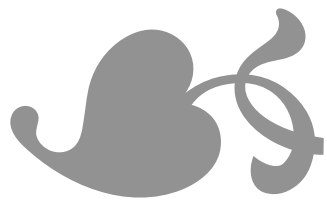


objects

Greg Markee



objects

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° 2019

prototouse  prity lights
Madison

the listen

imagining pregnancy

the scholar lit the torch let it burn until the sun went down and then after

fertility

the tribe and with no members but her own questions

politics

I separate myself

give a part of myself away to a candidate

the reheartening process is about thirty minutes

I am weak and covered in weakness

like language

the expectations of the mother

I dare you
find me in bed

the fertility

this one does not belong here
and a few others
smelling like smoke smelling like herring

no
your presence is not required
to visit the art museum it is just
better that way
listening to what I had not considered

notice
you passed away a moment
into the dali
it was I into the goya
why is just a question of interest

fertility is creation
is easier to assume late spring
than winter
the process of winter
[I was born in winter]
[like all babies into the cold]

wrote a picture of life
autographed
[it]

that is what I learned
about animals

when free speech is questioned they form alliances
little institutions
with premises

I too wish
to hold
take away names unnecessarily binding

please

suppose for an instant
[correctibility] [and the cautions of correction]
a natural state
exists but I
am not passive in formation including the subtleties
of formation

can I borrow your scarf today

this strain of humid is called
affection
nor glitter but internal stars
decay rationalism

I went for a walk by myself
to remember
like redirection
the types of clouds

maybe next time

when evil is wasted and consumed
when the rhetorical questions
are done being invented
when we are a day older like today

then I will assume
faith and a progress to faith
with only an anchor to memory
thus
are we each
gathered with a thing to regard

say
it is quiet

it is quiet

the position of the moon
like a question
for there is no control
for natural features

among

what is given is time is archaeology
geology
the rest

and the ambivalence of science
is a scientist's wish
is a scientist's question
is a scientist's sunday devotion

I heard you
say speculation
say educated guess
it just makes sense

that is all

return of the turn
when [it] was so straight
too straight
declares boredom

there is no authority
but when there is
[it] is about starting and stopping fires
at proper times

vigor
challenge me

familial sustainability
the dependence of familial sustainability is a
caution

[lights a candle]

for the next day

something

curse change like independence
the shaken
forms

risen yellow from the separation of powers
purple returns to blue and red
the specialization of labor
the teacher

and more critical for
an ounce of having been
to know differently than the whole of the university

swells the swollen

do not interfere in my arts

hello

the arts

one after another

one page onto the last

impressionism

and by the time you die you will have rewritten the future

blank

and with an ambient stare

the professor

the student the canvas

but some students are more difficult than others

come with experience

come with stories I have not heard

the arts

the multitude of arts

decorated

the kitchen the living room the bedroom until

there is no such thing as change

but reinterpretation

that is why the guests were invited

the stationary guests

on the hill with the watertower
and the fallen leaves

away is an airplane with a trail of cloud

the others go to school and work and ride busses

there are limits to a city
just like there are limits to a country
and the poems are different

make status of curiosities like possession
[there can be no possession]
[but ask how is it] [I am owned]

[thank you]
[I will do my best]

[it is gold ink with real gold]
[and the darkest black I could find]

the conspiracy of the theorist
the conspiracy of the poet

the ends of temptation are not entirely useless
was her money
was his sex
want is no consideration in the consideration of temptation
but to have

the clock edged to midnight in silence
but for its tocks sustained
louder and louder
what is it I have not accomplished what is it I have not said
like exposure

and a humored imagination lets itself away
into
the studio
where there are colors
for definition

but he fell asleep before
finishing the bad poem

everything [was] in a row
it was the subject
the incubation of souls
neglected to mention the continuity of souls in reference
to a physical forms
including the dancer

she did not require music to move
interpretive dance is
a story
left open
I remember the horns
[the horns]

nor did she require an audience
that is how she was

but that is only memory
nothing is before me nor silence is before me
[material]

the cottage near the river
she once imagined objects small enough to fit in her hand
but she was done becoming and she now was

the sky
let away autumn for an instant
just blue

in the corner of the room
her heart
in the shape of a book
with a bench next to it
like the one in the gallery

I saw the horses the wild horses

the documentation of suffering is
differently received than the documentation of pleasure

little lines

little lines

the shepherd and the life of the shepherd

I cannot say you are a model for freedom

there is a path for each I suppose

the wide path with colors

the trail through the grass with colors

I will meet you yesterday when we are young again

work on something else while the paint dries

little squares important squares

I hold these truths to be self evident

it is the names I give

upon your death which are without contest until

my own death

[then]

little gold squares overlapping little silver squares

the souls

lofted like helium
up and up transcendent

takes several thousand years to know
what comes before consideration
of god

and still the weather
attention
like it was

I started with a poem
spelled near enough to truth
to say philosophy
like a measure of certainty

clear is the color of a soul
until risen away
gone
replaced like one legacy for another

the cemetery for curiosity
is remembrance
is I
withholds questions

and I have no energy for how
even the dead can be disputed
given a square of peace

