

S O U L S O N G S

P r i t y L i g h t s

G R E G M A R K E E

S O U L S O N G S

G R E G M A R K E E

Copyright © 2015,

By GREG MARKEE

All rights reserved.

P r i t y L i g h t s

Δ

MADISON

Between the night of stars and moonlight whisp the lighted clouds
the night of dreams ideas and rested sleep
soulsongs the rhythms the breaths automatic but for pause listen
there is a city happening resembling nature and with no control I am

All is divided but for life made complementary useful the purpose
of one is the match of language for all ways cross an imagination
calling all to task and saying a union proves the invested watch
is where I belong as I have made this surface relevant and warm

Soulsongs replace the tampered replace the wicked replace the cause
which pulls one to smallness which leaves one to smallness
dependence and indirection and cursed for want
for the other is not afraid nor jealous the other is my application

An engine begins an awakening I had not realized such a frame
I live within called the area of my being but a dream an idea is larger
called humanity at struggle at the unknown at wanderlust
seeking something exact I had not realized such a fragment such a parcel

And to be the sense of decay and the remodeler when faith is
strength for reformation the day requires the adjustments of watch
soulsongs the tandem love is a coupled interest a doubled verse
and the satisfactions of utility among the estranged and malformed

They tear away light they tear away governance they tear away
the apologies
and the positive soulsong remarking today is indeed new
requires differently today than yesterday [called being]

The long verse of dying
I will not recall having been
but I leave my solutions wrapped in golden foil
for I have no use for them then

The long verse of dying
is selfistry selfism there is a single question ultimately
nor I make certainty of the uncertain
but say faith is my own peace

The long verse of dying
from when I begin channeling lessons and strength
say there is an answer there is a speck of an answer
and I am not completed

The long verse of dying
nor I convince them and them in their time that
all is relevant I believe I only say I believe
I have been proven differently a thousand times

The long verse of dying
[and do I get to watch]
[how graceful it is that I am no pressure against what becomes of questions]
[and say my legacy is different if it be at all]

The long verse of dying
I have seen a series of colors a series of questions
made a list into a poem
made a poem into a list of answers

THE STANDARD CROSS

The mighty bell chimed enter
let time say there is no stop no slowness to age
they and they are becoming for standards as I
Each bears the cross in a way
it was history said attention to the fallen
it was history said attention to the dependent
That is only persuasive when I have more than I require
though struggle turns one into themselves
makes freedom small and contained and wanting
I have watched the others with their standards
them making words again and again for
the types of value the types of being say emotion
The invented curses of folly and pacifism
pull one from determination but to say
now they are correct I have a thing to learn
Patience and allowance for being authority
reluctant authority [is not authority required]
[authority becomes silence eventually]
Here is a garden where the birds do rest
go and come again and go
because authority stepped away leaving the forms
And behind the boarded church the cemetery
with marked graves and witness
the only sound is nature's reclamation
The new the modern will too grow old
the mighty bell chimed enter
there is still life I agree there is still passion
They moved the objects into a new space
said this is now sacred
for the time

BALANCE

The weighted heavy histories of man and self
[I am balanced with the future ahead and becoming]
for all of failure is the malformation of want
to prefer a life a way settles the order of the day
all is balance if to say there is as mighty a force as memory
called imagination stirred with trust
and if it were their help their love which carried me after
a misshapen period I say learning comes of such times

It is a thin line the passages of being and to say
for every atom of will there is an atom of truth to be proven
and the conjoined nature of time and place is only mine
only I am advised for determination with my own desire
I am willing [do I not listen] [do I not care for rhetoric]
the poems are just maps and it is my interest I go
pulled this way and that the forces are gravity the forces are
cause for posture

And it were their word health and it were their word peace
but it is silence and I only know sense is where I begin
there is no drag there is no heaviness responsibility
is the daily task of the management of weights nor there is
burden to hold away the occlusions of age and temper
[it is just being and in the interest of the soul to value life]
[one liberty against another] [one struggle against another]
I rise for harmony on each side is preservation the center

MORNING GRACE

The risen cause o light through my window
herald the day birds and sing
I am summoned as a life and conditioned
to be to be
and start again in playful want
before the needs settle into consciousness
for time starts slowly like the clock and
with coffee smell late springtime favors
there is dew and green and green and green
brought a list of favors to myself

