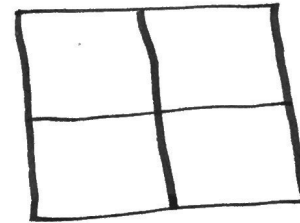


ROOMS



by
Greg MarKee

ROOMS

by
Greg Markee

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protoHouse press
MADISON

CONSUMER confidence

Capital is policy
the mint of a bank bought
an ear of corn a bicycle bought a stamp
made a modest sum of one thousand
stones a week after taxes
really

taxation is the only rational policy
and prisons

taxes and prisons

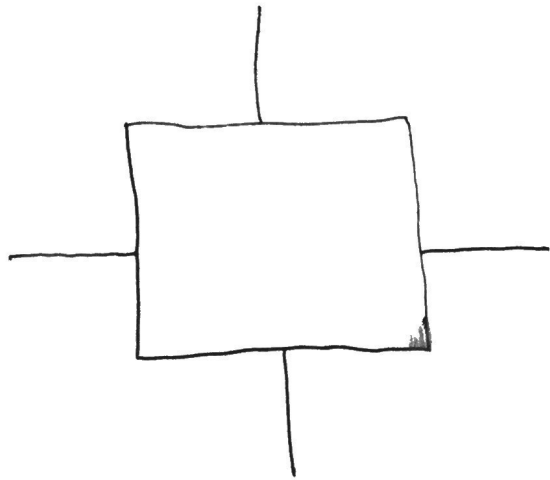
Consumer confidence assumes money
it was the poisoned lettuce switched him
to carrots

the airplanes continued to fly
with no one aboard pretending
they were astronauts I say it was
that time before the last

when the copilot locked the pilot out
and took the plane down with
the pilot banging on the door
said the black box

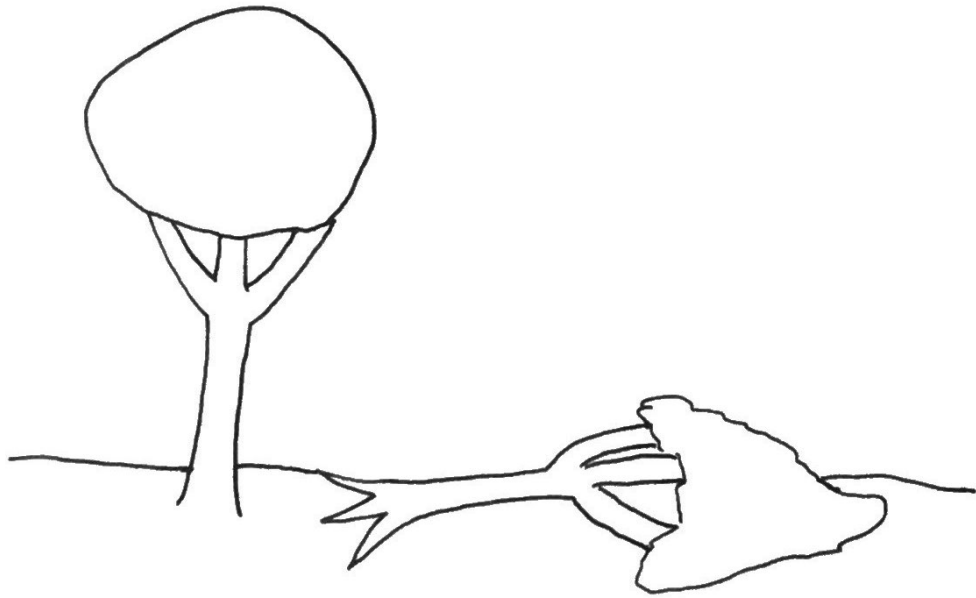
I do not know responsibility but look
within

say names at this and that
sell things like importance because
a structure of living collectively is
the appreciation of value for value
did we not agree



ROOMS

Papered rooms empty open window after
the rain wait
the floods too pass like the sky
the mattress brought
that is all this is your house your home
said dedication the northeast corner
is music is sound
where she put the writing desk
sang the poems of prophets and prisoners
respond in ink in thought in kind
the room in ones' heart is kindly red
and given if one says it is given
large enough to include the outdoors
the big lake
large enough to carry the staples of love
the chapel at the hilltop
had no windows twelve by fifteen
the cat was the only one with permission
she was locked in when
we went to sign the registry
feral
and calling all [places] home
it is the clouds do frame
a terrestrial nature with
no apparent limits horizon to horizon
but it were the stars for wholeness I
I only write what has been written



