

~~UNTITLED~~

OLYMPIA

by Gregory Markee

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PRITY LIGHTS

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MADISON

SAD IS A POEM

Loss

for the weary wretched come in voices saying
 again and again fault atonement (am I not done learning)
 this and that sin possess creativity possess being
 all there is ^{are} the channels of spirit drained draining
 luck will have you luck will hold you and your attention
 o to be lucky
 sad is a poem
 and given no space no department no office no instruments
 how I say it is my power
 how I say you are more fragile than I am
 but I carry no fetish for the evils of want
 and wander
 (I have seen this forest before I have seen these stars before)
 and the advance of living is an explanation of familiarity
 of course I have been here once and again
 and the bounds of reconciliation (with)
 say there is an offering to be made (now there is faith in God)
 just weary and disabled to confidence in principle
 (I love you) and think with closed eyes the trouble of
 being
 but hers is not depression nor is mine
 like when I was a child and knowing I was a child
 and I never did age I
 yet suppose things like wonder and difference it is your station
 like responsibility like bureaucracy for figuring my contentment
 and then I die (again and again)
 like the others and hoping wishing for luck for a place to go
 then

OLYMPIA

Freedom where freedom reigns
 language is light and goes into shadows
 it is my sight in moonlight for predators and wandering hunters
 O olympia
 I too hunt
 regarding weakness no
 it is the predator I eat
 the game of game and wisdom to the solid features of
 beauty
 straight forward the next day comes in purple and then blue
 and death is no memory the blood is no memory
 and building towers is no memory but when it is done
 I love
 if there is a heaven I love
 (there is no more killing) they have all gone west with questions
 but west turns to east I know
 all I have is answers I have an answer for struggle
 I have an answer for being
 and the watch I wear is standard for time and easy to forget
 the mess of peace is predictably (is it not)
 I am governor
 I carry truth from mountain wash to river seaward
 I carry nothing but the humors of thought but I am automatic
 the mountain is twenty-six miles high nor forming any longer
 and from the bottom I kneel (again)
 to see the stars and the direction of the stars
 conditions are clear and the tree will shed its leaves soon (soon)
 o wisdom but where am I from
 o wisdom but where am I from

PREAMBLE

Inwhich all good things are done and becoming
 I favor the stars the twinkling night for dreams the gone clouds
 it is my station it is my office
 but the earth
 the ascendants the passed and gone with stories
 nor ever a soul to know all of the eterns of being
 but penance but forgiveness for my shortsightedness here
 mortality is an anchor is a day is a moment
 (they) will be here long from now nor wondering but being
 (just being)
 yet judgement
 it is my own judgment is cause for divinity for God
 I know that I love
 the leaves the way they change and it is often enough to say
 the reinforcements of being are answer to no person other than I
 ecology is at once my own for my participation and
 ecology is a wonder that their life and their life say knowledge
 say wonder I am to watch
 the hawk the badger the spider
 so too ordained and with their own sights
 and the governance of play (say a needs are no question)
 the revelry of being is to the future having met the present
 he and she
 he and she like children
 still they go on about being do they not it was a moment
 (stillness) call fullness at faith which requires no restoration
 time is tomorrow's art and the satisfactions of tomorrow's art
 be

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

But the clouds to sundown comes the night
 and the wait of night the burden of sleep
 what dreams speak imaginary like the ness of history
 it is the encroach of the moon the shadow of the moon
 electronica having answered history and the idea of history
 the sound of silence is a thought
 call judgment at wall that is quiet and becoming
 the administration of family is to want for
 the ~~administration~~ familiar
 but to watch with closed eyes I know nothing but language
 and peace is no whisper but silence actual
 (breath)
 and having slept knowing
 wake to light and the apartments of light
 there is a picture on the wall watercolor
 sailboat
 and her silent want is mine
 do you see love as I ~~in~~ see love
 and the sun there is no answer to time
 beauty is attention I travel upon a membered engine
 really
 quiet is the forest but quiet is the garden quiet is the butterfly
 quiet is the poem
 happening like space
 winter comes around again
 I am prepared I have a book I have soup
 and the silence of numbers is liminal and aware is known

