

POLICY IN POETRY

GREG MARKEE

Copyright © 2005,
By GREG MARKEE
All rights reserved.

The social songs, of justism and rightism. The wandering songs of freedomism. The songs which tidy an intellect and the songs which manage prosperity. And that which grants a letter to disability, to the suffering, to the aged and them clinging to cloth and cross because of disaster and the nonresponse of nations. I will insist a nation which cannot cannot, I have told myself this. The ancient songs which sustain a history like myth, them greater than text because they allow anyone to be the variable like hero or progress. The hardened songs which drive a labor, the songs of effort and them which declare that a sovereignty is within no matter what. And I can learn a voice in practice, so much greater than language because a voice is my own. And language, it is everybody's. The songs of everybody, how I understand the direction of social intercourse, the nature of social division, how I will reproduce the passages of mankind slowly in this tempered voice because I would rather it was my own.

That is all.

The songs of loss, I am responsive. The songs of divinity, the choir and the gospel and the cants, the songs of worship, how I remember. And how a nature, how a metaphor I be, the lust of autumn wind, the midnight sounds, the sounds of citydom and how a people do not know they are a subject. The songs of living closely with another. The songs of walking, the chants. And how this voice, how an audience makes this voice and how a language suffers because it can never be exact. A language can never be exact. But a voice, how I try because of loss and because of some membership. The songs of congress, of making love, of birth. The songs of human development and them of educational intervention. And the lust of songs, them carrying a voice, and them having left language.

Over change, the business of aging, of becoming, over
the miles of this domain, the corn, the standard foils
of modernity, house and land and standing water. To

the air, where gravity suspends the heavy thoughts, the
concentrations of living equally and excitedly, and the
concentrations of determination. How a day I call Sunday,

and how a time, to moving air. Everything is in its absence,
the reaching pines, the reaching rose, the reaching words.
And the images, the air clouds, the rising heat, and the

dispense of all it has gathered in a light, rainbow and
wet, air. The push of heaven, not too far, indeed, lest
I reach. The movement of air, swimming air and touching

down upon hilltop, the grass, the bended grass. Over
change, like that which develops, and the constance of
blown freedom, the mark of existing in a reference, the

burn of knowing nature, windburn and silence, and the
turning mills, the turning cause, the turning whisp, and
calm. Then calm. For being requires no modesty nor

exclamation. For being requires no urgency and not an
institution. And that which engages life, that which
finds its way to the pores of life, the breath of season,

the nurturing breath. And nature, that it be so close
to change. And settling into sleep, the rest of cause, the
pass of invention, to sleep and breath, sustaining. And

the pass of nature, in a room, in a cloud of futures and
release. Invention. Over change, and release like season,
for becoming is into the night like I becoming like an air.

Against a wit, and burning mountains. The cost of knowing love. Against sunrise, the purple west, a half sky of failing stars. The cost of idealism, the cost of a want. The way a head bows and forgetting, and forgiving. The way a backlit energy stares at that which is important. I have followed the ends of freedom to these arms, the concessions of humanity to these skins. To these smells,

the burning desert beginning in light, and burning mountains. The souls which could not manage change, how they wander a place like southern earth, how their mangled eyes wish at this. Fine earth, and crusted with

winter growth, stunted and rambled, the torn earth. Because it waits like I wait, all at once and intense. And thinking of music because, and thinking of poetry because. The cost of waiting. How a cañon upon this skin, the etched lines, the burns of yesteryear's wait, the year before. How a rest underrock, cavemanhood, the

requirements of manhood. The cost of humanity, and how a memory because not all things remember. And lust, the fortune of manic passages, the fortune of dry

air against a rising body and still. How the sky advances into air and into responsibility. And in the eventual burning into the waste of natural drama, for without an audience, speculation. It all, speculation. But I am certain as. Because I know life, this, or either its equivalence, she, I know life. And how a cost, I am prepared, and

likened to principle. I will liken myself to principle because the day requires a likening. I am stone for her and I am glass for her. And burning mountains. Instinct, I am the morning and becoming in solid form. Her something.

In all its forms, response. Because a wind surrounded, a carried wind lifted house and humanity and tossed its tinder without regard. In all its forms, response. To the devastated yards, the flooded yards now stinking of death in silence. And survive. And marking the moments

when children understand that a life can be taken, and how they return to their chores of play. Now play, in earnest, because the others, them adults at wander and watch, the responsables, how they will worry enough.

And the media, thriving upon disaster and loss, them glossy ones in tact, with rolled up sleeves because they

wish to be represented as. And congress, nature is a greater potential than men in rooms or either women at desks assorting philosophies and junk thoughts until truth strikes hard. And precisely, truth strikes precisely

and waits in intervals. This is hurricane season, the season of nature's claim, tornado season, or either the season for groundswells and quakes if there were such

a time. And death, there had been an early mark, the first, but a response is for futures, of modeling the best for the worst. Early response like water and sanitation, and come beauty, because a beauty must replace such a loss if I am to. In all its forms, response. And how

one thousand begin again, or either ten thousand begin again looking around at forced friendships because trust

is all that remains. Thank you for the blanket, and for the reminds of good spirit. I will rest upon them both with intentions for beginning again. I can only respond.

When I first noticed the early fallen sun. When the earliest leaves were golden and then circling upon a ground. When the night began a chill to language, and when a responsibility. And the questions change, to preparation and the lasts of open skin. When a night

is ambient, and no more restless than peace. I am to wait, like the closing crickets and the closing heat, for night falls like the season and I know the next. History knows the next. Aware. Like the moderates of autumn, I recognize the styles, the words, the closing words.

When the corn, chopped down, and the berries become bright and soft. And the balloons freely flying and the skies, something different than summer stares a month ago. Ago, a month ago, there was not a thought. Of time and responsibility, and how such things crept into

this. When a love, a comfort, and when a loss, all managed in the doors. And when a tree I watch, and waiting like patience, and everything is patience. And not yet begun to stow the artifacts for cold, not quite. And when the rain turns to thought. And when the bite of charged

peoples start. And when the word is mentioned, winter. I say winter with every intention of lasting another. But first, the corner of summer, how it recedes into the city lakes, the slowing grass, the turns of fallen suns, more distant, and less direct than a friend once shined.

When a walk. And when a thought, how it turns to nature. And everything, how it looks forward like the season looks forward. Begin. And if a sign, I am the match for becoming in a stride with the inescapables or either the pleasures of change. A match for this, I.

Body, this. The collage of remembrance. And engineered for service, for charge upon the injustice of mediocrity and borderdom. And if a name like gospel calls unto the primitives for attachment, for assistance, and if a name bellows at the welfare I need, so desperately require.

And if a name. I suspect it will in the end transcend everything that I know like patience and beauty and peace because some things are larger than I have imagined.

Incarnate like time but physical and substantial, flesh with reason attached and joy and fear of loss. I have only known the partials of being. I only know helplessness and need. I only know a perplexed soul, lest I qualify this in some regard. Lest I offer some regard. Body, this. The art of being, and model, material like nature, the

elements like air and fire, water, earth and that which is human, that element which animates. You are in the charge of that which animates. Or either I, without a finished knowledge, I cannot know all that I command

and I cannot respect mere speculation. And I offer that which is important to you which is, in the end, myself. And generating again, regenerating, that which is outside and away, a name, and qualifying and projecting, and determining the make of this self through participation, experience. Body, this. And the matter of the nature which it reflects. The incarnate. And satisfying the

culture of want, because all is this. And satisfying the culture of progress, because I know futures and I know the value of time. And a name, at that which compels and at that which turns, that which inspires, because I am made to control. And beginning roughly, a name at.

An open language, that which is as clear as stars, an open thought. All of that which I have learned to require, I fear its absence. Emotion and that which drives emotion.

I fear loss and its being, isolation. And truth, that which makes an efficiency of character, and that which makes an efficiency of pleasure. And growth, because I am

not prepared, knowledge, because I am not prepared. A wandering thought, that I am not prepared for the chasms which present themselves. Death, its associated

pain, the absence of life, I fear an empty body, that which is separated. One. The intelligence of a designed universe, because I must believe in free will and I must

believe in the personal constitutions of being. And that which is heaven, because I wish this to be perfect, these efforts are intended to make of this an ideal. And the

overpopulations of people, all of the needs and all of the histories, how they require so much. An open language, because diversity will turn against the less fortunate.

And how an open world sets its bounds against the littlest symptoms of dissent. And consent, that a peoples forget their own, their own charge and their own ministry,

their own time. That a peoples forget. And that which dissolves, that which is not permanent, that which I wish to be no model of. And that which cannot answer

the obvious, that which offers no regards to my own. An open language, like time and its consideration, and believing it has no end and no control. An open language.

Cross, and how I carry its weight. Government, its signs in language, in testimony, and how a person can be a symbol. Representation. How the psychology of one can be the cause for social action, sociological action including war or either welfare. And how I carry the

weight of myself, all that I represent, how I defend and how I accuse. And if I am open to change, because the cause of change is as permanent as any thing. I understand

this. And how a cross, that it be seen as a symbol of suffering or either a symbol of hope or either a symbol of an institution. And I, to be known as congress, as member of humanity or either one of its parts. I as the

composite of my action and known for failure or either the goodness of acts. And I am concerned, because there is so little control otherwise, I know I have my own, this symbol, I. I am concerned. As bells, as sounds, of schools, I know a meaning. As seed, how a poet calls something a seed with an expectation that it grow into something. As sword or either pen, as time, how it reflects

something. And I. Or either I as audience, calling and integrating. And how I push a symbolic meaning upon the aspects of life because I can make something larger.

I can make a banner, with a cloth I can represent nation and ideology. With a cloth I can represent goodness

or either congress. With a cloth. And cross, how I carry its weight. How a symbol becomes the manner in which it is carried, either generously or either exclusively or either in vanity. And how a responsibility becomes of those who assume, and how a voice in the beginning reflects.

Blue. Or either opaque. Crystal. The cause of social action, from where I stand. I see ignorance or either inset ideals, social conformity without question, and solution. Answer by an imagination. The question of homelessness, how it becomes a question, and education, how it separates itself from human service. The question of knowledge, how an experience trains activity. Red, and golden, lenses, begun early and reinforced by an environment, social environment, natural environment, that a response brings affirmation. And how an entire knowledge is constructed from a perspective. And if I know others, if I begin, that a watch of social faculties enlightens in a different manner, the nature of change begins. I do see, indeed. That a stance upon mountain allows everyone a life, or either a stance upon city street, how it limits one to independence. And a company, how a lens is shaped in the company of others. Beauty or either aggression, how it is shaped in company. And if I am the limits of this sense, how a glass shapes, and how that which directs a glass shapes. Clear like water, or dark like night, lens. And amid congress, how that which enters this mind, truth and anxiety, peace, how it is filtered. I know the stands of life, the stars and how they mourn or either sing depending depending.

I am dependent, upon a filtered knowledge. Dependent like rain for cloud, like light for source, like truth for experience. I am dependent. Upon a lens I be. Character, and its parts, determination and spirit, how a lens brings about character. Sapphire. Yellow and thick. And how a lens is my burden. I wish for it forgotten, I wish it light, I wish it as I wish for intuition, associated with reason, transparent reason. I wish for it forgotten. And how an other demonstrates the limits of experience. And how an other demonstrates an other. Lens. Lens.

And a body responding to its needs. In first grievous exclaims, the mutters of discontent, them whorling like language upon problem, and upon the obvious, that which corners the imagination and that which is inefficient, that which stops ideas and liberties. In the first mutter,

and turn to governance, because a protectorate is the turn of the masses. Congress, and the formalisms of an extended family. And its process, due, legislation

and an exacted course of answer. Because a problem does not let itself down, and a body requires things.

Things. And if a call, that a social engineering call upon the ables to match an effort with character. But the ables are a collage. Congress, a collage. The symbols of all peoples are in a congress. Or either the blanks

of being, that which is not represented, how it makes itself known. A body requires things, for certain, but how can one assume that which it has no knowledge of?

And the shifts of social participation, how an attention turns to that which has not begun its formalism. And

leadership, a body responding to its needs, how it turns until it can not only respect but genuinely consider the attitudes of its borderline participants. I am the larger for being made of many things, I am the constitution of diversity. And a body responding to its needs. Like

a listen at the gates of being. And that which knows other things and other problems and other ways. For upon these ends I am able to will a modern congress responding to a body once underserved. And another.

The economics of freedom. That which serves. And the power to serve. That the attitude of philanthropy be among this curriculum. That every member realize a potence, a power a gift, that a force be not associated

with financial resource but rather human resource. A gift, this, that I am the manager of change, and thank you for demonstrating this power. That a word, that

an effort, assistance, it is not in the hands of exclusive groups nor in the hands of an elected minority. I am

a wish, a giver of time and something. I am an advocate, I am philanthropist. I am philanthropy. And to these disasters, and against the nonresponse of intentions intentions not connected to cause nor correction. The

want, to troubled lives I give. That an institution be made of advancing the gifts of humanity, another, and another inkled mind recognizing the force of a prosperity connected with philosophical union. There are many types of reason, there are many wisdoms, indeed. But

this environment requires particular response. In the beginning a food, compassion in the beginning, security in the beginning. And we will be beginning until your

drums have filled enough to pass something else along. Because, now, you know greater than I that which requires. The attitude of philanthropy, how I wish its contagion,

its manifest, and again its contagion. Until. And night rests, then, when a peoples are surfacing against alternative struggles, when a peoples are managing change in the manner which they hold closest because it helped I.

September

September

1.

One bell. September wind. Dry September. Day moon.
The brown of grass bending. Bird. Open earth, packed
and pocked in depressions. Slow like September. Slow.

Two. How the bells. September city. The art of exchange.
Forgotten park, where I lay this body. The clouds. The
walls. September sky through a city. Everything through.

Bells, three I imagine. And river pushing. September
lust, the forest. The friend responding to silent questions.
The friend. And time like September advancing. Time.

2.

One crest. The watch. The table of September treetops.
Bird. No wind. The rolling earth, packed and pocked,
sustaining. How a glacier was. And dry for coming.

Two towers. Signal, that a fire. Electricity, fire in a
wire. Lining villages, tethering villages to their thoughts.
Away, the September remaining out of doors. A sky.

Three I imagine, the clouds now three. Clouds at a stop.
September shadow upon water. I. The silence except
for buzz. A paddle. And how a thought returns. This.

3.

One bell. A city rises in September. The dead resting.
September dead collecting firewood. September dead
with beer. This autumn. Begins. Sunset. Turned field.

The tolls of society, two. The risen mind responding.
Bird. Bobbing boats, at rest. September idea. The cherries.
Harvest. Commerce like labor for nature. The cherries.

