

<i>summer</i>	<i>grass</i>
	<i>air</i>

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When I began, a pause,
and then all things
return like before.

The wandering
mind through old
alleys I have
been, cobbled.

Sun and shadow.
Burnt skin and
bier cafe. Sound.

Pigeon upon statue.
A man of cloth
holding down fourteen
centuries of people
captured.

River forward in
inches alive with
sediment and history.
Floodthoughts on
occasion.

And the new. How
a wire connects the
masonry of continents.

All is not cobbled
except for streets
that do not change
and cannot change.

Gypsy wondering
how I live my
life extraordinarily.

Nature the same as
everywhere now, into
compartments, except
constellations.

Cathedral, where I
will be buried
quietly.

Study, the outer
walls of history, the
pen, text, a scaffold.

Man in hat, tourist,
waiting for bier,
with cigarette looking.

A ministry caused
this, summoning aspects
from outer walls. Away.

People are shorter here
until I see a tall
one and then they
are the same.

Art like anywhere, and
meant for sale.

Stained glass changing
light. I pray differently
and remember without
photograph.

Castle ruins beneath
this castle. There
was something here
first, and before then.

Blue sky burns
reconciliation. So many
wars across time.
Blue sky burns.

Ages of freedom
coming like the economy.
With crowns and promise.
Prosim.

On the outer edges,
the expansions of
communism now just
apartments.

Secret societies in every
cobble corner because
some can be trusted
with friendship.

Mexican ketchup for
getting back at
change. Beginning with
cheeseburgers.

Who would not do a job
to live in a place
such as... sexual workers
with their own.

Man burning himself
for independence.
"I will not!" He
says with a loud match.

Jewish stones, Catholic
stones, separated and
eroding like granite does.

Inches allow for
beauty. Society allows
for beauty. As long
as. Conditions.

Rose at cafe. Water
with gas. How an
American went without.

Athletics will be the
rotund of the world, or
either poetry.

Doors, windows, bridges,
walls, ceilings, transports,
all metaphors.

Confessionals with
drapes among the sacred.
Words among the sacred.
I have sinned.

Confessions because God
was not a part of
this prosperity.

I will return home
shortly to another
history, a recent history
of aluminum siding
instead of stone.

This poem claims me
and then gives itself
back.

Watching the wind
on trees greener
than Wisconsin.

Tasty Budvar. I will
try absinth before
I leave, because I must,
leave.

It is a shame
communism failed with
its intentions, but corruption
is capital.

Teacher sees many
things. Miniature Jesus
and another defending.

Moon clock. Star clock.
I watched the day
turn into people.

Drums and electric guitar
where lutes once played
happily.

Birds as anywhere
universally singing upon
barbed wire.

Capturing land because
I can and calling it
free.

Narrow streets filled
with absinth. The day
into this. No rain.

Seventeen years to
forgive a misbegotten
constitution of favors.

Hotel CNN. I travel
not too far still
wondering.

One thousand spires. One
thousand advances. Nightlit.

Recommend a book
€Karolina. Of Charles
or either Kafka. And
who is still writing?

Dark cave, and cool. With
puppets hanging like
bad governors.

Agriculture country and
yellow rape. The union
begins with subsidy, another
tax.

Leaving a world behind.
Remembering a larger
world I knew as child.

Ice cream quickly
eaten and then slowing
down for the parade.

Heartland of central
Europe. Because industry
must have a center.

Trying peace for the
first time demands
a larger conception.
Concession.

Dog indoors, I appreciate
companionship: dachshund,
dalmatian, schnauzer, every
variety.

Money means nothing.
Transparent as any means
except for love.

Window looking into
what was once home
now selling curios.

Another coffee. For
keeping up with the day.
Regulating the day.
Bier.

Social catechisms, sex,
money, redistributing favor,
experience like sleep.

Shop opens 12P like
noon opens the day. I
am hungry.

Forced labor, all is
capital. But some things
should not be spoken.

How long to create a
city street of cobbled
stone? How long it lasts.

Another church. Another
chapel. Another cathedral.
What is said? Outside, inside.

Coffee and milk, thinking
and then bier. How a
wonder requires nothing.

Your presence is required
brother, that we forget
together and punch one
another.

Of all the thanks, the
one that continues is
the greatest.

Overview of Earth from
a castle. All is well
indeed. Society is art.

The experience of
foreign lands except
for hardship, struggle.

To know a country is
to know its struggle,
to continue its struggle.

I passed through
worlds of salt and
bought some for my
friends.

The preservation of
antiquities but not at
the expense of creation.