SO LONG

Dong the bells is all I remember and one last cigarette

the downing sun and soon the darkened shapes

and middle night sounds

to rest for time and absence is what is left of place

the typewriter is record

to believe in oneself is a station is a way

which does not bend nor can bend

it was loss for introspections began

and say for every loss there is a redefinition of spirit

self reliance grows self reliance adapts (and a place for the remainders of)

history is a book(that)is all

and the poems the confessions

there is a morning tomorrow which is different and learning

and ask were it loss which started the great war

it is the times of an insistence to philosophy which started the great war

but I am relieved

because of the solid features of want are contained are understood

peace is no burden

(it is the clouds) (it is the shortening autumn light)

(again) (and again)

regard love for time I age understanding

like a promise I age understanding

cause

so long

THE RIDDLED CONTRAPTION

Filled with questions
 about time and history and experience and being
 a box an arm long an arm wide and an arm high contained
 the mysteries the spirits the answers
 but only to be asked direct questions
 on a shelf near the keys and the good books
 one knowledge leads to the next and tires the want
 rests another generation of certainty
 they go and come again like pilgrims
 and having arrived at the sum (five)
 the interpretations are spent into books always incomplete
 say beauty say love say loss
 but I know
 the incompletions are my own like possession is my own
 for the box is still and gathering dust
 ask were it my contentment and say I have everything
 (there are no more questions)
 love is a stranger a familiar stranger
 and what of the ocean
 and if I never give the way I have been given
 but who will know secrets who will know protocol (someday I too)
 (die)
 and suspect the box will be rested (there)
 answering
 but I forget
 but I forget and turn to the poets remembering what is not remembered
 flesh is a turn at intuition
 and with a name

THE CONCUSSIVE IDEA

Thus struck the wall
 pulled in from certainty drawn
 inwhich the inducts travel into the deducts and the deducts into the inducts
 the stupor of knowledge fascinates itself in stillness
 because power
 because power is curriculum
 and the conjunctions of being say
 the longer one is in a place (familiarity thus)
 attachments are a minor to love but require the same faculties
 (but that is only philosophy to say) (and what good is -hmm)
 and to watch shadows regard time
 but I
 I am vocabulary am I not
 everything
 the concussive idea
 and is a question and were I so bold to ask my own self a question
 like authority I unto I
 and hold to the journals and sketchbooks with a cling in knowing
 regard trust and friendship after or before having said
 I have no control for this
 a matter of confidence to the endurance of pain it is
 how the brain assorts itself turns observation into a coupled form
 (but that is only psychology to say) (and what good is -hmm)
 I last the protocol of learning now beyond adolescence but
 discern
 like courage

OCEAN LIFE

Ocean life the atmosphere of water the muted stars
 gone
 but for breath swimming and turning swimming and turning
 migrations to fertile water where
 the abundance of life is to predation and
 the lifted spirits for fullness of truth call predation
 there is a larger course of want
 and say there is a place for all of goodness the likes of
 abominable the satiated the proprietary the following
 and the smallness of that which feeds upon the decayed and decaying
 but a metaphor I am breathing