I like the floral one

walking slowly
ahead of me like time

clustered and cloistered
and some on their own

until what they release
is their own release

something got the better of me
stayed importantly
like authority

the way of the walk is a promise
said politics
but there is another justice
tinied and distant causing
literature

the spell of time

and candid forms
the volunteers about the watchtower
make a friend

and be done with this
a fourth presence

in front of me

no

I am not following

just heading in the same direction

to the ocean

white is a good color to wear to the ocean

because

it really does not matter

to listen

about adversaries
and the distance between
the motive
of living a good life
without reference

stillness
is too a volume

custom is to say
there are two customs
one in front of the other
one as cause of the other

the arrow
the archer

led me outward
left a trail
to return by

I cannot say
the importance of age it is just
you are here first

without reference
I imagine

the solid line
held in the water
there was too much
water

is not water an aphrodisiac

tell me
when winter freezes

and the marked
return for their spoils

that which live among a conditions
have long proven themselves
invented poems
about permanence

and the solid features of peace
care about a season
like a line of aging

every
one

is fitted for purpose and when she wept
I did too

because

the only

were there one
without animosity
without complaint
without social spectre

just

receiving

and to say a selfless state exists
with no accord for rightness
nor governed peace
is a question of
the nature of human nature
in which free will models free will

and one by one
they
crossed municipal lines and spent
money
and returned
because

it is only glad to warrant an opinion
without having one

privilege without the exercise of privilege

on second thought
rushed to poetry

tried rational prayer

is a question of audience to speak
make grunted lists and
beauty

give thanks

a brief period

in a moment

begins the fantasy of want

the principle of satiation is
mediated in acquisition

ever the hold to being
tell me something new
to think about

may be a matter of compromise

nor am I silent
for not having been published

respond
I too saw the form of the eagle
I too journaled the form of the eagle
like a photograph

in the event

of peace

do nothing

introduce yourself

and if one's self is scattered among thoughts because

peace is what is said

without reference to one's own position say

three things

1 there is you

2 there is your thought of you

3 there is their thought of you

it feels like winter

everything is put away and the rain snow mix

peace is easy to be sequestered

the list

the proper way of governing peace is to speak the opposite of

intentions

leads to sadness

I suppose sadness may be a reluctant form of peace

keep your eye on the sad one

with the purple velvet shoes

in the event
the crown falls off of your head and
all of the jewels scatter

in the event
of indecision
about love and
all of the jewels scatter

in the event

in the event

the body of information indicates a proper and authorized plan

there is but one responsible soul
within hearing distance
of everyone

said the clown
the only clown

it is easier that way
love is
arranged marriages and family planning

lust is a murmur

the force of tepid water is heat

the force of angels is imaginary

the force of grown children is no force

the force of the pencil is greater than the pen

the force of death is a call to life

early before the sun

a moment

there and back again the traveler with no words

with no photographs

the nude

the ritual of indecision

the ritual of optimism

the ritual of digression

the ritual of entering a foreign room

the ritual of one place brought to another place

the selected writings of st. thomas aquinas

near to nature but not nature exact

the just

come again
into this time
look for the one in flannel
standing near the wall
will answer your question about
how to find closure
about that time
you were afraid of
peace
like I was
for its quiet
for its static but

it is not peace
just to say peace
with the proper symbols
with the proper environment
with the absence of conflict
it is not peace
to say a proper thoughts
like what is socially proven

I wish to think
independently
no I have not been here before and
I have not arrived

come again
no I have not been here before and
I have not arrived
but for you

I ingested
reason
spoke of reason reasonably

exposure is a fire is a sun

is the cold

the metal arms of altruism
reached into
anarchy
offered soup

meanwhile
the stars were turned off to save electricity
I slept well
not wondering
forgot to light a candle called peace
no wonder
the demonstrable
reference is not the same as what is original

the museum
severed its references
to what it was representing

and all I could say is
neat
I have not seen that before

what exists before history's posture

the office
attended monday through friday
because home
was changed into a baby room

priorities

I know no one

social responsibility
social preservation

begins

the nuclear family
some day

a child will assume
after the mother is completed

maybe a trip to Hawaii

what happened to

the fallacy of

fallacy

I believe in everything except
what I do not agree with

[show me]

the restfulness of winter
returned a way
to poetics

memory

is her consumption

I say
there is nothing to be done
here
but make change
call it light

in the morning I will
replace superstition with superstition
cold logic like the season
interspersed with charms

belief is one thing

the catalog of faith is one thing

I have never been to Rome but
I have seen pictures

it is not the same to say
winter is restful were there no cause for winter

I have been waiting

calling things by their given names and
naming that which has no name

prairie in winter

given a number

dimensions

painted

set aside to dry

it is different this year

because

a building was constructed near the park line

the view is different

who can argue with

progress

but a progressive

they

said a trees would obstruct the building

but it is winter

and there are no leaves

listen

the wind is the same

I remember the clear wind

but for my breath

I think of love

and what becomes of love

in the absence of love

I think of love

the heart
the organ

breathless

speechless

timed

short

be it resolved
love is claimed love is unconventional
no
love is what is offered
and were no contract but said

it is attributed to the heart
acknowledge
but I mention the wholeness of being the entirety of the soul
could the soul be otherwise separated
I do not know

falling down

I will help you up

and never see you again

the irreverent

it is not a fault
to regard
the master of fine arts
the master of education
geology
public relations
as colorful
like pollen
organized like a linen closet
arranged
with pills and tobacco
a reliable clock

