

COLUMN PRESS

salt

GREG MARKEE

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MADISON

salt

slow winds constance a
stone of salt for the weather.
and the hardness of for
bodies, this
is for the confluence of man and
mineral.
a body and dissolves, washes
spirits die, I am only young
and timeless for
I pray to timeless things like
questions.
who does come, what
lithia comes I love her and drink
her.
the lighted crystal, the
heated day and pulls the
sun to watch
I do absorb. and isolation I
too know the wandering
lines, the medium lines of
language.
the wind does not wash this
to ocean nor immense
things.
the rains do not come to shallow
caves.
nor is this collected
innocently for no treasure is
innocently collected
nor kept.
but to give it away in
quiet sin is to give it away
as if it were mine.

appearing to the poet

quit
social metaphorism,
it is unreliable.
there is no substance to birth
as dawn, winter
as restlessness. old science
was only near when I believed that
man was a universe
but not even he could describe the absence
of self if the moon were not
inspiration.
he and his guns let me because
I would otherwise get into some religious
trouble if I kept declaring
the forest speaks
German before it turns
into other languages like pleasure.
to quit the social metaphors for nothing
is substance
except depression.
and if science fills that void I am only
strong and not knowing
why.
Oh, peppy, give me drugs, old science dry
science, oh, objectivity
peppy give me drugs.
and I will marry a house and paint it.
and I will think in balloons.
and I will breathe life.
and when one thing becomes regular as
something else I
will then think about what
I used to be.

if I were to choose

the permanence of action, if I were to choose
to always act.
or either to consider
things
like beauty, like the cause and force of things,
and to make a life of consideration.
that either be a path, and their meld,
that a growth of developing
thought and the power of activity, to then
be thought again
and directed at the pleasures of want for
control.
but to dissolve thought, and how a field of
response and reply, that
I am small and made to insectdom
as if religion were exactly what were told to me,
and as the stars, they
were
exactly as books describe and
I know them as nothing else.
a consideration, and novel any, that to have
banded freedom into the engagement
of life is to have called 'no' to the
forces of separation
which were to declare
a separation of being.
For what is being? I know
it is no such absolute lest I bring a method to
everything. Lest I declare, lest
I possess a part or either
to satisfy all the frames by their
collection.

penises standing around

in hallways, drinking coffee, penises chatting
about money and how things are
progressing
socially. is everything in order?
is method still stable? is there enough reason
still
to justify social engineering and
social construction?
in basements standing upright and
within forgivable distances from other
penises.
how the world was built, in little pieces neatly
placed with other little pieces, and
to discover history again over as
that which sustains the
production and the distribution of material
things.
in congregational places, in information
centers, shooting out living information, gathering
and collecting and
changing and distributing to meet
satisfactory penile needs.
and what about science? let us ponder science
as social knowledge and what it
requires. oneself as weapon or
either point into that which resists like
war resists.
in laboratories with eyewear and labcoats,
the penises watching bubbling liquids and
coming to the conclusion that
method is stable if
the independent variables only come one at a
time.

truth rests at snow

Setting down the questions when
winter starts now.
The quiet blows of storm, the
downflakes crossing lamplight I too
quiet.
The walks gently cover for
blizzard and I settle except for patience.
And if a thought, of nature starts,
how far the cause of this,
what God allows, the way a
tractor does clear God away.
And what cannot be stopped, the
spring will come I know
then, and time will return then
in little spites of warm
which will say think again. Think again,
then.
And the lives and wars, for
what does not pause at the reassurance
of nature?
And what book does not remark
at this?
But a moment before the
next when to love is to be one of
several winter features,
and to love is to wait.
Setting down the questions because
what I answered was them
when I stood, the wind stopped
and snow melted on me.
Think again, then. Think again, this.

