

Gregory Markee

selected poems: 2013 to 2018



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protoHouse  prity lights
Madison

THE FUNGAL

In darkness the fungal
elements rise and assume among the quiet
The watching nocturnal spirits
witness
And the dead and undergrown are consumed
taken back
To the ecologies of nature
every solid form returns
Nor life
I give you another name
And buried upon yourself and too the stars do know
you rise and plan your absence for sunrise
Spore puff
and gone and mallowed into the soil
Again
and again

WALK AWAY WITH NATURE

HE ASKS IF I WOULD LIKE TO SEE DEATH

WHAT DO I THINK OF DEATH WHICH IS NOT MINE

ENTERED THIS IS ALREADY ENTERED OR THERE WOULD BE NO DOOR COVERING

The quiet exterior and the instrumental strings
from the house near the river near the door
one hundred paces
never watched
I have a key like a cross with three horizontals
why would I enter a place seeking newness when a door already exists I seek something other
my interest is anthropological curiosity
the key is from a trade and a conversation
he asks if I would like to see death

Open

And the light unrests the dust the door unrests the dust
a tomb
and surrounded by dead flowers and bowls
what do I think of death which is not mine
I am not related

Death is terminal
death reappoints the wind
death is a memory
death is what I walk away from
death is a word which is not forgotten
death is a number

I take nothing nor a photo
the house above is undisturbed
I leave a stone
lock the door behind me

Walk away with nature

the absence glass 2013

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF THE MONTH IS SOCIAL

Oh, blue moon
and presidential politics [poetics]

The sky was blue
the water was blue when the sky was blue [is now darkened and starlit moonlit]

The thirty-first of the month is social
the accountancies

[Poetry is infected]
[and asking itself questions]

And whether the sky is infected [had the moon a place]
and whether a good presidency

An original poem
equal to its form

[Speculation is infected with transitives]
[certainty is infected]

I drew a poem today
I drew a poem today [put it in the box] [with the others]

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For your whole I say there is a God
[I have no other explanation]
and ask of reason why
it is you are completed and completing
again
I find my own smallness and searching
I am that which is incomplete
the celestial values are finished
and my own atomic being my own micron of body
is dependent
and learning
and I doubt
I doubt I will ever locate the authority
for the management of a stellar system
which
is risen to manage itself
nor can I find reason as to why I would
aspire to tug and turn the appearance of
nature
the greatest nature

As it is

I am drawn to appreciation

I am drawn to follow my interest

The anthropology of poems
is a history of spells
is a history of registration

And the better poets
inventing words

And the better poets
knowing song and instrument

And the better poets
having invented a place

Where the waters
the good soil
where magnificence is common
where struggle is simple
where I learn
and the stories
are matched with strength

The wetlands estuary
the glades and overgrown
the birds

The coastal forest
old growth protect light
ferns atween

The oceaned dunes
the winded dunes
the shifting dunes

The midland waters marsh
between forests
the birds

Everything is connected
and the mediate zones
the mediate species
lit by the same sun

The doctor registered
sickness

The lawyer registered
fault

The teacher registered
ignorance

The gardener registered
conditions

The writer registered
interest

The baker registered
ingredients

The astronomer registered
relations

There is a place
there is a metaphorical place
near the tree
by the water
meant for wishing and thinking
aloud

I say
God
in a quiet voice enough
to be heard
though not by any body

And to stay past sundown
the sun recedes
having spent itself
from the east originally

I have a name for you
constellation
my own constellation
'Metre' the God Dog

THEY ARE IN THE ARCHITECTURE

They are in the architecture
the fallen small ones of death
among the quiet among the quiet light
They are in the architecture
like time as long as a structure holds to its land
and after
The sounds of the moving air the settling foundations
The bony chill of time
they are there

Their quiet faces their quiet being
the whole of architecture is a testament to spirit
gone like one hundred years is gone
There are no more stories but a foundation and what remains
the falling doors and the sound of my own footsteps
the gathered dust and old beds
And the remaining windows a building is let
and there is no longer surface to utility
and architecture is a record for having been

And when a structure itself does fade
return to natural time and season
cedes its housing function unto the air and rain
And when it is gone gone
the questions upon its absence too fade like stone does erode
and all that man does create does fade unto nature
And there is no longer a place for visions
but what time does remake
but what man does rebuild for purpose

TO THE CREDIT OF SPRING

To the credit of Spring
I recall my own attachments to
the melted air
the wait between cold and earth's return
in which I fill my time

THE ROAD

It is true
there were two roads one the lesser
with greater trees bent over
a sight to see and smell
and with animals I imagine and unafraid
it stops with no turnabout
and by foot by foot from there
believing one is the first

PREPARING FOR DEATH

The bills were paid and the lights put out
the carpets vacuumed
and the clocks forwarded for Daylight Savings
it is time
went to bed and waited
waited
then grew hungry
got up and made himself a sandwich

OCEA NONS

The constitutional articles large as
consideration
The labyrinth to only see what is before me
It is large enough to say
the limits of thought are to sense
and when the walls the superficial walls are let
so too the imagined walls of
being
My position is willed and
so too these acts are course to
the falling of the inconsistencies of their force
It is practice
and were it only space and with no solid forms
the eternal lays of where I am
ever to solve
to make right of nothing
were nothing so invaluable as
a disconcert of the soul
And where there were no constitution but memory
and where there were no arrangement to put forward
against force and being
because I float
and solve history
say it is the distance of stars
among a quieted way
which is memory
There is nothing to forget nor forgive
but a vacuous question which is insistent
that I be I am certain I be

THE LEGIONS OF SIN

The legions of sin
them listed in the manifest of right
[not exactly]
[because sin is not mentioned in rightness]
but the balance of being
as responsibly succeeding goodness with goodness
implies
that which is no success
is demeaning to

The spirit arranges no mention of
such manifest
but an attention to idealism
and were trouble mentioned explicitly
such that murder and suicide and thievery
were decorated exactly as sin
a biblical reference
would lose its storied appeal
resembling a constitution instead
And were the legions of sin
never mentioned
nor never mentioned as having never been mentioned
to say wrongness
exists
is a premise upon living in a good way
succeeding once to the next position
and ask of error
[were error sin]
[question]
[and regret]
and ask of the demise of convention altogether
when a positive moral being
cannot exist
for any logical consideration of fault
is eventually to a smallness of character
though sin and the legions of sin need exist
as counterpoint to utopia
[do they not]

