the twoness of being and contract

and the dignified clouds grow louder.

Do the right thing. Nor what is beauty if this were the ends of poetry,

and call them all by one name nature

And the words to be better silent for touch to be better in company and quiet.

No formula for knowing what remains important

And what affection brought by playful days the sun.

otherwise I stand less improved and only with experience then and that alone is time nor love.

comes again again in pleasure circles only poems announce. You.

Nor people live silently and without air

proving trees are real and the ocean to have read is not imagined.

And these patterns rows orders they are only necessary when thinking in metrics eating packaged meals.

throwing a few graduate students at an idea

as if expectations for social living were constant across poets like expectations for social living were constant across the foodbringers.

there is no license to poetry.

Then there was the self sustainable utopia

Then there was the self sustainable utopia

Then there was the self sustainable utopia

ritual is for common interest I cannot disagree lest I do become truly hungry.

And ask 'should antiwar poetry include the word war?'

nor can these problems be addressed with cameras and teacher namedroppers linking legacies.

Even the poets with flags know that no one has defeated nature like possession.

Watch the door no one enters.

Turtles, some clams and whales, turkey buzzards and swans can live a hundred years.

Death is wrong then life is wrong if.

who could not consider bearing children reason enough for to know what is correct?

then the poet the stars are brought but to know them first is being

the plausibilities of science if a soul did inhabit or either inhibit.

Accounts, to say there has always been war.

compromise is only compromise

and who will applaud the barefooted as reasonable enough to smile

Accounts, to say there are too many cameras as if still life were evidence of this.

and turns itself to little tines like water

[what was that thought?] the wind rightly reclaims.

fire the harpoon into the earth to keep from drifting away.

lessons demonstrate war can still crest

and ignorance among those exhausted is still better met with love.

the general gestation of patience

money has no attachment to God

Give thanks twenty percent. Give thanks fifteen percent.

Drag down jeans going nowhere apparently.

corduroy pipe the unpolished oxfords were always the best for thinking about thinking.

Urgency gone as if the wind is still listen the water too is sound.

Waited for the one who made a difference.

Settled for art. That is enough the word museum.

body a vessel how damn depressing to be only a body. Never fit into one.

time it just goes away like convenience

what is possession when no one asked you to leave?

Rub it on your penis. See things differently. Feel warm. Make up words.

e.g. society requires art for X reason.

The fulfillment of reason attached to art is its propagation

the editor is small to think directly with a writer.

Only interest does dissolve ambition.

until verbs become sound.

Fallen logs the path is human. Mosquitos.

City encroaches, people need a place to live.

The Nobel Laureate who commented on what intelligence was as if

Any message poetry is common.

Shoot a lighthouse to social ends

truth is higher nor does it kneel until

I never did empty myself of thought at them. I kept a thing.

Never much for the philosophy of philosophy.

Invested in conversation got a smart metaphor back.

Though first principles tell me then where to start counting

as if speculation were only a matter of time.

leave it to the same museum people who put arrows on the floor to segment beauty.

the grass indeed no categories for excepting cut and civil or tall and prairied.

Knifepaint skyblue burnt orange the stretched canvas.

texture mute tones pink paint peaks.

I once traded poetry for poetry.

For a friend an invitation and

for having lived in separate waters now. On being challenged and philosophy for sport

give love or give nothing but not to withhold.

And the coalness nuclearism turbines

when decadence was social prosperity

to burn candles is to be old and comfortable in ways

Acorn. Acorn. Does as acorns do. Drops and rolls starts a life near history is new.

Born unto tall places and wind.

Then each cell divides

x-ness is implied within x.

nor to have imagined the complicity of cross the complex nature of metaphor.

taken by the throes of contemplation.

western words southern words words from the north.

and language I cannot spend

poetry candles of light called church then where women and men marry say eternity.

learn the ocean way for seeing the mountain way

daily congress to make beads

Ah, what does last!

The camping rain did add to this soul.

The broken watch I trusted

Ah!

what envelope will not shade its interior?

Until I am hungry I will say love is enough

To why I resist a borders which do not affect me?

Where the autumn frogs and the sundown shorelaps

It is not far away nor hidden.

