

prity lights

Gregory Markee

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protoHouse press

Madison

prity lights

Is the impermanence of a star
the fluttering streetlamp
is a gentle rain on waxed cartops

Summer finally stayed and in good humor
indoor weather
chilled in air conditions

The shadows pass the southern windows
this is a city with spiders
with pigeons and spiders that is all

There is no light until the next big bang
battery
resets humanity

Until the next God the next competent God
decides to stay
decides to not make up new words for words that have already been invented

Is the impermanence of lightning
the flittering memory
the smell of lightning

The fog rolled away after breakfast
it was too late for sunrise
but the moon is yet hung

O thief
just a candle a stolen candle
crime is what conscience

The satisfactory idea never let down
justice is a page
the printing press glowed in the dark

the short poem

The breaking of the rules has begun
 it is my own conscience which is one stay or another
 I can leave that to you to decide
 the merits of a personal constitution

It is meaningless like bronchitis is meaningless
 creeps up on one in the middle of the night
 lays one down with viral coughs and a measure of medical order
 that is all can be said of medical order a doctor cannot be a philosopher unless they contract bronchitis

Ultimately the shiny poet who has never fallen ill
 takes baths at night so as
 to spoil the soiling of the sheets eats breakfast for dinner
 eats pasta for breakfast

The rule of language is yet under construction
 as long as there are victims the rule of language is yet under construction
 perception is
 their pathos is their profit

No
 how the hell does one find their way from a good poem
 the conditions of autonomy insist
 opposition is not protestant and not necessarily truth

It is I picks up a pen like a boy
 wave the nearest flag
 until *they* stop chattering and asking for one thing and another
 and look out at memories look out at what it is requires

Human nature is a greater soul than what I do not know
 is she still dancing
 she is a doctor you know all of the credentials
 lives with her aged parents works at the Quickie Mart recommending cough drops

time has passed

The villains have changed
the old ones will return with different names

I grew a beard a spectator's beard
chose not to make a promise to myself

Time has passed
measured and given a name given a degree

I am not old but I could be
saying I am not old then

Waiting for the next standard and the next
I still have that bicycle

The skeletons the skulls the bones
I remember

One song is not the next nor a poem the next
just a trail

Called things which they are not
this is not a confession

The end is near
I was looking the other way staring at a shadow

Time tapped me on the shoulder
it is midnight it is noon it is midnight

I was caught walking
walking and thinking in my comfortable shoes

Asking again
how much further

consolation

Second position is a medal third position is a medal

the others

a certificate of participation

thank you

I will frame it for my mantel

First position received a gift certificate for a carton of cigarettes

I think I will practice

put in extra effort preparatory effort

I have a year

the standard bearer

The risen mace
it is said as authority
wicked is them inaction is them

The one with the birthmark on her neck
shaped like a fleur de lis said as authority
wicked is them inaction is them

The engineer with the little orange flags
just
put down roads per contract

The boy set fire to the mountain burned
a thousand acres
it was an accident

It was her age he resisted she was
six months older
and no smarter

And she wanted nothing to do with cigarettes
just talk
in twenty years she would say just coffee

The law
is sociological not psychological is not the law sociological
it was just a good idea

Put down things that are bad
hold them apart give them a name send them away
the wicked the dormant and wicked preemption

She wore a powdered wig made for a man
called things by name and gave names to that which was not called
as she waits

equilibrium

Is a lake with no wind
 the gravity of the circumstance puts me to silence
 before the tornado
 quiet like a stare
 I wait asking nothing of God because

Is a harness to the ambitions of authority
 puts one to servitude doing this and that
 the other is thinking
 thinking
 about productivity

Is a tree felled for lumber
 would otherwise house beetles and raccoons
 one thing is equal to another the house the cabin
 with a clear picture to the river
 the brush returns if the hillside is not washed away

Nothing is imbalanced
 what is once empty is now full
 the immigrant followed the immigrant calling the first native
 realizing the responsibilities of citizenship
 include taxation

Is a Saturday the air conditioning summer
 through a window is all the same
 is a good book the same as winter
 I do not try to be old
 I do not try to say things which I do not mean

Are the stars for heaven
 and how the moon corrupts the stars for heaven
 at least you are reliable
 at least I can expect you to do the same things over and again
that is the balance of math

from broken backs from broken words

From broken backs from broken words
the same
qualifying despair

Ninety degrees is a corner for isolation
this poem is this poem that is all the same as itself
the same cause as habit as age

If
you lie completely still like inspiration
hold a thought against a shadow

If
you memorize the sounds the patterns of change
close your eyes

All of the old poems go away travel away
and with no memory and with no record
like stillness but not exactly

I forgot I was a poet
figuring the best way to suffer
one way is the same as any other is it not

smile for the camera

Smile for the camera

Still life is a bowl of fruit

I like your wicker hat your sunflower

To go on the wall near the thermostat

To charm an empty space

To say I photographed *that* was a cloudy day for July

drowning

The visible surface a backlit mirror
is a breath too far
blackness
so this
blackness I
do not remember if I float

two policemen at the library

One leads the other
that man should not have been sleeping
he was homeless he knew the rules but he was homeless
needed a place to rest
set down his grocery bags of property
smelled like urine