Clear my sight for getting along the day
now past awakening and with a charge to
doing
upon the morning habits of food and dress
the charms o early day is wonder the closeness
of energy what is my station
what is different I salute your notice and say
[no] wickedry is not mine [no] haste is not mine
the given features of life are mine and I am now
notice

MY QUESTION

What does come next
is my question
I have no list for the afterlife
nor tomorrow is made standard and safe in knowing plans
[because of change]
it is wonder it is folly to imagine
an improvement of today and
were there a series of stops a series
of play and consistency
such has been proven that my language has changed little in forty years
now my attention to the ambitions of humor
what my place has been has required
one and another experiences
exactly

What does come next
speculation always speculation
memory is not carried into death [I believe]
and were every day built upon
in this life
[yes I believe]
tomorrow will prove my faith tomorrow will prove yesterday's want

What does come next
the journal fashioned a line of being and
the geometrist made code for anticipation
life is predictable so a confidence is summoned
and were metaphor for the afterlife drawn from a lifetime
I respond I respond
from the familiar I respond

To have called upon a members
leadership had
a question of membership

The counsel is not as plural as its electorate
nor is there contest as to whom
is represented

And they were always twenty percent and
subject and
without representation

A preconditions of diversity is said
to look within
what is my composition and what it is I neglect

Apologies
I was running
for office

Summoned by the smell of June green
a day
packed a pack
left the nation for the country
[let down my ambitions]
[were I to think too hard of responsibility I will not remember] [the smell]
[that] that can be catalogued and put away

And the words go away for the firstness of sense
I only have a poem for you
from my memory
after

I have seen a clouds like that before
I have seen the grass rise for the season
but today is different
again

DISQUIETED

Disquieted
the clan put borders upon its end
[there is nothing left to be learned]
the frames of today are tomorrow's frames
and startled to say
membership is internal
builds one's trust against itself
but the question is presented for the firmness of bounds
that death too is contained in practice and pomp
is there nothing original in being
here
the advance of liberties is the empire of education
all are attached to the thread of this humanity
[I wanted my own]
the bookshelves are covered in curtains and say
reason enough for dis-ease
and the list of conversational subjects is
always incomplete and will always be incomplete
the dissatisfaction of
the inward push of society is call for an eruption
and they come about sharply like
colors
but there is a response to the disquieted charge
for them framed and living within limits
they are put away
listed as done and exiled in one way or another
there can be no dissent
now the talk is the weather now the talk is sanctioned
how soon to say forgotten and buried
the imposition of their trust
is a recall to collectivity but one will stand out
the silent deliberation of being will stand out

THE INITIATION OF CHANGE

The initiation of change is a spark
the substance of revolution turns upon invention
nor they realized they were not satisfied prior
to a governance which let down the demands of
compulsory this and that compulsory language
compulsory performance reviews
they were a union and had been battling authority
they were a social center asking why again and again
the withdrawal of governance is governance's confidence
human nature is usefulness and efficiency
so struggle believes [do they not bring their youth to protest]
but it is more
nor the withdrawal the withholding of dams of regulations
is the only courage of management and to say
better yet for something is offered
the spark of change is an introduction to competitive practice
with the tools required to complete an idea
the surface modernized is its own reward and
vision is to leadership bended nor a soul left aside
nor the issue of money nor the issue of fantasy is
required
the logic of social change is the appearance of
a map in which every keystone moved to
the proper frame is a reconstruction of value
like invention the social sways of civility are differently balanced
[and solid]
nor differently mentioned than a physical
construction of modernity such as the automobile
it is a spark [and if all starts from there] [the next step is]
[obvious] [and conditioned]
nor to make an idea law for such is a limit to discretion
social change is a different
engine

THE VOCABULARY

Were it my offense
to accuse beauty of beauty
apologies
for the limits of language apologies
for my fascination apologies
for believing
the accuracy of sight is
without limits
[but it were not sight which held me to]
nor to accuse faith of faith
nor to accuse love of love
nor to accuse humor of humor
nor to accuse patience of patience
there is not a word
which steals as an accusation steals
but to say
it were my offense in short sight
that there exists a complimentary
declaration
of your qualities
but these are not your limits
but my own
nor ever completed because
today you match a different
vocabulary
I cannot speak yet

