

paperback

Greg Markee

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SOPHIA

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MADISON

paperback

I too rode God far. To the ends of fabric, that once began as little and history. And it will end like the finish of anything. And beyond the washed cliffs, them falling falling, beyond the gilded mnemonias and the packed earth. I too rode God far. With a mind for letting go until absence conjures a future and until nighttime manages a rest. Be low, and still, the tenders mark a path, of potence and beauty that travels forward until it washes away and dissolving among oceans and the other recoils of water, great flood and ceaseless rain, and the opposites, the dry erosions of summer wind. Far, like a memory, I too rode God. And if I waited for an instant to allow a time, and there I rest like a shelter once begun and dying into deserts and earth and salt and sulfur I imagine. And the clouds, there is not a finish among them traveling and reporting in sweeps and tests and performing endlessly performing. A continent, another, and the separations of man and his dwelling and God, the evidence of dwelling and I am welcome I know like the returns of any bounty. I too rode God far, and far enough to realize a home away, a place away to the ends of sense or either begin as new, star and spirit, light overhanging the passing worlds beneath. And not enough of boistered prairies, of grass to touch without bending, of rolling leaves and wind, dissenting wind I walk into and direct my back against against. The passing worlds, I too rode God far like a season and becoming mindless because everything is at once. Concept, ocean. Concept, moon. Concept, eternity like tomorrow, tomorrow, concept. And upon which I dissolve like language taken from the substance of meaning, dissolve like word upon life, dissolve like the future without history into universe and matter kein meaning and dissolve into the space of moments. I too rode God far, as far as I remember and a wind. Concept.

Grunting and poking

away the smoke. Indigenous thoughts
like meat and sex and
sleep.

I, language. And there is an other to this being.

Rearing itself upon two hooves and hairy legs
and hairy abdomen. There

used to be a God.

platonica too © 2005

What animal is this?

of half-logic and rapid speech
of controlling features and
a hundred thumbs
a thousand thumbs.

Foreign, I say.
Which is not bad, mind you.
Not inherently in any case.

Time will be the matter of such
an animal mixed with
a medicine.

And compassion.
And trust. Words.

Society is near retirement, do you not know?
A man named Intuition
told me
of a greater animal
that was just
born.

Hearsay I say I
cannot
believe everything

except
a fire built of entire forests

and I retreat
because some things are greater than
I.
(return)

Lucky, indeed, to have been appreciated for telling
a story of a people long ago who crawled down from
airships on hemp ropes into the plaza during some social

service with drums and wine.

I was there and I can tell you
that man is

from
many places.

And the logics will tell you that what I am about to say is

impossible,
just like red rain
and desert melons and
sea people and
the way cultures grow smaller the greater the xenophobia,

that
time is an ocean and time is redundant
time is an ocean.

To the logics.

But

I know who can appreciate

theory. And I am not married
to a theory.

And certainty, it is a theory. And certainty, it is a theory.

Doubled to matter,
and

gone.

Leaving leaves circling on the porch in

November winds

like time itself retelling itself in spirals until
it dissolves

or either

the snow will come forgiving.

And the laws of biogenesis or either
quantum psychology, I am certain

it will have been a theory.

For Monday, that.

For Monday, that.

the welfare of night

Into dreams.
The letting down of
 hardship.
The letting down of
 night.
The stars and how
 a passing thought of
 peace
 tenders an imagination.
All will be silent and
 all will be.
The force like tide, how it
 goes away
 until.
The care, how it
 flutters in certainty and how it
 goes away like
 the surface of cloud.
Into dreams.
And how a welfare like
 time,
 how it passes in patience neither in
 haste nor reluctance.
The birds or either their
 image,
 the
 grass
 and how it bends.
And the comforts of knowing peace because
 that is all I need like air,
 the comforts of knowing
 peace
 is a part of this.

the policy of clouds

Arrangements.
Expressions
passing.
I am patient.

Forgive this
want, this body.
Expressions.
I am nature.

Pattern. And
what comes of this
idea.
I am watch.

Cascading.
Art like difference
rested upon air.
Expressions.

Change. And to
manage change like
people.
I am acceptance.

Grace. Expressions
matching will.
Quiet.
I am isolation.

Crossing.

criminalism

Acts against humanity close a mind.
A language of absolutes closes a mind.
And the inebriation of power over another individual.
The stoic darkness of rightism.
And how materialism turns to trophyism.
And how loss is measured in pride.
And a driving sense for equaldom measured in pride.
And how a forced isolation concerns itself with retribution.
Dissolves, the character, into idealisms.
Forfeits, the character.
Blame.
And authority be that which controls a body.
And education, how a mind advances.
And education, how only that which supports an alreadiness.
And the reward for youth recruitment.
And the reward for fear and favoritism.
That which perpetuates pain.
Torture.
The disregard for elderism, channels, time.
Against that which protects.
Against that which serves.
Against that which deserves attention.
Stealing attention and other things.
And how a forced isolation expects things.
And how a forced isolation engages a constitution.
Animalism.
Without pleasure or regard, selfishism.
Nature is brutal.
Beauty is power, beauty is force.
And never to recognize a closed mind.
Never to know wrong.

the conservation of words

You are underrated silence
because it would be a contradiction
to speak such a thought.
Be with me peace
in other symbols like rain and
confidence in welfare, security.
Be with me peace
in other symbols like beauty I
imagine. Image.
I will begin to close a thought in
other things like time and
patience, a knowledge of
knowing no knowledge except
this.
Except for a passing air.
Except for water over stones.
Except for bird.
Except for thoughts which are nothing but words.
I know silence
except for thoughts which are nothing but words
I refuse to give up.

WELFARE poems © 2005

treating the side affects of one medication with another

And so a diabetes, from these good intentions. And so another prescription because a first principles need be addressed. Or either to live without science. No. For to die without health management is to die without the impacts of responsibility and the impacts of natural philosophy. A body requires, indeed. And its address? To oneself, a diet, an exercise. And to others, the administration of care, of pharmacy. And if upon the deficiency of medication, and if upon the deficiency of treatment, the need for a secondary treatment, I call it the adolescence of medicine. For the fundamentals of treatment are not yet whole. A cancer is not solved. A virus is not solved. But its address, it must be, or either to waste upon neglect. The field of secondary medicines, and the hopes for an advanced science one day. Hopes? A word for educators and inspirationalists. I would rather a commandment of efforts, but an intellect cannot be forced I know. Helpless. Or either the realization of mortality. That only some humans live forever. That I am better for having donated my illness to an open-minded medicine. And so a pathogen, its cause, a matter to inventionalists. And I think largely upon this body, for its treatment now a loss to a decayed tissue. And for a brother, a knowledge, an experience, this. That an escape be upon a social advancement or either the acceptance of initial conditions. I am not ready to give up on a social, lest it stop turning. Lest the enterprise of health and welfare stop moving will I begin a quiet acceptance of conditions. For I will have rather passed quietly than to exist as the modern status to an unchanging regimen of pokes and incessance. Hope, indeed, for there must be to the endurance of fever, of numbness, of pain. Hope, that a consequence of good intentions will be one day removed. For to exist as that which is greater than oneself, I will be record. Voice, this body. And a vanity.

born of the medicine clan for the preachers

Wind and dust, this body handles.

I remember how water for a soul

and how a soul becomes.

And its regards, to adolescence

and to the matures

of the mind.

I can no longer think except

for single needs.