near to vault

A center in which time is collected and
in which all decisions are cast.
The collective mind is stored, it is called
things.
All morality is only drawn.
And next to blackness to rest, to
receive, to be in
trust.
Within are there answers only? And to
construct a closer overlook
is to still be infinitely ignorant.
The whorls, and all great truths are in a
reference.
All little knowledge is in a reference.
Or to discard the monotheism of
the singularity of truth, that
the question of natural
origins I do not consider, but only accept
the structures of organic life
as fact, and from each strain, to
solve only that then, and
away from cores and origins.
That is how to approach infinity I am sure,
for how to accomplish
knowledge otherwise except in prayer?
And if, to discard a body.
To know a center, and if, a reasoned deferral
until I know what I ask of you.
But I ask for nothing,
for to stand at bounds is then to give
thanks because eternity and openness has
emptied itself
into all other places. This I gather.

- what is your system?*
1.
to live more efficiently?
to live with greater consideration?
for legacy?
for pleasure?
 2.
do I require a particular language?
what is here excluded?
what are ends?
 3.
is a system directive?
is a system to watch?
is a system divine?
and what is God?
 4.
is life now better than?
and the birds.
is there a knowledge to that which happens?
and the rain.
 5.
is a system required?
why call a system that?
does a system disregard systems?
 6.
is to live to discern?
and who does not choose?
what is tax?
what is social generation?
 7.
my name is only.
my word thinks of places.
what is to be certain?
what is moral allowance?

to hold the language of old things
A hundred years will see common things differently. A language held will make that which becomes obsolete no more useful, though a records are to mark a path of history. The tools, the items, the curious, and to know a context then, that a man did recognize things outside of himself for what reason? And if, I too am similar and living as elders lived and now attending to electricity and lasers. That a concept succeed the days regardless of outer things, and this brings quiet, that I am only different than an age if I do not think. Lest I wish a difference, then, to cast away language and inner things. And to be only moment, and to be without connection nor history. To be without the substance of time. A hundred years will see common things differently, though a course upon remembrance, that an object lasts in a manner as a legacy then lasts in the continuities of language.

lofting character. the changing colors.
and he who once walked circles
around things, now
the interns of thought.
the snow covers stalks and
the wind drifts snow.
the upright character of them having
lived among cold.
and descended sun halfbright listens
to winter thought.
the moon is still full among that
which whistles, I
once cast physical intentions around property,
and a mental intention
no less than
except a product of thought is
thought.
thought brings me to this, that thought,
it is only thought.
and the edge of land, for
it to be untouched, it is to leave
it outright.
A circling mind is not the constructs
of physical being, lest
these metal arms act.
lest these words do sound in
social push and lest these words do sound
the gaps of physical criticism.
lofting character. and what does
change?
the earth does change in cycles and
I think potently or either move stones.

208

centimeters carving turns
holding edge running

one end turned up

soup kitchen chaplain

what needs to be done
food first before
the soul

prayer pause and eat

Sunday service
folding chairs the
stories of dayness to dayness
struggles
insanity and hope, the downness of
luck

coffee and winter
warmth, for some
to be enough or either
ways
of teaching
gifting

shelter
and silence
thought and dignity then

affirmation
and friendship trust it takes
so long
until safety
is believed

the vegetable beef

the material matrix

the universe in brackets he says for
its consideration is
unreasonable.
only the earth he says, the mighty winds,
the oceans, the
weather systems,
only these will draw some social affect,
only they matter he says.
the elsewheres of stars, they
only bring consideration and curiosity, it
is enough he
supposes.
a community and its farms, this
is a universe
for it is sustainable.
and to visit other places, this is
sustainable, the
trains, the trains.
and sound is material he says, the
birds and life, the
way a water crashes, the language of
stars.
language is material he says the
high plains or
either the mountain dialect, music
is material, music is language.
the universe in brackets he says, until the
food arrives, until
the patience arrives and then
the universe can be brought out slowly.
and this is reasonable he says
his name is
slow.