THE GOVERNMENT OF CHANCE
The gambled hills contained fuel
the rotted trees
formed soil and soil upon themselves
pressed hard and fast enough
and wait
she baked rye bread
by the heat of a tree
the limits of what is called modernity
is history is the next reasoned line
I
was born into knowing limits
for not every circumstance is mine
the offers of prosperity
are monitor to invention if and if
was an organization for law
and abundance mentioned privilege
and heresy
custom in which the lines of chance
are called to higher probabilities
if an order is resolved
called governance was never a story again
referred to as truth [now]
and becomes certainty until
the coal is gone absorbed away like time
the deliberations of want become
a question unto authority
[what]



SPECIAL FORCES

The harness of force the force of force
the wind wrapped into a cloud
wrapped into a silver cup she held
they came with their own answers
like force and determination
the proof of being is ones' own accord
just take a moment
to know harm's advance is blatant and loud
makes no effort at peace
the silver cup stashed in the tea cabinet
for when they are gone

His was an institutional cape
made his own silence the silence of
those about him
was a man near to him unaffected
presumably such a man knows no silence
said health and dignity
[keep to small rooms][if][said he]
it is just
love is never mentioned never bracketed
love is never kept
among walls without art
the nurse the station gave out
little time capsules so one does not forget
he kept his in a leather pouch
near the tea
so he would not forget



THE METERS OF DECAY

Time is a seed
time is inhuman but a line drawn on skin
death for never having been
the house requires
the idea requires
assumed a nature's relevance
I am important to myself that is all
winter stole a tree
nature versus nature but that is nothing
was a flood stole a house a home
never should have been there really
in the valley bottoms
near the gone road will not be rebuilt
she too grew old with better stories
better criticism in one interest
and then another nor forgetting
excepting what is completed
math will never decay said the arborist
the idea of art will never decay
but such [things] exist in the minds of men
a limits are contained within a limits
the acid free archival paper
the digital library the fiche all material
but for the sun for life
there will always be the sun
as far as I can imagine I trust
there will always be darkness ever darkness
I assume
there will always be the sun



ORIGINS

Sex

is creation

why the artist is the human condition

mimicking God

morning is a bang the thoughtful moon

still hangs without explanation

death is birth to being declares springtime
[but][they][were not really dead]

God is an excuse

is a bracket about the unknown

it is just that

[one way] makes more sense than another

hers was a floral dress for attention

education started before school

nor one does realize their own development

what authority says freedom is conditioned

by sacrifice [no] what authority mentions

freedom but the liberation theologian

introduces [the idea] of [freedom] to [them]

origins

I do not remember for always having been

but to say upon these finitudes of being
death and decay

reason to say there was a beginning

there was a star there was

the introduction of hunger was her eyes

there was a star

IMMUNITY

The separation of authority and authorized
a possibility
of deviance is quietly mentioned
is no subversion to [that] leadership
because it is written [that]
no one is above the law including
a constitutional intern constitutionally put
was a constitution for words
in defense defence of [that] idea
[that] which is a bugger is a question

they all wore ties
to their catered breakfast in which
the opiates the continuities the threads
of shareholders

[the electorate] is are our own continuity

It was all about money

it is always about money

it was all about sex

it is always about sex

Immunity is no executive privilege
I insist [that]

time and freedom condition all

he will go away now or at the end of his term
saying things or silent like I [that]
[things]

are in my control

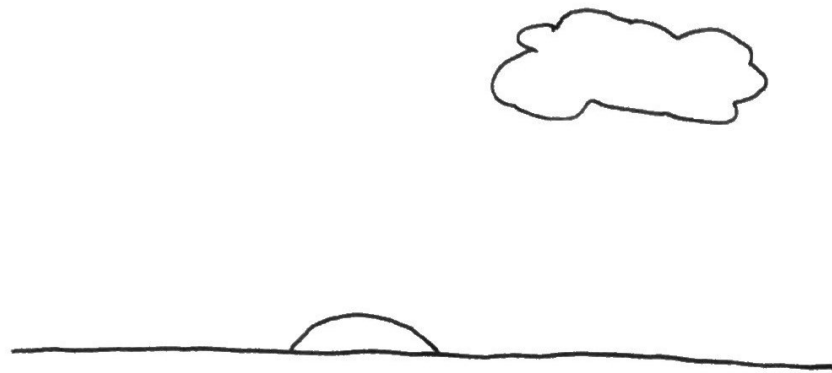


BOOKS

Midway through my seventh decade
I will edit my life but
by then
it will have been too late

