

picnic point

SOPHIA

Greg Markee

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MADISON

is what should bring

Too cause. Oh, love to give I still'n 'herit.
The wash and mud, we were dec'dant and last.
And brought with blood, the trust I still'n 'habit.
Questions I am judgment only to cast

no thing upon gen'rous days the life is
open. To watch autumn donate and spring,
the rest. Candid I say and to be missed,
I say, is your absence nothing we bring?

And not, to be alone is not to be.
For days, they are only the course of lust.
And not, to hold except what can giv'n be.
This time, 'tis wild and becoming in trust.

And not a thing, too cause, it is nothing
excepting that to grow is what should bring.

be fine

And well begin. Ancient was then the bones.
I hold what makes the worth recite itself
over and 'gain like all good things the stones.
I am only old and know that a health

it is exterior next to mem'ry.
And well begin. Like cloud I mention day.
Yest' was slow and causing to live. To be.
I am only old and believe the gray,

while fits reason, something other riddled.
For one, to not for source live for grayness.
And though, to not forget ancience, the dulled,
it was a cause. Altogether to last.

And well begin. When times they are present
I am only old and that is warrant.

with a poet

For to publish, and to records stillness.
Not to publish, spoken and the geese drawn.
Whyfor I give the trees, ocean, and cress.
And like systems, to know the stars are gone,

they were only ever yours for presence.
To own no thing, and words, what is int'mate?
Between, respond. And together a lens
upon darkness myst'ry. The else I get

if when being is held like oaths carried.
Poems they are to be nothing and gone,
dissolve in a language without a seed.
Always the night, to be fullness, a stone

I do not know but only what does shine.
And if, accept silence as well what hides.

exceptions

Winter nor night, a want for days atween.
As all is filled in stalls in membership.
For light returns I watch what amnesty
to freezed currents, to seeds, light, Spring is this.

And what remains I do, in caves, darkness
not forgotten. Answer me not, aware,
that time, it lurks in what does come, what passed,
for lightness brings accord not to measure.

'Cepting little pleasures, robins, gone quick
I realize, quickly, quicker, quickest.
Fine air passes to sound, to this I pick
the subtleties, patience, what is the best.

And rhyme to love, if this be as winter
like stalled, only I give no mind to her.

creations

Cosmology. To know what science tells.
Not a secret: to know, to see, to be.
For with the certainties, the next is spelled
to loud louder, endless amplified we.

Cosmology. Speculation and wars,
for creations, knowledge is faith, and to
reading stories, the stones, the bones and stars;
make of time neat, make of time word, and to

then know, and hah! Then art begin with this.
Outward. Inward. To make of this language.
Little mosses, colors, solutions, bliss.
For intentions, I am to be a bridge.

And first discern, only becoming age,
when souls be cast, not until death the sage.

bluegrass

April and snow covers what then becomes
May one. To wait upon a death the chill.
And to have never kept the months, for from
order to grow as small as peace be still.

The grass for that, inheritance, guitar.
And play. And play. Weather to be no thing.
For to answer the sleeps of peace, banjo,
and not to call it war as opposing.

Language return, answer freedom the bass.
And if the snow, she covers sight, coffee
to then answer mad spring, and howl in case
a one listens. And in a word still he

be dead, wonder coldness not I. And play.
What else to do. What else to do. And play.

morning fog

Over lake glass, pale light the fog it rolls.
Astand high bank drop dew morning on grass.
Fisher boatfloat silence alone birdcall.
The bank she thinks, conversation en masse

quiet excepting sight. What does not tell?
Shaded the gray and a moment to see
what hides through sunrise burn away the spell.
Vapors, ancient like times are these agree.

And sleep from eyes, to cast a stone for sound.
Listen waters open waters listen.
No plunk for sight but an echo unbound.
Succeeds a suspension, fog and risen.

Quiet a wait, passes was still now breeze.
Lighted old growth lifted, far side the trees.

the likeness between two women

Hat. Hat. How to, the wind, she asks neatly.
And it was not the wind she wants I know.
April is, to want this philosophy.
I cannot keep, for I love you as do

I to October she when wind begin.
Felt. Felt. Woolfelt. How to, the stars, them closed.
Take to you them, for winter's better ken.
I cannot keep seasons apart she knows.

Questions. Black flats. Black flats. Production is
but introduced. How to, when the ocean.
To give. To last. Only an ocean wished.
I cannot keep ocean, but only one.

To give is not given, philosophy,
then possession, only I object be.

sent to seasons

Life in summer. No receipt for being.
Why the airfresh morning, remember this.
And the forest, bright with culture freeing.
The glaze for heat and insects be, remiss

for not remembering, oh, cicadas.
And twirls autumn, the same, no receipt for.
Go to fallen, the leaves, what is not lust?
Green to golden then gone, what is summer?

Frozen the white into heated rooms pushed.
Icelines windows. No receipt for being.
What comes quiet, and wood smokepop and hush.
Slow next, to know a melt for memory.

Recovery and register, while turns
to leaves to watch again them switch discerns.

grounded water

Systems, oh silt, weakness the war I drink.
To be or not right is, only water
let down to ground the wash away and think.
No bones. No memory but days caught there.

