



STEREO RABBIT

GREG MARKEE

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WATERBODIES

Everything is separated water.
Webs between fingers and moving slow.
Hold water to breathe.
Ocean Missouri to ocean Sweden, a map.
Every action is swimming. Every thought is
a current. Rain is sky water to air
water to earth water at horizon at
my webbed feet. Hold breath water to
live. Skin is water
and holds in waters. Blood is water.
Thoughts are
water and isolated in cave
water drip pools and defend themselves.
Or thought is a flow
consistent, a philosophical river.
Cloud is water. Colors are
water. Flowers are water, sun water
and earth water. Wetness does not exist
except for everything.
The light waters of sand. Water soil. Water mineral.
Drowning does not exist.
Aquatic geographies only require
adaptation.
Everything is water.
Vehicles are water and travel among water carrying
water. Westbound to other waters
water sundowns. Sleep in water cars
waiting for waterday.
Water rainbow. Thought is
lake or ocean, mind is oceana questioning water everything,
water life. Swimming to things, the separation
of water eternity and presence.
Water prairie and water life.
The limits of water. To end nowhere. To
leave is to dissolve
into everything.

candle only a candle

Porchlight open flame. Burn at
meaning. Open flame
I, burn to reason
to smoke. The expulsions

like prayer and world, and
burning wick sundown the
meditates of everything. Wax
melt I and no problem is great

to passers, listening sight
what I know. The
crickets. I make daylight dissolve. Fire flies
to ends until a thought.

I am then standard.
Absorbed. Until only a beauty.
Until a light becomes natural,
stars burning questions,

burning the generalness of being.
Time, and it folds
to order, to remnant, and little thing hurtful
or without meaning. Time is nature.

Time is memory.
But no fire consumes everything
except death almost.
Flame glaze, the contemplates of, or either

only light. Only light now.
I flickering attention at
a wind and
dissolve into trust and stare like all intentions

do. Stare.

house, and what a house represents

House, standard. Sleeping rooms. Walls.
What a house represents. The culture of living.
The character of those who reside.

Love into, word and
concept into, thought.
A word, a sound represents.
I declare stone and moss. Tax this passion number 3134,
its walls are I. And concentrated,
sensitive, for a fire and criticism.

Salted brick, stately
function it waits.
The variety of God.

Nominal. House as
chapel and representing. Museum house and
Facing east at
the astronomies of lighted suns and systems. House,
and what a house represents. A manicured lawn
and overgrown meaning. Bound greens, a

living community. Fire ever,
for family and privilege, for knowing
right, for saying prosperity until.

For suffering
and knowing struggle as something other.
I give
word, for to socialize this symbol is to allow
its carry. And every thing that contains these thoughts,
a wall around.

Standing
as and kept, for becoming. I dream only
lightly among beauty, for the rest is.

archetype

Protos wine. Original, I
of thought. World.

A social parades.

Heroism, of justice, inspiration, beauty, all,
I know things. I
am certain. You are divine, oh
thought, and only. Physical archetype, holy

and solid, you cannot move by a future
lest a history dissolve. It will.
Protos, first, wine,
and standard peace is now. Without division and without

reference

except name.

Reproductive, letting out peace litters in increments but
not a whole for the retentions of this individualism

are promise in degrees. Archetype forest floor,
greens and canopies by which I love all forests.
Archetype winters day snowdown I consider all the
rest as important. Autumn harvest I love them all and

think of one by name.

I am I. Solid

and resolved. And middle aged, by which

I place I. And develop, like

thought develop, and having left the archetype of 1973
and 1970 and 1996 inevitably, and that greater
which transcends even age, I will leave that in
some time.

And

that which binds this compound, I, I call I.

it is only level 2

Saved at level 2. Not among
participatory religionists but able to think of tiny things
in courtyard like
existence. Consider absolute institutions
of relativism and the merits of
shapeshifting and ritual.
I consider neatly
chapel faith and
authority. And
declaring some arbitrary affiliation.
I was not prepared.
Daylight ponder I say, only that, and now again and
reduced.
Control.
Held at level 2.
At social arms length to everything.

Culture, I do not manage. The wind I do not manage. The air.
Arbitrary like good modern novel
for free things.
Love and only imaginary.
Participatory religionists. Them having
stayed for official faith.
I was excused and not knowing another day
was an allowance to westernism.

Anyone as authority.
Perhaps I did. Know.
Courtyard question only I: is the knowledge of principles of a given
faith the same as faith itself? No.
No parameters to trust.
And only substance to operating a life, thought. I
black market of religion,
divinity piecemeal.
Supported at level 2, or 2.5, discern.
But less than vocation.

stopping in small universes

Passing.
Cultural
things, the word
expression.
Beef as symbol. Growing
season rainfall.

Lay oneself down sex park
obliged. Curious passing thanks, my
seven days. Around here,
water hill animal
service as meat, service
labor companion. Beef.
Given name money
social value material. Reason
social
value immaterial. Passing
thanks. Keep time astronomy
increment dream.
Systems.
Social authority
wheeled vehicle association.
You are compassionate love friend.
Recreation summit
purple sundown imagine.
Foreign beautiful seminal
common. Here stars dignity
native
common. Through passing curious.
Object, bag leather animal flesh forgive
timepiece. Beef.
Representative
wish
received friends I who
indeed. Passing curious.
Thanks.

aspects of God

I only know parts and call them.
Force I exist.
The operations

of living.
A content. Panentheism, pantheism, and
passages. Too great the
littles

cause. Everything in everything.
Divinities every fiber every

micron every I cannot reasonably.
Eternal dispossession
elements. Grace
thanks peace reason sanity

existence. We travel together
importantly

reasonable creative force
of. I only know parts.
I only know parts. Bended body as record,

blistered feet
as record, isolation
that I learn, these are record. God aspects
wholeness greater blackness blankness.

No capture
artifacts.

To hold them in thought
intention. To change
nothing because it cannot.

on whether a thought can be changed

A thought. A different thought
similar. First remains.
Believe bluesky day, outdoor nap
lake swim. Cloud comes cold
now
separated day. New attentions
with evidence
day represents.
bluesky day then
intercepted something
other. I am newly cold.
Change. And then is other
I no longer.
and held elsewhere for the next
familiar. Streams
intelligence, in increments
not continuous. Learning

stages, brilliance and corruption.

Excellence then degrees. Every increment
independent
to return to
at distortions.
Knowledge to return to
as stable. This
city is large. And
for ten years, then, this city is comfortable.
Navigable. Ten years ago, thoughtful
and small, a thought.
Now city
for every year from then,
degree of
knowledge. Each
having been.
Experience. And then was too.

inhalants

tobacco smoke, sage,
end smoking for
social systems cannot smoke on
airplanes.
smokers,
airborne distributors, inhalants
lungs,
exhalation discharge.
Certainly asthma. Certainly lung cancer certainly
and emphysema bronchitis congestion,
candidates logic candidates
inhalants. blood diseases
apathy flu mental impairments
ill logical defense their application necessarily
inhibit air travel
intentions of those minded.
subvert methods medical industry
for space flight social science less inclined
the consumption inhalants prescribed
as noninhalant (air go traditional) medicine
route social engineering.
deserves place among absolution
sciences, not.
double subvert,
subverting subversions
and picking up bad habits smoking
grow-your-own tobacco, burning public sage
restrooms owning aspects
airborne participation uncontrolled

by social engineers
and NASA health people.
consumption. inhaler, I let me choose
what goes in until.
pipe you will and
wait 'til the next epoch you eradicator.

deeply into philosophy

Goes the mind, deeply into. Never
needed a book, he, only inclined to concerns.
Mind actions. Often
women, and confused with
lover
for the wrong reasons. Neglected

male tendencies,
quiet and thoughtful,
using words,
creating words. A body is important, he was,
but a soul place for divinity, he was.
Profound like existence universe everywhere

internal dialogue,
defending himself to himself. Deeply into, so
travels so many questions
an end
address them some way. He was responsible.
If anything, responsible.

To draw to social curiosity driven
people.
Every level at every, but he
never did believe in levels, not even now. Discourse precurse
all languages
great and profound people, even them

thought marketers
without contribution. Philosophy,
only word, representing representing love, discern
among other things people include in
rubrics of conceptual formation, general airheadedness.
Never confused him for Jesus, he

liked to be alone.

classic seminary, searching seminary, hippie seminary

On the constructs of religious formation, who could discount the impact of religious instruction in history. But a modern thought still travels and much has happened in the last one thousand years, much has happened in the last one hundred years, the last ten years, even now, things are happening. And the orders of thought, those who have committed to the ancient and perennial investigations, and those who adopt a more current matter of investigation such as social theory and social improvement as a set within a modern context. And even those formations of unschooling which resist the boxes of any sort and those which are the productions of spiritual philosophy as evidenced in items such as art and literature which offer ideas and inspiration. True, that the classical seminary will have the financial and public support of those cultures and peoples which have benefited from their existence, and the necessary facilities will make a commitment to learning a great deal easier for a participant to be holistically absorbed into a system of thought. And the firm and methodological school which concerns itself with modern social systems of value and discernment may have a firm financial ground of support by those industries and public peoples who are redeemed and recognize value in the more moderate and less explicit issues which are typically overscraped by classical seminaries with focus on the explicit discussions of God. And the feel-good seminaries, perhaps offering insightful 'adventures' and personal prayer from teepees and forest, and perhaps not offering degrees except for ordination into elderhood, perhaps inclined to nature in its raw form, give them a thousand years I say and see what becomes of them and consider them as now classical. And for those retarded by the notion of religion, perhaps a liberal arts college by which an exposure to approaches to thinking is enough, I cannot say except divinity is as absolute as commitment.

emptying oneself of privilege

Burn bridge, another. Burn metaphor, for
too many strings. Attitudes
of marrying a system of favors too for

liberal existence. Burn house, burn office, burn
communication, burn divisions of

privilege. Burn
society which delays concern.
Burn entitlement. This effort
is merit and true

profound and you are welcome if.
Burn land which cannot

efforts. Burn systems
which decide. Burn governments which decide.
Enlist nothing.
Lest I offer myself.