ONCE HE UNDERSTOOD SILENCE

The mentor spoke in tongues
partly recognizable
one day language would be his
[was a promise]
once he understood silence

WANT

I want

Time and security

health

[and how many wants are allowable]

Beauty

excitement

[a category fitted for those with primary needs already]

I want

And for you

were I to be so inclined

I listen

[need I learn how to receive] [need I learn how to gift]

I want

THE ORDINARY CLOCK

The ordinary clock kept perfect time
[perfect]

The second hand swept in circles all of the hands swept

The sun rose at the proper time
[given permission ordinary permission]

And were there a place for poetry among
the talkers
but poetry is monological and requires no audience
[they put the words into a book which cannot be answered]
and from a podium
the rest are students
this is a show and we are watching
captured in a vessel altogether with our needs
the conceptualist fancied lasagna

For it is assumed
the sun will rise again
after the stars are completed

And the seasons
and what is away from
my control that I have seen

And to assume

And to assume
that a planted garden
will come

There are conditions
which are my own

And to assume
an effort at friendship is
cause for the same returned

I comment the wind
it is nearly autumn
nor the leaves have nearly changed
fallen
as they have for all of time
through last year
I am confident
it is time again it is time again
I comment the sky
for nothing is so permanent as

I too am permanent
I comment language
when no one is listening
I comment death
and death does not exist
I comment order
and order requires no thought
I comment love
again and again like poetry
and love does not exist
again and again

I assume the tines of experience
connect one to the next
I assume one poem is
lined with the last

I assume a breath
is now mine

Nor all is material
I assume the connections of thought
I assume understanding
I assume questions

I assume what is essential
[make fetishes of what is essential]

I assume gratitude
[make a fetish of gratitude]

[And give it away]

SILENCE MOURN

Gaping mourn silence
for time is gone
done
hurried away and with a question remaining
were absence replaced with nature
but for time for time there is wait
wait
[yes]

Death is
death is not

and I do move forward into smaller spheres age

clinging neatly to memory

believing memory

I have run out of answers
but what I see
the season still through a window blows the fallen leaves
I have run out of answers

WHO ARE YOU?

Who are you
I think so little about myself
my own taxonomy is
registrar of colors
descended from the agrarians of places with four seasons
and if I were what I eat I say
my diet is rounded and balanced
omnivorous
and were my social history your question
I say I have no dietary restrictions
I eat politicians and historians and artists
I consume poets
I do
consume attitudes and philosophy I decide
who are you
I am what I make
I make letters and ideas
I am in love
with what
I just say I am in love
inescapably in love I eat love

I have no answer
I cannot clarify my own
I am different tomorrow am I not

What it is you see

I am tall

I AM

I say I am
and tomorrow I will be
yet still am
for having been

small POEMS 2013

THE TYPEWRITER

The typewriter sound clack
the poem is a sound a clacks
and a sound of inspiration led
one clack unto the next

small POEMS 2013

THE PAGE WITH NO LINES

Is a sketch
the nude lay still
beneath a haiku
[making an envy] [for want should I be present] [holding into you]

small POEMS 2013

but there were a moment divided by
being
in which I am satisfied truly satisfied
and the stalled clock is
a moment to look about to notice
my position among
and a pondering to witness
how nature assort itself
how it gives provides governs
nor I am ever held in consternation
ever managing a supply
and were it a check to balance
that I am not the automaton
only receiving and harvesting and storing
for I come about poetry independently
and I have language for what is

BELOW THE SURFACE

his tattoos were gills
his briefcase was a gill
his identity was a gill
the atmosphere is water
the buildings
shipwrecks the rowed trees seaweed
authority is a whale authority is a dolphin
knowing air
clicking and singing in tones
signing with sea urchin quill and squid ink
Poseidon was never so moved
as when
the submarine the airplane
let out the mariners at harbor
the ocean bottom Main Street
kissing one another
like fish
and one was hooked and
yanked to the surface
presumably to dine with the
CEO

IT IS THE OPINION OF THE COURT

It is the opinion of the court
that the damned be given weekend furloughs
to heaven or another suitable place of fantasy
that the damned know joy before they
can know suffering

Even if it were always Wednesday in hell

WHISPER THE TRUTH

Or say nothing
whisper the truth
this time quietly

Or say nothing
when they are near
they do not know

Or say nothing
that Clive is insane
shh

Or say nothing
that Clive solved mental illness
he is a teacher

Or say nothing
he was not bitten
he was not exposed

Or say nothing
nor make your eyes so large
it is not a riddle

Or say nothing
whisper the truth
whisper a question

THE LONELY WITCH'S DEMON

The witch she gathered nature the fungus and feathers and blood
and hair and spit
and with a spell to her cauldron cast away
the improper demons to hold only one
as pet
Alive it was now touched by her bony fingers proving
the pagan spirits of litter and debris can be recast
into a new soul
for her bidding
but that is not why
And with a countenance a thinned lips and bony nose and chin
added simple earth to the shaped form
just a pinch
to see it rise and speak in tongues she only knew
and she waited as it completed its assumption of lifely form
Reason it were is for defense from the improper
and uncooperative demons [so she mentions]
though she would never admit it's company is what she desired
within her logged cottage she would attend to it
and let it freely hunt its diet of small creatures
And when it returns it sits at rest as stone gargoye at
her front door
at watch for the conjured demons by other witches and warlocks
speaking and gargling language of adversity and affection
standing prepared

the ascendants

One by one by one
called to the surface rise like lanterns
like ideas each carrying a fragment of
humanity time and experience without words excepting
a final poem to cling with
truth
[It is a stone which is their memory their speculation
[I know
[each is let with language enough
[and mine is no prayer but words as registration and confidence
[for them for them for them
[resembling faith for my own limits

numbers

One poem [has already been] [written]
counted
marketed for sale [dollars]

The autopsy the counted poet
[two hearts]
one for her and one for her [two hearts] beating
still after death
and the mind in three parts
past present future [fascinating] [enough to pick a hobby]