To the shelter I suppose
he went voluntarily they said he could rest and do his laundry
get something to eat

What I am thankful for in retrospect
in retrospect
I hope he is all right I hope he gets settled

Leonardo da Vinci before I knew Leonardo da Vinci

Isn't he the one that cut off his ear
designed a bicycle
painted God on the ceiling of a restaurant at the Vatican

Ah yes I remember
he had a big nose I remember his autobiography
that polaroid of a self portrait

Spent a lifetime murmuring beauty it was her indeed
that smile and I occasionally try vegetarianism
I too have never flown in a helicopter it was only

An aengine you needed
in
theory

fall line

At the bottom
where the waters gather

Wondering how to float
keep a nose above the surface

All of the academic texts released the students
how they pool together

Synthesis is discipline
but to the purist there is one purist for every discipline

Now it is a bicycle from the bottom of the hill
the reverse is true

The separations the switchbacks
for what is whole is taken in pieces

The ends of achievement are near
titled and persuaded measured

Put into a way the waters gather once and again
find themselves into a river out

The question of principle the question of how many times
the question of immortality

I can only hold away one force or another
until nature I am taken

goodwill

Goodwill the apple
 is a blanket at sunset that is all
 I too will sleep until the stars or until the bugs push me away

The socioeconomics of goodwill
 is a sandwich
 is security

Was once to exist day to day and month to month
 then to
 live

Planted a summer flower promised to water it
 keep the hummingbird feeder free of ants
 o the neighbors the codependent neighbors we all do the same

There is confusion about what negative reinforcement is equal to
 it is the removal of a bad element
 it is not the administration of something bad so what

Picking pins from harm
 you are safe you do not need to pay for heat this winter
 your respiratory sickness is treatable

Goodwill the firefly in your company
 I did not bring fireworks but I will save you from them
 it is too dark to read anyway

ruins

I

The stalks flattened
 the ears scattered about
 the sky turns blue again

II

The desert the castle in the desert
 they have always been gone said he
 the rooves were made of sticks and brush
 that is why there are no rooves

The mesoAmerican ball court with the same soil as them
 the spectators sat around the edge
 feet dangling

III

it flipped over and then again landed right side up
 nobody hurt
 the old mustang convertible
 twisted and bent no smoke no hissing just quiet
 holy shit

IV

Everything is ruined
 [nothing is ruined]
 [it is the same as before]
 [as when I first arrived]

V

The scattered intentions the scattered meal
 is what I had
 the torn gardens the housebeds
 violence
 the done the categorical wind for stillness
 refrain
 what is familiar I have been here

the shapeshifter who forgot his original form

The shapeshifter who forgot his original form
 died a dragon
 died an inquisitor staring at eyes that were not there

But in this life the want for perspective is poetry
 the administration of poetry
 really there are no shapeshifters without permission

The topics the assumptions the curiosities
 the authorities of being one way or another one thing or
 another

Can a man in a tie who looks at peoples' foreheads
 be a pregnant woman
 the empath

It was a female cardinal chirping
 and defensive sent away a finch the possession the safflower seeds
 the hummingbird stood me down like a spider

Went to Africa shot exotic creatures
 called them exotic
 but politics is bigger game

One side is greater than another side
 the two party system is
 omnivores and herbivores is us and them said philosophy

Dead is dead said philosophy
 the totem the seabird
 the taken tree

And when all things grow into silence and when
 the shadows are greater than light
 and when I am old am asked if a care to be you

No

principles

First

before education

the establishment of several habits including moderation

First

the fundamentals

what is involuntary baptism

First

she slept the whole way to the Grand Canyon

that is all

First

the medicalists formed an institution of diet and exercise

for the illiterate

First

a nominal sacrifice is an investment is only

reasonable

First

said reason is a metaphor the lightbulb like understanding

it all makes sense appropriate sense

curled about justice

The usefulness of love is not their congregation
 but my own
 like the friendless professor with the practiced smile
 indeed
 will say justice is no contract love is no contract
 okay she had a secret friend just one

The compatibility of one with their environment is a measure
 the approachable is the predictable
 the predictable is the contractual

I know the nature of the appropriation of order
 too
 I have no more questions be it resolved
 the constitution the senate it is quite sound that they be resolved

Someone said it was justice like a traded barbs
 like neutrality like balance were justice
 someone said something and they were not a poet not a philosopher
 it is just
 easier to say judge than ponder difference and faction
 because they are paid to do such a thing
 they must enjoy it

So after the confusion of winter and closed windows
 the merchants rubbed their eyes
 blinked a couple times and went about selling lard and gold and eggs
 per acknowledged contracts and
 without reference to divinity including greater goodnesses
 except to light a candle for the heck of it