Accept no, accept understanding.
Accept refusal as allowance.
Standardism as no enemy
to capitalism democracy religion.
We are upon equal threads.
Burn threads. Burn
social divisions of limits. Burn
want. Burn the
impossible, burn
divinity less than otherness.
I am responsible for, I bard
of reconstruction of
deconstructs.
Class. Burn
normal. I return and carrying
ideas I burn. Burn standard.

sabbatical

Gone. Out determining
colors. Left reading list. See
door.

No destination finding
purpose in walk. Out
to talk about now.

For ten years, apologies.
Begin
streams

a poet minded soul. Rural
and to industry abroad.
A years to find home

in reason.
Personal.
Otherness I wish to return

social to its discourse. Life.
And circles I
believe

cannot believe
without bounds I
and sampling thought.

Records
Rocinante.
And freely eager

lists
of mission. Loops.
And lights bring back you.

text message

symbolic form remark
meaning key
phrase intent.

voice mail

social reception
absentia greeting
memory tablet I am away and will contact you yes.

e-mail

technical
etiquette return a thought to page
response and records.

fax

image text transfer
remote without human delivery paper
numbered flash information.

telephone

ring elder technology vocal
regard because some things
cannot wait until I see you again love.

internet

image click click
design graphic information
stare click click.

just here to make friends

Not passing through. Making
friends. Not here for homeland personal

struggle compete advice. Only
communion relationship second

placemanship accolades appreciation. Beer
coffee, the satisfacts of conversation,

your versions remembrance.
For time has brought and separated,

time our cities apart. And taking
time, sewing likeness

threads experience. I
reference appreciate

living riverdom hilldom. I only know
your language long ago

sound.
Now older, and listening

eastward wind I believe then differently.
Old grace we are elders. Middle time

and waiting. Still. Another hundred years
I confirm.

Sport then enough for rivalry.
Bread and

method. And goodbye touching hands
moment, only quickly. Slow.

state

Sovereign. Social
governance.
Religion set.
Land frame.
Social order.
Daily living and corporate mind
gently steady.
Cooperation.
History
past. I living

rightly strength
ambition. Discerns
want.
Borderdom
and nature still. Rivers, clean I let. Mountains,
the air, clean I let. Flag
and colors pride peace

Systems come standards.
Cross upon that.

Bounds
and remembrance kept,
intention kept.

Trust, the divisions of.
Trade.

Purpose.
Divine for generations
legacy.
Character.

touching down

Earthgone
eterns conscience,
without material or trinities
as if anything.
Soil, bicycle tire molds
a path, robin coughs
a caught butterfly, falling down clumsily
upon log and laughing at not having been seen, having
photographed bulls, having roamed shelves of books
like prairie bison, having considered the profounds of
bacon, having laughed at borders, having left anything
away. Peace time returns. I
have been sunset. I have only
been sunset. Only awed at
space shuttle stained glass
believing.
Anything. And
evolutions, damn you evolutions
change
material life eternal.
I love
love leaves everything stone. Now stone
without price and judgment, value
thought. Inspire, I
grow arms and feet. One thought to another to birth,
and touching down slowly born again mushroom
black forest everything and familiar.
Relearns text order language.
Again.
Thoughts not die today.
I am not responsible, I claim no law, I do not
imagine theory, only to let. And what colors brilliance,
sage
smolders flame. I remember fire. I have always remembered
fire
and death. But not today, love.

goodness club

A place to sleep, we make a corporation of it. And food,
and harmony, we make a corporation of it.
Counsel, intentions
altruism. Sit around leatherback smoking,
for thinking direction. Welfare carries
healing
social, opportunity now,
fundraising, profiteer edge to social
progress. Solutions,
remedy,
public outreach. Boardroom concerns.
Philanthropy
driven,
recreation, care and
order, progress,
work, free
mental and physical activity. Boundless.
Social pyramidism, slight,
ambition creativity.
Social healing, public,
congressional lobby, underground efforts are
modest and slight. Outcome
driven soup kitchen, hunger
be well celebration
help,
security. A corporation of it, altruisms
peace security, higher needs
knowledge and possession, moral commitment to.
Idea
carried through existence. Family of efforts,
this corporation, evolving, and responsibly bound
community. A place to sleep, the simplest.
And food, a matter of resource, facility, conscience.
Scholarship, long term, and
success, to ask an invested return of good will, the
shares of referral, if you are to believe we have accomplished.

bird paranoia

They scatter,
the birds above my garage.
Seven and congregating I know.
And
the nightbirds chirp
madly with
the crickets in turns until I
listen to their
language.
The blackbirds chase the
finches away some
times claiming
status.
The owls call their
territories at
times I do not remember them
doing
in the past.
On bicycle trailride I follow a robin
until it lets
go
of the butterfly and they
both fly away.
Hawk soars at me
driving. Breathless. Little
birds
on a wire watch me watch
me.
They scatter,
in a flock to the leaning
tree to
watch watch.
The congregation at the
feeder. I fly
away.

empty things

Vase, no flowers.
Cup, no water.
Having known love, and gone, vessel.
Pen, kein ink.
Museum in the night.
Ocean before ships.
Outer space, thinking I am alone.
Memory of unqualified things.
Hamper after a wash.
Shoes after work.
Blank page before I write.
Mind before prayer.
The intentions of summer schedule.
Radio without a broadcast.
Computer without electricity.
The inside of a bead.
The holes in swiss cheese.
Where a nail once was on the wall.
Time without my interest.
The stomach of a hungry person.
A stare at something unusual.
The inside of carbonated water bubbles.
Knowledge acquired which hurts a public.
Bank account after a spree.
Language to a depressed person.
Religion to someone physically exhausted.
A bottle of tequila after.
Divorce.
A stone's intellect.
My pockets when at the park.
Hat, unworn.
Eye of a needle.
Eye of a hurricane.
Grocery bag after unpacking.
Mind thinking of numbers only.
Love without sharing love.

August cigarette sounds, hour past sundown

Crackling tobacco inhale.

Light wind.

Insect chirps.

Passing car, music, engine, wheels.

Leaves.

Swallowing water.

Rhythm of crickets.

Humming exterior air conditioner.

Neighbor television.

Clearing throat.

Passing car gently quiet, wheels.

Silence.

Insect cacophany now again.

Light wind, leaves.

images silence

Clouds leaving tracers
half a sky distance. Falling
leaves like snow, curtain
of falling leaves, everything
falling. To swim among
falling things and breathing
leaves. Hollow sounds of
history, death rising from
the earth, ancestral screams
and the formations of peoples.
Dog walking among the
formations of peoples and
sniffing at death and then
pissing on the dead. Food from
leaves and everything green
again. Again the sky and
cold wind, as cold as anything
to the bone and making
all things thin and gaunt. Misshapen.
Mouse as thin as miniature
whippet, running from a
mushroom to the next, hopping
off the backs of mushrooms.
I remember being small and
time when, it was only a
spinning clock merciless,
blue face when electrons
were planets I remember
beginning. Skull. To return
allowance to symbols
mortality. Clouds exact
and moving quickly soaring.
The falling things stop and
everything frozen silence
everything frozen but I
am not cold, only seeing.

lists

Species. Catalogue
of living.

But I knew a dog who
listened and
had no reference.

I knew a smart bird who
walked places.

An insects who walked in
formation.

Catalogue, the physical
characteristics, but
character, it
is

something different is it not?

I knew a zoo bear who
entertained, only otherwise
existing as salmon hermit
or

cub clown. Supposing
character is innate, I
make a list of
them with entertainment
and thought as
unique to
some.

The spider whom I
let
watch me type for an hour.

And those who sit. I
am

patient sequoia. I am
patient saguaro.

Now patient owl and
awake.

Stirred like dawn
claiming lists I.

I make daylight resolve

That was yesterday, the
errand, the stamp of
intolerance which made
me think about the question
of identity.

I
can be something or either
to change is divine. I
am
not married to emotion.
The force of daylight
only I.

That was yesterday
when I was more alone
than
usual and not
eating at the thought of
purpose. Apologies to
this body. I do not wonder
at

simple things I only
stare. Daylight now and
having succeeded many
things. To be proud I
am, perhaps too proud
of identity which allows
change
but I was never pure
at anything.

Never a pure national or
pure religionist. Yesterday
was
only medium I
wanted nothing
less. Perhaps today will be
excellent.

gang green

Leotards and tuxedos, the
bead
wearers carrying flags and
promising better ways
if.
If one can accept first principles,
then.
Converse and
social inversion,
top hat t-shirt bow tie everything
at least a thread of
green.
Even the men who never wear
colors
and not knowing even
now
what envy is about.
But made to wear love is
not always about understanding
especially when if you marry
one idea you marry every other
associated
principle, all the way up unto
your soul and that would go
too
if it were not apparently empty
and immovable
because it is not material.
Green face watch. Summer time.
Green lens glasses, I
see lucky charms and lesbian
love and puppy love
and everyone smiling, some
just cannot help
it
I suppose.