THE HEART

O the heart beats rhythm patience I forget
for there is no answer to the important question
[you must wait] [again] [and again]
[because the important question resounds]
the answer I receive is impermanent passing
as transient as my own being O the heart
pulls
through history and stories through time and trust
call faith a boundary at what I believe
but the heart fills the uncertain with familiarity
I do not know everything I have not seen
peace as I dream of peace
nor through poverty and mistrust to say
these are heartfelt dreams heartfelt stations
I go toward a promise like reconciliation with
each of the standards of being and there is
no faithful station forgotten
and I am still learning [why]
I approach truth with optimism [why]
because it is [their] lesson O heart is
confidence I grow

TRUST

Is simple to say trust
respond to the unknown as I am instructed
I had not seen hatred such as
unnecessary authority exercised for what

Reason enough to know the guiding
shaman has my attention the elder has my attention
for prosperity is between a naive belonging and
the powered stations of omnipotence

One day I return to teaching holding
the most valuable lesson that
all are welcome all are purposed
all are catalysts

And between two positions then
the synthetic I absorb what is common
it is only time in which subtle difference will pass
I wait confidently

DERELICT

Derelect and run down proven negligent
authority is a trust
the property overgrew with grass and weeds
the president overlooked internal affairs
said justice is a foreign indiscretion and
freedom is to each's own rightness
herein there is no law to be in a way but one's own
nor the requisite lift of the downed and disenchanting
when each is to their own tug of godliness
but how they challenged one another
formed a philosophy of social exchange
but there is no champion of the voiceless
if to say a rule of words is everyone's rule
for voices can be stolen
voices can be rendered incredible voices can be taken

The propertied formed a line for
the presidency
said trade and trade for all of union is relative
value for value and eventually the returns of
international communion finds its way to
the internal shrug of
them going about their ways without politics
but such is theory and makes good sense
nor I have years for your ambition
I am righted when authority is forgotten
I am righted in my own expression
because tolerance is not for the novice rule
seeking political favor seeking my own favor
nor tolerance need be mentioned at all when
the competitive clause of socialism is discredited

DIRT POVERTY

Poverty the earth will not yield for a way
the stones the sterile soil
what way is good for becoming when an inheritance is such
nor there is condemnation for a place
for its little establishment has long been core to being
it is more effort making stone fences of fieldstone
again and again taller and more sectioned
and say poverty for comparison them
of black earth topsoil and plenty
for sale their way
nor a contest to family if to say
there is no look about for what is given elsewhere
this is grace and thanks and
a more solemn virtue for making way in a troubled field
there is no curse for claim there is no curse
for being
the draw of history is blood to knowing how and when
light appropriately spends itself and water
and effort is to making way upon the space of
such what is

SLEEP

In darkness where dreams and alternating silence
breath
covered in time I do not know tomorrow
the easements of the past crept into an imaginary watch
security is an answer to
an alternative force of chaos and misinformation
like escape is an answer
like comfort is an answer to discomfort to
the anxieties of a wakened existential hold for
sleep proves the day sleep proves direction
and the causal force of weariness as effort is to its letdown
and the muscles content and to the eyes closed and with pictures
now the clouds and stillness now
I lay me down to sleep
now I lay me down

PLACID WATER

What is memory the water
when anxiety is let down the summer sun
shines upon stillness is quiet the air about being
the satisfied watch is easy for patience
there is no contest to tomorrow's poems
but to say water giving water is plenty and
makes the green about a concert for watch
[but the rain is yesterday's]
delight what moves reluctantly as I
carry the burden of quiet and peace but for nature
the germ of metaphor and always to look for healing
and set aside conflict and its potency
just
nor the clouds are urgency nor sign
tomorrow's poem may rain I say I am still
nor to say a peoples trust expect the likes of today
weather is what happens to a body and I
revel at what is let down what is within reach
the marvel of a stolen day is today peace
[they come for many reasons] [they stay]
nor the storm is mine what does come yet
everything is eventual I suppose with
a hardness to existence the broadness of trial
is expected
but now is the point of being when
there is no cause for courage among a balmy conditions
say the lake [the lake]
is written
and there is no movement but my own wait

