

S P E N T R U S T E D
B U R D E N E D

p r o t o H o u s e p r e s s

P O E M S B Y G R E G M A R K E E

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p r o t o H o u s e p r e s s

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MADISON

SPENT RUSTED BURDENED

The weight of indifference oh heavy heavy sleep
she comes and goes without acknowledgment
just spelling language without feeling and without trust

I know the burden of the weather the burden of the rain
the chair no longer rocks
and the fuel of time is a question I have no answer

But justice for what was taken I know
the empty catalog of space of stars of beauty is
mine for if I possess anything I possess this

And hold to things I do not care for and say one color is another
control was spent control was used away in a single lie
it is all to notice there once was an idea of love

The affections are wisdom's return the borrowed affections
for I am convinced when they spell to me beauty
I had forgotten but for memory now and now

The blades of the fan the busses the handwritten lists
and the clouds assume the sky again the clouds assume
[the same art on the walls] [as a year ago]

Memory is a store memory is a den memory is a tank
breathe memory like language but
the possibility of an institution

The possibility of an institution is a concern to say
it was just a centerpoint to the agreeable believing
Any two people have a thing

SITUATED

A leaf late winter sky the gone snow
Crossed legs the season
Cardinals already
Nor lake ice

I was hungry so hungry it had been months
Like a bear
Watching nature expand inhale again
It is not my place to debate

The barren trees yet
She said she saw turkeys turkeys and a fox
All I need to do is go to the grocery store buy eggs and meat
The chair near the window

I should get a new roof one of these years
Walk to spring the rhythm of patience
On one side of me is a mountain and the other side is
A dark forest

I remember o sweetness I remember the gloss of
What she said was beauty [better than my own version]
And if I say I love you for that
I will say there is more to be said than that [there is always more to say]

But silence was the answer
Boiling eggs and making cinnamon rolls
All of the lines have been crossed there are no more lines to cross
The trees are starting to bud

FRIENDLY

Rode up to her
on a bicycle [with a conversation]
winter is almost done soon the green and call spring

I know something about you you
went to school for a master's degree [the reader thought we were children]
[we are children]

It is too wet near the lake for a walk
but coffee
maybe

We have just met and can barely tell ourselves apart
I am still wearing a sweater the same sweater as I wore in November
though I cannot see my breath

Now
there is a library I know has a poetry reading tonight
shall we

I am learning to quiet myself
to hold onto a poem
to listen

THE COURSE OF WIND

When
the course of wind
[he sat on the manhole cover] [waiting to be lifted]

The paintbrush was a series of dots
lifted the birds like air lifted the trees against the sky lifted the clouds
[he painted himself]

[With brackets] [he painted himself]
sitting in the circular
sky azure sky

ACCIDENTAL REVOLUTION

In a row in a line
the intolerable against the intolerable
was mischief spelled deception
put them to the cost of their words
but they fell from lines
and their expectations too fell
until
was a logician said the trees catch fire
the houses catch fire like language
and the lake the lake catches fire
you will believe
was only reason required
damn the misinformation it is
just a willingness to thwart
the bloody beginnings of civilization again
one more time because
that is how the president learned to be a president
it is just a stone's throw
to the end of the line it is just a stone's throw
people tire of dissent when cause
has no foothold and
the accidental is happiness
the natural state of political engagement is
contentedness
I cannot argue with the steady stream of
leadership entering that building
except to say
they have not asked me to stop
asking questions no no
I return to myself they have asked me to stop
again in a row in a line
the clouds are red and still
was a poem that said defeat the quiet

LIBRARY PASS

Library pass was a poem
I fought the pioneers with a spear
and a book I fought the pioneers with a book
[they were a hearty bunch] [built square masculine buildings]
[played loud music at night]
and them at the bay I joined them
with a fire and whiskey
the sky cleared like the stars like a book
was her beauty
said the mountain the smell of the mountain
no it actually did happen
was a book repeated life I am certain
the winter snowfall kept them to their stores
but winter passes
and the creek opens up it does
was a poem library pass was a poem
and where it was hot continually
they lived in square mud buildings
built fires in corners
I love
the ingenuity of people she was there again
saying reason when there was no reason
always leaving
why
for myself