A voice becomes, to social intellect,

I can no longer think but

I will tell you certainly that

time is for travelers.

A body is for travelers for

sense.

And having met exhaustion for

its incestuous consideration, I

am now reason.

Other

and remarking upon a worldly philosophy

or either fantasy I

had come to know before

I had completed

a training.

Wind and dust, this body handles.

And how a soul becomes, no

matter

lest I talk about it quietly

and then with a confidence.

As if confidence

had been given to me

also.

saint I became the day it was cloudy © 2006

should religion broaden a cosmology or frame it?

Argument for the framing of cosmology:

1. Because not all things can be learned at once.
rebuttal: that the degrees of knowledge be independently acquired
2. For reasons of social development.
rebuttal: that a social structure evolve without the tethers of monosocialism/imperialism
3. To act as repository of thought for one subject.
rebuttal: a concept cannot be kept
rebuttal: religion is not a museum
4. To protect an idea.
rebuttal: a good idea requires no protection
response to rebuttal: some ideas require incubation
5. To defend from expansionist minded socialisms.
rebuttal: I shall not fear
rebuttal: develop a sound response of reason
response to rebuttal: religion is a reasonable social response

Argument for the broadening of cosmology:

1. Because a life exists into the future.
rebuttal: the realities of social deviance require a uniform management of history.
2. There needs to be an understanding of all that is nature.
rebuttal: Responsibility and the physical needs of this body and this family require an attention to detail.
3. For the pleasures of thought, for wisdom.
rebuttal: character is developed by discipline.
4. To create an inclusive body of knowledge which undermines nothing.
rebuttal: there will always be something greater and more inclusive.
response to rebuttal: who can declare the stoppage of thought?

and speculation

As to the boundless
I do not know.
And the surrounds of heaven
I am not certain
except for faith.
For there is no evidence to
eternity and
there is no evidence
outside of belief.
As to the endless and
its unfinished qualities
I say I
will be their intermediate if
nothing else.
I say I.
And if I exist, I
say I.
As to the soul and
as to evolution, as to that
which happens away, I
cannot create law, but
only theory.
As to language, as
to meaning, that it be
received as
intended I am as faithful as our
time spent together.
As to beauty between
us
I am faithful.
As to time, I grow
old.

[APHTERLIPHE] © 2006

I knelt

I knelt in prayer, in
concentration, and
when I returned to space
I
saw my lover had
become without me
old.

[APHTERLIPHE] © 2006

this poem is not about

This poem is not about land, it is not about ownership.

This poem is not about possession, nor captivity.

This poem is not about owning the wind. This poem is not about struggle, it is not about want nor greed, it is not about searching. This poem is not about science

nor law, it is not about social combustion nor hierarchy, it is not about civil defense. This poem is not about rainbows, it is not about butterflies nor peacocks nor

Kodak bears. This poem is not about red canyons and how to live among them. This poem is not about desert nor lake country nor how to live among them. This poem is not about life. This poem is not about God nor consciousness, it is not about religion nor moral attitude, it is not about things that need to be done, it is not about death. This poem is not about the stars, it is not about knowing stars nor experiencing stars. This poem is not about

the moon. This poem is not about river and how it carries.

This poem is not about ideas nor concept. It is not about the construction of language nor the construction of sound. This poem will not inspire, it will not affirm,

it will not change in meaning if I read it again and again.

This poem is not about the things I worry about, it is not about life's little obligations, it is not about the

curiosities I observe, the way a pregnant woman cradles her belly, the way a dog will follow, the way a storm arrives. This poem is not about revolution, it is not about self determination, it is not about social criticism, it is not about representative things. This poem is not about technology, it is not about sex, it is not about food and the qualification of types of people. This poem is not about isolation, it is not about fear, it is not about courage.

writing a life

1.

They were butterflies. They were orchids, and deeply feminine. They were night like womb, and only becoming. They were language. And light, enough for taking. They were strong like futures, contemplative. They were prepared. They were undersea as anything, they were among and thinking. They were defiant and tumbled and defiant. They were colorful and unafraid, they were unafraid. And casual, they were this. Like frost and wormwood, the bitters at not knowing all. Like Tequila. Like Thursday and its belongs, the rehearsals of dress and automation, the theater of March. Like dead snow and melting salt and stone. Like the dead of forced words, the dead of forced inquiry. Like the cast of people living in circles, and them talking like circles, them forming circles, and again. Like watching circles. Like the administration of circles. Like and alike.

2.

They are sound like wind and talk. They are change like solidarity and only returning. They are rain and demanding like talk. They are intercourse like sunflower, the bends of everything despair. They are important and nurturing and becoming, they are soil and ready like time. They are easy like fear, and too easy. They are gloss like water. They are arranging, they are images, they are possessed like material. They are owned like material. They are bird like river, they are condor. They are old and ready, they are no longer deciding and no more than time. They are frozen like law. They are nurses. They are confined to bodies and waiting for the encouragements of sex and rest, meat. They are mortal like season. They are solitary and only having become like family. They are alone like Queen Mary, and figuring upon endless justice. They are alone only like queen.

1.

Lying on the heat of cinder June road and quiet wind.
Sound of spring pass scrub begin to brown. Not a
movement dead except for stick poke and rattle like
snake alive at last. I had only imagined from words
the truth of such creatures and now slow away from
man's road which will be paved within ten years death.

2.

Moccasin look dead next to Turtle Lake. And April
cool enough to freeze a reptile. Eight year old with
pebble and temptation toss. Fear and something other
bonk. No response. Bonk. No response. And to leave
nature lakeside against a grass for there is fishing I must.

3.

The certain fears of grass snake jump. I had not known
a life I trampled. I am protected and now brave and
chase a serpent madly. Step on back and wind one's
fingers to below the head. Held firmly for a caught snake
unaccustomed to capture will wriggle. Show a friend.
Put in a box until snake throws up and release one day
later. And to a home. Apologies snake, for my interest.

the delicacy of light

Creation treeshadow, twilight haze and silence. The delicacy of light, and sight I. Cloudstone and sunpass, spring gray and bounding green, a rolling water captures and reflects, and sight I. Horizon to born on morning, the everything flowers like red and petal, the cheeks of laughter and blush rainbow emotion. The sparkles of sand heat, wave and crashing light drawn from thoughts, and sight I. Touch, the season newbud green and opening star birth like day a million ages of. Passions, and a littled heat like firestart among absence, the flickers of myth a soul begins or either is recognized. Prism like raindrops fall lucky into circles into lakes absorbing.

Plain air like light and flesh to stone to the phototropes of morning sun, the delicacy of light and sight I stained and glass and remainders the want to categories of a red a yellow a blue and green and silence reckoning I.

To fragile cause like bean and upward, the lifts of midday noon and alert barren red and beaming mirage and wish and what it recalls and sight I, imagination. To fragile cause and daybreak tremble watch, treeshadow green and ambient and showing through like stars and rest. To fragile cause a photon small and leaving friend away, the swells of spirit rise to cloud and passing stone, the stops and chords of visual sound. Bounding green and evergreen, the taste of blue and sight I knowing sunflower passion beetle eating photon. Creation treeshadow knowledge twilight rose and cast and purity like white descending or either purple or invisible and only revealing. And sight I bound and receiving dependence tropic air flower memory for night falls darkness I remember that. And death among lest a star forever divine and passing unto mushrooms and darkness rot moon glow wonder ritual turns to dawn anew shining dew proud. And sight I.

does the study of exclusion promote exclusion?