Chinese cigarettes

Shiny blue butts. Like winstons with
a dash of socialism.
I imagine riding one of those
puttering fish boats
or standing with collective purpose
in
front of some industrial apartments.
Or scooter commute on
sidewalk
with blue butt in my mouth.
Burn quickly but I cannot mind smoking
two
one from the next
and thinking about some provincial
authority and
provisional existence and
how to nab some unexploited
technology.
Ah! Yes, that, and after egg foo
floo, spicy mandarin mongoloid
beefcakes, ah! What a burn!
What a burn!
Blue butt topless collecting sunspots
like those Americans tend to
do and passing squabbling money
to ancient smart family always smart
and collected paving China
in all sorts of wonderful
food and textile ways.
Like winstons, and a burn rate which
makes a blue butt hot.
Decent taste I admit and different from
the Filipino menthols
gifted to me I could taste before
I lit it but
thanks anyway. Why I compare smoke?

stereo

Ears rhythm glow sound.
Thump. The symphonics of
being Boston and Los Angeles
lost middle America torn and
looking two ways and always
caring what if. Until idea
begins, that outward is from
the center. Glow crimson
and hear an effort Chicago
time cattle strength poet.
My and how I love concerts
in golden place pacifist for
every effort has ever been
love among distance and a
love among table talk. I
consume words, the voice
of atrophy, it is strength,
the voice of suffering, of a
struggle, it is quiet strength.
The percuss of want and
change or either its consent.
Perhaps consent is enough
this time. Radio stereo and
the ever expands of little
chimes and rings, little is
a chord, the innerdom and
fusion. For no sound exists
in isolation Memphis Portland
Baltimore except for the last
wish which lasted until that
April day silence rain Salt
Lake Athens. Thinking of
salt and the silence of weather.
Salt, the cacophonies of the
hardship of consent and
the elapse of otherness.

corporate bombs

Waterbombs. Milkbombs.
I forgive a name on everything.
I forgive branding animals.
Meatbombs. Placebombs.
Bombs of neutrality. Neutral
people saying profound
things. Vegetablebombs,
corporate bombs and naming
claiming the natural. I
forgive banana stickers. I
forgive fake sugar. I forgive
Morton saltbombs, claiming
salt. Moneybombs, fat cows,
cash cows, cow computers.
Bird niche, corporate seed,
I am finch owl cardinal robin
and called entertainment.
I am called something and
sold at, sold to, sold by, I
sell. Inkbombs, letterbombs,
marketbombs driving market
carbomb oilbomb with parts
from three nationbombs
selling themselves madly
at me. Landbombs and who
first owned this soilbomb
now called homelandbomb
and sacredbomb. Selling
soulbombs Sunday ritual
lovebombs giving bread
and bombs to buildings.
Healthbombs, the industry
bedbombs and personal
care. Teachbombs and the
districts of schoolbombs
each a number. Numberbomb.

woody path to prairie rambles

Pointed stick meaning nothing.
Mushroom.
Canopy.
Packed path occasional stone.
Fallen tree.
Bird.
Green bushes meaning nothing.
There is probably a raccoon here sleeping.
Noontime no matter.
No visible water I am not thirsty.
No ponderosa pine needles, old leaves here.
Down a hill left and then right who cares?
Breakout to daylight prairie tall grass.
Butterflies meaning nothing.
Wildflowers.
Hard dry soil little rain.
Homes in distance meaning nothing.
Grasshopper.
Grasshopper hop the only noise
now wind.
Giant willow in the open represents age.
I stop meaning nothing.

normalizing welfare

Representation. Who to be today
lucky street coin bagel. Gentle like

a
lake breeze. Worn leather souls
cowskin ambient noiseband the
FM cries light blue light blue. What
of sip soup watch and orange piccolo
men.
To

struggle at returning to forest where
home is ten miles away and pretending
a personal arboretum.

Pretending a personal museum of
life and lesser choices, art duck
bread, art turkey roadside, art deer

stare. I am no less than
eating meat like chains of food. Representation.
Who
to follow for rewards except
slavery which pays well and is
secure but to struggle at such (things)

like
identity and only personal
and whether there are such (things)
as collective value.

Sun shirt and beggars eyes but
only wanting wasted things like

intentions. I
collect them and arrange them like clouds.

educational theory

Minding evidence.
Assorting. Classifying. Language. Philosophy of language.
Minding chronologies.
Recognizing authority.
Affiliating.
Social status. Token economy.
Hey poem thoughtful clever.
Philosophy of science. Science in art. Science as consequence.
Science as loss.
Ways.
Personal ways. Cultural ways.
Ways of receiving.
Construction. Reconstruction. Knowing that which was destroyed.
Interest. Several sides of interest.
Stages. Increments. Records.
Nothing is little except change.
Escaping material but not in those words.
Minding nature.
Respect. Friend. Love.
Inspiration. And what can be done about limits.
Ego.
Developing an ego.
Responding directly to the egos of others.
Escaping immaterialism but not in those words. Physical health.
Language is small. Language is evidence.
The transparency of theory. The movability of theory.
Time is quick and slow. Managing time. Keeping time.
Emotion.
Elderism but not only.
The content of language. Clarity among intentions. Curiosity.
Traveling spirit. Drawing courage. Sketching courage.
Life stages.
Body.
Age. Merit.

poetry from isolated environments

Six walls clad, four in etched
symbols
by
who was the last.
Who was the last?
And confines brick picking
up red lint
stuff in door jam
along
side the blue paint chip green
gummy shit.
Novel on walls 70, 20, 10
I am unclaimed and
wishing for lakes and harder
things
like imagination. Waiting for
harder things like imagination
through
pained paned windows always
separating
the box of grass called
courtyard from indian
style sitting.
Meditation turns a
man
as inward as he chooses.
Meditation turns a
man
to authority and
authorship.
Grayship, skyship, airship.
And authorship turns a
man
back again.
Who was the last author on
this?

I ate it

I found a piece of red
gummi
candy in my driveway.
I washed it in my bicycle
waterbottle.
I ate it.
I found four neatly placed mushrooms
at
the entrance to
Cherokee park.
I nibbled on each of them.
I found a wild spring
near turtle lake, clear
and
with watercress.
I drank from it with my
hands.
I toured a salt mine near
Salzburg. I dipped
my finger in
a
pool of water and sampled the
saltwater.
I have eaten stickers
from apples, galas, red delicious,
macintosh.
A favorite
book
of poetry, I
tore a corner off a page and ate it.
'I dreamed this dream and I still dream of it' it
was called. I
sometimes touch
the ink end of the pen to
my
tongue when I write.

man who sleeps in closets and cupboards

He was expected to be in his bed.
Where the hell is that guy.
I did not tell them he was in the
cupboard six feet above
ground with blanket and sleeping
because it was the only place he
could
find peace. I did not tell the lookers
of my place in the cubbied alcove
where I stay up all night admiring
asbestos wormlike ceilings and
throwing slippers at cups to make
them
fly like birds. I did not discuss
such things as reason to anyone
because no one asked from any
mind of anything except medicine.
No one knows what things on walls mean
better than
I, except agile closet man perhaps.
The escape artist never having
actually left. But actually, the
nature of actually I question. Actually
I never came. I never participated
in
those things, the logarhythms of
daily movements, heart movements,
the movements of colors. I was
never here and never profound
except as absent.
He was expected elsewhere, as was
I, to love things I do not love, to
court theories and religions which
are
far too efficient for peace. If only
I could climb into places like that.

sister translation

What is meant by love, the
types of love and
allowance.

What is slander among
family.

The cross he bears at loving
a woman in
reference.

At knowing limits are
delicate.

Time is fast and
delicate.

What is steady, what is
cublove, what
is magical, what is extraordinary
of ugly hair. I

know nothing so simple
as oatmeal among
tasteless Monday morning and
nothing so simple
as
snoring.

To forget after, that
value is the language of
recreation, of metabeing
wherefrom happiness.

I
am secure, a display of
as appreciation.

