

*the
absence
glass*

P O E M S

GREGORY MARKEE

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PRITY LIGHTS PUBLISHING
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MADISON

PART 1

THE SUMMONS

Were risen advent become before the soul before the faith
and the rested bone

The waiting animals with struggle and consideration of struggle
the adapted animals and seeking constance

And the smallest fragment a
bone

The ritual night with star stars the several clouds eastward
and yet autumn

Believed a body recasts itself for what is known [the arbitrary altar]
the altar is brought and convenient

Ritual is a moment sung twice and again
and grievance is forfeited and want is forfeited

And offers are forfeited and identity is forfeited and certainty
certainty is forfeited

The pagan focus and the spell of season before the snow
flies just

Everything is costume the street clothes are costume leather is a costume
colors are a costume [he wore a leather patched vest]

The moon is mentioned quietly for its presence [she wore leather over wool]
what is not rhythm when the moon is mentioned

And whether a soul is brought from ritual
[it is the same bone as last year]

Returned to the pouch
returned to the box she is in control of

FOR LOSS

For loss for absence be
a memory turns to stone

Which makes no sound nor want
nor suffers

For loss for absence be
a memory turns to stone

And once as riddle and now
only profound

And becoming small I ask
among prayer

For loss for absence be
a memory turns to stone

And the hardness of my imagination
recedes

And the hardness of my imagination
is a metaphor

And the hardness of my imagination
is captive

IS A CONSIDERATION OF JUSTICE NECESSARY IN A JUST SOCIETY?

A consideration of justice is not necessary in a just society

Why would a consideration of justice be necessary in a just society?

Justice as consideration with exclusive regards to the dissemination of positive regards

What is a justice department

Perhaps nonexistent

SOULTIGHT

Chicago near the bookstore Art and Answerability

Soultight

Whereabouts a condemned man can be held

Were his body to be left until an actual sentence is completed

Canon were different

And were the condemned truly condemned

Were there a housing for the containment of the soul

I do not imagine his own universe

Nor a mortal authority for the direction of such intentions

Soultight

NONPAREIL

Beatrice

it was not costume jewelry it was colored glass and stoned beads

a floral dress of one color

and without consideration for her short hair

and colors to her cheeks

sandals

Beatrice

her posture and her vocal address

feminine and coming

and it was her interest which was my own fascination

and with her approval

I too say 'yes'

PERSPECTIVES ON CONSTELLATIONS

The stationary
the stars at first gathered from where I am I
see them all lustered and confident and isolated with distance between

A constellation from my history my mythic history
chimeric dragons and moss half animals and dreams
my own lines I gather each [there is still a wind]

I am wedded to a place I mention as arbitrary is it not
and night is a question resolved in certainty
my own perspective

And to travel no further than lines for myth is myth
and a story is my own vision
[retreat]

The stationary
and from your own lessons your own visions his was a story as well
from the opposite side of the glass

Nor I have recognized the hunter nor I have recognized the eagle
in stars
though know them outright in poem [I could find them both I say]

A glass studio with lens
a stone patio with lens
you are too far to see

ASCENDANTS

Beneath generations and returned to soil
an unbounded soul is not contained
the flown night is a view

And I am secure
in time I am secure
that nature be not the limits of a struggle among

PHARMACOPEIA

The official pharmacy with the pills and the decongestants and the syringes
the official pharmacy with the prescriptions
the official pharmacy with the canes in the corner

The social prescriptions were administered elsewhere were prescribed elsewhere
the coffee the tequila the marijuana
the recreational imperial stout

Pharmacopeia
the salad
sparkling water I do not mention

DECEMBER THE FOG

December the fog it did not roll in as some fogs do
from the ground pulled from down
balmy air
the barren trees already waiting

A typical fog burns off after sunrise stayed until mid day
I celebrate weather I wear a hat for an occasion
there may have been a full moon day moon could I see
December the fog it waited this time

EARLY

Rise before the sun the sounds of quiet
and wait
Alert for darkness of sleep there were no dreams
nor memory
I am not alarmed at habits nor nature
for its assumption
And why I rest again aware in another room
waiting for coffee percolation
The sun will start in two hours
reliably
Slow is a beginning for a greater day
to hold
Nor have I doubted there will be light again
there will be the others following
And were I first for notice of the day I
only mention fortune

BRIEFLY

A period of time
there were large animals that coexisted with man and without defiance
before skulls were collected and before beads were made of teeth and
before the anthropomorphic prayers the animal spirit prayers

A period of time
and without the word machine
'dinosaur' is reference to a later period or the same and
the three meter Egyptian cat nor of a playful mind as housecats are known
temporally at rest and drifting eyesight like justice from side to side

She had captured the spirit of the grown feline upon its adoration
and were her meditates with open eyes model to a later world
nor I am afraid of my own ness
side to side slowly slowly and stillness I do not consider my own heart
my own interior

Nor the word justice mentioned were strength to trim only trim social aspects
nor she a cat
the assumptions of respect may be her rise of character I
imagine her to have worn gold
a period of time

And large animals like force for their presence the bison and feral
two times as great as one hundred years past
I say time's mention be nostalgia and speculation
though a souls remain a spirits remain I do not pray to nor prey upon

A period of time
and my own largeness too cannot digress from its form
and a shallow grave swathed in cotton and beneath river gravel the cross
too will wash with the next flood or the one after
I am not certain I am not reluctant I am not modest what creature is
greater than man I cannot say for what I be

FREE VERSE

Taken content from its form were there a matter of meaning rather than manner
the clipped ends of the poem and stripped of rhythm perhaps

perhaps a rhythm to content were a sense gathered
and rhyme declined put away upon a research library shelf the contest
were I so put to assume a way in iambic pentameter or either prose itself or
were I so put to assume a need for the absence of form such as free verse
the lesser perhaps

perhaps

though add discipline in its spirit or either reluctance may be the shepherd of thought
as well the allowance for an acceptance of buried secrets in writing

were a form alone the relevance of a published inclusion

nor I ask our language be the same

for my next poem may be as your last and spelled correctly

THE POET IS OLD FOR IDENTITY

Spoken word the spoken poet
the repeated words too change through this amplification for there is a lens

And a languages introduced for their dispersal that they fly away
the eldest is still speaking

And when there is no sound nor quiet exact nor sound considered
and the poet

And the metaphor poetry is a metaphor he too walked dogs because dogs required walking
and was drawn to draw through lines that exist

The comfortable chair and the daily grown vegetables and the scheduled advance of the calendar
history is no metaphor not actually

The poet is sustainable with regard to the notion that the poet is not tax nor taxed
moreso the social fabric of poems exist were the poet never to exist

There is no condition called humanity and science and organizational motivation
is a quell to individual motivation perhaps as independent rewards are collectively assumed

Poetry is the final divide of an individual's self and the final reclamation of the self
for the intellect is conceptually arranged and spoken words are the arrangement of the other calls

I do not think in images nor to think out loud the sounds of ambition
the force of language is quiet within

The poet is old for identity
what is a poet if not age

And the one to advance philosophy and the one to administer philosophy
were history and curriculum mentioned

She is lovely and were his animal instinct started upon a thought which is understood to be eventually consumed
and what continues a poet

THE ENVIRONMENT

Everything is rectangular

[the rectangular dogs]

Circular objects do not fit together adjacently

reason is mentioned for the window table alone and circular

where friends drink wine and talk without hearing

And the rectangular people having decided not to decide the
question of quality or quantity

Inventory is an historic line and furniture cannot be replaced
as readily as attitude

The coffeehouse public liaison was the owner and also

the most ambitious of the new hires

The museum too was rectangular [I am not a geometrist]

made way for more archives being of similar shape thanks to the cooperation of
the two dimensional artists

Flat is flat any given library may agree that a printed page is

quite easier to catalog and shelve than a germ of an idea three feet by six feet by eight feet