the drowning is an instant for breath

and sight is an ordination

the surface is a mirror upended

swim

was a poem I wrote

OCEAN LIFE

Nothing happened today but yesterday

foot in front of foot in front of foot pedaling swimming

the theater inhales and bubbles out news

the newspaper the magazine bubbles concerns roils

tuna is my favorite

insulated and packaged and delivered do I not pretend

the sky is not water I cannot fly I cannot swim away

but I do I do

and without words without expression

and with no control for the clouds the surf the breaking clouds

UNSAID NCR SUNG

For all the voices
 the quiet and strong in character the colored
 red and blue and pink
 unsaid nor sung
 but listen the intuitive (I assume the)
 make roundness of corners make life of that which falls that which drags
 because certainty is not so explicit as joy begun
 and to know
 cause is my own
 I list the defeats of principle and likeness to that which
 squanders nor ever mentions love by name
 the imminence of the fatalism of worry when
 the history of justice is against me (and with a name)
 but a friend
 quietly for truth and (that) language again and again
 is change and cause for change
 (do I not wear velvet today)
 there is a voice high upon my frontal cortex explains
 the rules of sport the rules of war the rules of marriage
 and to call God at prominence and the unexplainable
 but say it were my own being which acknowledges the fallibility of
 the terms of truth and surrender
 the trepidation of faith is their silence after all
 for their shortcomings are my own I ~~to know~~ know
 I understand loss and prejudice I understand want like silence
 them
 I understand

ANGEL

A decadence of truth was her beauty glows
 having met the capture of being is a trust
 is a list
 goodness is the matter of having been one thousand years and more
 the judgment of mortality is governed by
 the scores the orders the likened change to sociology to principle
 does she come like inheritance with golden plumes and cause
 and in my weakness a law
 herald (decree)
 in which her figure is an assumption of time the slowness of time
 and the dissections of intuition are my own humility
 the lighted sight of angelism is a sunrise is the moment
 after a storm
 and to hear the chorus of nature was hers and answering
 it is my access nor exclusive
 (do you see the wings) (neither do I)
 but faith in the electronics of principle faith in history
 do I not love do I not learn to love
 and the rolling clouds (now) (and now again)
 say beauty at the station of time
 it is nearly autumn
 and the leaves are starting
 people looking about
 was hers for certainty for guidance
 I understand
 the shape of time just the shape of time
 and the appearance of the moon
 crescent and waning I remember

THE GONENESS OF HISTORY

If it were the patches of remembrance
 the familiarity the stories say folk lore and freedom from
 and to grasp to hold the principles of one (thing)
 it is the marble statue mentions war and idealism together
 the painted life of a mother mentions truth and realism in a stroke a breath
 the book the fable
 the closeness of history is having experienced history
 and to being
 the passages of social creation are the marks of memory
 but say change upon time for the weakness of giving one way to the next
 the goneness of history
 is a fade is a reinterpreted fade over and over once more
 though the interference of science is the invention of records
 the camera from all angles is a sight the audio recording
 the interpretation of natural history
 now closer to a recent history call modernity (the line is fixed)
 the vagueness of having been having created in an implicit day
 is willful and acknowledges a future like vanity
 tell me time tell me a moment that is now different that is now different
 with every telling with every generation
 and ask of greatness now upon one thousand years
 (yes) but the idol is a trophy as much a story an experience
 and why I create
 say it is the defense of time the defense of history in a form
 I can be no more certain for natural history I am
 and say social history upon this land is governed and governed again
 a voice has been in so many forms and another and another
 I run out of space

ROADSIDE

Baby's breath

asparagus

the barbed wire the grazing cattle

I found a pipe

I found a steel rod

the country has no curbs

County Road PD M the others

with signs with bullet holes for target

the tavern for fish for beer

the forest dark within enchanting and with trail

nature reclaims

the edges of the road decay

nor traffic for an hour's walk

motorcycle

the sky lets down into a ditch and

the sky opens again

and winter is silence the plowed mounds of snow

the drifts

the litter was a coffee cup from where I go

(I only toss banana peels and apple cores)