I imagine, the bells, three. Like religion, its mark upon
September. The ash. Phoenix. And how a cities fight
for land because it is not too cold to fight. I am risen.

To have whittled a freedom from forests, them
scattered upon an imagination. Now. And to have taken
a nature in this hand, to steal coal and cinder, to take

from mountains, to take from rivers, to engineer nature.
Dam and wall, interstate pavements. To introduce the

future to the idea of control. I am God. The acres of
land cleared for development, the acres cleared for a
lumber. And that which neglects, to take the originals
of nature, fire and flood, to allow their presence as the

micron of its original intent. And how a coming generation
only knows the carriage of management, the interference

of metal and steel, the notion that a will shall control
rather than its once considered only mere potence. I
can appreciate the force of humanity, I must because

I am now tendered to the politics of letting a nature
go away, forcing a nature away. Farmland once foliage.
I once gathered. And the fences, how an animal turns
to the service of man. And man turns to the service of

man. There is not another way. Now. The collection
of that which becomes known as resource. And empty
earth. Now. And what was once great, how it appears

differently to a master, how it appears as something
beneath, how a city becomes an art and how I appreciate

it because I was its inventor. And the stars. How to
bring a space to this and how to hold a beauty through
the lens of science. And to make passions of man because
what once was the chaos of nations be now citydom. I.

Watchers. The gauges of goodness. By this measure, freedom and worth, prosperity. And a voice to think tanks, that a deficiency. These people no longer vote. These people have relied too much upon religion or either these people have framed society. Signs, the symbols

of peace, how they turn to mediocrity against a bettered world away. Comparative studies, the Joneses have that which is good. They hold idols more reliable, they understand wealth. And the watchers, how a measure pours upon this isolation once righteous, this defeated

time, this reluctance. Doom. Like the interpretations of those collecting collecting, the media, how it relied upon self inflation and how it relied upon itself as that which speaks for I. And the resources, a nature, as it dwindles, as it bleeds, there has been the force of need

recklessly upon this for many quiet years. And truth is greater than silence. And the monitors, the eyes of peoples, what trust. All shall profess in time. All will be the representation of solution. All will be the union of the undirected. And to believe in that which accounts

for trouble, cause, the exposure of cause, and how I respond. Character to that, how it develops. And character, how a monitor again photographs this face and this concern for the next outright tipping point. Because a science, to the watchers of anguish and the

signs of hardship and how there is a spectrum of emotion that a peoples engage before an action. The watchers know degrees, the watchers know human behavior. And a templed freedom, a cloak, to those above those who carry a humanity because they are not afraid of expression.

I am sorry, you cannot read that book. I have read it, you see, and I find it tasteless. In fact, it is the kind of book which will turn you from your government and your family and God. That book is not even well written, it is tasteless and it is something that should not make any money. I wish to protect you and I wish to build an intellectual environment for you which is constructive, not destructive. That book is destructive, it holds itself to a base imagery which is no ideal, there are no heroes, there is no love, just gratuitous slang and sex and violence. I wish to protect you. And I know what that book contains because I have read it because I need to know what you might be exposed to. I wish for a future for you which has no relation to any character in that book. I wish for a future for you which is free and which is not chained to mediocrity nor the idea that one can be satisfied as drifter, as evangelist, as compulsive person. You cannot

read that book, I am sorry. And if I must exercise an authority against your reading habits I shall, -it is in your interest and it is in the interest of the people around you. And I can recommend another book if you like. Do you like fiction or nonfiction? And I must confiscate that book as well. There should be no copies floating around this school, this learning environment. I only wish to protect you, I am sure you will understand in twenty years. I want to develop an interest in you for the type of books which bring people together and for the type of books which do not ask questions which make undeveloped minds consider things that they are not prepared for. That book is an example of poor culture and it is an example of a lifestyle which fosters contempt for neighbors and for people which are not like us. I have read that book and it is exactly what I wish to educate you to step around. I only wish to protect you.

The ambiance, the sounds, pictures and images, the frames of life. And how a contribution. I feed a life, a nature, I feed the aspects of life. The winter, how a moment, and that which turns to winter, the forest, the turn of grass. And how an appreciation, the way an

urgency, I let it pass, the way a need I forgive. The freedom, to ease this mind, I accept the limits of freedom,

the way a security allows the consideration of. The night ambling into autumn, the way I forgive and the way a preparation is made for. The consummation of the self in letting go. The river, ambling into autumn,

and its dependents, the rivermen and the floaters, them having met their aspirations, the catfishers. And how I allow the lifestyles of nature, and how I engage the lifestyles of nature. And all that responds to time, the

soil, the men of fields, them borne of nature twice. The Ambiance, and how the externs of distant peace keep that which I cannot keep lest I allow. This, contribution,

that I allow the twilight of eve, the way a sun a month ago was more direct than this. I know this. And the way of caring for change, the waiting lakes, the waiting leaves, the air, I am prepared for announcement or either the peace of gentle nod. I give you this, change. And the

frames of life, and how a contribution will be only to the presence of early autumn, now, lest a seed I give.

And if it returns as it does, life, how I will enter the next openly like night beginning and then radiating as it does. Into that which listens as well as the others.

The bounds of this, knowledge. The limits of knowledge. To be contained upon a course of living. It is anyway framed. The physics of life, indeed, a hundred years, a thousand years, nevertheless fixed and to be finished, itemized upon its end or either scrapped outright like suicide and like that which takes things before they have truly come to be. The bounds of this, they are an atom to eternity and to the infinity of suffering that occurs

as the rest of the people age. The rest of them. But I only know one thing, one mark, for there is a single lesson in every life and I will tell you mine when. The frames of change, there is no change really. The frames of a decadence, the frames of a progress. And that which knows that the ends of experience be that which unifies knowledge and reality. I do not intend to hold them apart forever, I cannot. I can only appreciate these bounds

until they have dissolved into truth and until they have arrived at an exact truth and be now stone without conscience or sense. Egg. For having known eternity and for having presumed to be eternity. And all within. But bounds are greater, and a fixed knowledge is never finished. The shells, the frames, how they crack again at a modernity, social intercourse and beauty like constellation, and to be born again upon the last foundations of certainty.

And bounds, again, life it be, the consideration of life, and how a potential is brought about. And how a shell is rebuilt over time. For that which is truthful and accurate, how it remains, and how a selection is made of the other faculties. Because I cannot exist as pure truth, lest I lay this body to rest and lest I learn no more. Lest I dissolve this shell of life. And even then, lest I dissolve this conscience, and name, and the rest. Lest I dissolve.

What I know, something other than earth, its frames,
its catalogues. For this knowledge is something other
than popular, it strains a social, it requires attention.

A demonstration requires. And if a confidence I assume,
and if a sense of interest I assume, if the popular I assume,
begin I shall, an awakening. To the charge of political

philosophy, psychology, to the charge of reason, law,
every anchored tool to these efforts. And education,
its composition upon a social trust, social engineering

and the push of social determinism with this in mind.
Because a mental spirit is only allowed a freedom in
a vacuum. I am in no vacuum and must paraphrase

the normalisms of that which exists without science,
that which exists without evidence, for it requires the
greater defense than that which exists with measure.

But none the lesser truth it be. And what I know, something
other than earth. That which flies without burden,
that which carries without its exhibition, that which

I resolve by participation among an atypical world of
forms, an atypical logic transcending math and order.
Complicated, indeed, for it has no ends, a truth which

exists socially only by its inclusion in poetry, in inspiration,
and then it disappears as a moment disappears. What
I know, it is as I share. And if you watch, perhaps a

thread of thought will come to us both. Or either fly
away like a light, like an earth fly away as something
other than extraordinary among a company I assume.

That a province of authority begin within this entity.
It is right, indeed, but there is the inevitable displacement
of those existing authorities. And who will decline an
existing power? And who will defer a security to a band
of peoples with an official grievance upon this body?
In so doing I establish myself as target, lest an appealing
peoples provide a confidence. And how to provide
a confidence? That a movement was ordained and that
the passages of power were confronted in the name of
peace, in word and thought, in action. Because the
want for better things, the want for suffrage, the want
for economic security, the want for an included being,
it is the inspiration, indeed, want. Earn such a right,
there are those. Earn such entitlements, there are those.
But then, lost, the nature of right and the nature of entitlement.
For a power is unconditional upon birth within an open
society. And an entitlement should require no principled
test and no literacy test and no approval by bureaucracy.
This institution is open and I will remind I again and
once again. And let the discussion begin, of a riddled
fear, that if a subjected peoples are given a nod at the
authority which was their keeper, and let the discussion
begin, of how a greater authority might develop among
secret circles for the maintenance of that which was.
That a province of authority begin with this entity. A
singled march, innocent really, a walking peoples and
a thinking peoples in stride, but a representation of that
which is the trouble with a doubled history. We shall
share a history in a day. And an idea shall overcome.
And a modern province will be framed by that which
overcame. My regards, sir, to the blistered feet, and upon
this table we begin, the enchants of freedoms like dissent
and assembly, upon this table, and by the models of
the peaceful acquisition of things, things, this order is
the trust of us both with the greater chit in your hands.

To think of it, that which comes, and understand the nature of its being. So many philosophies to elect, -some of the logics were right. Decision. This place requires my own constitution, one without holes and one without abbreviations, one without the dust of a distant mediterranea. Close, to several studies, to think of them, the pragmatics (how a divinity is without), the neoplatonists (the deficiencies of sensual truth), the religionists (holier than who?). That which comes, it is the process of this intellect, the process of social streams, government and population studies, educationism, it is a matter of several faculties. And not without a nature, a one which exists regardless of what I think about. And if a name is needed for this intellectual revival, -why for? Because this is developmental, and if a name I give, tomorrow it shall be elsewhere on general principle. Humanism (who shall corner the spirit of

humanity?), idealism (that I exist, I build a tower), structuralism (but I seek the unstructured). I once thought I was of many minds, that I began intuitively, shifting intuitively, drawing and retreating from experience intuitively, I once thought different places required different selves. But a gonzo implied I was a variable, not transparent nor reactive. Thank you for that, at times I need to remember that but usually I forget that too. And then the introduction of truth, by the documentarians and the teachers and the parentalists. I defy truth or either that truth I know is exclusive and sheltered. Relativism (a touch says otherwise), designism (do not forget free will), integrationism (try not to think too hard). Too, the brambles of existence (But I cannot commit to such a stream). To think of it, that which comes, the plasma of this. And if a word, it would be subtle except for sometimes, it would be an allowance except for sometimes.

Poor girl lost her way. Summer grass hat in hand not realizing autumn and walking upright and lazy. Poor girl lost her way. Watching mirrors like somebody else into thought, the cheeks once rose like somebody else. And how a door makes her think of what she once believed,

how a courage, how an affection, how a nature was made of this. How a word was matched. Poor girl lost her way. And lost her symbols. How an imagination had no limit, how a body spanned a world, the mix of peoples. And for things the same, the littered pavement, the

familiar buildings, the vacant ones, the animals, how the familiar is enough to travel a city block. But look around. Poor girl lost her way. Wandering in dress bunched in hand at the thigh and humming things like saints a coming marching. And how not to realize a

lunchtime, a time for rest upon bench upon slab. The way I look at conditions, and how a return gaze is enough to turn away by. And return an effort like smile before passing an instant. Poor girl lost her way. And jingling keys as if they amounted to ownership, as if possession

amounted to something. A walk like time spread across dance and destiny and how a spirit was given over upon the last offering of herself. And how that body still offers itself as if it were full. The damages of time, how there is no startling an empty frame and how there

is no process to appealing to an empty frame. Poor girl lost her way. And gone to the stars I think where she last remembered. Buttons down to chest and cowboy boots, flower purse cross her frame. Poor girl lost her way. And telling me directions before I wondered then.

Rumbling the social, how an idea. Unprepared I was to begin at the foundations once again. Born like the time unto thought and shaking at a notion. Worlds become of this, grander liberties, whiles of freedom, and expulsions, of that which contains. The people, how they begin a march given reason, to a river and back and touching water in between blessing themselves. Forget not a tethered history because it began this path, and forget not the steeps of boredom, because then began a purpose. A simplified plan, the disregard for nonimportance, and a pleasantry to efficiency, just a touch of. Rumbling, the

social, and as a day this thought begins, bright and expectant, carrying a history into meaning. I will protect you modernism, I will grant you capacity and favor. I will know you modernism for an instant until a wand passes us forward. I will know you again modernism, for an instant. As a carriage, the mounts of progress, the dorms of faith, and how an enlargement never ceases. And this body is a record of all that passes, trembling in newness, tremors at the watch of phrases, the passage of language, how an art is a passage unto a rumbling social. Inform these subject eyes, this subject

taste, and a member I become of neoism, postism, a member of change. How an idea. A thought, it is the mark of I, but the next, the advanced, it is transcendence, a development. And unprepared until a future drips into this, finally. I am of a custom of sustaining that which changes, that which shifts, I am of a custom of knowing foundations. And as that which breaks the burden of borders, an idea pushes a custom to its smallest unit. And follow it like the soul wishing until a modernism is in some synthesis with the epochs of this being. And as a thought like unity, it begins cold and insincere into.

1.

about promises

How will you know when you get to the promised land?
Is it a place? Is it a social understanding? Does the
promised land require preparation? Must I believe in
a promised land to be its receiver? What is the promise?
Is the promised land final or will there be another greater?

2.

about living free or dying

What is the age of consent? What is the age of dissent?
What is freedom? Does the caged bird really sing? Do
I sing? Is there a difference between social freedom and
personal freedom? Can freedom be introduced? Is a
government in a declared free nation a mark of freedom?

3.

about knowledge

Is knowledge personal belief or does a knowledge exist
outside of oneself? Can knowledge be acquired without
experience? Are there degrees of knowledge? Does
a greater knowledge exist which shelters and inspires
other knowledges? Can knowledge be represented?

4.

about love

Can a person love many things or only one thing? How
will I know a love exists? Are there types of love? Is
love eternal? Is commitment the same as love? Can one
act with love without loving the object of one's actions? Need
the word 'love' exist? Who is the greatest model of love?

The assortment of all great ideas into a common end. Purpose is denomination, the singleness of being. And then struggle for the manner of those ends. For a war, a peoples of conflict, immortality is in exchange, and peace, a peoples of health and wellness, prosperity, immortality is upon giving. But to retreat to a common history is to exchange an acceptable present, exchange a talent of modern knowledge for the welfare of globalism and communism, the welfare of a communalism which suspects nothing and has not the need. But I defer.