Four jobs he toiled for his family of five
never saw them
[just knew their names] [five names are all he knew]
six accountants verified the death [it could have been much worse]
[he could have lived]
confirmed the stone for the plot
on the seventh of the eighth month [the day]
a single cloud again like the poem I remember
about nine questions

Did you live
did you die
did you know love
did you see
did you believe in God
did you care
did you need
did you enjoy
did you speak

Zero is wait is patience is nothing is void

TOOK MY HERO

Took my hero
the realists

Put him in the light of mortality
just responding

I say it was not anyone
could build such a home

Gather the people about
the surface of social change

I say it was not anyone
could speak a poem without calling it poem

They took my hero
made him common

Nor I wanted a hero that was
as human as I

When it was a story when it was a spectacle
I cared for

I say it was not anyone
could arrange the clouds like that

Fit an imagination into
the day

Bring chance bring peace when
I had already seen them go

IN THE LIGHT

Alight o day
risen from yesternight's storm the early sun
punct the morning rapture and
green is green the summer trees full

In the light o come
the singled clouds do pass over
the season without stop without interference
standard as a year ago and a year before that

Again o wait to watch
into my considered age and
what you are without I for witness without
registration without a poem

The sun o highness now for noon
the tempered sounds of engines they go
make civil marks for being
against a taken nature [put a park] [ok]

Let in o aware to be
among the lives them all gathering what is
sustaining call nature call precedent
to carry life forward again legacy

O next in the light
today is forward the mantle to carry
nor a question asked for being for purpose
but to say the word beauty twice

PERSUASIONS

The sun persuades the sunflower
the wind persuades the kite
I am pulled and formed and pulled
I am persuaded

Why it is I am hungry for knowing
the reach of my own interest is my sight
the stars are persuasive the ocean is
the taste of summer the smell of winter

And the capsule of the unknown is reason
the vessel with rattling contents
and the engine that goes goes I have a question
I am persuaded

The night persuades the stars the moon
and tracking time I wear a watch
and reason persuades a question a motion
and reason persuades a language

I am persuaded
by the tasty the nurturing the redundant
and to notice the gardener persuades the garden
and to notice a word for what does persuade

And an idea
free will persuades courage persuades ambition
and an idea
love persuades a settlement a home

HELLO JESUS

Hello Jesus
they claim you and they claim you
both are convinced

HELLO KANT

Hello Immanuel
beauty is a categorical imperative [not really]
it is just the day is so long the winter is so long

HELLO MOHAMED

Hello Mohamed
we have not been introduced
[are we lost in translation] [Allah] [God]

HELLO STRANGER

Hello stranger
I like your boots [nice day isn't it]
[wind chime]

HELLO GEORGE WASHINGTON

Hello Mr. Washington
no one is perfect
did you hear about the earthquake in San Francisco [where is that]

HELLO BUDDHA

Hello Buddha
can I rub your tummy
recommend a book [question]

NO

The shortness of authority

brevity

no

I am inclined to say yes

yes I say [I too am powerful]

THE MINIATURE LIFE

The miniature life
measured in time
and all the rations of being
started old and patient
now
with wrinkles and thinned hair
will die his own child
so much love
but she
[she]

THE BIRTH OF THE PLANET

Because particles have gravity
they are sticky
all of the dust came together and squinched and squinched
into a large ball
and all of the squinching formed volcanoes
released an atmosphere
for the lungfish who grew into dinosaurs and
cavemen [there was a schism]

And there happened to be a star to orbit
at just the right distance
to halve the day into day and night
[for the mushrooms]

THE JUDGE

Black

justice

A mind for rightness when others
cross an imaginary line drawn

They were caught by the executives with gloves and guns
and cameras

Nor a middle way to say consequence
guilt is the affair of prosecution the weight of material evidence

Held aloft the domain of society civil society
idealism is without the infringements of disorder

And upon the chaos of mischief and the intentional wreak of malfeasance
authority stands when necessary is seated is adjourned for judgment

Corrections
for the wrongful

But the jury within a catalogue within a choice a verdict
said the judge

Deferral is written into the constitution the people the entitlements
said the judge for the jury

Fairness is an act and
the representation of balance supposes a path to truth

The tall chair the bench the gavel the flag
the common words

O straightness what does become of the innocent after a slandering
they go away excused

The others are referred to corrections programs
The others this is not my house the others the others

WHAT STARTED WHAT POET

The conditions of attention started the poet
an inconsistent history I recall
the leap
from one author to the next [one poet's answer was simple] [and satisfactory] [abbreviated]
but the other
described the smell of beauty [like I remember]
[I am no longer required to read] [it is just interest] [that is all]
and to be second to mention nature in a way is
compelling I find
the trail of the first I follow origins like the genealogy of ideas
for a simple insight will not lend to context
[I have been] [likewise]
and to feature the same truths as [them]
it is to say I am of a similar school
Though it is personal
there was no voice for time when
summer arrived in place of winter [that day] [but the water was still cold]
drew my attention away from the arrests of power and pride
to the beach
[how soon I forget] inspiration is salty air and wait
the lullaby of waves [what is done is done] [rest]
and say [I am never going back] in as many ways as is convenient
I am never going back
nor believe such language is meant for a readers [maybe someday] [I will write for them]
[maybe someday I will include punctuation]
but
writing poems does not a poet make nor reading poems does not a poet make
[there is no such thing as a poet] all poets are something other
before they sound the bells of language
and whether to comfort the desires or either to write
in the interest of dissuasion [as if there were too many voices] [nor I am a secretary]
and if a poem were fiction only I can say
because truth
is a moment and context
and were I convinced of
the importance of being in such a manner as to know what [you] know
I will respond [no] [because that poem has been written]

WHAT IS ART

Art is a variable Art is a placekeeper Art is the limits of sense Art is function Art is representation Art is language Art is temporal Art is paradox Art is model Art is separate Art is affection Art is named Art is ideal Art is beauty Art is material Art is evidence Art is fixed Art is creation Art is a map Art is notice Art is courage Art is a memory Art is trial Art is experience Art is deafening Art is accessible Art is sponsored Art is a story Art is cathartic Art is incomplete Art is rhythm Art is personal Art is interpretive Art is malleable Art is synthetic Art is social Art is here