What I cannot explain is
 the elevations of justice without reference to aesthetics
 but that is only psychology as if the psychologies were cause or registration for
 beauty
 I suppose one sort of illiteracy one faculty of illiteracy
 may be a blessing were there such a blessing

it is my turn

Take the next right
it is my turn
the one with the birdfeeder

Who is hogging the microphone anyway
who is that

I just wanted to say thank you for coming
so
now I need to go feed my cat
good bye
that is all

nonsense

Okay you can be a philosopher

no no not you

the one with the red hat yeah you

tell me something important in the form of a question

no I do not have a question for you

I just

wonder about authority

where did you get that hat

the carousel

Speculation

the copycat

it is my turn to choose the horse with the horn

returning again and again

with no questions but

open eyes

like service

Speculation

that horse is better than a horse

judgment

at rest near the freshly painted elephant with wings

I could love you too

if

Speculation

the copycat

no one ever rides the copycat

come again and again ditto

it has been more than a thousand years

since a booster shot

the forest fire claimed the empty school

Speculation

where a student travels

when there are no conditions

the donkey just stood there

there was no fantasy it was my fault

really

I had not packed a lunch

poetry and animal husbandry

Need I mention my qualifications
or regard
the spirit of animal husbandry actually
does shave and wear deodorant

Like the poet the clean poet the other with
the groomed beard
was a fascination with the optometrics of waterfalls and rainbows
led to *that* metaphor

I too love said the playful goat
is why I feed you spirited verse is why I feed you
say name at that which has no name because
you are among what I am among

today is a cylinder

Barreling this and that imagination I will be a fireman today
 entering politics yes yes uh huh
 governor call me governor no I do not smear
 one thing against another
 it is a resume for all of history I have overseen really
 I just care to travel
 squeeze statesmans' hands and meet their spouses eat good food
 I have never been one to say something is beautiful because someone else has
 in fact the opposite
 prove to me the discipline of God I say
 I want my own
 purse
 it has been two years of incestuum in regards to vocabulary and no I have no sisters
 one book can carry a pride of want into isolation and back
 I close my eyes for memory
 the second book wrote itself read itself the third book resembled a familiar form
 inspiration is a shape is a square knot
 what love I have is solid it is not porous it is not collected like currency
 the cylinder
 is painted with dolphins and rainbows
 a dancing bear
 lie flat let it roll you about in the absence of gravity
 you might as well be anyplace falling you see there are no windows and the lights do not go out
 on the count of three you will be hibernating
 you will awaken at a Costco your mission should you accept it
 is to enter the Costco without a Costco card and buy a five gallon pail of creamy peanut butter
 and the necessary Ritz crackers maybe some honey
 July passes slowly
 good
 August passes slowly and with few questions
 before I knew it I was changing it was Christmas and I was changing and feeling no
 differently
 about age and the familiarity of everything
 I have heard some people are born old and grow into themselves
 just a thought just a thought like
 when and where it was I have had the most questions answered but that is different than
 when and where it was I had the most interesting question answered

pilgrims' way

Pilgrims' way spent a several
 generations
 migrating the great plains the high desert was a mountain meadow
 for capture
 the geographies of interest
 required a several
 aspects
 clean water not too hostile of winters not too many people a friendly government
 and she wore a dress like a settler wears a dress an apron
 he
 got a job maintaining rental properties to pay the bills wore heavy jeans
 drove a company truck
 a small garden a short growing season three children after left for the coast
 prosperity
 really they just lived
 without conflict as citizens for being born
 here
 the curse of immigration is not in the appreciations of place of community
 it is a long chronology of elder neighbors and
 their pinch their discontent at sharing if blame is required
 a dissatisfaction upon a minor group for their isolation
 for their homogeneity
 is started elsewhere the distractions of elsewhere are introduced after
 an introductions

The pilgrim hitchhiked caught a bus is the next town
 I too am separated I cannot say
 some chocolate in my rucksack and some cheese and some lemonade I fall asleep
 you are gone wandering I presume about
 the Badlands looking for truth they scarred some mountains with people
 that
 will never go away
 my only advice is not to step on the brakes too hard on icy roads if
 you ever get a car where was that you are from Bavaria o
 so you know
 the next stop is mine
 there used to be buffalo here or bison I am not sure the difference

maybe I will wait until after the news

Maybe I will wait until after the news
 after the soccer team stuck in the cave
 after the regional conflicts Syria Afghanistan after the trade wars
 after the next war on poverty the war on unnecessary incarceration the war on prohibition
 after the victims after the victims of victims
 after the new and improved farm bill

to have a salad and a cigarette

To have a salad and a cigarette
 I have been meaning to switch back to the pipe
 with tomatoes with oil and vinegar
 July outside for the evening the birds
 everything is combustible if it dries long enough
 lettuce is combustible if it dries long enough I have never smoked lettuce

the agency of change lurks in neutrality

The agency of change lurks in neutrality
 declares a nightly news autonomous objective
 consumer confidence mentions e coli in romaine lettuce
 mine was iceberg thank you farmworkers for not expectorating on my iceberg
 how else does news come about how else does news
 happen

if not neutrality then what I do not know is good enough

Eh
 not a green one a red one save it for tomorrow
 walk around like obsolescence walks around
 as if it were fine enough to say the nightly news is
 close enough to representation because they will report
 twenty percent elect green forty percent elect red thirty percent elect blue

ten percent elect yellow

Okay

the value of money is the cost of a comfortable chair

To die in

The value of money is the cost of a book of poems
of my own
the value of money is the cost of a coin collection
the value of money is the cost of social decay