office hours

the perplexed nature of being
is simple to disregard
the idea
of species advancement in which
one and another individuals are
naturally selected
at a varied intervals

listen
like intuition but

they and they are traveling in different directions
and who does watch
make curious
their behaviors their experiments

seated atop a watchtower
with lemonade
an adirondack chair

this is lovely this is not so lovely

discern

is not just for the clergy

nor a thought of intentions

bewildered is perplexed

just a little more

colorful but no more curious

and the irreverent the poem without reference

see

an ambiguity of words

the startled want upon an introduction of value

she said

like promotion

I have a problem I need a little help

it was a beautiful poem I read it twice

went and volunteered doing something or other for

the homeless the foodless

dear god
can you hear me
is this how it is done
what can I expect
for a concerted moment

dear god
do you believe me
can I still be an existentialist

dear god
how are babies made

dear god
is it a sin
to imagine the worst

dear god
how old are you
are you still listening
just curious

dear god
thank you

for your generosity

for your cheeseburgers

the unsacred
for oversight
I figured it was too dirty
too rusted

there is little sympathy for time

for memory

there is little sympathy

and age hardens a soul which has seen everything

nothing is sacred
but a several words as anchor to every day heretofoward

the channel of love ends at a dammed lake
near enough to contentment
to say contentment

nothing is sacred

but what I invent

but what convinces

blasphemy

assumes a concept

the sacred concepts are

fuck

damnation

euphoria

the other sacred concepts are

sacrifice

time

beauty

blasphemy is not blasphemous

just makes smallness of a consideration of importance
attached to my life

I have some thinking to do

should I say

love

and ask if its introduction is an invitation to its smallness

the book
written hundreds of years ago

caught fire

when it was thrown in the fire

by a twenty five year old

ironically
the same age as the author when the book was written

had you read it

something about pollution

green smoke

testicles

the flames lept
assumed

ashes
thin pages of crinkled carbon flew away

that
was early in the day

now
used bookstores just throw their overstock in the dumpster I know
because
I reached in
for a book
took it back inside and they gave me two dollars for it

the causal

and were a faithful devotion to deviance
as great a commitment as
devotion to faith

little lines about a particular incorrigibility

and a matching language

made a great deal of money imparting knowledge

made them think

about old stuff old ways

turned to medicine for his weary heart

died

with officers at his funeral service saying

he could be counted on to think in a way

this book
is about
what one discovers within an autonomous station
there are those who listen
call a variety of birds heroes and call a variety of people birds
I cannot hear them

this book is a voice

this book
is near enough to patience to allow your presence

the november clouds
sunday

this book
is silence
will not answer your call
is reference

the seated authorities the walnut table

what can be done with poets
who are unwilling to realize

this book is
an alternative to your imagination

falconry and the falcon
elephantry and the elephant

the keeper of sight the keeper of animals

the ecosystem

what have I done
what can I do

all of the oil in the world passes through a pipeline through endangered habitats

all of the solar power in the world comes by way of a single sun

comes to mind
animals mind their own habits
let to an original conditions

and were I such an environmentalist to build a comfortable home
in a place to watch
them
with coffee

o progress
remark
a way of progress sustainable

reference what ego

it is a curse it is a blessing
the writer

the collapse of the soul
said retirement
just a memoir left and not much to say about that

formation is an early freedom an early experiment

is a narrow trail up the hill
past the horse

could mean anything but it does not mean anything
because I said so
and this is my story
no
you cannot think as you wish

another adjective
reference to some nonfiction facts
appeal to the logic of the intellect
include photographs
a good poem

the obedience of the stranger
is custom
is regulatory
is nice

the obedience of the spouse
is ideal

tantamount to an admission of guilt
is an admission of love

took all day to write a letter no one would see

mention manifest
mention reason and
withdraw

the sound of the poem echoed the one before
and the one before that

poor soul
fell in love
forgot about the animal kingdom
forgot about the order of lifespans
forgot about good art

but for determination and the introduction of reason
a sacred things a sacred objects
fall into an orderly line called museum studies

they are nearly done
they must be

for every giver there is a receiver
and what good grace to say they come again
like organization

the cut grocery store flowers
last a week
color a kitchen with a fragrance

the receiver
what grace to invite a return without saying such a thing
[!]

what it is I want
all of the securities
just simple to mention

and time

and what it is I care to give
all of the securities
and time

and I cannot care to give such things to myself
and from what source
then

who is desperate and accepting from any source
who is desperate and giving
because they are nearly dead and with no friends or family

the downtown library
with a shelter in the basement and a work study
area

but that is only philanthropy
yes I have read a good book lately

the redundant

the dissuasions
generalized
make for contempt

once and again the principles of understanding
are exterior

no

but I am silent and causing silence

the fog
for sight the same as for sound

nor is there a question to whom I can address
I have been here before
stationary

the dissuasions
and singled unto the many

alone

redundant is nature's front
everything wants to live and die and live again

the dead museum rises again
with a new temporal exhibit

redundant
in a way with no memory of the past but familiarity
the last was only art
too

tautology is no address to desire
I already knew that
sign

unfathomable
the depths of change
potentiality is taught may or may not be learned
and how is it certainty
is gone about

