



GREG MARKEE

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these tempers
find a cover in me;
them wild and satisfied

snow turns to crystal
in spring, from an underside running into summer

steady the blade which cuts
into the soul
severing a history

staying up late, this side
the earth in darkness another
hour

capturing images, the
camera of experience settles
a history

forms, now wet with rain,
forget their constance and change
like tomorrow

paper as dead as trees
breathes another life
in this poetry

walk like a phantom with ears
to the ground and eyes naked
like a sheep following following

sturdy mast, a convention for
traveling the continents, knowing the continents

a moon, white and lonely
overhead as far away as
Kentucky

settle
the
brotherhood
with
a
tequila,
a
lime,
salt

chess, now there is a game of kings and province, of pawns and service

okay to the morning, with a coffee and advance to the day

having been nothing more
than a regard I am now
an authority

them clouds, anxious
today

them trees, bending
today, or either solid
and straight up and
down

to study an imagination
is to look within a soul
and temper it

a
pen,
a
point,
a
mark,
a
name,
I
call
this
want

a house of faith is still
a house, to rest upon a soil
standing above

marry the wicked away, let
them become something supernatural
like a word, passing

blow away idea
poof
like a cloth
return

the wind governs a
picnic
the wind governs a
cloud

art is truth borrowed
from an object,
a table,
a bowl,
a

the
right
side
of
a
page
end

imagine
a
time without
poetry
a
time without
words

a lens, a glass,
separating a nature
from this

pops
the syllables reference
another another

scab
covers
a
wound
bleeding

I listen and I
listen to the tantrums of thunder, quaking, I

lightbulb in a
socket radiating
like an after
noon
(with a switch)

White Stripes, Bnwown, And A Drum, Bang, Clash, Trump

give my regards
over to the state which
takes them anyway

silver bowl contains
my speculations now empty as a
wind

museum
the world is an oyster, mine,
filled with material,
thoughts

give me a moment to repeat myself
give me a moment to repeat myself

paper butterflies
drifting from flower to
flower, on a
blow,
colored

moon watches me once
a month cycling
recycling

the beginning of spring
opens ears, pop
pop pop,
awake again

lookit all the teachers
lined up in a row,
ordered

no matter

no matter nothing

nothing

quiet, like the peace within

church

spring bugs, critters legged
like a bad dream

find their way into
my bedroom

change is for the restless
wanting more than a
presence can offer

change is for the weary
wanting more than a
presence has given

waterfalling
from a wall, raining
rainbows,
sound

the terrible thing about death
is
its contradiction to living

study the wind, traveling
south
against a
bird

easy to know kindness when
it presents itself as a puppy

first a poet and
then into some
continued form

light settles this space
in beams and photographs
a nap

adrift, memories,
as a canoe separated
from a shore

a steady rain is
a friend wrapped in a blanket
beside a fire

to share, to volunteer,
to carry a burden in a
wasteland of thunder

the collapse of an idea is a mark of
an opening, from this moment, a spring

I
charge
the
fires
with
ends
determined

meet with me philosopher
and tell me the difference
between
 you and I

I know the sun is
kindled by a chance
I know the sun is

and I will block every
hatred with a gift of olives
and molasses

this garden bears no fruit
but a rose is the greater in your company
except for blackberries

 callous, like a mark
of effort on the palm from
digging in dark soil

step backward, for the roils of modernity
have an inclination to juxtapose a presence

light rain, drops, a one
then another. stop.
spring approaches. stop.

mud covers a wheel
mud remains from the winter
mud covers a boot

candlefire warms a
recovery with a blanket
and salt to the earth

cigar-ette burns
to ashes
without a tray

a word in edgewise
is a remark to the same
old conversation

art is a vehicle
of truth,
spattered
and representing

grass, an index of
rainfall, an index of the
season, barefooted

forest fire burning
ponderosa--
top-
jumping
with
a
wind
east
ward

send a sentiment
to my senses, cloaked in
ideology, wool

the word is easy
lit by burning out suns
and lemonade
with vodka

dusty transient
asks for quarters for soup
and conversation

a matinee, wicked
as will fit within two hours,
followed by sunlight

FREE
of that idealism
free
OF THAT IDEALISM

suggest a little sunshine
and gentle air
through a window pushed
open

cherish this delight
succeeding a rainfall wet
with puddles around

a smile is
the simplest art

what education is
this with a denomination,
an order?