WHAT IS ART

O say the blind require texture
texture of language the story bent about relevance is a poem as any poem
the material mention of time there is a moment [presence]
stillness I carry stillness like an artist like a subject [the object]
I carry stillness find a place for its natural erosion for its conceptual erosion

WHAT IS ART

The degraded is no resemblance to what it started as [let history explain what a war can do to being]
the dripping dripping questions the damp cave proves mortality
listen: the waters lap like the ocean if you have been if you have seen the sunset and left before you were completed
change is a weathering process and if to claim the weather as tool then say a patina is intentional
but it was I who chose the proper material and placed it in the proper history

WHAT IS ART

Art is emotive Art is spectacle Art is iconic Art is cultural Art is boring Art is remodeled Art is transparent Art is sensational Art is qualified Art is copy Art is fuel Art is shared Art is monological Art is numbered Art is revealed Art is a subject Art is fine Art is an idea Art is the personification of character Art is wrapt about knowledge Art is what I call art Art is symbolic Art is governed Art is near Art is an answer Art is a question Art is liberating Art is memory Art is kept Art is code Art is made of bones and tape Art is significant Art is made of questions

WHAT IS ART

The containment of ideas the warehouse with wooden boxes the closet the archive
time again to purge the pressures of thought [it is a collection] [it is one of many]
the ridden thought exhausted itself of relevance over and over again [but they kept returning]
permanence is relative no permanence is one hundred years permanence is legacy [permanence is memorized]
but nature [the perennial] it is winter for subject I realize [I too respond]

NU ART 2016

THE SUM OF ART

The sum of art
is a mirror a lens of creation the artist biography
the situated paint is a story [pause]
color plus art plus context and
were the poet the artist [what is color to the poet]
the fallen leaves beneath the snow I assume
[I assume]
and it were music for the wind the texture of the environment is a studio
sterile and readied for installation
conditions nor conditions [the unconditional]

Enter the gallery the owned gallery
the sum of art is a spot among spots the rubric of change is
within a walls a containment
[the invitation] they go forward with a heaved being
there is one thing I remember about time it is
now
nor confuse time with space [my unblinking eyes] [I see time marked in color]
the surface the etched lines the light but
it is not I who calls art art
the poet the title assumes language

[Put a germ in healthy society] [solve this] the grugged
the common space of a wall is an invitation
is a resolve to the barren the void
rests quietly [they walk past] [arrange for the art to be changed every ninety days]
says coffee
the permanent will not change will not degrade
context the walls fall down first
the sum of art is model to reproduction all of
poetry is ekphrastic all of material is ekphrastic [how I am conditioned]
what it is I declare original

SAY LOVE WHEN THERE IS NO LOVE

Say love when there is no love
now introducing seeds conceptual seeds
like tomorrow's intentions

Say truth when truth is not considered
but truth is no invention nor passion
as love

Say nothing when there is too much thought
and the trees appear the skies the stars
and memory returns with company

Say lust is an observation they begin
contact the touched and friendly say love
like tomorrow's intentions

ASKEW

The lines of health the derelict a smoking habit
promises promises
though she never was in the transformative line
waiting for
God's intervention [nor the lightning bolt was convincing]
nor was love enough her friend
had assumed the eyes of death saying death comes to all

ASKEW

The blown tree bent from the constant wind
a line away
and the winds of beauty pushed the life to attention
a line
nor it was Easter when he returned holding hands with death
saying a poem of forces thus
courage is an allowance I become [to death is a line]

Askew 2016

FATHERING DIGNITY

A Man of Futures with no Language for the Present
but History is Sensible and Pronounced
stood upright and modeling as a Sequoia
ignoring Germs and Interruptions and Trends
Dignity is the Assemblage of the Corpse
nor Pressure nor the Phantoms of Courage just
fathering Dignity [He is matched for Nature]
Everything is included the Bells and Lightning
the crashing Surf the Sound of Springtime then Summer
becomes a Man silently wanting the Eternal I say
but there is a Cost a Price for the Assumptions of
Omnipotence [Time is Quick] Time is Quick
and to set about the Burdens of Family because
ultimately He cannot stay silent Forever
[It was His last Exhalation which let away Immortality]
[returned It to Provenance among the younger Elders]
[as was Custom] [for He had no Choice]

The Cause of Death was Age
the Man had not a mean Spirit to say He died of Anger
nor did Cancer digest his internal Organs
He just went

But It was a Life which proved the History of Custom
quietly assumed the Space of Peace and Order
laid Claim to What was required said Importance

Askew 2016

THE AIR IS BLUE DURING THE DAY AND BLACK AT NIGHT

The air is blue during the day and black at night

The air is thick in summer and thin in winter

The air is pierced by the snow the air is pierced by the stars

The air is infected with breath

The air is infected with rotting trees with mushrooms

The oldest air resides in valleys where there is no wind

Wind is caused by volcanoes and tides and trees and breath

Askew 2016

ORBIT

Had I a ball of silk I would have wrapped city hall
like a spider's web
just a question I mention
[gone unanswered]
I have neglected my own authority
so too judgment for not having judged

Tomorrow
I will write a poem of places named for other places
and that will be enough

Tomorrow I will run for office

Askew 2016

TAKES | A | LOT | OF | COURAGE

The defensive grain of thought | embedded within every ambition | he was a soloist | and charming
she also the soloist | and as charming | and with a defensive grain to | each of her thoughts
met for ice cream | with nothing to say and | with large eyes | it is difficult to say whose idea | it was
takes

a

lot

of

courage

dancing with someone you know little about | independence is that way | some things just happen
just knowing is enough | to take a second step | and two is better than one | so things go
though | maybe | not knowing is the course of bravery | when there is all the time in the world

Askew 2016

THE CURSE*

The curse*

beloved*

I have crossed boundaries*

nor do I know if I come again*

fixing things*

and letting havoc be havoc*

but say*

the curse is my own*

and have reduced it to a symbol*

I will make soup*

now*

starting again small*

this is the best part*

I remember*

I require a stone*

Askew 2016

A BEVY OF INFORMATION

One bird two birds information
the transformative three birds a flock a bevy
put a soul in his pocket like a slave two souls three souls he could afford
got home
spilt them on the table like beans little information beans
the collector
nor all realize when their soul is taken
put into an urn like death he filled
one urn two urns full three urns information
another bird another bird the sun sunny sky for April
a good day the collector
[and who collects collectors] [but I]
[put the collector on the wooden shelf] [put a label on]
[one rumor] [two rumors] [one bird] [two birds]
[and quietly like the cutting of silk lines] [the souls released] [cry a
moment] [breathe]
[fall to the floor like information] [little germs of information]
[misplaced]
[their owners gone not realizing their souls had ever gone]
one bird two birds information
[the souls fly away like angels] [when they are convinced]
a nest of information a flock a bevy away

