

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.

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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*

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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.

POLICY IN POETRY © November 2005

*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?

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

*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.

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*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.

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*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.

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*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.

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*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?

*United Museum Sports © 2008*

*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.

*phree versus* © 2008

*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.

*like: frames © 2008*

*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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