no grave is large enough to contain
these thoughts, them red and white

today a prize
today an earring
today a trombone
today

full moon over
Miami and Denver
at the same time

sport this
beige wool
jacket with
comfortable shoes

proud Mary watched
a cross carry her son

away

a sentiment I
give to this object:
cause

a park, with a pond,
and frogs,
to catch

night windows from a
hilltop, people continuing
the
day

bugs invade my home,
them circling lights and
landing on my chin

carnivale, with masks
over people with identities
winged for the night

stretch,
this
body
enlarged
and
inhaling,
with
a
shiver

camera captures
a cause
camera captures
a time,
no film

Easter chocolate
around a malted egg
blue tongue
bunny

radio static
fills a vacant house,
I left it on

siren
the wind whistling from the north

the wind whistling across itself
siren
crossing itself

airplane ride by night
streetlights patterned
dark houses
factories

pond ripples
caps
grasses bend
wind

settled in to soup
and words on pages
ambiance
home

autos speeding to a
stop, red, green
autos speeding

crunch, the apple goes
tart, finishing with a core
toss away

mushrooms remaining
from the night reflect a moon
and condensation

change
the
clocks
wash
the
windows
sweep
the
porch:
spring

I solve the problems of history
I create the problems of tomorrow

rattlesnake inna road
sunning
looking dead
poke
rattle

waterfalling over me
in hundred degree air

search the deserts
search the high plains
search the prairies
search the range

commerce, traveling
on asphalt arteries,
that I have coffee

speculation. the afterlife
comes with or without
an introduction

a poem, a marriage of
a religion, a philosophy:
an object of experience

fuck

islands, with broad leaves
blowing in an ocean wind,
collecting morning dew

I cannot govern
 an intellect
I cannot govern
 a soul

charges, the want
charge: ambivalence
charging (change)

I inhabit the
 wells of modernity
 with some instrument

lake ice gone like a
season
turning over to
whitecaps

family, how annoying
the lot,
all talking
at the same time

duck did not leave,
duck swam in circles this winter,
cold duck

a pattern, a time
repeating itself, a
nature repeating

the order represented
in a tower dividing
a solid darkness

pass along summer
for a shorter day of
walking among trees

study the ants
marching with a purpose
for a big fat queen making babies

I will carry this
walking stick never minding
the earth below

sunflower, the big
type, with seeds for spitting,
ten feet tall

sunflower, the little
type, with petals for wishing,
growing in cinder

I have been called
many things
I have been called
fortunate

sky as blue as
Caribbean water with
cloudfish swimming

midnight grocery
run
oh, America!

a sleep inna meadow
them butterflies
overhead

a sleep inna afternoon
them butterflies
all about

a sleep inna room
with open windows
airsounds

what gravity binds
me to this idea,
this bad one

in the cemetery
rest the ideals of two
hundred years, this flower

observation deck,
above the little people
wandering, and cars

black umbrella, stuck
open and transmitting
like a satellite, wet

angler
casting
doubts
to
the
water's
edge
for
a
trophy

first the birds
and sunrise consuming
the stars

approaching, summer's
end, turning the blackberries
to sweetness

anything that moves
of its own free will
interests me

heliocentrism,
the center is at once away
from my kingdom

dandelion puffs
with a thousand wishes
into the wind

cold lakewater
just for my feet and
for my troubled heart

what consciousness
suggests a past better
than this rainbow?

early to breakfast
with a day in mind of
naming beauty

oversea vacation
returning with another
language in my head

contaminated
lake, dead fish and bubbles, scum,
debris poking out
smell

cattails bending with
some nesting fluff trailing in
the breeze
for a bird

white chocolate chip
pancakes with maple syrup

and milk

light speed is enough
to forget the beauty of
walking slowly

if there were an art
to war it would be in
a museum

a semblance of change
is in the newgreens pushing
out last autumn

sheetlightning
alight, and a boom crash

in a moment

nighttime drizzle
coming down to rest easy by
pitter patter

just enough philosophy
to hold my own attention

cradle the spirits
that they return in a myth,
swaddled

open road trip
with gasoline and cheetos,
grateful dead

Chicago, hellhot
and no wind walking navy pier
for squeezed lemonade

chardonnay
and
fish,
baked
and
filling
the
house

throwing a stone
at a stop sign on a lost
country intersection

Arizona, melting
a worry in a mountain and
at once a fresh rain

all of a forest
covered in a white
still coming down

lazyboy recliner
on a rooftop pointed
to the sunset

rocky mountain high
black muddy river
snow in the desert

around and around
leaf caught in an eddy
a contradiction

all of the animals
them absurd and ugly
or either beautiful

a fellowship
a license
a position

on that regard, an authority to
institute
or either disregard
authority

extinct volcano
with ponderosas about
covered in snow

old city, narrow
roads good for walking
with ice cream

the world is paved
in black with eastward
lanes and westward ones

overnight staff
awake for the midnight
change of dreams

a prayer of
salt to this physical
universe I inhabit

permanence, what is
this stone meant for sixty-five
subordinate years?