Askew 2016

POSITION VACANCY

Time is slow is quick
soon the buds and grass

And how
proof is required to say the season is

All is perfect
and spans my being

I too am part as animal and
fortunate in a way others are not

Fitted for space
I contain letters I contain reason

Yet slighted in creation's err
for another is required

For the wholeness of want's accomplishment
yet I provide

And to say were I ever alone
is to say silence for language has no cause

The sheltered are a trust
and make a home where there is no home

Wanted
a position greater than my own interest

And yet
I watch alone as it were my station

Finding registering the slow and the
quick

Askew 2016

there is a center and when
the center dissipates

so too the margins
the outer ways gone

for the absence of middles is
no question of middles

and given a center as reference
all is measure and reinforcement

a reference is located
but were there singularity

or to say plurality at
the tines of conformity and margins

ask of newness
for what travels without reference

when once she overflowed her limits

MARGINS 2016

and the bold without classification
was said margins

the primacy of being
with a question

and such tempers become
the middled source again again

and convince a centrality of
the waters of discovery that

an authority's allowance is
an allowance to the features of transformation

including failure including reason
including the character of independence

and what is freedom's way
with and without harness

the island with its own species
the language with its own words

THE SISTER I NEVER HAD

And did we share a plum

a peach

did I ask you about gardens did I ask you about constellations

did I bake you a cake

put candles on it

TRUE TO FORM

The square rested neatly in the idea of the square
and the circle
and the equilateral triangle

There was a degree of creative allowance to say
the sentence fit neatly into the idea of the sentence
with proper punctuation and all

Nor say one tree is any tree when measuring
what it is makes a tree such a tree
like maple like apple like oak

A PINCH OF POETRY

A pinch of poetry
just enough to put away the demons the doldrums
into the little box
with the rain clouds and
the organ music and
the big questions

the left side of the road

one can drive on the left side of the road
if they wear tweed

one can drive on the left side of the road
if they grow sideburns

one can drive on the left side of the road
if they drink hot whiskey

one can drive on the left side of the road
if they carry an umbrella

one can drive on the left side of the road
if they eat blood sausage

one can drive on the left side of the road
if a castle is in view

one can drive on the left side of the road
if Dublin is winning

MEDICAL POETRY

Take two adverbs at dinnertime slowly
and two again at bedtime while you read restfully
if you wake in the night
take the rest of the adverbs consumptively

Take two iambs

Bang a drum while reciting the Lord's Prayer
say Kumbaya [twice]
say I got religion while making a cheeseburger

Rename your cat

RECREATIONAL POETRY

O blood o newness o recreational poetry
this is a margarita
it is just the sky is setting off into the western horizon
saying names and
I have woken with a sunburn and a chill
yes
I have a bed to go to
and vacation ended two weeks ago but I am not through
something is still new and
something is still new

NO SALE

No sale
nothing is for sale

The courtyard is for sitting
staring

And when it goes dark o sky
the stars

There is nothing of value
no sale

But what I take
[what I imagine]

I want to possess
[it]

I want to wrap it into a thought
[poem]

It is not the same as
[to have]

You will answer a question
[be]

THE MONKEY

The monkey the feral monkey
in the trees among the trees scavenging the forest floor
chased a snake
ate a snake
was popped with a pop gun
said the hunter
fixed the monkey patched the monkey
took it to the zoo
fed it monkey food

They watched the monkey get gray hair get old
put a female in with him
[she was born in a zoo]
he took her but they never talked
the baby monkey was born
and he died
on the cement
floor
[with the straw]

GREEN LIGHT

Green light
chlorophyll
the blue chlorophyll is the ocean the blue chlorophyll is the day sky
the red chlorophyll is the blood
the yellow chlorophyll is the sun
the trees emit
light green light
chlorophyll
the leaves

Green light
and interior the bird nest
the wind is green the wind smells of green
canopy
brown deer brown squirrel brown bird
echoes a poem
[everything is a poem]
was a shadow for a blade
[everything is a poem]

19

revelations Sunday June upon my back

staring

at the sky

[it is Tuesday]

the air smells like fish

the cloud is a fish

SHARDS 2017

112

the underwater dream

walking underwater upside down on the surface of the air

the jellyfish

[I see the stars for night]

[I know it is night I see the stars]

I hear the colorful fish kissing the coral I hear

the wave crashing the shore another another like time

SHARDS 2017

115

high noon

gun fire

the downed shadow straight down

hell

is a question

SHARDS 2017

117

the summer of love

[knowledge is different than love]

[maybe]

and the sun still shows itself and the rain

[it rained so hard the ground could not absorb it]

[water is love]

[and heat is love] [summer heat is love]

and the stars

[full]

SHARDS 2017

146

the troubling sky the clouds
roll in southwest to northeast the upper corner of Iowa the Mississippi
flood and tornado havoc
dark like dusk and silent
humid
it comes

SHARDS 2017

226

imagine I change like adaptation because
it is
the education department is still thinking
putting me into straights and arrows
having me eat particular things like
types of magic

SHARDS 2017

259

and what faith to say the sun is stillness
[it is I who orbit]
like midnight is stillness [it is I who orbit]
when the sun is done for now and the moon I pass
about

SHARDS 2017

307

was the desert said the coyote
was the mountain said the bear
was the swamp said the cat
was the forest said the wolf
was the prairie said the badger

SHARDS 2017

EXERCISING HISTORY

Was
a black shadowed countenance spoke of
the challenges facing America
candle light and prime rib and slavery
it goes further back than that
nor am I perfect to think of race relations when
I am introduced
when the Poles are proud when the Germans are proud
when the Chinese
when the proud Native Americans when the Ethiopians
I am sorry
I am not familiar with your history
mine is several places American and yet figuring itself
was
a groundswell of being when that president
confirmed the limits of America
presently
candle light and Missouri bourbon OK
the screen door on the restaurant into
the November air
I too am watched and wondered at becoming
don't try too hard
I don't remember if I said that aloud or not
put the wallet back in my jeans said good night and
climbed into my foreign car
 I was carrying water like memory
 holding something I could not let go it is just
your history is so much more interesting than mine
no
 I am not a solipsist indeed I care about
 the temperament of time and competition