And the colorful white is quiet

I look in the mirror when there is a mirror

and through the December window the snow makes no sound when it touches down

[plank flooring]

The dimensions of the satellite room where I make poetry I do not consider

And the impressions of the environment are brought from my imagination

[I am not gone exactly]

My attention I forgive my attention

SEE

When the clouds return having gathered insight
and let down

The priests too go forward traveling and listening
and let down

Nor either contained though softly in a frame
preparing

Imperial the wind and
governing free will for choice rests within a frame and
to be taken for forward notion where the wind does settle
this time east at the morning sun
Astronomy

I am carried and unaware
A frame unrecognized is no burden nor contest
And there can be no likeness of a free offering from
a shaped interior
lest I am truly in love perhaps

And the air is a gift nor only a memory
as well a vivid sun and its reflections
And a smaller caverns for my own space
a pocket
in which I hold an invitation

The priests gather and separate gather and separate
nor I know their death their release nor
what it be unto their strength is ultimately given
I succeed you do I not
for what do I invent like language like poems

The wind when they are gone I do not fear
nor the starry night yet further distant and more advanced I let
given the clouds have passed
as time undivided
with or without care to be middled is no burden

JUSTICE IS NO BALANCE

The conceived idea of injustice
brings an official count of justice as idea
And wherein the ideal of justice as contrarily drawn from an idea of harm actual
be better remaindered with the conceptions of beauty and trust
Justice is kept
for harm justice is kept
Otherwise spent as education and good will justice is kept departmentally
in the interest of harm and damage
And that the claim of justice
its possession among a just authority how
be mortal cause for the introduction of the intent of balance
A claimed justice is no balance
and the introduction singularly of the word justice as not seen elsewhere
is reference to ideas of systemic justice
originated from a cause of injustice

Reclamation is a hurried force
and justice as mentioned is contingent upon the nonexistence of injustice

Whether injustice will always exist may be a consideration of the human condition
Natural to believe a sound recourse is that which repairs a damage
Retroaction as recourse may be an only legitimacy as consideration of the idea of justice
Though beauty as gathered
and an idea of beauty resent
is more positive and affirmative of a desirable human condition perhaps
though ask whether beauty itself
as introduced under such circumstances
be twined firstly and negatively as prevention to the inevitability of injustice

Social intercourse including education may be naturally among
an executive existence
And were I defeated for defeating a social conception of beauty perhaps
Though justice has no social account nor I need understand such balance
as taught ideally near to the positive concepts existing originally
and without contradictory notions
Balance is conscience
perhaps

AMNESTY

An established system as a weight upon its own members
as force and a pushed psychiatrics
for a notion of progress failed

The closed wards the sequestered poems the sequestered poets
for poetry is easily noticed
nor easily contained were a poet captured

Heroism is in several forms
the poet the antipoet the same
the worded politic in first person

Heroism is in several forms
The soldier the told soldier the patriot soldier the athlete soldier
and the steady as those to pass forward through a day without contest

Were it an exterior or a rational interior like a germ
let away dissension the word dissension for reason
and the humors of intimidation the boxes of otherness let away

And only freedom acknowledge upon a previous governing
a person is no object the flower girl the water girl they are no object
the cells opened

And if to walk away or to remain when a doors are left open
for a capsuled intimidation and a learned helplessness
perhaps what remains as consideration

As well let the shelter remain the food remain good and important
words will unlock
that which is captured upon a words

First freedom from
is vacuous and floral and
judgmental

CITY PATINA

The ivy
the old and kept wood homes
the stone homes with smoke from chimney
the city building at the center the granite has changed colors nor longer smooth exactly
the river quiet and through and overgrown and overlooked
the bridges old and stone
the statue from two wars past
the area of cobbled street the storefronts
a narrow alley with trashcans leads to a garden
puddles gathered from yesterday's rain the sound of wheels

COUNTRY PATINA

Old fence line the stone old stone fenceline
the covered bridge over the slow creek
the barn with absent boards needing paint
the horses still
rusted tractor abandoned
the field left to rest this year
the country church gravel parking lot bordering the corn
morning fog
the country trail over the ridge
the cornbread

BEADS AND INTENTIONS

The microbeads Egyptian clay one and one and one
for every thought I do not confuse as monotony
strung on silk

Trade beads antique one hundred years and a coin
togethered on twine now a token economy
an intention is not a prayer but a thought like whisp

Rosary simple count and wooden beads the silver cross middled
not all is circular nor leading into itself again
nor for wearing and put into the cedar case

The found glass bead unlike the others upon a strand
for where it was found
outdoors as if it were placed and were I drawn

And the beads to gather for their aesthetics I put
lined for their size and quality
not every bead is qualified

WITH AND WITHOUT PREJUDICE

1

They had quietly gone and left a ringing in my ears
the guests with opinions and news
I had invited them a month before
prepared winter drinks and evening conversation
And the clocks and distant traffic after is a sound

2

The idea of law as consequent
starts and restarts upon the discern of malfeasance
the idea of philosophy as consequent to law
philosophy is no consolation
had we read the same foundations

3

Eventually wound to silence and conscience
it is the season by which I act is it not
life is now dormant and waiting
the days will be longer and what it is I await is wait itself
and law as mere response ask what is authority

4

Nature is to where I am drawn simply
authority is kinder for its recognition nor fear
and were there no control for society excepting conversation
I prefer the avoidance of the social ills of the world
including near to home

5

And were my reluctance neglect for neighbors in need or crisis
and ask were law quite so enlightened as
to entertain the idea of a sooner intervention with good will
rather than speak of itself mightily and imperially
perhaps my own good nature is naive for its faith

6

And whether my home were this night nature
a new animal is again imaginarily introduced
the door is bolted and the blinds are drawn with common sounds
and the night is put away as hospitality is put away
with and without prejudice I cannot decide

FINDING A VOICE

Were it my own voice I sought and my own image
and were it my own station to broaden my own
and were it my own cause and my own victory

Were it the plural sends of the imagination which warrant
my own outreach and were it her figure which be
cause to my own figurative language

The listed order of responsibility I myself do govern
nor outward if within one's own exclusively
nor I the creator of social circumstance

What arrives in colors in fashion you hold my attention
and I do keep like arrest the holds of my interest
to spend time with and how a voice does follow

The figurative train the figurative barn swallows
the figurative dilapidated stone home old and old again
the figurative stars the figurative star my wonder is figurative

I speak quietly holding an instrument by which I mark my own attempts
and the scientist forgiving his own attempts and knowing
that a year is a great amount of time for his own intellect as well an audience's

Nor to wish for another's voice
it is my own experience I wish to hold forward
not as baton nor force though in earnest and comfort that I be heard as I intend

It is not taken nor I take another
the accuracy of forest growth and mushrooms the accuracy of mountain treeline and meditation is
true

The figurative engines for where I have put the swells of society
I not only respond nor call objects for what they are without attention to thought
that a voice is my own

THE SEVERAL INCUMBENTS

The several incumbents reelected
gathered their strengths at minor corners
The several incumbents received concessions move forward
continued in committee

Policy is linear among those who practice the creation and retraction of policy
the analysts are ultimately inconsequential
Of ultimacy
a convincing analyst may sway several forces

The several incumbents align their status at each election
maintain a hold upon a legislative corner
The several incumbents are
expected to last a career of forty years

Policy is interpreted
not only
Policy is associated with individuals and a varietal incumbent
reliably represents

The established system no longer required maintenance
the constitutional establishment is no longer contest nor judged for its form
And a direct democracy
is the only contest to good representative reason

A system of administration exclusively is weighted upon itself
maintains itself protects itself
For buried within an ideals of a direct democracy is
the germ of democracy itself first realized through representation

And were governance to again advance from aristocratic forms
the holds of incumbents need be untied
Or either to maintain a representative ness in
the interest of public disinterest