That a growth expect heroes, that a living develops the minds of its inhabitants, that a goodness did not end thousands of years ago. Some things which are old deserve attention, such as the falsity of idol worship,

but a lesson requires no foundation, and a lesson does not require a collective understanding. And law, its weight, I do not believe it to be absolute. I believe nothing to be absolute. The intentions of the assortment of all great ideas into a common end, it is persistent, especially among those who would like to be the carrier of a social force and the carrier of a social will. But a history is

only small. I learn from history, indeed, but a history is only an interpretation, and even if a thousand voices declare something identically it is no more truth than if only one said it. Besides, a concern with only that which has happened leads me to believe that a present and a future is being neglected. The assortment of all great ideas into a common end, it is certainty for some and it is a source of righteousness upon which a life is lived, but I cannot control everything and I cannot offer everything a link. And I do not wish to interpret all of modernity against a representation of greatness. Idol.

This makes science, the reliability that these constitutions will retain their character. For a metal, a material, a

compound, as long as it stays itself as, its relationship with any other material will be predictable. And profess

I shall, upon a copper to this rain. Upon a weather, how its stream across ocean, how a reaction given the

particulars of condition. And if a steadied condition, if the durability of action, if a constance of cause, this

reaction will be as it has. Cause, how an environ teaches itself, and how a theory grows into law. And if there

be a physics to the social intellect as some educational scientists believe, and if the thought of man is constant

as any other material, if a human development is as constant as any other material, then a science, indeed,

upon everything. As the mind, its establishment, that it be a natural process, that its spectrum and its plasma,

its potential, that it be identifiable, then its outreach will be a product of its conditions, as well, the conditions

in which it inhabits will be a product of its outreach.

I am cause. As well, I am caused. I am response, and

I am the character of response. And I am constitution, that this faith be a development of observation, because

I recognize science, that a conditions will burn the character of wood, that a conditions will etch an experience. Response.

The palette, and how an object comes about. By which an object is intended. And how a choice, the want for that which sustains itself. How a forest and how a design confronts a humanity, and how an ocean, delta, how a bended grassland institutes this. For there is so much from the anchors of nature, so much. Or either I have given in to a beauty. I am that which I sense, and a security, how it becomes by way of middle lands, homelands and the voids of space, spectacled space. And if the composer in I wishes for a greater freedom, how an environment more free comes about, I will canonize this land, offer it seed and progress, and I become, seed and progress. And if a cooperation, I am the march of advocacy, for winter winds, because there will be a need for the death in some future, for darkness, I offer this, and in a fashion I offer this, a place for everything, security by such a concept. Or either attend to the language of the lakes, of rounded mountains or either jagged mountains, the language of river, for I am this. And a simplified regard for death, because it has its place in the governance of any mortality. It has its place and I make it small unless I wish it as something other. Then. The pallet, and how I become an entity, of the institution of myself which returns again in spring. In appreciation of, I return as.

Cover me slightly October. Know this time, of autumn gaze, the turn of light, of broadened nights. For into this I shall last. And stand upon threshold, that wind,

it be not a matter for genuine patience staring at nightlit shadow, how it crosses mine. Cover me slightly, and how October turns to futures, the anticipation of that

which pushes even further, when there is only a single turned leaf upon tree. I will be witness, like now, to the agents of change. And how a night settles destiny, the

purse of thought, I will last because I have, experience tells me this. And other things too, experience tells me a night requires attention, a night requires an excellence

of mind, for even that which is not introduced in the darkened scopes of afterlight, it all returns for some synthesis. Theory and position, originalism, reinforced

all. The determination of truth, reinforced. And I act upon the clouds of yesternight, I plan forward, knowing that a day will follow because it always has, and only

reluctant as I. Only reluctant as I. Cover me slightly, enough to appreciate the washed lights of macintosh moon, for I can tell many things with this imagination,

and each more important than the next. Until I fall deeply into courage, that I am matter as any, that I reflect, that I am the agent of change as any. And restless or

either searching, escaping like wind. I remember you October, passing slightly and covering me like moss I imagine as season no longer allowing a growth. I pass.

Because, grows the mind, ever I imagine. Because, evolves interest, the configuration of ideal. And to suppose a locked intellect, a fixed intellect, that a particular history is the determination of one's being, that a social future is predetermined upon an induced childhood, or either an intelligently designed brain science. I wish for more, for natural consequence and all its regards, I wish for the liberties of self determination, that a sanded shoreline still mark this without the keim of beauty's relation to self material. I am immaterial, I am small. So be it. And a psychiatry, the modernism of brainisms and intellectual chemistry, how it marks identity, and how it shapes an individual in a manner with respect to social confluence. But is a hermit pathological, and is he who pleasures upon isolation, or either he who pleasures upon civil disobedience, be they ill. That a man will print himself upon a social? Perhaps an illness, or either the outstretch of concern. So let a curriculum begin, of developmental strategies, of methodisms of social change. And a public energies to these ends. I try, declares educator. And I assist, declares counselor. And upon the terminalisms of social programming, begins the nature of chemical imposition. I can appreciate intentions, I can, for how much toleration can a social entity muster for that which is deconstructively motivated? And if a pill, and if a material it takes to generate a social regard, perhaps it is the least intrusive of measures. But I wish not to silence that which operates as social disobedience which has just cause. And authority is in no position to undermine a struggling minorism. Because an experience, a learning, it is now beginning, upon the wall of social ambivalence which directs itself as restraint upon potential threat. Potential! And how a learning, this potential is not at ends nor can it ever be lest I die inside like cancer. And stop this, a return to history.

And orange, backbound into purple to black. The clouds gathering at the last of light, the ideas gathering at the last. And the sparks of stars beginning at my back, them waiting like time, resting, for in a moment the light will be theirs. I am natural, so speaks witness, each

western water reflecting the remains of, I am natural. And down the day, the sun, down like pause, and to other thoughts of dying clouds, clouds without reason for a night collects them before bringing them out again. Because I remember or either I watch. How a night

begins of orange, the sky, burning out to black, and how a coolness settles into this. The same if I were not. A guarantee, this, that roads do cross, that whorls the system which creates, the same if I were not, if only by another name. That light does cross. That whorls the

manors of this earth. That whorls the break of night begin, orange and burning to rest and air, the break of air turning like chill. Backbound, to purple to black, and the inkled stars breaking, I am wish. Burning aside the day, and its metaphors, burning aside covenants

because a rest brings decision to mind if anything. The sky is cast. The sky is painted. The sky is new. Again. And how a color recedes like orange and pain, how it recedes, gradual until nothing or either a spark of otherness ignites an imagination. And no longer golden, I turn

a back upon that which once began, day, for a steam a breath gathers away, another side of being gathers like attention. Because I want for histories or either I want for cycles which begin, and again. And make a charge to this night no more reluctant but kind and watching.

Oh, the classics, the moderns! The favorites, framed.
The walls of stone upon shelf. How else to contain this
collection of poetry. I call them meters, for their measure.
I call them solid. And how they adapt with every advent
and with every thought. The margins of time and eloquence,
the margins of rhythm, of transcendence or either the
manner of isolating reality. And how their purchase
is an expression, a theme of this library. The walls of
stone. Or either them as monkeys, as strong men or
either them as globes. Because I step away from literature
on occasion, refreshing the mind for subject and for
relevance, because I mind the wafts of experience as
well, I mind inspiration other than word. And synthesis,
I am more than bibliography, I am more than shelf and
space and that which collects. And to corner an appreciation
in brackets and flat stones, for I understand the finite
nature of wordly stops, of prose and poetry. I understand
the whorls within, indeed, but I understand the nature
of reference and representation. Language is representation.
Indirect. And learning, indeed, but indirect. And I
return to what lies in between, in the interest of history
and expansion I do, or either for the base pleasures of
escapism I return. After. To the little monuments holding
together the interests of I, them collecting and collecting dust.

To the sounds of otherwise silence, the sounds of walls.
He reads aloud like rain reads aloud at that which
receives, at art and furniture, at the interior designs

of solid color, the audience of bookshelves and being.
He reads aloud, as if the animations of room were wanting,
as if they were intending. Like rain he sounds, he imagines
table as company, carpet as moss, glass as cloud. And

to empathize, to understand, that a format for these
sounds be pushed against an imaginary nature no less
real. He reads aloud and with respect, with a candor
of voice booming an open space, printing a space like

memory. Practice, indeed, how it began, for a literature
knows a responding audience, of people and rhythm, of
patience and flesh, but how an attention turns to that which

presents itself. And never a rumor, never a discourage,
lest he be truly honest with himself. Lest he be truly
genuine. He reads aloud like rain upon a nature, the

posts, trees, the objects, birds and stone, and how they
match courage for courage, recognizing the regards
of efforts. To the sounds of otherwise silence, except
for the mind. Matter, the mind, and the walls, to air,

a voice, to air. And supposing a nature of his place,
as well supposing a personality upon that anything
which receives, how he responds and how he selects
subject. And makes an audience of light and color,

shape, as if. He reads aloud, and commanding enough
of an environment like force demonstrating itself. And
rain, hard or either gentle upon an imaginary imagination.

He once told a friend he liked to write. She called him poet. And he never said otherwise because that was what he did, he wrote poetry. She came to know him as poet, she came to offer him an identity, without having known his written work which he considered to be his poetry. He began to consider a larger interpretation of his efforts, that his appearance, his vocabulary, and everything that he represented to this woman, that this was what she perceived as the poet in him. Grace, indeed, that someone would consider the whole of his being in a complete manner. He came to introduce himself as poet, as that which she perceived him as. And other things as well. Another person called him something for his acts, he called him politician, for his pointed regards to an establishment and for his social inventiveness. And what he knew of politics, he became to this man. And for everyone with whom he had contact, he came to be known in a manner, as a type of person. In the beginning, he believed an ascribed identity was appreciative, it was a sign that the other person had taken an effort to know and attempt to know the person behind these acts. But he grew to learn that it was only a beginning, for no ascribed identity could match him completely, and no interpretation of himself was enough to match his still developing experience. He was not done. And though he continued to write and to manage a social concern he wished to escape the earlier bounds of poet and politician which were placed upon him. He wanted to manage the meaning of a social identity which was placed on him. His friends were kind enough to understand the nature of his concern, that their naming him for his acts at one period in his life could only be genuine if they allowed their meanings to grow along with their experience or either to appreciate him as something else if he were to develop other interests. Thank you, he said. You are friend.

Expression, strip of cloth, for the social efforts. I do concern myself with such things as justice, I do want for diplomacy, for the conditions which allow for peace.

I want for peace itself without condition. Ideal, what a mark upon try represents. And I will act as though it is at hand already. Pretend, if I must, that an order exists to experience, to social systems, to the intercourse of nations, in the beginning, pretend if I must. Because

the seed of being and the seed of worldview, it is a model, that a faith exist among those who observe. And I call not too far upon a ribbon, I call not for its regard to force and the deconstruction of force, rather its regard to beauty. Because beauty is constructive. Expression, strip of cloth, for how it was originally placed. But

its reception the greater, that it be known not by its affiliation to war and power and bearing minds, but

as ornament. And if the turn of nations to an appreciation of beauty, of spectacle and possibility, that a ribbon be representative as something, but that something be

greater and more engaging than a representation of opposition to something. I shall indulge, upon a worldview of ribbons, them velvet or either plaid, them yellow and silk. And without a reference to protest or either

resistance, but simply beauty, and that an effort at an expression, a strip of cloth upon upon, that I be allowed its interpretation. Or either I assume an expression is this effort, and to aspen, to oak, I assume, knowing a worldview is yours. Upon these efforts a peace is yours or either something fundamental is yours. Ribbon.

Community building. All of the parts of quality, for there is more than a single force which creates a passion for this life. Religion, if you will, for want of better word, superphilanthropy, that all of the needs be considered. I waste no time in knowing that a word represents

many things, that an act represents many things. I waste no time in knowing that I represent. And the social securities, of wealth and possession and that which allows a freedom, of health and knowledge, of the liberties of social participation, the social securities

are profound in that their disclosure is a ticket to the netherstage of being. For I no longer consider the fundamental pieces, for this body and for this family, for this nature. And thought evolves, upon the securities, to an attention of otherpeopled interests, to an attention of assistance

or either dreamery. Foundations met, indeed, to the air these thoughts, to beauty and othersubstance, to the time of unhinderance and folly. Or either never rest, that something greater exists in the continued advancement of earth and earthism. City and cityism. Etching out

lines upon geography with all that matters, good food and good thought, the humanities, history, nothing to be forgotten. And measure, the statistics will govern a macroprogram, the statistics will illustrate division or either discontent. Statistics or either the general sense

for rightism, an ear to the ground. For I travel not too far among macropolicy, the largeness, indeed, but I am ever small, and ever knowing that an experience is my own. And value, it is my own. And I suppose a social security upon this knowledge, that an election begins a day.

And as a minor group expands in force, it is called to a higher representation. That its numbers reflect even less minor groups. In the interest that its parceled philosophy acquire in the first, the adequate numbers for major representation, and in the second, that its numbers reflect virtue, this being genuine inclusion.

And what is virtue? Ever changing, I imagine. The cascades of political ideology demonstrate the greatest potential for reproducing itself, while electing an other arbitrarily which drags it down as discordant and unmanageable. And if a minor to a minor is too taxing, the cords will be cut, given a fixed system of resources that is, or either given the general notion that every force must entertain some body as its contradiction.

And in the event, that a minor becomes a major, and if a lesser minor is left out of participation, virtue calls

upon it, then, to become the developing antagonism until it becomes a force itself, electing and sweeping other minors. The virtue of change, that ideas expand, that a social force develops and that its base trade

favors until it can suppose itself into power. Representation is kind, in that it respects service. I cannot mind perceiving you as you wish to be seen if, you too, recommend this worldview of ours to your public. And your public becomes our public, and since I was here first, you must believe in yourself as younger sibling. And cascades inclusion, inside out, that virtue propels an idea of a goodness which evolves as interests become more particular.

And importance, self importance it becomes, that every gift is done in reference to oneself. But I wish otherwise.

What balance? That conflict generate waves of paper, of images, that every act be rhetorically distributed in the interest of public truth. That the longevity of an

accurate representation demonstrate the notion that a trust in reporting truth is, in the least, that which a force can maintain. And that without the bounds of

social prejudice and ideology. For a culture is at a loss, and reason exists as history, the evidence of history. But if a fact is demonstrated, how much punctuation

does it require, and how much responsibility is upon a liberating force for untangling sensitivities, untangling the distortions of corruption and public silence? A

body receives a peace, that no harm will come by the push of voice, the push of truth, in the eventual this can be offered. But in the midst, in the chaos of information

and interference in public minds, a collective knowledge is handled as trust. Public education is handled as that which sustains one of two ideas of justice. And on the

publicity of particular acts, the intellectual hiers will be the exam of atrocity, the distribution of light and a sense of courage. And a censorship of that which will

be the decline of moral sensitivity, a reprehense for a manner of winning. And on the publicity of universal acts? A diplomat will know how a diplomacy is represented

and how a lifestyle will be ideologically contained for its preservation before it can be released again when a struggle forgives itself. And when does a struggle forgive?