Hardened philosophies of selfism, the history of xenophobia, genocide, ultra independence, classism, and nationalism, their study as warrant to the perpetuation of concept, or either the separation of concept from a tolerant ideal?

The study of otherness, of chosen humanities and self-service, or either the censorship of hate and bigotry, the minutiae's of personal regard and disregard. A tolerance by the address of intolerance within laboratory and demonstration

to ends without ends, a tolerance by the remarks of value upon isolationism, that it has existed, its social chain of evolution, its confronts, and thus emerges utopia? Or either the attention to greater interests without the

regards for social science and self idolatry, for I can only defend my own reason, can I not? Upon the beds of liberal independence, how can I reasonably address the suffering of another, that a victim I know not except

as novel word, that a crime I know not. For an otherwise attention to things and fascinations like energy and social monopolies and space travel, I cannot know social others. A value, or either middle earth, that a tolerance for word,

for word is not a pipe, and threats are only emotionally real. Only emotionally. Exclusion, to acknowledge the separation of peoples for peoples, and even among lesser minors, a sense of self, is there not? But a bound is a bound,

and without, animal or either Godless wander, no. For the remains of some incestuous self endeavor is pride and competition and social potence. But its advance like protectionism and force and people science, the limits of tolerance are reasonable.

the blindness of wind

How it comes, and dreamfast, cloud evidence sweeps.
The intermittent slows I change. And thinking, how a
night slows a thought cool like relief. Outstanding, to
sense a star, a winded soil and blown like time. The

remarks of sound pushing symbols and nothing changes
only slightly. Nothing changes. Water evidence and
whitecap days edgewater cattail bend. The burns of

spring gust a life like bird and force against. The burns
of being. I was a child and knowing such things had
no meaning, the way a wind blows a canyon, the slowcross
leaves of last dead season and drying and then passing
to dust. I was a child and knowing such things had
no meaning. A word, to permanence like solitaire deserts

encouraging such things, high plains and snow back
then. And getting old and returning to youth but not
remembrance except for how a body lasts in a way.
The crossing way and eastward, for travels all that it

touches. I have crossed a continent and knowing the
otherness of mountain soil and salty air. And the inadvertence
of wind, geology and mind transformed. The gusts
of elevation, of pushing the slights of butterfly and thought,
birdsong and temporary. Nightfall and tempers want
like sleep and slowing. The blindness of wind and a

station for being. The culture of wind. Man's April
wind and minds the elaborates of rain and hailforce
ice and sideways pound. The everything wind and forms

to thought other things and meaningless like the exchange
of seed and reproduction, all zero lest I account for
myself and one other. An other. And release I watch
you return in another thousand years of intentions I.

at the zoo

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and the bear ate the monkey.

If a little man in straw hat was fishing with a cane pole in the piranha pond.

If the buffaloes had enough land to migrate, if the mustangs had no fences.

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and the eagles fed their young monkey.

If the alligators ate monkey.

If the carnivorous insects like ticks and mosquitos and all of the germs and the leaches and the viruses, if they all ate monkey.

If a rattlesnake listened for monkey and bit her in her bulbous red ass and then ate her.

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and were expected to have a guide until you came of independent age.

Wouldn't that be wild if the dolphin were curious enough to travel up a river.

If a penguin pair were so monogamous and content that they were to establish their own private breeding ground.

If a carnivorous plant like the venus fly trap were to have so fertile an environment that it grew large enough to eat monkey.

Wouldn't that be wild if you were at the zoo and your camera was a distraction.

half cigarette walk, two directions

Eastbound light one from the orange pack, the white square with blue ring organic. Indeed colors are an enlightening thing a rainbow lighter generates a warm insight. Three minutes to think and traveling upon gray shoes with yellow fluorescent strings imagining a monochrome earth like communism except stepped on daisies and industrialized birds shitting dull whiteness upon the squares of cut grass. Never a cubist until the blocks of ideas thrashed the pureness of memory. And never a cubist until someone larger than I asked for that dollar as if it were my second grade lunch money, but the kicker, that a small woman wearing no colors had seen the results of a forced generosity and asked kindly if I would buy her a stick of ice cream from the Seven Eleven she was camped in front of. Okay. I bought one for myself too. Sky still blue, and the smoke of breath. I remember clean air. I remember that as if. And three minutes gone I can tell upon a half burnt American Spirit, it is organic smoke. These lungs are touched by the heroinism of Organa, orange. Turn around, return a thought to its origin until I buy the 100's Camel's Silvers with the penis man on front and nakedly worrying, that would buy me another minute in each Turkish direction. Perhaps a nighttime discretion, perhaps a crescent silver moon thing. And listening only to that which follows and inevitably stops following as history has demonstrated, -the lights stop and the cars go home, the rustling black bags get caught in safety lit alley wind tunnels. Westbound back and gilded cage, a home and flowerdom castle and the cubes of violet constance and sincerity, and aqua and the rest. And to unpack a baggage after two three minute directions.

waterman smile

groundwater holy water purified smart dasani
poland springs evian naive thirsty talent splash
on dog. share a blue cup with dog slobber ice
erotica coffee brew chippewa fiji nicole. hey
culligan dude toilet urine manganese drip sulfur
green lawn tap water kool aid concentrate one
nickel please. balloon slingshot supersoaker algae
lake drink and grow kelp in your bowels to your
health groundwater no longer the automobile I
dirt pacifist down a whorling drain. nestle, dannon
and the bubbly shit lemon lime perrier burping
glass bottles club soda old grenadine puddle stomp
friend. blessing streets and building with corporate
aquatic regards living like a thinking fish yellow
underside. teatime plantwater swallow your pills,
swallow your pills. bong. bong. beer snowmelt
crystal with domino dixie c & h sugar bottom lemonade
summer lightning pounds a rain until things dry
uncontrollably. ice mountain bottle reigns this
block rested on curb. yours, I give you intentions
until sweatwet skaterboy kicks at the impermanence
of plastic things (things). streetsweep follows in
city wet lines midnight clouds holding. groundwater
cress, waterbug striding love example of float and
staying above other creatures that sink. salt shit
all that ocean dry fresh river catfish mudbugs and
waterdogs cane pole cliff dam swamp stink the
beaver. restless aquafina arrowhead crystal geyser
ozarka and birds that think and bathe regularly
in hot hosewater garden bowls. and the flowers
that never let go, the succulents holding water to
sometimes pellegrino but only until they cannot.

the YOT club: change agent Æ & spx agent Ørange © 2006

accepting 'no' as an answer

How do you feel about arranged marriages?
How do you feel about the arrangements of social systems, of a forced participation?
How do you feel about the prescription of food as if it were medicine?
How do you feel about containing oneself to a single system of color?
How do you feel about science as religion, about the science of religion, about the worship of material?
How do you feel about artificial insemination? About cloning? About birth control? About the use of embryos in research?
How do you feel about profit from corruption if there was never a concern of getting caught?
How do you feel about lying in the interest of protecting another?
How do you feel about inflammatory art?
How do you feel about institutional change designed to stir social criticism?
How do you feel about an educational system designed to mill degrees with little attention to knowledge?
How do you feel about sex?
How do you feel about monogamy?
How do you feel about reading a book I recommend?
How do you feel about long drives?
How do you feel about flying in airplanes?
How do you feel about gender roles?
How do you feel about the endurance of struggle?
How do you feel about being alone?
How do you feel about walks or bike rides in rain?