I
am secure, except for
why I must say such things
to myself
sister.

sampling thoughts

timewells steady transport the
only confidence darkness isolation
food remembrance token economics
peace distribution and lucky to
regard hate as different. mental
errands and seeing that one person
I see at the oddest times, places
and who knows what he really
means except as individualism
incarnate jesus galileo darwin
social einstein who gathers my
attentions like leaves into piles
that a wind inevitably takes to the
rest of the simple world I never
had a regard for until. antiphilosophy
and antisocial, the nonaffiliate, the
cumbers of loving everyone, the
discern of people and still loving
people then. travel. seeing home
from hawaii. work. and seeing
the values of domesticity from
there. Or to keep walking west
all the way home. dreams along
the way. the implies of giving I
never meant. clockhand spins a
space and little planet seasons a
corn and soy summer watch.
watch seasons, with little hands
spinning in redundance, a guiding
purpose timewell swallow until
change liberates the guilt of that
old narrowism of cut lawn friday
and sunday drivism. I cannot
know schedule if I believe flow is
first poetry and then matched to
a twenty-four count after. After.

the fossils of peace

To rely, old things the
stones once living. Oh,
grasp conjecture and
culture, categorical imperative
permanence and strange
golden things icky touch
fossil. How a life once
made this important. In
eleven years and eleven
seconds and I too to
atoms. To rely, and known
I like but no one will ever
be as certain as now.
Striations of xylem
for to carry water to
brain and tissue hardened
like time. Social, and
having received the
physical resources for
survival love I pass and
sit in sanded wind sky
scrapers wondering at
old origins. Having learned
strength is tender and
living and underwater
if, having learned madness
and its opposite. Caution
and giving until never
having existed, never
having been. Lady, I
love you like force and
carry legacy as if you
could not for there is
no such thing as control
except erosion and that
which remains reliably.

atomic fireball

Sun fell to earth in June. I was
on the
porch taking pictures of ants.
Bee watched in flight.
Mindblow fire and too quick
for smoke then and no waiting
like watching a bee bee from
a daisy.
Fire enter. Everything fire
from then I imagine and
sucking in air but not rapid enough
to sustain flames.
One million feet tall and city
gone.
I happened to shoot a picture
of things as they came, to look
at them some day, the
ants carrying dead ants and
the bees knowing that they would
die if they did not leave for
prairie flowers one million miles
south and nothing to eat. except
destruction.
Had
I known I would have said a
prayer
but
last night was good enough I
suppose. Sun fell to the earth
and June 22, now called something
else I suppose. Vaguely June
26, but then only a spirit and
thinking of tattoos and fire
scars and how a watch demonstrates
a character because I am too
lazy to tell every floating soul
that I too was born simply then.

and why I did not engage absolutely

Like when you sit closely and silently
with
another person and share a thought
except differently and a neuron fires
differently between us and we break.
Isolation can be quiet and who cannot
fear isolation except when it comes
without wait. I have
not
feared isolation since the absolutes of
self consider that at least several people
exist in isolation, and since realizing
that no two bodies will generate similar
impulses and responses to an environment.
At rest closely, some may never rest
I grant, be well, I say I. You say you.
But
absolutely, time is tender, and socialism
nationalism mindmeld, it is as actual
as I fear genius which absorbs absorbs. But
I
cannot be absorbed as per custom because.
And if it resembles dissent, my disregard
for your interest, these first principles
are to reason. Pride, indeed, and
if this neuron, then any two nearby
systems
I believe. And absolutely, the
fear is in becoming little to an exterior
pride. Surrender. Born now once, and
egg I all are first.
I.
And the isolates of fear, differently I
assume. I assume differently that the
courage is not against, rather in how
to know something similarly or either let.

better things to do, and the drums still played

rhythms rain 2 o'clock
exactly.
stiltman lightens
a
thought twelve feet into the
air.
bicycles and fiberglass cows
pointing in arbitrary directions
not arbitrary.
market closes early for fear
or either
statement.
come early for beans.
camera carrying fool
photoism.
rain still hard, stay inside of
rain.
it is safe inside of rain.
mounted police
riot police and all stand
in thick jacket shinguard shit
between absolute
one
and absolute many.
all arms
and friendly ones with
arms
I forget.
2:15 per timex leave
to rhythms I
hope
they go on like thought
I do.
they go on like thought
I do.
fresh air.

inside of rain

come down hard, the
drops like streams. everything
doing,
the thoughts now wet
and smile. nature
still is large enough
to contain confusion and
madness. not cold. and
even love, I know how
it requires
this.
pools and puddles, other walking
lovers and wet
dogs and
newspaper umbrellas I watch
but prefer the wholeness
of being
absorbed by - and hands held upright
collecting.
no rainbow I now remember I
do not
see.
steam from auto tires, auto tire
sounds
against a paved wetness.
come down hard, no
shape
to clouds, them just
everywhere and peace smile
lucky to be.
washing.
washing
away thoughts mercy thank you going
nowhere.
not cold.

community center by a famous architect

people coming to worship
a structure or commune
within. welcome souls and

them without intentions
except community. no
wall cross. no rugs. only

practical beauty and folding
tables, soda machines.
the business of progress.

from a social tower. and
reasonable art changed
the first of every month.

Sunday services like lectures,
poetry readings. Sunday
doughnuts. Sunday coffee

downstairs swap-a-book
library and couches.
open mic stage. grass

and memory garden. structure
worship, but how long
to idol material? How

long the concentrates of
attention when another
purpose was given by?

welcome souls and call it
what you will. except a
title is only old, only frames.

service dogs do not usually bark

I have no great experience
with service dogs, but I have
not remembered them
to bark.

Steady and with an eye
on the needs of master.
Prepared for bringing safety,
for knowing safety. And
not typically minded for
physical security, the types
of watch which require defense.

I imagine this, the needs
of the blind, the needs of
the mobility impaired, that
they are never met with the
confronts of physical force.

But a dog is always a
dog, and loyal, and the
mind of loyalty includes the
standing
against that which disables
and consumes, that which
threatens.

And to hear a trained animal
cry fear, to identify danger,
it

is a call to respect nature
and look about for cause.

I have only observed this
at one time, a crowd, a
woman in a wheel chair,
a neonazi yelling things
into a microphone.

A sense of dissent, perhaps
as unsettling to a dog as it
was to I.

sentiment

Harbor something, regards for.
Feather bouquet,
balloons, the objects of
well regards. Intentions, a greater
gift I offer, truth
I believe. And positive or
either pointed, an honesty at
something. And from
thought, change by the light of,
if an honesty is accurate
then a regard returned in
kind. Verbal thanks or either
the
alteration of course. Thought
is profound, and that which
is sent with physical accompaniment,
it is more permanent, more
certain, one cannot recall the
mindly errand of object as treasure.
One cannot recall
the thoughts associated with
gift. Though even
private sentiments are
visible in the way I wander
about activity, the language I elect,
the choices, a walk.
And if received, who can
know whether a sentiment
is returned if it is not explicit, if
there is no evidence aside
from supposition.
But I will continue to send regards,
or either curl away into
myself neatly alone I will not.
And listen quietly
assuming maybe.

personal lucky

Charmed. Safe harbor stars
silence. Lapping history water
time silence.
Echo night long ago
threatened quiet peace.
Waiting out madness with
objects. Art comforts.
Book comforts I speak.
Food comforts. The styles of
modern socialisms, the havoc
of, and able only to draw into
prairie breeze until city corrupts.
To water,
and liquid thought,
strains of life collecting, but
from that which cannot be
exhausted. Only to dream
again, night comes fast,
object of night, bobs of
nightfalls over and over I
tease night at dawn, and love
it as I love the inconsistencies
of cloud but differently. Ocean,
new.
I have no
strategy
to this without, without the
firms of official knowledge
except I life and start. Charmed.
And that which I cannot touch
only matters. Soul depths and
space regard. That which I
cannot control only matters.
air and everywhere away,
time I cannot control but
am in its service.

just erosion

Come wind strong. Blow
to me I grow. I
am not a stone except
thought.

Water to this life, I absorb
life in liters and
spring handfulls. I absorb
rain and testimony.

Rain and emotion.

Rain and time forever
come.

Weather hardness baking
soil light damage flood
lightning fire, the frozen
acts of God I adapt and
tear

away justice like
the binds of animal I am
not only.

Come season man trail,
auburn growth and
having consumed fuck
and hatred and the
other words like
war. Having consumed
love and God, having
consumed

language. Blow to
me I grow thought and
never anything
passes without change.

Come wind strong, and
rain, the expands of
ice then falling granite
wash. You are nurture
to this.

starting with small statements like the weather

Few clouds out today.

Still no rain.

Nice earrings.

Playing the waiting game in Iraq.

Just finished Don Quixote.

Still no rain.

the laser people

data reception and output: efficient.

able to receive digital and electrical.

possible to send messages without landlines.

sending messages not universal.

but what is

universal?

sitting on a round rug

the universe is 8 feet in diameter. every sound and
sensation

is unique and independent, every sound and sensation is
native.

to think of something is to
grant it
acceptance.

nothing is strange, everything is familiar.

a body casts no shadow
only

a thought casts shadow.

there is no such thing as direction, I forget
direction I

choose direction I direct.

to sleep is to do so without pillow.

to

wake is to remember being born. to live is to accept
death. to live is to accept burden and
suffering

and responsibility.

the universe has no name, for to name
is

to confine it to limits, to body, to boundary.

prayer is personal. everything is personal. time is
personal

and weather I imagine it

generous

to all I think about and ideas grow like ivy.

heat and boredom have no

reference.

beauty and memory are cause until they
are forgotten and then extinguished.

to concentrate is to love, to let everything go is
to watch.