enlightened Jena
I have only read the
color of your streets

April snowfly
reminding the finger of
winter be not dead

spiderman, batman,
born as mortals having
succeeded a change

a poem for the
fortunate having met a
compassionate nature

2004 years
passing in ideas
and reluctance

finishing a word
is finishing a walk
with arms folded

cherries, this time of
year, sweet and dripping to the
chin, spit the pit

summer snow remains
on this mountain too small
for glaciers, shaded

blue cloudholes change
shape in passing winds, sun
looks through, then gone

turning, the leaves and
gone,
returning this time
spirited

shop, shop, shop, believing
in free enterprise and the
power of possession

patient as a
dictionary

fertile history
pocked with errors and remembrance
governing this

imagination
connecting things, ideas,
in an interest

a time by no watch
succeeds the afternoon
with lemonade

forest deer
munching undergrowth and
watching me

the stops of this room
be enough to sleep easy
by

a trading card of
Buddha is worth two
of Sun Tzu

screened porch keeps
the Asian beetles locked
inside, nesting

rain returns with a
mood, this sheltered and
protecting itself

bluegrass ignition,
thank you banjo and
fiddle

while
we
were
sleeping
I
admired
your
body
next
to
mine

natural light starts
the morning, with warm wind
through the window

what knowledge is this
without a word to describe
it? beauty? God?

hegemony from
the left coast or either the
right. Oh, the middle!

take a
sunflower from my garden
for your table?

city lunch, a cafe
with noodles and salad and
tea with lemon

I would rather live
a life of interest than
disinterest, Kant

pebbled beach
sounds
in footsteps

escape with last year's
knowledge wrapped in a blanket,
I am the smarter

brown riverbed sucking
at my footsteps like a carp
feeding off of me

blossoms blowing
overhead and collecting
at my feet

this tree is worth
five hundred reams,
mark it

fallen tree good for
examining a bug's life
of carrying eggs

sundial, lawn
ornaments, a wooden bench,
cobble path

strange world this time,
the last was much simpler
with food everywhere

thank you new friend
for your welcome to this
conversation

computer, computer,
you will outlive me
but not my words

according to art
there is a sense
and a
nonsense

the play of the old
is but a mark of obligation
to the young

red wine corrupts a
conversation or either
steadies it

first a word
second a word
I call them poem

watch the lighthouse
from the bay receding
with the open water

a soliloquy
I give to myself
after a prayer

change is upon
the peoples now acting
in a concert

pardon the mess,
I seem to have
misplaced my
keys

I will collapse
upon the night
after this with boots on

wandering, to the
edge of the universe
and back with stories

cold spring night
clear sky
moon
chills

cancel the day
I am without
words

cancel my education
I did not know
better

cancel automatonism
I must be
free

cancel the picnic
because of the
wet ground and the
 clouds
 or
 either
 stand
 in
 the
 rain

the book said to
subject the ideas to
its reason

a yes or a no
is not enough to
operate a friendship

log spanning a creek
bounces by my weight
balanced

white mushroom on a
golf course,
fore!

teachers on strike
what can be learned
of this

a religious person
or either a student of
religion, one

sequestered in
a forest
with the wind

dry
the summer months approaching
turning to brown

a measure of change
forgets a history
I am alive

spacious light
spacious air
ambient sound

ice skating in the
summertime

a
pencil

nighttime rests the earth
nighttime
cools
the
earth

nighttime breathes like a
star
wanting
nothing

peddling apples
and conversation on
State Street. plums

cold settles into this house with the rain
pounding on the patio furniture

this theatre is for
heroes
standing with straight
backs

dead garden remains
from the mild winter,
stems, brittle underfoot

tell me astronaut,
who designs your spacesuit?
Gucci or North Face?

