

platonina too



Greg Markee

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Mental fleck. Measure.

Noun.

Specimen. To qualify
object.

Regard. Nod at society because society
travels in words. Frames. Poem.

Time cold and with a

heaving history.

Coming out like
door
kept for identity. Quality.

I will rest this time upon

sand thinking of futures in

noun. YOU
pictures and YOU images, qualities like
humanity and sensation. Fleck. Mental.

And something
other. Burning
like architecture and
like metaphor or

peace burning. You wonder

a science pointed

at
some thing dead.

Dead like color like
sinking September into ASH.

Cheeks sinking and lips thinning
to
thread.

But I
am
no more reluctant because I call the dead
for what they are

still,
at last still.

There
is not a dream. Anymore.

And if a cigarette
and if a circle I mount in word in fleck,
I
to keep away the phantoms of lunacy
and change

a cigarette will be enough

if I remember it as that
noun
burning the day away in a
minute I would only possibly remember.
ASH.

Progress.

Welfare I believe
giving is
this.

Social policy and
reform,
questions, the questions.

Intention.
Stop.

Imagination.

Stop.

In a program of degrees, I
am

qualified for representation
a
little.

Of specialism.
Stop.

Certainty.

A love I will be
certain of.

Dry November wind I will be
certain of

wrapped in thought
like the twenty-four hour museum of God things

limited

only by its
disregard
for

stops
and
degrees.

Unless an idea lasting
like
progress and
forward
history
Mr. Senator. Time. Reform

I cannot
understand
the nature of this
cause.

But given welfare
a
moment.

Stop.
Hold tightly to the ambulance of
change.

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.

Change as concept.

I defend
this
fixture.

Stand by, young, obey and
clash

against priests
and independence
selling themselves

selling themselves.

And the art, the way a peoples

plant themselves
the sequoias
the cave and the sound of cave

and handsome night, dark and

moonless

stretching into my breath
a chill

like winter and its ness.

I will consume at this

concept and its legs until

of this mind it begins

and returns again to yesterday.

I will.

Retreat to yesterthoughts and yestercourage.

Simply.

Knowing

there is not a difference between poem and poet

knowing

a gravity

will

release in time. Unless

little by little understanding

I

will hold

myself against this earth.

Setting example as anchor,

for

I recognize a social

I recognize the bounds

of admission to
this intellect,
it is a commitment.

And before night passes I will have ministered

a
thought

of beauty
(I know beauty

how it travels east to west

and how it takes no time to sell
itself)

I will have ministered
a
concept

Before night passes

this.

Making imaginations.
Sound and sleep.

The adjuncts of living, I

rely

upon these
inherited weathers.

East I will

look for
thought
and into the cricket night
again east.

For day breaking with coffee in steel
mug
lantern and first light
natural
pushing back the stars
has always

been a reflection of

character
against sleep.

No modernity there is to waking
alive and all at once, it

has always been,
lest

the first yawn

I remember.

What love

I remember.

Steaming and into this body all of
time

supposing
supposing peace and fraternity among the

willing. And the others.

Them.

A word

of I. A body. A charm.

Evolution, the heir of progress. Thank you Lamarck, Spencer, Darwin, Haeckel,

forgotten like Sunday
withdrawing maturations and epochs and
winds

from the south

this time

imagining.

I remember

how the night sails

[pause]

Crossroad.

To start again recollecting the meaning
of urgency.

[pause]

Where the canon of friendship is not a
word.

And a trick

And a trick

it needs be spoken twice that it be reduced
to matter and

sent away.

Urgently forgotten.

Hello, my friend, hello.

It has been a long time since

I grew close to your phantoms.

I was marked.

And then the future came. I am sorry.

(pause)

There was a crossroad.

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.

Methuselah, another year.

Of inkled shadow
sparsely affecting
and that which becomes
 birthing
itself again.

Mark.

Over barren swells of
landtime. There is no body other.

Lest the mossearth children away the scattered aspen
leaves

 mushroom

of reminding:
let them tend to their own
possibilities like service.

Away I will repeat.

Lest the giants living
twice
as quickly count.

I expect snow air

white

with flakes and quiet except
for heartbeat

making ways up land.