To overcome that which qualifies oneself. To become the greater of emotion. I am simple like cloud, like a word, or either I am as complex and riddled as I wish. For I contain a subject of this choice, of social humor, of concern, or either spectacle. I contain a language, the marking words, them satisfying social fascinations and struggle, I contain a language which travels continents in footnotes and whim. I dance upon words. And if the fool to those which I have no knowledge of, and if the misuse of poetry, that a sound or either misplaced syllable, that a created meaning is not likely received, apologies. All, apologies. But for your records and for your time, this collection of sound and symbol, it was begun as to overcome that something which contains I or either that which I do not understand. To brackets, mystery, and to brackets, curiosity, because I know there is some substance to the entertainment of interpretation and the entertainment of that which I call something. For myself, I suppose, its advent, that I escape qualification, that a poem allows an advance of thought and a liberated point of reference, a one I can declare ownership of. Reason enough, for myself in any spirited case. And its public representation, matter of factly now, a test of that which was labored in isolation, that which was conceived in darkness, that it be socially referenced. I am on a popular track or either I stand alone. And from this knowledge advance. In consideration. For if a thought was ever my own, and only my own, these social numbers, this educational research, this voice I contain within a word like humanities, if a thought were only my own, never to have met contradiction and never having to defend itself, never to answer for its folly and comment, island I would be. But I wish to travel among ideas. And thank you for this, that a creative energy be given a public reference. Regard.

Because constitutional liberties allow for expression.
And because a liberal environment allows for ideas.

I will make a knowledge of experience, because of a
history too far away, and a law of foundations never
having been a part of this place, they are reason, indeed,

but a reason away. And I understand the nature of
reason, and I understand the idea of living in reference
to value and virtue, but I am not subject. I am not that
which exists as set of foreign doctrine. Reference, perhaps,

the intentions away, but I must translate the objects
of goodness or either I must suppose my own. For surely
we both understand a universal lesson has nothing
to do with arbitrary particulars. A cell among many,
and a respect for the constitutional liberties which allow

for their finds and their expressions. And conference,
the degrees of interpretations, a southern bend, a northern
light, a western law, an eastern view, conference upon
the nature of that which is important. And how a language
becomes which rides atop regional dialect, and how
a regional dialect gains in force as that which stands
in contradiction to universalism. Universalism empowers
regionalism or either it broadens their force in taunts
and teases. And cell, a segregated ideology, that which
begins because a universalism traveled too far. And
another, another, them having met one another through
channels underground and in defense of local value.
I will make a knowledge of experience, and forgetting
the lessons and morals and artistry of an imposed culture.
Forgetting everything because this place deserves the
nativity of its own earth. And a minor nod to a constitutionalism
which forgets itself upon its liberation of this community.

I have made this of the past. Ritual like autumn rise,
and how an air begins a walk. And how a thought
returns to social improvement, corrections, social change

and appreciation. And once advanced, how these are
settled as a leaf becomes attention. Bird becomes attention.
Once advanced, the settlement of questions and on to

the attention of lake wind and 45 degrees. So much
to pass upon, this season, so much to cleanse, like the
lurch of preparation, history creeping, and how a body

turns inward. And certainty, an attention to the likes
of time, its notice. The colors to red to amber and down,
colors falling except for crystal sky. And the rush of

certainty, that that which is ambivalent, how it chooses
sides and makes itself comfortable. The settlement
of opinion among attention, park grass slowing to brown,

the boats excused except for canoe. Ritual like autumn
rise. I have made this of the past. And will again as
years ascend. I do not bother. Because a will is the

surface of experience, attention like sound, the growing
nerve of winter, the caught between time of now and
then which the first scarf day punctuates. And to know

religion as that which arrives in ritual, in autumn rise,
or either to know religion as that which comes, the certainty
of features I know of myself. Reflections, upon a day

such as, this which suspends grievous intercourse or
the rationalisms of social channels. I am an attention
to age today. Ritual or either come again sharply to I.

Because an authority offered one option. Because I am broader than the content of singularism. Never have the unbounded letters of virtue and inquiry been given the roam of this form. For there is more to substance than that which lies within the arbitrary constructions of structure. Because there is no margin to the spirit of learning and the spirit of expression. And there is no air to the qualities of form and format. Let a medium be the election of artist I say, and let the manner of creativity, the content of creativity, let it arrive from many sides. For a teacher is greater than language, greater than the explicitness of curriculum mandates and the mandates of a society which has framed the nature of social welfare. Character, that it be not marginalized because a state has lost the interest of its inhabitants, or either that a public has left behind the qualities of collectivism and forced participation. Reward a character, I say, and call it not the margins and call it not eccentric or either successful. Make it regular I say, the spirit of individualism and the spirit of expression, and the attitude of avoiding those principles which manage and corner an intellect. Because a margin cannot exist among the astructured bounds of contemplation. Make it regular I say, the want for social development, indeed, but upon the whim and vigor of independent thought. I have not a word to give, or either I make them arbitrary because intentions are remarkable. Because an authority offered one option. And begin the nature of reflection, at once upon one's isolation. Because in the first a margin may be a reality, but a trust is developmental and a truth cannot be abolished lest it be declared heresy, and even then I still act do I not? Expression as existence, is it not? Because these margins are the bounds to that which deserves otherwise. And I will rest at them according to you but I know otherwise, that only some people deserve frames. I know otherwise.

The economics of social institutions. And how a public offers a reinforcement to the nature of its own predispositions of value. This society wishes to be known as that which

sustains an idea of social assistance, a policy of thought, a discern for the welfarisms of help and self determination, and the associated social change. A public will endure

much if its energies are economically validated, if its concerns are considered and operationalized. And the measure of concern, how a fiscal mind returns a tax

to its citizens in goodwill. And if a call for other priorities, the establishment of other establishments, how a measure upon social cows is cut to thread. Because a public

energy shifts, an interest shifts or either transcends the olden stuffs of caretaking and education. There is more to the distribution of resources than the execution

of orders and the defense of ideology, so develops a public mind. And if the bounds of interest succeed those eternal belongings, those social programs, whittled like

time they become. History whittles the olden stays. To thread, the securities of that which began a social intercourse, and reason enough to dispel the tempers

of function. And how a social plasm erodes, from within, and from the budget executions of which I, now minor, have an interest. Or either let a function evolve. To

air, the last, to air, to care. For this passion once met itself and passed a baton because its surface was not in civil advocacy, rather a will to goodness. Only that.

But what an engagement of the stars represents, a public commitment, a social commitment, lest I be their member in observation only. And perhaps enough, that a celestial regard be that of seasons, of daybreak, of the beauty of first light, or either the night of galaxies and wonder. I stretch not too far, for the peace of certainty is personal and the peace of knowledge be not that which satisfies a congress nor the intellects of engineers. And if a cloud, it is enough for the day, passing, the atmospheres of little rain, the three dimensions of experience. Because mostly I do not know the confines of isolation nor the sense by way of metal arms and language language. I wish for a window, and in its pane, earth and its associates of transformation. I wish for an experience without conditions, a one which allows its own expression of humanity. And a return. To a familiar Missouri nature, an Oregon tide, western Wisconsin harvest, the want for that which

these hands touch. And so small, against a riddled night I know. But I am small. And I grow content among the considerations of smaller things. In the least their need for consideration. I am not prepared to allow a social commitment to the colonialisms of distance, not because I fear separation and not because I fear isolation, and not because the conditions of living would be that of indoorhood. Rather I fear a loss of freedom, I fear a truth would be subject to a body which manages a facility. I fear the management of truth. And upon this soil, without conditions and without philosophy, and without social predetermination, lest I want, lest I allow, I am the governor of this force. And to the night again, in wonder this time new, that a person exists among a nature only a distance away. Wondering at the thought of season, and how a social participation is voluntary or either I turn to patience like I always have. Turn.

The express of liberty, how it begins as mania. At the outward bounds of conscience and possibility. At the want for a more inclusive idea of nature. The express of personal space, how it first resembles social push against authority and against curriculum. And a responsibility,

that it mature, that place is only small, that identity passes like solar wind. I will assume the chords of a social development, for a problem cast and I can fit it with no error. And a blackness, if it were, how it turns to might and confidence. Social change is the

express of liberty, and that which governs the representation of symbols, of material, how a fascination began its course, how an ownership began, but a largeness of this calls upon many forms of cooperation and inclusion, or either the casual dissent and its allowance. And if

a stage beyond first knowledge, it will be an allowance to access, an allowance to that which controls, an allowance to that which speaks and an allowance to that which imagines. I imagine. And an allowance to oneself. The express of cause, of liberty, and knowing the simple

canon of living on the interior of something sustainably. Sustainably. Or either dash to touch another world and return in a single breath to touch down, to return to mother resource I have not given up. The express of genius, in degrees. The express of force, as educational

curriculum, that it multiply, that it compound. And upon the containments of early glee and imbalance, I can only know history as that which others are yet to travel. Or either again know that advancement is to continue. Again. And its express I will govern remarkably.

To assort one's own language. To assume. To call a conscience nature. Something like metaphor, a symbol for every kind and type and degree, as exact or either as universal as I wish. As I wish. And to accuse the goodness of being, to accuse struggle, to accuse the tethers of lifespan, of that which determines, of that which delivers. And invention, a backwards reading or either the election of only nouns. I do not know limits. I do not know the confounds of arrangement, of a directed attention. To couse the thoughts of greatness, to cannibalize. And to respond to the sense of this. To respond in word, in open thought, knowing that every escape means something other than its intent. Or either to acknowledge the originalism of being, that a product need reference no socialism, it need offer no regard to intrusion nor force. And if a word upon a page, indeed, but a remind that invention only has records after its being. And

a remind, that language be not an end lest I function as history. At times, perhaps. To gather the functions of thought, to integrate the faculties, to manage the expressions. And I think not too highly of power, that a silence be as meaningful as announcement at times. (Pause). That which follows experience, the museum of social change, transformation and transcendence. And of the riddles I do not understand, except their presence, and of the forms, them science or either divine. And of an interest, -wherefrom? I speculate. I speculate. To assume. Upon the philosophies of age, of social development, of cause. To call that which is beautiful or either to allow its absence in this language for its own protection. I will decide the force of personal congress, the participations of social intercourse, I will acknowledge a conscience. And then to remember to forget, that a word passes like thought or either turns to an other.

Upon the notion of their absence. That a realization for personal sustainability requires a primary engagement. Upon experience. That the lessons of youth were but a guide. A responsibility makes the mind of futures, of directed living, of living in determination. Like the sounds of nature, the social calls, interpretation to them. I sing away like time, as reference, indeed, but like a knowledge, upon a knowledge this. And to have assumed

identity independent of the weathers of them, for there are other answers and I have not lived likely, not entirely in any case. And if a return, to the possibilities of a certainty by their matter, I will have known reason, I will have gathered the stuff of personal support, I will have gathered the nature of defense. Or either to know alternatives, to spell a sound differently, for the social chords are not fixed and the social chords are not a

property which responds as I do. Until. Until. And a force, to these questions, a pressure to respond, or either an interest, that abstention be the passing of this mind. Upon the notion of their absence, that obligations to a covering world require participation. Upon birth, to some degree, perhaps. Upon first love, to some degree. Upon retirement. Them all. And a force to that which becomes certain independently and then returns to its

foundation with the considerations of change. And if I know a history, an affection for that before this self determination, a sentiment for that which once was right and possibly may be. But the works of being settle this mind differently. And a category to that will of kindness and noncondition, or either a broader dialogue. And to these times, then surface I. And having known that which is correct twice because.

How I knew a word was the least I could do. For a winter settled me darkly into consideration. And upon returning learned how you have changed or either I.

With colors now, to the soul, and how a breath is of this peace. Remarkably. I remember form between us, the olden symbols of season, of life like drink, like air, and how a form is liquid I know now. And to realize that to make a form for anything social is to wish its

simplicity. Apologies. And to tell you something as important as I imagine it to be, I would rather a confidence upon our silence, but if. For a winter settled me darkly into consideration, and how the other seasons brought

me about. (I attribute it to that). To myself, I accept many things (things) but not all is finished. And I know you are no object, but likewise your being is that which

also is not finished and my attention is yours. If nothing more, my attention is to your being which is not finished.

And form, this, I suppose, that all of that which you become will continue as that which you are. I am the same. As is anyone, from your demonstration I gather this. And how I knew a word was the least I could

do. A name I give which allows for newness, and a one which manages itself. For I can only receive, now. Or either another winter will start me away, where

you are imaginary and ideal. And I look forward to calling you again among the next colors and the next expressions I am sure I will appreciate. Then. Begin, then, to understand again why we are not togethered.

The cast, them returning to a social force. And how
a baker, his role, the scientist, her role. The fashion

of social composition, the tapestry. And what a game,
for representation is this, the teacher, teaching, the

musician, with instrument, old man, cane. the clout
of ministry, to hold a cloth, the clout of athlete, a body.

And with each, a channel to social participation. For
many is a collection, the executive, the merchant, the

boatman, the ranger, and many is a society, of traveled
hands knowing a force is more than I. And to know

a culture, by its cast the freedoms elect a spirit, a force,
the freedoms negotiate an industry, the freedoms manage

an ideologue. That a whole emerge of appreciated parts,
of faculties, the banker knowing the compounds of

exchange, the rancher knowing livestock, the fisherman
knowing nets. I rely upon an elemental knowledge of

types, or either I fascinate myself upon the works of
social machinery. How a man makes a life of carving

stone, how a woman makes a life of writing. The works
of social machinery, how there is no control truly, for

a people direct their efforts at that which they know,
a land, a numbers, social development. And a cast,

how it performs remarkably or either its surface can
only change until. For a system rewards itself inevitably.

I once spoke freely as an adolescent. I once spoke freely as student. I once spoke freely as educator. That a column of freedom exist, upright and only boundless

in a direction. I once spoke freely upon learning the nature of politics. I once spoke freely as athlete, knowing the bounds of that which will receive. I once spoke

freely as poet, as house poet or either picture poet, I change. I once spoke freely as amateur, and then again as expert. I began in littles, speaking freely the language

of that which I respect or either that which I cannot escape. The language of science, the tonal rhythms of meaning, the language of music, the cascading styles of sound,

it too with rhythm. I once spoke freely as liberal and had not the energy to understand otherwise. I once spoke freely as naturalist and had not the energy to

understand otherwise. I once spoke in a language without ends. I once learned a language of goalsetting, a language of adequacy, a language of force. And an environment,

I recognize as cause, this, or either I reprimand the nature of place and replace it with a knowledge. I once spoke as if there were only one language. I once spoke only

in the language of others. I once spoke eloquently and learned that an audience determines an eloquence. I once determined an eloquence, I once offered a regard

to that which presented itself. I once stepped away from language for its lack of character. I once made a language and became its subject. I once allowed a language growth.

