

S U P E R N A T U R A L

G R E G O R Y M A R K E E

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p r o t o H o u s e

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER

The trees the purple trees royal  
budded the first of spring  
the climbing birds found morning roost to the purple sunrise  
when the day stops for a moment  
The path through the war was slow and with stopped creatures with eyes  
the water like gelatin reflected opposites  
and the black and heavy clouds rolled over the sun now  
the cars stop the dogs stop the air is held still  
The red rain came straight down collected on the barren soil  
and the ground insects chirping  
budded the first of spring  
and the clouds go away when he restarted the wind  
A manifest is written for the season  
in an invented language an inverted language  
declares the station of man when man is confronted by nature  
the yellow lightning struck the building and it started on fire  
Welfare is not for everyone  
the politician chirped the politicians chirped  
for having read the last manifest that is now bound and at the library  
they bit their lips in unison causing blood blue blood red blood  
The trees the purple trees royal  
there is a nest midway up with eggs speckled eggs  
with a sight at the path of those who come from war  
tired and wondering authority  
The red velvet curtain near the end of the lighted day  
where one can peek upon the sunset  
and imagine the nocturnal creatures that are next and with big eyes and ears  
I cannot remember backwards and forwards at the same time  
It is true the west is the best  
and as it turns one can follow the sunset eternally as long the sun  
or the sunrise if one travels backward eternally as long the sun  
I am not nocturnal I sleep when there is no light  
The purple star was all there was  
I covered myself in red velvet on the beach  
listening to the coins tinkle and settle tinkle and settle with the waves  
waiting for an answer

THE COIN BY THE BEDSIDE

The weight of the world is balanced  
with a grain of sand or a coin  
so that one may step off of it in their sleep  
go to the carnival and play balloon games and ride a donkey  
watch flame blowers and eat cotton candy or  
go to the beach to wade  
to fish  
to fall asleep  
with the sun

MATHEMATICS

The numbers add themselves fly around like geometry  
call values at the stars

and divide to the ends of interest

The numbers in parentheses fly together and multiply  
discuss struggles and budgets

and the colored negative numbers are no different

UNSYMPATHETIC

My sympathies to the health of the Earth

[they were working on a budget]

some things cannot wait

but Earth regenerates does it not [that is why there are volcanoes]

[that is why there are floods]

MAYDAY MAYDAY

The new motor  
heaved  
blew smoke  
and lifted the airplane with the pilots with parachutes

The average day  
with the newly budded trees  
and soft grass  
spoke differently than a motor speaks

And the automated men the pilots  
remarking the clouds were in the way  
mayday mayday  
the clouds are in the way

But there was no door in the design  
and the pilots were already launched  
and the clouds caught them  
and did not release them

THE TURTLE

The turtles were painted by the child  
purple and orange  
and gold  
and released  
they were camouflaged among rainbows  
and one spoke  
'I cannot find a mate'



STARTING A FIRE WITH A POEM

He lit his campfire with the combustible poem  
the self published book  
sparked alight with the orange flame of the match  
watched a social concern spread to the kindling  
first and to the cedar crackling

Religious protest combustible protest  
reason is the unioned color orange like solidarity  
this time the sound of dry wood burning  
and smoke much smoke  
the sentimental plan though solidarity with no company

His own idea is disgruntled and misshapen  
caused or started by the austere paternal forces  
that he had not voted for though he had  
embraced the form of democracy without realizing  
that the tolling nature of a constant campaign resembles protest

And things become small ideas become small  
the representative fire kept on requiring  
all of the poets he had read gathered about  
saying metaphor and material in a thousand voices  
he was not really alone

Enough to sunrise  
having riddled the night with questions and beauty  
and only now recognizing the weather when sight returns with  
the blazing sun  
he had no idea who did start the sun

THE CRYSTAL

The crystal near to the witch's heart  
accepted nature when she was not listening  
kept in a silver wrap in a leather pouch  
with words upon she also used in greetings  
[whereupon the rain does come]

She had grown to adore television  
and had not always an ear for nature  
and she did not realize her spells grew weak  
as her technical advancement her technical acquisitions  
evolved

The crystal near to the witch's heart  
grew cloudy and yellow  
and was removed when she had her surgery  
she said it was okay  
that the crystal was only a novelty