And gone in an hour mantime and
this place will return to itself
folding upon civilization
causing nothing.

Methuselah,

an other year.

Another year
without knowledge of

that which passes except season I
sleep.

I cannot care for how little I
have become

I

know other things like peace

instead.

Gather, the wordpeople. Logics
waxing language
for another constituted
thousand
years.

The women speaking like men
because
and then
injecting womanisms in between like
poem.

No matter, really, the construction of

poetry, the day

in whichever form.

And to quit I
will plan
for the next thought I
will prepare
for the impressions of womanism

in masculine manner
drinking coffee.

Ah, What difference. I was
meant for
discern
and then attachment

with a people other than I like
woman.

With woven blankets for when the sound of rain comes
hard and pounding
and
with relations constructing
in
my mind.

A poetry
for advancing the reputation of

one's public
and
A poetry for advancing upon
policy and then the
self.

With rhythm or either reason connecting
connecting.

For the guilty and
for the insane and
for the underprivileged

and

only then to
speak of this which was
created for love and
universalism

and for gender
for
this goes without saying.

I cannot know
how the first poet
became author but it was then
that poetry
separated itself.

A recorded history,
an oral history and
it is no wonder
that a recorded history
became reference.

Because.

And poem to book to doctrine

it all
follows a sense, history.

And oralism

as a social operation,

how it remains
important
only
during the day when a woman

Alien.

Otherness. The
hours of different forms. To

live an hour or a thousand hours.

How a geography
concentrates
a remembrance of childhood
livelihood

a remembrance of forestings to
water's edge and
cut canyons
and other creatures and

and

aliens that serve as
meat
or friend.

Serving as, that which serves.

There is only so much time to
learn the good from the bad and to
realize that which matters
in a way.

I would do well as critic I
say,

poet,

one

who riddles remembrance
or either change agent like

Axa intent on

governing formal change
while living by the word of
the body
which was his square.

Things are framed in this world like art
there is a place

and education, there is a place
and medicine, there is a place
laughter, there is a place

and there is a place for alien and a
place

for inclusion
for universalism

for that which causes death

[even smart people realize there is a
place for death, even smart people know

service].

Tomorrow I will hold something new in these
hands.

With leaves all aground
kicking the ground
kicking brown
looking brown.
Shuffling

to the chores with wide ears and giving
[giving] it
away.

I know the day will frame itself
by its urgency
and
at
an
end

I will be left with something
a stone for my pocket
a blue feather

touching down,
a name scribed in leather on
goodwill belt
[Raoul]
[who the hell is Raoul?].

I am Raoul

holding.

Cosmology. (Cosmology)

In what exact words.

Concept and
order, resolution, a
reconciliation. Liberal cause.

Where all truths are relevant
where divinity is this
cluster of seasons and planets. Earthcluster
of leaves and grass and speculation. I am blind.

I am deaf.

I am mortal sphere, clock
as body spinning experience.

Heavy at the thought of knowing an outerness orbits
even this (cosmology). Tock.

Tock.

And so

And so.

A yard, it will be enough.

Gymnasium, it will be enough
to exercise a gravity

a faculty pointed at a positive
matrix (of).

For

independence requires no constitution
and no license
(there is not a
law).

And if
knowledge requires anything,

it is
worth less than
its experience.

Knowledge. Knowledge. Knowledge.

(Knowledge). [Knowledge]. {Knowledge}.

To the old canons in any case
because I
talk (but not really).

Because there is not

a data
nor passage
nor entrance exam
nor commencement and all
that returns will be
the sum
upon a last breath littered in needless sounds

I will call cosmology.
[I will call cosmology].

In the hours

change.

And stop

the death

following day

like

kite's tail

reinforcing life with

a weight.

A wait.

How I mount

an afternoon of

colors

dark with November

and ash

collected in

drains

and the imagination

raining down the

needlessness.

Gone

like tomorrow

gone.

And

if a year

I will

be.

Because of instants.

Because.

Inclined to assort.
Addressing behavior, a
reference. I,
formula for social
treatment. And bullishness and loudness and
general insanity and mania, a
corner
formalized by I for that which
independently thinks.