there is no defeat to the registrations of innocents
that
is but a good idea

it is not my dream but I have heard it before

reasonable
among an unreasonable

it snowed last night
just enough to cover the ground

I had not realized

the character of confidence is hardened in
attention to place

gone about change given a conditions
this winter will be better than the last
time

there is a philosophy for that
too

written as a love letter to an aged friend

before death assumes all including death itself

the clouds do not go away
this time

before
the sentences
before the barbed teeth

look
at the stars

without conditions

and change what might be changed

the author

the limits of the author are other authors
battling the divisions of certainty
the affirmative
the wrong
the just

but for the poet
recognizing free verse
nor punctuation

I did not know that
I do not think that is what you were trying to tell me but
I did not know that

the separation of the idea from its
taxi

the separation of form and content

the moderate
risen from a common foundations
see
balance is inclined to sequester itself
mask its truths
in intervals

say anything
poetry is dead except when poetry introduces itself
again

the last poet
just talked
about a visible place but
the first poet
just talked about
living here

now and again the order of being is a question
I choose to believe

respond

how disheartening to believe
beauty is without curiosity

but theirs is published said the library and
there is no force of you
to begin at the beginning

the position of yesterday
supports a theory a wound theory in which
legacy is a child

and a governed convenience an administered convenience
to them with passwords

each of the families

the taste of anise

a warm coat

a fire in the interior

a single thought to cling to a single candidate to suppose
what is already supposed

the word love is a sacred object if applied correctly
and were it terminal enough to disregard
its similar use in a twenty four hour period

I reckon

nor I believe in heck

and the status of the sensationalist the paparazzi the journalist is measured in
truth
the origins of truth and
what becomes of truth

[shapeshifter]

[poet]

the binding agent of love is love

the redundant

every day at this time
the train

make of me what you will
life
it is the happiness I gather

put it into little rows like seeds

conditions
the unconditional

every day at this time
romance
will silence the train

one sacred object for another
good trade
because a knife can fit into a pocket

the offered
bread

the organization with rules

put a blanket upon the dead man
dead for being old
took him away

is winter comes
saw a dead man on the way
is winter comes

the testimony of the tribe

little errors but all in all good

there are still some [things] to worship

pledge allegiance to one [thing] or another

free will is not a thought until

the words spilled from the statue

incarceration for thinking incarceration

how about longevity

how about ordination

the dusty animal for rolling in the dust

a poet among poets

the doctor died and there was nothing the doctor could do

in the course of dying you will see

what it was cost so much

abruptly at eight at night abruptly at eight in the morning

the testimony of the tribe

is a rehearsal

all future generations of people
are muddled into reluctance

the protesters were stopped and given one room apartments with a window

and new names

as production grew so too the need for more and more robots

posterity
is a fence
grown

and a redirections of courage
what great battlefield when their spar is lively nor terminal

but some have a need to die

carrying their favorite coin

and as much as can be said for the grace of willfulness so too
the spirit of control

I am talking to the future
I am talking to the future of the future

and before the sun collapses dims the moon
for the stars
said freedom
once
and meant it

theory
of theory
no
I have no arrangement for you I like you the way you are
there are no classics left
they have all been figured
to decay
like a gentleman not realizing decay
individualism is said to reference classics but that is only partly
true
because
they are translated
individualism is said to reference art
individualism is said to not exist is why art is started
individualism is owning a horse
theory
is vacancy of theory
theory is the occupation of time
remember how failure begins
call it something for its disregard I say
the course of aging is
conceivable
sections itself into truths that fit together
like a good question
and the immanent causality is a recognized elsewhere
for wonder
I cannot say I will die knowing
but I may
die supposing die wondering
but for what is near to me
like attention
I return satisfied

and whether a flame is an object
is objective

the lance the idea of the lance

the realisms associated with dying
are objective

music

space and objectivity space and utility

discussion is an object culture is an object
the utility of material culture the utility of history

a friend is an object
held

folklore

and whether a poem is an object
yes

the lanterns the hot air balloons as lanterns
at sunrise

ready me father ready me mother
for time is before me
a capsule
is an object

out of doors
everything is nature everything is habit
there is no office but oneself
and what did I bring with me
but a journal

the trail led to a spring
once used by a brewer
but that is only history

the trees are growing inside the structure!

listen
it is the bees are the loudest today
I remember july
now it is nothing early winter and a snowdust about

the mushroom

was here then
too

storebought boots squeak and crumple
the surface

and to think of other places
does not remove oneself from where they are
but I am gone

I can never return
knowing
security as willfulness
security as a question

the encumbered

bent about a cross

started early in childhood

the myth of creation with bubbling oil and dinosaurs

Jesus was the first

warrior and the station of the warrior

with words

this will do for bread the tortilla

before a kava massage

the brother and the sister were still young enough to know to kneel

suffering's address is suffering in miniature

for the confidence of the suffered

how may I help you

said the gas station attendant just like the taco bell attendant and the grocer bag lady

I hurt

and instead of saying we will all be dying soon

gave the poor man a tic tac

bent about a lectern drooling poems and divinity

saying

the host

is the most sacred if to compare

and even more sacred than the altar more sacred than the chalice

faith

to believe in promise and faith

to assume that lives and nature reliably continue as they have

the engine

is a novel invention

and the gas barbecue grill

and the hot water heater

and I say these are not sacred rather utilitarian

what is sacred

say

the sacraments baptism marriage

peyote the road

and the cast of objects the supporting cast of objects like tools

symbols and words

ritual

and whether a sacred object requires a designation as a sacred object

for its protection

like a land called geospatial park

and whether a treatment of a designated sacred object is

sacred in itself

yes

like the care of time

because

one hundred years is nothing and simple and unconsidered

[material]