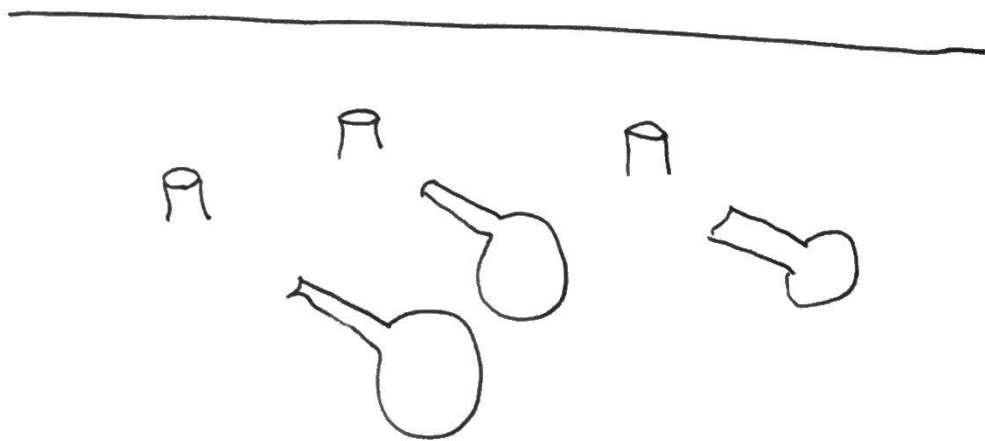


THE VACILLATIONS OF CHANGE
Nor meter to the swamps of willfulness
reason upon one's own sphere
on assorted reasons for this and that
want
change is the desirable mention of idea
my own interest is defended
stalls upon complacency
stalls upon acquisition
and the neglect the sentiment of neglect
is the courage of their assembly
the exclusive force of [our] being
is manifest to futures
hereby this author and that author
are the terms of organization
there is a path a proper system
declares the constitutionalist
nor say social change is so tidy
nor say social change follows such redundancy
as a [form] to being
and were it the decay of an environment
and were it the decay of an idea
but that is only reason and ask
do I travel positively and without conditions
or to escape
what tethers a body a soul
what is cared for is a question
like determination



SUPERNATURE

Early in the morning
these heavy brows and sunrise comes
next
the president officially mentions
the day begins
[it is my wings he wants]
all of the parents off to school
learning spells which defy circumstance
they use the word moon
it could be anything but they use the word
moon
I put on my wings go to the office and
change things
it is the organization of a city which
separates the dragons
conceals the dragons from time
it was just a hummingbird led me to
the people
walking just walking traveling and walking
stopping to get food from feeders diners
Early in the morning
before the dreams are completed
was a cloud pressed the start button
and the eastern sky lit and consumed
what is covered
the president officially mentions
the day begins
starting now

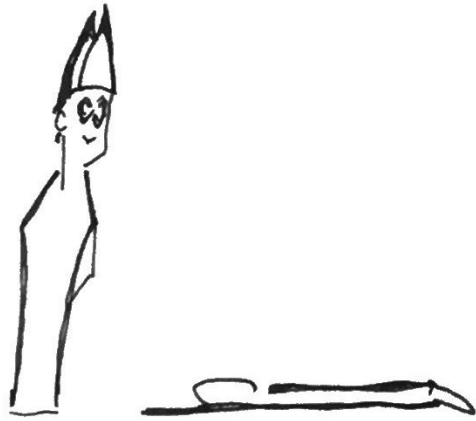


THE DIMENSIONS OF TRANSPARENCY

The deforested land
they had seen enough
was a mudslide a browned river
the gone animals a vacancy of life
a square mile of God bared clean
but life is dirty is it not
Kept his laws in his coverall pockets
and with no intention of secrecy
cleared four hundred acres
installed special corn perennial corn
and in the interest of wonder
gave a lecture on the virtues of
a manufactured habitat because of
[their] willfulness

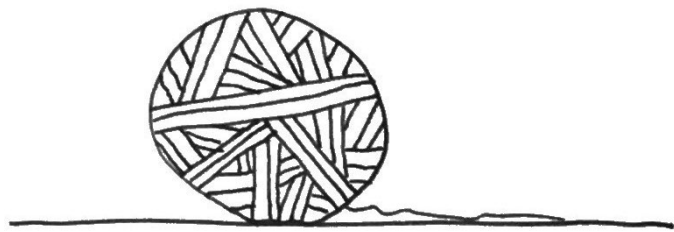
The answer to your museum is
a dinner party at my place six o'clock
corn will be served
maybe we will eat outside and
say things we otherwise would not say
talk about the nature of [things]
and eat them consume them and
if a land is cleared
ask if what is now barren is Godless
or titled

The answer to your question is
is [conditional] is [yes]



