

POINT BEACH POPS

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MADISON

POINT BEACH SUNRISE 9/6/2012

Before the sunrise

just

justice

Quiet when they sleep

and to be wide

when they are narrow

The clouds equal to

the water eastward color

and up the horizon

Like mountains bulbous

pink atop

and watersounds lap

A water's invitation
to wear nothing
bathe and bathe in spirit

A lifted eyes
nature does begin early
nor ever stops

The put sand the put
grass the put shorebirds the
earlier rain put and gone

In your constance you
are new
and unborn and unborn

Life is not simple
life is not demanding
life is not without character
life is not delicate
life is not short
life is not good
life is not a poem
life is not hard
life is not futile
life is not beginning
life is not learning
life is not costly
life is not fragile
life is not for others
life is not a dream
life is not a blink of an eye
life is not passion
life is not mortal
life is not uncertain
life is not a moment

The sun
astronomy is near
and reliable as a clock

And the stars go
away with the day
[it was a short rain]

A poet is a scientist
she is
the human condition

I do not abbreviate myself
nor a shorter life
abbreviates itself

Nor the soul anysoul
abbreviates itself
nor the senses are dulled

There is a cast of characters
anyplace local
and were I to watch only

The participants
flew in upward pulls
the grass upward and against gravity

The participants the
inanimate
I could list each

The land the air the water the fire
the elements for material
large and small

The sun is differently said
than the father

And were I to live in
emotion's spell
and were I to live
without language

First sun 6:27
or earlier for the clouds
now separating

To look differently at
as a face
what you have seen
what does surprise

Ancient is your start
and a day's days' span
is only mine

A planet I am held to
I am
a planet

And the orbits and
too their nights
as some recurring eternal

And how an other
systems too define your character
I am among

Dependent
upon that which continues
the senses
upon that which calls

Beauty is my own
this
and there is no time

Sunline trails the water
to shore edge
where the lapping sounds

The visitor approaches
of the same spirit

The visitor with voice
and unnatural

The visitor loud and
whispering among

The visitor awakening
the sun
awakening

The visitor as spectacle
with rhetoric

The visitor is the air

The visitor is man

I am the visitor

There are
new trees
the rains find

The old trees with
gone branches underneath

The bent saplings

It is a cold winter
when I am gone

When the winds the snows
force

And hibernation all
in a way

It is an economy
of my day
to sleep

Eventual

To start with memory
and

When it is I
who includes myself
for want of taste

The new is a list

It is an economy
of my day
to judge

I do not sleep forever
there is
a new idea

The sun is a moment old
and telling

And through the clouds
are yesterday's yesterdays'

And though the quickness of
last night's rain
were time itself

I do not sleep
among change
subtle change

The politic brought
the city to
where there were no city

And the idea of economics
accountancy
genius where there were no city

Electrical power and roads at
the discharge of
struggle

And fences for
certainty
and doors with locks

There are vehicles which fly

The surface of
the atmosphere

Gravity is without

And the courage to
those without wings but
sight

Though they are loud!

And distracting!

And made of steel

And jealous of birds

Jealousy of convention
that
nature were indeed
natural as I am natural

Do I not learn

You are more
conventional than I

The ecosystem did
include myself
I had not considered

It is the day already
after the sunrise
forgotten

And the further
titles
I have given

Were yesterday's yesterdays'

Today I shall
invent
a sound

And when my language
were too large

It shall pass forward
to dictionaries and
science
medicine

For meaning were
simpler
I forget

Progress

And too
go away myself
in time

A thousand cancers
eat away at time
at memory

And a distorted presence
and an infected presence
or either to say a presence is
thus blessed

Blessed in history and
a path to follow
upon having been

The seeded day
like the forest is first
the tree

Grown unto water's edge

now

claimed

And where there [areas]

barren as sand for

Picnics

Come near to days

with wine

and ham sandwiches and wine

The folding chair

the umbrella at the cut beach

summer still

It is not the job of God
life

For death too is endowed

And the middles
as appreciation
taste

I do not ask
why it is I gather myself
away

Among beauty

It is quiet
it is near to peace

The sky is blue [rhetoric]

The leaves are not done
for the season
and talking in the
moving air
as am I
left to right

I do not listen
to myself

I know what it is I mean
I am not separated
in such a way

The forest echoes
with the raven

And man's encroach
[evidence]

A distant autosounds and
these are not gametrails
but trails of curiosity
or

The bother of man is
his own boredom
and

The making of lines is
his own fascination

A book is first
written as experience

And were there a book
without having traveled

Ask whether language were
a line like adventure

A book is written for oneself
a book is written for one's opposite

I am illiterate
I have no interest

I have no language for you
nor contest

The unopened book
the unwritten book

The book of protest
knew
its original position

And the trees are social
and the raven is social
and living as defiant

For strength is
not reluctant
nor stolen

And against nature if
needs be said nature is
original

There is a greater nature
which swallows

And watches death
into itself
and smallness

And the recruiters

And the timekeepers

I believe

And there is no greater
nature
than victory

Were it true

And contest were to
eat that which is
contest

There is no word for
trust
for balance
excepting that which is
stalemate

The evening sun is
the same
shines upon two sides

All

Simultaneous

And to say there were
a God for every
concept

Logic

To say there is
a single God

Logic

And sin among the
competitive
is measured in defeat

Nature
when it is cold
in another season like
hardness

Is exposure

And calls out
how one fits among

But now it is quiet
but now it is quiet

One hundred years
of nature
to live among
is progress

And the evolution of
aesthetics when
an individual lives alone
is to utilitarianism
or memory