THE ASSEMBLY

Let

but they want my station they want to sign my own words I put them in a jar and seal it with wax

[slur]

there was no promise of prosperity just the pilfering pterodactyls

They gathered for lunch of duck meat and mead slowly each agreed to each of a proper vocabulary there were twenty

women present

and all of the dogs

it was a glorious day for answers it was a glorious day to start a conversation

Let

the exterior of a circle without windows is a one hundred and eighty degree walk again

the pension may or may not be enough

do they still use numbers I read of a constitutional convention

[about the bible]

I cannot manage dissent

power is the surface of power

the autocrat invented herself like authority assumes itself is it not time for harvest [yet]

no

I have never prayed to the moon but for attention

The possibilities of science do I not forget science

replace it with a word for awe

compatible with affection compatible with love

OSTENSIBLY

The clown as politician with eyebrows
for appearance the big pen
is hereby stated like reason is stated a poll numbers
climb upon the advent of war
ostensibly
the crawling strike of media against against
lad
get a handle on your munitions we have not convinced
the public [yet]
red hair and bobble nose glasses big black shoes
and a tie with a vest
domestic policy is a gerrymandered fortification of truth
the belittled wants of the struggling
originally thought it was a good idea but
[but]
what of an address to the deficit [honk]
the little car rolls out with the fat elfish woman and
the electric candle
health care health care a pains need address
her ear falls off and she drops the hula hoop
apparently the senator bears are not all on board
a fez for each and matching vest
o how they form a line form a dance
push the star ball back and forth
the clown's pants fall down nor an attempt to stop them
the rings of democracy are sensational
his lips formed a donut to say
I have never been in a better position to win the next election
picked up his pants and sidled to the exit
with his bears his trained senator bears
ostensibly
we will all be on the same page [when]

points forward 2017
appeared in Stoneboat Literary Journal 2018

SILENT LIKE A CLOCK

Orion traveled the sky
Galileo it is my turning not Orion's
one tock
the clock
is a heartbeat until I forget to listen for the
sunrise once a day is my position when the sun is revealed
kept away
until
one tock
the clock
is a season it was rain snow mix nothing collected the end of winter
how is it that I judge I am
more than four decades past proving I am
a constellation
this one my own I say
connect the stars
a cat with a woman's head o time
you do not go away but appear in the absence of clouds
was a moon for purpose
one tock
the clock
traveled the sky and a halo
half and waning it is
too cold for your honor but
a light
say Copernicus yes the moon does travel about
a centered us
just ask an astronomer it all makes sense [now]
one tock
the clock
the day is responsibly begun the alarm
soon the leaves I will notice for the day soon the green

dog36

Murmurs the dog

space

murmurs the dog

change

but this chair is mine

an attachment to the familiar is mine

feed me

murmurs the dog

do you not know my real name

murmurs the dog

war and the consideration of war

dependence suffering and what is a burden

he held a cane with his sunspotted hand said

service dog service dog

is out back doing her business

murmurs the dog

the expendable dog put to use put to value

and without affection

her

murmurs the dog

Buy a kitten for me

Murmurs the dog

Bring me my slippers my news

Murmurs the dog

No

there is just one heaven really really

dogs 2018

dog43

The letter arrived on a Saturday

just a name on the front

inside a poem with no title no author

*Was a murder of crows filled the afternoon sky
death is what I say death is
cawing and every other one falling to the ground
thrashing and thrashing falling*

The letter arrived on a Tuesday

just a name on the front

inside a poem with no title no author

*Was a rainbow cut the dolphin
neatly into halves becoming food for the pod of orcas
was a rainbow gone with the rain the leprechaun ingested
the unicorn and the gold made a mess of the gold*

The letter arrived on a Friday

just a name on the front

inside a poem with no title no author

*Death is speculative death is observational
one does not know death but maybe when one dies
I knew someone once and I still cannot say
I knew someone once and now I am alone*

The letter arrived on a Monday

just a name on the front

inside a fine white powder

erp

dogs 2018

dog79

Re: August Derleth

An exposition on three related themes.

- I. On the persistence of memory.
- II. On the sounds and odors of the country.
- III. Of Thoreau: The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.

I recall the smell the wind had pushed the dead fish to the southern end of the lake I was alone I wonder

I wondered poison in my isolation I wondered the molded stores it would be my last temperament to hear the hawk I would be so lucky

Was loved for a spell I now admit my own foolish language like a chattering badger

I held the canoe until it filled with water and carried me down was death I believed and searching for more I let it go and held to the silt bank

And was it cheating to use nails for an all natural cabin was a deer my first morning just footsteps was it cheating to look about an unnatural window

How tall the grass the wildflowers in their fullest botanic smell yes this is joy and simpler and without comparison do I not come like to a church

I do not travel into darkness nor do I steal away when it is upon me the cemetery bordered a cornfield up a hill the invisible birds setting sounds

dogs 2018

dog84

Two stars I see three stars I see four stars I see
the night

One star I see
acknowledge

Nor stars I see
assume but the clouds the moon's halo is for sight

How is it certainty without science without method without sight but
beauty alone I

dogs 2018

THE MISSPELLED INVITATION

The raised lettering the texture the cloth paper
no
just one g on each end
and its BYOB not BOB [really] [to a wedding]
okay
Bob and Cindy [oh] [never mind]
I will bring a presence a wrapped presence