HOT WHISKEY

Hot whiskey hot whiskey o Ire
the clouds the wind

Stone and stone one thousand years of stone
we will never reach the last

Was a lines on her face matched
the lines on his face

There is a large city where there are
no other cities

And the cars are owned and the homes are not
owned

Hot whiskey hot whiskey o Ire
but I smell the wild Atlantic I do and the grass

And then this is gone
like an animal from memory this is gone

THE DEATH OF THE TREE

The death of the tree
was a hundred years standard the tree
watched against the shifting sky and the shifting air the season
just got old
wasn't bugs or lightning
just got old
cracked near the base laid down flat for
the soil
reclamation

ONE THOUSAND FORESTS

One thousand forests end to end
is a nation
but to watch time and trees do fall
turn back into earth

There is a miser lives in the middle
has opinions
has an old home of fallen logs and principle
medicine and fulfillment

Named each
and I wrote them down
named each part of nature
beginning with God

The cats eat the birds the squirrels
the monkeys
eat the fruit the leaves eat the tree greens
the fungus eat the fallen trees

One land is separated from the next
the north is a spell colder
the south a bit more humid
there are lines there are questions

Crossed one land reconnaissance
to make another home
for winter migration he is getting
old

THE ROCK CLIMBER

Burned a candle for time
as long as there is light

It is summer and the light is long
and there is no cloud in night's approach

But
I

Say tomorrow good health
nor rope for standard

It is the freedom [recall freedom]
it is alone [nor isolated] it is the soloist

I imagine I can
solo

Why I am taken by their big walls
I am just as selfist

It is the view is it not the view
no I assume it is something other

Potential is her confidence
and she did not require

Him any more than he required
her

Actually that is not true
the rest of life is not free solo [maybe]

SPELL NIGHT

Spell night
retreat

Was a dream waiting to be plucked
to be cuddled

Sent a messenger and a warrior
to be seen by the animals

Said we are all weightless now
to the warrior

And the messenger I have nothing
nothing for you

Was the animals to watch to be
I dream of your world thank you

Spell night
retreat

For when the gifts of what are taken
ask questions of selfishness

I have enough just enough
[I did not realize I was sleeping]

Nor I quite realize
the spotted purpose of dreams

Is my own being with the imaginable
[was her clan] [to impress]

THE EYE THE SPIRIT

Was open witness I see your soul
but mine as well for what is seen
the color green for Spring begins is ready o hazel
and alive
it is a mirror to say that
for everything character recognized I too
carry

The eye the spirit
nor another organ so righted so visible
with answers and questions and answers
cause is attention is beauty the land
is her beauty is the quirk of understanding
it is
easy to sway the imagination if

Idea one is the next and into the eye
[make me a SunGod] [make me a rain]
I have held winter for too long I have held time
wrapped in blankets
and to say I am ready understanding
I was born of change of witness
I was born the spirit I see

The spectacle the spectacle the cloud
is what is more free for sight
nor I am alive [I do not know but to judge]
[like language what is said I do not know]
[but to judge] nor heavy things care
nor things that are free do care necessarily but I
[in my judgment I do care at them] [and them]

PAIN THE PAIN

Twas an arrow through the back
nor reach it [to take it away]
but only rub it flush upon the cement

Through the vertebrae spasm
straight
come in come in further better that

You continue all the way {that heal}
[against your memory] [that heal]
but now you are lodged

In complaint
pain the pain nor gone in sleep
and only partialled with medicine

The hips [was a turn against age]
keep a soul down the knees so too
[was an arrow]

SPRING SNOWFALL

Spring snowfall was cold as winter the sky
let down
[that was yesterday] [and today is different]
just quiet and the sky rich blue and a cloud

The snow on the ground shines
[this is the last] I remember [this is the last]
when it all clears
gives itself a name

I am Sentry I watch
the day
through the start of the next [and the next]
through the start of the next I know reason

And today is done completed [put away]
Twere God I say is so careful and reliable
I hear the river gathering with the melt
soon a new face soon a new character and I