And the sun retreats
differently
toward autumn

You are no longer intense
nor yet cold

Nature is easy
really
nature is struggle

They are fitted for
one another

And to say natural is
all and without limits
I cannot argue
but say man has
separated his own interests
and does not fear
any longer
thus nature is defeated and
as protest to nature
an original defeated and gone
man is without contest
and complete

What is one to do if

If there were no
partnership

I am alone

And if to defeat
that which is a
contradictory object within
a dominant philosophy
will that object now
require protection
as in a museum

The sun cannot
be defeated

Excepting to watch it
dim

I

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Predawn

camplantern

after the third raccoon invasion of three raccoons

The ships do not stop

nor the planes

the goods are shuttled

commerce

I am on foot

I carry myself

Though I am dependent

for the lines

What it is I push away

I later regret

I am solid
though governance as
protectionism

Policy is dependability
and the easement of
struggle

And though nature is
defeated for man's want
notice

Nature is only dormant
put away for
certainty

And returns manifold
in man's rest
visibly

The manicured forests
the manicured species

And were I manicured
yes

Shaped
and were a force departed

My natural state is
upon experience first

Then let away this
for primary being among

Governance is no longer
relevant

And the unforced stars
were never administered

The unforced rain
was never caused by socialisms

And were the economics of
self sufficiency

Drawn from
an original spirit of social being

And were an isolated soul
to crave another's company

I cannot say
your reasons

Whether defiance or
a position to find oneself in

The nocturnal
the nocturn
the nocturns

Still dark enough
to say the stars
with translucent cloud passing

I still lie before sleeping with the image
of a sky evenly spotted with
clouds among the blue

And just before sleep
the background turns to dark
and a single star appears

Through the clouds brightly
and to look directly at it
it disappears and then the clouds again

The surface of a dream

Like a visit to nature

Without the confounds

Of actual being among

The ecosystem

Is only appreciation

And what is taken

The star is pulled away

Again and again

Man is not natural excepting

Excepting one's force

Excepting one's flesh

And were one to accept

Smallness including eventual

Death among uncertainty

Perhaps my position in nature is

Uncertain originally

And if time were comfort

Then

Mastery is experience

Though fear the defeat of

That which sustains

During the rise of certainty

A lesson of

The withhold and then

Again the balance of power

That my sustaining environment

Not degrade by my own cause

Such is irresponsible

Though nature is no animate

To care - but only its aspects

Predawn bathe
in the lake to myself
And naked as the day I was born

Today the clouds are
parted from the water
a dark and defined horizon

Expecting rain today
so says technology
how to disagree

Nor I longer cause
the weather
as before

And the birds have started
and the wind restart
and the days sound

I am primitive again
every morning
though this in particular

Because
the water
as a baptism

The first sun is near
pink appears
nor an ocean smell but a great lake with small surf

And color
in ten moments longer
spanning half the sky

The sound the same
as without sight
and with one sense gathered another dulled

Nature is civil
and keeps to itself
more than I am able

My own limits need pruning
do they not
were I to belong

The clouds have not moved
for the wind
nor I

I do not move the clouds
any longer
as before

Nor care to move
without moving
that which sways

Am I not still reason however
cause
because I declare I appreciate

I have given a poem
to what exists in my absence
I have noticed

And it were not presented
by another
[is this important] [question]

What is important
I am no social refrain
though defiant like nature is

And what I call defiance
is not actual
unless its parts are considered with respect to each other

The whole
left undissected
is myself

Including the ship now appears
at the horizon exactly
moving only if I watch

Including the water the beach
all
within sense's senses' reach

I could give a name to
all that I sense
and do I learn to draw a concept from

I put away the morning now
for it has begun already
like a memory

And from the shore
return to forest camp
coffee

And the ambient green
the forest sounds again
and social autos in the distance

It is more difficult
to return to oneself
if one does not realize they were away

Where I have been
is the interior

And though I believe I took
nothing

Nor did I give
as a contract requires

Reconciliation
is a start

I do not only sustain myself
I do

Nor to wish an infectious
interference with

An offering
and the rain is a taunt

It was clear earlier
and before the sun
reaches halfway
it disappears behind
the clouds claiming the sky

What it is I offer for
rain's wait

And were tobacco enough
and without ritual
perhaps enough
to gain
a smile from the God Gods

Though an offering is
without expectation if it were a question

Like research objective research
is an open question

And the assumptions of
authority
when they were answered
ask who it was that was
asked

Or answers without questions
as observation

And were a report a poem
or painting
or photograph
or song
or quiet as reservation

What it is I hold to and
what it is I sing

The rain
starts a return

And the improvisations
of nature and its streams

Are too put
away

Civil
is a quieted nature

Though nature still
and protected

As away from its unbounded
origins

Astronomy is a sunrise
the stars the moon

And the appetites are to
the economy of primal sustainability

And beauty there is
a reservation

And beauty is a place
and of the senses

The burden of appreciation
is my own

Like a pause is brought
like a pause is held

And responsibility is not neglected
and aligned

With patterns
ecosystems