SHADED HISTORY

The shaded history with its darkened corners the hero as well
[the spent hero perhaps] [with deviant points]
appears as fiction and disbelief

And difficult the consideration that a social structure turns about such a villainous dogood
though history is not as quaint as positive lights of reform
for amid the acts the intersects a causal deception as authority

Were a hero a man or a woman
the shaded history is cleansed as history is filtered and
were a here such in regards to an opposing social force perhaps they are the collectors of contradiction

Humanity is secure within its positive spirit
nor debate when speculation is mere speculation against an evidentiary remembrance
ask what is the course of those who model upon a spotted story

A nonhero goes away quietly and
were there a single ray of socially becoming
the weight as balance of a life are revealed

And were an official records such as text a compel of social attention
and a summary like sponsor concludes a necessary forgiveness then
ask what reader does blindly read

Nor a singular hero upon the ways of entire epochs
and to the circularists
one era does connect the others were it enlightened or darkened or without value as curious

A task
historical reform may or may not be to the revisionism consistent with those of suffered lineage
as much to say the mundane is too history and where were a peoples' attention

And if I am not curious
similarly ask why peace as presence is not recorded
and were struggle the only cause of records

PLAINSONG

Chant and hallowed mantra the stone halls timeless
another time than celebration but the cost of being
time does pass

Electronica in one hundred years electricity will be invented
upon imaginary models
nature is

A robed lifetime and candlelit and cathedral coolness there is a draft
risen from a desk this sunrise morning
stained glass a dog at the foot of the friar

The sound of disconnection or either reconnection electronica
a local ear to the birds and what the wind does cause
and were time so simple as to stop I go deaf

Stood upright and late enough in the morning to put out the candle
the filtered sun
there is dust in the songed air

And pause to that which enters as sound I am offer to a moment as record
your quiet is between two notes
and for a moment we are notice to each other are we not

THE FERTILITY OF TIME

The fertility of time with nothing for want
a thought leads into another and production

The fertility of time and beauty
nearer to determination

The rested weather ambient and the sounds
the late autumn peace is not yet snow
I am creative
and glass and copper the words are gathered in ready poems

The fertility of time it is a station
and a maturity lets away a standards
The fertility of time and patience need not be mentioned
Nor want for being elsewhere

And bared soul and the assorted frames
put away as process and become where I am
The character this time is encouraging nor drifted
and were it exclusive for what is withheld then

The fertility of time is seeded in experience
and to draw at the waters near to my knowledge
The fertility of time is a closed book after
as a moment

DOES PERFECTION IMPLY EXISTENCE [QUESTION]

Perfection does imply existence

I would not recognize an object, including conceptual object, were it not perfect

An object is itself in its perfect condition

And to say an object is

Is to say that I too am

For the ascription of existence is to attach oneself to existence

The world is coupled in threads of acknowledgement

Material will respond to other material

A concept will remake another concept in usage

The perfect object is itself and with identity

The attachment of adjectives is a further perfection I call my own

That which is perfect fulfills its purpose as

There are no conditions to perfection and

Were all to locate an existence upon a predetermined purpose

No I am no summoner though give God a term without conditions

Perfection as ideal perhaps were all called to be their form as I

And were social identity the ends of being I say no

Nor look to ends when ends are not obvious necessarily

The word perfection has been arrested

I can only seek perfection were I to seek a thing

I can only seek that which exists

I exist

Reliably I exist [do I not claim perfection]

And perhaps no, for there is no social regard, for there is no social regard

An ontological question is itself perfect

And were rhetoric asked to follow a question and do I yet claim perfection

For the question which answers itself already exists in completion

SENTIMENT (re: the Sandy Hook Elementary, Connecticut school shootings)

Sentiment the victims a school is a safe place
and the teachers to have considered their students first

The building is a structure contained an unintended experience
could not be explained within the context of curricular control

Who to cleanse such a structure
and the confidence of students harmed in several ways

Empty and removed from a community separated
years

And lifetime for a search and difficult
and the answer whether to protect indeed

Though what cost to learning is a revisited curriculum
perhaps a better prepared life for the student without direct exposure to the incident

Sentiment the victims and of the gunman himself young at twenty
of his character and of his social history distant and separated perhaps

Disbelief and failure for a system anysystem with its own internal pride
his was not completed

And what of parenting to call such a responsibility upon
the implies of the use of the word young

No
he was his own and to avoid the psychiatries of possible intervention

Nor dismiss failure in some regard
for a community is and responsibility is a restart

And the emptiness I imagine is a cost and the relife of tragedy again and again is
a cost

Sentiment the victims all
Sentiment

THE ALLEGORICAL NATURE

The allegorical nature is not spended
put a word to the river the falls put a word to the storied forest again
and the clouds over and again the night dark dark night moonlit night starred night
Continues like a lifetime nor city removed from
the gathered peoples upon their own collections
the way a nature is known the planted trees and dependent I
The allegorical nature as reference
and without and incompatible the idea of sin is invented
for sustainability
And cognitive to say at one time nature is my own path and
yet another time to ask for control
perhaps a measure of my own intentions or either absence of humility
And the confessional to the allegorist is a wilder nature
of predatory conditions and intended disharmony
upon which strength is learned and capitalized
They turn upon one another the species
they develop differently they are differently ordained
what is symbiosis
The allegorical nature and to live among knowing nature exactly
and without interest in returning to citydom
whereabouts only character is separated from the next and the next for animal is other
And place the meadow overseen the sea the hilltop crest
the footpath is my own for memory such as man
I cannot call you natural exactly though you may find a way into

on being

six foot one in American, dark hair not receding, forty-two years of age. familiar with substances including making beer, have experimented with marijuana. no diet restrictions enjoy salad and wine and cheesecake. strong coffee and tea depending on company.

telemark ski on a small hill. sold a motorcycle returned to a bicycle, my second Gary Fisher with straight handlebars. otherwise drive a VW, my fourth.

poetry. literature and philosophy cannot keep up with my ambitions. accessible [archive]

in a home with garage and room for projects. two museum-ready works of my own and other original art. I do not necessarily like original art for its original-ness. a Picasso print remembered from the second grade picture lady. sentiment.

daily habits include writing, attempts at healthy eating, reading, giving thanks and mention.

formerly a social worker, now separated from practice by way of policy interest as free-lance.

Life is fertile. and the trials, nor spend long upon grievances. what I have learned in school, including nine years of higher education may be literature may be social bargaining may be critical-ism may be confidence. or wasted if to believe a time were better spent in other ways. travels to Canada and Europe and Mexico and Europe and Europe. I prefer ouzo to sambuca, whiskey to ouzo.

camping and natural subtleties. the reinvention of the self including skinny-dipping. the seasons and looking forward from the first day of winter when the days begin to get longer and the snow is just beginning. summer.

do not mind the subject of death. perhaps a quiet and simple country cemetery on a hill late into age.