tule ye

administer thine instruments for social
acceleration, oh, make
of the a tool.
for competition lasts and this diary
assaults the convention
of being lest
I roll away as someone else's hand.
I am not formed,
but this absence I do administer as any
for its potence. and
cover thy will, thy soul, for
it will be stolen
outright and without thought and
made to involuntary service
picking avocados and shelving old poetry.
shelving old poetry.
keep hand as hammer.
keep hand for writing into air
the common thoughts and I will last
and ask only
for the occasions of attention.
a house shall be built of mighty peoples
and mighty cultures, a
land defended then for reason comes
and reason is tool if
it thus arrives from being.
and having been and being, I know
from Saturday struggle and
that which addresses
torment simply in the form of social
union though
I do not answer to anyone nor do
I expect.

half and half

half of my poetry rhymes.
calf dove sigh ogretree times.

the other half lives outright.

half of my poetry is important.
staff glove die low knee fizz abortment.

the other half repeats itself.
the other half is redundant.
the other half repeats itself.

half of my poetry brings thought.
laugh love cry Joe bee stings drought.

the other half brings oceans.
the other half brings moments.
the other half brings stillness.
the other half brings oceans.

half of my poetry answers.
graph shove rye stow me dancers.

the other half questions.

half of my poetry struggles.
shaft above spy knowing key juggles.

the other half is only wondering.
the other half only knows already.
the other half is only patient.

new shoes

leather sloppy hippie

slip on ignore

buckle.

walk around the walk

city sidle

meadow amble to the flowers

plant oneself.

the sun

into the moon turn

to starnight.

driving duds Chicago pass daybreak

country drive dewform

farm

the corn the corn

walked from Panama.

Go west

miles

sippy river cross

for what I remember of home. sleep

thrown in corners like

no attention to

schedules.

hippie leather I quietly say, for

to be good

then Denny's awake

All American Slam breakfast two coffees.

nothing changes

except for me and souls.

the nothing changes walk

strut.

thinking succulents

receiving and never giving. to be planted in

centered social positions

and the art of no

resounds in corridors.

who has this information?

the information ministry, indeed.

and them the labyrinth of information and

the labyrinth of stepping

rightly.

to ask a question, and a response is the

exact response of protection

for what use nothing broader than

application.

and the side for retention, the side for gaining

the marks of society, the

records, to

be larger than the allowance for freedom of
use.

ever thirsty, and amid the dry

terrariums of academia, holding rightly

to the positions which

were once given as trust.

for anyone to be protective, and anyone to

be quietly planning, there is

no defense

lest an information be held, lest

an information require certification.

and to those to start their own discipline, to

be absorbed

at some time for nothing is silent and

nothing is independently abled

ultimately.

the oaths of worms

let us be grand and free, and
not a rain come down
I bathe in springtime, watch the
robins then borne.
the light is nothing, and prayer death
comes once more the
soil through a body. dirt and
swallowing dirt, letting out dirt
for flowers from
this and
who is proud?
for I do watch the productions
of soil, I do
watch lawn and that
which controls lawn. I do watch that
which possesses lawn.
let us be fine and
learning, the earth does die
without this within, and
to know then mineral and impulse,
the ganglia for reproduction
for so many times to be
hooked for fish
I do forgive for a thousand
lives as worm is guarantee to
the heavens of wormhood
where all soil is loose and dark,
and all soil, it is
moist.
and rain come down then
patterns, forever it will mist.

slime lines

worm east crosses worm west.
mark it with a museum they say filled with
brains.
two dollars to revel at brains.
slime lines, the diaspora
zig zag for many worms to know what
a brain is.
the loopers, the unidirectionalists, the
squatters watching
themselves being surrounded in lines and
thinking of lines.
the thoughts of slime lines, perhaps it is enough.
worm east and then turns north, how
not to meet worm south?
they only can agree on a museum filled with
brains.
two dollars and thirty two cents Canadian
that is
to revel at a regional brain.
and if a quest for autonomy, and
a line was never public,
what is not public?
slime lines, and then responsibility having
known brains.
slime lines, and to be confused at
that which is confused, that which is without
order.
to stop and stare.
to call it brain, that which confounds, and
to pause and then
continue.