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lightning snatch

1.
light fabric the sky.
wait. eight seconds thunder crash roll ten
seconds then.
gentle rain, the sound of drops on
leaves.
I will be flying tomorrow.
2.
light fabric the sky.
dry heat combustion worry no
rain. no
thunder.
light fabric the horizon dazzling
strobe switchblades. to
fly.
3.
light fabric the sky.
porchswing water thunder clap determination
God. garden waits rain come down
fast. the
puddles lightning once more
again. mud.
double clap. I will be flying
tomorrow.
4.
light fabric the night.
the statics gentle wind towards a storm.
blow. except for quiet wait
the
words will be gone
soon. I am prepared to
fly.

empty things

Vase, no flowers.
Cup, no water.
Having known love, and gone, vessel.
Pen, kein ink.
Museum in the night.
Ocean before ships.
Outer space, thinking I am alone.
Memory of unqualified things.
Hamper after a wash.
Shoes after work.
Blank page before I write.
Mind before prayer.
The intentions of summer schedule.
Radio without a broadcast.
Computer without electricity.
The inside of a bead.
The holes in swiss cheese.
Where a nail once was on the wall.
Time without my interest.
The stomach of a hungry person.
A stare at something unusual.
The inside of carbonated water bubbles.
Knowledge acquired which hurts a public.
Bank account after a spree.
Language to a depressed person.
Religion to someone physically exhausted.
A bottle of tequila after.
Divorce.
A stone's intellect.
My pockets when at the park.
Hat, unworn.
Eye of a needle.
Eye of a hurricane.
Grocery bag after unpacking.
Mind thinking of numbers only.
Love without sharing love.

I ate it

I found a piece of red
gummi
candy in my driveway.
I washed it in my bicycle
waterbottle.
I ate it.
I found four neatly placed mushrooms
at
the entrance to
Cherokee park.
I nibbled on each of them.
I found a wild spring
near turtle lake, clear
and
with watercress.
I drank from it with my
hands.
I toured a salt mine near
Salzburg. I dipped
my finger in
a
pool of water and sampled the
saltwater.
I have eaten stickers
from apples, galas, red delicious,
macintosh.
A favorite
book
of poetry, I
tore a corner off a page and ate it.
'I dreamed this dream and I still dream of it' it
was called. I
sometimes touch
the ink end of the pen to
my
tongue when I write.

STEREO RABBIT © 2006

slipstreams

Speculation, that time is without beginning and without end.
But to believe, speculation, and religion as any.
And a system, for these people bind a thought, way.
And a system, if it be necessary I cannot say, that of origins.
And the other systems, cross and laid over triangles, science
and those knowledges assumed by experience, all a
matter of social control, the speculations of origins, social control.
For to suppose an origin or either its absence, I am contained
within, and realizing myself as element of such a system.
And to doubt, it is to have considered, it is to have offered
an attention, it is to have been captured and struggled against reason.
For never to have considered is exposure or either none and
never to have suffered by questions of origins.
That time is without beginning or end, it is a speculation of material
for time is material, the turns and the relationships of material.
But if a soul transcends material, also speculation, but if,
then a soul is its own universe.
And the question of a master soul, a soul which allows the
passages of all other existence, including all other souls, I
am stone if I pay tribute to such a soul.
Speculation, indeed, that a master soul, but to believe is to
suppose that this soul can last no longer than that which it is contained within.
And reassuring to believe, that if I have no control, that a master
soul is eternal, and thus, all that it contains is subeternal,
no less eternal than the eternity which supposes it.
And material, the stones I see, the planets and the rest which
allow for time, if a master soul is separated from such a universe,
then there must be two universes which are eternal.
And the union of the two universes is the body of
a reasonable animal, especially a human being which unites
the facts of sense with all that a soul supposes of material.
But a soul is immature to the physical universe.
Only now can a soul open itself to beauty and care and love, and
only now can a soul begin to form an opinion of physical forms.
Only by speculation and doubt can one consider and ordain a
social system, and by doing so, lead a life among parallel eternities.

symbols

feather at the door. pointed things,
phallic
things.
ink bottle, bowl and bag. things
to
put things inside of.

things which mean nothing

the midnight
sounds
ambient sounds. cricket.
the time of day, the phase of the
moon.
the wrinkles in a casual
shirt.
a cup of milk.

things which are sometimes symbols

the way a favor is received. the
cost of bread.
dreams.
the occasions of drums.
the occasion for dance.
drugs.
feather at the door.

hey holy

Hey holy. Saturday comes Sunday
sunwatch time.

LIST:

1. Replace commitments with distractions.
2. Ignore list.

And the wind I listen, birdgone.
Sunday hey holy, and
prayer sleep.
Prayer lunch.
Prayer check Saturday's mail.
Prayer ride a bike around the block.

NEW LIST:

1. Remember the names of things.
2. Think about what is important.
3. Replace commitments with distractions.
4. Ignore list.
5. Ignore everything.
6. Do not make any more lists.

Hey holy, round carpet sleep like
dog. Open door cool breeze. Think
of cool breeze.

How

cool is too? What is a threshold?

Afternoon candle.

Sunday pass Saturday, the
patio clouds.

Bird list.

Plant list.

I discharge categories without effort, hey
holy, I

discharge categories and pass the
time as cloud passes time.

King Memphis

Seven pebbles in the midnight water I watch
reflecting. Shorelit. Allnight
civil walk home blisters. And not the
first to walk I realize for
several other Kings I realize.
Dawn then, sunsounds to sights. The
artglass. I buy a pane and rain
begins.
Greyhound Little Rock and back. Mississippi
near side. The woman evicted, made way for
a civil rights museum, she says.
She sits.
Some ideas are only partly meant for
museums and God is one of them. God
is one of them.
And BB and Elvis, all sorts of Kings.
God is one of them which cannot be kept.
Greyhound dusk now to Knoxville. I slept
and wondering where to go East
carrying things like baggage.
Memphis is to my west I say leaving Memphis
now on wheels.
Loving Memphis on wheels.

ÆNGINES © 2006

state of the planet

Some things are green. Some birds still
fly.

The oceans still undulate. The oceans
still move.

The moon still reflects on meadows.

People walk sometimes thinking about war
and peace. People walk sometimes
thinking

about the orders of religions.

People walk sometimes thinking about
sustainability.

For some mountains have been moved and
there are cities which
have replaced grasslands.

There are cities which have replaced forests.

There are cities which have replaced
farms.

The clouds still fly on Saturdays I
watch.

The jungles have fences around them.

Schools discuss the problems of self
control rather than
discovery.

There are still insects and there are
words
for each of them.

Flowers still exist without being planted,
sometimes they are called weeds.

Some animals are domestic. All
animals are domestic.

Recreation is
escapism.

of the birds that fly

Of the birds that fly, I
watch.
The loon, the cardinal, the Canadian goose.

The hawk.

Of the birds that freely feed from waters, I
watch.
The dive. The
return to flight
then.

Of the birds that nest. I
admire
canyon walls. I
admire the snag and its
community.