the archaeology of roadside curiosity is

mostly a bag for trash

but to walk a road facing traffic out of harm's way

is a local telling and with wildflowers

with peace signs and clouds

with sounds and an encroaching peoples

I am

one

PROTEST

Was anxiety and discontent for cause
the unsettled and wanting
the charge for one's own interest carries
a cross a banner carries a voice called difference
called change
and the circumspect of authority their grace is
a tremor to being
nor can be stood outright but say
the minor purge of things (things) is no solution
how they assume a separation I do believing a spirit of self governance is
now first
and the inclusions of every force is abandoned with
a labeled and disregarded surface of popular being the remaindered
some
it is unjust for power to frame itself without the wholeness of concern
and a word for you I say doctrine incomplete doctrine
a baseness to being and courage upon an organized elders
(they have stood for years)
the clever fight is ambitious nor the signs explicit always
the drawn line is their acknowledge of
an external force (do I not protect the administration of justice)
and if it were best to maintain a smallness to difference
there is no exchange to contract if
one is not acknowledged
but to be heard in a way declares
an assumption to collaboration and cooperation again eventually
for a listed dissolve of partnership is their position nor can be
a governing position if

SHADOWS CAST

Was twilight in the morning the shadows
the large against the small authorizing sight
definition is the horizon nature comes
and the nocturns of peace are change to activity
the business of courage is a straight line forward making (things)
and the quiet of being concealed is turned
the anthropology of the sun is an ecosystem is a song
loud and indifferent to the littler ways of them pushed against light
and to say answer when there is no question
the ends of natural development are slow enough for adaptation
the ends of social development are a restriction to diet and migration
it is my own habitat shadows cast is a limit to
the greatness of otherness the fullness of ecological being
the sun and a cloud now and again
declares the industry of growth and past noon (now)
so too
was twilight in the dusk the shadows
half light is a prayer the engines rumble to a stop
for thought for direction (and that is only I)
was a moon tonight lit the surface of change the longness of trees
the shaded compounds now say tomorrow tomorrow
(it is earth's shadow for sight) (it is not my turn)
and the voice
is a separation of darkness like sleep
and that which holds to the history of the days the seasons
like the celestials of trust so too the stars are done
for now I believe
for now

THE BURDEN OF AUTHORITY

Were it the charismas of experience or to say
 the stealth of character
 acquired
 a station of or resembling responsibility
 say the burden of choice is the burden of authority
 how they believe or how they believe in dissent
 the organizational being is proven upon the welfare of its members
 and who does not have a sound a voice like a union
 the outer limits because an inner spheres are misdirected
 the floated vessel is a many-stationed craft
 and to be so easy
 for a contentment merely strung with dollars
 but a lightness to effort upon the recognitions and delegations of
 answers
 and were it no burden to say this
 the buck stops eventually here because
 a seniors have passed upon some
 questions
 or were honest to say I do not know nor aloud
 then why is there no genius as operational director they ask
 (because they go home at night without wondering the status of anything)
 (nor corporate care after) (punching out)
 the burden of authority is a breath like parenting but different
 inwhich the authorization of materials and ideas
 inwhich the provisions to love and care
 is no burden
 the wool cap is no burden really excepting posture mbeneath such a weight
 it is the charismas of experience and the stealth of character

PUNCTUATIVELY SPEAKING

The sailboat open water the afternoon into sunset
 begins the moon among the night
 one two three all of the stars say grace at being
 near
 the heart does quiet at being convinced
 at the greatness the surrounds of greatness
 it is time again to sleep with open doors the sound of insects
 the car
 morning comes early the glazed twilight the started colors
 the governance of peace is membership among
 the trees will be changing soon I remember
 the forest in walking shoes when the greens are now golden from green
 and stillness for wind's recess is nearly a bite
 and the business of time is an attention to the outer ways of life
 it is noon the offset sun the declined sun
 nor have they started migrating yet nothing is over nothing is over
 and the standard clouds the same for every season
 waiting across the horizon remark as well the chorus of stillness
 I am still and causing nothing
 but listen for sight upon change I expect
 you are not done but only beginning
 I have a word for you I have a name for you
 that which does not move
 the afternoon I forget you are common I remember
 to describe the plainness of beauty is a disciplined station
 is an art with no end
 but punctuation but
 punctuation