Follow the lake.

symbols of authority are as stable as contract.

nor is love so monitored.

what candor is to the arts and what candor is to valentines is nothing if not genuine and meaning in any language ours.

Rain pass suffering the sun.

the ends of ends are ended and the stones are back and earthed with wildflowers.

And the rain when people gather it is mention

What is quieted the loudness the satire the frozen wills

I would not know names nor vocabulary except for coffee and its degrees.

Rejuvenation java, rocket roast, indifference delight,

the afternoon lights show green and crystal on quiet carpet.

what is money if not spent.

No complaints the next is always best.

Oh, live gallantly and with things. [things]

pound dog

Caged the mind goes away to silence when memory had no calling.

And how much for wisdom as if the poet held no material

the subtle godlines of peripatetic ministries

the suffocates of social metaphor to think endlessly of things with roses things with light things with gravity things with orange.

even if nature resettles without trees this time. Apologies for that

divine comedy

what can I say like emptiness for having finished redemption with isolation.

Grandmother say fish is fish.

to be thirsty or we drink together calling out bodies.

Were we not together when I dreamed of sleeping and did not wake when I remembered this has never happened before?

And when time trumps attitude and the autumn leaves are again spectacle. Again. Again.

Nor is this year lost in journals

as if the direction of liberation theology were a proven system unto itself.

and to hold to the importance of being in primacy like spirit.

Rain proves the clouds.

the comparative philosophies of lions and elephants.

And if quiet is religion then the same value to library nor Sunday mornings.

jeweled stones smooth and attractive them too without conditions but only ornament.

which classic was that in?

And where I would be without engines aengines

Did Plato mean the moon when he apologized?

big flakes today. It only meant winter.

I get around.

[I pause]. And to hold warmth like coffee.

[I pause]

[]

United Museum Sports

Where the grass grows and without codes nor jurisdiction to aesthetics

nor to question nature's impose. The snow will come I fast.

And if idea were place as if the Mediterranean held America.

until the psychologists embraced the novel from them writers caught in the mental illness butterfly nets.

the writer's union which claims representation

the cloud finally broke today and caused me to shower.

the idea of ideas.

To be in company of conversation when that ocean is beauty

And the company of peaceful clouds when peace is otherwise unremarkable.

as if together were the animates of environment I love.

And if ingesting history were medicine time will heal all wounds starting now.

Babybel cheese for dinner some raisin bread pulpy orange juice.

I understand you the most and that is why.

and age. Age is cheese.

And no philosophy to understand why the river people nor the forest types ask different questions though they share the same storms.

Only to have been seeded differently.

I will go there in the spring to try love that way. Meantime

the other dogma will sustain itself

Only that without bounds is question to the nature of authority.

And those trains do they still run?

About home towns.

the cloth one is born unto is permanence?

saying the weather is arrogant like sin

As if two alphabets were enough to satiate the difference of collective opinion.

please leave your symbols at the door

And what are symbols without measure?

spectacle.

we are not so different if you count where we have been.

Had a part of me taken. Oh it was consensual.

the poem people caged the representative lot for being unique.

Age is criminal I return.

And the earthquake when fifteen to twenty percent of them used the word God the word God and the others cried
plate tectonics plate tectonics

nude bathing in the Mediterranean resolves such conflicts

And I apologize for looking at you like art I like.

supper with no attention to

etymology.

Do we not come again for answers?

sleep again without questions.

Only the pretense of poetry and its nonlimits

the otherhood of being is wandered or either stolen.

Wrapped the stars in foil put them in his pocket with other things

Only to say creativity is shut down without creative control.

what is simple when the sky is science too?

When the geese fly back they will bring that other language of having traveled like clouds in formation

I have had one question answered this year.

nor am I done learning lest I am satisfied with only this perfection.

for seeing the eventual afternoon as painted in the starts of dripping northern spring I expect.

Wind. The soft flakes without judgment the wind.

Society is far away and thinking of disparities.

I am not awkward.

And the betweenes where the moss does grow

Nor is destiny limited by the curfews of returning.

That a hound has a soul that a butterfly has a soul that a stone has a soul what I believe.

The northern forest like category have you been?

the words about words.

nor to believe that were suffering though it quietly were.

if to be satisfied with this ken

