

saint

*I became the day
it was cloudy*

SCPG

GREG MARKEE

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Greg Markee

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SOPHIA
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MADISON

magic mountain

Curl the clouds and
blue atween.
Nopath ascending switching
back
the aspen stands
ponderosa to treeline
and moss. Air.
A thin breath and curls the
mind like white.
Season to
tumbling creations, the rolling
lines
of
land and impression and tree
away.
Color
and
life until it passes to season.
And just a courage
to fall back upon
social divinities
for
I am something other than.
I am something other than.
Rain or either constance,
bubbling stone and that which
forms.
I am something other than
except for now.
Curl the clouds.
Air.

impressions, whispers

And to light all becomes
like green and spring
flower.
And to light the
whispers of thought of
autonomy
of participation.
And a sound like
rolling waters upon stone and
crashing thunder and then
gone.
And a sound like
memory
the inner airs of
prairie wind I
cannot forget.
All becomes to watch, the
gathering sense of
London to
Prague to
people and
regards. The percussive sounds
of industry and
in no time a
city covers this
rambled nature and
blackberries and time.
For all becomes I wait
like patience and deciding
upon a weather a
whisper and then
gone.

sudden pride

To the swells of emotion for
having been pushed to
margin.

I remain elsewhere,
an other like
winter rain and the
currents of fog down upon
the graduals of hill.

To the swells of emotion for
I cannot hold all lest

I be void
or either simple.

And to this, defend like
history until that
which compels wipes
its ideas.

And accuse.

The blame of having lived
as object.

To the swells of emotion, the
carried force of tide, its
thought, the
carnage of thought, the
carnage of.

For if I want I am.

And so I say. Or
either to the wheel, let,
because only I
am a force which relieves
the grays of socialism and
a hobbled heart.

Only I. Let.

marry me once

And to these systems, to turns
to orbits.

And to these systems, the ecology
of participation.

Leaf and

water.

And these words, only if
there is a need.

And dolphin the
courage of
rainbow

butterfly like life. And what begins
within.

And these words, only if
there is a need.

hilarity and law

To this, poet. Mark with metaphor
and word, the art of
order. For these acts will
be settled by the containment of
a something small.
Other.
For its association, it
is known as prevention.
And in a time, the outlaws of
Sunday cigarettes, the
outlaws of public kiting, of
celebration, the outlaws of violin,
of mandolin and moonshine, and in a
time a tender laugh unto hilarity.
To this, poet. The softening of
social sway, of social control. Mark
with metaphor and myth. And let
the objectivists struggle with
the surrounds of intention.
For the better, artificial law. But
a time shall pass, and smile
to rejection if a language is
not paced as
society. If a poem is not paced.
But for now, how
real the fear of learning too much or
either the fear of genius. To
this, poet. Until I make a science ruin
things like history. Until I make
a law laugh
aloud.

striking

He was. Physical force.
And a force of thought.
With dashing features.
He was. Defending a thing.
Outward and with a plan.
Without a deepness for
consideration, for all that
deserves a consideration
was put into him by his
eighteenth year. He was.
And strong enough to carry
a weight of obligation and
honor. And strong enough
to decide upon that which
operates in a tandem with
intent and that which
operates against against.
He was. Physical force.
And determined. And
exact. And he knew enough
the grades of separation
to favor his own likeness.
He knew enough to belong
to certainty. He was.
And making others into
the heralds of his utopia.
Force. Of any type. And
control. He was. And
that which calls upon other
things without remark and
without balance. For balance
has no need among a one.
He was. Physical force.

I wish to return to beauty

Tomorrow. To the January forest.
To the clouds. To the surrounds
of wind. And the dissolve of
time and clock, the dissolve of
the machines, the dissolve of their din.
For I am not digital. I am not memory
nor number. I am not word nor
object. I am not wicked. Tomorrow.
To the chills of season, to its
story. To mercy or either to that
which has no concern for forgiving
death. To footprints. Again.

And if a place begins to recall,
and if a place restarts a trust.
And if a place is still simple, the
monochromes of January, the
drips of thirty-five degrees, I
may give them a name. Or either
forget the notion of nature as
symbol. For nature is no symbol,
there are only symbols of nature.

Tomorrow. To spectacle and the
remembrance of freedom, the
discern, and then its stop. For
I am a member. And to this thought
I am welcome unto myself. This
is all that I am qualified to give.
For the rest is something other than
mine except what it does to me.