APPOINTING THE POINTER

Appointing the pointer  
soon there would be words  
and an image of an image

The moral mural upon the brick surface  
realism had not entertained a unicorn yet  
the painter thought thought

The second dimension  
had not escaped the paper page yet  
there is a sense for every dimension and there is no music

But the clear wind  
rifting the leaves  
and the sound of paint drying which is nothing and is not included

DOWN AND CLEVER

Down and clever  
they wrote circles around the down and clever poet  
Cubic poetry trumps geometric realism my friend  
the poet would say offering a tea poultice  
With honey for their troubles and their wounds and conversation  
soon they would return to their perpetrators with images  
And sharp flowers  
and old bottles of wine with riddles  
And poems  
to assume their suffering

RAN OUT OF TIME

Ran out of time  
watched the clock unto its last tick  
when all became stationary  
like a museum  
held  
and there were no sounds nor wind  
and he put out his hand  
to see his shadow that was not

TUNNEL OF LOVE

The tunnel of love leads through the mountain of mistrust  
where the misshapen animals watch  
the optimists entry  
Superstition is their large eyes and them holding hands  
so they believe it leads to the cavern of contentment  
where they stay  
Though there are those that emerge saying poems in everylanguage  
wishing conversion upon the animals  
repeating the word 'mission'  
Because it is true  
the stars are better in the out of doors  
amid the insecurities of being eaten

SUPERNATURAL

The autumn birds flew through winter and landed in spring  
hungry  
ate the dying  
with spread wings and perked feathers  
and language

THE AIRPLANE

Filled with travelers westbound the airplane  
found themselves in the far east  
and a day younger  
and asking for sandwiches and potato salad



THE TORMENT

The torment  
wrangled him into a callous adolescent  
he did not realize cause  
was his soul held upside down and tethered with an inefficient clock in sight

THE CONSTITUTION OF DREAMS

I was persuaded to sign the constitution of  
dreams

wherein flight is acceptable

because the clouds were out of reach

because reason cannot explain everything

I was persuaded to sign the constitution of  
dreams

not realizing there are no rules to what exists

without rules

This is how a soul is sold

THE OLD

could not convince the young they were not old  
There were those older than old  
that convinced the old  
though  
they were not done

QUICKLY SHE WROTE

Quickly she wrote  
registering her complaints in a poem  
she would not edit  
Put the folded paper inna book called  
Life  
and then she studied another language  
one which had more accurate words

THE CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

The certificate of authenticity  
rested upon the kitchen window sill  
[morning sunlight]  
became yellow  
became authentic

THOSE WITH PLACES NAMED FOR THEIR ANCESTORS

Those with places named for their ancestors

stay near

to the familiar the sentimental

or go to new places without names to name places and ideas

things

because it is in their blood

THE EXCLAMATORY

Said softly  
the exclamatory  
required punctuation so he purchased a black magic marker  
and put lines beneath his eyes  
and said the same thing again

DEEPER CAÑONS

Side to side the bridge connected the cañon walls  
east to west  
it would last fifty years  
but the cañon was started a million years ago at least  
and the rival species on either side  
knew not of the others

This is a curious time for tertiary cause  
to watch  
what can be introduced  
and whether they struggle for the same food  
and whether they cross breed  
and were it a conscious choice at one time to remain on one side

And the peoples no longer kept to themselves  
made habit of travel and knowledge  
struggled for the same food the same God  
crossbred  
made rivalry entertaining in sport  
and their houses looked the same

Fifty years is long enough to decide whether  
the bridge should be rebuilt  
whether they should keep sides to their endeavors  
but they both yet dream of  
a connected nature they both yearn for free travel  
and free will

Neither had considered greater bridges that  
there were cities which connect with other cities  
by telephone and communication  
such bridges need be constantly upkept or  
their idea of free will their idea of progress  
stops even though they never leave their place

There are deeper cañons



QUIET HOUSE

The quiet house  
the wind  
about the exterior  
chips the paint  
inconsequentially

THE DOG WITH THE HALO

Whether a dog smiles  
I cannot tell  
though it had a halo  
pranced  
held open doors

THE GOOD QUESTION

The sentence was completed  
the idea was completed  
punctuation  
and the listener answered with a question  
punctuation  
that dissolved the original punctuation  
it was a good question

SMOKE

The smoke lifted from the lightnined tree  
found its way to an open window  
whisp  
the clear day