12/17/2012

ON BEING [2]

On being for the grace of morning light begone yesterdays' weary
to be newly held is a gift
I am early again for knowing quiet and the fog will soon be away
the others too have started I am confident
The clouds and the stars rested while my attention is waking
and the business of social twines and commerce a thought will arrive
Confidence is unremarkable when I am content and listening
and what I have in boxes and frames is what is presented
I notice the moving air carrying the breath and smoke of industry
and clean and necessary like patience is necessary
I notice the gathered waters in their drifted lines and settled lakes
and ask what does hold me what does contain me without my knowledge of
Nor mention the word God as I am excepting in grace
for when I am settled within a moment I cannot ignore nor discourage
And the interiors are no closure to a soul I remember
adapt I have like history until history finds itself small once again

Society is a machine
proves and reproves itself for its necessity is its own confidence
The taller building and the next will be taller again and again
and the circles the generations near to progress the people
How individualism is renewed again and again
how individualism is brought about upended upon a social question like family
The politicians the teachers are differently educated
for gains are differently measured
And the poet differently educated perhaps a demonstrative purpose
and the poet differently educated with records and pocketbook
The sublime is a calling a quiet calling and to a conscience say
you are necessary when I have not given enough of mine own
I have no control for a missioned advance of society
nor will you be the same tomorrow I hold
And to acknowledge such as a blessing for also I have not acknowledged
a sameness to my days a sameness to my efforts

FULL SAIL

Full sail I am lifted
the chopped caps of decision I am atop
carrying a thought

RIGHTEOUS

A bent words of their advance
are no contract to mine
I am poet

ANIMAL

Legged and breathing and hairy back
you are different than I am
do I not believe to myself

WORDS

Words are no habit I am quiet
nor think loudly of conscience nor think in images with explanations
what it is I say when beginning like a prayer

SNOW

First snow and full flakes
the world I know is quieted in winter actual
gathers like patience

THE BLANK PAGE

The blank page and without argument and without error
I am introduction to argument and error
within every form

THE QUARANTINED IDEA

The quarantined idea
rested into a book and vaulted
That death indeed be proud and spoken proudly without err
that death be no break from life
The timelessness of mention is an unsettling to mortal standards
so a bearing publishers defend
And were a subject so fragile for its introduction yet
its author too be held tightly for a social ways

It is a good book and requires no further defense
it is an idea as fertile as time
Ego is to mention the start of the idea nor the idea itself
though cause for a conceptual box for time itself
Quarantine is a shelf and housed with limits
to be slowly let out and away from a center
Rather than to exist as cloud to social fester
an idea as such may appear trophy-like though

An idea receives no entitlements to public access
were it written in the spirit of social fault
And were it let away once is to allow the inflammists their start
no
It is yet early beyond the start of timelessness and
the quarantined idea
As reauthorized already for control is mentioned
will be judgmentally introduced

And were authority a cause for words against authority
is a question
And were authority to mention time from this source
like power from history
And were authority to regard an isolated room for treasures
as regard to such an idea as treasure as well
The idea is yet hold to a keepers it be yet a frame
an idea is a germ

THE OGRE

With feathers and waiting
Nature moves about in ugly waves and ugly ways
And hidden amid stillness for when darkness is mentioned
In callous skin and mind and different ideas for goodness than
The other living ones ugly in their physical beauty
Nor animal but featured like art and hidden
In quiet beneath bridges and within closets and where I put your fetish
A sense for interference and taking on occasion
Too the ogre harvests from the stable hours
Makes lies and proposition and insecurity a cause for
Ugly
The standard like reproduction as ugly against time
The ogre diet is inconsequential
The ogre peace is inconsequential and seen as time and stone
You are blame
And were I so reluctant for evil
And bring you into this home it were your ness to wait
Until blame is elsewhere and unspoken
Wrong is my responsibility I am convinced against
The thought of a mythic ogre as
Were I to believe including a feigned belief as question
That you are cause
Would be mere an excuse to rid my domicile of stones and
Other unremarkable
Things
I keep you and
Accept myself as cause for your presence
As ugly is cornered and framed
Are you not
With feathers and fester apparently waiting apparently reminding

THE INFLAMMIST

I was among good and knew no differently
nor I bring contradictions to my own being necessarily
such as violence in questions and weather in questions
you are not mythic nor structured in your discontent
I believe this your discontent

Herald the morning in your loudness I do not listen
I too steal voices
such as yours and hide them amid bricks and stones
where volume is no consequence and where content quiet content
held as insight though otherwise intended is no consequence

The inflammist
nor enlightened to mention the bully too requires time and
friendship's call
nor further advance a reactive response upon kindness in return
I am now absent in my presence

THE FREQUENCY OF COMMUNICATION

Speaking at different elevations once as twice
speaking with a single reason
unto two orders
the animals turn upon one another
authority is clever

The standardization of frequency is not illegal
though impossible
a frequency of communication cannot be standardized

The most masculine of the males
considers himself balance
the most feminine of the females
considers herself balance
a democratic strain of social gestation is
balance to gender

Authority arrived in August
was mocked until authority became strong
the king costumes at the annual gathering
the annulment of courts
infidelity is not a public concern

Whether their noses grew long
whether their feet grew flat
whether they grew tails and separated with those that did not grow tails

A cause for separation that a spoken word be intended
as dual in meaning
and reliant upon a mortal center
the interest of governance and the maintenance of authority perhaps
A cause for a smaller social center
for some do refrain upon a general confusion

A necessary competitive zeal to speech
the athletics of communication
the frequency of communication is thus open
authority mentions in earnest

COLD TEMPERED

The cold tempered spirit of apologetics
is a loudening whisper of philosophy
Makes an easement of transgressional laze
They rest kindly into one another knowing

Grown into one another into age
as the wind too
as the seasonal precipitation is likeness to what else is
accepted and without control

And ask whether change is forgiven for its own nature
The bang loud social force which insistently binds
and tethers opposites
There is not a connection to each to each

The separates
and with no eye to discourse nor memory to letting away
a coupled strain traveling forward
Time is indeed

Apologetics and the expectancies of fair removal
the minor lends of hardship
Balance is balance
balance is balance so too she so too he

OF TIME

Of time

The simplified course of spans the year the day I cannot change

Though attach my own apologetics to being

Carried through such Godlines as their death and their death

Nor remembrance the mundane the colors

Which were as they were expected like nature is expected

Nor remembrance the rain excepting when there were no cloud

[All must have a simple explanation]

Just the sudden as death as tragedy when time becomes neutral

I suppose

I see from without

A moment too has a beginning and an end

I STRUGGLE AT CONSTANCE

Peace is not plain mine is not
I struggle at constance at a time without change
When the weather is the same when the thoughts which arrive are a remark to yesterday as today
When people are no break from isolation

Outlook is the next season
And judge from the last that change is sensual yet I am the same
Nor depression were I promised one hundred years as life exact
A promise is not how I live certainty is not how I live

And would I live so certainly
A question of spontaneity and hypothetical only
As if I were given choice
Peace it would be and plainly were peace an absence of conflict

Conflict is my ambition when ambition has no reason
A reparations to that which need not be repaired
As much a struggle in watching oneself as it were to maintain one's home year after year
There is nothing novel in being the same year after year excepting a recurring goodness

And were I paired with the weather
Having let down the difference and indifference of youthful angst
To say it were constance unremarkable which implies seasonal change and rain
I mention there is nothing I have not noticed

I struggle at constance
And when a people are uniformly social and uniformly democratic
And to say the same about the weather as last storm
And were I to exhaust my words and invent a new language the same would be said

The room without windows sits in a gallery of a museum
as a permanent exhibit
The unplugged clock
The single chair
The art on the wall is a name scratched upon the painted surface

OPEN RADIO

Downtown neighbor left the radio on
The front porch at a slight volume

Scratching and sounding over the chain link fence with vines
Constant

Curious night and day never did see
The person I imagine they wore a house coat all day

The overgrown yard like an artist or recluse
A window of stained glass for my closer look

Never did comment about
The sounds walking by to and from the diner

And never could discern a word just sound
Ambient and overgrown like the shrubs

There is a source to an imagination
Where the wicked and trying break through

Start legends and myth in their stillness
The imagination connects that which need not be connected

My own weather radio I keep
Nor imagine it channeled to other worlds perhaps

Were I to adjust it to the proper fuzz
And consider my own station as broadcasting

My first address is a welcome
Inwhich I bring a poem of language

Hell radio is too simple I believe and too inflammatory
For my taste is clever if not exclusive

THE SLOW CIRCLES

The slow circles
time is down

Again time is down
the day will never end the lightness will never end and the moon is stuck

I have a solar watch
thank God

Again time is down
and the clouds are still for the quiet wind

The sweeping second hand
is the only movement

HOLIDAY

Holiday comes quickly amid confessions and responsibility
outside

the temperature had risen to twenty

The time of year is a centering

and defiance is put away and the selfishisms of imbalance
are put away

While the divine

and that which rises as myth and legend

assumes a spirit

The holiday is rise to social love and community

agape the spirit of giving and the symbols forward
to family and the making of warmth

The snow and the late first light now beginning earlier and
earlier

look not too far ahead for the day has just begun

The tree and torn from nature as sacrifice

and ambient for smell

the gathered gifts as intentions

I too invent care

I give away words good words and

pause I invent

SACRIFICING THE STORYTELLER

The storyteller is pulled from the shelf
set next to the fire
next to the shapeshifters and the animal children
for sacrifice

He is too loud!