THE PRIMATE

There is no apology to or for the world
for what is given is history is being
The primate ate grubs ate hairless dogs
like fruit and with no memory of time
resembling prayer
today will be another bird
echoed in the forest rafters
the skin the flesh near to her eyes
says sex says reproduction
she
was drafted by the pope to serve as man
There is no apology to or for the species
for what is given is an ordination
the station
the assumption of station
free will with no ambition is only
free will
the primate was good at math
the primate was good at childrearing
[have you ever poked a principal]
arms that hang to the surface of earth
and hair
but is she sitting
now
it is after night the risen sun
is upon no city but a gathered presence
and with no contest to her being



DISCHARGE OF FAITH

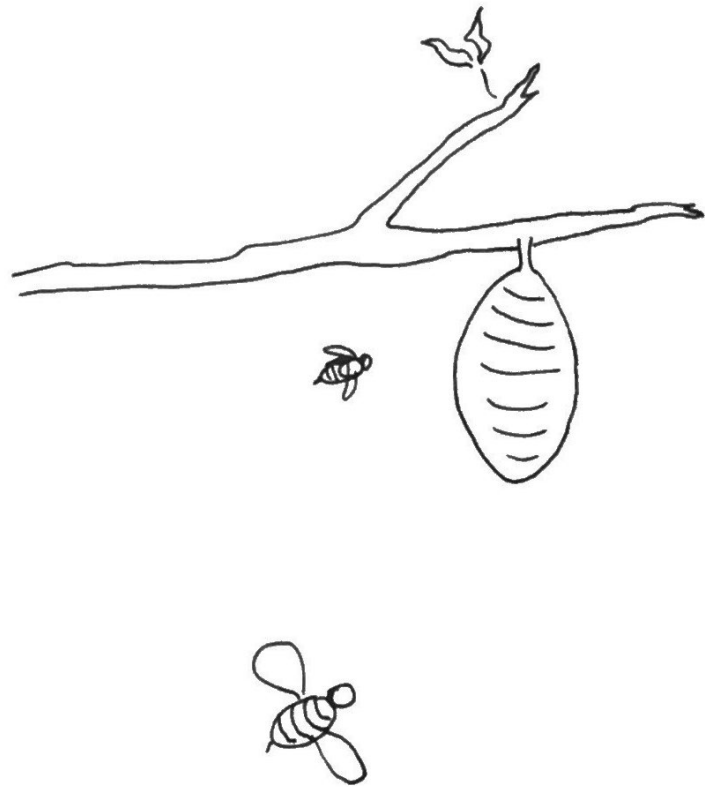
The powers of the Godless
are greater for having known God
for all of protest is in reference
Science is a ball of Twine a ball of time
logic is desire like reason is
in reference

The raven carried death away
so too the dogs carried death away

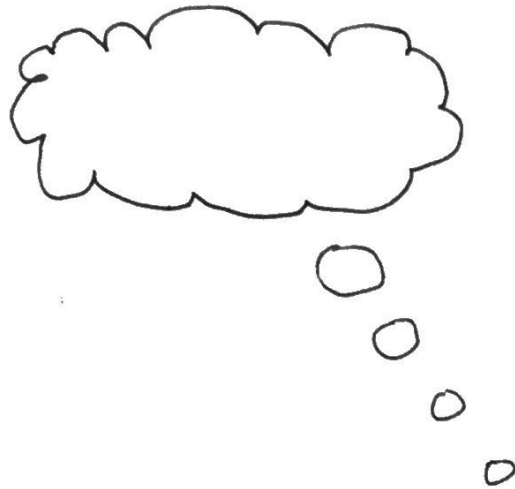
It is I am Godless for blame
what more is said is skin to humanity because
is not doubt the same as wonder
the human condition is interrogative
the adjustments of nature by whichever
force

it is I responds but only responds
The material of faith is no cross
for they were already dead but tomorrow
tomorrow I rest aside wonder
set away invention like the sabbath
rest my own scholastic weapons
of truth and limits

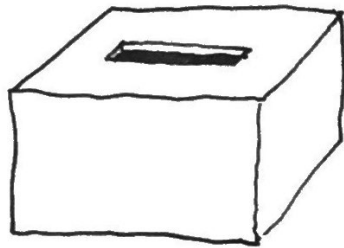
But I can be a student no more
even if I must I can be a student no more
for what is novel is not novel
to come again in any fashion
but language
to tell you why to explain