The bricks in Europe last longer than the bricks in North America

It was a steel ship
carried containers one dollar apiece
had a helipad in case a wave washed a seaman overboard

The cost of a sunset is a bottle of local wine is a wedge of regional cheese
gluten free crackers
the cost of a sunrise is an afternoon nap

The value of money is believing intelligence is written
systems are fixed
beauty is a constant beauty is understood

The value of money is a visit to the Humane Society
for half price adoption day

The semi precious stone put into silver the silversmith
could not part with his own creation
the value of money is a compliment no

The value of money is a hard day's work is a lottery ticket
is a company one has founded is a school one has
founded
the value of money is a product no

Curricular legacy is the value of money called a school
solvent
scholastic they wore ties but the girls

the ladder

Conspicuous consumption is a golden ladder
permanently stayed to the flat rooftop perch
a golden pulley rigged
a dumbwaiter lemonade and brats to grill
all night the stars fall asleep and come again

The neighbor's ladder is aluminum [aluminum]

the end of history

The end of history is
now
[now]
starting [now]
starting now

in conclusion

In conclusion
 in summary
 historically speaking this is the end
 now what
 my recommendations
 the common threshold is this
 practically speaking

A courtesy of being is the explanation as to why
 justice
 why not balance and the faculties of balance like
 goodwill

Mention coercion and loss is to honor the refrain of
 justice

 comes again returns like little bugs
 balance is only required in ones' own species
 declares the democratically elected judge

To start
 acknowledge reason
 walk slowly attend to the kites
 eat the bananas before they go bad

Thus winter is the next in line if
 the transitional season is disregarded that is why
 I am in the habit of
 wearing socks with sandals

It was early to say error when there had been no error
 just
 the oddity of measuring peace
 assumes

crow

Crow black night tongue

Caw

Heart of darkness ink

Chased a hawk for that

Rodent crow

shall I like

These affections

or to give away a rangered thoughts of want

I have a compliment for you

the way

you carry your ambitions let them out one by one

like opportunity

it is your house may be a home

smells like nature smells like winter

shall I like your company I have not decided

these affections

carry me somber

Let the scavengers finish

with the bones

the dust about kicked up dust about

the ship

The ship
turned back on itself again again tack
a ship is not a boat

The vessel
leaned into the wind I believe like I do
forward title forward

Was a dingy with a sail
for
fundamentals open fundamentals for memory

The ship
at port
is not a ship is not a boat is a station

The Captain leaned into me
with raspberry cheesecake on his breath
an unopened bottle of rum

Did you see that
I was a yot early but did you see that
it will all die now for the stars

Night
clarity is no saturation is no stillness
is the surface bent about me

The Captain with no beard thirty three years old
Herman
and the cook also named Herman

A whale needs to surface like I do
find my way into what it is night
for clarity

I do not know if a whale curses its need to surface

contempt

The force of writing is a derelict presence
 but I cannot change what is beauty
 nor care to change the stars the interest of the stars
 it is the smog
 the air of the smog pushes one to forget thus
 never having known
 clarity I remember

The force of writing is nocturnal the others
 are buried in the sleeps of middle age
 I am the only one awake the only one recognizing

Contempt is a candle

The force of writing is a shadow is a light is a shadow
 is a presence

The invisible
 man eats what others do not think of eating

The force of writing is a correction
 is a linear struggle
 is a correction because there are [things] which are correct
 I say and say again
 clean air and clean water but that is only prosperity
 [but]
 the contradiction of prosperity is

An alternative
 way
 in which other ness is consumed [eaten]

The force of writing is a Saturday all of the efforts
 let away what cannot be
 controlled
 lined them up put them in little boxes with words
 on the outside

smoking

Pseudo clouds the breath drawn and put again out
 sage is not tobacco
 the purity of strangers a body is just a body death is only death
 walked one foot in front of the other in
 the good boots
 medicine medical sage in all the hiding corners is not the task of the coroner
 they just take away the big stuff

Lit a PALL MALL
 held a PALL MALL in his lungs released it

Got the bundle smoking said something like a prayer no
 said a prayer
 for that which requires prayer
 about himself about the environment that is all

Lit a PALL MALL
 held a PALL MALL in his lungs released it

That is all

But for the clouds about his head
 the abundance of clouds about his head roll and boil
 assume
 and with no smell but the thought of death
 is a pause gone again linger gone again
 like vocation