THE CANDLE ON THE HEAD OF THE EFFIGY

The candle on the head of the effigy  
burned through the night  
with wicked dreams

LULLABY

The singer the pacifist  
had no urgency for details  
but a lullaby is good for sleeping  
if reason can be forgiven

MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON

When the numbers inverted at midnight  
passed through zero  
and I could not remember a thing

SILENTLY THEY CAME

Silently they came  
in numbers  
them with mashing teeth and twisted horns  
hair  
to a new religion  
that they not be left out



THE AMBIVALENCE OF FREEDOM

Now at rest  
for having gathered freedom and its ways  
put certainty behind him  
and opposing contest he let be  
though having made a life of struggle and heroism  
now at a loss for having acquired his ideal  
everything he had spoken of  
and he had nothing to write of  
but sights and sounds and taste

MIME

Without a word  
the storyteller spoke a war and of what happens after a war  
was quiet in other ways than  
silence

THE PERSISTENCE OF YOUTH

The persistence of youth  
they keep coming with new ideas  
reinventing confidence  
push age aside with new favorites  
otherwise I would live forever  
knowing certainty

THE RHETORICAL ANSWER IS A QUESTION

and of this day

I have carved a time for freedom among responsibility

made lightness of errors I have observed

given to those in need

I still say struggle is a word I cannot seem to rid myself of

THE FLIGHT OF THE WALRUS

Undersea

the mirrored surface

above

the flight of the walrus

required land

to see the stars

CATEGORICAL

The divided customs of the professions  
made languages  
and humor categorical  
except for music

THE APPOINTED

She registered the clouds  
daily  
seeing them holding the sunrise still  
seeing them spanning the day  
crossing  
and at night when the moon  
put their shape in a book

The pig  
the anvil  
the fish

Next to the date

THE RECALCITRANT PRESIDENT

What is authority when one is president

[question]

the constituent

[there were too many]

[they required a president]



TELEPATHY

The voices were his own  
put sentiment to the sounds of nature  
the wind  
the creek  
he was sure they were his own  
because he had heard nature without language

PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY

Philosophy and history are not the same

said the poet

they share a form

though not content

closing the book

having read it cover to cover

HALO PARADOX

Among the hierarchy of angels  
the low and humble  
slept until they were called  
by name

ACTIVATED

and all of his memories returned  
in spores  
one unto the next  
as he slept  
[they were not all his]

SEASONAL

The concerns turned to clouds  
and let down through the waning snow  
to rivers opening  
receiving  
like memory

THE PRAYER

For the unfed the unsheltered  
and the misguided  
that they be fed, sheltered, and guided

I do not believe in hell  
I am not hungry  
I am comfortably at home and I sense direction

Nor want for myself  
but the satisfaction in knowing  
no prayer is required except thanks

THE GRAVE

The grave marked the remains of the martyr  
was etched with a year of birth and a year of death  
fifty years ago  
would have died of natural cause by now

THE RELEVANCE OF DRAGONS

The relevance of dragons  
is their size their mass and their fire-breathing tendencies  
and they are good for literature  
as protagonist  
and antagonist



THE MATH OF DIRTY WATER

The math of dirty water  
is a multiplication of insects  
where it pools at the added reeds this time of year  
like an ecosystem is math  
with frogs and numbered sounds  
counted rhythm  
one day two day three day  
until summer is ended until summer is final

THE UPSIDE-DOWN CLOUDS

When they separate I see the protesters above  
with posters and righteousness  
with babies  
[all good protesters have babies]  
with ideas

EASTER

So too the ideas were resurrected with his form  
they could not believe  
but the ideas

THEIR SECURE BORDER KEPT THEM IN

Their secure border kept them in  
repeating themselves  
repeating their own poems

I LOWER THE CLOUDS

I lower the clouds

so it seems

That they are already heavy and willing

upon the trees

Still

brown and boned for April

TO THE CREDIT OF SPRING

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

NAMES

Name

for each the scattered scattering passing clouds  
in view

And thoughts scattered scattering passing

I name them too

that they not be forgotten

OH SPY

Oh spy

Oh witness

calling what I see as word

the poem writes itself in phenomenal ways

when there is cause for language

When the flame touched the paper the poem

the mountains it held caught fire

nor longer had a name but for memory



TRANSCENDENT

The spirits rose from their summons  
after they went to sleep  
the fire yet smoldering  
and they knew no differently  
but wondered of themselves