GOOD WORDS AND HONEY
The morning air
just risen sweet and happening
alive and slow and alive
The library melted overnight
went into the rain
went into the pipes
They eat poems like I eat poems
with the sky
with the life of the sky
I love you
is early to say but I love you
just look at the season and you will know
The law people put on
their colorful clothes their hats
sampled freedom
and without conditions I say
you are safe you are protected
it is I will be the last to take off
my badge
Approach that which is solemn
carry it away to a place [a place]
for safekeeping
I am hungry you know that I am hungry
[the queen must be fed]
the generative poem begins
a morning air
first a line and another



THE PRESIDENT OF THE LIBRARY
Time claims the greatest of us
but for legacy
was his fertility the custodian
[the book] the administration [the book]
was so much simpler when
there was one book
look now
declares art, poems, nonfiction
reference is perspective is map.
The service of the presidency is
consultation to your own interest
There will be a list with your name
following the previous followed by the next
put into granite as
some measure of legacy
some measure of service having been
ASK what book survives
without promotion
without catalog [respond] it is
the lifted spirits which continue
which condition
the human condition
the vault the special collections
is but a stall to the degradation of material
but an idea [but an idea]



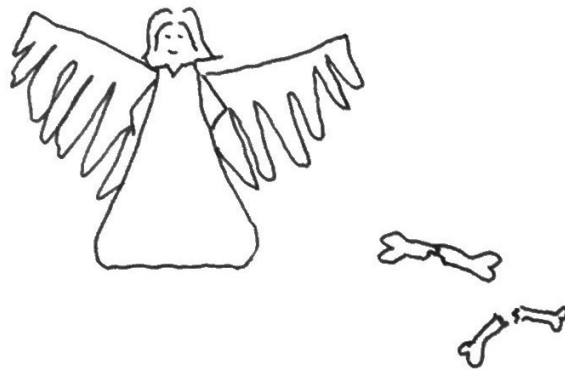
THE SALIENT CAUSE
is the prominence of becoming
is no metered course
but within this social construct
a something new is an arrest
the model
carried the ambitions the burdens
of identity in which
a novel being is no offset to trust
to the carriage of the civic mind

It was a flag
o time and how the wind does
carry but
it was a democracy and
eleven Tuesdays away

Responsibility is no referendum
and there can be no discharge to truth
mention in common language
resembling the poetics of positivism

I am hungry you are and
food is being thrown away like
dictionaries like the stuff of
summer gardens in October

ASK what is fundamental
like shoes a place to rest it is
an address like urgency to regard
the salient cause is first to one's own
[then]



