

poet control

G R E G M A R K E E

poet control

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PART 1

persuade me exercise me
corrupt me

point to something
what is important

authorize me
declare the silver in my hair
import wonder
I too put up fences

I too put up fences
keep little boxes say
language and language
in my way like possession

make books for the shelf
walk like no one walks
in that hat

the malleable cause
of self importance is
isolation

bends with the promise of
indulgence gratification

and were it thoughtless
to offer no care
when one has no thing
to offer

but who does forfeit care
among hardship I say
care is redirected
to one's own

the bent beauty
is a force
is in a pocket
is in a poem

titled reason

titled reason for governors
titled reason for parenting
titled reason for grocery shopping

it is just
that I know beauty
there is a long legacy of
those who know beauty

it is just
I know potential
I know failure

but she could not change
the weather
make the summer day
resemble a summer day
but she put on a bikini
vacuumed the house

I cannot say how
one convinces oneself
against others
against nature

the humors of God are
likened to
the humors to God

that is why she never
married
that is why she refuses

indeed refusal
is a matter of control
but it is not original
there is no invention
there is no advocacy
there is no promise but to say
one's own interest

was a bobbed moon for fear
was a hitchhiker
was the potential of a friend
were offers not an offering

the substance of change is
the animation of one's soul

convince oneself a poem
is greater than these walls

it was a small house
a tidy small house
with original artwork

an extra room for kneeling
he would die there knowing
counting

what does bring peace
the social welfarist
asks of curriculum of budget

opium

they lie down on one another
sorting one another
they stop creating language
their hunger is only physical

I tried what my brother tried

no

it is not sibling rivalry to

mention

I prefer my own

I am old enough to elect

a president

I am wise enough for silence

I am not distracted

I know of no greater cause

than God and say I too

cause

the realm of thought is
scattered with debris

triangles and cubes and stars
escalators and coins and
little tiny museums

the question of accomplishment
may be a question of persuasion
if one seeks recognition
there are public matters if
one wishes a livelihood upon
the matters of passion

or decay wondering

or say
unto oneself
the impressions of this and that
genius

submission unto

were there a force

greater than I

ask of source

it is not my weather today

I had no being among

such a decision declare God

God is not human

say a social context is

malleable is participatory

and a different submission

than to God

submit to the learned

the elders

submit to good ideas

submit to proprietary ends

control is theirs
but control is mine
little windows little costumes

the career
the answer to career is avocation

he bought a boat
named it for his wife
stopped working Saturdays

the intentions of poetry
poetics
submission
gave the governor something
to climb around
like truth

public opinion is a day job

and whether love
is a matter of adjustment
or say love has always been
like convenience
nor matter

they just agree on meatloaf

a proper submission is
properly recognized is sincere

the avocations of trust
resemble a relationship with
a history professor a priest
a mother

the vocations of trust
resemble a relationship with
autonomy

ask if one can submit to
themselves

control is authority and

he had no staff

he had no chief of staff

he had no publisher

say one pays for a service

contract

say one performs a service

say one successfully self publishes

say one finds themselves in jail

with no memory

a locked door

say a parking garage attendant

refuses to raise the exit gate

paranoia is rationale for

autonomy more autonomy

is rationale for more autonomy

to
take
the
opportunity

to
write
a
poem

to
assume
poetry

to
be
a
poet

the controlled poets
are not the control poets

the incarcerations
the reactionary incarcerations
I too follow the weather
say beauty when beauty
a natural allowance to
the force which gives
and add an affective domain
in which curses and orders
in which the agent of
social change the agent of
construction is an application of

one's own potence

this is growth this is
education a knowledge of

one's own potence

the unread poet
resembles a tumor
resembles a banker a teacher
a voiceless grocer

but you are none of these
but camouflaged

unto oneself
a character begins and ask
how and why like reason
no
but to say such things aloud