It once was whole, its idea unsplit. And another idea was such that its parts were better managed separately. Because its members and because its exterior was the want for capitalism, for prescribed choice, for partialism. Because an inefficiency or either the perception of an inefficiency implied a bundle of Americanism was too great a word. Just a dash, of social service, of militarism, just a dash of a styled justice. That an idea carry itself into local form. Money, really, that an Americanism be segmented unto, casting out micron seeds of every thing new. Because the sum of itself, once pushed as might and force, how a doctrine matures, and how a prescription be now for a version of education, or either a version of disaster relief, a version of congressional structure. A la carte, the pieces of itself, and to its wisdom, because no longer do its colonialisms and its expansionisms retain their integrity upon their own, and no longer does relief continue upon a wholistic effort and application of itself. Unbundling, a philosophy, or either a justification for the removal of an entire commitment. A version of tax collection. A version of local policism. A version of public art support. And to those qualities unbundled which find no market, to the wind, them. And unbundling the unbundled. And again. Carrying the spirit of minimalism and budget and marketism to its base. That every person be a microenterprise. Individualism again! The ends of unbundling, individualism! Or either the degradation of any social constitution. Unbundling welfare, for only some require assistance, there is a formula or either there will be one. Unbundling services for the elderly, the disabled, that one manage an account, that one manage direct care, that one manage a medical services. Unbundling transportation systems, a builder, an enterprise, a workforce, its separate. Unbundling healthcare. Unbundling insurance. For the bounds of this restart upon a solution of entropy. The bounds of this restart.

Gray sky. Conversation. How a life develops, a parent and their wishes. The world and its reception of something new. A settled community. The smalls of food, of a

recent experience, the highlights of theater, the morality of athletics. How to govern change and if it should be. Meeting technology as that which assists, as that which

surrounds. Conversation. And cloudburst. Patterned sky and down. The thoughts and now silent except for nature letting down. Something I said, the thought

of something I said, the disposition of remarks, an intention. Rain. What consequence is it to one who believes in the resource of humanity as that which disposes nature, that

which governs an expectation. And to corner the thoughts, idea of change, of a people, onset autumn shower, or either the circumstance. Backwards, perhaps, and a

barometric pressure could have suggested a conversation, a thought, a pressure could have forced a knowledge to this social surface. Or either nothing at all, the way

things just arrange themselves, the destiny of thought, rain, the fate of nature. Rain. Or either to forget one altogether, the nature has no allowance to this gathering, to this conversation,

let it be. A conversation which does not listen to the wind, the sky, let it be. And the course of separate developments, how they must defer to one another in regards, people

to silence, or either a settled cloud having let. And then. Done. And return the thoughts of social being. The nature of coffee, the way a thought begins. And stop for rain.

To be amongst them, the spheres, the stars. To be amongst orbit and act, drifting as system. To be amongst the spots of color, whorling lights, the moons surrounding moons surrounding. To be amongst time, its making, the development of course, of lineage, the breaking of life. Amongst a scattered darkness, a smattered dream.

This is home. And to its place, the thoughts of everything, bench upon launched stone, upon moving mass. For I have eyes, I have discretion. And to know this is to

know its maker. God is close among. And near, the star of yellow. There is not a night among this. And a sound, the imagination. What sound is a color? What cause is light? And the ends of this sense, a universe

is to these eyes. And greater, as far as a mind travels, a universe. And return. To step away from the almighty and its reference to I because I am its power. Without its consideration I would be minding a body only. Minding a body without reference. And to begin in degrees, or

either bang everything. To begin in a manner, all or either silently outward. I appreciate. I learn to appreciate.

The rings of ice. The maverick planets without systems, without light. And how a mass begins. Someone did begin an object with a thunderous thought, or either I upon an imagination. For I know cosmology as that

which I am a member of. I know cosmology as a lunch upon bench upon wonder. As this, the entirety of an all, without bounds and without reference, lest a system reference itself, lest distance be reference. And that once further, its consumption, its recreation. For now I begin.

And so a force is greater than I. All regards to the physics of force. Where I stand is where you shall stand. Where I drink is where you shall drink. And if it is the antforce which you seek, that an anger or either the

want for that which you have, and if it is the antforce which you seek, retribution and hatred, the antforce of greed and discourage, a sign of unrest, I can only

give you freedom. And so a force is greater than I. And respond I suppose I only can, wishing for indifference but, indeed, it troubles me. And respond in trouble, with the grace of nature, the wish upon your absence or either the wish for my knowledge to be yours. All

regards to a force which cannot be contained. And all regards to that which has no control except for its own

body which bangs itself into mine. Or either a mind which lifts things like social programming and education and policy and throws it upon that which I have tried

to protect since its birth. And innocence, more subtle than that which you imagine, more subtle than the word you carry. And more fulfilling. For all I know of force is that which you have arranged which leaves when you leave. All regards, for I must. Where I rest, it is yours.

Where I think about things like recreation and poetry, a stone, a throne, yours. For a moment. For force returns

upon force. And if you would have me differently, and if you would know a cause of response, a consent begins as nature, a threat engaged. And if a civil mind then begins, it will have been a regard to a stone which only knows a thing.

Poem of whorled destinies, of universe and rhythm, of everything cause which explains so much. And to bring about a social history inside, to matter social cause among rain and stars, to matter religion as a natural construct like science. To frame entropy, to frame the

largest of ideas as that which exist as distance. Arbitrary distance. And how a metaphor rounds all of that which I imagine into an isolated little. Worry, little. Change, it is little. Want, it is little. Freedom, a word. Poem of whorled space and self, a lesson that, that I be God

as any. I be God as any. Thank you. For I had forgotten a night, the sounds of fantasy, of certainty. I had forgotten the nature of matter, the nature of science, how it can be as little as I allow. I have neglected this self, indeed, the circles, the tyranny of sense, how it consumes the

mind. I have neglected the interns of thought. I have neglected a relationship of this self, to a universe I can only agree with. But this self, it is a constant I return to. I remember this. Poem of darkness, total darkness. Absolute darkness. Poem of myself. Poem of thought

which has no images. Poem without light. Without the abstract. Poem without words. Begun as everything, and thank you, and so small. And to make it gone for the peace of being divine without noise. To exhale life. To satisfy life with a regard to that which is great. And

a return to destiny. Universe. But I am not yours poet. For I am of a different keim, and I am sure you understand. That a word is what we share, or either a darkness after, the exhale of life upon which we remember little things and how they begin again or either disappear completely.

People are not molecules. People are not physics. There is a substance to people which transcends material and instance. People are greater than the orders of science and the orders of pattern. And not to be observed as mechanical properties of an environment. And not to be observed as that which exists apart from observer. There is not a megascope which provides the evidence of inspiration and thought, there is not a microtool for

knowing the compounds of social energy and redistribution. There is not a measure to philanthropy nor interest nor want. There is not a peopling of place which follows a prior model of habitation, of colonialism. There is not a justice which does not recognize the nature of a presence. People are not molecules. There is not a law to being, there is not a law to knowledge, there is not a law to imagination, to the gifts of discretion, to the

foundations of discern. People are not an object to be reconciled with time, to that without conscience, to that without struggle, to that which does not elect, to that which does not represent. People are not matter, there is not a structure to thought lest it then dissolve. People are not quiet among the absence of otherness. People are not quiet. People are not soluble, there is not a person who will not retain an identity among the salts of living.

People are not eternal, lest there be a substance to the legacies of social reproduction. People are not molecules. There is not an assortment, there is not a typology for knowing character, for expecting response. There is not a line for having people react. There is not a knowledge of human nature which does not change. There is a substance which exists apart from material, a substance to being which is greater cause than that which it exists within. Without.

Oh, compels I, that from which I come. The important flesh of knowledge, the springs of experience. A place, indeed, for this body is a place, receptacle of beauty, of arbitration and discern. Life! How becomes a nature, and potent like thought, the unions and the antiunions, the constructions of peace and time. Of this body I am many, the couples of earth and air, of giving and change, of season. That from which I come. And never to discharge a moment as something gone, a moment remaindered. Song for motherhood. Become, oh little one, become absolute and strong, represent nothing except intention, your own. And begins. Of this ocean, these lunar tides and bending currents, the swells of peace of endless cause where meaning be that which I choose. And to strip a language naked unto this, because I respect a form. In the face of material, to close an eyes knowing that vastness and beauty are as I recommend them, as

I allow them. And even if, an ocean dreamed, an eternity cast within this mind, and even if a thousand generations of ourselves, to know its peace as certainty because of that from which it arrived. Oh, compels I, a nature given. The little body of being, or either its manifest, a greater notion of liberty than position and reclamation and possession, a greater notion of liberty than any place can provide, or either its manifest. That from which I come, brilliant and voluntary. And that which I return to upon having known an answer, that life, its manifest is born reluctant. And how it grows strong and willing, how it grows into determination. The important flesh of knowledge, the springs of experience. And all unto this beginning I know, the boundless swells, the depths of light, of transformation, all is a part. The gross of time. The gross of cause. And to know something as memory which can be no less sincere than its manifest.

Nothing but. The calm of moving vapors, a white whill
billowed among space. I see you away, between greatneses
and beyond a wishing wind. But some things are too
large. Like history and like a moral divide, and like
the manners by which I recognize myself. Some things
are too large you understand. But a cloud is cause, a
cloud is a moment otherwise unnoticed between us.
And white and settled, and turning from the inside.
Reshaping. Like a metaphor for what holds a distance.
Like a reference. Only a cloud. And changing like an
interpretation, shifting. Only a cloud. I respect. This.

Take this pill child, of oceans and letters, of space and eternity, of a common peoples. Take this pill child, and know to forget the rains of certainty, of otherness. This calm will be remembered as union, of the passage of misdirection, as an authority like wind, like the greater, as that which causes nature, as that which amounts to substance. Take this pill child. For a knowledge begins like season, and splitting the last into memory for time.

Algonquian towers. Square shoots one thousand feet tall. The people among, and passing as common. To the shadows dashing like days, the cars once coaches once footsteps. And how you become, to tear away stone, and again, for a modernity never ceases. The mind of modernity, of ceaseless trade, the vigors of a merchantry, a wind which does not change, a water which cannot change. And to know a socialism which sustains itself independent of a system in which it operates. America, certainly. The same but independent. For a peoples' devotion to themselves, the spirit of sovereignty, of favor upon favor, how an eloquence evolves of the urbanhood begun. And a day, to watch a cash of timed peoples, to watch a cash of professionalisms, and how an integration begins this exercise in cooperation. The men of uniform, how there is a need, the women of comfort, how there is a need as always, the men of turns, them believing in the divinity of social cause, of marketry and convincement, how there is sometimes a need. And all. To begin with feet arranged, the central force of being. I shall purchase something. Indeed! For liberty arranges itself in numbers. For liberty arranges itself in cost and benefit. And for this effort, that which allows a peace like theater or either the general magnificence of a world constructed block by block. Algonquian towers. And how a nature I call this. Of glass and of monument, of plastic into beautiful shapes I call modern, of paint and horns, of colored pencils and airplanes. But I see a history like moon and cloud, I see a history like river. And to believe that a newness need not take from history for its establishment. And to believe a beauty is several. Algonquian towers. The media of a great peoples. The expression of a great peoples. And to watch as bells close a sundown, a remaindered history or either a beginning first at rest and becoming a thing.

Night walk through timbers, of fog and forest faces.
The territory of owls. And footstep through threshold
through damp air. The watch of trees, stranger among.
The watch of oak, I tread among space knowing. And
sweetly, to the next with answers for passage. This
forest is yours, I am company or either traveler. The
air is yours, I am company or either traveler. And a
sweep of chill, for knowing the foreign nature of my being
among darkness and too great a silence. But I am bold
like the confronts of fear. I am bold. And to recognize
the urchins of time, them having lasted, to animate the
thought of thought among a dampened silence. Occasional
owl. But I trust upon a nature I know otherwise, or
either to leave presently with grin for having gotten away.
Stolen away. But a courage returns I know, and to the
forest faces, a bolder call. The next I say, a bolder call.
For having been prepared by this, advance to answer
having known the question this time, and a language of.

Companion, shuffled among service, among the better intentions. But a loss to having been crossed with tape and stalls, time and errand for the fulfillment of hoopism. And to step away, from corporate compounds, from a fine intention holding too tightly without a directed knowledge of this need. Too, gather a family, of those without home or either those without love, those without an interest of others. Gather a peoples which require a substance which is not offered by bureaucratic ideal and money. For a society, its foundations are this, an appreciation for the aspects of people which are otherwise unnoticed, for lack of voice, for lack of mobility, a society, its foundations are this, born again and again against the souls of heartened individuals. Simple souls, like Aspasia of old I imagine, a woman among men, and telling for the necessities of social goodness which are understood but unspoken, and rarely become. Companion, for a world allows a turnover of service, of elderhood from within, the spots of seeing value among that which is physically restrained, that which is cognitively unable to surface. And to grow old knowing differently than the rest with piercing eyes and questions questions, them believing their money to a cause is enough to qualify a position. But caring is no position, it is not directed nor forced, it is not pushed and it need consider no reluctance. Caring is something other than word and philosophy. And what it is, the shared pleasures of mankind, the oversight of technical tools and devices, that a language belong to this relationship which bears no qualification. Friend. And from this foundation, this commitment, a given term of endearment where the securities of the necessities need not reflect political patterns nor the timefulness of bureaucratic invention. As good as it gets, perhaps, or either an umbrella word for living at last in a home which cannot abandon me. Companion service.

Day one

Rise and shave. Consider the world news, the news of tomorrow. Electing a breakfast of eggs and poetry. A walk to business, to the common areas of people assorting as they do. Cigarette. Ten coins a pocket. Benchrest and pause, a world begins this stage. The one cloud sky. And wait. Second cloud. The man from yesterday in red flannel passing. Old man again. And stepping onto sidewalk patterns as if he knew. Sideglance regards. At least a regard. The dogs pass. Like time having made its way to an evening of this. Sundown and to the lakefront bench. Knife. Hot dog and snapple. Duck regards and darkness. Earthsounds and drums. To listen and electronic. Backpack hat and sweater, long night ahead. Streetlights and capital walk, streetwalk a whore I am 3 am. Convenience coffee and the coldness of early November morning.