And if I married you
the name of the child
would be yours.

There is no heartland
to a round Earth.

And if a river
sustains four capitals
it shall be called
great.

Time is the lesser
to international travel
with good weather.

Political lines like
the lines between a
people. I admire you.

Athletics, because
there is a reason for
physical strength.

What reason removes
one from other people
like objects in a museum?

Painted walls and reddened
rooftops. I see you
from hilltop with camera.

Beware the memory
which cannot forgive
modernity, this walk.

And if it served a
purpose, putting a tyrant
in jail, and it no longer
matters, what harm is
there in his release?

Dark skinned woman
bathing in a river.

Dark skinned woman
collapsing a tent. What
is extraordinary?

Thief, I shall not
recognize your errands
except for money in
my front pocket.

Old town begins. New
old town begins. Old new
town begins. New town
begins. How a history.

Block apartments. A
family calls this home
after communism.

The mind of coffee is
much simpler than
absinth.

Awaken to Praha
morning birds as
Wisconsin any.

Technology comes to this
place in compromise. In
little assurances.

American Spirit cigarette
like diplomacy. I do not
wish for your land.

And if there were a
change I had not
imagined, it will be
the next.

Concentrations of people,
and each begin like any
other, grasping.

Language, and either you
or I point in trust and
knowing something.

Traveling to one place
is forgetting the
rest. The remainders.

Thank you grace, for
I must thank something
if I become.

Glass ashtray collecting
the residue of the day.
Burning.

Color green reclaiming
what was once castle
foundation.

Tender like love. I
appreciate knowing what
to learn.

Enough sun 'til 8 PM
to write a poem about
light.

Drawing close those who
bear the cross, for
their imagination is a
matter of degrees.

Friend like me and
wet for a summer
rain sharing sympathy.

Vertigo for staring
down the vertical
walls of man.

Trust is faith with
reason attached. Letting
down architecture, art.

Cobbled heart remembers
why I come, the virtue
of beginning again.

Soccer on a basketball
court at halftime. No
matter to a child.

And where I call a
home by its name. The
place I sleep.

City wall confining
an idea. I step around.

Tax this. The last of
free will and character.
Social contract tax.

Taxi fare for arriving
at an idea. This cannot
be included for it
was ever.

How a stone arrived
one hundred feet above.
I trust it will stay.

The mechanics of
knowledge. I wear
a kinetic watch. Listen.

Park butterfly. How its
air is this immediacy
floating above.

River not yet containing
chlorine for human
consumption. I drink.

The language of books,
an approximation of
history, an approximation
of thought

Varieties of local
products, the same as
any with different names.

Commercialism old and
new. Black market
becoming main.

Today began as the
rest and thinking about
tomorrow a moment. And
coffee.

The change of currency.
It will all be the same
in one hundred years
and then it will
change again.

Beauty is mine, indeed.
Like cloud it was and
will be.

The health of nations.
The health of institutions.
The health of health.

Battling biers, I no
longer care for bottles
when I think of things.

The gift of travel,
for thinking outside of
oneself. Again.

Bureaucracy, just a little
and transparent for
keeping police in check.

I can tell you would
not listen if I spoke
your language but I am
learning.

The stimulations of
rain, I am wet and
no matter.

What bier will tap
a social conscience?
Amber, .5L, and the rest.

Describing the nature of
modern architecture, there
is purpose. Purpose.

Start of rain. Gentle
and becoming with
cigarette outside. Face.

Landlocked. Self sustaining
with history and castle.
With agriculture.

The night is a beverage.
The stars, a beverage,
the moon.

Patient like Europe
before America.

What nation has the
greatest art? I know
of one.

Modern republic built
upon the cobbles of
merchantry or either
appeased upon.

For the flower upon
gray, for the taste
of berry, for the gray.

And if I live another
moment, it will be a
lifetime among this.

City as any, with
airplanes and different
names for streets. But.

How a music manages change-
how a poetry, a sport, I
begin like this until I
get old.

Good water and never
having to mind the
pollutions of industry.

Gratuity for service but
I cannot thank you for
your prayer.

Hard man waiting for
things to return to
as they were. Waiting.

Beauty like an aged
woman born here, walking
among tourists.

Potato pizza I cannot
appreciate, but if you
had a pineapple and
one of those sausages.

Tennis court with lines
for badminton, basketball
court with lines for
volleyball.

Outside the day with
hanging over clouds
separate from yesterday.

Pops, western like
philosophy punching at
nature and social
constructions.

I fear you absinth because
I treasure my ear, sense
like the green you be.