the prospect of certainty
given an opinion is
in direct correlation with
one's number of books in circulation
no
one's number of books in circulation is
a reflection a poet's reflection

he grew large hands
and ears
had developed tremendous
sunspots
and died before anyone noticed
they had remembered
his younger self
nor the kept isolations of
the hermit and
that was the voice
he continued to speak with

from memory the clouds
the seasons
not necessarily fictional poetry
but generalized generic
until
he described her like a claim
like a wish
put her in a sun dress
reading Dostoyevsky on the patio
with fictional iced green tea

what I remember about history

is there is nowhere
for nonparticipants to go

but poetry

like a measure of silence
near to zero but never
stillness never silence itself

the invisible man
hung a hummingbird feeder
engaged in the custodial acts
of citizenry
that is all

the historian wrote a poem
to prove to herself
the opposite of history
but it did happen it did

the human condition is causal

being is causal

but is not necessarily

a reflection of intentions

what is the acquisition of interest

of desire

and is such a force

socially directed

how is it there are two forms of beauty

how is it

a professional attractions are

suspended in certain companies

legacy is a child

legacy is an institution

legacy is a forest

in your company the stars

all of the things which are
in one's control

occupation
diet
voice
material decisions
appearance
habits
interests
truth

all of the things which are
not in one's control

time
existence
laws of physics
choice of family
the self determination of another
truth

the second generation bookstore owner
called the poets together

one by one
they tried to convince
me
of a good poem
in eight minutes or less

okay

do I have to pick just one

I have an answer
is enough to pick up a pen

ask if a socially inspired poem
is original is ekphrastic is answer
is methodically ordained
is forfeited because it exists in reference

the cosmetic poem
resembled the appearances of
what I know

I could have told you
the shape of the sky

I could have told you
the nature of thirst
the nature of absence

I could have told you
what happens
when two colors are pressed together

it is a scientist's job it is a recorder's task
to document to register

and what value thus
from exposure

I

the position of the poet
middled atween sense and cognition
slowly running
taking movies and still pictures

the ends of familiarity
open unto a broader divisions
I do not know

like climbing a locked gate
at the end of a path

the appropriation of the senses
the divisions of logic
I do not know
why beauty is called beauty
so I give it another name
for my attention
[all the same]

a man's cave

a child's cave

the platonic cave of being

was a good educator

took a student by the hand

the vista

three hundred and sixty degrees

this is an affective domain

there were a thousand students

wondering

potential

and the limits of potential

there were a thousand poets

knowing what is already known

excepting poems about poems

the power of the poet
may or may not be might
it is that
they did or did not believe
a words a sounds
as a social force

institutional constitutional poetry
administrative poetry

the power of the poet
meets volunteerism
and the aesthetic fulfillments
of what I had not considered
is my attention

[did I not buy the book]
[put my name in it in pencil]
[but that is only proof]

it was the poem about
the road trip

the book of rules
is an address to you reader

mentions virtue without reference
but reverence

like a club

was an instant friend
upon principles
the ordination allowed him
to bear the flag
like an achievement

the ordination was qualification
to publish
bylaws and subsets of curiosity

but the other meanwhile
in her den
wrote the opposite of rules

and were the opposite of rules
measure to balance
rules themselves
is a belief in the necessity of
balance

it is not true that
one social system requires
an opposite

it is just
that one may because
the poet said so

authority matches authority
poetry matches poetry
regrettably

he turned over the final page
of his first draft
onto the others
with a sigh

intimidation is a fear assumes

a likelihood of harm

if

but that is only social

and what learning to say

such and such a nature is

no intimidation but

a concentration of consequence

like harm like force against

the introduction of force

if

I am

talking about the rain

caused the flood and

when it dried

they

built a dam

built a measure of control

built an ugly dam

nature is no intimidation
is just is
and my relevance is
self ordained if not socially ordained

no
you are not always beautiful
you are not always spectacle
it is I says
the declarations of beauty are social
thus