Day two

Continues, a chill, and walk and no more drunks to manage. Silence. Occasional auto, the lights. Daybreak now starts and relief. Electing a breakfast bagel and poetry. Newspaper says sixty today. Library open ten am. Internet check the world news, the news of a tomorrow. And a pulse. Cigarette to the bus stop. #3 to the east and back again, 2 hours. Benchrest and pause. Flannelman passing, stepping on sidewalk patterns. And home. Shoes off. Shave and shower, couch and slowing. Collecting a memory. Recollections. And rush to stop. Blanket. And inward turn deeply, to dreams I think. I imagine dreams and then become. Completed. Or either the knife I found unsettles a rest like any of the genuine calls I cannot explain. I only think about that. Blade. And an answer to believing I am without purpose only if. And again completed with that in mind.

To hold a word aloft, character. That you be not as I, but rather one in reference to your own. And if we be made to know a thing, that it be received separately amongst us. And how you gather a thought from this, these people traveling, old man upon street, the chessman, the divinities of place. To qualify experience, the sense of, as that which fits into a concept or either moves an intellect to an advanced definition. And I be, and as any, I deserve your qualification. That in the eventual you let me down as having known anything. I will be the object of that which advances, I will be the material of advancement until you have gathered the motions of my condition. And continue upon its path or either offer a bracket for its regards. A thousand questions I have for your sense, a thousand degrees, for I am more sophisticated than mountain, than earth, I am more sophisticated than time. And in the end you will recognize

this body before you is nothing, for its conditions are a pass to that which it carries. And if an idea, that concept may contain other concepts, that experience may be the sum of other experiences, and if an idea, to your own I wish. With yourself an envelope to that which is before you. Because your character be now several, with regards to each, a many sided character. And to avoid the insanities of a separated being, hold to a one which manages the others. Be a one which assorts, a one which calls upon the notion, love, the notion, inquiry, the notion, interest, and to assort them neatly. And if a mentor you become, do other than as I will, for the will of legacy is as much a reflection of character as the base of isolated living. And if a word, to this a lifetime, I am not afraid for you. And if a word, respond the nature of that which surrounds. Including the misdirections of youth you now shall direct remarkably like character.

Apologies, for this language. Of stops and starts, of social concern and the pauses of beauty. For I realize amongst the others of linear thoughts and chronology, the streams and unions of story and explicit moralities, I am different. Apologies. Though this language deserves

an attention, the tides need be taught as timeless, the ocean, timeless, this nightcloud passing between a governing universe, timeless. For I am not conditioned to order, I am not conditioned to intellectual streams. And if a moment, yours, I will appreciate the sound of words

as that which inspires, but I am not conditioned to the letting down of the totalities of environment. Poetry, if you must give it bounds, give it this, as something other than yours. But these bounds are nothing if not a challenge. These bounds are a separation to that which

otherwise absorbs. I cannot be absorbed, lest I return to the advanced forms of science. Poetry is science, I believe, in that it draws from the elements, the foundations of material. But a poetry returns to its foundations, and leaving in its wake the sounds of its capture. And if

a prose fulfills a like promise, of the capture of foundations, a room to that, and knowing that it likewise deserves an arbitrary word for its containment. We are the same if. To the nominations of life. To the spirit of language. And if a page bleeds into ten, and if a thought begins

a book, you can only judge the nature of these words, or either I. Apologies, for beginning at an elsewhere, and calling our subject differently. But an other is the nature of this language, and I can appreciate form, these patterns, I can appreciate any sort of bounds which riddle thought.

To know a people by its social history. To expect the
givens of response by its relation to politics, its celebrations.
To begin the applications of its force within this industry,

this advancement. For I am many, but deficient. I am
solid, but deficient. And a lesson to these patterns,
we are not the same I know, and an embrace to difference,

to the fathoms of otherness. For I had not realized an
absence until this light shines. And in the beginning,
if a truth is hard to hear, and if a questions begin as

rhetoric, and if a language calls upon a separated meanings,
I wish for our patience. To know a difference as that
which is not lesser, either, but directed upon a various

principle because. And escape if you will, the confines
of word, the confines of how I know you as, I challenge
you to escape these confines. Because an outward voice

and a social structure easily frames that which cannot
step beyond a forced identity. Lest this be a matter
for knowing oneself, by the outlook of others. Character

of nations, or either national character. Because I only
know this, a humbled psychology, I only look within.
The constructions and the reconstructions of an internal

social being, these are my concentration. And visit, the
world, the world visits, and I am the appearance and
the face of this entity. Only I am responsible for the representation

of east and west. Know me and you will know many.
But I am deficient and only becoming. Realize this, and
you will realize that I know you similarly, as becoming.

How it becomes, the restlessness of spirit. Among the compounds of thought, of littered and uncertain destinies, of a traveled or either unremarkable history. There is an absence to this, I recognize, there is an absence to a being. Or either there lies too much before me. Manage

that which arrives, I can only, manage an effort, manage a change, its rate. Manage an interpretation. And this body I cannot forget, only now I cannot forget, how it has been neglected for these circling thoughts. And these other needs like art, for the other faculties of the mind

I set aside in the midst of the social procedures, all of them a push to set aside creativity and independent thought. I will grow a pride once more, of this sheltered soul, and of this mind which has been incorporated for too long a time now. How it becomes, the closure of

self to its own, and how a mind grows weary for its own. I now realize. And find a corner, an isolation at first, an incubator for the self, for I am confident a seed still is a part of this. And if a balance, to a history, of letting things go too far, a neglect I acknowledge. How

it becomes, no matter, and think not too deeply, cause, I am recovery. Like ocean wind upon this, I am recovery. Like sleep and then the assertion of oneself. Into new idea and new manner. And returning again to sleep as the processor to innovation. And from this vacation,

return as valid, as reasonable, and knowing that a self still waits in moments between. Or either I have made the self something new, and I have kept it closely like a poem. And returning to it in confidence, and returning to it in celebration as if something else held no weight to I.

Theology, an inquiry of truth. And its measure, its observation, the data of inquiry, poetry. That a poem represent truth, but also knowing the limits of inquiry, that a data is confounded by its inherent limits. For no measure can be all, lest it actually be God, and no measure can be permanent, lest it forget its relation to other inquiry. Theology directs a study, and the study itself, thought. And the product, word and testament, book and lecture, homily and social enactment, poetry. And if a message, for a reader this, for the listens of mankind, and given an environment, I give this meter, this rhythm, of this I know. For the process of inquiry, how it was exacting, and how it considered ultimate conditions and welfare, the sustainability of mankind, how a question became whittled unto enlightened words. This poem, it is good for it is the process of thought, the process of doctrine, of speculation, of reason, this poem is purposeful for it inspires a path I wish. And to forget its words, that they wash upon a reader in a manner, the cause of emotion, the cause of self-direction, the cause of knowledge or the cause of an advanced theology. An inquiry of truth. And what is truth? Indeed. The largest of questions I believe. And not a poem to capture the spirit of such a sum, such a model. But a poem, a reflection, how I can appreciate it as a reflection or either an attempt at knowledge, an attempt at truth. For upon this path I will reach greater ends, and greater ends, as far as I wish. Or either just a dash. And the dynamics of inquiry, a dynamic theology, if there were a manner to record the process of questions, the process of thought, poetry, perhaps. Some poetry, perhaps. If there were such a thing as dynamic poetry, perhaps. But as a thought is linked to time and context, so too, poetry. That its gloss pass as thought advances. Theology advances, and its representation, art advances. And if, then a poem and the other contributions turn to mere records as history.

The marketing of thought. For sale, this way, these directed conditions. The bounded versions of truth, these papered interests. To gather the space of words, and to place them in a relation to social structure. Reader enjoy, this, or either, reader consider, this. And the intellect of freedom be left to its own to create another, another. And if I take my own representations, and if I put them to order, and if I put them to distribution, I will be twice the person. For a creation and its dissemination are a separated interest. But I will be twice the person if I wish these thoughts to be socially put as I wish. As I intend. Or either trust editor and publisher to revision and taste as social representative. I appreciate, indeed, the efforts of change upon this, but these thoughts are as they are intended. Or either give an offering to social structure in the interest of wider sales. I will change a society or either I will be changed by a society. For to exist without push or either without the reception of a force, I will be middled. But time finds truth, and that which is not immediately received makes it no less a truth, and no less a force. And if a publisher allows for time, and for a gradual and graduated introduction of thinker, no body will be too foreign. Marketing, and supposing a sensitive publisher, no social construction need be inflamed or either spoken at as a child. But I cannot pass upon thought, and these efforts are written for no audience. But I am not afraid for their public disposal. And if you realize their origin, and if you can respect their origin, we will have begun an interested relationship. For I trust a trust, and I trust the efforts which know an intention before they represent it. The marketing of thought, it is yours. And I am consult to your advanced stage of these efforts. And after, again I am consult to a greater social inquiry upon which you no longer bear a burden. Lest a reprint. Lest a reprint.

The people letting down, relief. For these thoughts are suspended at a nature. At first begun cold and midnight,

breath like ice, and watch a western front and darkened sky to colored overcast. Quiet. I remember the sense of weather like time, and how an offer from this atmosphere it cools a thought. A wind, and passing dust drifting

a road, but only enough. And to sleep, upon notions of winter's first pass, the rights of winter and how it comes. But I have waited now, beyond the coils of autumn balm and wishing for something other. Because the fourth season is conclusive. Or either the fourth season is to

put away the rest. Reset. And begins. Tonight I will dream of conditions, of fire and rest, of social winters and time. Tonight. And if it passes quickly as all of

history has, and if a fleeting rest summons an inner nature to respond, I wake. Innocently enough, I wake. And the preparations, wool and material, to the overcasts of anysaturday? Except for blowing destinies. And to

make a course for participation, the flakes and passing white. Winter is innocent. Winter is contemplative.

Or either to plan a day of bundled walk, a stoic pleasure of this, and watch of windows, of passing souls like morning. And how a people collect for news and a sense of survival. I am not alone, indeed. And not even the complete letdown, the complete snowfall, not yet. But

survival, a social sense of. For we are together, and the sense for being among, how I multiply. Or either to dare an early winter knowing I am an other to cause. This.

To interest. To science and its expression. To the affairs of the mind. I have my relations, and how they stand in observation to other faculties. Today I am not universal.

I am an atom. And knowing an eternity exists, that an all exists, but outside. Away. I have separated a thought and its provisions. And a solution, to an isolated problem

and to a body. I have no panacea lest a smallness be the start of social justice. But a confidence in being among the faculties, each to a corner. The builders and the

starters, the math and the psychology of programming. The poetry and its study. A justice and its study. To interest, and how a market spirits the aspects of development.

Society is whole. But I am no society. Only little I be, and remarking upon principle and law, upon directed cause, and how a reason, all in a relation to advancement.

This philosophy can only advance in cycles, the revisit of foundations and broader swoops. The revisit of reason. I believe in anything. I can believe in anything. And to

accumulate ideas. And in a reference to the alternating faculties nearby, apply. To science and its expression. To the affairs of the mind. And a thought into another,

the other. And the other. The many others. For the universe is a separation of relations and I am definition, I am spot and sense, and knowing an attitude of wholeness,

only if I leave this post. Only if I end a social relation can I engage the entirety of existence. Perhaps in a day, a retirement begun will be the start. But for now an atom.

For a fleeting second, flash. Of olden interest returned.
A mark upon rest. And to absorb what was once a confidence,
of destinies and time. Novelty. And to have been given
in earnest by the everyforce of equivalence, the everyforce

of compassion. For I had not remembered belonging
as that which needs struggle, and a patience becomes,
or either becomes a disregard for that once engaging.

Had I lost the bounds of free will or either a control?
And how a self turns inward in its daily reaction. For

a fleeting moment, flash. And belonging reappears, and
a trust, that a life was severed in its recollections. But
a truth returns, this, of love and content, the joys of a
fumbling history, the joys of stepping out togetherd
like being. But a realization, that I was never an other

and I was never the disconnect I had grown to imagine.
And a brief, enough as thought. And if a developing

time again draws these interests inward, I wish for it
again. Upon this calendar. For a flash of belonging, it
is enough to open the bounds of a kind history, where

the possibilities of life are again endless as they once
promised. And to forget, and only to realize a belonging
is incomplete without this thought, an instant. But enough
to know again a source. Olden interest returned, and
satisfying a social well. And returning, the sense for a

completed worth. And how long to last? A spell. A
spell. And thank you or either advance knowing a nostalgia
is not permanent. And advance knowing time if nothing,
else, that it remembers many things and it can only again.

As it were, a simplified plan of existence. And upon a legacy inherited, how so much was only becoming. A welfare incomplete, a justice divided, a lands as used and only respected as giving. And to manage a perception, of this becoming, I wish for value, for a relationship with time and social advancement, a renewal of concern. For times grow troubled, the quiet release of responsibility to banners and slogans, the settlement of interest. And I inherit potential. Because words are enough to continue a cause. Of breaking bread and homeless placement, of art and its production, its appreciation, of a gathering

respect for gender, for knowledge and a knowledge of its limits. A simple plan as it were, and an engagement upon a legacy. The swoops of freedom, and down as time, I assume a growth. And to make it important, a good life. Personalizing and indulging the passions of altruism, making smalls of hatred and discontent, bringing the discords of humanity to union by way of reason or either its allowance. A legacy inherited, but only a start I know, this. And upon a simplified plan, social circles sway, a force becomes. And to resist the righteous favors of want and conditioned freedom and

everything conditioned. For this good will cannot be conditioned if it can be known as good will. To happen freely if at all. And if these efforts are only mine, and if this strength is only mine, no matter, for an institution requires no other, and a faith of misled intentions, it is not welcome. I wish for smallness rather than misrepresentation. I wish for smallness and isolation rather than harm. For a thought began this, and a banner aloft continues the next, a program for social development. Welfare. Or either a program for the softening of force. Because I inherit an idea, and its introduction and its spirit manages.