One bird o hear
[that is psychology] [saying virtue] [saying nothing at all]
[saying] [what has already been said]
[a head on a chair with no body] [talking] [chatter]

The classroom the divided classroom
characterize your opposite [said the bird]
[you are tall] [you remember things] [you are sexy]
[said the bird] [sing a song of want]

It is the night I want when all of life is governed
and all are snuggled asleep or fearful
but they have not seen the stars as I have
I am but a daybird carousing the treetops

One bird o hear
what psychology is made of opposing characters
one is made for such and dares to be other than
[and tells no one]

The superhero was an orphan
[that is psychology] [she had not realized]
[it was not enough to vote] [nor stand atop buildings]
[the waiting moon]

The bird led the class in syllables [poems]
night and deviance soon slows soon falls
[the bird contorted her face] [grimace] [and sigh]
put on the blue [B] leotard with the cape

The rust in the air
the iron lungs the rust in the air
it was camping in the rain did it
spent a robot
I am
materially confused the rust in the air
was her beauty she convinced me
to breathe when
I should be alone I really should be alone
sorting circumstance and
love

Sundown
the rust in the air
and the giant machine takes bad air
makes it good
the crystal moon eventual comes
I am rested and shutting down
and how a robot sleeps
[off]
I am
materially confused for your softness
I am hard I am capable of rust

Forward when forward is time
awake all night unto sunrise forward the coffee started
but fell asleep first
woke at sundown to coffee and the evening news
[it was the texture of her hair]
[got him backward] [but he never saw her again]

Knew his knots
lookout the horizon
was a wall for sight granite

Knew his knots
the horizon is cash is cash
chugged forward God and claim

Knew his knots
steady the horizon the fenceline
near is harvest near is put

Knew his knots
knew his steel straight the horizon
engine smoke like my own

Knew his knots
tie one on
Mister

Knew his knots
waited for inspiration was a
hearted soul with questions

Knew his knots
the horizon is certainty
the horizon is a guess

Knew his knots
is a demonstration to tie upon
what is not his to tie [learning]

ORDINARY COINCIDENCE

Not to be confused with
the type of coincidence in which
two bodies unexpectedly share the same space
at the same time
[and call it love]
rather ordinary coincidence
like they met in Madrid
[what are the odds] [of having lived in the same city]
or
they both like brussel sprouts

To say there is no difference is to say
a topics are not exhausted
nor ever can be exhausted
[but I do not look for difference]
[do I] [question]
[had I not always in my past] [sought] [difference]
like how they met in Madrid
[he saw her at the museum first]
convinced her of a bull fight

Coincidence and looking for coincidence
convinced of coincidence
and the determination of love as if
there were no alternative to
[this]
but it is your company next to mine and say
[in any language]
the bravery of being near the foreign
and finding the familiar is
ordinary coincidence

OVER THE WAIT

There was the last spell
over the wait
and now composition in which
winter's decline is mentioned

In pencil

And say it forward like
optimism is a bird is a
spot of grass is an open sky

I see

Was a poem for memory last year
over the wait

Was a poem was a sketch

Framed

Put

THE FIRST

Of spring
dank like yesterday nor new
wrapped in clouds and speeding cars
no
today I wanted to
go to the lake go on a walk see the green
ness
I respond I am less weary for thinking forward

The first
of spring
this year is another day another wait
[her colors have not yet come]
and the wind is present I wait
[what snow is gone]
[observation] I have not lost myself in
the weather yet the first [sweater]

Of spring
calls the blackbird for check
[too] [they listen for the next]
[It will be a fine season] [when]
[the earth is still frozen] [but the squirrels]
I would lie on my back and listen
to the start I would lie on my back
were it not yet changed

TEN

Ten books onna shelf
their is a canyon made of stone carved by water
the story is always the same
the sun sets early over canyon walls
and the stars and the stars tonight
the story is always the same
there has always been enough water
but they special ordered Oscar Mayer for protein
the story is always the same
first the adolescent he meets she
they grow they get married have babies
the story is always the same
[but he saw a message in the stars] [this time]
[the cover of the book is purple]
the story is always the same