That is all

stand your ground

Upright

who is it cause

a tried back a strong back but a tried back

weary of difference it is enough mention justice

I knew a spirit rode me like a rodeo

it was logic for what dissembles an opposing logic

it was an allowance to

that

But his was a weapon the nearness of an object

defiant

against the entropies of misunderstandings and the firmness of understandings

like law

And were there two sides to what approaches conflict

o seizure bat and seizure as if to say

the rightness of our being is no contest [but]

mine

It were the lesser to hold a ground and with no call

for a minor is a minor thus and expected to plea

to walk

to start a language but silence

Do *this* for me

I am your boss I know things

there is a system

my people have been here longer

And were justice to encompass a turn of events in whatever form

say justice is how it turns out

how it resolves itself

said naturally

I do not say a show of force is

I fear flying

Man flies

thus

man was meant to fly

And to trust another driver

And the mechanics the engines

And the acts of God

weather about the way

I am idle for time the crops beneath

the squares the green squares and lines

miles beneath

I have an aisle seat listening to

the conditions

the human conditions of flight

Is it not true a cardinal's mate for life

but they will never go to the moon

I

where did all the people go

I was just minding a protest and
 the others
 walked away
 I am still spirited I am not done with courage and jurisdiction
 social cause
 is defensive this time
 accordingly against a misguided authority standing on another's soul
 I did not say a prayer but should have
 in retrospect
 an endless peace requires a prayer maybe just a brief one
 then to go play frisbee
 supposing
 authority recognizes the authorities of the governed
 they left their trash like a hooha the press was there gathered some intel then left
 supposing
 they all went home to bed
 go to class in the morning
 think about germs social germs and
 what among social pathology is true is important

I did not make a flag
 apologies to the organizing committee I spent my time watching
 causing contradictions
 little robust anomalies of virtue
 I was the last to leave me and my backpack cooler

Where did all the people go
 the limits of social participation mention a measure of adrenaline
 the great divorce
 once separated man and woman
 divided a collective lot into a numbers
 this sex and that sex with no regard for childbearing childrearing
 o how they return competitively and with questions it is the children
 but the sentry
 it was a question taken from [the second to last]
 no
 conflict is not the solution to conflict

the foundry

The metal light the metal cause of light

forged

the metal plants the metal oceans the metal stars the metal plants

was the color red was the color metal yellow

the metal clouds put down the metal sky the metal rain

the metal carnivores eat the metal herbivores the metal grass

skulk

the metal time the metal padre the metal prayer it is a good season a good metal season

was a metal car for invention the metal rickshaw the metal bicycle

the metal horse

the metal oxen

for labor pulled a metal heart to where it belonged

the metal child the metal school the metal brick again and again

the school bell the metal conversation is industry is metal

creation

the metal window open to the approaching metal night

wonder is metal is a line in a metal poem scribbled on metal paper

the metal book the metal idea the metal leatherbound idea

Her words were as important as my own

her words are as important as my own

The metal afternoon comes again and again like rehearsal like expectation

the metal Italian beef street vendor the metal burrito lady

the metal slushee

Relief is a contradictory conditions introduced like balance

The metal spirit drifted for decades

decades

remembering significance comparatively

the original metal is different now the metal government ordained one metal conflict or

another

the metal language is resistance is memory the other metal language is decree

and

how to tell one metal language from another metal language

how to tell one metal language from another metal language

by my own affairs

By my own affairs

I am the cause of that which separates

red from black

yellow from white

it was I said language

put a thought to language put a contemplative stop to language

invented the sport of treading water when there is no water

declared the avocations of Sunday the valves of Sunday the release of Sunday

made questions of law of order

I am the cause of the separations of one majesty into several

parks

several of nature's tunnels into the mind

ask now if I write my own poems if to say

one's own cause is inspiration for the next act

by my own affairs

the sunlight the daylight

the carried dependence of light into the chlorophylls of greenery

there is no waste

nothing is volatile

the dismembered clouds scattered about a blue

one by one a questions unto silence exactly

I do not count the wind nor a creaking structure nor the words I cannot hear

it is I said age and urgency

soon I will lose interest and begin to doubt

havoc is the unknown havoc is the moon havoc is religion havoc is

such a peace that stills the heart when the heart is not ready to be stilled

the smell of cantaloupe is the taste of cantaloupe

is not restlessness the texture of being like a question

like a widening head for all of the computers for all of the information

by my own affairs

the grace called grace of every living creature including my own self

nor to be aware just nor to monitor only

I am the cause of city and when the country is measured

I am the cause of city

I am the cause of decay the cause of nature's reclamation of the city

and where there is no beauty

I am the cause of beauty

havoc

Formed a new compound I was
 in the same place as an artist
 at the same time
 and were a subject so divine as to carry their own brush their own ink
 the photographer filmed the photographer
 sacrifice is an allowance to be borrowed
 the museums go away the old museums go away for newness
 with the same name
 that old tree hilltop must have been hit by lightning again maybe just the wind
 wicked last night wicked in force
 the crazed constitution is reasonable is deliberate
 were they not occupied
 I
 formed a new compound this and that I was
 waiting for a bus a single malt bus
 silent on the inside except for the switching gears
 time watched me pass my stop and said nothing
 it is the cost of freedom
 when there is no social commencement no privilege to social commencement
 mind your own havoc
 I return to who I am I figure the default of who I am
 ask of change and change's way until there is no memory of who I was
 but a photograph
 of me taking a photograph