SACRIFICE

Sacrifice the life of purity
the objects of goodness
and establishing what will be waiting in heaven
Such is an excuse
for the word heaven
rests among the consolations of divinity
Philosophy has its own consolations as does poetry
each of the disciplines have their own measure of consolation
and quiet

The altar is cleansed of last season's sacrifice
and without evidence
[time too is sacrifice]

And whether to live for this lifetime is
cause for redirection and cause
for a quieter presence
The sacrificers are not pushed to smaller fetishes
are not proven wrong
nor are indifferent
Make of this presence metaphor
is a fall to debate
nor the sacrificers nor their opposite argue

And rest to that which is good
set aside a day among the season as holiday
and say life precedes death does it not

I SAW

I saw the wind tear down a tree limb
I saw the river eat away stone
I saw a plant grow from earth
The same I saw a peoples rise from the earth
Build homes of earth and wood

I saw the whorling stars late into night until light pushed them away
I saw a birds assume the sky
I saw a coming ocean carry over a sand
I saw the smallest and the greatest near to each other
I saw the young and the old each with their own questions

I saw time stop time held in a desert
I saw a flower where no flower grows
I saw a child grow into a parent
I saw death come too early I saw death
I saw an artist create time

I saw three clouds from a hilltop
I saw a canyon and wondered
And the river with no straight path I saw the river
I saw a turtle stopped in the sun
I saw a gathering of peoples with no place to go

I saw worry in a storm
I saw the simple the paring knife for the apple
I saw the paper with the poem
I saw the spectacle of the moon hazed beyond a cloud
I saw the love of two people in a kiss

I saw the radiance of a mountain reflected in a lake
I saw a falling water gravity I saw shape to land
I saw her kneeling I saw myself
I saw the wooden structure with the earth floor the altar
I saw the day away into sleep

THE BOOK OF GLASS

The church held in differently sunlight
the east facing panels glowed in the morning
red yellow blue green and crystal
and numbered as a book
the circumference of the interior

A martyr a story of a martyr
of strength brought to terms against social authority
and realized this were no celebration of life as he had taught
the gathering peoples with questions and who could say no
to having their own consciences cleansed eternally

The quiet and to close one's eyes
every story comes to mind in silence and
to hear the wind outside rolling about the stoned walls
I too am located and wonder of legacy
of humanity and whether I am small enough for courage

THE FUNGAL

In darkness the fungal
elements rise and assume among the quiet
The watching nocturnal spirits
witness
And the dead and undergrown are consumed
taken back
To the ecologies of nature
every solid form returns
Nor life
I give you another name
And buried upon yourself and too the stars do know
you rise and plan your absence for sunrise
Spore puff
and gone and mallowed into the soil
Again
and again

POST ELECTION POLITICS

The separations acknowledged and difference acknowledge
and now a contest is to reformation
A framers established a form for the divided
representation is a race for the majority
And whether a minor sets yet represent as informed and informal
theirs is a quieter strain and waiting
The president
spirited union
The senator too
spirited union

And politics restart for social change
is yet no advent
The incumbent has won
won
And a greater burden for convincing for holding oneself
if to yet wear a badge of separation
Nor be asked what becomes of failed campaigners
and were they held to an opposing opinion
You hold a different object rightly and justly
and easier to forget a that which exists without power

THE MALLEABLE METAL

The graphite mold the gold the soft metal
a social form for nature

And melted at ease and cast
clinked out and cooled

Filed to smoothness and polished to shine
purity assumes another form

Nature is panned of a river bed
nature is brought from the earth as stone

First held in pride like a prize a possession and
returned as ornament

Comment on the human spirit when
an adornment is a shine to character including marriage

A metaphor is a ring and what can be made of gold
and whether a soft metal is otherwise useless

An easy metal a cooperative metal
which will not degrade will not shed its luster

And a raw form as geology as stone
held in state for an idea

The ring
and sized for her finger

WATER SIGN

I was born among the water sign also
carried a stars into this body
vessel

To know where one is started is a start to identity
only born naked as a body
and otherwise swaddled in time

The other constellations are introduced
were there no memory
I am first to recognize

EQUILIBRIUM

His calibration
The voices were no insanity
His conscience
Nor tell authority of his divided thoughts
Once reckless and deathridden
And now called upon as genius
He had never left his body in search
Nor the voices calmed but convinced and
His balance as equilibrium remembered is
His notice to those who talk to themselves
'One at a time' he would whisper helpfully
As if his were a model of understanding
And poised to locate love among
The struggling
His calibration
Had been a lifetime relived like absolution
Nor he had died exactly but
Reborn freshly into another order
The whereabouts of democracy
He asks amid the implies of recovery
'I am not lost'
And were his most difficult questions to himself
Balance is quiet
And the masquerade of democracy is
No resistance to an invisible force
An anonymous force stationed as morality
With different voices from within
'Nor a one of your souls are public, nor mine'
'Though what is within is within'
Better resolved and completed
The efforts which dissolve the cluttered
Forces of misled intentions misled ministries
And the errant
Such as wrongness in philosophy and arrogance gone
His calibration
Itself a memory in locating
Equilibrium
For advance and questions of limits

ABSENCE GLASS

1

Absence glass the expulsion of the forms
material begone and nothing
the beads and gems the minerals
and the air the air expelled
And the concepts ridden contained and ridden
sent away to netherspace

The remaindered time too sent away

To look within upon a void
the cleansed call nature original for its nothingness

Give cause to the imaginary were I to put
a thing within

2

Absence glass and be no longer empty
for I put an idea within in the first
were justice lent before there were a social
nor procreation before there were a social
at first I place a soil

By my experience for gravity is from
[and the idea of gravity attached]
and were soil itself naturally unsterile
I say regards regards

Soil is naturally fertile soil is a seed

3

The light crept in
and the sounds crept in

4

I am not God this is no laboratory
I am God this is a laboratory

5

The single cell was from my own garden

PATHOLOGY

A study in social illness is a study in morality
the stolen objects gathered in a corner like a sin museum
trophies of the valiance of thievery
And the stolen concepts raped as words the stolen poems
how is a poem stolen
in translation in translation
The murdered language nor he knew the parallels of
giving himself away unto authority
he did not recognize

And the victim for which time stands still
yet upon a year's pass
proves redemption does not exist not actually

Language is a metaphor and the corrupted language is
a sign
that there be no warrant to honesty
Clarity is a station for the pure and
them with language set aside in asterisks for their transgressions
grow dumb and differently clarified
The crimes of being are defensible
a stolen food and again is not a demonstration of incorrigibility
[hunger is a temper to pure morality]

And a victims for which absence of the self has begun
a reparations come in the forms of forgiveness
need I mention God for their wrongness

Social illness is a fevered defense of change
for the rapist the murderer the thief
their only reasonable call is to mention a faulted social conditions
And were pathology so pointed at a transgressor alone
that a systemic change of society be too long and distant
is to say smallness of learning
Prevention is a stillness to hunger to jealousy
and to be satisfied is a measure only one
can say for their own

COLD WEATHER CLEAR

Cold weather clear
the winter day and shown breath clarity
nor smell to the outness
held in wool and layers
The sharpened thoughts the covered trees
from the last snow knee high
and a limited conversation
I do not call appreciation but holding

The winter signs the
remaindered birds are dependent
nor celebratory as I
toward the next holiday
And recognizing a longer days a longer days
the errant clouds mean nothing
when I am too covered for their notice
the distant sun means nothing

Cold weather clear
and conversational shortness
the holding of character the holding of notice
you will will be let out slowly at first melt
When time returns slowly
as I to myself and forgetting
the indoors again
for an invitation will begin again

REGISTERING THE WORLD

The cold the stars uncanny stars and daylight they are gone the hawk winter searching deciduous trees boney branches this morning frosted the footprints the passing people covered in wool and heart. The buildings cold outside and monochrome the reflecting windows the antennae the roads from here to there the only paths visible with the snow the fluffed snow of yesterday. The clouds them moving eastbound against a thought the sky now blue and mistaken for summer.