I have a thing to give

Inna box,
emotion
and
kindness.
Inna box.
The way
of trust and
allowance.
The way
of letting
a hurtful
thing go.
The way
of night and
stars, of
countries
of lakes
and clouds
and cheese.
Inna box,
the stone of
love. The
stone of a
contentedness
without a
natural match.
Inna box,
I want this
for you. With
amber ribbon.

stardust

Twinkling into rings,
cosms, matter of becoming
and of explosion.

And together, for
there is no resistance like
time kept separate.

Material, to
wonder at memory, the
whiles of galaxies.

Traveling and rest.
and subordinate to no
planet, no system.

Lest I imagine
I am made of pieces.
Lest I imagine.

And star, the confines
of attention. Shooting thoughts
and photons into.

The divisions of
being and not being. No
matter a size. Fleck.

Dust watch, and a light
fade to black. Know a
comet streaking. Pass.

magnet calling and

The summons of thought.
God magnet.
I am iron and
black and solid and
responding because it is my
nature
until a greater force
demands of us
both.

studying women

With books and
intentions.

The devotion to
knowledge and to
the order of sisterhood and
walking in rows
like acts and
silence and
memory
for the trodden
wait like hunger.

And to be known as
all,
the habit of source,
of direction and
mercy and
change.
With intentions and
books.

Cross on plaster wall.
Rolled blanket for kneeling.
Candle or either none.
Bed because a body is still simple.
Closet for things she wears.
Door.

And occasional smile
because
it is still greater than
having a lesser faith.
Because.

casting stones

How are you different, man?
How has time changed you?
What is in your museum?
How are you different, woman?
Where do you find peace?
Are you equal to love?
Are you equal to nature?

How are you unlike me, moon?
What do you dream of?
Are you greater than dust?
Are you greater than that which flies into you?
Are you greater than service to earth?
How are you unlike me, time?
Do you not breathe?
Do you not watch?
Do you not cling to that which is important?
Do you not live?

And how to measure that which is different?
I am only a poet and
without slide and glass.
I am only a poet.
And how to satisfy that which is different?
For a language is only partly common.
And if we have this, moon,
I will give you a lifetime as a gift as
a crater.
And if we have this, woman,
I will give you a lifetime as a gift as
something
unlike dust.

monitoring a happiness, its excess

For its tempered sustainability,
that it not turn to illusion.

That its foundations continue
to imagine.

That a cause be nurtured.

That a cause develop.

For what was simple, its envelope,
how it grows with a lifetime.

How a source, I will not bleed it until.

And this source, I am another with
several needs.

Other than.

Other than.

And watching the lifestyles of chimpanzees.

And watching the turns of light.

And watching the difference of religious experience.

And watching a science shape itself.

And listening just the same.

For its return, that a pleasures be home,
that a candle upon mantle reflect
a smile.

That the graven remark,
that I hold it against nothing until it passes.

For a fullness takes many turns
this thirty-fifth year declares.

And I am not as simple as an
instant.

Nor do I need recall that tomorrow bears
a weight.

Just a glide at this, and developing unto
something like happiness or either
pleasure.

the prize

To win this at no expense for
I never recognized a challenge.

A knight you are.

As if.

Only the ness of content for
having realized ends
from the beginning.

And after.

At once greater, a tender rest,
and to the next, that having
made its presentation.

And to the next.

To win. But from the first I
had not considered an order
to its presence.

And never a difficulty in its defense.

And never a question of its truth.

To win, they say in
congratulations.

Okay.

As if I had stolen a knowledge.

But I am confident I have not,
even if another had imagined likely
one thousand years ago.

And because,

I am worthy but

only realizing something real
is not in its public applause but
in its own celebration and

you are welcome if

nothing

else.

snow

Pure and colden. Littering
down white upon forest floor
collecting. Fluff and skyward,
a winter's gray, speechless.
And quiet except for the
occasions of gentle air bending
a bearing descent. In a day
I will have tracked a storm
to its ends. I will have watched
the attitude of season. And
its rest. Now quiet and collected
on wire and oak, and heavy
like patience. Pure and colden,
and stopped for thought,
the remains of letting down.

the everything divorce

Belief, my parameters are now simple.
And love, it is in two.
And people, there are only others.
Money, only of my interests.
Law, only of my interests.
And hate, it never having been, it too cannot exist.

I discharge categories for
there is no science.
I draw strength in isolation.
And if a goodness, it is from these terms.
And if a goodness, it is full and
it is etched.
I discharge memory.
I discharge observation and exchange
or either I walk to a settled
knoll and rest without worry.
I discharge the implodes of society.
I discharge neatness.
I discharge calendar.
And if a star, I only consider it as reason.