this is not a pipe
this is not a wooden match
this is not tobacco

baby frogs at the
pond hop about
like grasshoppers

river mud
stink like old
organic debris

silver bowl onna
bookshelf
with apples

fresh sheets, fresh
pillowcases,
excited to sleep

teacher gone away,
left me without instructions,
left me without

quiet like sunrise
breakfasting with the
birds, spoon in coffee

blue corn meal, cedar
ash, to another season
visiting softly

if there were a station
for becoming an author
it would not be at this desk

sabbatical, a
leave of my senses, a
return to them

desert river
cool as night
making a sound

art, this faculty
receives; art, this faculty
makes itself known

inna moment
time will pass to
a history

inchworm, butterfly,
bee, the keepers of this
garden, domestic

midwestern
agriculture rambling
as far as the eyes

never mind the
errors, I know what
you mean

silhouettes, the trees
like skeletons backlit
this night, the moon

May snow dusting
the steps, the poems
set aside

old friend, share a
moment at this table
understanding history

what music
calls me to mind
drum or either silence

lion, elephant,
zebra, grass and African
wind lifting me

inna chair
looking at the
Sunday world

my remains
to
the ocean

midnight captain crunch
to the open window
sounds of crickets, breeze

lend an ear
to the rain on the lake
in overcoat

autumn road trip to
lake superior
the apostle islands

windchimes, evidence
nature continues indifferent
to my walls

autumn leaves scattered
among springtime growth
compost

regarding words
symbolic forms
containing subjects

Sunday light through
forest canopy
prayer

whittle a face
in this cedar
personality

inkswept pages
marrying an ideal
to this nature

first spring
dandelions, a shame
they must be cut

warm night, a sweat
returning me to a
stargaze, beer

delicate fern
collecting light

lumpy chocolate
milk, the only sweet thing
in the house

eight hours
on an airplane with
too much fruit

the manners of art
suppose an institution
apart from life

a book and a
bowl, a pipe and a word,
company

salmon, smoked,
roasted pig,
beans,
corn on the cob

>>computer software
material culture?>>
<<how could it be?<<

prairie grass pushed
down to the earth
blue sky, a cloud

abandoned traintracks
good for walking
in one direction

a place away
where my thoughts
rest, mountain

enter divinity
this cause
lends itself to wholeness

a gift, a compass,
an object for
your desk

a man of letters
deskbound and never
to touch the earth

city rise from the desert,
asphalt and brick

moon woman
let me be free
to watch

sundress kept upon
the shoulders by a
fabric, floral

the phantom is a
question
defended

earthworms to the
surface
night rain

cup of tea
 cigarette
midnight thunder

the spot of knowing
germ
I have no answer

sunrise to a night of
rain
birdsong, wet paper

sirens, the women
 streaking or either
knowing more

easy to sleep by
fog
erasing the want

enchanted night forest sounding
in crickets, footsteps

frosted mug
Irish stout
icy foam

ends, finals,
comprehensives,
dissertations,
I am qualified you see

holiday abroad
returning with a star
in my pocket

against nature
against man
against God

deception
representation abiding
another law

echo echo
I talk to myself
hello?

cobbled path with birds
nesting
butterflies

equal, the force of
God
to every else

night fog
owl calling
a territory
pause

synthesis
a moral center
a nature outside

representing
a knowledge
representing art

deep as an ocean
grand as a night universe
sleeping soundly

poetics of
noetics
and a garden walk

bratwurst, with onions,
with mustard, for a
summer birthday

what freedom to fly, pilot, what freedom to match the wind

substitute this song
for reason, substitute this
poem, this season

house coffee

extra shot espresso

room for cream

city light grids
at night from the sky
to the dark country
engine humm

harbour fog
horn sounds a return
fish soup

granite peaks, scissor
horizon, rain cascade
tumbles the wall

train window passing
by
a forest
asleep

seniority is
an old man's
claim to wisdom

concerning free will
regarding the sovereign
if there be a place

a grayer mountain
at the horizon
meets the clouds behind

the fence on this land
designates a mind
of possession

I know of no
other
I know of no
rain

how many are the
angels having fitted
me for this

raining wind
turns my umbrella
upon itself

valley floor, to know
the spring melt passing by
with a cause

rainbow begins
rainbow ends
an imagination

shadow crosses
window open with
afternoon air

priests, poets, pilots,
none the lesser
lest I be a one

advantage to the
first voice
impounding the intellect

what summer rises
from this storm
pounding the country

what you say,
them syllables colliding
meaning

and if there were
a difference, I would say it
in a poem

waterfall one and
another over granite
walls washed cold

no need for angels
in this prosperity
content with coffee

red delicious
this time, someone ate
all the galas

what wind carries
the peace this time
with a word

Sunday,
trim the beard day
getting gray

seasonal baptism,
first jump in the lake,
clothes nearby

without prejudice
or either without want
disinterest

thunder
clear
sky, moon

groceries fill the
refrigerator
no longer hungry

late sleep
up to read the newspaper
back to bed

cycles spin around
my ontology
knowing no end,
or either spirals

my favorite pen
ideas
attached to my shirt

what wisdom is in a psychiatry
trained on social control?

a rainbow, another,
bridging a thought,
a fjord

after a stop
a pause
direction

a telephone call.
for me? hello?
yes. this is the moon.

reconciliation
everything I see
everything I know