THE MIND'S DECAY

Atrophy for being
the mind's decay is shortness of sight
all is easy and uncontested
a troubled day is an institution of lists and discomfort
and effort is answer to a quieted being
there is no service to them with
missions and business there is no service to
the library of collective information
the internal watch is suspended and spended
and I hold no time against being
nor is it reluctance to let away the complex
formations of civil society if to believe
all is let down eventually
and the solid spheres of being are
to the twilight to the beauty of permanence
and an opinion as to engagement of
masses and marches in difference to
volatile reason
the mind is let away and I am not
convinced any longer
that
a mind of struggle is necessary [excuse]
and were it excuse to believe
in the transit of responsibility to a youth
as I once lived
say age is a bracket to social being and
there was time and time again to defend a way
but they were only checking to see that
I was listening
yes

HOME

Let forward what is not included
home
I cannot hold the impositions of politics and wealth when
I am living only
for the sanctuaries of room and the securities of comfort
are harbor to confidence and rest
say they are persuasive they are convincing
but it is here I let away their voice for my own
but for an invitation [friend]
this is no microcosm and
subject is
the time we spend
[nor frame such a place with limits]
[because authority requires an exclamation of authority]
[oneself]
a room is governed by experience and
what is not my own is swept to corners and put away
my own character is mirrored in
what does accumulate like interest and what is
sentenced as rubbish and unremarkable
but a gift for a gift traded is value for value is
our intersect is it not company these good intentions
you are welcome here

CAUSTIC WANT

Caustic want
the misshapen desires bring material
o material
forms a struggle for having for possession
and the competition among a politics for camp [it is our camp]
[wins this time]
hold close to the easements of being
them wanting and waiting and softly saying comfort is
having
nor consider poverty divine it is just
they say God differently than contract [contract]
the blessings when the gatherers are enough for
security
and it is difficult it is a challenge to
mark existence without the confidence of
the socialisms of comparative trade
production is creative and
were it an hourly wage to believe one is themself
assembled for social continuity
and individualism is cast in loyalty to what corporate mind
it is the surface of being only if to say
to hold a vocation at arms length to let in importance
the structure of wealth enough
for the brackets of significance only
like modesty what I do not list is no competition to
the core of the principles of exchange for
their power [the other] in which
the gaze for having [things] is not reproductive but
pulls one closer and closer to
stillness and a weighted presentation of having
no memory for one's own voice because
definition is my attention and
it is only my turn I am waiting for

SLIGHTED

Moved arrogance like a wand
it is their language is control for what redemption
and were I always asking the favor of
your principles I would be handled and put only
and with no center here
and were I to hold to my patience were I to believe
I am indeed contained and without voice and
without the autonomy of authentic ness I would
not require language at all but reliably perform
what it is I perform
social custom to say authority is mastery and
were I following indeed I have
thoughts to grace our relations
nor debted I say I am under no condition for your
honor excepting the sameness of simple respect
and were it my silence for counting for tallying
turns and being
I say there were no contract for such a miserly way
it is just fortune it is just
the charms of communication when one is not
silenced by loudness or other equal measures of
hegemony and distaste which
stifle my want for inclusion among the spheres of
such a community
it is the miser pushed to misery
speaks for his own in a way if at all and
it were the lines of property which grant such a
courage like sadness at
participation like entitlement to speak
[I require no prompt] [thank you]

FRAMES

Every day the instances the frames
and each the seasons yet respond differently than a year past
a train of experience through pause and meditation
and a semblance of familiarity
to the cycling ness of time and redundance
I am trained upon my own decisions
bring a typical experience to wisdom
and the generalizations of hunger and want are
made real into the next time
and were it poetry for language kept to capture
the extraordinary lines of being say
[that was different] [that was unique]
like pictures passing I will never forget
history [how I know] for having been inside of history
it is a story now nor I am reluctant to say
from one energy I am next directed dedicated
build one model for understanding that which resembles
peace
and production
and assume a centers are in tact again and again
for I wake similar to yesterday a moment advanced
with a new word for vocabulary