Backpacking time and
sleeping near river like
gypsy. Drink.

Painting cars like
ornaments and traveling
in them to other
languages.

Seven miles of nature
and profound like season,
like summer moon.

Flower box with them
becoming, only green. Beneath
open window.

Wooden chair capturing
tourists that commerce
be observed. This sustaining.

Marriage, for child, because
35 is old for woman I
believe. If.

Separating thoughts in
poem. One and another
claiming I.

Satellite dish upon aged
dwelling. Because CNN
or either MTV.

Cafe umbrella, because
comfort insists. I shall
not think of this body
with bier.

Ancience is as old as I
imagine. As old as
evidence, fallen headstone.

Keeping nature aside
with paved path and
sign. Sign.

Urinating beside tennis
court. No WC and a
good game insists.

A lesser people would
have imagined a far
greater castle.

Growing old with individual
sport. Growing young with
team sport.

Free range dog I shall
not eat, nor boiled beef
lest I am hungry.

What German engine is
framed in Czech material.
I must go somewhere.

I can only discern the
goodness of material
in its absence.

Stoned building, because
another hundred years
will be the judge. Another.

Umbrella, for the rain
or either for distinguishing
oneself.

Fluffseed, like Wisconsin
and settling onto hardened
Earth. It will not grow.

Gathering, the minds of
youth upon a music
reflecting everything.

A life away one thousand
miles. How a sense of it
returns. I will stay.

Wondering the cause of
force, the subordination
of peoples.

A gallery of interests,
tall grass, setting sun,
old lady cottage with woven
hat.

Remembering why I should
not write poems in moving
vehicles.

And if capitalism were
the cause of castles and
if an economy

Ash I will eat if there
is a substance to the
burns of tobacco.

Slowing the minds of
learners, that an
acceleration be directed.

Freedom, in one of its
forms, this like air.

Challenging the finites
of imperialism for it is
only part good.

Liberalism, old and new
I have not distinguished
except the way a culture
brings.

Thank you for the place
I have not been, for it
still exists.

Titles mean nothing unless
I am among that which
secures a social.

Bier, and amber, causing
greetings and questions
and then silence. Regards.

Augustine is a fine
name for learning, for
beginning, but I am
only Greg.

The canopy of leaves, I
am a mushroom and then
drying upon first green light.

I will take my mother
for bier when she gets
old but she will have wine.

Wearing pink in a
foreign country, I never
imagined I would.

Praha moon, full like
Wisconsin except described
differently.

Holding papers close to
one's heart, that I not
be taken.

To the men living simply
I remember your language.

I will have the chicken
with fried egg atop,
orange yolk prosim.

Cameraman, cameraman,
not every photo is meant
for release.

Making shape from clay,
this ware implies my
respect.

Summer, grass, air,
the settlement of
self. Day.

I am innovated by a
history except for a part
of me sleeping.

I am not off limits
to youth, only separated
and becoming.

Walking with eyes closed
as superior as that which
I have not told you.

Favoring Christianity
because that was the
sign I was born to.

Only flying at the
presence of death- its
imposition.

So many teachers, so many
regards I become my
own.

Topless on a day like
this. Skin against nature.

The oldest democracy
is only a moment
following one.

I am change if I grow
old like fashion. One
hundred years old.

I do not know the
names of trees in this
place for sure.

How old a love for
weathered things, how
old a weather.

Respect is not earned,
rather given in the
first, because I start.

Happens, the time, like
I watch until something
other.

The old city governs
itself and reconstructing
with paint.

Languages assorting a
people and watching
them separate experience.

One of the few old
cars passing by an
accident.

Rain begin, sunlit and
then passing by an
umbrella.

Measuring a city by
a lunch, for I have
not given enough otherwise.

Like lithia water I
am preserved, everything
is preserved.

The demands of travel
or either resorting to
one's room as spa.

But is it good asked
the poet's eyes but
no other part of him.

The king who pardoned
sport. The king who
pardoned.

26 miles circulating
Pragha for this is
your own.

World balance or either
allowing one and then
another to refresh themself.

Peace as far as
modernity allows and
then.

A day for understanding
the grace of change,
of origins.

Chapel, and buried the
philosophy within.

Returning to the favors
of one's spent memory
I recall.

Too much history, only
a portion I can consume
in degrees.

Awake like dawn and
pause, all things as
before.

The chains of season,
how one compels the
next. Leaf.

Crown given, I shall
not wear lest a
people.

And if a happiness
I shall not resort to
content.

And the sounds of
2,000 years, some are
the same.

Like want, and I
forgive the surrounds
of silence.

