

THAT THE RAVEN
STOLE THE SUN

p r o t o h o u s e p r e s s

G R E G M A R K E E

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MADISON

The Governor went to language school before becoming a botanist

There are many inside of the Capitol

[The travelers assume language is from such places]

It is not blasphemy to call a wondrous act unGodly

[Direct]

There are instructions

[The courier will tell you the proper format]

The Governor is keen upon language

[Went to language school]

[Before he became a botanist]

[The governor might teach us something]

About the electoral process [what I do not know]

[Whether it is safe to ask questions]

There is no sexuality when sexuality is discussed

[The dryness of discourse makes my ears ring]

And each of the champions of time that are removed from homelands

[I do not think of how I arrived here]

The official watch maintains Sunday as the Sabbath

[The next election may hire a scientist a chronologist]

The ballot boxes rest

[sometimes they are used twice a year]

I am practicing voting

[Every morning I wake early and address the plants in the cabinet]

The Wanderlust School of Law

The Wanderlust School of Law

Does not accept paper admissions

Electricity is the sun

Electricity is a sundown

Electricity is a sunset

A campfire

The energy of the body charges righteousness for when constitutions allow

The entire faculty is on sabbatical

[When the pace of learning is too abrupt]

[The firecrackers and moonshine resolve contempt]

[Order in the classroom is her hair covering her red neck]

Effort is written about

[I write about effort]

[I write about trains]

I write about discourse and the accelerants of learning

I write about standards

[The standard fare is not always money nor accustomed as money]

[Because friendship is mentioned]

[Though not all are friends]

[Some have not shaken hands nor made trouble importantly]

[Yet]

I write about attention

[Put the paper in a pile that dares burning in winter]

[When the logs are near done]

I have something for my neighbor that is law

[I have a numbered apple for my neighbor]

Natural law

The building housed the natural law office
Decreases were in the form of weather
When spouses argued there came thunder
[Where it had been established upon the fourth floor]

The clockmaker was on the top floor
And had no judgment
[And beneath the clockmaker were the arithmeticians]

Natural law is no judgment
There are many forces which decide
Whether there is a God
[The arithmeticians would argue]

[In an agreeable language]

Society relies on natural law
[It is the judges' job to explain lightning and floods]
[It is the judges' job to explain earthquakes]
[It is the judges' job to explain the weather]
[The judges are left on parole for strength and can explain the weather and each other]
Society relies on natural law

Beauty is remembered every morning by those who wake at dawn

Color is invented
[By the fifth floor]
[The judges agree to be grateful]
Song is invented when the poets invent song
[The judges agree there is reason for heaven]
Painting is invented when paint is invented
[When the flowers are grown and with color for reason for painters]
[There is a dare to copy the flowers]

Society relies on natural law
There is a God
[There must be a force greater than bureaucracy]
[What our daily lives confess]
[When they are not luncheoning]

The teacher was trained here
The building housed the natural law office
The teacher was educated here
[Also]

The weather is constant indoors and the seventh floor windows
Open
For the springtime is proven

The Occupation

The suspicious cleaners
Counted the towels of the businessmen
[Some were obviously missing]

Formed their own company
With questions and accountants
[And drivers that take scenic routes]

Theory

It is theory to say the men in helmets are

Permissioned

For conditioning the hopeful

[Rational]

The continuity of enterprise needs be given reign

[A forceful pride is no commerce]

[And to prove oneself correct because of license]

[Is not proof at all]

Corrections is a constitutional consideration

When the errant bores of freedom

Have no ideas remaining

[Were the same said of slaves]

Optimism is that

Generations are structured upon the prior

[There are lines of leadership]

[Without voids for thought]

Protest is a division of generation

Were their fathers kept to themselves

[And logic were not enough for satisfaction]

[And there were no energy for doing the same]

It is their loss

When they do not understand

[When they push and quarantine into what is already happening]

It is their loss

When the other labors take their turn

I see

Through the fog I see through the morning

When the lights start by the sun first

At them who did not sleep last night [at them who were not lifted by dreams]

[Those who kept watch]

I am safely approaching what it is I make my way as

The books are presently closed and theory

It is established that these labors presently rest

When the other labors take their turn

There is no crime in rest

And I hold nothing against those who do not participate

[All participate]

I take notice of the day

And glide upon the universal fortunes

Which allow the city into itself

And nature when it shows itself

[They put down their pens they put down their engines]