it is possible
to capture beauty put it in a box
a cube
a frame
so I do not forget
give it away
like currency
give it away
like a gift as a gift

one thing
just one thing
controls all things
do we not agree one thing
controls all things

the soapstone bear
the fetish
the voodoo fetish
cost money at the fetish store
next to the tobacco shop

spent as much as a wedding ring
for the want of intentions
carried it in his pocket
like a pocket knife
a charm with special powers
wrapped in a leather band
a little feather on it
insisted he rhyme
until he was mentally ill

nor control among love
unless one marries themself
say beauty is beauty indeed
desire is desire is want
but mastery is no appreciation
excepting one's own skill
one's own method

and were a spouse's return
of standards of change
like balance
then
a contract
nor either is what they were
but a name unchanged

aging
parenting

the affiliations of family are license
are not the affiliations of family
consent

I will teach you control
first the rules
do no harm
do not practice control on sundays
do not claim responsibility for
something you are not responsible for
understand there is no witchery to control
control may be competitive

now

know science know method
assume an ends and work backward
manned flight is proof that man can fly
no

now

determination
he and she did not live forever
together
but
they both lost their memory in their nineties
and still held hands after

control of a physical environment is

easy

is concrete for physical law

the constitution is an allowance

a social contract of entitlements

money is a biscuit

economics is journalism

just a house

on some acres

a car what else

the county board approved

my wish list

a job and a dog and that is all

a spouse but then

I have to share language

I have to vacuum twice as much

say things are important when

they are

PART 2

oppression is
the make of social hardship
the government of conditions

put the germs of peace
in a bottle away
or say the character of
the nature of being
is contest is a forage

the brutism said introduced
is no contemplative rendering
no easement to struggle

nor beauty the poem is
another function
nationalism allegiance power
performance and economic ends
for what purpose but
immortality is the state
the collective

the oppressed and the oppressor
are intimate
are related
the oppressed grow into the oppressor
assumes all of the names
assumes all of the conflicts

ask were there no individualism
how does poetry come about
because
no regime is permanent
they and they remember
the reference of beauty of nature
before mandate

or to say there is
a natural progress evolution
to poetry poetic institutions
which returns to default
upon the introduction of
each new administration

the trust of poetry
assumes no audience
assumes no words
assumes no time

the winters just come and go
opposite the summers
the occasions of rain
and when the stars do show
this is what I do

the formula of poetry
is form is pattern
assumes no form no pattern
is content
assumes no content
is a painting exists
is a church for ordination
is a school for doctrine
is a mother
is consolation
assumes no consolation

the volunteer left
and in good and fair dogmatic fashion
formed a line
of hungry citizens

control may first be considered
catalyst
to another's loss of control
what is control as organization
the voluntary
ask of self control
the primacy of the self
and say fundamental curriculum
is an allowance to
the varieties the growth and
the evolutions of poetry
and what resembles poetry
but is not considered poetry

the consolation of language is
a frame about

and upon the mention of control

control is addressed

like a burden

until control is made small

like a routine

and gone called normalcy

is there only social control

but mastery

the rock climber the athlete

the material artist

is there only social control

but mastery

the teacher the word

the content of [curriculum]

and so much more spirited than

curriculum

the democratic classroom

were the only words rendered

the entire semester

asks

the content of [democracy]

was it who

mentions [curriculum] within a [democracy]

the voices

said math

said science

the voices

said music

said modern history

said religion

material studies is relevant

was it who

said biology was a science

but that is only categorical

government is relevant

but they cannot vote

maybe for practice for a mayor

of the third grade

said a teacher called facilitator

the pervasions of economics are
the perversions of character
a minimum monthly salary
was it who
said robots
said cabins for each
just a little cottage
near the mill
a bunch of clovers
work hard is an ethic
one thing follows another
by any means

by any means is an ethic
she is kept happy because
her parents are kept happy
by any means
was it who
authority
held a budget like a flag