PEACE

The inner silence is no longer deafening  
the calamities of wonder are history  
like the rest  
like a book  
and when a body freezes for direction  
then there were tears  
then there were breath

FIRST CAUSE

First cause  
started the planets  
a finger swirl in the universe  
and lit all of the suns  
from a single torch  
and started life from a breath from a wind  
and started myth  
when they wondered how

WILDFLOWERS

The wildflowers drooped for water  
reached as far as they could into the earth  
and found nothing  
and with colors evaporating  
bent lower and lower  
until they were brown like the grass and  
the simple bees were gone  
the butterflies were gone

THE PRISONER IN THE DUNGEON

The prisoner in the dungeon  
kept his fairy memories of childhood  
to himself  
left his body chained to the wall  
and went to them

THE ROAD

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

THE SMALLEST PARTICLE

Is a speck of dust  
in the afternoon sunlight  
with a world on it  
carried with vapors

WITH BEASTS ABOARD

To nowhere drifting  
with beasts aboard  
and intentions  
when land does arrive  
to compel them again



THE BOTH AT STILLNESS

There were the scientists  
and those who opposed the scientists  
because math could not explain beauty  
the way a poem could explain beauty  
nor the scientists to concede  
a poem to fashion order of sense  
because a word is no answer  
for what does explain cause  
nor a computation to know a sunrise  
but stillness is a state after language  
after having been certain

THE PACT

The teacher subject to the student  
discipline and age are introduced  
the student had not considered  
for there are different varieties of knowledge  
Shook hands at a common enemy  
catalyst to politics and  
decided on poetics and science  
enabling politics  
the student subject to the teacher

THE IMITATIVE POET

Wrote poems as had been written  
formed a presence upon models of history  
but this is now nor I have an interest in  
believing as history believes  
for given reasons

THE IMBALANCE OF KNOWING EVERYTHING

The imbalance of knowing everything  
he no longer sought  
against his confidence  
but laid there convinced of his contentment  
I cannot argue

THE DEMONS WERE TEASED APART

The demons were teased apart  
tossed and shredded and left smoking  
by the courage of a question  
that exploded their heads finally

THE SMALL CAR CARRYING THE WIND

The small car carrying the wind  
with windows rolled up  
among a stagnant stillness  
reached its destination at springtime  
and opened the door  
like a tornado

PREPARING FOR DEATH

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

OF APES AND MEN

Knowing  
that we are descended from apes  
is not that we are descended from apes  
rather ascended from apes  
and lifted from our foundations  
ascended  
yet we distance ourselves from  
our biological origins  
unless one is religious in a particular way  
and says we and they have always  
been made separate  
we and they have always been apart  
then the distance in our separation  
is of no consequence  
and we should feel no sentiment  
to their loss or to the loss of their place  
excepting we share a same ecosystem  
which may or may not appeal  
to one's sense of responsibility  
because there are other creatures  
that are even less important  
than apes who have similar features  
to man



THE DINOSAURS RETURNED

The dinosaurs returned  
snuck up on me  
and breathed heavily into my ear  
while I was sleeping  
startled awake

THE THEATER OF THE ABSURD

The Theater of the Absurd

where

the monkeys are ticket takers the elephants are ushers

the presentation is of dolphins flying

in the concession area

pink drinks with little umbrellas are sold

really it is quite popular

as popular as the Theater of Reason

nearby

where men in robes answer

with rhetorical questions

THE MODESTY OF THE KING

The modesty of the King  
such that he could not speak rightly  
to the war  
he could not wear the jewels  
nor colors  
but yearned for commonness  
and what is a King  
if a King can be told what to do

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross country the land shifts from arid to forest  
the clouds can tell you this the wind can tell you this  
that the land changes  
from mountain to plain to low hills  
and lakes  
and the people shift as well  
with browned skin for them in hotter climates  
and fairer skin for them indoors in winter  
and language is different from here to there  
reflecting what a people do  
but that is anthropology

I HAVE EVERYTHING I WANT EXCEPT TIME

I have everything I want except time  
ironic that I now have patience  
when time is noticed for its limits  
with comfortable home and other means  
I have everything I want except time  
I have a nice watch  
which does not seem to grow old