And suck humid, and suck humid, such loss
not history unless a seventy
post years peace called at reflection what cost?
Time is water. Systems, oh sand does seep.

And up do come struggle and innocence.
For who remains in wells contained a drop
and immaterial, apart no chance
to be. Goodness who? War freedom a prop.

To have, believe I drink, and for reasons
to hide, to hide body and know grieving.

world partners

In hands, to what these ends, prosperity?
Nations, and for diplomacy, commerce.
Grow and infill valleys, ridges ka fear.
Stable the earth which grants what is known first.

Supposing child, to know peace considered,
never I know, for that is to harbor
a reference other. War is a bird.
And check for mutual open records.

And what in hands, buying and time, enough.
Humanity is all to need, to see.
What is foreign, when there to be suffered
outness, here not, hear not. Utopia.

If to believe to what these ends we share.
If to believe to all are we I dare.

ministries

To them, suffering the peoples, relief.
To hurt, ka hope, troubled. Contemplation.
Peace and give this, little the rooms, belief.
As if, to give were mine, assume station.

And back away, responsibility.
To give, to hold, and when is not to give?
As if, to give were mine, tranquility.
For not all surrender, nor to this live.

And calls, conscience for calls to misery.
Battled, too bruised, hungry. To recognize.
And then be done, pride with generos`ty.
As if, to give were mine, then ministries.

And name to will, when good never required.
And a conscience replace conscience admire.

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.

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.

varsity

To legacy, hold truths upper and see.
What does surround the ways for time ables
in dreams and history, spirit to free.
Colors remark to red to red label.

And opinion counted to rest alike.
For to confronts within and out upon
that which baffles, and a union to strike.
Free will, that it were first to instruction.

And if, to be solemn at history.
Only to love what did prepare to life.
The hands have done, the words have done, indeed.
Origins, reflection. Succeeding strife.

To legacy, what does become this start.
To legacy, what does become this start.

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.

fixed stars

Oh, wide in berth, circling lighted versions.
Them held, and for watching, to be knowledge.
What is constance this is. To know no suns
whose last forever is impermanent.

And of this day I only be settling.
Into wives and discern as time does hold.
The lighted words, contracts. The lighted wings.
Visits stations in sight, nor e'er dissolve.

Upon this count, measures, what is ever.
The stars and fixed, to grow to smallness if
to dare compare a thought against fixed word.
Members greatness exterior to this.

And live among for not to live upon
and to pass wondering awe immortal.

it sleeps it rains

Comes roll thunder. It sleeps it rains. Alert.
On drops, the browning leaves for September.
Away lightning approach to pause. Sound first.
An hour expect Iowa rain patience.

Were it a thought, nor if sleepless begin.
And if a mind, let down, then comes with rest.
Darkness window and glazed patter open.
Night it charges for all to be waiting.

The ending grass. The ending trees, one last.
To fall announce for when deeper it sleeps.
And this to quiet white expect rain pass.
Nor to hurry the mind awake it keeps.

And a notion to whiles: if to ready,
be brought with now, as goes water steady.

one to one

Spare religion, let down. Substance to life.
To two refrain: within, without, their guard.
To two refrain: love is, nor master wife.
What currency to none flesh is nor hard.

Principles first then none, them each let down.
To whorl, nor is language vocal. To whorl.
And finer colors black nor sight does found.
Nor to call love, spare religion I say.

To what does come nor death, speculation.
For to believe, for to hardness escape.
As commitment, nor is language passion,
but of trust words mumble the acts. To wait.

And if respond judgment nor considered.
To say love nor word law, it is nothing.

love poem 100

Green in love the soundless and nor to speak.
Be wish not this but only succeeding
moments, the stars as during days not seek.
To faith that they exist away from days.

To faith. To faith. To certainty, days end
never has failed, believe like love that I.
And autumn's go, this to never I lend
doubtless lest I am certainly alone.

The soundless and what is thoughtful compare.
Green in passion. Green in peaceness to dusk.
To sunrise when. To cloudpass when to fair.
Nor to endless is thought if wait be just.

The way, nor its invent not consider.
To be is reluctant nor to enjoy.

three and a half days

1

Fly in, to call coffee at things. Arrange.
Make light of sand, collect abalone.
What was that book I wrote. Courage.
Let down courage, digression is to be.

2

Who does to bring flowers, what is needed.
The eggs, nothing is metaphor. The door.
Lightness the windowed sky blue only red.
Goes down seething. Nor to follow for more.

3

Then walk away inland slow pace return.
Shorebirds them still. Rainbirds. County songbirds.
County struggle. To attachment to mourn.
What was that book I wrote. Courage.

3 1/2

Fly out. Again, to call coffee at things.
Enough for having been ocean and wings.

Oh, what revolution

Who brought doughnuts, to paper, to paper.
Open windows, the October nor gone.
Serious shall sit or to freely pour.
Resistance or acceleration done.

To change nor to defend, what is moral?
The fish taco lemons organize beer.
For what revolves goes on, pleasure circle
effort. To pride to ends hear decide here.