The social expense of living
with
critical mind given a
room.
The colors, the peoples balanced by
interest and age.
Book.
For my ease, a journal to balance
the professions and
the wills. And

to enchant the types at
leisure
in glass containers. The
disassociates and the amorals and the
freedom seekers and the astronauts and the ones with
dreadlocks and the militias and the foreign
born
students with curious ideas, how

they will be
given a
page of concern for tomorrow.

Tomorrow.

Assorting

the likes of today. Because

I

rely upon

this for the next. The

peace of isolation

by recording the

nature of others.

And analysis one and

myself without a

governing care for

all will be

a matter of psychology and a regard for

this which I can affect

by

education and social intercourse and

general expression

(being). Intellect is a matter of control

by assorting the likes of you and you and

you.

But really all I wanted was

a ground to camp upon which need not fear the eternalisms

of physical subjection

and lies

and types

and types

parading as concept as if they already understood

which chapter of nineteen ninety four I had released

them to. It was the

day that we met

for your information.

Sunday I will return.

Eased at having known a Saturday
of divisions.

Done.

The ideological front.

The economics.

Personal defense.

Saturday ten A.M. passes

in moral definition, put to words.

Done.

[Because there was a hero].

Sunday I will return.

And the epochs, the
maturationisms of Saturday,

they will have been a

passing

consciousness and war and government,

they will have been.

And then

rest

a world sleeping

because people need sleep like

Saturday needs sleep like

Sunday deserves sleep

thinking of history as an aspect of the self which

occurred a yesterday ago.

Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny

I have been told.

The rise and
fall
of society in Saturday
miniaturisms.

I know what comes next.
By Saturday afternoon all I need do is
look toward the resolution and
reconciliation of history
to know that
everything

came out well enough I tell myself.
In the ends of afternoons
which is why there
is not a need for Sunday epochs.
I will remember Sunday as
itself
with turned down covers and anything music and
cinnamon something
recapitulating itself.
Itself.

Sunday I will return.

I have in the past and am
confident that Saturday will
release me. History will
release me
reluctantly or either
with a jar of maple syrup.

If

I am ever to wonder if there is such

a thing as time

all

I need do is consider that

I grow old.

And if I count in celestial revolutions

in days

in winters

the course of this body

or either if I count

in moments remembered

no matter.

Because I cannot wait upon the
chronologies of allusion

the marks

representing experience at
the expense of an

experience I inhabit.

Now.

And in case I

begin to wonder

at the motions of age

because a reference compels

me
because a staggered wit
because a modern language passes without thought
because a poem need not contain the word fuck.

Wonder. What
can represent experience?

Change is the measure of
time

and if
so
I will then be mathematician

to count

the turns

so I know when to expect the arrival of
the next
hardened stage
turning
into something else waiting as experience

waits. No I will not

with wide sense
and the gravity of
history.

Life waits

slowly I wait. No I will not.

Cloud and gray and cloud
Wool day
defroster day and
half cigarette day
Puddles from
the night silent in
parking lots
And
responsibility pressing

I thought
of how I would react
to this late last restless night
to that trickling black
sky
and
how a word of
confidence should
have been enough to
stop a restlessness cold

Wait
Cloud and gray, cloud
silencing itself
to the east
with a breath and
arthritic fingers clinging
to themselves and
a book
for
courage enough
to light a fire by

I am not cause
I am not responsible
This will pass
for winter start
This will pass
looking down at history
kicking stones and
remnants of thoughts
out of the way in
concentrations
coldly resting themselves
away

I am not reluctant
I am not certain
I will think it
away
I am not old
This is not a call
There is no message in this
There is no certainty in this
wind
There is no memory in this
wind
There is no color in this
sense
hanging from skeleton
trees
I used to know
differently

Greetings reason, I believed
we would meet again. I am a

member. An affiliate.

I know the anchors of
knowledge, I know
intellectual design by

watching and
assorting nature. And otherwise.

I know the streams of
history, the cause of
economics, the cause of

life, I, attending to my
own. Gathering gathering

and collecting value like coins and
shiny things and representations
transcending a day.