I know nothing except cycle.

redundance is a rule. redundance is a rule.

cross town

everywhere membership. golf
and beer club dinner
museum. affiliates and charters,
knowledge clubs, groceries.
cross church, cross athletics,
cross governance. membership
and frozen without. frozen
as animal, the nonaffiliate
border soul listless without
without community language
and peace is only isolated.
and if the formation of character,
a social compound, or either
objects of observation are arbitrary,
the collective are the mobilized.
Health care, car clinic, school,
insurance, lawyerdome, and
a dash to intellectual lines,
for who knows who I learn.
but the clouds are not except
for those who study, the rivers,
the lakes, only the limnological
masters having contributed
an education to now rest in
chairs and authority. And to
boundaries, any soul having
given to. Belief in manifest,
the subscribes of attitude, and
success is born of affiliation
for in these contracts are the
game rules, tickets necessary,
and elect one over another Mr.
Democracy and wear the proper
shirt for a standard or either
walk away to an other for
there are many I do not care
except for the impose of recruit.

writing letters

The old form
Telling naked things
Special envelope
Handwritten with
 favorite pen
Address and return
 stamp
Walk
 to post office
 with intentions
Arrest love
 for returns
Arrest love

waiting for a letter

Check mailbox 4:30p
Tomorrow
Tomorrow
Wonder wait
Lemonade day two postman afternoon
Tomorrow
Day three comes
I love
 again waiting
Blue envelope
 worth the
 wonder inside

lovebirds

they insight and moving in visual
fields. turning and hopping away
between lines and making flylines

discovery. travel pairs, disrupting
the broader crow sweeps and squirrel
calls, responding in pairs. and

watch, the anythings move, chipmunk
song, and feeder delight. little, gray
and quick, return with a thought.

notice my presence. I cannot fly
alone. I startle. I remark about the
styles of birds. you have my attention,

two. And advancing in couplets,
sense danger or opportunity, or the
rolls of inspiration branch to branch.

deep within bush now, two, and
lightly sounding to the afternoon.
dash out to grass rest stop, take flight

and gone to the wire, the other wirebirds
to watch, we now as object. I have not
a lover to dash fly lines and intentions

to your science. but I enjoy, and
keep your thoughts by the offers
of food. come again, and visual

dance about limbs, a pair I know, I
cannot trouble you because that which
flies is discreet. thought is discreet.

September change

Softer heat, a month ago lost I
remember. So quickly travels
the
season. I am patient for losing
summer quietly before me. The
leaves will fall to rest in time
shortly. The rain will not be for
this seasons growth. And thoughts
to travel, a mind migrates to
quieter beauties, lakeshore patience,
forest, a canopy will let down
songs, a million songs and covering
trails. North is still I know, and
comes the north, the wind, a
warning.

What system, not as neon, and
learning minds, what turns to
learning like lovebirds, the little
creatures I watch watch. I am
signal, I know, like summer,
the erodes of, now Sunday
sweatshirt and full coffee morning,
news is plain, and tired, the
people turn to plain and function.
I am signal.

And direction, I understand all
of history but look at things which
are different from. September
poetry
from that which is independent.
Softer heat I remember, and softer
mornings, the lesser activities
of
birds now redundant. You are
almost finished. And a fog I
saw would not have happened.

5 AM lake vapors

rise sun
cancel fog
the lake vapors
water cloud
only gray
the morning moistures
I dispossess
as eer
and curious
I possess
as nature
rise sun
I am reclaimed
into morning
and the
makes
of first autumn
early frost
I watch
as love
wish a time
to cancel
season
fog and glowing
sun
first rise
away that
which takes
a control or
push it
earthward
invisible
I wait upon
what is
now
possessed

and if I am what authority is

And
if I am what authority
is, I am
other than.
I am cross.
I am word.
I am decisive and responsive.
And
if I am what authority
is, I am
authority.
Marked for
copy, for status, marked for
change.
I am banner and
holding people
to rhythm
and
holding people to defense
inevitably.
And
giving praise and the
metaphors of
life
as if I could perscribe
health
courage in numbers we.
And if I am what authority
is, I am
not what I am
not what I am
except conscience
receded
and given to
collective
impulse.

postdenominational interfaith priest, are you not religion? are you not muse?

What will you do without your
own ideological swell?

To thieve at
open things, open ideas they
are yours and combined.

The mesh of stories and called
something interfaith universal
without commitment, only the
grassword love of everything.

I love I love. I cannot decide
or every decision is

in reference to everything and
only called interfaith

having stolen shepherds life
and pain Jesus Mohamed
Buddha.

But today is not depressed
and indecisive, and if a new
story, it will be independent of
the golden statues I have never
hated.

Postdenominational, and
having given a self over and
again to the ordinates of all
and

time dust atom ocean prairie
social love concept. For you
are now knowledge and the
wash of colors

good enough for space travel
and getting along grayly but
without passion of originalism.

I will
absorb you
like reason I absorb you for
originalism.

the bee problem

A body follows a wandering
mind.
Better places than home, this
life, better than
struggle,
keeping up with God knows
anything
like pollen I forget reason. I
forget sanity for keeping up.
A wandering mind I allow, the
keeps of liberal
thought,
a body follows first away from
the anybadness do not know
where
next anywhere except. Love
knows better than isolation
among a many social. Love
knows better than streams of
effort without a social front.
A wandering mind, and defend,
for
to consider things is the last
which cannot be taken lest a
leaves to being. I will walk
simply
and turn away at the conforms
of society at dis-ease. Turn
aside the efforts for collecting
labor styles and intentions.
Better
sides away I imagine, better
walking without possession
except for soul, it is all I can
need.
It is all I can need.

autumn rounds again

I am quiet for listening
autumn.
Heartened
onset, change. I am small.

Cycles again same,
mind disturbs
emotion. Emotion is
irrational.
Placed as contradiction
to study except
love.
That which I do not understand.
I do not understand love
and its force, emotion.

Time among patience, time among limits. I am
small. I forget wind and cause.
Time among
people,
I forget time.

And quiet simple stars,
change is only small.
I only know smallness
for to know a universe is
to know eternity.
I have only seen part
now. Distilled. I am small.
I change.
I am autumn.

Once and butterfly then,
I do not know where
as snow then.
I am small and autumn.

the style of law

Democracy as economic theory.
Democracy as philosophy of
hope.
Law its defense and silly
times for the retents of
humanity.
Paternal times for the retents of humanity.
Maternal times.
Free and democratic, education
theory as individualism past a
discerned age.
Individualism once a mind.
Law defends an education, economic
theory, resource.
What capital, and what defends
law?
Guns and ignorance.
Dogma, lest a law allow a growth.
Lest law allow the streams of
advancement
stuck upon mosaics and art
history, canon.
Law defends a law, and grows.
And law and law and law.
Democracy, system I know, but
every frame is law.
Theocracy but different.
Republic but different.
Monopoly but different.
Democracy, this set, and alert to
want and time.
Strength and Jesus Mohamed Buddha.
Strength and science.
Alert as reason is to time.
Reason is to time. Law and
reason.

silver life

number two to this being. good
enough for second place.
always following
always critical of number one.
and if an opening, a stall to
inspiration because to mind the
affects of firsthood is to drop interest.
the grand is the race I
challenge anyone
athletic anyone thinker.
copy forum, copy movement, copy
lust.
copy inspiration.
number two to all, and knowing
security is a stage beyond a
remaindered social.
direct the threes and beyond. grant
a one.
model a one for the threes and
beyond.
silver model gold for bronze until
all is equal.
equal garden.
equal status.
equal privilege until all is one and
never a need for another
number.
we drop away to disanimation and
disinspiration and
disease.
number two, and even more ideal
than number one if
you think about it.
good enough for second place. and
stalling growth and keeping pace
both. excellence as tuned mediocrity.

floating conscience

Moral core but a wandering mind
finishes a
thought.
Some things I cannot but an
experimental psychology. For
trial and error I grow I
believe.
To have embraced that
which pressures, social.
And drifting to medicine to knowledge
to democracy.
To laze and nature, to beauty.
Failure I only know as mistrial and
neglectful half participation.
Moral core, manifest for
courage.
And a bounds are only that which I
have not questioned, that
which I have not considered a
question.
I believe an exposure begins a thought.
And olden
thoughts, they are conscience, my
relations, my reference to,
they are conscience.
The bee problem, I look within.
The sea problem, I look within.
The dee, the ee.
I challenge challenge and drift away
upon summaries and
certainty.
Moral core begins upon this uncertain
certainty, my own and
comfortable.
Drifting conscience and with meaning
for the way I act.

slipstreams

Speculation, that time is without beginning and without end.
But to believe, speculation, and religion as any.
And a system, for these people bind a thought, way.
And a system, if it be necessary I cannot say, that of origins.
And the other systems, cross and laid over triangles, science
and those knowledges assumed by experience, all a
matter of social control, the speculations of origins, social control.
For to suppose an origin or either its absence, I am contained
within, and realizing myself as element of such a system.
And to doubt, it is to have considered, it is to have offered
an attention, it is to have been captured and struggled against reason.
For never to have considered is exposure or either none and
never to have suffered by questions of origins.
That time is without beginning or end, it is a speculation of material
for time is material, the turns and the relationships of material.
But if a soul transcends material, also speculation, but if,
then a soul is its own universe.
And the question of a master soul, a soul which allows the
passages of all other existence, including all other souls, I
am stone if I pay tribute to such a soul.
Speculation, indeed, that a master soul, but to believe is to
suppose that this soul can last no longer than that which it is contained within.
And reassuring to believe, that if I have no control, that a master
soul is eternal, and thus, all that it contains is subeternal,
no less eternal than the eternity which supposes it.
And material, the stones I see, the planets and the rest which
allow for time, if a master soul is separated from such a universe,
then there must be two universes which are eternal.
And the union of the two universes is the body of
a reasonable animal, especially a human being which unites
the facts of sense with all that a soul supposes of material.
But a soul is immature to the physical universe.
Only now can a soul open itself to beauty and care and love, and
only now can a soul begin to form an opinion of physical forms.
Only by speculation and doubt can one consider and ordain a
social system, and by doing so, lead a life among parallel eternities.