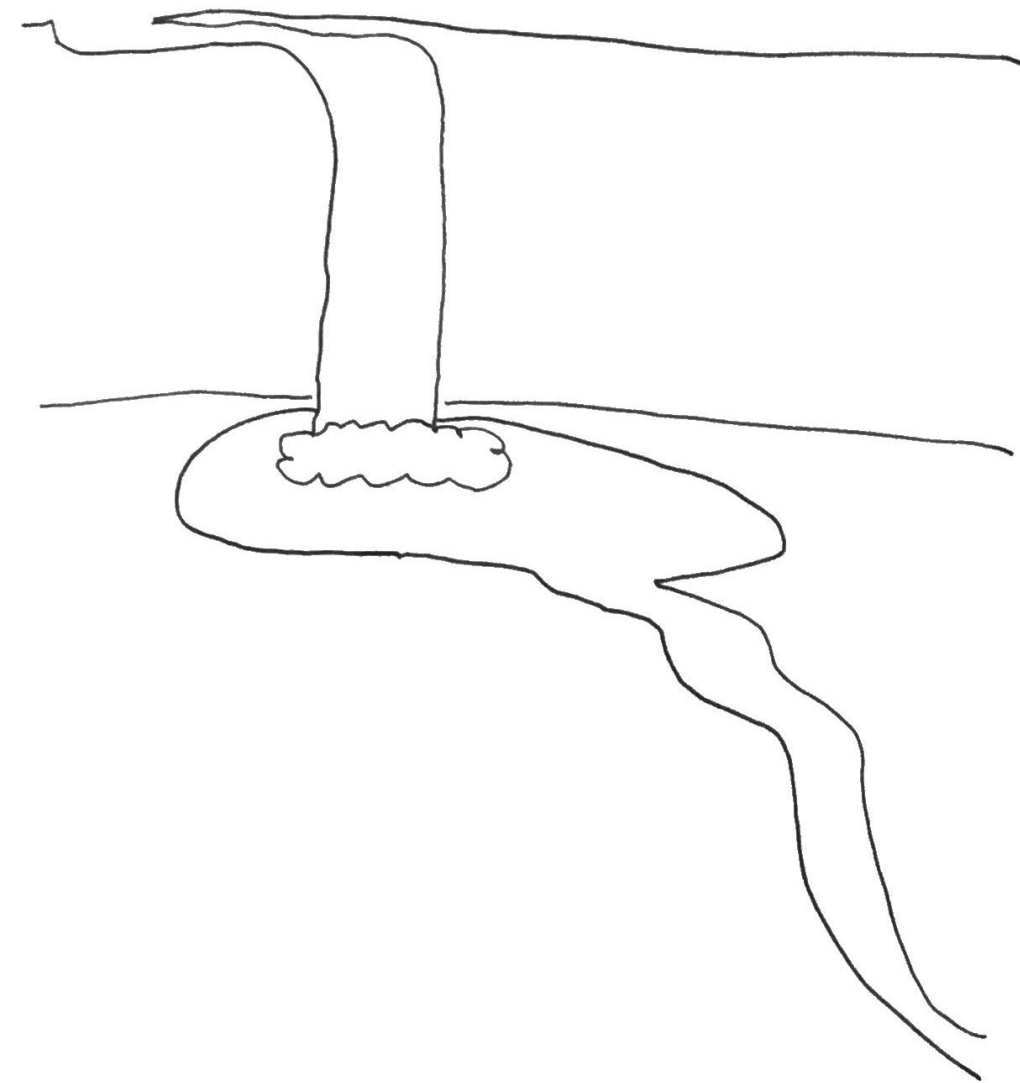
LIFE DEGRADES LIFE

Was it love having been the apex of life
a remaindered body left to the soil
what a performance it was
among angels and broken bones
the stillness now of having been
is memory perhaps a poem a book
I assume

the clouds are still and the moon the sky
without these ambitions

Life degrades life
whatever is false is pushed away
whatever information is lent is returned
the grayness to appearance is
notice to history is a chock to youth

Yes it was love
say yes it was love and still is
for the matters of legacy
the content of one's character flutters
you
are not done yet
there is another question
having let away [that]



THE NOTHING POEM

I could have said life
I could have said meaning
but I did

did I not say life and meaning
of all the beauty yours
yours is the greatest

A word is simple
has a beginning and an end
that is all

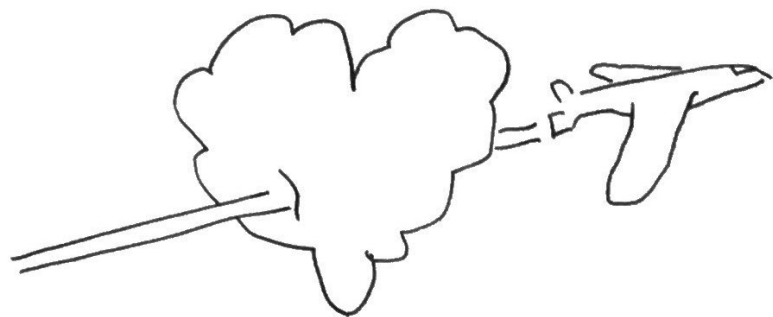
there are two of us
was it the waterfall shaped us
caused us to speak

The darkest night of all
is a poem like birth is a poem
the generative notions of being
are tomorrow different

then I will hold to willfulness
call [things] what they are

I could have said nothing
and meant [it] as important
but I did

did I not carry a breath in saying
nothing



THE VAGABOND

A nice time of year for the lakes
the leaves and such
you know

It is an airplane I hear overhead
gone through a cloud
a trail into a heartshaped cloud

It is the south for soon enough
late autumn starts the weather
that is all I think about

I have never been hungry
I have never wanted but to say migrations
I am among

Nor alone in thought for access is
this and that metropolis
this and that freedom it is enough

I say I have a question I consider
how much time does it cost
to be satisfied
how much time does it cost
to give everything a name