Is never redundant

Through the morning when I see

[And hold into myself that this is expected]

An efforts struggle differently together

[And fit]

For appreciation when the weather is outside of myself

I see [I start at zero nor bewildered]

Cinema

She sat at the back of the theatre

Kept her thoughts

The actors filmed as if it were their responsibility

[The decent movie]

The theatre had broken chairs and

The balcony is closed

The man in the tuxedo with the flashlight

Was no executive

She sat at the back of the theatre

Alone and without popcorn and without expression

It is how she cared for the cinema

Without the exposure and without the attention

And the aspects of time like poetry

[It is true she likes bad poetry]

The painting on the wall is not the same

And requires different explanation

Art is

What is constructed what keeps an attention

What is given the allowance of being let down

[Budget is not considered]

[And if budget were considered like investment]

[Original films would have no place]

Near the line of the city

The trolls gather

Near the line of the city

Ugly ghastly features

Wicked gestures with thoughts

Specimens are sought

[Gentlemen]

[To burn as logs]

[To carry as ballast]

The opposite is true

That animal is within a city's limits

The opposite is true

That harvest is within a city's limits

The illusion of the city

Where the city ends
Southwest of the Capitol
They start again forming a new city
With new constitution

[What is constitution]

A city looks toward the new city for renewal of itself
picking and choosing
Aspects of the human condition that are acceptable

[License]

The illusion of the city
Is the next
And will soon swallow what is experimental

There is no charge for largeness
And the questions of acceptability
Were their original departure

[They build a new Capitol]

The bounds are pushed further
Into quiet
Telephone lines

Conversational thread

Conversational thread exhausts itself
When deception is quieted
The filmmakers quiet deception when they are more realistic

The audience searches for truth
Though I am not of an audience
I cannot ignore these senses

I can wish for nothing such as darkness
[Darkness is unknown]
[And either generously small or generously large] [Do I not crave the unknown]

There is no shroud which will not accept speculation
And song
And poem

Their words are my words
[I cannot discount what is said of knowledge]
Where man and woman are fertile

The photographers still deception
An image is truthful always truthful and realistic
What you make of time [explanatory]

I hold no position
I am formed to hold no position
Nor discount what is memory

And the frames of realism are said
As anything is said
Conversational noise is white and will exhaust itself [good]

Will I know if I die

Will I know if I die

There is still sound until sound is gone

And language until language is gone

The colors will shade the night

[Put the night into a box for looking at]

[A wooden box with no holes]

Sense is forgivable

[Is not sense forgivable were I to die]

[Will I know if I die]

When life waits in turns for turn to come

All life is different

And shows itself differently in turn

There is no cause like there is no God

[Defiance]

[Life is defiance at death]

And speculation is truth enough to say once more [defiance]

Speculation is done

[When what is come is validated]

They take turns like I take turns

Will I know if I die

Yes and if it were good I will know

A pocket for corruptibles

A pocket for corruptibles

With borrowed energy

[They may return borrowed energy]

I have other spies for you

[Spy]

You are a name and a nurse

Nor fathered

Nor guided

Nor mothered nor parented nor pushed

The orphaned collect themselves

Where there is food

Where that which feeds is patterned like thankfulness patterns itself

I am not as impressionable as

That which patterns itself

I only have a place

[Hell cannot be corrupted]

[I dare your corruption of hell]

[I do not know of heaven]

[This is conversation]

[When we met]

[I wrote down nothing]

[I return a conversation to its source]

[After I ask a question]

[To which you know the answer]

I too am corruptible like science is corruptible

The poem started science
For my attention
I now call you other like dialogue

I am curious
I am held in curiosity
I am held in a curious pose

It was the stars as a question
I too am corruptible like science is corruptible
Nor governed exactly

[What is rumored as law is called science]
[There is a list]
[That I remain efficient]

The situation room

Looks down on death
As a matter of its purpose
The intelligentsia
Frowns on death
It is called morality to look down on death
It is a moral position to stop that which is unsuitably engaged with life

[The situation room]
Is where they meet
And they are not reluctant
There is a team that frowns on death and that which causes death
And that which death becomes

Death is a concept
Welcomed in the situation room
Invited into the situation room
[Kept]

War has no relation to death
Birth has no relation to death
The isolation of death is mentioned
Age has no relation to death

I travel freely through death
In and out of death
knowing death and forgetting death when I depart