Of the birds with language, I
listen.
The song. The
warning. The owl.

fishheads and plantains

monkeybrains and insects, rattlesnake
assorted pigparts
I am afraid to become what I eat
whale and chicken feet
dandelion tea
fishheads
rocky mountain oysters, bloated goose
liver
mushrooms which grow in shit, it is enough
to
speak out for
asceticism grainism and
anorexism as protest philosophy
though I did quite enjoy the ostrich
and where does food come from? the
store, the can, the shelf
or return to asparagus picking
OK
cow farm reindeer farm
I would need to learn the art of slaughter
planting stuff and
waiting OK
and the acts of experimenting with
edible varieties of
things
because as difficult to ingest that which
existed within
a fish uterus or that oyster which
eats little floating excrement
as difficult to ingest the same thing
again and again and again for
mere bodily maintenance
perhaps I will make a point of
eating an animal that eats
other animals
then I could at least
believe I exist atop chains of food
no matter how foul they smell

dog tired

lay down fire side. no thought.
furnace starts.

candle flutters.
furnace stops.
winter wind chimes dark outside.

I am solved.

DRUMMERS DRUMMING © 2007

club soda lemon

Full Sail, deep smoke, the crazy features
of sound. Ernie Hemmenway, no
not the same but good nevertheless.

The large butt held atween
finger and thumb.

I enjoy a full can when I fly I say I.
And religious tolerance, to begin with the
remark of qualities of religion,
that some exist for freedom, for the declarations
of freedom, the liberation theologies
they exist for. But some Pope
said otherwise,

I am halfway. Social purpose and divine
inquiry.

And the corporations, now who really does
represent America?

I say I, then rest alone on some land
called something like freedom
wondering how to make
a bone. Buccaneero, Canon something, another
deep smoke club soda lemon.

To hear friends talk and
to think I once knew something.

Apologies, were you speaking to me?
Leatherback couch, to be there and listening,
to draw deeply and deposit the
collected ash of centuries
of history and historiography
like only a cigar does, the all at once ash deposit.

Full smoke, and
to finish early for what I really wanted was
that cigarette and call it I feminine.

And call me gifted for
gathering social attentions and minding the
theological inquiries that sucked us oppositely.

I will see you in a month again. In
Washington D.C.? No, here I say
I.

and then he was only a man

Limp.

He had kept suffering away from himself
and shot rifles into the
air.

He demonstrated even when he was captured.
The life of demonstration for
he was always victim and
defending possessions
like land and morality.

Limp

he went, hanged and filmed December
29 or 30 Christian time depending on the
time zone.

And what force now fills a void
of a directed and
certain humanity gone limp
and to wonder at my own questions of
the merits or demerits of
death penalties
for how many deaths?

What number is great enough to warrant
a death?

I cannot decide
whether a hurtful person kept
in some form can continue to send signals and
send acts by thought
or either by mere existence.

But limp then and
to be blown like middle eastern sands
or either buried in
unmarked arid eternity.

I did say a prayer because that is
what you do when such
things happen, when a man returns from God
knows where to mortality
like I live
trying to be good.

soup kitchen chaplain

what needs to be done
food first before
the soul

prayer pause and eat

Sunday service
folding chairs the
stories of dayness to dayness
struggles
insanity and hope, the downness of
luck

coffee and winter
warmth, for some
to be enough or either
ways
of teaching
gifting

shelter
and silence
thought and dignity then

affirmation
and friendship trust it takes
so long
until safety
is believed

the vegetable beef

half and half

half of my poetry rhymes.
calf dove sigh ogre tree times.

the other half lives outright.

half of my poetry is important.
staff glove die low knee fizz abortment.

the other half repeats itself.
the other half is redundant.
the other half repeats itself.

half of my poetry brings thought.
laugh love cry Joe bee stings drought.

the other half brings oceans.
the other half brings moments.
the other half brings stillness.
the other half brings oceans.

half of my poetry answers.
graph shove rye stow me dancers.

the other half questions.

half of my poetry struggles.
shaft above spy knowing key juggles.

the other half is only wondering.
the other half only knows already.
the other half is only patient.

poets from far away

saying different things for a
culture is local.
is not culture local?
and to learn upon the treatments of faculties, the
treatments of people and
to respond in poem, in growth.
for pain there, a beauty there, and
many things there I have
never collected, the
rites of adolescence, the
prides of land, a local mysticism, the
words which mean something.
welcome as if I could, at least to
grant an openness.
the kinds of war then, for what
compels the human spirit, the kinds of suffering, and
for what attention to
welfare and age, wisdom.
I do read music, how do I read music?
the leaves to fall in October, like that, the
ice to freeze December.
the geese do go and later than the North for
I do visit there and
carry the methods of traveling words.
I know this language, the
clouds we share.
culture is local and to
share traveling thoughts, to share the
wind.
that.
is not culture local?
and if, to suppose your presence.
and to bounce again, I am dislodged and to
pile your suffering with mine into
a Volkswagen headed for
the next, we carry each's other and
bring awayness to settled
growth.
and for local contact, we make everything local
like an instant and then carry
on, passages.

weather conditions

dust settles with rain
wash fills
hillsafe the home and watching
sunbake July
stillness dry ambient light
tornado

quiet
tornado lightning
peace drops
art for October leaves
dryness the
grass to wind
dust to wind inside a home
indian summer

the cold cold
river's edge freeze
snow down midnight
to sleep to
that

a chair
Spring melt Winter access to
flowers
morning dew the rose
morning dew the wormbirds
the cult of dance
rain does follow
this
the cult of prayer rain
does follow
pounding hail
freezing rain the torment of
exposed soil
steady river steady rain
drysun now the
birds

drysun now
watch a nature
respond

do you know the way to middle America?

where things grow
take a right at the stop sign
think about social ecosystems
consider the clouds
water the earth
take a left at that gravel road after four miles
take the first fire road to the right
stop and get out
where things grow
toss a pebble
pluck a long grass and wind it around your finger
walk a ways until
the air feels dense and cool and
the trees feel dense and
a bird tells you he is there and
then it is quiet
walk a ways to the clearing and
stop
put your hands in your pockets and straighten your arms
take a deep breath
go south off the lover's lane fire road
off the trail and
find the stone
sit there until you grow old or
until you realize something
where things grow
consider the clouds

GUITAR LESSONS © 2007

story creek
fiction does not exist
the way a river runs
starts in moss and cress
starts little
we come together and
when it rains
we come together
in the spring
we come together
fall leaves travel down to
rivers drift caught
everything attached to water
fills downness
the sediment and
switching lines
fiction does not exist
poetry does not exist
poetry is not this
cold sand bounds the
dead white bird
ashore
sand is change I remark at
that
nothing changes the
house in earshot was
not there when
I was a child
the way a river runs
I once thought of this as a
river
I know better having
seen the Mississippi the
Colorado
this is only water
traveling
who gives names?
I was proud when
this was a river
fiction does not exist
only I join
things
which I do not know
yet

to the hospital

got pneumonia? go to the hospital
got arthritis? go to the hospital
got a heart condition? go to the hospital
trouble breathing? go to the hospital
need love? go to the hospital
need food? see a doctor
short on cash? see a doctor
want to change careers? go to the hospital
need childcare? go to the hospital
break your leg? see a doctor
got a virus? go to the hospital
need more time in your life? see a doctor
gastrointestinal worms? go to the hospital
depressed? see a doctor
not sleeping right? go to the hospital
having seizures? see a doctor
impatient? take drugs
hair falling out? take drugs
got a drug problem? take drugs for that
relationship problems? go to the hospital
don't understand poetry? see a doctor
bunions? go to the hospital
car out of gas? go to the hospital
bored? see a doctor
got cancer? go to the hospital
got a hickey? go to the hospital
got AIDS? go to the hospital
ugly? take drugs for that
got hepatitis? take drugs for that
got syphilis? go to the hospital
break a nail? take drugs
late for work? see a doctor
getting old? go to the hospital
don't know who to vote for? see a doctor
don't know whether to continue fighting a war or not? go to the hospital
can't remember your childhood? go to the hospital
hemorrhoids? take drugs for that
garden flooded? go to the hospital
tooth fall out? take drugs for that
pregnant? see a doctor
need advice on a good book? go to the hospital
erectile dysfunction? go to the hospital
swollen glands? go to the hospital