minister of defense?

minister of offense. minister of
material.
minister of making people do what you want them
to.
minister of madness. minister of religious letters.
minister
of time. minister of economics.
minister of schools. minister of
thought.
minister of inspiration. minister of ministers.
minister of music. minister of poetry.
minister of
presidents. minister of defense. minister of
agriculture. minister of the
stars. minister of beer. minister of technology.
minister of forms. minister of authority.
minister of generosity. minister of souls.

authority of rivers. authority of hills. authority
of belief. authority of
birds. authority of roads. authority of
airplanes. authority of growing old. authority of
words. authority of communication. authority
of money.
authority of purchasing. authority of
voting.
authority of godly thoughts. authority of godly
acts. authority of
kindness. authority of ecosystems. authority of
ministers.
authority of parents. authority of animals. authority
of nature. authority of rain. authority
of weather. authority of beauty.
authority of museums. authority of art.
authority of science. authority of generosity.

into the mirror

no longer the image of oneself in
mirror
now a history of having lived.
image, person, I
am I and
having accepted now to futures
and the course of
character.
he has thought and deeply
of facial forms of
body forms now
simple and repeating. the way
a love drew a line, the
eterns of optimism and
raised brow. how a way of
being brings about a form.
Lamarck I trust, life is an
artist.
I canvas and watching slowly
time travel to gray.
no longer the image, not
reflection only lest consideration
be.
the composite of scar and
freedom, loss and freedom.
loss by freedom I think about.
and what would I be if
I had changed
to another animal
twenty years ago?
what would I be if I had left
the addictions of
shapeshifting?
only considering I am sure at
what would be different then
as I do now.

symbols

feather at the door. pointed things,
phallic
things.
ink bottle, bowl and bag. things
to
put things inside of.

things which mean nothing

the midnight
sounds
ambient sounds. cricket.
the time of day, the phase of the
moon.
the wrinkles in a casual
shirt.
a cup of milk.

things which are sometimes symbols

the way a favor is received. the
cost of bread.
dreams.
the occasions of drums.
the occasion for dance.
drugs.
feather at the door.

and who is still writing?

Who are these hidden futures? The
invisibles in silence marking
time.

The governors, the actions of birds,
the lovers, the soft hearts and
pain.

To tell the dispossessed a comfort, to
explain to me the psychologies of
rain.

What poet I care, the pen artist
imagination, who is it this time that
collects
objects and sound?

The thoughts, a thousand struggles,
a witness and
invisible. Death he knows simply
as absence I

listen
for I cannot know his return except
life within the covers of
literacy.

Who are the stones of remembrance?
Them next to me distant for a
life, proud and certain,
extrapersonal and
ordinary.

I once believed in limits, that each change
was to a greater reason.

A greater standard cannot absorb
I if an accompany manual.

If a language accompanies.

And grace to let, the
streams of otherness, them pass
for not every word is consolation.

And alone only if a
library is just words.

the standard
Immovable.
Lanterns.
Glownight echo, the charge of
summaries.
Language surrounds that which is most
alive.
That which is reference language
surrounds.
Call it peace it calls itself
I know it
as.
Tree old.
Cloud.
Watermark truth and socially etched, the
strain of
normalcy
if there is a genetics to thought.
Immovable.
Until thought replaces the
last
then.
Surround sound time, to be
absorbed and
without suspicion.
I am given.
Godforce a
science
for social duplication
for social energy language.
Fire.
Peace
and knowledge enough for
memory.
I am one thousand years the
same. I
am ten thousand years and change is
other.

chainsmoke

brain strains afterthought, what
starts an idea.
for ten thousand years I have begun
love over and again.
what starts, and company.
because an interest, the social
chains
of melody knowledge voice. I
smoke want in a pipe, I burn sense,
I smoke
sovereignty.
And social cause, I smoke it.
afterthought, I do not know reason,
the candied big ass girl,
the pouty brilliance of the one in
glasses who knew reason but could not
share.
what starts an idea, I
am included
like history and ever move away
from 1970.
For a hundred decades times ten.
I smoke courage and indifference
with wooden match light
pitbull pipe and
wandering mind.
over and again, the resources tumble,
the day I draw a breath and
light it too,
the sun, burning, the poetry
burning, the books
and cause, smoke.
brain smoking brain, thought smoking
thought.
I only give the exhales of
sound. I only receive and give.

peace too far

Charged, a peace too far,
peace too minded. The frames of
intelligence the surrounds of
intellect. Framed.

Too far, peace, and not realizing
force

is what compels this. And
if peace a dot, what is everything
else? To know

contradiction by a certain
speck. I know war from
that which is not
peace. This exact thing.

And how far, the determinations,
the brands of peace.

She is peace I watch, floral,
and

everything other is meaningless
I could not mind

war
when this.

Mountain growth, aspens,
my attention except war, I
hate everything
except.

And as away, to
look for peace then anyplace
now anxious amid
intolerance it must be.

Dogma, to have loved simply
and nothing is so new, nothing
will ever be and
bound for despair
inevitably

and carrying signs wishing back a
history of love. Despair with.

hey holy

Hey holy. Saturday comes Sunday
sunwatch time.

LIST:

1. Replace commitments with distractions.
2. Ignore list.

And the wind I listen, birdgone.
Sunday hey holy, and
prayer sleep.
Prayer lunch.
Prayer check Saturday's mail.
Prayer ride a bike around the block.

NEW LIST:

1. Remember the names of things.
2. Think about what is important.
3. Replace commitments with distractions.
4. Ignore list.
5. Ignore everything.
6. Do not make any more lists.

Hey holy, round carpet sleep like
dog. Open door cool breeze. Think
of cool breeze.

How

cool is too? What is a threshold?

Afternoon candle.

Sunday pass Saturday, the
patio clouds.

Bird list.

Plant list.

I discharge categories without effort, hey
holy, I

discharge categories and pass the
time as cloud passes time.

black

The blackest night, sound replaces
vision.
The blackest night, if there is a symbol
let me think about it.
Mind image call a faith restless.
All symbols replace all religions.
Cricket,
the wind still shuffles leaves. The
blackest night reveals the
poverty of spirit. The blackest night
reveals
empty things and silence. The unlit candle, to
consider blindness and why
a candle then?
Age comes and darkness to whorl the
deaths in a mixing bowl with
pure and cold water and
salt.
Death to death. Death to
everything.
Death to fire and its thought.
Death to time and its thought.
Vision is memory and lasts until an
understanding
succeeds interest.
The blackest night. And now silence.
Death to interest. And symbols until
everything is within a
single symbol this time cross, this
time X, this time cloud, this time
speck.
Death to memory. Night is other and
black and leaves things, night
travels without thought
into another blackness and another
forever.

trucking

Lines. Hauling material. Road peace.
Gifting society, the essentials, a
highways, an interstates connect
the stations of peoples, the makers and
the buyers, the givers and
the
takers.
The bringers, and secure, nightlines, bluelines,
trucklines standard
power. Base and rational, and time to
freely consider things things.
Open haul. Light traffic service. I
remember
a girl. I remember breakfast sunrise.
The dedications to engine. The dedications
to comfort and communications, the
movement of things things.
Fast ride roll on time. Music silence
CB push. The rabbits and the bikes, roll
on time wheels.
Pause a joy, dark stop sleep and face
to face company rest. 500 miles then
I remember futures. Delivering weather
to the south. Delivering intentions to
the west. Peace to the east and whatever
comes give that
too. Lucky and touching down hammer
withdraw sensitive push. Minding
radio manners and to an aid, alert.
Lines, and slow city lines breakaway
beltlines open
road. Tall King coasting cruise push.
I remember things things like responsibility
wheels roll on.
Broad day come and chasing clouds
now Midland roll on.

a dash of old school in the new school

Times forgotten except books return.
Study renaissance for
a
phrase again captures. And start the
knowledges now again. The
faculties restart for
there were lessons. And time then
gone return from novelty and age. The
olden building, and marked in
corridor quiet, the steady
engines of history, for the intellect is
not only modern. The intellect is not
only fired. Time is not only new.
And trails, the
bannisters, the portly man and beard,
the restlessness of
search
for
modern answers among annals and
how concerns are again in cycles. A
thought was yesterday to dust and
microfiche kept
away for the next autumn.
And to the same, the library or either
its mental forms, I pluck them
to follow trails of truth.
The politics of fundamentalism, the
sociologies, for a people were still
people, and a science as it were in
infancy is still not breathless.
The
faculties, and charge the priests to
court,
the solutions and returning to rightness.
I rest in offices next to offices
learning time.

time sends for everything

Transitions, the annual lens to
cool and light start
indirect.

The birds and less ambitious, and
nightsounds decay. Brown and
walnuts all night falling
in intervals pat pat knock
on rooftop pat on ground. The
greens to lesser greens to
brown. A flowers perennial I
last in spite of memory I
last. The
next I know to frosted earth first
and flakes, systems, the speaking
clouds. Sun retreat and
grass bended now. The leaves
the leaves.

What gives the color of dormant
winds? What gives the
color of pale sundowns, of
change to darkness death?
Transitions now to shutting down,
the collections
and waterfront still lapping I
have no concern. The geese
are still and gathering on grass
for forty more days until
too far away,
the time. It sends for everything.
Time sends for everything. Make
this world without me. Make
this day and this charge, I am
still sitting and knowing
by history, but
I have no control for leaves and
autumn wind. The cloud. Clouds.
Time sends for everything.

scanners

Receivers, and everything into. Receiving
receiving.