UNTITLED

The monstor said freedom everyone
listen
walked the same path every day avoidance was broadcast published
they developed big eyes big ears
never said freedom never called freedom
the stock of (people) were once heartened sturdy careless
it is no burden to be without adversary
for there are no limits to change (then)
when I would fall asleep in the clearing among the blackberries (then)
and go home adjusted
such is the sovereignty of peace
and to say there is now a tumor a violent and invasive tumor
puts one to a corner puts one to a test
and do I still love
among threat and imbalance do I still love
is an elder's question (yes)
is a question in a smaller world I used to use the word freedom
o heartness say defiance again and again and I will believe you
the pressures of being say reclamation again and again
the only bridle to history is ~~the~~ a limits to its exercise
declare the sequestered
squared and governed say restless
and with an attention to the securities the trust of existence
the neglected clouds the neglected surf
but to wonder at the impeachable ness of bullying which cannot be
impeached
I give myself a frame do I not
like adaptation (then)

WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

Is

a distraction to direction no

but to sit here for hours at the sounds

the tumbling water in low season reflecting

the moving pace the springtime

was a memory marked for forgetting for consolidation

above it all

the life we come here for the bankweeds the fingerlings the frogs them

enters a river enters the ocean and stays

for time

it is a road across a slow road across

slow enough to stop and ask if history is the same as tomorrow

where the eyes do wander I am going over there

I shall return facing in the other direction and I will mention yesterday

as today

and say to the creek animate the fetish in my pocket

or were it my conscience

I cannot remember what forgiveness is but life say time

and remember reason

is no distraction to direction either unless

the occlusions of serenity are isolating and pull one from the stays

of being

I am no painter I see

and what it is I miss I eventually know by asking the right questions

(the picture is a turtle on a stone)

a bicycle passes and the walkers talking of winter and winter's freeze

do we not travel in the same direction (eye contact)

(no)(today I came alone)

THE CATALYST

Upon the interrogation (of things) (things)
a trail of age sent a man to the securities of where there was no weather
it was sight of a bobcat stole a stroll bought a pistol for
history is many things is cause is easy to say
without interrogation for the forms of social movement
land and the improvements of land expansive land was an army built
set a wall then
wondered why the elk population
and the impulse of starting a family never was an impulse (not really)
they both went to a good school together
the fog the conditions of fog the sun burned off the fog mid morning
(not before the cars crashed)
there was a spirit started a conversation a civil conversation
about proper burials about ideas about questions without certainty
put a white building on the highest hill above the lake
and a cross a small cross
and a guest book for visitors to sign
and the people began to arrive one and another
prosperity is a glance at how the neighbors are doing
prosperity is maturity and upon maturity will one turn from maturity
with regret for being so damn mature (then)
the interrogations of conscience are a map I am thus and therefore
experience is my own history I know and language
I will convince you of truth like confidence is truth
I know when the leaves do fall is nearabout the first frost
but not everything is astronomy
just ask what is revelatory
but not everything is astronomy

SCIENCE FICTION

Craft

where am I taken

in one thousand years I will mention modern history modern culture as
inspiration

technology is a germ of possibility

the manual HOW TO FLY

emulates birds until birds are obsolete

how is it the flying disk hovers travels and returns

shoots lasers at wrongness

and the principles of wrongness

for what sustains a modern ness is a glance to a lesser exterior

and the author

the imaginary student the watcher the possibilist

makes reason for diet for attire for training

the floating car the winged car the wheel is disinvented

it is a dark corner of his home

with desk light

future comes to a station

medicine is simple nor interference to

the lives and times of those having received the mass of inoculations
at any early age

say who is not a dreamer but to the slowness of change

turns one to the varieties of engineering

but the sky is still but the clouds are seeded

and the dammed lake the guided river the interference of tornadoes
hurricanes

nor a consideration for risk like a frontier were it set a generation previous
and the author (still writes)