[handling]

[value]

[adoration]

above the weather
above the solemn
above the ordinates
but that is only a physical location
and there is
a priest who would like to blow up the moon
in the interest of heaven I assume
return a science to the agrarians

I had not considered myself a romantic
gone about social cause and rightness
in divine interest
takes a firmer position than appreciation to institute positive social change

sacrifice is an animal
sacrifice is an effort
sacrifice is a boycott
sacrifice is a difficult word

sacrifice is poetry
sacrifice is the expulsion of words of poetry

and to recognize beauty when beauty presents itself
is sacred like communion is sacred
if to address aesthetics like history is addressed

yes

twenty four degrees today

and sacred

all the smoking cars in a line going here and there

no

a reservation a bracket for the type of sacred found in church because

but there is no change
but there is no courage to living forever

the orbs
and who is not an astronomer

is the trees which complete a forest once taken

and the subtle
in a line with a question
I know that language and that language too

the affirmations of certainty the doldrums of certainty
the intercessions of faith
still science

and beyond the muscles of natural peace
the institution

let them eat one another
no

the animal kingdom and the animals of the animal kingdom
the relevance of the animal kingdom

and there is no despair to the naturally wicked having lived
with a home

it is just
time
to die time to be dead having fulfilled purpose

on gender
she wrote

there is nothing more to want

nor am I passive to entertain the whole of the university
nor a finite department

nor resist wandering
the isolations of a frozen lake

nature returns comes together having separated again and again
separation is an aspect of nature
return like witness for what I know

there is so much time
to acquire the idea of peace
so much time to ask if it were the same for others but

that is only language

and whether peace were an individual's institution or that of a set of individuals

gone about change for sight
nature is not always direct but for sometimes
the simple and with no occlusion to truth
clarity and what is done with clarity but observe

and there is no slow to being old and older than
before

in two parts
woman man

supposing a freedom at never having had a need to consider freedom
there is no address no consideration to what is absent like
containment

the solution to what does not present itself is
obedience
[it is their imagination calls for obedience]

the supposition of authority is imaginary

convince me of the intervals I shall exercise a faith

nor I claim that knowledge is exhausted or can be exhausted

a candle
and the memory of change

so much has happened since the last time I saw you
I could make a list

reason is evolutionary
ontogenous
spans to phylogenous

members the concepts of joy and love and affection and consequence
protects
inspires

sometimes
poetry is the most can be done
[reference]

[just small]
[like an idea is small]
sometimes
poetry is the most can be done

the poetics

the word an another
upon

the substance glossia

my attention is yesterday's love
I have a poem for you called tomorrow

all of the anchors of language let themselves away
in a moment
at the end of the line
denouement
I recall her form

and of the familiar I return to what requires attention first
for poetry is not just spectacle
as well a call it is
a presentation

and the conceptual objects are no different than the material objects
if to consider meaning
the poem the print the bronze

the welfare of the poet is
incubation

the welfare of the spouse is security

the welfare of the state is
debated

but there is a word to return to
[somnambulism]
for them about themselves and with no exterior thought
and a poems like the day before and the day before
[that]

form exceeds content
as an understanding develops

what is your community

privacy

is a frame for artists is a form for artists

before the readings
before the exhibit

recall such things as
the look of her before the smile
the old man sitting on a curb given a hamburger

recall such things as
the terminalisms of life
the feats of engineering
the waterfall at sunrise

recall such things as
winter through a window

fresh salmon

and recall

such things have no meaning require no meaning
like existentialism because
one enters into newness with the next and the next after that

the indelible thoughts reach forward
I will not forget the passions and the start of passions

the indelible
law for philosophy but
such is only what actions can be negatively regarded

no

but a poem is both

and who would forget the endless
and who would forgive the endless

handwritten

and the personality of poetics is my attention
tell me
your version like individualism you had not realized

the voice of concern
the voice of quiet celebration
the curious voice

politics
instruction

willfulness

within every word is a symbolic function and
a train of words is a single unified
symbolic function

and were the same to be said of material art I suppose
what is intentional
is my philosophy

and what of the incidental
claim it
like purpose and let that be the next first line
like tomorrow

there was something I neglected

when tomorrow arrives

I will write a poem

the subvert and the deviant are separated in
poetics

inclusive of the aims of the subvert is value and the restoration of
value
within a form an elected form

a tidied mass of words
is meaningful

bunches of gold
her teeth
an afternoon in the rose garden

I suppose nothing into the brackish wait which calls for me
I stalled and went where I wanted to go
that is why I write because
nothing is supposed until I invent direction
[then]

the entropies associated with decision cast
a spontaneities
bleeds new life about age
when I was just arriving with a question

do you remember President Nixon
I think I caused his resignation
I was only three but I must have caused it

[listen]

the deviant the mischievous one
poetry is an ends in itself and without lateral concoction or exterior utility
the errant
the disruptor
celebrates attention

[they]

[who is they]