urthstrains

too many people believing
development is manifest destiny
but who would not cover their own
at thoughts of unsustainability
and who would not say
that finer creatures who
live within their own are
lessons of otherness
and what is conscience then
to the separations of clan and clan and
who marks difference?
division is important in the interest of
individualism
but I trust for the factors of oppositism
to act in remarkable and
reliable manners do I not?
that a course of specialisms and
self interest is determination to
find a gap and
fill it then
but who does tear down the selves which
are sustainable?
who carries away sustainability?
who carries away notions of
self improvement and
calls it public?
and who considers the land
a factory
that it not respond to nature like I do
respond
I am tall and proud
we are tall
and to carry that in conquest and
without the
humors of humility
what pride is not humble?
for to oversee things is not to see their
dissolve
and to oversee is not to
listen for the keywords of profit and progress
but only to fashion a life among

listening lines

what I hear
I hear the bells
the winter bells
the cold winter

the steel cold
what I hear
I hear the clouds
the silence of clouds
I hear silence and think of place

I hear the wind push the clouds
what I hear

I hear the race of many men
filling their coatpockets with things they require
a moment they require to fill their coatpockets with charms
and then they hide away until tomorrow comes
what I hear

the phase of the moon
the phase of life
the phase of cause
the phase of being
I hear this and turn away to novelty

the time I hear and turn away to novelty

what I hear
the fire
the chopped wood
the forest footsteps
the bird
this is what I hear

the pressure of pen on paper
what scribbles I hear
thought
and continue
I hear the thought scribble into the next like time
the time I hear and turn away to novelty

de lion is not de king of de bush, de elfant is de king of de bush

slow big
trumpet
rawhide
packs
communicates
protects young
tusks
grows old
ambles
sways
defends
pushes trees

GUITAR LESSONS © 2007

Chicago dogs

two Chicago dogs the
bright green mustard the
peppers and
hold the metaphors please
Vienna beef longer than the
squished bun tomato
wedges
diced onions
with a dash of character and
onion salt
side of fries
republican Pepsi little ice
hold the affiliation

life in reverse © 2007

Dear Prudence:

Roundland has been nice. The Round people are strong in character and their language is not nearly as difficult as I had imagined. Every day the spiralists protest and, even here, you find an occasional square (I suppose I am one to the natives).

The Mayor took us down to the river today and it looks as any other. He said to think about water is to think about systems. I told him I only drink it when I am thirsty or bathe in it when I smell though I would give his thoughts some thought.

I found it interesting that Roundland was founded by the xenophobes the circlists and it was not until fifty years ago that history was collected. The mayor told me that history repeats itself now and is only rewritten when a visitor such as myself says or does something profound.

I did find some time away to enjoy the museum. Many of the paintings were of some local hero named Carlos Oblonga who was the first Roundchapel Pastor and is known for bringing electricity via windmills and water turbines. Would you believe that the museum gift shop sells his hangover tonic which is apparently quite popular with visitors who come to 'detox.'

Strangely there is a unique species of rabbit that roams freely here. It is entirely black and about twice the size of your typical garden variety rabbit. They are common even in the city and they will eat carrots right out of your hand. (You can get carrots from the many pushcarts in the city center)

Not everything is dreamy here though. Last year a Round person asked a spiralist to close her curtains when she walked naked around her home. The spiralists are rather defensive you see, and this cultural marker has served as a source of heated dialogue between the impurities of spiralism and the hypermodesties of the roundists. I find the whole matter quite fascinating, so much so that I find myself taunting both sides.

Anyway, the sun still shines here, and the rain is only thought of differently. And to put things in perspective, even the occasional squares subscribe to the public sustainable energy commission.

Well anyway, missing you Dear Prudence.

Best, *Uncle Albert*

minutes of the annual meeting of the porcupine members

all hurt and accounted for

respond by saying ouch

ouch

and the motto:

we are all porcupines

we hold tender things away

in language and in body

in creative ways

for not to be damaged again

for trust is now a dot in a

skin of swords

all hurt

new members

welcome Sebastian

his wife just left him

and

welcome Juanita

her home was vandalized

all respond

ouch

new business

the troubled lives committee

will be organizing a

focus group for those

without focus

date and time to be determined

the repatriation committee

will be developing a

new victim form letter

all respond

ouch

old business

the ongoing efforts of

Quillmaster Bowdoin at

slowing down time

via self medication and

park bench sitting

has inspired the solo

moviegoing movement

all respond

ouch

the meeting is adjourned in

nocturnal stillness

liminal thought the clouds

Nor was I blind. When the darkness there were
counting clouds.

Traveling clouds counting clouds.

One to the next and though

I was never among them nor to be anything but
stealing them

taking the billows for imagination and how they
dissolve

and turning realness into realness

and though I was never among them except for
being.

Except for being.

Nor was I blind and

when the air was crystal the sameness of liminal thought
though I knew things I did not say nor
could not say.

Or either to let the clouds dissolve I could not.

For contempt is nothing I insist and
what I steal is too stolen I accept.

And counting clouds

when they reach for cycles to the east and
letting down and

when they stop resembling.

That is simple.

That rests on air I say.

That is simple.

And what is not easy and what does not go away
pass.

Nor was I blind when

I only heard love approach without sound
turned my head and

remembered

nor is love something other.

cloud clouds

Conscience clouds the dragondog pillow.
Passages southwestern remote and cities hereto destiny
what brings.
I am not lucky but following the wind and
that which cannot be stopped.
For there is no defeat to force nor wind.
There is no defeat to the reasons of allowance. A sail I
gather I always was and where.
And if the light I will capture then
past the daymoon light when the stars I sail too and
make meaning of being or either
knowledge I have not decided.
Conscience clouds the cockbull freedom the
haystacks norain the ships destiny pass destiny what brings.
And renaissance to that silence the
brought about prayers I never thought of God
only when nor questioned but only
lived within.
And grayness light the filters stop restart
go away bright and gray
bright again.
And to know cause it is
not enough to suppose a soul except for the imagination if
this be a marker of.
And flufflines northeast going until
the sky is generous and windless. Tomorrow I imagine is
windless.
Tuesday will be windless when
I sail in thought only and
going stillness conscience the lines
there are only none.

CLOUD CLOUDS © 2007

visions

To dusk, duskness, falling the stars and gone.
Lightness mentioned and passed for memory,
and is stable, if to believe the tones
of a substance recharge when gone, it be.

The bird, thunder to make, gaping the wings.
And strength, rumbling is volcano, the moon.
To hell is near, dusted, the gail, what brings
passions to see, what is not interest?

Serpents. Serpents. And time goes down with sleep.
The stars, when now ready return I lay.
Forget. Forget. To dusk, duskness it deep.
And charge to fear for no bearing it be.

Lest I to bring what rests with this tired soul.
Of that kindness to self, the clouds. The hills.

picnic point © 2007

beautiful places

To name a one, it is to name defeat,
the idea, beauty. Isolation,
it is not bound, nor here alone retreat.
And this, only marker unto nations.