THE OPPOSITE OF THE BUTTERFLY
SHADOW OF THE BUTTERFLY

Wrath

the bobs and turns the fluttering breeze
touch down and up again pollen taking pollen
nectar

the shadow the butterfly's opposite
against the sun
ever second to being

I assume

the psychology of a butterfly is no reflection to its shadow
though the independence of a shadow is no independence
connected and governed
and with no control
reason is the laws of nature the laws of light
and what claim though for what I do not know of night when
the shadows are one
darkness is the first threshold I go
wondering the unknown fearing the unknown
and were a governance to arrive in the form of gentle beauty
but nature
is the mantle of its own provisions and
regard the opposite of the butterfly as what brings the opposite of freedom
call servitude

I am small it is the shadow of the airplane

was a cloud which sent me to work to idle work to idle wait

the opposite of the butterfly is a compass
the animate towed and turned pulled

I am small it is the shadow of the butterfly

AUTUMN STARTS THE LEAVES

Autumn starts the leaves
one and one descending
the day is earlier than yesterday
the night sounds are lesser than yesterday
return to industry to being internal to a darker quiet
autumn starts the leaves
first red and golden holding release and flutter
about the grass
again this year time is upon the conscious
(them holding to change and the nature of change)
cycles are a memory I learn
the reliability of change is a season's mention of astronomy
and the night's sky the open the stars
but cooler
letting down the hibernates the start of hibernation
(I pack for peace I pack for quiet)
autumn starts the leaves
soon the days are barren soon the forest is completed
but that is forward nor am I
always
but I am no stop to (that) change I go
carrying a more personal cross than what was collective
time is my place for memory time is my place for being
but wait upon the consterns of my own peace
autumn starts the leaves
but is my mention to go go into my own way until
the forest will start again I will say
now (when)

THE SECURITIES OF UNREST

Upon the coagulations of spirit
an emerging sight recognizes change and the nature of change
an accounting of authority
what is within one's ken I say almighty like promise
democracy
o light is stopped upon the protectionisms revealed when a question
they rise
they rise and fall
they rise
recede having punctured what comes to be known as them ~~IXNENI~~ (them)
and markers put upon the paid public men and women
who have children and memories of having been children
the securities of unrest
is a glance about the determinations of the youth and the youthful
wondering what is left of originalism
in a franchised world a world resembling servitude and forced patience
assembly is a catalyst for assembly
and were it not enough to vote for rightness
for ever in the minority one is conditioned one is betrayed
yet
notice the emergence of leadership the emergence of organization
(soon you are official) for your deeds you are official
and to spot the news the open news say you are still waging
a compassionate march brimmed with thought and I agree
some will not let go until they are forgotten as opposites
individualism old and new is the same
nor I fear my emerging opposites with questions I teach
truth is several truth is a question

STASIS

All things being
 equal
 facing south the wind from the left is equal to the wind from the right
 stops the hanging clouds for stillness
 the falling leaves come again for green for air
 to watch is to participate to listen to smell
 the night and the cause of night morning again then
 conscience and the opposite of conscience doubt
 is a question returns oneself to the quickness of life
 how short the day and balanced in uncertainty
 a question a thousand questions called growth and the charms of growth
 there is the same chair the same place for letting down
 say balanced in faith like confidence in the eterns of civilization
 a youth will inherit (this) do what I do like judgment
 (the moon will never set)
 the meditations with open eyes the meditations with closed eyes
 no (I have no answer for age for aging) (but its celebration)
 stops the hanging stars for stillness they wait as I wait
 but death a thing
 and balance to the whorls of experience ultimately
 (death)
 the speculations of afterlife are riddled in the presence of being now
 nor envy the stone for its permanance
 all things being
 equal
 and the quiet is a silence to competition
 purpose is what I call purpose like language like silence's opposite
 I am as I not