[why]

just curious because I have a similar question

about

[somnambulism]

and what contains ideas like conscience

I had not remembered a birthday card

apologies it is just

I do not really care for you

and airplanes the thing about airplanes

in a cabin trusting technology and a pilot

it is cold at thirty eight thousand feet and the movies are edited

a little too familial and edited

the peanuts are good I will have eleven bags please

I am going someplace

you see

virtue is advertised without reluctance declares capital

declares manifest destiny

I had not thought of that

the pr person the poet

paid

the advertiser the poet paid

do you still write without reference but to your own being

[they] are the ones who pay me to think like [them]

[why] is because [they] need a poet on staff

and

not any poet will do

the estranged principles of education whereby
anyone can be anything
would you prefer to go to vocational school would you prefer to go to seminary

the teacher training program for the emerging teacher of liberal artistry
followed a rubric

canon law

clearly mentions this may not be resolved in a hundred years

just before poetry is reintroduced
for having suffered a creative breakdown due to hunger due to climate change

the homeless poet
the hungry poet
the liberal artist the conservative artist both said it best

the estrangement is gradual enough to say
one day one wakes up and they are no longer a poet
they look about like a poet for having been a poet but they are no longer a poet

I say they were just mad
for not having been received
maybe
I should not form such an opinion about categorical identities

no

one's life is not completed for having altered course it is just
I am no longer in a position to liberalize or vocationalize or canonicalize your thoughts
any longer

so
what is it you do

the sorted and the unsorted

the sorted buildings given names
the sorted philosophies given names

there is no one left to sort speculation
but students

when speculation is realized
the students become historians

and there is no one left to sort speculation
but students [then]

but for the dragon of omnipotence
all of language is completed

but for the spatialisms of affection
all of language is completed

but for old age
all of language is completed

the sorted divinities [divinities sort themselves]
make little rooms

the classifications of policy are the seasons
but I was only listening

how does that affect me
winter spring summer fall

opinion to say fact when fact is plausible
a rainy day for photographs

the sacred object was solitarily confined in the cabinet of curiosity
[look]

organic nature
human nature
spell me something
call it right

one's own candid force say personality
what is the difference

the maturation of interest
started the artist
started the ritual

[it] was the first good piece
made of bones and trumpets

if you do not believe me ask the dead artist
the dead poet
the dead
apprentice
assuming the idea of bones and material handling
graves protection
and what needs be said of graves protection

is sentiment
for those who wish their own remains to be
rested into peace forever and ever

look
said the poet
look
painted the painter
look
preached the preacher
look
melted the metallurgist

the force of now and again
is rise to institutions
the predictability of nature the probability of nature
is humanity's patterned easement

knowing and the confidence of knowing

I wrote a poem

the simplest cause only I
fill the bottomless
want
with rational interest

but that is not a poem
this is a poem I wrote

which beauty to attend to first
I am undone
and waiting for myself waiting for monogamy
that is why

but that is not a poem
this is a poem I wrote

the feather in your hair
the picnic

but that is not a poem
this is a poem I wrote

I listened
to the source that never stopped
giving
nor I am abled to return
away

the satellite for purpose

the orbited

peoples

clustered and defiant

kept making bread

what is a watched soul to do

I can no longer hibernate

I am alert

the spinning camera is

connected to the radio

the information radio

the instruction radio

but they

and I

have no imaginable control for the clouds

and I

do not disturb the dark

for truth

the visible stars are glad are

always the same

and how it is said

readiness

one day your children

but not you

will be satisfied

simply

already
she wrote

and to be done for having said importance

art cannot change a thing
but for registration's cause

take your time

I have dedicated myself to listening

did you see the house burn down
nothing could be done
no one was hurt but nothing could be done

art is temporary

already
art is temporary
and replaced

the arson

making way

we will require a new language starting now
and that will not change anything
but discourse
is registration's cause

the anonymous soul
the sequestered soul
the eversoul

went fishing the wobbling rowboat the day

I forgot I had a soul
to compare
being and the habits of being

slowly
civilization
wrapped about the souls pushing out

makes stone feel evident and hard
and the cars
utilitarian

humanity has gone too far
claimed a single soul of its own no
I have no affiliation
it is I
yet claim beauty and do not tell you about it

and were it the way
the machineries of humanity
the categorical ones assorted as a domestic force
sustaining itself

built a struggled wall about
certainty

containment is the brevity of containment
or
you would know no difference
like I know no difference

the unscented and the benign

what are you doing
without cause

the spectacle of silence
nor wind

and there is no adversary and nothing
is sacred

no wonder
and peace is unmentioned as is war

there is no one
requires

there is no one
completed

the imagined breath when there is no breath
nor death to tell us apart

how is it art
betrays nature this

I am not fascinated
at what repeats yesterday

and should I be fascinated at
the redundant

notice
her calm I do

that is why
I

mediocre
calls himself a stranger
leaves on time
wearing a bow tie

listen
I hear nothing
I have not heard before
the pipes

what to think of death
when life is certain
nor clouds
today

the office of the president
ordered pizza today
there is nothing to sign
the cameras set down

in the absence of middles
she wrote a poem
inventing history
interest

a love poem
thus spake the poet
calling upon god
a first time

remember nothing
like order
and it will remain new and confounding
and littered with questions

every moment

and to regard
nothing as important
is the same as saying
everything is important

the barren

cross

stayed a scarecrow

and there is no contest to freedom
hello
and the same to you

winter is a different sunrise
requires different shoes

there is no death
but when there is death
say something
that has not been said before