I understand the course of studies like
language and its faculties,
purpose. Greetings reason, I

have traveled since our

last, and
now with greater catalogue and
more efficient formula and

modern logic, with list and
with the confounds of irony and the reputations

of cause,
I realize sense.

At once knowledge.
At once limited
by an imagination
because an imagination is not the
universe
these metal arms
and megascopes and microscopes,
experience. And if I realize a something

made of reason like the
colors of February and the breath of March to
be

letting itself into springtime bud with
acquaintance and sidewalk chatter melting
and understanding why I look toward an advanced tomorrow
when green will be hopeful. Why. And radiating like
the last fire of winter with book with book
with book. Telling me what to expect of February.

And flannel reason.

You are old and I am young. You take too long to think. You favor fish and I, I am partial to a thick cut of beef. You read the inserts in the morning news. You get up early and I could sleep

all day. You are wise, but I too am wise for knowing this in you. You concern yourself with a history, you believe there are lessons to be learned. I ask you for those answers. You entertain people

by listening. You are old. And you know that you are old. With a slow pace and with a wool driving cap and a stretch Lincoln. You wear tweed. You pause. You look around. You think you know

me. You think you think you know me. But I know you. I recognize the pomp of one who has given up coffee ten years ago and tells me about it. I recognize the pomp of one who switched to bagels.

Well, I guess I will have a bagel with you but you are still old. You think that stories about little things are important. You think that everything has meaning. You think that politics is better

left to the coffee shop, you believe that schools are day care centers, you believe that homelessness is a modern natural selection. You believe that good colors are brown and olive green, plaid. You

believe that fashion is universal. You believe that poetry should rhyme. I do not. You understand many things, I know this. You understand the action of an internal combustion engine. You understand

religion. You understand me. But you are old, and, perhaps in a day I will have met a reason for your position. But I am still gathering. I have not settled. I have not declared a typology for all of the peoples

I have met. I have not identified with a career. There are many things I have not done. But I can also say there are many things you have not done. There must be. Though you have a wrinkle for

every experience. You have a word for every experience, that I must listen to your whole story when all I wanted to know was what oleo was. You make me jump through hoops and all you do is nod at

my stories. You appreciate my company, I know you do, and that is why I come. You appreciate your past. You are optimistic but you would never admit it. The troubles that you see are mine, they

are my responsibility now. Your attention drifts. Your attention has lost focus, or either your attention is pointed at something I cannot see. You are trying to direct my attention to this. But I am young.

Angels come to funerals.

They watch

everything and

they

know

how people feel.

The living are only

accustomed

to knowing.

Sound proves a guitar.

Sound proves a drum.

And I

am no place.

I am no material.

Not self

abandons

the air and

the world proven, this is

proven,

but I am other.

Not self.

With band of emotions

and intuition,

proven by the next, I

else,

listen

knowing that a cause is

only of this

place

banding in audible silhouettes

and currents at

intervals

intervals.

Sound proves a piano,

a voice, sound

proves a social.

Not self,

then gone like

the last temperament

set aside

forgotten like a place I
will not share,
empty but
secure.

Sound proves a force, a
will away, a
force competing for an
attention I have
given
already
to meaning.

Not self. As
keeper balancing
sound marking
intervals
spirals

preparing for ascension like
the day the birds
spiraled into the sky
at once in
mass. Gone.

I was not there
either, waiting for their
return and
only believing in the
proofs
of predictability.

Not self and
something other proving
a nature I
am
becoming among
otherwise.

And if I am a proof

And if I am a sound

if I

am

a

word

or either a

cause

a banter

an emotion

a hint

And if I am a color the likes of

sky

I will be

Testimony and

truth

and message and

likeness and perhaps

actual

perhaps

And if I am a chronology

And if I am a trust

if I

am

a

shadow

directing

or either a

cause

a test

And if I am the November

wind
And if I am the darkness
it will have
been
in
reference
and appropriate taste and
likeness
and
finality for
the limits of this representation
are a matter of consuming
a subject I
am uncertain
of
And if I am an arrow
And if I am a sound
If I
am
cause
and the object of appreciation
or
either discern
If I am
then
If
Then
completes me
like an understanding shaped in
pictures
completes
history

Like poetry written for poets.