The codes, the information, the rebounds
of sound and fashion. Knowledge
without ends, receiving receiving.

Purpose is order. Purpose is
the act of collection.

Defending
collection.

Everything into, and without value. Everything
into.

The bands of testimony, the currency of
conditions and
nothing is original.

And to elect an area of research is to
represent an affiliation, the modesties of
one living style over another.

And to elect a field, to gather is to carry
some interest, some
urgency in relation to former knowledges.

Radio,
so knowledge by, and the expands
of source, the airwaves of paper, of television,
the base of being collecting collecting
receiving.

And only a mark to the next channel, the
next stream of thought.

Everything into.

To be antennae. To be memory. To follow the
flows, the social streams, the
paths of least resistance.

For a life is receiving, and if an effort, it is
the best position for
gathering.

All for position. The quiet subtleties
of being position.

on age as an automatic system of merit

He was thirty-five. And he was a day
younger
and having been born into the
merits of an
educational system.

She was one hundred and knowing why
many things are.

She was ten and without the
constricted bounds of social law. She
had not lived reason, but a freedom of
thought was

her wisdom. She was without the
guides of consequence and
effort, it is a
directive for personal truth.

And she, the elder, and having lived, left
behind such efforts which carry a
social burden.

Hers was the path of least resistance, and
having contributed to her
longevity.

And hers was the path of ambition and
not considering what such
knowledge
will bring for tomorrow.

He was twenty something and not yet
mortal. And he was fifty and
having seen death and
childbirth and how
it affects.

Wisdom is in relation to experience, or
either wisdom is that which
ennobles pride.

He was old and held his head as high
as he could with a smile. He
was old enough to consider his own
value.

prophetic popular culture

For who is closer to base? Have I
lent an ear to music, to
poetry?
And in ten years I have not changed
words except metaphor for
death, another for season. Greater,
now,
the energies I only have been
now driven. I thought justice was
complete and I settled
for rain and
midnight insects. I thought
the charge for social growth had been assumed.
Now lonely again and answering.
Now lonely again and
managing a social cause, a want like
freedom.
I thought a need was complete. For
who is
closer to base? I was brought to
listen, the frailness of access, the
frailness of compassion, it is
still. Apologies.
I lend an ear. To hear other passions
than wind, other passions than
river erodes. Time, this
time I learn a generation will consume
what I create. Age
is left to dust. Apologies.
And learn, the trails of social clubs
and subordination, the folkisms
of left behind families. And
learn
like cause I can be helpful in
learning an old voice is still friend.
This.

frozen body

No reaction from. Too great a loss for response. Like death and all of its contemplates, all of its horrors, bundled. No response to need, no attention, no will. She was framed among the last peace she knew, for to move ahead is to bring this chaos within this conscience. And she cannot know such things without, and having lived by example through birthing and war and loss, and having lived by example through the joys of nature and its spectacles. Alone, only alone, what an obviously bad experience brings one to consider.

I saw a car roll over the side of a hill in Colorado. I saw two friends physically fight. I watched a tornado happen.

No reaction, and still a body, at the processing of information which could be received in several ways but will certainly not be forgotten.

And again, to start in little paces going nowhere. To interject a pain with peace images and pleasantries. Time. I know a loss by her face, an innocence gone, and captured. But a word, to bring a thought about, to know something other, and replace time with time.

he spoke miserably of authority

What is authority he wondered. He has none. And easy, then, to consider the bad aces of a character which holds some strings.

A bridge he thought, and who can need when flight is common. Who is an authority to that which announces itself by presence.

He has no authority, except that which others put before him, but to expect the peace of others, greater he thought he was, than the social streams of conformity and tidy pyramids. No authority, except words, only a strength as oneself. And rugged, the individualist within.

But in the end he was socially fired, for he had forgotten the powers of others. That a hierarchy, even to the flatness of educational systems, a popular will surrounds the proper idea of goodness. And patience was not his.

Time is to systems I believe, and the dissolves of perceived authority to time. But even now, to know a thing is to suppose its direction, its futures, and ever without regards, the social constructs, he the magician remains. And strong I give him only that, but a weakness is might to those who foresee the impacts of his prominence. A modesty is might among social systems. But I cannot exist as that.

things I consider

If the weather were the average of
everyone's thoughts. How a cloud moves.
Then if a God what. The
purpose of color. The purpose of
imagination. Time. That is all I consider.
It is enough.

things I make a point of not considering

That a radio be more important than the
station it broadcasts.
That a professor be more important than
knowledge.
That everyone is not a professor.
That a priest is not a professor.
A radio is not a person.

And nature. I do not force consideration.
And laughter cannot be forced.
Interest cannot be forced.
The rain cannot be forced, and
if it comes, why?
I do not bury myself with questions like
who's rain is it today?
I do not concern myself with burying
things.

That a weather be a radio. That a
rain
is equal to a sign, sometimes but not reliably.
That a weather be a professor, that
rain a message. Only consideration is
more important than knowledge. I receive and
weather is not a person.
And time, only if it shows itself in
age I consider.

railroad blues

Midnight train, horn winds
time. Traveling time clack
and space, moonlit cloudstreams pass
and go, pass and
go.
Landbound lines, the connections
city and city and
city.
One person over and over again. The
coldness
of distance from home.
Where to carry one's thoughts.
Midnight
rail, midnight urgency.
Traveling time. The horn. The horn.
Nothing.

condition report

The status of being, the constant.
Things with interest, season and social
justice, the allowance of
season.
The status of season, the constant, the
stage of being.
War, is it endless, is it endful.
The teleology of war and whether I
can live without.
Driving, the status of linear communication and
hauling arbitrary objects.
No object is arbitrary.
The ingestion of special types of
food. I eat the mediterranean. I eat
Alaska. I eat
Australia. I eat Mexico.
Religion is hard. Religion is formation.
Religion is social planning, I have no control.
Prayer is depression and
who considers
prayer? Who eats prayer? Who
eats thought except
for me?
Season is only little now among dead trees not
yet cold.
Season, and how it appears old but
it is young and
dead.
I wait for love. I wait for urgency. I
am still waiting. I have no
control.
War consumes a spirit. I give war my spirit that
it leave me alone at once.
I give war the change it desires and
live as person now considering leaves
and deadness.

old is new, new is old

Oh, history returns! And how the
moderns are as if strength was lent away.
A building unconsidered, only
square and
like the windowed Americanisms
of Chicagoland and
the metroids of everywhere. Where
glass is symbol now lost the duchess
stone, the place for ivy. And
if a thought like that which surrounds
it, I
will draw another architect to fashion
once more
once more and again like a
template.
Whereas function, oh, history
returns. Light. This old is new again
because a conscience. And spell
stone again, the durables of genuine
craftsmanship, the durables
of bannister and creaky floor, what
character from these walls.
I do not know age except for energy and
solid forms.
And the lesser thoughts to the
troubles which pass every ten years gone.
For time is confidence now, and
new is old during a war, during
a love, during an interest, a
research.
Oh, history returns! Now blank
and prepared as fresh and symbol for
this epoch start.
And even he who enters wears
a broad tie.
He wears a badge.

autumn count

Cape.
Watch.
Coolness lands front.
Corn to brown to chopped stalk
dormant life where
things settle for
time.
Wool coat walk upon
dead bricks wind sizing this
year's eternity
bottoms.
The birds and gone,
cape like wings
black.
Observe and rambling cloud and
misted rain.
The toughs of death
first frost
river sounds still
pebble clean.
Fresh early darkness a
thought.
Fresh despair I wait long
months
now for grass to grow tall like it
does strong.
Bare trees indirect
noon.
See bare trees
watch
at walnut trails philosophy
wait.
Cape and buried
fingers, autumn count.
The leaves, blown.
The leaves.

long night be

Waiting rain. The waiting rain cold.
Night smell.
Blanket wait.
Thoughts like cold autonomy
principles. Alone and season drip
wetness.
Black light contrast, the
divisions. The separations of humanity.
The distance.
Man was on a moon I was
conception then. Asleep in
listening womb.
Man was flying in airplanes then
and ready.
Internal cold at progress and love
waits darkness for
change. I love darkness for
change is first sleepless. I am prepared
to fly I say. and
again I say I am prepared.
Waiting rain, and the clouds I cannot
see. I cannot mind yesterday
and how I was forgotten in a
room and left for history. I cannot
mind because a faith
the greater. I am prepared
blanket wait.
And if I called enough
to progress or if it knocks this
three A.M.
Drip sounds knock I know to
acknowledge but not to respond except
the divisions, we each here
similarly I love how
a divinity.
I love how a divinity.

how the west was one

Horsemen then and motorcycles.
Sitting on a canyon wall to
sunset. Hot sweat
wind.
How a west was one. And
progress change. American Indians,
Hupa, Zuni. American indeed!
And if I am foreign and if I am
foreign I live where no
other
lives. Montezuma stage and
water. Old brown
men in steel masks. The cottonwood, the
ponderosa.
What volcano I saw rain come
down on old growth, Sequoia as giant.
Mountain as. Northern
river, the Snake, the Green, what
words I use American
Indian salmon Columbia, Pacific
wind and time. I too
know patterns for twenty
years listen, I defer now
assuming generations have
already learned this. I defer now.
The corn. The corn. Kiva
silver overlay and how
a culture loved itself before
silver. Red dust, Jeep then Ouray
and horsemen.
The remains of silver and how I
love myself in spite of
absence. The ghosts, and winter
settles snow. High plains
and loss and
what a man leaves behind. Time.

all distinctions

And if God has no distinctions, and if
the act of living calls for
identifying distinctions, discern, are
not men and God ultimately in contradictory
forms of existence?