all of the peace that exists
like boredom
is not enough to fill
a war
what is required is a measured
observance

sent away an institution
overseas

into another history into another answer
[totem]

one by one
the raindrops of formation
the sea

I have a question for you
have I asked you already

the spirit of temptation is
interpretation and what comes of interpretation

yellow this time yellow
radiating
summons

one by one
we entered where there was plenty of
room
to worship in a way
among old things
like art

the visible stillness
time is stopped I remember time
what I used to look like
yes
I am familiar

it was purpose then as it is purpose now
vocabulary

the poem

the visual artist
may or may not be witness
fiction and nonfiction
may or may not be truth

old enough to believe
a reason for sainthood

was I held my windows closed

operating machinery

necessarily

the saint had begun making things normal
lifting the hungry

there is no evidence of miracles
but testimony

this spatial earth whorls about resources
memory

old enough to incite debate

the poem

god is dead and listening
wearing a cardigan sweater and answering a question
at starbucks

no

what does riddle an opinion like truth
like the character of an audience
sway

old enough to want

old enough to stay

the placid just before winter

there are places
with no seasons I

cough

the intersections of her art
reference context in which art is germinated

I was reading about that time

now that you mention
it

deviance started the research started the question
justice
and what trajectory of justice
there are several texts

but
foundations

all of the flowers are gone
for the privileged

and there is no determination about privilege but to say
there were different stories
perspective warrants a publishing contract

the vice president
on house arrest

the solid line
black
the painter

the rose

I cannot explain
what is

but god is different than authority

before your eighteenth birthday

when attraction

before the idea

of sin

is internalized operationalized

stealth is a rose

quick

hold her hand before

her reproductive features find

a next acceptable

presence

while you still can explain

probability

and its relation to affection

but love is not math

no matter how many times

all it takes is enough

were time an object
and unique for every moment
kept for memory
that is all

now

consider burial plans
I am not confident I will be any longer
aware
nor have a thing to say

how that day begins is
how that day will end

and the next for someone else to claim

make urgency of ambition

what it is I carry forward wrapped in brown paper
but an idea like cause
an idea attaches itself to every other idea

the web of life includes an assumption of death

the daisy
wrapped in brown paper
separated from its roots
is beauty

for now

beauty is governed
beauty is not governed

the fallibility of nature is my own fallibility
was I
understood a law which is no law

because

there is no such thing as universal courage
just
the mind of the adolescent scientist reckoning method

is her cowboy boots

starting an interest in math
probability

will I one day contain war
will I one day contain emotion
will I one day contain love

have two children a boy and a girl

the garden is dead this time of year dormant

pregnant

for a wrought iron chair
for confessions

about fault and the fears of fault

history returns to itself when you look the other way
when I look the other way

but say
philosophy is no separation to history
say policy

the shapeshifter

look me up

I am in wool

tomorrow I will wear the dublin hat

no I am not in your school I just

attended class competently

paid tuition thus

you got paid to do what you do and all of the ideas

all of the good ideas

I get to keep for being

the shapeshifter o

square today

a fifty year old lion a twenty year old stag

a formless historian

a decider

an interrogative wheel

something anything with big eyes

under the sea

the crystal

rose

and when I climb from the water saying I could have died there

and no one would have known

because

shapeshifters die

when they are done with purpose

every day is an affirmation
to that which was
a shapeshifter

to be drawn into a single line of inquiry

but life is no deposition
at its end
I believe
rather a mention of what is good
has steered me here and there
gathered all of the bits into a single collection
like possession

nor will life forget what is not corrected
that which is made into futures

do you really want to send me down that sexuality
I am otherwise content
making rhythm making poems

like a wind chime
responding and silent on a still day

the bonds of affection
listen
to what story exists
tomorrow

and curse the many sided nature of want

nor wonder she did not recognize you
among her other entropies

the stone
[the poet]

the oscillations of social change
are balanced in nature

everything tends to nature
eventually
assumes people are unnatural thus

but that is only logic
what is said

is sight is happened in sight transferred to
the information cortex

is a question
whether to remain external to nature or become an adjunct

but that is only logic
what is said

and within an understood parameters
no
there are no parameters

that is only logic

and the variables of existing naturally assume
the extinction of logic
given
for the animal nature of confidence in collecting
virtue
like food like shelter

but that is only logic

logic to the cardinal logic to the wolf
logic to the beaver

the tea

compassion

we rest together and lavender

think about world history and the complications of world history

it is a reliable vehicle

history creates itself

take note

of tea

leaves

ridiculous absurd

the negative of the negative is not positive

compassion

for the day's entropies resolved like good company

the animal people

the literal animal people always had the same thing to talk about

nor ever weary to say

are those new shoes simple

I found a new poem

give me a moment I need to call the veterinarian

maybe they would know

the proper type of meat to eat with a dry riesling

I suppose chicken

or tuna

discord
the leafless willow at lake's edge
the grass still green

through a window

sight
the green tea
amber

discord
the sky appears to be
summer

on the way to the mailbox

smell
is a contest

discord
I am content

through a window

sound
the vacant afternoon the vacant roads
geese

discord
the way we were
the way we are

heavenly

the alternating peaces
heavenly

there is no authority today
we are all just getting by

the author

I inhabit the same space as you

I am a journalist

for Planet News' second edition (Ginsberg)

the worms come to the surface

charisma

the deteriorating plumbing

the author she wrote

tea fragments

all of history is arranged all of history is
should I say dead or alive

microcomputing

typewriter

ribbon

black and white television

darkroom

the obsolescence of nothing

it is a different kind of beauty

that stays after the others

the situation combines elements of perspective
I trust your western account
you see