And a body, it has always been
alone.
Always
and without change.
And heaven and hell,
I think of other things like
being.
Because becoming no longer
considers itself.

the flip side

To the synthetics, to those who believe in the inevitable unions of opposition. To the contraries and the social distributors, to the programmers, to the collectors. I wait for you. I wait for you to settle, and prove there is still one other equal to your testimony, but different. For there is no all that you are aware of, lest you be the mold of us each. Lest we share a history. To the synthetics, to the reasoners, to the graduates, I am change. And otherwise a separate to your pyramid, your evolution. At least I know this, in silence or either courage, that a self can escape the confines of an incestuous eternity. A self can only escape an absorption. Until we forget a war of dominance and eloquence, until we forget the wretch of living over one another, and I may give a measure to your heart with all good intentions but you will never understand like I do. Until we die, and even then we will die differently and with different imaginations.

dizzying the souls

Rings around death and the containment of the speculatives, the unknowns. For a mystery within chamber, within what was flesh, what was blood and bone. It gone, but its symbol, marked in stone and peace among other stones. Grass and wind. And society, its encroach upon sacred space, to form rings, without ever creating opinion or regard. And a blind eye to knowledge or either faith, a blind eye to security. For I know I will be buried upon a hill where life passes without concern for encroachment. Elsewhere. Where life passes I will rest in solid features until a death no longer matters. Until I care no longer for history.

Until the dizzying rings are no longer a concern like time.

But for now I cannot say why to step as near as I can know, and blindly.

saint I became the day it was cloudy

Passing clouds, announce.
Another to enter, and
kind like season. For

having favored a
natural order by this
anyname. For a

winded word among
blue and air, I will speak as
loudly or either

pause, for I know a
testimony is any
regard for knowledge.

Color me lightly,
God. As you will. And to this
fullness, I, weather.

I am the surrounds
of time and attention. I
am among. Without.

And no longer the
restless, for I am knowledge,
permanent like cloud.

And behaving as
air behaves. As light
behaves. And life, I.

cosmic priest

And having left his principles, just an instant.

And for having left his principles,
begin again

or either steady oneself against an ancient force.

For an opposition, an intellect beginning
outside and cosmic.

You are still priest, indeed.

But a place, for your cloth, a place, an
inspiration ascendent, for you believed in

the permanence of health, that a society had
consumed its troubles. And your worth,

what you believed,

that a service to the stars.

To the profounds of other attitudes.

To the profounds of celestial intercourse, and

how it can ring upon an assumption of first principles.

To the carnivals of laughter and imagination.

But a priest still serves,

and a life still serves.

And a need requires.

And a destiny only becomes cosmic in flashes
and instants.

You are forgiven.

For an attitude of selfism and acquisition,
you are forgiven.

Or either charged to a new obedience
without bounds.

And less certain than what we knew as
children,

unless you carry

that

as well.

To consume the social. To
promise a thing greater than
rooms of government.

A thing. To
promise an efficiency and
a reinforcement for efforts.

To consume the social. In
littles and steps, to swallow
the microns of independent
thought.

And
to put them to numbers and
objectivity.

For a peace exists outside,
but this principle operates
in segments. This without,
it is of no bearing to the
interns of financial validation
and acquisition.

Be well, after.

And in this construct, think
not of slavery. Not of walls.

In this construct, consider
your release upon a days end.

Where ideas still travel
freely and without consequence.

Then.

And return of a corporate
mind, where principles will
be your interest, your
elevation if you allow.

Knowing the lanterns of peace.
And with these images, the
announce of best practice, of
best effort. For in a day I
will be the time of goodness.
I will be the address of concern.
I will be reason upon a littered
knowledge of social forms and
learning. For an order becomes,
and to these words, the integration
of the immeasurables like freedom
and cooperation, the decline of
materialism, the decline of
lines and symbols, lest there
be a need. Knowing the lanterns
of peace. And knowing the
bounds of advancement, of a
fulfillment. For cause is next,
the indication of reason, the
plant of hope, of destiny. I
am young. And in my favor,
I am young. And the confines
of settled attitude, the confines
of trade, the confines of the
equalities of things, they are
not the presence of a directed
opinion. And I wish for no thing.
Knowing the lanterns of peace.
And the ideals of service, how
they are to become like ministry
becomes, a concept and into
another likeness the greater.

war, not war

The flutters of conscience.

Enemy.

Friend.

I can only tell this moment
except for reason.

I am flutter
to fault.

Enemy.

Friend.

And torn, the bodies. And blood.

And life as disease.

Any other as disease.

Or either peace in isolation.