Nor decide words sea change for commitment.
And to listen rumblings within sincere.
To what is not expression for joy lent?
Little items nor idol to, these friends.

To paper, to paper. Ground beef and cheese.
Oh, what revolution, October sees.

avenue of the animals

Goatcheese. Snakeskin. Fisheggs. Dogbones. Sharkfin.
Beetlejuice. Elephant handler. Birdbrains.
Eagle's nest. Rat droppings. Eggs of a hen.
Tiger lily. Bear belly. Piglet rinds.

Pigeon toes. Yellow belly. Ostrich egg.
Tortoise shell. Mosquito coast. Sloppy Joes.
Bugnet. Lizard boots. Doggy bag. Dog beg.
Moose breath. Mealworms. Grape ape. Fieldmice. Ark Noah.

Bunny hop. Dead ant. Eel slime. Frog and toad.
Feather boa. Moo cow. Flying squirrel.
Grasshopper pie. Cat hair. Kill in the road.
Mudbugs. Foxy lady. Crab legs. Bat girl.

Horse teeth. Hungry hippo. Hoot owl. Rain man.
Snail mail. Gator bowl. Clam bake. Monkey hand.

inner child

To have been gone professionalizing.
Counting. Organizing. Been down so long.
Barefoot grassair. Leavesounds. First frosted sing.
The moss and quiet place surrender song.

Been left for last, only counting. Return.
Day grew without this strength I knew as child.
Believed in other things solid I learned.
For logic said. For reason said stay mild.

Nor to touch earth. Nor to judge clouds but wait.
And rivers nor love them not to be held.
And oceans nor love them different fate.
Return oh, stars, declare as I have felt.

And never gone among to realize.
If a moment to this every seize.

struggling beauty

Encroach, people places, hills victory.
Conquest what is, mysticism as nature.
That held, possess, to be possessed worry.
And thought respect, for why to come, unsure.

Winter it comes love as to fields to where.
Nor if summer content lasts diff'rent if
to watch isolation through glass say care.
Neglect what is as for among short sight.

And driving through woodlands what road divides.
Nor footpaths then, what is reasonable?
Man as nature then allows presence hides.
Nor possession as custom name to call.

To what assume without lands protected.
Neutral kein spirit no mother 'lected.

old beside the point

Grows old, not realizing age to pass.
Begins upright morning newspaper stretch
and eggs, grapefruit, white toast coffee cream splash.
Beside the point age is not remembered.

When not to live, what knees, what heart, that thought.
A body called reluctance change a mind.
Never to wear shoes in sand when life sought.
Though not to seek, nor think such things do bind.

The wind for kites, ocean baptism at night.
Midnight the trees still imagination.
And falls the rain to walk among poems.
To be poem, it is to elation.

Ponder potence nor to ask when I die
if having lived were actual nor lie.

the rabbit

Quiet watch underbrush watches watching.
To spooked away dash anywhere zig zag.
Generations been hunt startle training.
Humble silent weather fursoft the eyes.

Scavenge greens vegetarian reward.
For be to be gentle rabbit secrets.
Nor fox does care except appetite, said
rabbit genius hiding knowing regrets.

Quiet to steal freedom when not a threat.
For food and sex plenty, and atmosphere,
the hills, the woods, gardens, anywhere let.
Ever though eyes and ears, for death is near.

When peace eaten silence is too relaxed,
then stealth does come without conscience the cat.

enter the dragon

Demons and dragons the dungeons despair
where lies and sins eat the hardness insane.
Silence immortal goes strength hung by hair.
Never to die nor feel the ends of pain.

Language too kept, for from this, memory,
of trials and dragons teaching order.
Nor time exist when this eternity
darkness fire ice alternating proper.

Except what was heaven thought unconscious
though ne'r to sleep again the needles them.
Nor food nor water to lips nor air just
agasp littlest needs for what is to pain.

And if the eyes to see they are taken.
And if the ears to hear they are taken.

song from places been

Lasting winter coastline one thousand years
nothing changes treeline stony white.
Winter beaches airstrong warm and tender.
Isolation lakeice full moon midnight.

Winter window snowdrift nor does it stop
to southern edge melted rivers do flow.
Mississippi guitar stone's throw kerplop.
Nor dormant fields once wild, the deer, the quail.

Satisfaction spring tease February.
Shortsleeves snowshoes oldsnow trudge, dripping trees.
Desert start yellow saguaro flower
before the hidden lizard browns burn freeze.

March come winter once last perhaps April
the regular forest anywhere still.

the first couple

Old love holds hands watches legacy come.
Like season moss mushrooms shadow birdcall
forest to light in fall leaves golden run.
Old love holds hands mercy at little life.

The wind notice, the rain, to sit in chairs
pulling pins from harm, security is
what can be done birdseed winter the care.
Nor does life start when I give it process.

Old love holds hands knows religion between
two words enough for to social concourse.
Give home to house, the smells nor bed is mean.
Garden, old growth window, argue not God.

When clouds like paper within the wind pass,
write upon them each with poems I send.