TWIDDLED MINDS

The contract atween authority and what becomes authority
 [promise]
 the twiddled minds advance in simulation of
 a futured measures an office a
 mind of one's own to twiddle
 a mind to move about like a train a mind to prove a philosophy because
 theory is theoretical and not yet governed
 by natural force and
 by the way can you get me a coffee with three creams still
 the birds cannot be heard because the corner windows are fixed
 count the days
 count the floors the elevator ascends
 count the women in my life not counting the androgynies of
 workplace being
 really
 is it not about fitting everyone amiably into this place
 was an annual performance evaluation by her if needs be said
 constitution is a mission statement is a tattoo just because
 they cannot have all of me
 I am concerned because I am not always sure when I should lean forward or
 lean backward
 put my feet up admire myself o
 o
 the bottom line ah yes indeed I am twiddled
 given reference given referendum measured by an understood force
 regards the goals of production to a teacher is to say
 the professor who gave us all A's really made me feel good about myself
 I just need a little time to process the content
 now that I am expected to teach
 and if it were an avocational station to measure life's worth
 then offer no consideration to one's vocation
 just remember to set Monday's alarm
 is a question of checks and balances among the population
 is a question of the separation of powers in which several are required
 to initiate war and the conflagrations of war but
 seniority grows silent seniority elects a more targeted approach
 to the rise and falls of fires
 o time the durability of time is a lesson I too give A's
 figuring the inevitability of *some* curriculum among all of *that* spent
 program called econohistorophiloartwelfare *that* spent
 program called balance [I]

Empty as ordinary 2018

WHY THE BRIDE WAS NEVER A BRIDE

Time is understood
the supposed course of freedom of continuity is reference
precedent
hereupon law for order the mutualisms of history they
never required a magistrate for [that] contract
the revelations of will are told in the briefs of being

Why the bride was never a bride
law is common enough to say a habits been a habits be
O trust enough a line nor change the administrations of formalism
a shared bed a coffee for taste the liberties of weekends
the counted seasons and
to grow content and quiet as any

Truth were ritual if to say regards to faith
truth were ritual if to say regards to habit
truth were ritual if to say love equals love does not love equal love or say
love is original
truth were ritual if to say what does happen naturally is cause
truth were ritual if to say want without consideration of origins

A secrecy of celebration is no candor to public spheres
nor a matter to the particulars of days
just
to call upon a secular notion of togetherness proving tomorrow is
a station drawn from today's it is
your turn to cook

Nor is it mine to say another's nor my remiss to take no notice of
silence
upon what is no invitation but a conversational mention of promise
yes
for better and worse did begin then and before then nor
requires an invitations unto what is watch

Common law is no measure of faith but community but social privilege
and the attachments of social privilege
say friend for being [aye]
because
because
because

Empty as ordinary 2018

THE MOTH UNDER THE JEWELER'S LOUPE

The moth under the jeweler's loupe
is dead of nature's cause
lying in state upon the sidewalk impressive with green fans and life
in spite of the day
with long tail a yellowed haired antennae in death you
are not afraid
a spotted camouflage so broad from above
a prod nor life again again
nor life again a whited belly and red legs but that is only
entomology

It is within my control to create myth to mention higher purpose
ferried orphans from one side of the forest to another
by moonlight o luna
ate mushrooms like constellations rested on autumn night winds
why it is we do as we do a surface is never enough notice from them
but silence ever so too in death
a wings of powder a wings of tiny crystals
was an egg a mother upon a walnut tree let away a metamorphic family
how the world does age with one's emergence but that is only
entomology

THE MENACE OF FORENSIC POETRY THE MENACE OF CLINICAL POETRY

Said confession
trolls confession
psychology undermines sociology the force of
authenticity
declares the beauty the semiotic beauty of want and distress
qualifies as poetry for what will not qualify as poetry
the
institutional defense of a collective position
journalled and left away the seasons
the stars
the spring winter the watch of change
for the murders the rapes the thieveries upon a stage like outrage then
quietly put to a numbered exam room
is a social good for who might argue might against injustice
yet
poetry is stolen
will take a generation of war to reclaim
desire and the birds and the history of suffering
of the expression of freedom without mention to freedom's word

I
too carry reason and there is no system to responsibility of
a cleverness which binds other clevernesses
a menace
a boat
justice is a boat

Said confession
trolls confession
the rain came with the slaughter and the snow the dropped temperature

Was a siren lasted five minutes the city tornado siren [exactly at a thought]
two thirty eight in the afternoon after
the radio said it was a statewide practice alert for preparedness

A poem about poems is a guide on how to write poems mention her
[sex]
better yet let *her* mention her [sex]

PLAIN SONG

Every day repeats itself
the years and
the station of being against a weather
witness the cost of witness is
a graying beard a browlines

The permanence of thought will trump
time and time again
having let away that which is no reconciliation with
stillness
certainty

*Was latin angelic latin
no matter
to lay one's head in the crux of one's elbow like prayer but not really
[but the calendar]
but the calendar returns upon itself but that is only an answer*

SNOW IN APRIL IS SATIRE

Snow in April is satire
sobering satire
nor condemnation to the force which brings weather
it was I
never said God
is not absurd
the flower poked through the snow
it was on a mountain a thousand miles away lightning took a life
is not absurd
the way *things* are claimed
just slippery roads here and an extra attention to divinity
hah
this will be gone quickly as it came
there is an explanation
the wooden dolls argue accuse
the contempt of earthly ways I say
okay
I have no explanation I just put on a warmer coat
wonder if the sky is another way
than earth I
remember the stars and say God [just once]
as if
I am an anchor to gravity I am a test
the satire of snow in April is temporal
can be explained scientifically
can be expelled scientifically
[but] [can you explain beauty]
[like]
and whether *things* are questions or answers
and whether
the appreciation of the grotesque acknowledges
a potential of the grotesque
beauty is
in the eye of the beholder and requires no public education campaign
it is just
 Snow is pretty
 the stick branches collect snow
 the birds are still singing
 next week is different when the buds start but
 that is only science that is only media
 that is only forecast

Empty as ordinary 2018

THE COLORING BOOK

The governing lines
van Gogh was a starry night
principle
a question for what force is color the colored pencil
reds and purples and yellows
against what memory of the original
say pink to the steeple
because
corruption is the vanguard of modernity
was a green mountain midnight
underwater pale blue horizon for control
a red orbs a stars caught against a visible wind
amber
was oil and water I agree
there is no life but my own
the phallic treetop the consummate forebeing
I take an exacto knife
remove you like a chainsaw
and what is not colored I say is blue
infirmary blue I agree
put it on my frigerator with a magnet