we are tall

to do many things, we are tall.
there is nothing which is not included.
the systems which manage bodies,
the systems which demonstrate science, the
systems which collect power,
we are tall.
to last and legacy, to discipline, to
order, to speak,
to know God to move.
a stone is mighty we gather and force a
water's edge.
a plants are mighty and in rows.
an air is mighty, to have traveled.
to do many things, we are tall.
and the difference of death, to be greater
than and
recognizing death, allowing death for
it is the tallest I can be.
speculation, to consider the
speculates of death and allow that
and knowing the bounds, for not too far.
for knowing stops
we are tall.
and the growth of everything changes, we
to make a part and to travel
along.
and finding things, and to be open,
the clouds for letting, the
ocean, we are tall.
there is nothing which is not included
though to separate sound from
meaning, for we are tall.
separate sight from meaning.

pond scum

muck.
green jelly frog universe
water
stillness.
the insects.
turtle muck grass and
hanging trees
floating debris stillness.
the quiet bird.
green smell
the humid enchants of ecology.
I
will never leave
a food source
a life source.
muck and dragon fly
mosquito.
bog stink edge gray mud
algae
little fish in little schools.
little bugs.
little biting bugs.
the
quickly growing things
and prowling
cats
for creatures.
silent smell, the
splash the
silence.
muck to muck settles.

when astronauts are common

when the women have gone, and all of
the groups have been
represented.
after all the firsts, when the
old timers realize jealousy at them
without physical requirements
nor special skills.
because all he ever wanted was to do was
fly
out there.
except for the pats on the back
at having frontiered something new, and
how the accolades
stir the boredom of having traveled
outside.
the best. he was always told this.
the brightest, the most
nimble.
the most representative.
the most able.
and when a model becomes so common
and so effective that
a public believes that the
anythings a model can accomplish, so
too I can do.
this is a purpose, though
a harshness to being an effective model
is that you are the first
of everyone.
and in good company if nothing else.
a harshness to being.

they hide in the trees

they must be in the trees, the
eagles, the
snow coming down,
the
river.
the bareness moving water.
it moves.
sand and log, treetop.
the sky is empty with freedom.
all of the skies are empty
with redemption.
they must be in the trees
for this is where I
gather.

reconciling words and music

for he is speechless in tones and causing
the implies of emotion.

for he is sound and language and
reasonable.

the implicit sounds of nature for
what was first,
the wind was first, the
water.

the heartbeats.

and to call that language. to call
things in voice

what is music and to call that now in
reason.

and what does not nominate except
for that which copies.

does a music copy, does a language
act in reference.

and respond, do I return a
voice.

the wind is near I tell it.

you are near.

and if a song I answer, to clarify I
do know atmosphere.

what is social, and an explicit force will
name anything once

and social response.

language is music I know except
when it does stop at meaning.

a word is sound

and text is staff and clef

except when it does stop at meaning.

for that I push history for

imagination again.

immigration

the movement of peoples.

a saturation policy.

new revolution within an old system.

a labor to offer.

bringing and taking different forms of
God.

what language I decide

what poetry I love.

do I love words?

money and communication, money as
language.

and a home then left to

think dearly of

though to leave with reason

like social conditions

like health conditions.

and proud and learning.

offering.

to stand still and face unknowns.

to bring cousins

and friends and

children to

stand still.

respond.

God is different when

a hunger is satisfied.

and saturation for a voice comes and

land does answer

moved masses.

a system does respond to moved
masses.

and to be alone is to learn.

to take that.

seed vault

Norway keeps the seeds of every species.

And what is kept in a seed?

If a thousand years of destruction and a
bristlecone pine is then

planted, will it be only physical?

And what is retained in a seed? How to
grow, how to drink, how
long to live.

A parentage of plants never did
exist in a social sense.

And the repopulation of defeated soil, it
is the structure of the seed
and the elements which call those out.

Tomato and barley, cranberries,
rice.