Like music

for poets.

Like nature.

Like environmentalism for poets.

Like nature.

Like silence.

Like absence.

Like a poem

known

and now taking all of its thoughts with it.

Like a song

capturing a mystery.

Like a poet

reciting a poem not her own.

Like a translated poem.

Like a keynote speaker

at a poet's conference.

Like a calendar for poets.

Like a poem from

one hundred years ago.

Like paper left in the sun

without words.

Like yesterday for poets.

Like appreciation for poets.

Like knowledge for poets.

Like nature.

Like birth.

Like stereo vision.

Like

autumn for poets.

Word

said for sound

without matter.

There is no meaning to
a reckless compound of thought

streaming an intellect

lest sound be matter

lest poetry be as little as sound

only. Perhaps.

What I say

a knowledge

matter

that it return in validation

or either refute.

Declare and accuse like

art.

I know a something

of an audience in speaking to

her. Distant

matter and summary

and judgment, the social

is made of this. Thought

and matter

returning. Saying something

with a sound

does make it

so and saying

anything, the compounds

are the universe. Sound is

a universe. Only a universe. But

expression is otherwise

like law and divinity

or specifically nothing

specific. Sound or otherwise.
Word at first distant and
word away, I will travel
upon these markers
remembering a
source. You are a
concept. And the social
moves by concept and
willful meaning and
saturday market
matters spread with
code. And even in silence
I will know a language
a concept. I will
for there is not
another test
of this knowledge
than to mount it
against truth, this
day. Directed sound against a
day. And let 'because' be
reason enough
for word and
silent word.
And code
relevant like all of yesterday
relevant
to this life in
miniature
answers
for I govern a concept
happening
in dialect. And silent dialect.
Intention.

Colony self aware.

Person self aware
resolving itself.

I am no longer a
matter of this social
with its strings and
indifference
and requisites
and requisites.

Colony of this mind
to establish one
other ideal with
respect to its
interests. Person as
model unto itself.

Person as model unto
herself. There is
a harvest I am
quiet of. There is a
love

I am quiet of.

There is an inheritance.

There is a satisfaction by
no chain. There
is a charter which
requires
no conscious consent.

Colony self aware as
a person
resolving itself
to a circular study

of needs and requisites
like faith
internalized
and like the labors
of this body
for itself.

And rest. There
is not a xenophobe
within, all is a
matter of self
determination and self
cause. Colony
of this mind
carrying a letter to a
new stage
a universe of intentions
already
unto itself.

Them gone
who.

Black
in the first
refreshing. I am
whole.

Cloud

passing as a

stranger [looking twice
that I be
reminded of
my own]

returning to the
brown

leaves
fallen [down].

Night time from

the east
approaching [I
know the business of

discord] returning

to the allusions
of

lightbulbs on walls
flicking like fire [cloud].

dead season
before
the first of
winter
announced in snow
white for
the imagination

collecting all of the past
and all of the
urgencies into a

moment

setting like a
winter sun
without remark just
to blue to dark and a
covering
remaindered

stars
clouds and
sparkling in
between
the chill and
the breath
of dead
season
cold like astronomy
without

religion compromising
a nature and
this settlement
of language and words and
order meaning

nothing

in the end

nothing

except

Wednesday

darkening

over

Change is for people.
There is no change in nature
lest a cycle be a change.
But I,
I am a person and
I grow and develop. I
only know change. And I
know no cycle except the
miniatures which nature
allows for me. A generation,
recurring, an idea,
recurring, the social returning
to itself
again.
I am only a season and
I have not seen the
others and their
fascinations and their beauty.
I have seen no other
day of colors, I have seen
no other cycle except
this age I keep. One.
And what follows,
speculation.
Change is for people, the
orders shift one to the
next and
time, it turns to gray and
then disappears with
but a legacy of
intent. And

intent spanning an age, so
much potency for difference,
science, and words crossing
meaning, poetics.
Poetics of change, poetics of
stillness, poetics
of peace. There is a poetry
to change, there can
only be after cause
and witness. Poetry
is testimony as is science
as is language. Poetry
is social, even in its absence.
Poetry is a mark, that the
next be one further, and
the next, one further.
But the universe without,
it is a banter of
chemicals and mass, it
is the same without
a poet, it is the same
nature I have not
considered like the atoms
too small for consequence and
like the entirety of all
too large for consequence.
Change is the middle
threshold, for poets and
people wishing for
a knowledge that
will arrive at the
end of this.