Horns. The trumpets. The dissonance of loss. And to reconstruct a spirit upon the twains of memory. The beads, the eyemasks, the loud noise of street care, and the base of belonging among strangers without strategy nor intent. A night will unfold, to open french windows, the mossy quarters, the flagstone walks and rum upon candlelit daytables. The whores, the profiteers, the pirates. And horse upon history with rubber shoes and maintaining a control or either its idea. The nights of dead, the humid nights, and a block away, how the olden minds of lifers celebrate differently, now. With skulls and magic, and dollars to candles to orbs and Jesus mocks. And the new, how a corporate mind erodes among decadence and sweat and lost city blues. Tired amp with rhythm rhythm. Harmonica and mixed blood and truth in tears, language like learning. Wooden toe tap hurricane. Horns. And loss. And coming to know the reconciliation of water, for only some is gone. The witch of favors, chicken woman, shoe boy at midnight earning something like education. And an earring for time. And later on as night trembles into hours, a block away sight of stars. A block away sound of dwindling dance. Loss and its dissonance, upon a mind of history wishing madly. History wishing madly for itself. The patrolling clops having seen vomit and pornography and having made a sense of it. The other city blues. I will be gone neatly and believing the party is now traveling. And making back the stage while I am away, service folk and praying folk, the guitar people and the smart others squatting upon lowland investment, waiting and channeling away the psychologies of acts of Godismness and sin, and channeling away an image for a night I will care enough to forget once more. Because I believed the horns when I first heard them like an obligated ceremony, and I believed the horns the night I became a saint. Obligated.

Construct a value of this, reconstruct. At altar and pen, and be no more academic than common. Representing legacy like time, and man's association to nature. Man's

association to man. And either liberate or demonstrate a worship, reveal the truths of being, of having forged a conscience. And cloth and sash, the order of simplicity,

the order of kindness. There will be coffee after, and words. And the embeds of truth will find its way into social circles. And away, the constructs of value travel,

to science and understanding, all that a legitimate thought should contain. But blasphemy and the other marks of intemperance, their mention is dialogue, the darkened

words and darkened principles, their mention begins for reason, that a social competition put it down like martial response. I am trained. For parish and prosperity,

for community, and to the wheel. For social development, for cause and justice. Or either for words, that a night know its order in rest in peace. But a man, and sensitive,

to err, to tire, to require things. Things. A developing mind, always, and how it requires the staples of life, as any. That a construct maintain an energy, that a

force continue. Like candle and thought, of service and sacrifice, that a belief remember its voluntary foundations, that a mind of forgiving ever believe in an impossibility.

That a change, a strength upon its manifest and a courage upon its realization. For this body, it represents, indeed, but I the force, and conscience, it is not secret like time.

Take that thought, I give it a home. And take that home, I give it an institution. And take that institution, I give it a country. And take that country, I give it an earth. And take that earth, I give it a system. And take that system, I give it a galaxy. And take that galaxy, I give it a universe. And take that universe, I give it a thought.

Take that thought, I classify. And take that thought, I compare. And take that thought, I stir it, I make it strong. Take that strength, apply it indiscriminately. Take that thought and put it in a jar. Put that thought in a museum and call it something. I put a thought away neatly, I remember how it is best served. Take a thought.

And forget a lifetime of science, I steal a lifetime of vessels and order, I steal a culture of law and application. And forget a want, forget a management of offense, a life of accusation and categorization, I steal this indiscriminately. And cancel every interest, for I steal care, I steal the imagination, I steal that which resists boundaries. I, thief.

And the remains of being, what knowledge, gone and empty except for time. I steal time. And the remains of color, how an art stirs. No longer can there be art. No longer can anything stir. I take responsibility. I acquire responsibility. I consume responsibility until people call me King or either God and I consume that too.

Take that void, a language I give, but there is nothing to call, I know. I left you without history and I left you without an imagination. I left you without conscience and without the ability to change. I leave you with nothing but language which is nothing without an other. I know. And if something begins from nothing I take that also.

An environment for the golden delicious, how it becomes.
Washington state or either Michigan, I do not know.
And how an allegiance to Fuji, to Macintosh. The tart
for baking, the crisp and white flesh, the bloodlines of
certain varieties. For a teacher, how it represents the

authority of classism, of intellectual discern, of scholasticism.
To a doctor, a health, the nutrition of body and care,
how it is better than pharmaceutical alternatives. The
varieties with thick skin that catch in teeth. The varieties
that are grainy and mealy. The Gala. The way a horse

consumes an apple in slobber and eyegaze. The big mouths
of horses. To pack a country lunch, a green, and with
a knife, a pocket blade, the application of European
Nutella hazelnut and chocolate spread, or either a peanut
butter. How the clouds look with a slice of a green variety.

I had a friend who would eat an apple in its entirety,
the core, the seeds, all. I respected this because I respected
this person, and I figured he had a greater appreciation
for the gifts of nature than I. But I, also the consumer,
or either I with two apples would rather eat the greater

portion of two than eat a core to fill myself up. To each
their own I suppose. I have not talked to him in a long
time but I think of him when considering my last bite.
The varieties that grow in peoples yards, with freckles
and leaves hanging off when you pull them. Tart, but

good because I know exactly where they came from. And
the fallen with ants, thousands of ants. The rotten ones
on the ground. I do not know how a tree could become
of this. And applesauce, with cinnamon. How many
apples make a bowl of applesauce. I consider as I eat.

A solution, indeed. But a solution which wishes to stand against truth and reason. A solution of force and control. A solution of tampering with threads of divinity. A solution of self aggrandizement. A solution of cultural insemination. A solution, indeed, of fear of being small. A solution which disables the spirit of diversity and the plasms of social ingenuity. A solution of misunderstanding, a solution of reference only to one's own. A solution of self-diasporadic intentions, a wish to rule. A solution of impatience, a solution of lust, of mania. A solution, indeed, of disregard for a separated intentions. A solution of material mastery. A solution without consequence. A solution without conscience. A solution of government. A solution disabling change. A solution without responsibility. A solution without levels, a solution disrupting the functions of geography. A solution of importance, of demonstration. A solution, indeed. But a criminal solution. An unthoughtful solution. A solution with self regard, a solution without answers. A solution of regress. A solution of mismanagement. A solution which neglects history. A solution which neglects philosophy. A solution, indeed. A solution which supposes itself as monument to typology. A solution of indifference. A technical solution to an other.

Leaves to settle neatly into tall grass beds. Marshside and watch. The fewer birds, the browned grass, the air, and cold. And to the sky, these thoughts, the covering

clouds and advancing slowly, patiently. The barren trees, a life once given or either dormant. The last of

strength, this soul, to watch. The silent waters, and how a word becomes a nest. The time, of naked littles, the descending purpose, to gray, to onset. The bursted spears of fluffseed, for patience and for the return of time. The watching rows, the mock of presence, for this

has no feeling and no delight. The brown, the earth, the covered sky and passing. And to this arrangement, cause I believe, as to the solid features I believe will return differently. As to the settlement of opinion, as

to breath, now cold and visible. And once advanced, the nature of nature, I cannot care for such discussion, now. Rather to back against brown and cross one's

arms as testimony, rather to spirit in the inevitable, the ends of this, the decline. And how a quiet returns to faith. Wind, still wind among. I see your push, as clouds and I know you there. And for this I come, evidence,

witness. The trees will be hearty against a new sun. And crosses, the mind, in monochrome gaining, among

the litters of arbor. And then passes like season into this forgotten I. And shadow. The stiffness of November, and how a place declares time. The relaxed water, its tired marsh and thinking. The contrast. The contrast, and thinking until falls again snow I now remember this.

Born of sense, or either the innate. How a reason becomes,
how a language. To draw upon a natural world, or
either to consider the foundations of existence. To wonder

at cause, at the science of interplay, and to call it knowledge.
And what I know, I, life, a memory, this for certain.
And its attributes, the qualities and the measures of a

being. A firmness, a color, a position, and to call a
something in its relationship to others. For I know red
as having been socially introduced to red, -a language.

Or either I know red as taste, as wine, as personal experience.
And to draw upon belief, this I consider knowledge
but which may be less than truth, to draw upon this,

to connect a series, a relationship, this, reason. And as
truthful as its components. And if an innate quality,
that a mind be given ideas upon its birth, the notion

of goodness, of self preservation, of social preservation,
an education, thus, be the development of principles
which exist to explain a natural tendency. And the

politics of belief. A blank slate, for a social system to
believe in the equality of opportunity, the equality of
exposure. And advanced, ex nihilo, if a blank slate,

that which reason becomes must be from nothing. Born
of sense, or either innate. And judgment, the aesthetes
of principle, I, preference. And a sounder logic to being,

a security. And the abstract, mathematics and concept,
how I know a relationship of idea to quantity. Measure.
And the quiet. How a mind will know itself without.

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.

In the pantheism of Whitman. Upon an eternal and a solid universe, of values. A shape, and beauty to the rest. A life, and how it comes, how its course. I wonder upon everything, upon the many sided relations of a time to object, object to object. And a God to this, that

all a speculation of divinity, that all a transformation of identity. And I belong, to this, these metal arms, a firesome intellect, and how they wander together, across

the fields of skepticism, across the layers of disbelief. For I cannot forgive an evidence, its position, its herald. I cannot forgive a sense which knows as one thing above another, as one thing more important than the next

because of its transcendent cause. Or either the simple, the transforms of biology, of flower unto death, sunflower

and bending and waiting for snow. The collections of a forest, of a city. I call this life, and I am center, and knowing an impact, the modes of being, and knowing

a relationship, I to other, other to I. The arts, and how an authority, a million drops of rain and into snow as night falls. And this emotion, curious as concept. A love, an affection, as great an object as stone, as planet,

for it too confounds a destiny. It, too, cause like the physical. And if a place for material, the best material, I will be the monitor, and to create another I shall, for the ends of place are small and limited. Another will be the manifest of something greater, ever one greater

like divinity or house of concepts. I create. Or either to recognize the same as already being. For a nature starts.

a doctrine of study

What comes of literature? And what comes of social intercourse? And what comes of an observation of the natural state of objects? And what comes of the interrogation, the inquiry, of knowledge? A platform of thought, the structure of belief. By which I act, by which I assort,

by which I order. And either to let a beauty, these fascinations are enough, or either to exhaust a program of research, for I will not defeat an interest and I will not defeat a knowledge. What comes of being? I cannot place a bounds upon the whereabouts origins of time and sense.

And if a speculation, a reflection, for there is reason to reason. Know oneself. Upon a relationship. Or either discern a self as opposed to material. I will be immaterial. I will be dream. For the chance at mathematics and logic I will be something greater than material like cause and

word. Until a body requires. Until a body requires. What comes of affiliation? What comes of easy walk and the balance of a traditional sense of nature with a traditional sense of responsibility? And from the understands of witness, of experience, and from the understands

of other, things, a platform, by which I address the next. And how this comes, the aspects of the day. Or how I gather with a lust, the aspects of the day. For I wish to be the command of this received, or either to know a trust for this which pushes representations and symbols

upon I. And to mark the nature of a thing in name. To mark a thing in symbolic meaning, for its reproduction. Idea or either memory, a science, to mark. And of this pattern of acquisition, this familiarity for accusation and observation, for inquiry, it itself comes to be known in a manner. Name.

November muse, letting out a wind. Letting out a song,
letting out a thread of life to carry one over. The color
like faded, the monochrome lust, the open lake and not

yet cast in winter, discerning trees and watch. November
muse, like tease and time. And forgiving life, the vacancy
of, the wait of. And forgiving peace, its daylight harbor,

and indirect. The shadows, like indirect. And conversation,
like indirect, its manifest. Speckling snow, and touching
down in glistens and drifting sounds. The watch of

cloud, of isolation moving in a direction. And cloudhole,
a spot of blue and isolation crossing. November muse
and letting out a wind. A poem, of barren earth, a land

outside of transition, away like thought, far enough away
to know another. Variable like patience. The twigs
like trees and split like figurines, the animated trees,

and silent. And standing fast against a monochrome
becoming, like faded and traveling. And moss, to hard
and collecting. The fallen dust like snow and collecting.

The watch of life, to pause. And graven records, the
old fire road. Evidence and gone. Swept. The stone
chimney, of a burned out being. Evidence and gone.

And nestled amid pause, and all to return likely. The
effects of lake and wind, of a scattering force. November
muse, and air, a dampening sky to chill. Light, and indirect,

the haze of shadow and stone covering to white collecting.
Sky, like crossing, and dust. Kein urgency except a
forest to sleep and this. A waiting and November muse.

Beyond the credence of material. Beyond the words of belief, of conceptual formation. And advanced upon time and notion. Where all good rises in the great sum. And order is a grant to union, to the everclears of the last and once before then. And upon constance where every imagination knows no bounds and every imagination flies like plasma. I, the constructs of space, of division and age. I, the constructs of peace and eternity, the constructs of want and all. And a freedom from, the freedom from. Beyond the sounds, the rattling hum of divinity in any of its forms, beyond the din of season or either the profounds of God, the acts of God. And not a courage, not a sign, not the dictates of a soul, the cause of soul. Beyond like the greater to stars, the greater to light and moment, greater than the smallest speck. Beyond conception and death and that which is between, that which lifts unto identity. There is not an identity

unto this. And the pressures, if a sense for this, that it be from within. The compels, the swells, by this within, the tendons of. And the pressures, not a responsibility away. For all is away as good as here. All is found as all, the structures or either their maps, courage and its map, heraldry and its map, change and its map. A vessel for this without edges or dimension, without the ridicule nor delight of social fabric, or either to understand a pressure, its force. Beyond language, indeed, where settles opinion like ocean floor and solar dust, and cosmic stream, where settles thought like resolution. Beyond clouds, their inclinations, beyond the celestes of leaf and life, and test and becoming. I, the constructs of, and beyond. Where to be given is not a question, for all a mark of this. Where to believe is not a knowledge, and truth, it is little if at all. If at all. And not a color to memory, to being. And not a color otherwise lest.

To dance about in chatting rooms, and watching the sex of life and of division. Of traveling forces and how an impact. And paint upon blood and wall for the next class of medians and watchers. The callers like judge and retribution, and that which descends upon

hate and faith and the uncontentative solution. The first of many, of meetings for purpose I know. Purpose like the surrounds of leather chair and smoke and a leading skull. I am anthropology. I know enough upon death to know the engraves of life are not material.

To sing aloud, in chants and unabashed ear splits like sound, in robe and cloven hoof. Intentions like deepened wine and thoughts of spirit to candle to pain. And the sacrifice of knowledge, for to be born freshly is membership and open and the fight through the disgusts of social

convenience and responsibility. I am restless no more upon a being, the tropisms of cause, to confront this. The tropisms of vacuous inquiry. The tropisms of a darkness like bone and human shard, what was once a cause like suffering. To dance upon commitment,

to order, the masonry of duty by which all else fathoms. Ugly or either keen, and indulgent and for this self. I am anthropology, like skull and worship. Like anvil and mace, the leathers of history and mask, of time. For too much has grown reluctant and unaware. The

cattles of humanity. The big eyed worms and not thinking, lest survival and fucking be thought. To dance about, beyond, in dimmed quarters. And to live as likely, but without contempt lest an honor of silence and that which holds a struggle rightly, lest that be contempt I know.