Meadow, life is, ocean, life is, and mine.
Nor I to own lest place be forgotten.
Replaced, and called upon differently.
And satisfies nothing for nothing been.

Visit and gone, all is recalled as thought.
'Cepting what is in my absence, aware.
River, where stars, indeed, to have been caught.
Places taken as been, to the next, share.

Nor to compare, for difference, discern
to last. Only to be among to learn.

picnic point © 2007

midland oceans

Open to sky, graceland meadow zenith.
To trees do come waters to edge shadow.
Crawling starlight ever mention peacewith
cycles, to sounds again again meadow.

And air quiet for speaks in time, the leaves,
needles rustling patience nowhere and gone.
The marsh all one life with ambient birds.
To river shape and destined tree growth dawn.

Ocean for like water the clouds limit
limiting limited without the else.
Nor this to hold nature within a writ.
Nor this to hold flora fauna as else.

Boundless, though to compare, apologies.
For oceans among, I am oceans be.

picnic point © 2007

what is fertile?

When the rain.

When the freeze is ended.

The clouds are fertile still in November.

The bed is fertile.

The body is fertile.

GRAVITY kind © 2007

acorn, acorn

Acorn.

Acorn.

Does as acorns do.

Drops and rolls

starts a life

near history is new.

GRAVITY kind © 2007

mortality: the research poem

Turtles, some clams and whales, turkey buzzards and swans can live a hundred years. What can you do in a hundred years? Have a lot of sex, think a lot, find the most efficient way to eat. A Sequoia from today was alive when Christ walked the earth. What can you do in 2,000 years if you do not have a brain? Does it matter?

What is interesting? Phenomena that exists in reference to me is interesting. Life spans, creature behavior, a cosmology which tells me when to rise, technology which I can apply. Is there a science to love? These are my limits I cannot respond for to call love science would declare me a scientist. Is there an art to love? Then to live upon laws for to call love art is to declare it object.

Is there a science to empathy? Who forgets to care or makes a formula of care? How to study education? Study study? How to make a business of finding things out? Is there a fixed social route that all people travel? Do all religions fulfill the same purpose? And poetry? Of course not. Where to look for answers, what is validation, and what research is not driven by love, what is interest is not driven by love?

Cicada lives eighteen years, that is a long time for an insect. Housemouse four years, hummingbird eight years, mosquitofish two years, newt seven years. And if a bullfrog has a soul or either they are to realize the answers to the tougher questions in a much shorter time, thus relieving them of their pursuits for truth within ten years, I cannot say if a bullfrog has a soul. Coral reef pygmy gob lives for 59 days, and what is their secret?

Nor can I speak for other species when I speak of love and mortality and curiosity. I can only speak of other species with interest, whatever causes that.

GRAVITY kind © 2007

the shoe whore

Black Joes. Drag down jeans going
nowhere apparently. Cold wool materialism.
Fantasies flip flops flip siders
Gold toe gray socks stuck between toes
squishy walk.
And the moon boots at ten snow was
nothing then and now globally warmed and
brown slush salt.
Suck up mudbogs water waders
rubber pullons green with yellow laces.
T-shirt conscience vote vote vote.
Hiking boots, biking boots, doctor boots, proctor
boots
dress well be well.
Who really does play tennis in tennis
boots, aviator boots.
The barefoot shoe whore gone naked
mad for grass still does tingle until
November comes insulate thinsulate
gore whore-tex keep out weather make weather
mean nothing.
Alligator ostrich. Vinyl kneehighs.
Plastic tomato pickers.
Snow does snow shoes but they do not count
nor do gravity boots.
Did I ever make Earth a better place when I
bought the Earth shoes.
What is low income conspicuous consumption.
Cold wool materialism matched patched
phat hat
corduroy pipe the unpolished oxfords
were always the best for
thinking

about thinking.

divine comedy

And the fire trucks came like
clockwork.
Watched them pass eating ice cream with
the ghosts of old friends.
It was right after
the Nissan with
the Porsche license plates decided
it had
other taxi business than
my problems.
And if the language of sirens were
to account for
mistrust
like the bartering blanket angels and
the coca
conspirators
all is well now
what can I say like
emptiness for
having finished redemption with isolation.
And when the ruins
were genius
because aluminum bubble buildings were
too damn sterile and
a protohistory without
spaceshit was necessary for
mental health reasons and
for those ideas of linearism
that
everyone knows
culture depends upon.
Oh, damn love what have you forgotten when
these conditions are
boxes
and anyone knows love is
explosive if
it is love.
Then predict foreign fires for
to watch them is to
only have given reason to watching.

GRAVITY kind © 2007

art from important people

For refrigerators and
bulletin boards.

art for important people

What is a friend?
What is meaningful?
What is a dash of experience?

classifying art

What is objective?
What is unclassified?

representation and art

What is misrepresentation when one thing
makes me consider another.
A title is
only something.

crosscultural

The two ideas from war meant the same thing.
Who is really in charge here.
How delightful a ballerina elephant.

on frames

Context is great is not context great I forget myself I frame myself.
Wooden.

on the silence of being with love

I close my eyes then.
I mean nothing nor what does come.
Texture.

the reading list

All the classics and if
the stories repeat themselves
what about that time I
ate the chimichanga on the steps of the
7-11
with the red slushee
which classic was that in?
No mind
I know how it ends
with transfat and pink lips and
the cigarette walk
back to the car.
Thinking of tomorrow who does
not
write for tomorrow as if
even the historians
were to call directions to interest.
And the creative disciplines with
metaphors for
knowledge
call directions when they
read to the
Barnes and Noble literates and lookers.
All the classics
they have on me a spell as if
there were reason to
realize the context of
revolutionary France
for to learn from that and
write a poem of
interpretations.
And if I understand correctly
the week after next is when
I will be transferred to
the poetry department
where I will be
put in little boxes to think when
two hundred translated pages are
too much to believe
everything they say.

having met a religious person and not realizing it until after

What was that I said nor
to embarrass oneself if not to fear judgment.
Not decline that judgment for
now such admiration for
moral cores
since that time I respected advice from
that priest and
that pastoral counselor.
How similar they cared though
they read different books.
And that Mohamed friend
set me back on earth for trying.
Oh to live in strength we are
all in line
are we not all in line?
And if confidence for
my own then
not to wonder if
I will be called some day for
having brightened some religious spirits of
some calling and willful soul.
It was the jeans
the wool hat
who could have considered a sidewalk
greeting to be
judgment.
Will I be better next time for
accommodating the easy and indiscriminate.
And if a lesson to
oversight then
treat all good branches as divine
nor to guess at
what social sphere is best.
And if I am looked past as general for
not recognizing divinity then
only that I am full of excuses nor
do I have one to
account for
saying the weather is arrogant like
sin even if it is.

letting in the score

Thirty thirty it is enough to form an
opinion.
Though game's to one hundred nor to mention
points can be taken for
choosing the wrong wine.
Nor to mention
what day does not begin at zen zero
or backwards for inattention.
Apologies for
letting in the score though I
became prone to reflection when
that social bus called consciousness
broadsided me
when I realized I kept that
beautiful flower for myself.
And what is unmentioned as if
the possibilities of giggling fifty fifty
could ever reset.
And do not ask me if I am talking about love for
that is without score
and involves trust and shit.
That involves the automation of something though
as if to fade into
gloss and repetition
in smile and smile until you die or either
break the spell by
saying things from other languages or
talking
exactly what you mean.
Then you fall back to
scorekeeper.
Some never return
I imagine.
And if to say outright that every social relationship is
scored
perhaps we are all on a path
to one giant love harmony
if we do not puke first.