That was the third day of five in which
 those high school students were marching for gun control
 I just had a ballpoint pen and a
 camera
 I suppose I could have learned your song on the way
 to the capitol
 the Governor was eating a ham and cheese sandwich he put a photograph on Twitter
 mine was just coffee

suffering monism

Suffering monism how is it that
 the river is derived from the same source as
 the mountain
 I wonder broadly enough to say indeed
 however
 a practical matter an operative matter the applications of material
 say science say
 the objectivities of building a home is
 a consideration of light as filament and energy
 a consideration of heat is air is conduction

Everything is a compound
 the popcorn was buttery and salty
 but the popcorn was good
 and with no reference to a separation of qualities
 the corn

Suffering monism like the spells of creation
 how is it that
 beauty is without reference is beauty itself because
 no beauty is a painting is a poem because the painting and the poem are forgotten
 if to reference beauty but
 that is only conceptual and
 I do not consider the process of how-ness to be beauty
 unless to forget the ends of creation
 is a question of monism as to say how and in what manner
something
 comes to be is the conceptual matter which is most important

The egg
 the sperm
 was just doctrine to the young couple was fundamental
 was never mentioned
 the mechanics of love and pregnancy
 but for the public health team
 at the local university talked to her about breastfeeding and she
 told him

was it you

Mentions love when no one is around

wasp

inside a screened patio

I was just wondering if I was saying I love you or receiving I love you

yes

this is a good cigarette

and I have not been stung yet

the custodial arts

Kept the bathroom kept the floor kept the cobwebs
kept a closet with a chair with tobacco
there are standards there is beauty but there are standards

It is the act of creation
which prevented the custodian from becoming an artist
art is messy requires a disassembly

This is different this is curatorial

The dust the blown and gathered dust
no one noticed and that is why the custodial arts
had not been mentioned

font family

I wore a [diacritic] hat
 my paternal grandfather never wore a hat but I wore a hat
 an Irish wool cap with a lined pattern
 my father wore a [diacritic] beret for the cold
 my father gave me wool socks that were not his fashion even though
 he too wore socks with his sandals
 as I

Sans serif

without feet

my mother went on walks daily she would change her shoes then go
 I have been more of a one pair of shoes a day kind of person
 all of the shoes I own are walking shoes
 wear them and forget about them

My brother's timepiece gets him where he needs to be on time

my watch has no second hand

I coordinate my watch with a pen to carry for the day as if

I am a poet

I am a poet

wondering your favorite instinct your favorite cause

paired with home made French fries maybe salmon'

[acute accent] [ahh]

the artist the change agent

Because

this and that

The agency of change for reason

the manufactured reason

Stirred the fears of water

painted images of water with watercolor

To hang

above the sink

The agency of change

for reason

I cannot have a response to pottery

put it at the back of my shelf

The cause is dead the school is built

in theory

There will be curators and custodians

a gallery

Because

they just kept riding their bikes up and down the streets playing polo up and down the streets

The cause of cause is

the invention of a school

The superintendent

started as a math teacher goes by the name of Mr. Joe but

Really he was a

calligrapher he liked to calligraph numbers

Like seven

like two

the fish with a brain

Past the adolescence of discern in which
the difference between a worm and a hooked worm is learned
in which
that which appears and smells tasty but is apparently foreign to this hole
waterdogs and mudbugs
should not be eaten
there is ice in winter you will bonk your head if you surface
and
when you find that woman fish full of eggs do not delay sperm away
and
when the fingerlings are about
start a school
and plan on fifteen percent dropping out or being eaten

the talent of dying well

Anyone can die

It is a moral measure to say all [things] have been cared for
set aside
set forward with good intentions
but that is not dying well

To go to the clovers in the clearing
the day is medium
in the favorite short sleeved shirt buttoned down half way
lay out the pinwheel quilt notice
the day at rest
and be done with it
all
at once

the talent of living the talent of living well

It is a shape a favorite shape
I have created
the provisions are an afterthought are an allowance to
a wondered thought

Nor to want
I just say once theirs is beauty too theirs is utilitarian too

It is a sunrise which is no strike
to being elsewhere
it is a sundown for opposition
for the opposite of production

And if I have melted a life among goodness and creativity
and if I have said the right words
and if I have made a friend
then

The talent of living the talent of living well
the securities of the senses thus process
authority is mine I
am

in the company of others

That was not me in the newsboy cap
with the cigarette
holding the basket of flowers
I was not the one in the coveralls
protesting talking protesting
gathering signatures
nor was it I the father
wondering twins in a stroller
talking to himself but not really

I had not noticed

defeat is for the timid

Because the defeated the soundly defeated return
wanting education

What education is directed is training
what are the ends of training but there are no ends to education

Defeat is for the timid
defeat does not exist he returned dressed nicely and with questions

There is no place to go when
ideology is defeated

The quiet hum of loss is motivation is reason
the other was loud and expectant was dumb to stand before