Balance. For to take too much is to neglect a future.
To know the ends of acquisition, it is a harmony of
sacrifice, of passing upon a first object for the second.

Of knowing the sacredness of introduction, that once
again a type will reveal itself for taking. Balance. And
sustainability. The winter cabins of time, to know an

environment, all that it requires. And for this onset,
this body requires, a food or either its production, a
source of heat. The generative notions of faith and a

will to knowledge, to hardship. For metaphor, there
is none, lest a hunger represent, lest an illness represent
an inadequacy or either a call for attention. For metaphor,

only a sound, of God whispering through barren trees,
atop turned down grasses. To know metaphor, but
for another earnest moment, that. The realisms of a

balance, to study. The calls of body among the scattered
provisions like stone and timber. Of a word I neglect.
I neglect a word or either I have left it elsewhere, for

a study. And to leave at rest, a first beauty, the first
of game. Upon the principle of ecosystem management.
Of respect. And to live wisely. That a conservation

suppose a future, that, as a guest of this, a home is
enough and committed to its early principles. Balance.
And for the animation of this life, the records of a

calling, of paper and ink. For a social I know. For a
social that I wish could live beyond its segments. Or
either know balance in one of its simple forms. Other.

To live one's entire life in reference to another's. Without concern for the personal welfares of independent thought and advancement. Without concerns for ambition or either the personal creations of want. To live as reference, to the desires of another, the closures and reinforcements,

the time, the struggle of health, of education. That a life be whittled of giving care, of offering, of the isolation of one's own sentiment. To live rightly, indeed, as the course of speaking another's voice, their intentions. To clamor the magic of love, for this is something other.

To bind one's spells, in something to be called interest or either escape. Devotion. And neglect the obligations of expression and release, for there are none. And neglect the confines of social attitude, for there are none. And neglect the notion of change, for all is similar. To live

as something, for want of cause, of importance, for want of the dribbles of affection that can only be called God. Human, another, to ends, a life. Without the privacies of being, without the privacies of inquiry. This mention will be a law. This nod, an interpretation to behavior,

to the customs of being. And follow rightly, without a privacy. To live one's entire life in reference to another's. For want of purpose, for direction, or either not to consider this at all, for a devotion began smartly and unafraid. Without consideration. And an experience, never to

advance once more, lest time be upon a commitment. Lest time be known. It is not. For time can never be a relation to the eterns of commitment. And time can never be the substance of commitment. Or either to walk away knowing only an instant as that which was.

The kind. The nature of policy, its compounds, and its species, identified. The purpose of dispensation, of social cause and ingenuity, the trivials of boardroomism, of research, its collections. The decision upon a history, upon a philosophy, for futures or for something like acquisition. In song and language, in the modeled acts of being, in the intercourse of every affair, and to understand everything in a relation to ultimatums and ends. And

to gather its corners and turn them up. To wrap the very notion of policy inward upon itself, to shuffle its bundle to the edge of a wall, and to drop it and all the time listening to its clatter, its ramblings and coffee groans. And then to cover it with the peace of soil and sunflowers. And what is left? That which is not known as policy. Antipolicy. Antidecision and anticause. Antiremarks and anti-inquiry. All of that which was

not a member of the faculties of segmentism and the faculties of arrangement, all of that which was not a member of the outriggings of change talk and sustainability talk and public value talk, how it steps out. In the absence of that which once was great and commanding like that which declared itself solution, in the absence of, a something other than policy. And perhaps a name for an otherness, perhaps a character, but rather to

not engage the limits and the replacements of one word for another. For policy, its reason, its function, to thrash and throw its body and its intent, to bundle its body quietly in the interest of a several nonrepresentations and antiforms or otherforms. For the derelictions of the former institutionalization of social confirmation and social energy, how there is now a requisition for the features of that which is not subordinated to word.

At my desk, and with technical question, of some sort of computerism. And to the veritas home office in a

distant Boston. My computer identification number? Indeed. Click. Click. Click. And upon a screen in some universal corner called Madison, a mouse arrow begins to move itself. Apparently, a technical force from a home office and homeland security office, it can access

this little old local terminal. Click. Click. Click. To watch a ghost in a machine opening and closing files, modifying settings, and generally doing what I would

do if I knew what to do. But the computer responding to something which is not in front of it. And the nature of this industry, human service. How a corporate mind invades all of the facets of organization and service delivery. And if there were a solution to the problem

of the administration of social programs, I am confident that it would be found in the thoughts of machinism and remote instruction from the veritas home office.

Where every behavioral insight is recorded, and where every social maneuver, it is a direct extension of the

veritas home office. No longer a local solution. And no longer a local genius. In fact, no longer a need for the social composition of Madison. For a mind in the distant east will manage a home in absentia. Click.

Click. Click. A problem with diet? A problem with pain? With the profounds of medical care? A solution exists, a format for being, for care, for affection, it is a blind click away. And nothing is local. Lest I am nothing.

The outbound types, them flying away at magic and constellations. And waving hellos at the inbounders, them homeseekers and returners with fresh smiles. The passage of thoughts, from inspiration to settlement, and back again. And how long a travel to appreciate the conclusions of terra firma once more. Upon an unease I had left, or upon the participation in something greater, or either just a rambling curiosity which a national park could not fill. Not this time. Lest a national park be on the moon. An international park, perhaps. A systemic park, perhaps, solar systemic that is. Inbound, to fly back at responsibility and reason. Outbound, to fly back at a greater manifest destiny, a larger conception of things. Things. Like whorling things and meteoric ribbons. Those types. And if a settled few remain, or either a settled majority, I hope my engines are a whisper to your seasons and gardens and other meaningfulnesses. And in being among an explorers' club or either a doctrine of travel or either a faith in meta-otherness, an outbound mind upon this eden, this perfect ease. And away. And of an inbound mind once advanced, reseaking that which is considered perfect in absentia. And waving hellos at them flying in other directions, for I know why we cross paths. For the supervacation or either an interest.

That the profounds of distant space initiate a social transformation. Or either that the endless perpetuations of the cosmos serve as grand metaphor and model for the constructions of an unlimited social development known as revolution. How to know the notion of the calls of revolution, as a dashing fix to social problem, or either as an evolutionary continuum. And that the pervasions of scientific evolutionary theory, that it echo celestial notions of being, and that man, as a creature of nature follows similar laws. Or either to allow the fascination of an unbending stone soul which is different, and upon such a notion, the recognition of social being as something other than evolutionary. How efficient to make the process of learning? For a model by which this social grows will be the germ of social systems and the germ of social change. Many are those who would wish upon an earth a peaceful transition to development and the acquisition of knowledge. But as many are those who are unwilling to share their own because of an interest in self selection and exclusion, or either an interest in a status quo, a comfort without change; and a social system of a specific regarded doctrine and practice. The profounds of distant space, and to what ends, these? For beauty, a social construct? Or either for metaphor, a scientific and a poetic construct? I recognize the position of either. As a reflective individual I must recognize the seminal needs of inspiration, and the practical needs of living among material. A universe without and a universe within, and I the flutter of each. To recognize an open mind in the greatest, that a solution is not as simple as efficiency, for I require a character. And that a living require more than a curiosity and a beauty, a fascination. And either will affect what I become, it can only. The complements of perspective are to this wholeness. And to this revolution, I the character of.

Never mind the others, the foreign bitters. And never mind an ample freedom which has not allowed a growth. Run away strong, and with a mind of its own pause, its own collections, intuition for its own. And from the last, know it as other, for an attention to the fantastics of self determination, to the heralds of one's own projection. Because an idea, forever to remain as, amid the outspoken selfisms of corporate digress and constitutionalism.

And criticism, for I know the left behind congresses speak willfully and hardly, for itself, and against the compositions of individualism. But I take a mark, I take a humbled self, for the exchange of a something personal, a something which begins itself over and over, a cascade of idea without the dolded answers of the deconstructionisms and abandonments of flighty fellows

and colleagues. Never mind the others, the abstractions and the whereabouts values of time and complication. Run away, and now like pause. And what was the matter for leaving? I need not reflect. No mind to the last, and no history, like those disruptions of spirit and free will, No remembrance for. But it was not cause, a discontent,

I cannot let it be. Rather to know a new direction is for itself and not from itself. And running away for futures, for the acres of the intellect, home. Where a stand, upon a soil my own. Upon a liberty. Upon a peace, stand. And what pleasures I imagine, among an absence

of hurtful things, among an absence of irresponsibility, among an absence of formalism and decree. And, ahhh! to this mind, open. I remain. And collecting myself upon a journey. Running away home, and even then looking forward to tomorrow and insight, for I am of a mind.

Of responsibility. Absence of life, of word and spirit.
Of the justifications for being. The void of self, of the
determinations of pleasure and pain, of social feeling
and doctrine. A hole unto, I see. And to stand at chasm,
and knowing that that which falls within cannot come
about. And to stand at edge, without a wind, without
a color, without an exterior. To consume an agony or
either joy, to consume an army, its mandate, to consume
a soul, its mandate. I have seen such loss, I have sensed
such emotion, such worry. And to toss it over, or either
myself. For a faith in absence, for a faith in nothing,
it is before I like question. Like ultimate question of a
hole, If I were to enter one would I dissolve completely?
Would I be endlessly torn to segments? Or either would
I retain some character of myself? Absence, and sweeping
thoughts like any other grandeur could provide. From
edge and freedom unto I believe. And how a faith comes
about fear and the unknowabilities, the speculations
of time and eternity, the philosophy of absence. Clarity,
for this is, of differences of being and nonbeing, of the
sorting of certainty and immaterialism. Or either to suppose
my own limits, and backing down from what would
otherwise swallow them. Or either not, and conjoining
with that which is without bounds. For some call suicide.

Noumena. And that which exists as concept. Independently floating without regard to material, its social manifest. I, the inquiry, of land and project, of that which enables, I, the appraisal of form, its conditions. And freedom, a concept, indeed, and ideal in every regard. But a knowledge of, it is only a segment of true freedom. The acts and the associations, the relations of this to a concept, at best, it is limited. For I can never know such an ideal, not among the other considerations of aging and development and determination, lest I forget those outright, lest I settle into a knowledge I belong to. Lest I sacrifice the relations of other being, them learning and progress, the other concepts which stretch a notion long into the discomforts of consideration and philosophy. For a social freedom, it is not ideal. A social freedom is not conceptual freedom, that which exists independently. Concept. Social freedom is learned upon the acts and the observations of being. And only upon a completed self can one be of a mind to declare a freedom. But upon such ends, even then, man remains social, and to become ever more free, there is the selfish pleasure of releasing all of the others which compound and interfere with this ideal I once became. A method, release. A style, release. An appetite, release this. For to sacrifice all except that which is the greatest form without conditions, always toward a conceptual freedom, this is the return of devotion. But sacrifice this as well. Sacrifice everything. And the greater, a life is conditioned by sacrifice. And the greater, a social conception of anything, a mind born of it, it is conditioned by its separation with everything else. Perhaps a freedom does exist noumenally, the platonics of being imply this, the divinities encourage an idealism to thought. Or either a moderation. That a release to one final conception, the sacrifice of sacrifice. And living independently, I can only, and freedom by degree, for I cannot release everything.

Oh, media of many heads, how you appropriate my thoughts. The sways of geography, a peoples believing in a way and an outright representation of this to my

character. I am to be shaped, I can only be. But a history I have, and reason upon this, for I too shape a social ground. Push, the medias for attention, and push, a

civil body for attention. A plasm, this, and I am but now learning the sways of demography, the plays of word and buzzword. And to understand a social body

as that before me, unselective and inclusive. For change begins anywhere. And a reinforcement of media, or either the confidence of its rebuttal. I know truth as something

other than I once did. Truth as convenience, truth as the acquisition of esteem, truth as consequence. And what was once mountain and valley, what was once

the celestes of evening twilight, what was once watercress, or either falling snow, it is now paper, it is now the dialects of freedom and merchantry, it is now study and response.

Oh, media! I have become. The productions of change, of curious things, and of a mind of an audience. The reciprocities of being are not unto earth and time, lest

it be in a social interest. Lest a manufacture be for an applaud, an easement of conditions, a marketry. Of how many heads I watch you model. As student of outward

selfism, as composite of social structure. For in a day I will be the bends of modernity. And replacing independence for thought and reason. And forgetting cloud as beauty.

I.

Apart from the ministries of space, a ministry, for its consideration. For the ethics of technology, for the sustainability of ideology, for the social pluralisms which must exist and for their foundations, for the histories of development, for an appreciation, for its aspects.

II.

Apart from the ministries of space, a ministry. And how long to swell an opinion or either allow its dissolve? And how to keep a mind of developing language, of a developing social structure, of the confronts of modernism and archaeology? And how to expect that a will remain free and untethered? How to accept the conditions of sacrifice, or either accept the conditions of an inevitable industry of social work and social research and social capital? How to remain open among the forces of an inevitable social regard? How to remain a universe?

III.

Apart from the ministries of space, a ministry. For loss of interest. For the defense of boredom. For the notions of antispace and antiscience. For the notions of celebration, for grieving, for the recognition of loss and error. For inspiration. For the interrogations of reason. For the interrogations of truth or either their fast allowance as that which is meaningful, of a benefit.

IV.

Apart from the ministries of space, a ministry. And without connection to the bounds of particular geographies. And without connection to the bounds of a particular peoples. And without connection to the bounds of material, without permanent idol, without permanent visions, without permanent histories, without the permanence of change. Without an address. Without cause. Without degrees and without a body of knowledge. Without God. Without freedom. Without pain. Without a social. Without noumena. Without Plato and song and poetry.

Thank you, to the profounds of education, its many sources. To the profounds of being. To the profounds of a mind of social service. Thank you, to the knights who go unnamed, to the efforts which exist without coercion. To the profounds of social revolution, and how its fabric is only inflammatory to an unreasonable intellect. Thank you, for the force of myself, for an appreciation of that which comes, and for its management.

To the voices, of a nature, of a family, of the conditions to which I respond. To the profounds of peace, of a defense, of an articulated testimony. To the acts which encourage a sustainability, to the acts which encourage a fascination, a passion. I know no other freedom than that which is bound in self determination, and I thank a social structure of allowance. Thank you. To the profounds of language, its many sources. And that which comes of language, an art, a healing, the want for otherhood. To the profounds of care, reciprocity.

Thank you, for the lightened moments, the heartened thoughts. To those who lift things away, to those who lift troubles and concepts. To those and others. To the ways of other cultures, a generosity. To the profounds of aggravation, I thank you not for this, but its compels, for that which follows transcends effort. Thank you.