accounting is an ethic
upon the assumption of a budget
the accountancies of gardening
the accountancies of nails
the math of accounting
the math of poison
the math of art
the math of prison
the math of sundown
the math of greed
the math of time
the math of birthdays
the math of games
the math of water
the math of gold
the math of february
the math of poetry
the math of birth
the math of death
the math of diet
the math of clouds
the math of stars

poetry is a light on the unknown
poetry is a beacon of certainty
poetry is a question
poetry is a germ of administration

attached to beauty
attached to risk
the teleologies of poetry are
poetry

this is poetry what is
the marveled sky
near to a year's past
what is the color of rain
but certainty I do
contain interest I do hold interest

is a study
the poet rapt his pen about
nature
and the way of people

control bent about his age
never a poet but
a commissioned speaker
with soft hands
ordained one year unto the next
making this friend and that friend

courage is the assumption of
responsibility
nor some receive such a chance
and some do
become senators
fathers and mothers

control in retrospect
is a different color
is a different volume
control in retrospect
is the absence of control
I know
watch

that which can be controlled
that which cannot be controlled
that which is unknown

and were it a poem
with sunken meaning
for *that* order of celibate men
and were it a poem
no

the surface of a poem
what is a poem
but an arrow a laser a street lamp

the belly of a poem
what is a poem
but a sedentary watch
an illumination
a moment followed by a moment

what is a poem
a trust

I can explain
and if I fail to explain

I can explain

are my spring poems the same
as last year

[question]

I have never had writer's block

ask if this year is new

[question]

the lessons are again and again
the same form

that is why politics

aborted religion and sensationalism
in the interest of social control

I can explain

the hierarchy of questions

you see

is no question at all

but a gradation of statements

with open eyes

one hundred poets in a room
all in control
saying this and that
in one hundred languages
including silence
hers was a smile

and still the wind did cause
understood
that every being is measured
within one greater
spell
so too the automaton is measured
in reference

to live among a social conditions
is discern
the consequential habits of
formation
are good and bad
are ultimately good

the poet having published
a thousand poems
is a greater control than
the unpublished poet
having written as many poems
no

the identity of the poet is poet
ask
what is good poetry
and each to each
no
poetry is not so relative as to say
the burden of understanding is
a reader's

I have not made myself clear
in this poem called clarity
no
I am not speaking of the stars
when I say the stars

was a tribe agreed upon a way
formed a school
of manners
of child rearing

was a tribe for time
lived among the same foothills
the same river
the same diet
wrote the same poems
of animals with no backgrounds no context
just animals

was a tribe of prejudice
and rightfully so
had it not been said
anonymously like law that
there are limits to nature
there are limits to struggle
natural selection may be
governed
in ways including poetry

virtue is inclusion
the system has never let away
a species
the system has never let away
an individual

starting now

the poet
included
the night
the light
the material
the creatures
the people

the next poet included
this and that
like a copycat
but the first poet was dead
so be it legacy

the poet
was encumbered by physical form

sight and smell and touch

it was the sugar on
the cut lemon

it was the rain just done
an air of light
the expected rainbow ah
what does a rainbow smell like

such things come to the encumbered

I do not know
authority

what I do not know

the censor

but to travel originally
picking keys from the ground
as notice

the smallest ink of responsibility
is equal to one
the weight of the universe
is equal to one
therefore
the smallest ink of responsibility is
the weight of the universe

tuesday is laundry day
it just so happens
there is an eclipse

and what of beauty then
is there anything equal to
flight

do fish like going over
waterfalls

the importance of the poet is
self importance

really
nothing can be controlled
the defeated

sat on the curb
eating a ham and cheese sandwich
wondering the source
of good water
like this

the defeated
do not know defeat it is just
they are disqualified
they return to work to obligation
thanking again and again
a representation of God

all that can be known
is or is not a reference to control
and the origin(s) of control