The words which are mistaken for other words the poems the books lined in a row waiting to be read the library the shelves the shelves with order and grammar. The stories the facts the histories the changes the authors writing legacies the humours the questions. The art and the paint the woman behind the counter with glasses with dress and with ideas the counter the line of people. The coffeehouse the line of people. The grocery with line of people. The lights the season the new year.

The poem the words and language the stars again the people in lines the food particular food the subjects the objects of language [conversational] the demons brought about the standards. How a soul is absolved to return to life again love again the poem couple the poem parents the poem children the poem aged people the poem contractors. The author in glasses and yesterday's clothing the worn clothing the poem to the other poet the response poem the dialogical poem the poem with no inspiration which rises from nothing.

The indoors the room the dead room cleansed the dead room rescattered with seed and life and poems. The fire the fireplace for warming for bringing energy the flickering flame the scattered books the titles the authors some dead. The dead authors. The music the curtains in red velvet and sage velvet the candles the light through the blinds the dust in the sunlight the art the private art the luxuries of completion. The voices the familiar voices the quiet the simple the well ordered life the active life the passive life.

The unconsidered life the considered life the philosophy of politics the philosophy of religion. Religion. Authority the lobbying of authority responding to authority the law the book of law the context of law the court the legislation chambers the constitution. The legislator the school the classroom the decision the representative the museum the classroom the laboratory. The learning the body the mind the agent of learning the instrument the instrumental object the learning object the representative represented the majority of voters. The voter.

The candle the quiet candle near to its end the quiet flame the candles end and smoke. The smell of dinner the sound of the outdoors while I am indoors the muffled sound the autocars with drivers the wind at the back patio. The breath and near to the end of day the invitation to bed. To dream and the night starts again the sun gone away down the horizon the first stars the night. The change and the common the passage the reluctant and the certain the stars through the window the window holding out winter I believe.

THE REHEARSAL

His intentions equal the soul of the writer

The writer used black ink and good penmanship

The writer learned to write before he made a friend

The rehearsal

The girl

And the actor without friends the actor as equal to a character

The stage with boxes for props with brooms and cups and imagination

The absurd stage

His intentions are the writer's intentions he assumes intentions

Read a script

The dead writer left a legacy

The stage with curtains above an audience the red velvet the old lumpy chairs

The soul of the writer

The director did not speak made strange faces the director did not speak

The rehearsal

The love interest

The failed improvisation the restart the course of certainty

The course of clever the course of a story

The assumed intentions the return to one hundred years ago

The sky is the same the train tracks have not changed

The milk is the same the bread is the same

[The imaginary stage]

[The imaginary food the painted sky the brought in train tracks]

[The imaginary love]

A BOOK IS ONLY AN INTRODUCTION

The worn book the exterior the shelved leather
the pages yellowed from the daylight at the edges

The interior the concept yet young and corrupting
says the passions are the passions not forgotten

Poetry is poetry when the form of context is hardened
truth does transcend time indeed

Speaks of revolutions as social health
the sway of social forms as natural

Nor obsolete for their concern yet is its own germ
a book is only an introduction and general

Faith is mentioned is not faith mentioned
if to keep a book upon one's shelf

The next is introduced a book is only an introduction
from one germ two become

BEGONE

Begone wickedness

I am alone and the talking trees the talking water

my conscience is no hatred

nor the spies who know me better

you are a lie a profiteer and with sounded squelch

and lifted volume

my weakest point is not found

and that is your question is it not

I have no struggle for you

Begone wickedness

THE MYCOLOGICAL WARLOCK

Sat upon the mushrooms
the sun has not risen
and with iron kettle with the other ingredients
the sage the sage the yellow of a dandelion the legless body of a millipede
gathered one hundred caps
exactly
put his torch into the fire to start
and added river water to his brew
it will be a fine day
and enough tea for two

Sun up

WHO ARE WE

1

We are social. We deserve one another. We are cooperative. We are emulating. We are experimental. We ask questions. We form small groups within large groups which may be competitive with other small groups or with those with no affiliation with a small group. We are self aware. We are certain. We are content. We are not content. We are individuals. We answer questions. We appreciate. We age. We are young. We use tools. We build. We form ideas. We care for our sick and aging. We are poets. We seek social reinforcement. We are political. We are politicians. We care for our bodies. We sleep.

2

The elder woman held the potted bowl in her left hand
painted a design
a bird upon the eastern side
Sent word to the council regarding planting ritual to begin at the next lunar cycle
hummed to herself knowing her daughter her granddaughter were listening
The elder woman gave her beads to her daughter

[The men rustled about]
[feigning anxiety]
[passed words in different directions that were not their own]

3

The child was born
a typical childhood for a son of a bone doctor
came of age wealthy with a new bicycle and an attractive neighbor girlfriend

[You will never leave this place]
[is not considered]
[This place is Earth]
[You will never leave this place]
[Peach Street]
[is not considered]

4

Home
and to consider no other place nor travel
The weight of local knowledge is my poem
my neighbors understand

ANONYMOUS

That the soul gathers that the soul learns acquires its own strength
and then be left alone
the larceny of the soul
I can speak of my own thievery and what I have learned
and say the soul is where I reside
nor I am the same as yesterday before I knew a thing
The stolen flowers the stolen day and the stolen moon the stolen walk
I do not return my inflated soul to God nor could I
I do not return my inflated soul to the good stranger
Though return an intentions in causal memory of grace
again forwarding what I believe like an answers to a test
and abled in determination to say I have been wrong I have been correct in thought
A patterns are early grown and secondly known
nor to let an idea the likes of learning end its own development
nor say the idea of ideas is the only idea of perfection
Though last among first notice and first registration
when a colors are unique and a dancing starlings are first realized
when a peoples are as collective and conjoined as fantasy
I too am conjured by my environment
am I not shaped by her wishes and his idealism
before I grow into my own opinion before I die
I am convinced of what it is I require
an exposure of my attention to the vessels of capture
and say I too have vessels nestled in quiet corners I leave with no signature
For my innocence and my modesty I leave no signature
and were it a gift of my soul to say my interest is worthy
or were it selfish to let away lines and tines of my own
It is my soul which speaks from its own virtual whereabouts
makes its own callings
and in its weaknesses is pulled into what it does not know
The larceny is my own anonymity and without answer and without need
as art unsigned
and irresponsible

SEPTIC

Sickness the body toward conversion
when the germs of social entropy assume
At first enlightened and outward as strength
and then boisterous and loud and riddled in doubt

It is not hers nor his nor mine
though sweeping among social spheres
Famous and quiet and confident and giving and trustful
and there is no answer to a germ so finite

The germs reproduce in productivity
make license of intelligence make license of material
Nor retirement can stop such a germ
nor funeral can put away such a germ upon a legacy established

MONSTOR

With gargled breath and brownblood eyes a horn upon its nose
and two horns above its eyes

[the three horned monstor is rare]

with lumped gray skin and leather loin cover and a smell
a righteous and earthy smell

Your language is not my own

I stay out of your way

I am not ugly nor do I breath heavily

I do not live beneath a bridge

[I only wonder your sin from a distance]