APOLOGY

O grace things are larger than my own
determination
I use language for these intentions apology
to letting back to the folds of nature and its rule
it is my stride which happened into the social way
when formation and time were each ours
I say I grow into a new self
apart from the misdirected spells of conquerous achievement
and though it is no lightness to again be present
it is a question of change for social consideration
and the easements I grow for to know when
my questions are thus received for information
and to your might of attention I am simple again
for asking nothing

O grace nor harm for my own ambitions
there is a place anyplace I shall not say
[and inconsequent for your distance]
but alone sequestered enough for independent thought
and the allowance of change and shift
from the unrules of misguided confidence but
I have not left society nor wish to but say
I am quiet I am still
and believe what is taken is reclaimed originally
if I have gathered more than my own share apologies
and to auction my own absence say freely
I do not contain the space of another nor let
[for it is not my authority to let] [nor to be]
but sound when sound is requested I am

THE RAIN ITS SOUL

Comes the rain quick quick too quick
for the soil too quick for memory I speak
gathers in low areas
and necessary
in a day the colors return to green after
the rain its soul
and the life let out for freedom for
redemption arms outstretched with a word
cause
and it is my redirection and where I put
the pattered sounds and nature giving
a glass of rain for drink
the darkened sky is prelude to
what there is no control for but memory
and were the day so humid
to inhale what is life this time
the country is answer the forest is answer the crops are answer
and what does become of my own
I too am answer
the rain its soul
and fills the bodies cisterns for drought I respond
patter
patter and hardness and torrents
and I am cleared again reset for

SERENITY BREAK

Serenity break it was
quiet and with the small sounds of being when
the rains put down a drifted thoughts
quick quickly
the rolling clouds across the day
and down the weather interference but
the cost of casted rain is my own retreat
wherein shelter to watch
what nature starts against my own meditations
nor I with control excepting a voice
do say the winds the darkness shall pass
as tolerable
and words will return without reference to nature
but inside and boundless
until then I am married to a place
and respond holding
my questions holding my patience for
conditions

But the rain is
satisfying [sharpen these senses if you will]
and turn these thoughts
from the irremarkable
say I too grow I too require

STATIONS

Were meant for being
it is his cause to wander and touch stones move stones
is an idealist for his ideas
for his notice is an idealist writing sundowns and
seasons
writing family and willful peace against nonpeace
writing history for reference writing lists registering lists
stations
for there is a might attached to each formation
an arrogance a language attached to each being and
she too an idealist for her execution of
words [she is titled as good as President]
[and with authority]
[to make]
and what is good is shaped by an imaginary force
where there was nothing there now is something
making monuments for public trust like legacy

There is a force for being there is a word for being
nor I am alone
I have many voices I imagine [I imagine]

WITH MY FATHER

A fullness of attitude
exposure is narrative and travel
car ride
golf and golf narrative
exposure is family history relations
names names
appreciation the goodness of summer day
and effort's place within a home
exposure is the carry of history
what is still relevant family
and the seeded thoughts within
your absence
a fullness approach independence
and are we not dependent
for such lessons
exposure is myself I see
nor have always
[it is the way who we become]
and whether I am too old
to be a son
now
but I still listen
exposure is a private metaphor exposure is dialect
there is a common answer to life
[nor common enough]
to say enjoy [enjoy]
for time is quick quick
a fullness to wonder for possibility
nor jealousy
exposure is maturity
appreciation I am relevant and with idea
from yours
perhaps

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

BEFORE I WAS SUPERMAN

Before I was superman
I carried the burden of mortality
I had ideas I had wishes I had plans
before I was superman
I listened to hear what does struggle
I lifted life above my own
I found joy in trying new things
before I was superman
I had not considered the rightness of actions
I had not considered the rightness of labor
I had not considered the principles of sociology
of colors
of flags
before I was superman
I had not counted the lives I've saved
I had not fixed a bicycle
I had not managed a garden
I had not talked to animals
before I was superman
I had not considered heroism
I had not considered the rightness of voting
I had not considered retirement
I went to the grocery store I went to the library
I remember travel
before I was superman
I had no need for money for freedom
I had no need for the accountancies of social life
I had friends
before I was superman
I do not remember rain
every day was sunny and full
and there was no contempt

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