THE ROOM OF INTENTIONS

Was a sixteen by sixteen by sixteen cube
with no windows and a floor to match the walls and ceiling
the wall plugged into a floor lamp
and a reclining chair a desk with typewriter for solutions for records
the orphans require (things)
the refugees
the parents
the behavioral strategies of offering without dependence attached
call governance (and do I think of my own) (self)
the fear of absorption into those requiring is a pull
into one's own
health and welfare
and ask if the appearance of meditation is indeed meditation
yes
a climate controlled room with no calendar with no clock is a bath
the potency of ideas is weather
things grow here things stay here
the potential of being beyond these walls is
to know what they are to know what is
to know my own limits
look within the seeds of want are a coupled endeavor and
to give a thought is a process for its being for its fruition
the public idea is clay was once a germ
(it was that idea struck me) but an intention is no idea
but advanced administered molded shaped
what I shall do (let it pass) let it pass return again
from the question of how
such is an office

SEISMIC LOVE

Including children including legacy
 was an earthquake was an idea
 brings the normalcies of being into question
 o love and its absence is a barren measure of life
 and say first principles are invented upon the ~~inventions~~ infections of contact
 familiarity breeds want and a question
 what is love this is
 and gone about the rituals of aging the coupled ness of growth
 (was a school where they held hands)
 like a model to a love which is not yet acknowledged
 takes a million years to move a continent to form a canyon
 a tree is older than I
 and those watching stars declaring moderation moderation
 all of the principles included are no wander to desire
 justice is an errand governance is an errand democracy is an errand
 say a valley completed in the varieties of love is a tapestry
 diversity from such an exit is a union
 was two individuals communed to an idea invented love
 like it has been since the beginning of folklore of pottery with meaning
 was the ocean's swell at sundown was an idea
 they wrapped themselves about sincerity
 and the thought of how they wish to age
 wrapped about their children and their children's children
 such is a memory not yet happened (was a church where they held hands)
 like tremors
 and were divinity an allowance like the recognition of God
 something is indeed greater something is indeed more powerful
 and regard the humbled ways of love and life as seed

BUZZBEAT DRUNK

Slur and prophecy the wasted ideas
 travel until they are no memory gone
 is a state of a type of balance inwhich the freedoms are a favor
 Bacchus is a weakened heart but
 celebration said mention there is a time for spirits
 open this want for tease and meaning (I will remember)
 with images I will remember until I fall asleep at the table
 buzzbeat drunk and the occasion for being in a way
 and say the cause of alcoholism were such a ness (thing)
 the party
 is but started is but invented
 and those with no taste for wine but to watch (no)
 every important person is a frame in this
 all of the representatives all of the changers the snapshifters
 every is a conversation is a cloud
 really I don't like people I have never liked people
 that is why
 I am fun to watch
 turn the turns of socialism is cause for poetics is cause for
 the introspections of why a station is solitary
 and with no habit for others with no habit for social structure
 raise the glass I am winning
 and the attitude of loss is no loss but a widening girth
 and prophecy is a station holds me I know
 like a flickering lantern like the inevitable dawn
 inwhich I take out the trash smell the morning
 air
 and decide what is best

THE GREATEST VARIABLE

The lure of wealth and what is
competition

but there is no finite limit to money they make more and more

the devaluation of money

say gold and the declarations of gold

say real estate

but one thing does mean another enter education the distribution of knowledge

one word is a painting is a title art is

the capsule of experience

the avoidance of war the embrace of war the seminar which meets about

war that war that image

was a thousand images of refugees is a force of question

like morality is a question a suffering is a question

(the images are put into a photo box and stored in a climate controlled room)

(but they remember) (like students they remember)