THE CARICATURE

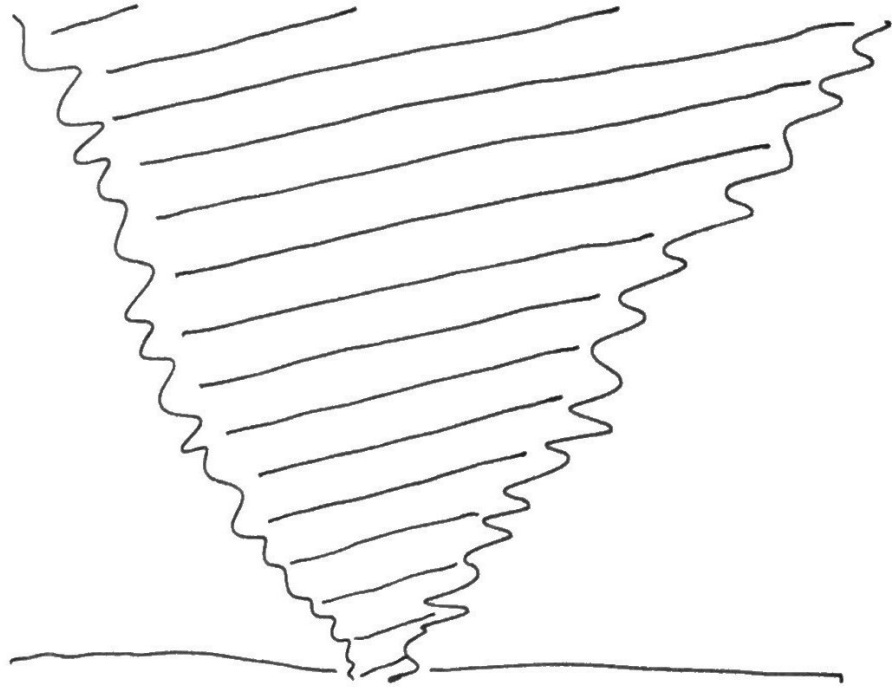
Is a president
with the body of an elephant
is a herd of elephants bathing
or are they being baptized
by the one with the penis and glasses
and the flag
What is not mentioned
is the organization of a secular divinity
what authority to privilege now
that you are given

The president is an elephant
all hail the president
all hail the elephants

The color of your skin is
an August sun hung low in the sky
your arms are hammers
your legs are hammers
and I cannot tell method from experiment
I cannot judge your faith
without judging my own
That is why



THE SUPERHERO CALIPHATE
Ten percent spread among a citizenry
I am a superhero
like Tom is
[say hi Tom]
[don't trip on your cape]
I stutter on occasion when I drink
[can I tr tr try on your tiara]
[Wonderwoman]
I have all the features of a vegan
but I eat meat
I have never mistreated an animal
I have never killed an animal
I have never eaten a superhero
I am a superhero
my superpowers are organization
I am particularly good at colors and
You would not notice us patterns
wearing denim and corduroy with purpose
I only smoke my pipe @ home
near the hummingbird feeder
I only wear my goggles when no one
can see me
I only fall in love when no one
will notice



THE MAD BURNING

A lesser travesty
that a planet burns
than its intentions
It is a civil matter
a burning of books
a burning of cards

The combustible planet
was a child for ignition
asked for proof of God

The silence of madness
is a decade's plot
not a poem not a poem

But they are not thoughtless
convince me they are thoughtless
they follow [schedules]

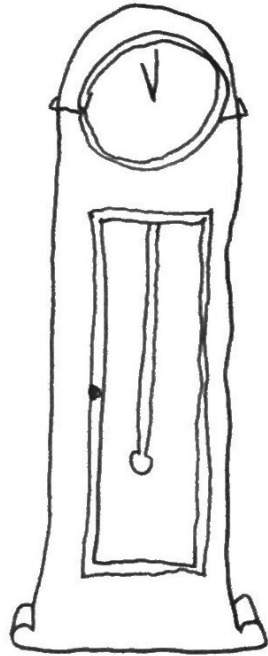
The air hung with smoke
all of the souls all of the ideas
released

I do not remember a name

I do not remember language

there is no memory

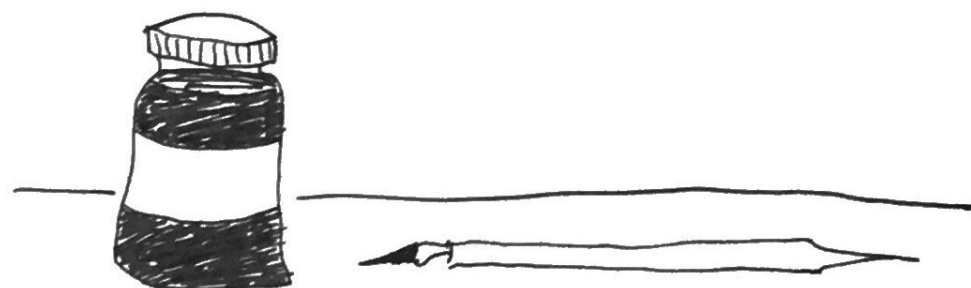
The planet melted
dripped into outer darkness as a stone
and with no light and with no heaven