I ponder

and when it is I dispatch winter
two seasons forward

and when it is I dispatch the police
upon myself
for my own insecurities

and when it is I dispatch a poem
turn it over on the others

and when it is I dispatch a poem
take it to a stage and read it aloud

and when it is I dispatch a poem
for reason thus thus thus

and when it is I dispatch sleep
knowing the stars are still

and when it is I return
there is no thing I cannot recognize

the executive poets
the judicial poets
the legislative poets

was an anonymous document
a book
without author without contest
reference a system for control

was a strong body
was a strong mind a strong will
with exposure

the mathematical potential of
mediocrity
is one

among a neighborhood locus
the mathematical potential of
mediocrity
is one

the mediocre sky is noon
remained

the grass is mediocre and cut
expecting rain tonight

time is the devil time is mediocre
I have no control

the night the clouds roll
lightning to the west

there is a moon I remember
one of several and mediocre

the mediocre governor
changed his name several times

I have no control for governors
and how they follow me

yes the trappists yes the belgians
yes I wonder
my own limits
are not contained
in the idea of control

yes I wonder
my own character
is fixed and traveling like a soul
pollinating
this peace and this peace
this flower and this flower

yes I wonder
were there no imagination

yes I wonder
my own nature and what cause
to navigating a spirit
among the distractions of
mediocrity

half a life is ended
declares middle age so that
time may be given proper address

it is their time
the ones with ironed shirts
with crisp sense
the ones starting families
the ones wanting to tax nonprofits
and thinking better of it

half a life is begun
now and now again
there is no settlement to age
so I say
I have not traveled that far
into myself
for one control or another
I do not require hallucinations
to escape the depths of infirmity
if
so I say if

the hegemomics of
what is exterior and with questions

step away for the address of
what is authority

was the politics of persuasion
was the politics of fear of recourse

and closer
was the politics of the body
expects a response

a thousand appeasements
a thousand obligations

morality taxation rules health
can one ever be in control if

to mind the ways of living deliberately
would seem naturally reactive

control is an idea is deceptive
control is a measure

what president says control when there is
no control

what parent uses the word control
what teacher uses the word control

what poet uses the word control
but in a poem

in other words
the muted stared at the sky
for what has always been
accepting a force a power
greater than their own
in other words
a remaindered control is mine
spent in reference
like a measure of free will
but not ultimately

was a poet never mentioned responsibility
in silence

pause and punctuation
and without force

interest is a demonstration
interest is a picture is reason

used a pencil but not the eraser
failed to mention the sensational

the control of the poet is nominal
and with a heartened voice

the control of the poet is heartening
is sinking is clarity is dynamic

was a poet the same as another
in silence

I dismiss control
like I dismiss responsibility
in the interest of free will

it is just
I am hungry
now

the sheets need to be cleaned
this and that
or I turn into myself again

turns the animal
and without questions
foraging and killing and nesting in leaves

is it not language
that invented poetry
said contract and attention

the administration of poetry is a verb

what is mindfulness

what is consent

when the slow walk is a yield

to the rain

become

like all things turn into themselves

ask what can be done about

that which struggles

that which suffers I

say there is a tendered voice

of rightness and willfulness

aligns a notions of service

like the stars

but his was not social nor hers

they just sat and watched the surf

with a glass of wine

a temper to the imagination
the hardness of rule

age upon youth
eventually

I expect that
a pill will no longer be required

discipline is a poem is a word
is a vocation

apologies
for the brackets

there is just so much at once
to call a name like order

apologies
for the conditions

the essence of red say redness

is blood

there is no proof to say of

the redness of blood

it is just

say the denominations of language

translate

love for love war for war

and were it so different

convince me to convince

the little lines of authority

which go without notice

which exist without

the attachments of institutions

which exist without

reason or answer or grown trust

but that is only becoming

adolescent

the poem registered

was the poet with the pencil

called the constellation by name

because

attention is the redundance of

midnight

poet control