Ten stories ever told
clad in leather and sentiment
the story is always the same
he and she turn into her parents
watch the walls erode [some day this will be a canyon to name]
the story is always the same
maybe the sky tonight a shooting star
and the creek is high even for springtime
the story is always the same
[the cover of this one is in red] [the rest are brown suede]
[take it to the falls] [in a book pack with lemonade]
the story is always the same
I once recorded a natural poem
[was her brown hair that looked golden in the right light]
the story is always the same

FLIGHT CONTROL

Flight control
a little to the left please
good good
we are serving chicken parmigian now
and domestic beer
and then a musical about robbing banks
we will be landing at three

[There will be no negative thoughts]

Thank you

[PRIDE IS A BURDEN]

Remind me what is a burden
[pride is a burden]
[certainly pride is a burden]

The others wore red I do not have a problem with red
though we had always talked of gold
[I separate myself] [it is a burden to separate oneself]

Avoid the left for anonymity [speaking of anonymity]
pride and anonymity [are different] are different
I say aloud

The retrospection of pride is no wonder
[it is just that I have no sense for control]
[pride and anonymity are a burden]

I forget myself [orange]
was a cluster of interest with no reference to
pride or anonymity

I have no control for the sky
it will be dark soon nor rain today
just dark

Remind me what is a burden
it was a story which sent me this way
said moral and rightness [I did the dishes]

And the green soon the green
I cannot wait for the appearance of Spring
[waiting is a burden]

WORLD RECORDS

Was obesity sent a man to stardom
one thousand pounds
was eight feet tall I remember from grade school
died early died early I say
the biggest animal the blue whale but for land
the elephant
duh
the most money possessed ask Forbes
the first this the first computer the first car
the first in flight
the first parachute I know
age is upon the one said to be one hundred and sixteen
there is no record of her birth
someone else is in line
the hundred and fifty pound tumor
the astronaut first this the astronaut first this
art
geneareally speaking

Art
kept
[proof dissolved] [the unnecessary dissolved]
was beauty kept
and fascination kept
was a record for time kept
one artist speaks across the world
were they listening were they
[wanting answers]
[tell me] [in paint]
[what is the most]
[let us see if we sound the same]

THE CAÑON THE CITY WALLS

Was dark early the city walls
held out sundown
retreat

O lift the light away
and cool to walk among
but to the roof like

The cañon rim for starlight were there no clouds
the galaxy streaks
lit

Every star for sight
excepting pollution
the character of a city is differentluy lit

Underground I travel [then]
asking questions
asking questions of language

Beauty is not so contained he said
maybe architecture maybe her hair
so too the sky excepting pollution [and the natural clouds]

Came a rain let down upon
the cañon wall and south and the tower in which he
lived [and his watch]

I cannot tell the difference
was her beauty to stand with me
hilltop

WAS A LANTERN

Was a lantern
oil
the pitch night against the flame
nor wind nor weather nor stars
but eyes were their watch
and chattering the sound a lamp is
just wanted wood
for the interior and how a mind wanders against
itself
trips falls
and a broken lamp against
the wood
is a fire
burn
is late spring now the fire will burn itself away
the home is a safe distance

THE CALCULATIONS OF BEING

The calculations of being
reverence were reverence
notice
[but the clouds] the clouds are notice
and was the rain just then brought me into my own frame

The calculations of being
nor mistake reverence for reference
the horizon notice
[but for sundown] the sundown is notice the horizon
I am framed by horizon for reference

ROUND AND ROUND

Round and round was midnight
just then
is midnight again is midnight again
the birds first song in the morning was it yesterday now
blur
the day
for yesterdays' song one and again

Round and round was sunrise was sunup
is light is dark
is light
the misspent sleep and then
was the absence novelty was round and round
despair and wait
but I have no control

SPENT ALL MY BONES

Spent all my bones
burned them away
on youth on age on being

Now I wait
interest was promised
like education for being

Spent all my money
held it up to beauty and force
cashed my cash

The tobacco is gone
and I am old and knowing better
I am old

Spent all my bones
the box is empty and the pockets
I only have this necklace

And that only means something
the stones for memory
and that only means something