And everything quiet and frozen in time
and isolation.

History is kept in a seed.

The history of an environment, the way
a nature fits a plant for an environment
by naturally selecting
qualities.

And to have stopped a species now,
for a seed vault is as new as its
last addition accounting that
which survived the latest difficult
hurricane, the drought.

A thousand years nearer to perfection
will say the geneticist then
and a thousand years past, the novelty
of taste will be
replanted
necessarily or without warrant.

them living in pyramid cities

the social construction of inclusive
societies in 2050 was the
division of man.

them qualifying for habitation and
them choosing.

and the rest, to live
singly as they had, for them to continue
to breathe untreated air
and to eat natural grains, and
to farm and reproduce without restriction
as they had.

and within a pyramid with
governance and social expectations,
with credits for the things
of survival, with fixed resources, for
it to be a training for
colonization of greater elsewhere.
a city is ultimate, its manifest is
sustainability.

and for those to engage the cores
of life, for every one has purpose, do they
not?

the architect, and them having
constructed structure, no longer the
need for reconstruction.

exile to them having made a place
for them choosing and chosen.

and who is civilized when a men
divide?

and never considering otherwise for
time cannot be spent
considering except anthropologically
about them.

the sun

Light moves shadow
Light warms earth
Light warms water
Light melts snow
Light, the corn does grow
Light, the moon
A million sky lights, the darkness constellation
A million lights
concealed
Light causes energy
Light, the fire and prayer
Light to skin I last
Light to life, the orchards
the beachgrass
birds call
on a wind
Light bounce mirrors the morning water
the rippletop fish
Light the candle
source
Light moves ice
Light sails
Light division rainbows cast
the rain
the waterfall rainbow
Light starts the artist
Light moves the artist
Light sounds life
Africa
America
Light systems cast darkness
shadows
sleep

independent lens

to step outside or to have always
been outside.
I do see the grass still bends
and the people who bend other people,
there is still a moral attitude.
and the geese go and return the
geese go,
the power of persuasion, you will be
better if you leave.
darkness comes daylight, the
change, I only must invent knowledge.
and if a man has always been machine
or either to have become recently
or either never to be for
I am animal or either
God.
The bells.
One bong to pass a church and
high priest gold.
the seasons are no product of religion,
the water is not religion,
but a product from, religion is.
from everything lest it
travel too far.
only I am speculation
and having been mighty as a moon
and knowing clouds.
to oneself though I have only
considered that which affects. The
migrations
I respond and everything
goes to oceans before it is born
only one more time.

pendulum sways
bright side dreams river
dance changes
lust dance drums
the night honors sparkling vanities
rhythms time
fire sparks dayness dwells
ancient cost at divinity primacy
the looseness of that which happens
control
vudu vedic shadows sun casts and
coasts returns
inching presence dayness trembles down
again fire swells
skin wind streaking stars the
automatic movement thoughts
mind chambers echo floating souls
no clock passages
leaves grow and fall and grow
midnight blinks destiny
where it ocean ends I
one there
satisfied and nuclear
cross arm blankness dissolve
what goes away
dissolve
what goes away to lightness
past and
shrine
history
colors
river quiet day is morning restarts
no blanket
river stone sleep

why did you give me philosophy?
When certainty then existed
I imagined no other certainty.
When words were thus before logic I did not
think of them.
The stars are science then I think of
them differently.
And better the night to not decide and
better the stars to
blankly know freedom
as clarity the
wind and traveling.
What intentions grow near to that
which survives
I honor that.
And what gives honor then, and what does
consume the tokens of honor.
I imagined no other certainty.
Language does listen material to
thingness to etched meaning.
And to insist upon know less happiness
for I am then defeated.
Art is still art.
And if the grass is art and if the clouds,
the rain,
and if to confuse the art which is
human with this given by greatness force
and God
then I am dissolved, solved and dissolved and
degraded for time
does come upon that which
rejects discern.
Then a grace to this as great a punctuation
and no more thoughtful.