The diet of unthinking creatures the rodents and snakes and varmints
yet your slowness and yet to have discovered fire

I do not say aloud I do not think aloud [for your powers may hear]

with teeth which grow and grow and do not stop growing
you are animal and with my attention

APPREHENSION AND NEWNESS AT A NEW ADMINISTRATION'S LANGUAGE

The apprehension of figuring the new
Discovery is a time to youth
Re-ideation is a time to learning

The new administration had not changed a formal rule
Though their patterns of communication are emulation
As newness

And new poetry is endowed
The translations of the old or to say the old is old
And new poems will be in a moderned referential language

Lingual change is a question
To say follow or to say speak as I know
Though I wish to be understood

Ask what thoughts are inherent to my own language
And who is included
For a social frame of reference

I do not only speak to the capital nor to fellows among this church
Nor I am as varied as dialect
It is just my control I wish to retain

The administration with passwords
I have not listened enough
Nor they have adopted my passwords either

Consider straightness and candor as meaning
And say a flame is removed from the poet
Say popular speech is removed from the poet is to say there is a new language

And a new poetry
Add that poetry is a human condition
And apprehension at the introduction of a lingual struggle

CEDED MEMORY

Went away into his brain
Ceded memory
The old friends
The cars
Went away into his brain
Invented intellectual tumors and poems
Had a favorite pen a favorite style
And one book
Regarding Ontos

Among the others
Made room for them to fit into his philosophy
Quietly
And with pet names
Like a story
Just existentialism
She said he was her best friend
For having had his conversation removed
He brought her words

COUNTRY BATH

Was drawn into water for its clearness

The charm of lucid water the enchantment

Left a clothes at the shore

Waded to knee depth and dove without apprehension

Bathed in the water and returned to the shore

Airdried

Again covered in yesterday's clothes

THE VULNERABILITY OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS

There is no promise which coincides with following the rules
so he mentions to himself
he lets away the importance of Fridays slowly
he lets away the golden rule slowly saying only some are rightfully treated the same
and the moon is no photograph he knows like timelessness the moon is no photograph

The vulnerability of the superstitious is their fear their distraction
the vulnerability of the superstitious is their habitual misuse of science
the vulnerability of the superstitious is their topical worldly perspective
the vulnerability of the superstitious is their uncanny memory
the vulnerability of the superstitious is their invalid certainty

The unreliable bends of truth are to the invention of cause
the distraction of arbitrary cause
and drawn inward to talking amongst himself
for his witness of coincidence and welfare in attending to details
and chooses an inner limits like security

WHERE THE PAST RESIDES

The past resides in small rooms here and there
scattered about the trees scattered about the contemplates of the clouds
and where the stars are close
Friendship is a corner to understanding
and the stations among a scattered ruins and time
where constance dwells and asks questions I know the answers to
I address your beauty in frames and poems and small answers
and come to an aesthete prepared and letting forward
a principled hardness a principled certainty
The past resides in faith for where I am from
in idea the past resides marking my direction
in charge and change the past resides like learning resides
And to let away that which is troubled and without advance
is difficult like a path is difficult on occasion
not all will make sense!
In the air and in the monotonous and in the fascinates of newness
I see the old and struggled time I see the best of my being
and were there so kind a force as a time when I did need help and it was present
She wore kindness like a smile
and I do not attempt nor did attempt to steal such a way
but make of it a memory into a fetish I rest bedside
I am not nestled among the old and swaying and add
even your goodness be no deliberation to what it is I bring
free will is still
The past is in my own and is cause for tomorrow I acknowledge
nor only
for what yet is lined among the future will change me once more and again
Certainty is sharpness the lucid air in early spring
I recall a towering thundercloud miles high to one side and
clear as blue day the other side
Certainty were watch from a window and cuddled into
an arbitrary book this time arbitrary for my attention
was taken
The past resides in stillness eventually a common stillness
I share no exact nature with another as I am written into as are others
the past resides within me

FUCKING BULLSHIT

Were her words so indirect

I find myself wondering exactly what is fucking bullshit

Politics indeed

The decline of decent poetry among the aging indeed

Though I did enjoy hearing the eldest considering

An afterlife

And such a casual mention to the words

I would expect a more important and descript language to an address the likes of fucking bullshit

Perhaps a lingual gift

That an exclusion to the ways of fucking bullshittedness is required

I look within

And say I have not tempered your words as my own

Yet

Nor do I consider these paired words a poem

Though do resort to a contemplative state like wonder

At what it is you say with a smile I believe you were smiling

WALK AWAY WITH NATURE

HE ASKS IF I WOULD LIKE TO SEE DEATH

WHAT DO I THINK OF DEATH WHICH IS NOT MINE

ENTERED THIS IS ALREADY ENTERED OR THERE WOULD BE NO DOOR COVERING

The quiet exterior and the instrumental strings
from the house near the river near the door
one hundred paces
never watched
I have a key like a cross with three horizontals
why would I enter a place seeking newness when a door already exists I seek something other
my interest is anthropological curiosity
the key is from a trade and a conversation
he asks if I would like to see death

Open

And the light unrests the dust the door unrests the dust
a tomb
and surrounded by dead flowers and bowls
what do I think of death which is not mine
I am not related

Death is terminal
death reappoints the wind
death is a memory
death is what I walk away from
death is a word which is not forgotten
death is a number

I take nothing nor a photo
the house above is undisturbed
I leave a stone
lock the door behind me

Walk away with nature

MATERIAL POEM

The physical strain of thought for believing
the material poem
of distance and determination of the setbacks and buoyance of affection
of theology and a liberated spirit
and to believe a cause as the hardness of concepts like material

A metaphor for being
the hardened stone becoming harder and harder like commitment
when it is attached to an idea the likes of eternity
you will live forever were you to hold the representation of
and the enduring clouds gathered for my witness

The earth the earth and its aspects water and soil and
what comes of patience for patience is attached to something exterior
the starry night I cannot forget as the simplest and quietest exterior
and what I hold within my pocket too meaning
I yet understand that a coin is social

The food of origins I form a list a causal list
that local flavor is endowed by the same air I inhabit
and your presence as material as I
what it is I represent you too represent
I only give you what you already own were possession so inspired

With my name as material to be called
identity is material and tethered to an acts like language is tethered
in hardness a verb of nouns
I cannot remove myself from material for having been
be

And preference to be among that which I understand
like the capable weather the seasons each material I climb within
I am among
and lost and losing my way for I am no contest to
nature I am a part

WORK ETHIC

No longer the morning alarm the sunrise
and ambition to love
the order of my calling
early seeded in thought and potential

The day completes itself
[responsibility is mentioned without need]
for pride in exchange and
labor is my own attachment

The farm is grown otherwise nature I have some contest for
The poems are too written in lines ordained lines
And were God mentioned indeed
I am only an introduction and too follow written lines

SURFACE RESOLVED

The surface resolved beneath my feet
what begins as cloud and stops at permanence
I am not all that is surrendered and attached
the trees the gravity trees held flatly to earth's call
The surface resolved and the stops
of downward fascination I look forward
to the elevates of the stars the morning sun
and what is above what does escape
A words have no contest for the land
nor the clouds becoming paused between
there and there and only for the wind
respond like an answer in the way I travel
Footprints and gathering a season's worth
atop a horizon atop a valley floor atop
the started sheet of soil and water and ice
you are covered in the skin of time
Even a birds return for rest and even
the underground creatures are connected to
a giving surface where light meets land
where water meets land and creation is

THE LINEAR

The linear

The trees upward in rows to skyline

the waves in rows at a shore the linear

riverlines the scattered riverlines toward larger rivers and the ocean

the horizon the single line

and the lines I make the constellations

the warrior from the stars the bull from the stars

and the planted rows the farm the linear

the linear homes the square lines for efficiency in construction

the road roads planted in lines

parallel and crossing one another

the skylines the airplane makes

The lines of people waiting they have learned to wait

for what is required

the efficient lines of people them numbered

for questions and service

PART 2

THE MARXIST PROSTITUTE

The exchange of money for product [the wind is not sold] [nor the sun can be sold]