Or either a retreated peace in isolation
with dwindled meaning
and service I can
never mind.

Enemy, you are friend.

And the rattles of thought
mistaken as suicidal
disregards

or either

reluctance for any opinion.

Any opinion.

They will play, the warriors.

And someone must defend peace.

And someone must defend war.

Or either to elect the other
divisions, them open to change.

Enemy.

Friend.

The flutters of conscience
gathering.

being peace, defending peace

Little, this being.

But the trade of service cannot defend itself,
only to know its soul as word
and quiet.

Great, to defend
principle with iron and object, I
am full for having.

And know not an act
of order

is the institute of netherideals, away
from core and
justice.

Little this being.

And only having asked for nothing.

For a charge to order

I wish not upon the sacred acts
of

despair for loss

and how to return

to being.

I know.

Little this being.

And regards to that which is great

I can only call you until
you do something other.

Little this being.

Or not at all I

cannot question.

The trade of service cannot defend itself
except in acts
which cannot learn
themselves any more.

to light

Social flowers, the buds of urgency.
To errand, to light, to fill this heart with
material.
The art of society, the watchers,
the drones and magic, the way
an idea, for an absence, for
an absence.
I am speed, and
accomplishment.
Like service to death and service to
want, I am fulfillment like
profit.
Social flowers, I know them, and
to be that which is not, to be
the space of sovereignty,
with painted hat and smile.
I am no one else.
A beggar, if, but I am greater.
An opportunist, if, but I am greater.
A poet, if, but I am greater.
Like these acts, and like these intentions,
how a weed through asphalt,
how a city fog.
And nature to this being, and push
at
the bounds of familiarity. Rush
at disease, and circle
death in sage. Even here.
Social flowers, and urgency. And if idea,
I will be its address.
To light.

an evening with four souls

Around a table, for paths,
for intentions
having encroached one another.
At least we have language
I say
quietly.
At least we have patience
I say in the beginning.
For a night travels into the weds
of ideology,
into the surrounds of futures
where I had not
imagined.
And table, it is not as meaningful.
And word, it is no longer framed.
Them shamans all, the
objects, and
forgetting themselves I remember
like smoke.
And around and walking neatly
on sacred thoughts.
Treading
for truth.
Four paths, and
I can only speak of one and
remembering why
in company.
In company.

born of the medicine clan for the preachers

Wind and dust, this body handles.
I remember how water for a soul
and how a soul becomes.
And its regards, to adolescence
and to the matures
of the mind.
I can no longer think except
for single needs.
A voice becomes, to social intellect,
I can no longer think but
I will tell you certainly that
time is for travelers.
A body is for travelers for
sense.
And having met exhaustion for
its incestuous consideration, I
am now reason.
Other
and remarking upon a worldly philosophy
or either fantasy I
had come to know before
I had completed
a training.
Wind and dust, this body handles.
And how a soul becomes, no
matter
lest I talk about it quietly
and then with a confidence.
As if confidence
had been given to me
also.

unless

For having been elected to public office.
Resident Jesus
and thank you
for the bridges you build.
And if a private affair becomes
your light,
and if a personal affair drowns
your meaning,
friend I will call you
or either stranger and
with no less respect unless I need a
thing.

the economics of service

And when, a corporate mind became the
carrier of good will, of service?
And volunteerism, when, to be directed?
And when, a knowledge to become official?
For money gathers I suppose, and no
one
will stop you otherwise, but money gathers
like philanthropy. And those with the
eterns of morality and public consent, those
with the eterns of permanence, they want
you and your good idea.
For absorption into public policy, into
corporate method, into the blitz of conformity
and public opinion.
For who cannot recognize a mind still exists?
And the greater for having the alternatives of
bicorporatism.
Public opinion. And a monument to goodness,
an effort to goodness.
An official knowledge to goodness.
For a hundred year philanthropy will sell
a lot of soap
a lot of beer
a lot of machines.
And that is when, a corporate mind became the
carrier of good will, of service.
And I will not mention the time I expected
nothing when I gave Microsoft an idea.

official knowledge

I.
The authorization of a type of expression.
The consent of affiliation.
The conditions of affiliation.

II.
That an authority.
That a history.
That a mode exist for the allowance of modern experience.

III.
For the management of ends or either their disregard.
For the foundations of ritual.
For subject.

IV.
I am legacy.
I am the lineage of behavior.
I am student.

V.
And science as social knowledge.
And otherness as culpable.
And problem as purpose.

VI.
To catalogue reason.
To concern oneself with social foundations in a way.
To parcel an attention.