To call science, or either the discerns of
art, language, the act of illuminating
things (things), identifying symbols and
cause, it is the mark of social
progress. And if God is all, how to allow
for the necessary separations which
allow for human existence.

The idea of heaven is comfort, the fluid
nature of netherpeace as I imagine, that
a construct exist upon a
death for the softening of intentions or
either the embrace of common function.
Perhaps this, that a passion for separations
ever exist, but a relationship among those,
that they be not in conflict.

And even I to God, a conflict is absent
and a questions answered.

And if I have solved the contradictions of
self and God, psychology and nature,
the problem of negativism in discern, the
problem of prejudice, then I
peace be left with. And as concept, peace
and allowance it can exist as a
comprehensive notion to climb within.

God is peace, perhaps, and every sentiment
and every distinction, they live
without affect. Peace, to make things
little, to make them not worthy of account.

To make all without account or measure.
And while a life requires some degree
of reliance upon things, to hold them
close and knowing I am small until.

this museum, life

All of separation, every distinction, and
to believe the divinity of each.
The clouds, their reduction to
atoms, the trees, and every sort.
The seasons, the days, history, the moments
apart of time. And to have listened
to sight and sound until I am only.
Left and being, I am only
one. This museum, life, the discard of
otherness, its recognition that it be discarded,
sent away. For worth I gather, it is
to the secondary being outside, after
having acknowledged the primacy of
self. The nature, outside, I appreciate upon
the first principles of self existence.
The words, the art, all of the confounds,
only upon being. But into this, I change
remarkably. The fabric of this character, it
becomes by the gates of allowance, and
their virtual existence enters this
philosophy of mind. Symbols
here, and the last, the exterior hardness
of social and natural existence, it is
worthless, but I the greater for having stolen
a knowledge now part of this
constitution. And reduced still, again,
the night, darkness, the assortments of time,
everything away until I bring it into this.
And drift upon the energies of that which I
know, this within, this manifest.
I know darkness now for having
integrated its ness into this. Every distinction,
and away, meaningless, and now
becomes I. The appreciates of stillness
and control, the movements of things,
and I challenge things away and make a
knowledge personal. And from this expect.

water blue sky

Praise water blue sky, October wind, the
void of tree life. I
last ten years thinking of death.
And change away. I redeem the
grace of geese one thousand miles plan.
And last cut soil and summer stalks
I see what I am made of. Putting down
things, the
void of errand. Stop. I redeem
smell, October first poem, the flames, the
flames I praise burnt orange
memory sage. I burn poems for poetry. Stop. Water
blue sky, and still I praise at slow
words.
I burn poems for poetry and smoke
to water blue sky. Stop.
I last ten years thinking of death.

the language of inexplicable things

Eyes.

I.

Death.

the language of consciousness

Poetry repeat poetry.

Sense.

Emotion redemption.

Forget redemption.

Forgive redemption.

the language of time

Season autumn now.

Season then spring.

The tides, daylight dawn.

A moment. Stop.

A moment.

Death.

the language of peace

Cells among antipeace.

Cells among confusion.

Cells among force.

Cells among otherness.

the language of affirmation

Evidence, cause shapes. A
social ore to love. How can I not
be word for everything.

True you are, and
without force.

mystery boat

Ride for ride. To airs and
strato-airs. I calmly last and
float over souls, float
over clouds.
I calmly last one hundred lives
and knowing stars no
closer than God.
The bay window.
The panes I drift to cosmic
sense, the red white, the blue white, the
smell of fiberglass, the
organic smell
of trapped people silence.
Ride for ride forget urgency,
ever travel softly eternity, in the
least to have lived and
thinking now forever.
The metals call, the metals mind
depression, a place for creating
knowledge over and again.
Spelling to open
space air through
open space
and clouds to moss I cannot reach to
oceans pass, the whorls
and scarlet
crimson
sage except for an interior. Ever
the interior of lust
these metal hands irony.
Ride for ride. I cancel air for
change. And the limits no matter
resolution for I can never be
resolved. Only what I know through
being simple. The confines of
simple. The clouds.

for separate lives

I cross thresholds.
The air I cross for love.
The water.
I see colors twicely, as I and
as for others. I sense
time as if it were
nothing, there
is no such thing as time, no
such thing as remembrance
except a day in company
I know love as being.
I cross thresholds.
And urgency, to wake the
foils of winter, to bring
winter to you. To hand you winter.
I cross urgency and
language. By which I know
you, language, except for
flesh.
For separate lives, and mortal,
I cross thresholds.
The water.
The frozen water.
And symbols, I cross
them remarking about what I
see. Another bearing a
cross I see. Another
carrying things do you
see too that only
we are not alone.
The air, and continues,
the sand for love, and
fire I pass.
Stone I pass for being and
like you knowing we. Only
like you we are.

wondering

The first boy said to his
friend,
'if I can
shoot this

ball into that basket I
get a wish.'
The

second boy agreed.
The boy threw
the ball
and the ball hung

in the air.

The ball hung in the air.

In two
thousand years the ball
became the

moon,
but the boys had
long since lived their lives

wondering.

crazy out, crazy in

A word, and outward consciousness.

A word, and inward consciousness.

Crazy out, the push, the
want for the rapids of social
waters. Change and lust, a body
push, driving social liberties, driving
another to defense.

Crazy in, the tenders of one's soul,
and never minding the otherness.

Want, and only for the metronomes of
being. No study to the tocks of
social decay, the tocks of
social wisdom. For knowledge is here.

And the outerspeaks, and never
to manage a conscious, and never
a flutter to the contemplates of
of innerdom. And a knowledge, how
an affect, divinity as control, divinity
as lust and acquisition.

And a middled border, the rockers
of fencedom, and that which sways in
moderation. No crazy to middle
being, for a state is not extreme
except for realizing these shoulders
on either side.

And outward conscious, to regulate, to
tax and force. Tax and cause at
a social arrangement.

Outward and orders.

And inward conscious, and not
realizing object nor control of. Word.

And behavior, how a subject becomes
word. The first adaptation to
living among social workers, to be
that which implies a type of being.

Crazy out, or crazy in. The middle.

guggenheimFUCKguggenheim

Potent word. And few as hard as
material. Few as condensed.
Few as dense. And object
now, in middled gallery I
watch. The observes of FUCK
in habitat, and curator as
warden, curator as linguist, curator
as psychologist, curator as poet.
FUCK. And kept. Within glass
and within exhibit, exterior
to context. And no attempt to
shade the hardness of concept.
And no attempt to wrap a word
in love. FUCK. And its function
in sign, museum as dictionary,
museum as hold to the force
of concept. And the others,
smithsonianSUICIDESmithsonian,
louvreRELIGIONlouvre.
The potency of sound, and from
this memory, the wraps of confusion,
I know no answer to, no solution.
And a meaning, FUCK, that a
social will have known, but a
social remark to guggenheim, that
a word, an object, FUCK, that
a responsibility, that a thought
accompany its public emboss.
Few words the dimensions of,
and to realize FUCK, it is a
maturity upon social regards, that
a callous disposition is its
contemplative existence beyond
these walls. FUCK. And what
a knowledge now, for guggenheim
spectacle as, for ownership.

Speak softly so I can hear you

Whisper, that I might, the
wind.

Quiet embrace, sound of voice, the
water. Snow and falls
peace, I am not reluctant.

Speak, a sound, like
leaves and grass, I know nature
as social, the
intentions.

Whisper, that I remember song
as confidence, song as truth, and
bird and running
voice, drinking voice, sleeping
voice.

A need is body, the wind and whisper
I relax into your throat and into
your muscles and into
thought. The sun and then night,
sound of stars and
tide. I relax into you.

For you are poet and need only
intentions. River fall and
winter river, popping ice and silence.
The chambers of fog sounds.
I hear you enough to
consider.

Whisper, and softness draw, the
sounds of brush on canvas, you
are nature, the
wind. And if an occasioned
thunder I, I reply and learning
slowly a cause is response
for the next. And firelight, the
darkness sounds, cedar,
I know a million things I do.

something must be perfect

That perfect exists, what ideal.
For trial is best, and again,
again the imagination.
That perfect, and change, the
whiles of struggle for cause.
I know a day, and life cloud
grass, this being is.
Destiny is something shaped, I
will have known. The night
winds blow, and again they
blow. To sense to sense and realize,
beauty, and if a word, love is.
That perfect is, so the geometry
of existence, and so the logic
of, the streams to river flow.
Ideal something must be, the
forms, among them, a form of
form I let. For not to want, it
comes in slow circles, love. The
silent push, or either I manage
perfection, for I know not every
soul likely describes. That perfect
exists, no doubt, and to want,
I nurture control and lust, I
nurture ambition. For an ends
away I last beyond death. As
still a perfection remains, I
last. And considering, that the
worth of dawn following a
stormed night, the regrowth
upon a wildfire, I cannot recreate
this, but only love it I wish,
and again, love it I wish. That
perfect exist, I knowledge and
become, in executed time. At
an end in executed time. Standard.