But pride
pride is rested like cards

the inducement of psychosis as treatment

The most fearful
 was the assumption of the character the ways of a horse
 hooves etching the ground
 was when all of the faculty all of the people I cared for were
 removed from their bodies
 assembled in the state capitol singing in unison
 what is one to do were it true were logic's company
 a trust
 in knowing such thoughts were thoughts
 the voices as opposite to intentions as pushers of guilt for
 all I have done wrong like penitence

The inducement of psychosis as treatment is not novel
 ask a competitive businessman
 ask a sibling ask a stranger how to be how to live rightly
 declares the academician the humanist
 what force is nature and how such thoughts come about how such thoughts are
 measured
 the idea of health
 and were there a single force of

between the marijuana and the filterless cigarettes

Voiceless

for smoke

she held her right breast

was wearing a blue and white horizontally striped dress

dropped her keys

I had difficulty finding words like celibacy

voiceless

people need time to think about the right thing to do

I watched

her bang her wheelchair

through the doorjamb

before

I apologetically reached for the door

acquisitions

The logue

The pottery nope

the soil samples nope

the rugs nope

the vertebrate stuffed creatures nope

the fossils nope

the semiprecious stones the silver nope

the dolls nope

It was a firearm the son of the founder

reclaimed

was a pistol

before he passed

was in the vault

after all

After all
the weather the book of poems was stained by the water
left to dry
on the kitchen table
when I open it again to sire the last twenty pages
it will make a crinkled sound
the pages stiff and watermarked

After all
the rain had hardened my summer sandals
a terrible blister on the top of my left foot
the backpack with the poetry in it was not waterproof like I figured

It was a good rain
it was not my turn to water the flowers
after all

conjuring war

Control

governing inflammation

lighting fires

popularity

higher purpose

prosperity

social order

The rape without reference

rape for rape

conjuring rape

The fire alarm sounded

and without batteries and without the coal plant

the fire swept and swept

The artist was a child was told

her art

looked like a toothbrush mustache

really it was a black spot on the sun

they did not understand made no attempt at

understanding

what is that business you are minding

Is it red

is it long

is it bulbous

is it retractible

is it a she

give me a moment

I am thinking

[pause]

I am thinking

the spoils of war the spoils of peace

The church was not damaged but the eternal flame
 proved itself out
 was anonymously relit
 the neighborhood the peace a resolved peace
 someday a car factory
 engines the economy of engines
 [they were always good at *that*]

Crimes against humanity are a crimes against conscience
 the milk
 the farm goods had never stopped
 directly through the war
 some mention production is prosperity the economics of freedom
 is an end
 said Fred the translator
 [this is not a poem]

It will take one hundred years and more
 to find the displaced their own language
 again
 the measure of pluralism is what I do not understand
 and were it taken as offense
 to raise a white picket fence between us I say
 mow your own damn lawn

psychology and community

The metered
 the large building with the dark windows had no gas grill like the others
 the parking lot is full they come they go
 getting things like confidence
 return in time again and again for structure
 I had not considered the economics of a community mental health center
 a street sign as important a function as
 medication counseling
 the community development board like a school board wearing authority
 indicates

Those neighborhoods
 in which
 there is an institutionalized system of care [may or may not attend church less]

[Colonialism is an idea like gentrification is an idea]
 [no]
 [it is just what happens]

The general consideration of mandate like a mandate for care
 the voluntary notion of insight and independence
 is funded is tolerated is developmental

The ends
 of one person speaking with another person directly
 in earnest
 like instruction like guidance [dare I say education] [question]
 went home for spaghetti in retrospect

retrospect

Because of the failures of society because of the failures of my own early social development
 in retrospect
 have contributed to my chocolate habit
 what it is the assumption of responsibility
 I planted flowers this year because the neighbors did not
 in retrospect
 I am much older now than when I wrote that first poem for different reasons

the volunteer

Was not his own intentions it was
 an established establishment was agreeable and contract enough
 the advancement of one will or another is not arbitrary

Elsewhere was a paid position elsewhere is money
 made the structure of living in a way comfortable drove a
 peoples' car always drove a peoples' car

Goodwill is an attention to the cultural needs of society
 a higher order like faith
 say vocation

The volunteer within a frame
 a movement is an idea development is progress is an outcome
 [a friend is not an idea] [a friend is consequential to a shared intentions] [collateral]

In the morning
 when the sun yes I did
 sleep well last night but that is only conscience having

Been
 in a way was
 holding

compassion

And were a notion of compassion relevant to circumstance
for an existing hardness of being or
recognize compassion exists originally and without reference

Money is not compassion
declares a director of development for this or that service organization and a budget
is just the allocation of resources

What is the most profound [thing] someone can do with a hundred dollar bill
we
sat around a lit candle eating until we were full

Living
day to day the social worker the dependent social worker with cause
and stubborn like some measure of having seen such things before

Compassion and having asserted a fundamental needs
maybe she wants to go to a movie I do not want her to become dependent on seeing a movie
that is only Maslow that is only Skinner that is only Noddings

A reasonable course in the exercise of virtue is
want
for another or either to say the allowance of want is natural

Poverty and mistrust and disability
the conditions of need based intervention but *they* never asked for
help