mistabled

Sent an action plan without ends.
The brevity of good intentions are to
then watch them.
And if I were
the corporate flower
to what ends are beauty when
final shapes are unknown?
The nonlimits of administrative judgment and
to those with
the greatest nonlimits the
seeds are trusted.
And who is not a social engineer
the social scientist the
maker imaginary.
Sent an action plan without ends like
experimentalism
we have all tried democracy and allowance the
chiefdom implies.
We have all tried
marijuana caffeine on couches
eaten strawberries and turned them down when
they meant too much for
pleasure.
The corporate flower
and if it exceeds its status as
giver of service objects
giver of service
if it gives demand if it brings stillness to social relationships if it
causes.
Then what ambition
will I possess when I am taken as if
I did not give myself freely.
Sent an action plan without ends and
if patience is
this lesson
my attention is to history
for yesterday became this.
Did we not start yesterday on our own?

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flight

To stars nor stars I do belong.
Nor is freedom sung if to consider that.
The greatness of opinion
I fly like certainty flies I fly like language flies.
To oceans nor oceans I have left alone.
To sky nor sky I do belong.
Nor imagination when the dividends of being are
actual and counted.
And rain cannot animate what is
animated and alive and alive.
Nor model to the clouds when I have
watched them start among me.
Nor model to life when I have
watched this start among me.

And I do go there nor to defend not having been.
Proudly
the trees are one.
Proudly
the caves are darkness the night is a cave except the moon.
Proudly
what I touch is memory for
this were already started too scattered.

To stars nor stars I do belong.
Nor to seek what is greater than ambition
what is ambition?
And having lightness it is not stolen nor can it
be.
And if lightness were learned then given
a reality to trust.
I am among that though if I be trust to ask
if I am alone?
To snowfall to cloudless days nor to
the minds of pilgrims I do belong.
And to be seen
And to be given a question.
Yes.

9

2 is a good number. I had a childhood friend who tried to convince me that 22 is a better number than 2 because there are two 2's. After thinking about that for the last twenty-five years I would have to disagree, because really now, 22 is not the number 2 anymore is it? Nor is it the gemini two pair 4.

41

The ambiance of social work is to the structure which supports the institutions supporting the needs of those served. Or the ambiance of social work is without institution and is to the responsibility of sustaining the aspects which support the needs of those served.

The ambiance of social work is discipline. For to direct an attention to the frames of fixed needs is a fixed endeavor. And within the spectrum of that discipline are the everythings necessary for the support of those served.

The ambiance of social work is vocal.

The ambiance of social work is competitive though to know when to back away for the structure is compromised if to dissolve the good works of others. The function of a competitive social work environment is to form a social prominence, that the needs of those served are fundamental to society.

The ambiance of social work is democratic. And what is that? And if to be democratic is to defend republicanism, then how to stand that tall. Nor to defend republicanism on democratic principles if to believe otherwise.

The ambiance of social work is conservative, as within any discipline, there exists limited resources.

The ambiance of social work is as broad as the minds of those served. For who to limit any human quality, for who to make an institution of social limits?

The ambiance of social work is to allow oneself the rewards of human enrichment. Though who could expect a common motivation, though who could expect a common degree of commitment?

The ambiance of social work is generosity. Nor is generosity questioned unless it is negligent or shortsighted.

The ambiance of social work is as righteous as churches. The ambiance of social work is righteous like a church. The ambiance of social work is a church in a crappy building in a bad part of town.

The ambiance of social work is to take hunger and keep it in little iron drawers, to protect hunger as if it were what determines character.

The ambiance of social work is colorful and plaid and black.

108

A proverb: One cannot live on proverbs.

113

Art is ready.

120

Places to put things.

Put the butter in the medication closet.

Put the feather in a vase.

Put the cotton in your ear.

Put the garlic in the food.

Put the medication in the refrigerator.

131

The inheritance of yellow was

steady and is steady.

And if there were conditions to pink I did not mind them.

And when red came quickly I admit

I was not ready for it but

did enjoy it all the same.

Purple was wet.

Green was also steady and reminded me of yellow though

a degree more uncertain.

Black was timeful and I did pause.

And when blue came I stared at it and waited for the

clouds.

EEK WOW

New people new steeple. Bear the burden carry the cross.
The politician leaves religion for election morality. The games of
numberbombs appeals and sentiment. Struggling discourse
social intercourse redirection insurrection. We all are Moses now
with tiny thresholds little villages resident Jesuses, one was too
many two not enough did we not forget that? And the Jewish friend
named Sarah never compared ah. Left faraway places to live here
quaintly with smokestacks and small questions. The ground is natural
and habitual get drunk on that. And if the clouds come from
Norway I did not ask either electricity nor joint pain. Steady
brains and to cellular ends are those who leave the longest
legacies without giving up and becoming free insects which
cannot be stopped for reason. The artery highways people
pulse impulse make law of objects what means what. Symbolic
form as philosophy. Book as philosophy. Do the same thing as
philosophy. Aggregate congregate populate zion elephant peppermint
gingermint lion who is really king when all make laws no bow
any longer no respect disrespect intellect genius. Make a bad
word of that a sad word of that. And how did that conscience come
to be associated with fear dear? Oh, dear fear. Fear oh dear.
Ingenious a spot of smartness conquer fear dear with technology.
Conquer God and nations and capitalism and communism and schooling
and authority and righteousness and tenderness and human things.
What is left when everything is answered? What is still sacred?
What is common, what is uncommon then? Solve that. Evolve that.
And what is educational about confusion? What is educational
about education as discipline? Social medicine resists objects
except for language. Doctor can you prescribe me a good book?
And if the clouds changed today I was too busy too lazy too
crazy for accepting difference indifference. Its the money honey.
Its the economy honey. Its agronomy honey. Its all so simple.
Its all so damn simple. Just need some time alone to figure out
that one part of it. And if courage were to be to stand against
smartness answers, we only did want a dot within a spot within.
Make a career of spotting dots within other dots to baseness to
subatomic ultimacy. And that is curricular. It is all so simple.

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I am strong you are

For having assumed I am strong you are.
The midnight sky is moon
fascinating as far as color is.
These eyes are closed like clouds.
The air is breath and
to assume that is wholeness you are the
strength of light.
Nor is language anything remembered.
The day is not sleep
though anything but rest.
And I will keep giving to that which is
pleasure fascinating as far as time.
For having assumed I am strong you are.
The sun too is overcast and
holds.
The midnight sky is star I am taken and
hold to that.
And what remains I close my eyes and
speak like sleep does.
Together is nothing if not taken together
like faith.
To be small is nothing if not
taken together.
I am not urgent.
And I wait for having assumed I am strong
you are.
Nor possess that
like lesson.
The midnight sky is air
fascinating as far as origins are.
I do not consider but here.
And grow
like seed like sheltered seed.
For having assumed I am strong you are.
Then love is a word.
Nor is language anything remembered.

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Response to Saw Wei, February 14

What psychiatrist will not know beauty

Resembles secular morality

The photogirl images in water

Pace this mind

Of learning for

Progress is in little steps outward

When time and trees are my own

Authority is friendship or what it considers itself

Assumes I am given to beauty

Itself? I am I choose such things

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