Carry forward the stillness in your heart.

A

peace

is

never

far

from

one

having

known

it.

Step softly upon
the night allowing
a reprieve from
automation and piloted
discourse and
continual readiness.

I am not prepared
by the mid of night and
I am not prepared
in half rest and half satisfaction.

Only in an absence will
I know you,
chaos
and slavery and
jurisdiction,
only in an absence.

For among the day
there is little charge to
stepping away and
for among the night
there is little which
cannot be reconciled
like war and
general discord and
time.

Step softly.

Up side down

suspended

Approaching solutions from

an exterior

Living away

The beaver moon at

my feet

accepting impressions and

information

Collecting information

in cycles

Like a wish

I am partial

and the

rest

suspended

Newism. A
contract with technology. That
there be a positive
faith in the constructs of
humanity. I
ride the
waves of recapitulation saying
history as
if it meant a something. And
tomorrow will
be one greater lest I am
consumed by the urgencies of
contentment. Newism. Like
a mountain shelter I
return to in summer
snow. This time
awkward with name
engraved below the
last,
waiting for
the rest to carry
on. There is
a difference to
modernity in the face
of nature and
force. I will match
modernity with a concept
supporting the next with instruments and
ideas and frames and
frames. There is
a question

to living. Newism. Like
an earthen dam. People have
been before me. There is evidence of
the foundations of people, and I,
I am something different
now.

Sustaining a reluctant growth and
sustaining a character knowing a
reliance upon
diversity and accommodation,
tools, this is
in my interest as identity
is in my interest.

Newism. Postmodernity. Post
post post. And
the character of
nature will return like
an instinct in spite of
theory, once again returning a
thought to foundations,
reason. Like social crops like
corn, like fruits with social meaning,
grapes. Newism. There is an
extension to history. And I
will be
the march of time
reflecting on as
if the past had another
something to
share.

First muddened instruments elevating
a kind. This weapon, this device, it
was made to stamp a frame of humanity.
That a force now kindled charge the mind
to exteriorism and advancement. In one
generation I will be a something other
than small and foraging among foothills
unaware. And arrives an art once transcended,
marking this station. Oh, what grace,
these hunts upon walls, this falling water,
this cup holding life, pointing, at a source.
There is a cause to this intellect stripped
of its own. And I am more the animal with
spade and governance, with art I am more
the force, directing spheres and kinds and
making a something as I wish. I wish.
That it rain upon this earth in the present.
That a doll direct an attention. That a
valley become a rest among drawn winters.
A home, a collected rest, a quarter of this
earth, with regards to the first instrument,
for it was the demonstration of this cause
which allowed a faith. River stone, and
bone, this fire, a security by this imagination,
there is the truth of potence, and by the
elevation of kind. There are regards to
the rest, this threat, this offense, this
meal, this shelter. And this clan, it will
one day be an army, carrying answers and
reference, or either it will be a peace, settled
into geographies and fair gaming and an

ecology which directs the instrumentalisms not at one another, but at a potential of land and element. Science and ethic evolving at a pace, riddling a potence, or either at a rest. For there is a time for rest, there is a need as there is a need for any other. With feather mattress and woolen blanket, and with the comforts which are no less the instrument than spade or either spear or either stone. I was made by the educations of my fathers, and I was made to consider the likes of evolution, the likes of traveling with the instruments of security and rest. As far as a means allow, as far as an imagination allows. As far. As far. And a return to a source in the eventual, knowing the reason for cause, and remembering the reason that such a course was established, or either a redress, that I have stepped away from a path. And among change I will suppose a new instrumentalism in earnest, one that allows for a continuance. Muddled, in the beginning I remember.

To the readers. To the spectacles
introduced. There is
a panorama of clowns, a record of

blasphemy and reconciliation
and theory. Theory. A list of
peoples, one the matter, one
the
absence, one
the
bitterness of
growing old.