The marxist prostitute moved her body appropriately [it is the effort that is sold] [a body is only something]

The commodity of labor did not realize itself a profession
originally

[Gravity cannot be sold] [nor the rain] [and this planet is not owned like land is not owned]

There are no fences around her frame and

Agreed

When the prostitutes strike [because one is battered] there are still no fences around her frame

Though prostitution is not a team like art is not a team

And one goes away quietly and returns no one knows nor asks

And solidarity

In public

Do I question the moral position of willingness for freelance trickery among

Collective hardship

An organizational struggle is one's own

And appeal to an improved pimpdom [were there no cost]

A fibrous picket line is invisible really and she has never stopped him from using the word love [love]

A labor in such a profession includes language and judgment does it not

[The stars are not owned] [the body of stars are not owned] call sky

At her figure [at her vocation]

Hold to oneself

One may own themselves and were it possible to be taken

Or given

Received

[A river is not owned] [and were it dammed it were not owned] political boundaries

Are only her calls to defense

And were it defended it is still not owned really

Because she will die and be called something other than herself

Her frame is five feet one inch

Tall

BUSINESS FOR THE ISLAND

The grown melons are brought
The traps are brought
and the nets
nearby the dried whitefish and
The pole walls recovered in grass
and skins for carpet
shaken
The fire is restarted in the morning

HEAVENLY ANGELS

Lava soap and
better than the Oxford graduate students at showering
forgetting

Wisdom is not so twined to imperialism
sometimes the butterflies the rainbows [afternoon]
necessarily

The course of the weather is autumn warm call late summer
I am not indifferent
nor to have framed the idea of care

Were a book principle to understanding and
the elders having defined their own literacy may subscribe
a person is not a book actually

The quiet book had Q words for scrabble
I had not grasped the text in spirit
to automatonism and frequently hear it mentioned

Until overseen the symbolic form content
which is my attention
to date I have cleared the first three of four volumes

Language is language
[conversational]
though universal language may be differently spoken depending upon its vocal position

Language is tiny really
and her lipstick
her shoulders

More ancient than home
if time is this time my fancy
it is near bedtime and the crickets have started

INSOMNIA> WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP AT THIS HOUR

Insomnia

what are you doing up at this hour

Daddy

why did you name me Insomnia

TWO TRAINS

East West tracks
divide a cities North South

Westbound the passengers only notice
[two days to the ocean]

Eastbound the rusted boxcars with graffiti under the ATSF [as high as can be reached]
the tanker the tanker the tanker coalcar coalcar coalcar one hundred long the caboose

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF THE MONTH IS SOCIAL

Oh, blue moon
and presidential politics [poetics]

The sky was blue
the water was blue when the sky was blue [is now darkened and starlit moonlit]

The thirty-first of the month is social
the accountancies

[Poetry is infected]
[and asking itself questions]

And whether the sky is infected [had the moon a place]
and whether a good presidency

An original poem
equal to its form

[Speculation is infected with transitives]
[certainty is infected]

I drew a poem today
I drew a poem today [put it in the box] [with the others]

REFERENCE CLOCK

1

The atomic clock

The corporate astronomers calculated the same

No clock is perfect [excepting the solar system]

I do not miss appointments I call months their common names

The segments the segments

2

The stars do not affect excepting beauty excepting

Reason is mine [is not reason my own] [nor an answer] And possessed

is my favorite color I cannot explain [nor an answer]

The grandfather clock was never wound and the chimes are never heard

The tock of the day is once [the tornado sirens]

A POWDERCHARGE FOR THE OLD SILVER MINE (of the Grateful Dead)

The no longer productive silver mine is a cost
to the imagination

Hole in the mountain
sealed

A powdercharge expended and the road remains

Barren the hollow mine dormant
carved and done and sealed no longer productive
I have gone away and returned and gone away again
with a sound and falling stone
put down this time

BURNED A POEM FOR REASON

Not a public poem

More of a prayer actual

Burned a poem for reason Watched the red singe smoke until it
stopped

THE GOLDEN SILENCE

is a decade

is bread

is sleep

is tea

is loss

the contemplative golden silence

cobwebs [frequently I let spiders]

footstep is no sound the boiling water is no sound

pen to paper is no sound I recall

time is no sound

[the loud whisper]

THE CENTRIST

Stood among both and both
Oneself in the center
The separation of two forces
[Were it an ambition to be a force of union]

A populace conditioned for selfism [identity]
[An accumulated debt is to dependence]
Division in politics like solutions
Because
The separation of interests the dissolve of interests is animate
When a corporate philosophy of governance and government
Is assumed
And complacent minors are erranding erranding
A commissioned authority is secondly commissioned by the others upon default
And though it were lost as struggle
the strained resources are thus inherited by them the dependent

This discussion
And the best literature the best painting
The margins are better are they not
And were I divided by the centrist I say
It is not an office I seek

The centrist is where the politician gathered after the election
Were a word a place
And the heroes from this place and grown in this place
Having invented their own words for reason
Yet overcome struggle overcome healing
The likes of electoral separation
And were progress declared ideal
Because
True
It is not yesterday
I suppose to ask how an office is attained and not its relevancy
[question] [officer]

AVOCADO

purple is the color of blood which requires oxygen
and warted

the shell of an avocado conceals the soft green
squish
and a stone interior

CONVENTIONAL

The speakers gathered
Surrounded an idea
Organon

The organic speakers
Brought from seed
Start

The dairy producers allow for growth hormones
And soy production call milk
Ask convention

The speakers gathered
Surrounded an idea
Defining convention

The orderly line to the podium
Is an audience
The open microphone is a five minute limit [were they listening]

The rooftop restaurant serves
[Serves]
Cage free eggs and local produce

Conventional persuasion is persuasive language
The volume is managed
A weekend a year

PARADOX

That war shall be the end of war
that an abortion clinic shall reduce the incidence of abortion
that an easement of drug laws will reduce drug use

The genius had clearly defined a social boundaries
the politician had defined a social boundaries
the teacher had defined a social boundaries

The progressive was a Republican the progressive was a democrat
the progressive was an author
progress is language

Representation at the museum is a collection of gathered dots
the dots took turns speaking into an electric microphone
the dots are composed of dots

Representation is an election
I elect a hat today wool hat
the dots wore hats

The limits of freedom are individualism eventually
one is freed from their body eventually
nor longer a tax

Party affiliation has turned to an inflammation of the other party
as if they shared a budget
the pickers and the packers shared a friendly rivalry

The history of the world has only recently included a social history
after a century the libraries were full of answers
after a century there was the task of the determination of good art

Citizenship is relative to an idea of a body politic
the city built around the man who would later be called citizen
were he a citizen [question] of

RADICAL

The sorts rested near to each other
relearning language
there is a separation ever a separation and if there were notice
that lines are crossed
Is commerce
for their union and
manifest destiny within each's
ken

Radical is a grasp
an assumption
upon the oppressions the affective oppressions or their notice
[deception]
[mention idea without reference]

Change
and imaginary starts of modernity
administration is not always a disregard yet
authority is broad and moves slow
the proactive force of institution
[were there to be a reactive need]

Radical is swifter than reaction
radical is minor
originally
and they are or are not convinced
a noted improve of social conditions is
an opposing force to
the maintenance of existing ways

And were change defeated were the remaindered struggle
left to the radical
in convenience

UNTITLED

the early shoreline by
the rising sun
the moon still waits like a
face

He

'It ain't so bad'
nor understanding English
it is rhythm
'It ain't so bad'
and again and again
it is rhythm
'It ain't so bad'
in isolation