FOR PROFIT PRISONS

Corrections education for a standardized development
 to get along with others to play nicely
 to learn something
 what did happen
 learning for the sake of learning
 the vetoed budget the Board of Directors returned to the Headmaster
 corrections within a for profit school
 [this is a preparatory school]
 what source of public funding is legislatively allowable
 trains a student for the perpetuation of itself no
 it is not a good idea
 to have a marketeer to have a public relations soul when
 an outcomes are a positioned numbers
 [those students meeting a behavioral and academic criteria are]
 [data]
 [and the teacher receives a bonus when her students meet a criteria]
 education is always about corrections
 one degree unto the next one satisfactory unto another satisfactory
 eventually a society receives what was once a student
 eventually a society receives what was once one who broke a law
 aside from incorrigible instances ask
 what incentive is there to produce healthy citizens from within
 a prison complex
 ask
 rather what incentives exist for
 the introduction of the incorrigible mind it is
 not difficult to enlist a confidence team for a public interface but
 these are prisons and
 other happily engaged citizens attending to their own institutions
 assume a rightness to those legislative affairs which
 do the right thing
 abuse and neglect is what concern to a public exterior
 but to say *their* and *their* happiness or lack thereof is
 either cause to incorrigibility or a decisive moment to return to school
 get a job
 [the food] the food is not love were love allowed the food is not love
 the budget
 the inmates came from out of state was a bidding process
 time is done one is corrected
 [they said good enough] [what else could be said] about corrections and
 teleology

Empty as ordinary 2018

DEAR SENATOR

Your hair is thin
your face has wrinkled in twenty years
you do not seem to be one of the aggravative ones
you are cooperative
I notice
apologies I cannot say which side I usually vote
are there not two [question] sides

DEAR SENATOR

Are you the type that stays until the day you die
I like that type
patriots
but some grow tired I understand want to spend time with their family

DEAR SENATOR

Have you ever been alone in the senate chambers
just looking around
writing a poem writing a book
thinking about society civilization one's hometown
ask oneself
is there a rule a policy an order which has mattered
[you ask me]

DEAR SENATOR

What is the nature of change is it natural is it
leadership
[that is an eastern response] [that is a western response]
I vote
nor wonder too greatly about that which
cannot be undone
I say
I am great enough I speak clearly I speak for others
I hold some things close
I hold some things in silence

Empty as ordinary 2018

MOTHER'S MOTHER [1]

Sometimes when one believes they are right they are not right
Norway brought proverbs from southwestern Wisconsin Mississippi River

From Montana traveled east passing the westbound others landed at St. Olaf
traveled east then met a man called Grandpa

Gave birth gave birth gave birth gave birth
social work is a matter of learning to assume hugs for one's girth

That old horse that old car
all of the [things] the [associations]

It was I came around for memory her silver hair now
brought jacks and Beetle Bailey

Grandpa passed away in the eighties God bless his soul
she learned to drive in her seventies God bless her soul

Was Crystal's sisters Sy and Pru took me to breakfast after his funeral
made me comfortable

She kept the summers on the Mississippi kept the winters in south Texas
a matriarch an elder say strong like North Dakota like Montana

Was her character told in later age to wander from her senior home
strangers are no replacement for life

And when she did pass it was the blue dress she is rested in
God bless her soul

And for the rest of us say five grand children eight great grand children
the brevity of time is countered in legacy

GROTESQUE: THE CHIMERA

Wandered through the underbrush upright
on two hooves
touched
and with goat horns
and with wings which cannot bring flight
happily the berries
to not be seen
guarding away the dragons the foulness of despair
darkness
and with no language but thought
for each moment
of eternity
conscious

to
take
the
opportunity

to
write
a
poem

to
assume
poetry

to
be
a
poet

oppression is
the make of social hardship
the government of conditions

put the germs of peace
in a bottle away
or say the character of
the nature of being
is contest is a forage

the brutism said introduced
is no contemplative rendering
no easement to struggle

nor beauty the poem is
another function
nationalism allegiance power
performance and economic ends
for what purpose but
immortality is the state
the collective

the poet
was encumbered by physical form

sight and smell and touch

it was the sugar on
the cut lemon

it was the rain just done
an air of light
the expected rainbow ah
what does a rainbow smell like

such things come to the encumbered
I do not know
authority
what I do not know
the censor
but to travel originally
picking keys from the ground
as notice

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

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

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 walnuts drop.
Through the night.
And through the rain.

O crazed change.
Put forward your season.
Withdraw your colors.

Quick. Quick. And the sky was opened.

Was hung.

Was opened.

Nothing is dead. Nothing ever dies Autumn.

Is still funerary.

Come again.

The ridden God.

The harness.

The saddle.

appearance from Paul Celan

Approached like a shadow.

Confessing.

Willfully.

Indirection can be triangulated.

Was an offset noon. October noon.

The first generation pilgrim.
Told the second generation pilgrim.
There used to be a field of sunflowers.
Where the Walgreen's is.

Absurd or unconventional.
That the cat walked on two feet.
Recited Whitman.

O what a beautiful morning

O what a beautiful morning
light not yet crested over the canyon walls

The sound of campstove firing coffee
nearby water rolling tumbling toward the Colorado

Is a sapling stand for camp for hammock
today the tribe will push there and back

Thank you to the permanent tribe
seen floods and change

The damage of nature by nature is no damage can be said
just cause

Over the eastern wall the toplit rim
light warps down the western face like astronomy

But the stars but the stars
are another moment and done for dawn

The grace of foreign environments is a spark like childhood
witness

Childhood participation
like the time he took us shooting [friend]

I have no terms of engagement but
the pressures of acknowledgement [light] see awaken here

Was his alarm his song his siren push on
for what is next for what becomes next

forgive me

forgive me

I was light in the heart

I was making excuses

what is the difference between a turtle and a tortoise [question]

the car sounds its horn
around a blind corner
backing up
with a broken mirror
the color red
with an oxidation spot on the roof
from an arid climate
it is in the day it is Sunday
I suppose
a tortoise is a big turtle

top shelf poetry

is imaginary
for its thoughtfulness for its weight
like
a morning cobweb with dew
sun the weight of the sun
shine

the spectacle
of familiarity is
a positioned defense
no

the obscurity
of subject is cause
a positioned defense
perhaps

just
what I had not considered
put to words
a matter of
my own germ of interest for
receipt

it is my interest I
claim