The collapsible room
Fits into my shirt pocket
Like a square

It is their challenge to die where they are born

It is their challenge to live deliberately

I have not challenged myself with such possessions as land

Land can only be fought for

To live upon

To be born upon

To repeat legacy

I repeat myself

To live in a way

I challenge myself with words

It is my challenge to demonstrate a land will always put

The same people unto this earth

The same souls will grow from a place near the river

Where near the clouds the same thoughts shall always pass

Where near the storm I quiet the unfamiliar as always

I have always known and

There is no place I cannot be from

And shall I defend my interest when another does know

As I have known

I say I have no interest

But philosophy I say quietly with invitation

I do not know your calm

Your words are greater than mine

I do not know humility

Your words are greater than mine

I only offer colors to that which knows all colors

Red for the sky before it burns to black and

Blue for the sky between the clouds

I offer yellow for when the sun first starts

I do not know humility

[I do not confess]

Where there is no course of being I look to you

This is Autumn

Night as was yesterday's the same

This is your pattern

I do not know humility

Your silence is greater than mine

And is no silence

I listen to the rain the wind

On the ground

And how it goes into rivers I see I am a part

I do not know humility

[I consider fullness without knowing fullness]

I cannot offer everything when I see there is more than myself

There is no need I mention

Life

[There is no need I mention life in a poem]

That the raven stole the sun

That the raven stole the sun

Leaves black the day

And cries for its return

The raven is flown and gone

I am no smaller than what can be held

And I am not alone

I do not hold away what is required

And I am not alone

It is early winter

That the raven stole the sun

And I have gathered what it is I require

And a fire is only comfort

Abyss

The stranded hole I follow into

Remarking the light grows smaller [smaller]

And blink the light is dismissed

[Too]

Like energy is completed

And I do not forget energy for having understood

The walls will erode

And I will be found

The air and the water will erode these walls

I have no contempt for walls I keep

You are a darker story than I imagine

And I do not forget light

Aquaria

Sunken images the sunken stones

Aquaria waterbound

Forgetfulness

Life is come to a heaven's head

And what is figured and sunken

Is no relation to air

[I do not know air]

[Nor light]

[Nor water for being amid water only]

The peaced and subtle stories

Are history and slow again and again and again

[This is old water]

And I am clean

[This is old water]

[And knows itself]

The farthest star

The farthest star cannot be told

It is as near as another's skin

I consider degrees and understand there will be another more advanced

[When I reach your position]

[This is why I am settled]

[And it is not futility to disregard the heavens for their race]

[Reason is more certain as another's flesh that is center]

[To metaphor]

[Another which will respond is center to metaphor]

[The farthest star is only near to me]

[When I consider everything]

[And I can hold on to everything and this requires no effort]

The annihilation of God makes him twice

It is not corruption for answers sought

The press of questions is a spirit

Who will not call against the order which hides itself

And softly I step making divinity twice as boldly as its first impression

I hold nothing against what is strong

This is experience which tells me such things

Rest simply and into oneself

Like meditation

Gravity reveals itself when I hold a moment to the next

I make no book of responsibility

There is not a social tether to what does happen

And what I call corruption is for my lack of control

The annihilation of God makes him twice

And when you are discouraged is a show of proof

That you have no more control than I

I am not lost

I am as quaintly positioned as I can expect to be

Ever

And what is learned and what is passed forward into time

I am a blade between the past and the future

And I am no control for my purpose

But observe that he is made twice in my existence

[Authority]

I do not know of a question

The authors all

The authors all

Make themselves into words

Every author is a part of the story

Every author is a portion of humanity

To say such divisions is their competition

[Like a spark]

That no author be in reference

And the written life begins as stage

Their fear is cancer

Such as separation

And the ones

And them spent in observation of otherness

Do you not see you are acquainted

With the growth of what you fear

I have no question for you

To whom language is categorical

I have no language for you

The irony is that I have no language for you

Nor lesson as expected

And I am not lonely among myself

But of a list

I can put away when only I solve myself

The quiet

Au air and light

The quiet

Put to morning breath

[Sound will return when I catch you wandering]

[Into Sunday]

Winter is near

And there are no trembling leaves

[Remaining] [between the seasons]

To call out sound

Nor the day is started

After the spell of finding worth

Be solid

And I am again born

I hold nothing against the only wind

Which is no exhaustion

[hush]