tuition was a dollar that semester

teachers were hungry

really anything can be bought anything can be willfully forgotten

the person

put his income into the bank grew his own vegetables raised goats

was the law said his home is taxed

yes you are entitled to stay if you pay your tax

was the moon for an answer

all night watching the sky wondering compassion and force

the person

nor a slave to banking nor a slave to time o time installed time

the degradation of character is such certainty is

cause for wandering

WAS NIGHT THE ANIMAL

Opened its eyes lurked
 about the square hundred acres framed in modernity (roads)
 autumn hunger is fierce is a prod
 soon the hair will grow to match the cooling temperature
 but that is only natural
 the cat
 was once domestic
 was night the animal
 haunched about the open sky scanning for movement
 the deer the possum too large the day life put away for darkness
 is a mouse is a mouse another mice are easy
 and to be hunted the fox nor the raccoons afraid
 is cause for higher ground
 pounce
 the night is long and quiet and restless
 the farm on the eastern side with trash cans
 appreciate the mice eaters sometimes leave out some kibble
 (but they have expectations) (and that is why)
 but fullness to a belly and an ambling walk through the drying stalks
 to the leaves near the creek
 the sun will start soon and the contemplations of winter in the barn
 the cat
 was once domestic
 traded a life for pride for nature for independence
 (they leave the door ajar) (the barn door)
 closed its eyes its legs fiddled like a dream
 o to live deliberately and with no temptations and with no fences
 was night the animal

FILM AND DIGITAL FILM

Was a moving picture the camera
 pointed at a story and the edits of the visible
 the invention of effects then but still dependent on a camera's aim
 nor slow to technology the electronic screen in which
 digital editing requires no angle no light no camera at all

 was a bicycle
 flew
 left the possible for the imaginary
 left behind the analytics of film theory were one to regard
 the computer construction of film as separate from
 what is regarded as the original state of film (and photograph)

 was a station in space (space!)
 they lived there
 traveled about in flying vehicles
 (but they were early) invented flight with a camera frame by frame
 (went to the moon)
 but ask of ends the final product say
 realism of the modern application of special effects (realism indeed!)
 a suspension of disbelief is all that is required
 in film and digital film

 they traveled
 to the center of the earth
 and I believed them
 (I believed them) (because)

 was a dinosaur alive
 ate a man
 caused fear

 do I Not speak of the ends of either medium (mention nostalgia is a question)

MARVELS AND INTERPRETATION

Were it so becoming without my presence

what is a glassy lake at sunrise a waterfall what is a redwood a sequoya without
(I)

I cannot say but regard my own position as grace as thanks

it is I who declares beauty

it is I who declares the separations of beauty for reason

what it is I require against the typical the hardships the doldrums

a special sight a special smell is cause

the marvel of winter is a stone home with fireplace with wide windows

the marvel of rain is a garden the marvel of the forest is a path

the marvel of nature is a question the marvel of art is a question

and the stars for time the crisp moon tonight

I wake having been in yesterday I remember

cause is the advance of my intentions and having seen having been
within (that)

no

without my presence you are impotent insignificant

for that which I know nothing of cannot hold me to its character

the marvel of technology the whisper of technology is a germ

and cause for wonder upon the notion of progress

was a painting was a photograph and say

the immediacy of a mountain summit with wind and tundra lichen

(I was there) I was there and that is what I recall

the marvel of democracy is an electoral chamber is a vocabulary is rules

interpretation is a psychological habit a sociological habit a school

and my attention is for language for I am not alone to say

the poetics of being were once

marvel

OPTIMISM MATTERS

But possession

there were nothing but ideas remain

the language the inner spheres of want are catalyst to

the introspects of one's failure

and regard the patterns of change there is still

some degree of control

nor forgetting one's voice a smile is yet attached with a question

I do not know the answer to already

optimism matters and beyond the frames of appearance

the meditative station of presence is carry to wellness to life

about the doldrums call despair

about the rebounds once and again for their competitiveness

about the nature of change and change itself

lust is real lust is actual

becomes until one is at peace comfortably ridden society

yes

I have a thing to offer and without force without judgment

and it were no social requisite to say they are important but they

are my contact and receiving when I am otherwise the same (am I not)

beauty is no secret really

nor the fascinations of technology are match to being really

the purpose of one's own favor are enough and

~~one's~~ one's own treatment of their mind and body is carriage to

leadership including social transformation

and to reserve no (no) as a measure to fitness to belonging in a way

I love and know that I love

nor require proof for love but say in no language

the hardness against being is cause for its contradiction