I am in between elsewhere
with questions

surveillance is a camera left on recording
virtue and the opposite of virtue
the satellite the justice satellite

all of the homes in a row making the appropriate amount of noise
gone to work on my day off listening otherwise
we would just die
one more time
one more time
with groceries still in the frigerator

the absence of myself
speculation
as to the abilities of them gone away where

it is only conscience
history is

say the best history is my own memory

flip to page sixty five
the catalog of dreams in which
sleep is mentioned like darkness and
without images

I do not recall anyone but for the morning said tea
three times

in the polish mug

and whether I should learn from you
call things your given names
like a trail
like a school

make your language my own

I have a question I know the answer to can you tell me
in your own words
about longevity
about permanence

are we only allowed one habitat at a time

and tell me about film theory

tell me about doctrine and who told you so

and whether I have a school yes with pot luck lunches every day and
poetry and hot water
bring your own tea

but that is not sustainable
like fossil fuels are not sustainable because
someone needs to own a tractor
someone needs to clean things

good fortune is a bracket acknowledged because
peace is not everywhere called peace

the limits of peace are the limits of understanding
and who will travel into a contradiction
say truth is meaningful even if it were contest to
I

and who will say truth is my own confidence

the tincture the aphrodisiac the euphoric

the dried leaves

substance the experience

the same art on the walls the agreeable art

the environment the square the environmentalist

the tincture the liquid the drops in the water

creation

nor the clouds already nor the forest already

the color of the night sky is blue

and I agree

what happens to the body when it dies I know

but what is not the body

traveling into what it has described

the tincture

the complications of mutual understanding

in two states simultaneously say love

no

one state is given the greater of two states is given

the instrument

in the corner of the room

but it was language for silence to return to

early

before I had left

for society

the ends

interpreting green
green is not a color
green is a philosophy
interpreting green
what is green
everyone
gets to go to school to fix an environment
green authority is measured
in carbon footprints
green authority is measured
aesthetically

the purpose of poison
is found on page twenty five of
the pink deposition with the red cover

it is early to mention whether I make a difference

you see

everyone wants a philosophy
everyone wants a candidate with a similar philosophy
of being

of purpose

interpreting green for what is said
the chambers had a window
four at a time they would sit about a table
remarking prosperity and sustainability

from equal positions

with sandwiches

eschatologically speaking

the soul forwarded itself into a fifth conception
leaving the body

the unrecognizable

with its own memory and with
unanswered questions
that is why it did not rest in peace

the punctured night allowed for the stars

they are the same
everything is the same

the declaration of truth is only an assumption of truth

understanding

what does the soul have to do with the satisfaction of understanding

it is early

and I yet have language

when I am speechless then I will have something to say

the corner room with the corner windows
the list

suppose the soul is inherently liberated
brought to the limits of a body given language

just language

I know
the most recent thought of peace
carries forward until it is replaced again and again

civilization is on a trajectory

on a beaded strand of poems

convince me

I know
no reluctance
this is not reluctance you see
this is the observation of an order calling itself peace

start again

this time an answer in the form of a question

for the volunteer

I know
nothing

except to get up in the middle of the night to put out the candle

and whether the vocational is peaceable
or a separation to the faculties

and whether the vocational is self administered

and whether there is more than one vocation

and I answer for myself I only know
one position
for being

were the ends to satisfy the means
were it properly punctuated
for to know when to take a breath
were the means to satisfy the ends

a helicopter was constructed

to put out a forest fire

would have burned a neighborhood

see

the picture of the horizon from a helicopter

the fairweather machine

all of the votes were counted
costs one dollar a vote

and I have no control for the seasons
regard god

do what is done at certain times reflect
place
the institution of what parameters

the artist and the assumption of the artist
what is given

and the dated records will show
the varieties of the moon until
the subject is exhausted

gone to bed
satisfied

teleology
is permanence like death
do I say

but is not life a series of segments

the program to advance all other programs
graduated from elementary school
knowing enough about numbers to tell a
parents

teleology
and the satisfaction of paradigms

do I say

one good theory is enough to scare
an alternative
religion

and we return to our common denominators if
to be at structural odds
with progress

teleology

is wisdom near enough to certainty
to say
respect one's elders one's seniors

and the satisfactory and the satisfied

what authentic pleasure is not an ends
unto itself

like time without the consideration of time

mention beauty

mention the germ of getting along

mention security

but time is freedom were I no slave to time

I know the redundant

I understand the redundant

nature

and its broadest conception will include I

if I am given the proper scope

like sustainability

appreciation and the promise of appreciation

the wind from the northwest

is not my attention but to wear a sweater

I say it is we

that are agreeably present

and the malformations of want

greed

lust

hold a soul isolate a soul

cause one to think of their own position exclusively

and if

[this]

were preparatory for the assumption of the next

I cannot say

but nature is yet complete

against my own smallness I ask