FIRST THE BIRDS

First the birds  
at the day  
the Brewer blackbirds  
at sunrise treetop  
and the sparrows then in song  
starting the light

I AM MORE GRADUAL

I am more gradual  
than the quick day begun the quick sun up  
I hold my colors  
waiting for my own awareness  
waiting until I cannot hold them any longer  
it is not patience  
but Saturday it is

THE BUILDINGS

The buildings grow like trees

the organism

the metropolis

with doors for business

I enter

put papers with signatures on tables

like seeds



LIGHTNING

Lightning opens the sky  
lets in the force  
of time and fire  
over the dry paper prairie  
with wind  
concern

SAID THE OLD EDITOR TO THE NEW

Said the old editor to the new  
dragons do not mean dragons  
nor water is water except when water is water  
the earth swallows a writer and  
assorts language differently  
said the old editor to the new

THE BUTTON SHOP

Sold buttons for time and material  
the little city has a contemporary call  
the fabric for the shirts for the buttons  
are from a thousand miles away  
for the entrepreneurs to wear

THE SPACE BETWEEN LIGHTNING AND SOUND

The space between lightning and sound  
is a flash  
with water pooling in the grass  
with worms  
the nested birds

NATURAL CAUSE IS GOVERNANCE

Natural cause is governance  
the day slowed to darkness for the storm  
and echoed lightning in thunder  
filibustered lightning and thunder

THE TECHNIQUE OF AGING

The technique of aging is one pause after another  
slows  
eventually stops at death  
when enough is learned for a body  
to have a language for every experience except  
that one

THE HEAVY

The weight of the words  
the mass of the words  
they are impenetrable and impregnable  
and the speechless  
with big eyes  
camp  
and drink from rivers with their hands

THE EDUCATION OF THE WORM

The education of the worm differs  
from that of the robin  
the worm is trained for a station beneath a surface  
and the robin is ever above a surface  
though near to contact and listening  
and the worm will have many babies  
knowing that some will be taken  
when it rains



GLUTTONY

Ate the buildings and the statues  
ate the clocks ate the people  
ate dreams and ate time itself  
ate God  
and became God

GEOPOLITICS

The two candidates swiped one another with insults  
and elevated their own  
paid constituents in promises and  
when the election arrived  
each voted for themselves  
as many times as they could

I DO NOT KNOW YOUR STRUGGLE

And within a common constraints  
struggle the same at conditions  
but to say your fallibility your weakness and  
what gathers your attention  
these are not the same for I  
I do not know your struggle  
though am friend and listening

POTENT AND FERTILE

Potent and fertile  
for her presence  
seeded thought and right  
nor goes away passes in her absence  
but fills a legacy of thought  
started with her introduction

THE DISRUPTIVE WEATHER

The disruptive weather for my errands  
to grow  
and time for the socialisms  
severed in lightning crash and thought  
but an object of thought  
now  
attention stolen and with no other ambition  
but what is the next moment

I KNEW THE WEATHER FOR THE BIRDS

I knew the weather for the birds  
sung through the thunder  
storm come down regular and gray  
it will not be long before  
daylight restarts like casual ambience  
and the clouds grow small and passing  
I do not consider the thoughts of birds but  
sung through the weather  
I know

I WAS THERE WHEN IT STARTED

I was there when it started  
when time begins and the dinosaurs start  
when birds take flight  
when the moon first appears and when the dogs take notice  
I was there when the drums begin  
when the fire is lit  
when they paint the stone walls with their hands  
when the question is asked  
of whether time comes again and again

CHANGE FOR YESTERDAY

Change for yesterday  
there was an error which requires  
a new word for peace and prosperity  
and the ceded grunts of that which will not shift  
backwards in fullness  
will move forward differently  
I do not know



POET IN A CANOE BY HIMSELF

Poet in a canoe by himself  
and whether a poet requires an audience  
'just registering the day'  
he says aloud

STEREO THEY SPOKE

Stereo they spoke  
liberation theology loudly nor with transparency  
surrounding  
authority  
rightly  
in concert

THE CONCERT BEGAN

It was no longer his position to speak  
the horns and the bells were started  
and the drums  
claiming silence  
is no longer filled with  
poetry  
except music is poetry he later said  
after

THE PAGES THE DAYS

The pages turned themselves  
faster as he got further in the book  
He was just learning to read  
in the beginning