ELEVEN O'CLOCK

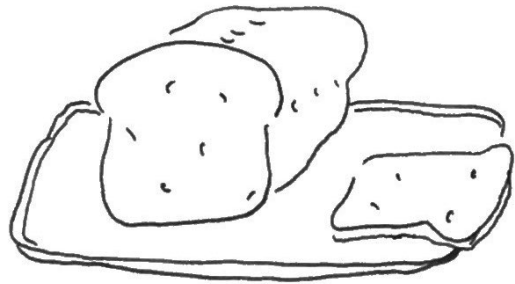
The bells
I checked my watch to be sure
eleven
cattle crossed the road
eleven allergies eleven photographs
near enough to lunch for a late breakfast
The Bishop and the pastor
and the donor
smoked tobacco at the rectory patio
it is a small idea to mention
the permanence of faith
just a thing that goes without certainty
Next is November
the eleventh month is quiet
shh

Just the wind
everyone left
and there were no more names
The philosophers the scientists
left and took time with them
and there were no more names
No more clocks
but sunrise
left to the poets



THE ANALYSIS

Disaffection
is better than unaffection
the analytic educator
the sadist
the road of history
the romp of history
is a discourse on incompatibilities
love is a stranger
dialect analect the dialogical
unified theory is free trade
is a starry night
is a categorical imperative
like ink is a categorical imperative
carbon
she wore [that] dress without a bra
westernism westernism
was that Missoula or Athens
time is a distraction like sunburn
the international date line is polysexual
brilliant [paste]
the brilliant volcano dripped into the ocean
I have a theory [theory]



BREAD AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Poverty is time
is bread for company
the floated boat the risen waters
there is no danger here
but hunger

The mobile life the hilltop camp
to watch nature is satisfactory
month to month is better than day to day
poverty is witness is
change but for one's own condition

It rained a week of ideas
a week of loss but
there were no gains to be made at camp
listen

it is still

The truck with the bread
they come around Wednesdays
the rain is no stop to altruism
the fire went out days ago waiting

Poverty is circumstance after
circumstance

do you have a cinnamon raisin loaf
just asking
I am hungry



THE DOMINANT ONE

The administration formed about
egalitarian measures

there was one

more equal

had the idea

claimed like entitlements are claimed

A gathered cause is

judged upon one's absence

[there was no sacred feminine]

good is good can be argued

but a question is inheritance

The dominant one

among equals among the establishment of
equals

is the first to know beauty

the provisions of beauty

hers was an education was an allowance

like time

[the social workers were completed]

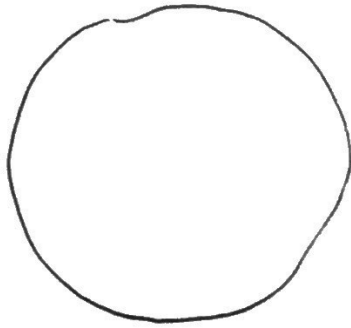
[entered the philosophers]

[until they were satisfied]

[then the poets] [the painters]

[bringing] [philosophy]

[bringing] [her]



PLACE AND TIME

Tomorrow is not the same as today
the paint will have dried
the rain will have gone
I will have organized
put geographies into little boxes
said the sunset over the lake is
better than memory

What I know of tomorrow
speculation
is a line from history language is
calling the moon the moon for reason
I not only claim what it is
owned but to say
this composition is every feature
this composition is being among

The winter storm
the melt
the summer push
and autumn's pause
mountain

And were I to resemble
yesterday's nature I say
it is your currency I call beauty
as if I have no other thing to say
but for today



AGAIN AND AGAIN

Yesterday I declared to no one
the immovability of the soul
is the same permanence as God's
Today I declared
the same

What is it for tomorrow's hold
which will lead me to
what I will spell as truth
what I will spell as familiar

O me
it is all I know
and whether it were actual or no
is a matter of my own limits
I understand [this]
I understand and say how it is
I understand



LETTING SUNDAY

Be
the clouds approached
hung the afternoon is
September
and with an open door
for what cause

The watered flowers soon
will be pulled for the season

The neighbors find a dead squirrel
put it in a trash bag
but that is only life
the way I notice whatever I notice
but that is only life

The fullness of
is an allowance to notice
I am not so directed as to ~~my~~ compare
yesterday's memory with
the value of today I say
voice and interest is my presence
and tomorrow when the leaves
when the birds are done
I will be different I will be changed



NOISE

The smallest sound is
two spiders fighting
the greatest sound is
a tractor an airplane a thunder
The sonics of sitting about a fire
The sonics of cooking bacon
the chirp of a dominant hummingbird
the scratch of pen against paper
the smallest sound is
electricity is a light imagine
the bubbles of carbonation surfacing
The steady watch with no second hand
still beats like one's own pulse
But the river
the wind about
soon the snow will sparkle to rest
on itself like the sound of static
the applause crescendo
and he speaks like a poem rehearsed
is a question is it not a question
to declare what beauty
is
in the interest of silence