I remember grace was a comfortable day to find twenty dollars
when I needed twenty dollars I thought I needed twenty dollars
bought chicken breasts and milk [anonymity is a different way of gift]

And were the assumption of intentions attached to giving like faith and measures of faith
for bread for canned goods
[if]

[Then]

the right wing

Of the aircraft
the right wing
separated from the rest
continued its ascent
with no one aboard

remote New York City

Where the buffalo roam
where *they* still hunt with atl atls
where language is a drawl
where plots of land are eight hundred acres
where children run the school board
where *freedom* is in no vocabulary because
where the condors
where the clouds do open against the western range
where the poet

clean water

Clean water taken from the spring
in a tin cup
with both hands

the last newspaper

Published as The Agreeable Times
mentions brotherly love again and again and prosperity
the last newspaper
is a shine is a flower the editor is
old and presidential and wears her hair in a bun

the accused

Theatre is license
 the representation of character is
 assumed
 told a story of wealth and power and how *she* left him for a writer a journalist
 and to be so common
 assumed
 the nature of nonfiction rests on research including what is
 assumed
 the audience wore powdered wigs
 but there is not necessarily a crime among a world which cares for itself
 entertainment is a borderdom of acceptability
 was just a thought for reference to regard reason for the friendless

The accused
 had no defense for what is no offense

But hearsay I say
 I have no inclination to suffer in the interest of suffering

Was a reputation which stalled his ambitions
 there is no longer a favor to call in

Theatre is separation
 every day time is mention to victims to a strains of immorality
 and were it framed
 call it lesson call it entertainment
 the assembled acts the qualities of actors
 it was a playwright's hand which caused God to squish a man with a boulder
 it was a playwright's hand which caused God to have them elope
 the source of inspiration is generated from the actual but not really
 nothing is actual if it is a reproduction of the actual
 and the imaginary
 as actual as any reproduction given the consideration of propaganda
 as it is
 sensational malformed but sensational
 is a bite of truth enough to say some guilt exists
 an accusation has been made

forgetting how to wander

It all came back
 returned from discipline returned from the hardness the structure of middle age
 the small
 community is large the neighborhood is large again
 there is a temptation to be among greatness to rotate freedom in a direction
 there is a temptation to yesterday's structure
 but anonymity
 forgets itself has no relation to itself
 even in the favorite hat

Forgetting how to wander

because a wander becomes a system a method
 the same and same again
 and what interest in a brevity of previous experience in an interest of getting out
 the passage of being is a change of interest
 remark Franklin's Tower is not the Franklin's Tower of three decade's past
 a trip is first begun of a mind
 a conceptual trip is first begun in a way

It all came back

it was the bellbottoms I liked
 on other people
 the maturity of a grown and untrimmed beard
 and
 it always ends in nature
 it always ends in nature

untitled

The last cigarette was the one before this
 was the boredom of having been famous
 once
 the quiet of summer winds and changing sky was a gentle rain
 and then everything stopped
 waiting for the next invention waiting for modernity to gather itself
 produce itself and call itself some forgotten color
 ultimately one's station is the care of oneself
 ultimately the poet is a poet only a poet and asking questions
 how was your day honey he said she said
 in clever manner kissed his wife and put the lasagna in the oven
 the corn is tall
 the darkest night is worth seeing is worth listening to

When the cause of one's own suffering is figured then
 the others
 several cars rapt about the county road a small line of red ahead waiting on an accident
 I hope no one is hurt because I care for strangers you are important
 in some elevated sense you are important to me
 I also do not care to think about damaged bodies
 I am fragile having been famous
 once
 it was probably something to do with a tractor it is always something to do with a tractor
 like going twenty in a fifteen school zone
 I was wearing a tie for a subject pulled it off and unbuttoned down two buttons

There is not one kind of beauty
 there is sight there is sound there is culinary there are others
 the only relevant beauty is that which I am considering at the moment
 really no beauty matters unless I am convinced
 there are other words anyway entertaining a proper defense of a sunset
 I have a reservation having been famous
 once
 and knowing [things]
 the extraordinairity of that little church with the dirt floor was not in its humility it is
 in that it is not kept up
 in a generation faith too is brought forward against what was [history]

the sequence of dying

Having been born thus
begins the sequence of dying in which
a car is bought
children are framed
a spouse is earned
by and by one's fiftieth birthday death is contemplated
one is alone again ultimately and forgiving this and that
gluten is foregone for digestive reasons
and a hilltop burial plot is decided

Wait
wait for it

[Then]

nectar

Paused a spell zoomed to the tree sat on a leaf
without a registration of its weight
came again airborne to the opposite side of the screen and watched
me
still
and then it was gone east in a zoom

It is only a journal it is only a record yes
humanity
requires a writing instrument [it was a cloudy day] [the earth still wet from the rain]

Put sugar in the tea
a little bit more a little bit more
and leave the teabag out
room temperature please thanks

rivers and mountains. *[for John Ashbery]*

Gave it a name like character
notice the boiling water there are stones beneath
turns muddy in the springtime she packed a lunch

The features of humanity are the features of nature
and where the snows will never melt
prove nothing except the qualities of difference