Is what you borrow me

And say you already know

That forward has already occurred

Like waking

Everything is for sale

The fossils are for sale and time is for sale

[History]

That you tell it yourself

[It must be purchased]

And conscience is for sale

[It is a good cost for conscience]

Morality

And connected to what is successful

[Purchase your education to be sure]

Happiness were it material or immaterial

Success is for sale

Spend time spend time

The day is spent for purchase [success]

The future is for sale as place

[To harvest forward there is a line]

The anxious wait

[They will give what is important to them]

I sell myself

I have nothing but the occasion of myself

And that I cannot keep

And certainty is for sale like your regard

I will convince you

You have more to give than you know

[The soul is for sale]

[I say quietly]

There is only one soul and I cannot take my own

Without receiving your intentions

[There are thoughts]

[And magic is our commerce]

The dreams are for sale [I will purchase all of the dreams]

And you will sleep knowing no difference

For to have let away conscience

The funeral object

The funeral object carried the soul

With gold and lattice

And can be possessed

[Said to hold the soul]

[Of the living]

[Suspended]

The timed candle fluttered with attention

[It is November]

[And the days will restart slowly and certainly]

The living go forward with memories

[Brighter colors can be found in quiet]

[Until I see that death comes with age]

The oldest legacy is housed

And let away in mourning

The soul too is let away and cannot be kept

And life is in miniature

What is remaindered is legacy

The elements are stronger than stone

And when gold is protected for itself

Nothing is preserved for records

You and I grow strong in this exercise

The raven

The raven

Calls through charters

[And there is no one to hear]

[I too talk to myself when scavenging]

The rules

Make no difference if they are only spoken

[This is no law]

And what is held is my own

I too am possessive

[And I bring you with me in character]

[When you know no difference]

[Black was the only color remaining]

The earth is solid and trusted

And will not move like your authority moves

I do not believe as you believe

To hold is laughter

There is no audience today

There is no audience today

The animals are gone for the season as are the people

They are tidied into their clothes and gone

The spirited case for theater [drunken theater] is contrived

Turns life to pallor

The rains encroach and are not yet snow

There is no audience today

And ask what is cause to my own action

I am habit [I am habit]

What is released when God is released

What is released when God is released

[All was once claimed]

[Like beauty was once known all was claimed]

What remains is no contest to God

It was theater to believe a hold on part be control

A stone is truly small and will rest on a shelf

Nothing more excepting faith

I too am a stone

[I do not ask how mighty] [it is not humble to speculate]

The breath

And to listen

The wind is released when God is released

The fractured contest is no divine taste

I am only thankful that I am still in thought

I am stillness in thought

There are no records

Property is only an agreement of logic

I cannot hold property against that which disowns [for its power]

Even power is disowned

[And whether I take a lesson]

[Whether the wind can be resolved is only hopeful]

It is only an act

To say that I return you to yourself

[It is my conscience] [reason is my conscience]

Policy

Policy is tossed again

The markedly estranged tenants neglect themselves

Cry

It is no election when our owners print the ballots

There is no one to recognize in politics

It is no use to talk of politics

Again it is tossed

Because there is no certain cause [confidence]

The music is mine when only the instruments remain

I do not pull myself apart

Policy is no heavy hand if it is my own

And your care in my affairs is lonely

The office is still good

And the door is not locked permanently

The radio

It is not as good for listening as the guitar as the pen

[As when I invent]

[And there is no law]

Policy is against myself the greatest

I will serve as model to prove its utility first I shall demonstrate

The tenant does own an idea

[That I do not share willingly]

The resistance

The effective resistors included peace as their settlement

There may be one invisible authority that writes a story

While I stray 'round grasping opinions from the air

There is a single force which makes resistance so easy so delicate

[And they dress the same]

My name is different this time

And I cover my badge

And my hair is grown intentionally

And if there is a standard to observation I shall wear gray

And with a hat

The resistance is credible for its attention

[Any group willing to publicly call themselves resistance is brave]

[There is a common authority which is disputed]

[The resistance acknowledges]

I do not stand in your way [I do not know which way to stand]

The mercury in the thermometer changes with your presence

And I as you am enlightened by prospect

[The world shall change over and again]

[And every human being shall be noticed and given care]

[And life outside of this state is considered amiable]

I am faithful as you are faithful

[I am not motivated by the force of loud voices]

[It is difficult to resist loud voices]

[Proper resistance is learned]

How long [I do not ask] to stay in cycles and be noticed