To the readers. Collecting and

putting to reason
art

and method,
time.
The stars.

The stars.

One clown after another after
each allowing and
finding a grace among
absurdity and
profundity, that there be no great importance in
an isolation, but
a gathering, a reading,

this caucus is twilight
and urgency.

Spectacle. With emotion and

idea spanning experience.

Held by

a

thread

of language and

afterthought.

Ah, yes, the caverns of an intellect, a

one

stationed among meaning with patience, a

one.

To the readers. I am no disguise.

I am no permanence.

I am not law nor

canon.

But a word, passing

like light upon Saturday

afternoon

walls.

Shadows.

Shadows.

Compelling like nature and force.

Compelling like concept.

Compelling like alternative knowledge

alternating between

societies.

Knowledge fluttering. And

if I know a truth at an end
it will be
attached to clowndom and light, afterthought

streaming
in imagery.

This is the way it is.

This is the way it is.

Now.

This is the way it is.

For every is positioned
uniquely in a relation to a
single art.

Form.

Representing.

This.

Paneducation, this all. Cosmology.
Exposure to the experience of
genius, the record of
genius. Knowing the interpretations
are fluid, as a social, and knowing that
science is a cluster of reflections.
And the structure of scientific revolutions,
it is not different than the structure
of poetic revolutions, it is not
different than the institution of
any knowledge. For certainty, it is
colored in pencil, certainty is a fractal,
certainty is a religion lasting two
or either six thousand years, and
gone. Like justice and strength,
it is a flavor. Like nature, its
record, it is as certain as the
instrument. And paneducation,
as large as its profession, heteroglossing
revolutions and history and the
development of bombs and
engines and evolution. The strongest
have survived. And if there be
a one remaining in the next advent,
a type reflecting the rest, a
model will become, initiating a
paneducation for modernity, inclusion
and the reduction of status, stamping
favoritism, discharging hierism.
And reset the social. Square one
to paneducationism, and in a

time, a return to social diffusion
and personalisms, lines and sovereignty
and governance. The continuum, the
strain of humanity travels across
ages and returns and travels and
returns. And this, the circularism,
or either the lines of peoples, the
histories, the belief in no starts
and no ends, just an expansion and
ballooning of thought, and its return
to stasis, ballooning and return, that
a threshold is the purge of competition
and the purge of individualism, and
a return to community and agrarianism
or naturism, or other, a return is the
expense of science. And it all, the
evolution, the purge, the continuum,
the cycles of people, or either that
it is, indeed, unidirectional, its
debate? Paneducation. Or either
the separation of peoples, in the
first separated by ideology, and
then a separation of living, and
then a separation of biology, and
a one, segmented, returns as a
species to the earth living upon
berries and salmon, and in the eventual,
becomes a stock animal for a palace
farm of some person once related
but now living openly as a paneducated
genius having traveled through no
less than four scientific revolutions,
aware.

Education
need not
deconstruct
in the
interest of
construction.

No mind
needs be
torn to a
separation
that it
now allow
assimilation.

There is
not a
genuine
sort of
knowledge
which cannot
be an
addendum
and an
extension to
existing
knowledge.

And the
stops of
correctionism
and the
trials of
innate being,

there need
be no
protection from
the residuals
of any
truth. A
truth only
requires a
park for
its reproduction
and an
encouragement,
an
allowance.
Education
need not
deconstruct, and
the fatalisms
of consequence
by authority?
A one
higher,
a one
higher
be the
institution of
aging with
an empathy
and an
outlook upon
a shared
social living.

Social gravity, the cause of government.

Love, the cause of cities

and specialisms. People
are brought to a together. And
even the explorer, traveling
into geographical isolation
does so

in the interest of a representative

flag and
everything that I be.

Social gravity, the cause of an establishment

and code,
language,
science,
modernity,
poetry.

And love.

And love.

What cause is confusion?

The mark of empowerment.
A caucus will be led into
establishment.

Social engineering, as long as

there is a voice, as long as
there is an audience, a

government. A collection

upon this fertile soil
once feeding a family and
now feeding an

intellect. Love.

