

THE CONSTRUCT

Gregory Markee

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PRITY LIGHTS
Madison

upon the rubble of misshapen history
the answer and lucid

clarity is a vision is a sight
it was first a question

of composition decay
introduced to the imagination

the limits of God are determination
there are no limits to God

God is satisfied and watching
and misshapen history reconciles itself

eventually their slaves come to power
with their own words

I remark the day is blue
and always will be blue

the construct
has not completed its answers

and I have questions I do not know
but for time I am now settled

as far as I can tell
the universe is a circle

the universe surrounds me equally
nor I am a matter of my senses alone

and I have grown into
the material of my words

and travel the reaches of thought
memorizing the new

putting experience into poems
for a shelf I have been [written]

the problem of history is
philosophy

nor the historian can keep pace with
destruction

[the historian is a gatherer a puzzler]
[and no collection is complete]

[but they just kept having sex]
[and calling out names]

sex is the animal answer to the construct
language is the historian answer to the construct

but there was no room for records
they had turned the library into a nursery

[she was convincing]
[nor corrected my language]

how many dimensions to the construct
[but God is not mortal]

in how many ways do I grow
[my physical ness is completed]

shall I convince God I am still
becoming

God is completed
and nothing is original but revealed

as new the stars
discovery as new as ever been

the construct
an observer is a participant

and whether she became God
for her answer for her certainty

now let the real God [let]
[but they were only taking turns]

imagining reverence and authority
inventing new language at every turn

God as observer
nor interference

beyond my comprehension
but to say satisfaction and trust

for there is no model to being
among God [exception]

there is no deception
the construct is forward

and the stationary clouds I give
you permission -pass

the rendered day
as far as I can reach

I claim no bounds but notice
I was not meant for flight

a thousand adaptations
without breaking a natural law

the rendered wings the rendered engine
but that is only folly

still life -without movement without sound
pretending death

and were the construct
inclusive of the soul the afterlife

speculation and unresolvable
for the dead are quiet

nor matter nor reason
to speculation why

perhaps I live forever learning
and only now abbreviated in life

I brought nothing to this school
but these sentences

and where I come again why
and seeking universals

making stillness and certainty standard
and resolved

that I be ultimately objective why
[there must be something I desire]

and call want as reason
and call reason's pursuit by name and deliberate

the stone thrown
the thrown stone

rolled down down to gravity
this is not an experiment

rolled to where it stopped
with the others

physical law the construct is easy
and where does language go

the construct of language is included
the construct of idea

the construct of constructs
he wrote a book of trees

but there is no common control
the construct is but a room of association

the summer wind to the winter wind
compare

and I live through each compare
but there is life -it is mine

address the season but first mention time
first mention my own limits

and to say legacy
for he is timid at death's thought she is

so they had a child
and looked differently at being

and it is no challenge to say
life is easy death is easy

but I have no words for the season now
now

the construct the dimensions of
are there are no dimensions to the purely rational

say beauty is mine I declare
the stars I say suppose heaven

and hereafter law for
the protection of the stars

for value said is currency
and brought to categories thus

and how to make a thing of value
for from this sight a declaration

possession is might
and law to the possessor

but you were not first nor last
to rationalize beauty call a name at things

nor size to the construct
for the invisible is as great

a doubled imagination supposes poetry
and a painting a song a method

or to grow among beauty
and knowing no difference

this is standard the light the colors
the wind is standard I collect

this is always beauty I have no contest
nor possess but to give to show freely

and were their visitation vandalism
for their loud money loud voice

corruption is a misshapen standard
will never be again -o loss

time o time how else to separate myself
and so quick so abbreviated

and were the construct to allow for
my imagination

I say I am all
I say I am omnipresent

I have stayed gladly within my blessings
cursing nothing cursing language

and to be grateful then
and I am the only one left

having traveled the mysteries
waiting for an answer but the wind

is common is watching is patient
is old

they used letters for their mathematics
they all were exactly poets

I have a name for you creator
you are coyote

you are an incarnate of timelessness
an incarnate of my own foolery

and answers
in such a way as clever is

wicked clever and with a chuckle
you leave me to myself

and that is all I know
the stimulus of my marking is reason

address the sky the dusk I still
am

and were I completed by the construct
indeed a product of what is about

I am the weather the season
the blowing seeds and time

I am the day for now
and now the night and again the day

formation is experience
and we come together by the forms

saying art and honor saying language
which has prepared me for what I have not seen

the poem emerged from the mushroom
from the dawn

the poem slowly rose as smoke
from last night's campfire

and all of the people in the city
cried morning risen -we shall again

nor compromise to being when
they did not notice the fences they did not notice

and were they to believe
the windows are portals

an allegory for saying enough
it is real and immediate -I live

and whether I choose
the seeds of experience -I do not believe

rather summoned I am for myself
my character is summoned I follow

with my body following a question
[do I know here as there]

and day to day the construct
whereabout there is no change but light

and they sleep and now it is their turn
one by one they drift to sleep

but the nocturnal
the registrations of the nocturnal

the moon is out and always waxing
nor the city sleeps

and from the forest its interns
the everhunt and death the owl

and them deprived of the audacity of
strength

they build small holes to climb within
they scurry and grow small

and metaphor for humanity perhaps
there are predators and survivors

so too they grow forward
and only their history is recorded

like an answer for being why
and comfort is called civil

there is no thing to fight for
all of the sharp edges are removed

and the palace is another's generation
what it is my own legacy amid

a resources start an idea
like potential

and there is no apology for being
and there is no apology for having been

I am impossibly aware
the aspects of the construct

nor can know the entirety of the construct
for life is within

and were genius to exist
reference the aspects within nor all

and call words for the rooms I dwell
approaching the whole always approaching

I have a question
called direction what it is I follow

hold to beauty let it rest within
my soul carries such certainties

and freedom and liberty and justice
know them incrementally

and whether peace exists in reference
to nonpeace to war

or whether peace is its own station
independent and without challenge

to another concept I live
and now for mood I watch

formation among the changing cycles
the interways I have no control for

I am the surface of my skin
and memory and process for the outer

apparently life is pleasure
now apparently life is toil

and the passing clouds so too change
yet change within a parameters

outside of the parameters of change
there is stillness but only stillness

it is the microns differentiate
while the total summa is fixed

and whether I do change
pass into colors from life

indeed life is its own cause
life is its own way and independent

the shape of nature as large as possibility
and from this it is noble to say

carry forward legacy I do not yet know reason
nor have I learned cause

but for thought -a progeny
again and again each sees change before being relieved

they kept records in a stone hall
digital records a fire could not destroy

one thousand years is an argument
to social direction

and there is freedom they are
under no obligation to know their fathers

nor the millennial toils of
positioning humanity for survival except for capitalism

as if to say a capital a dollar
is a vote the market is a vote to production

but they are all separated
how they make a collective story

and the poems are put behind their authors
on a shelf done

and all that humanity can be is
upon a forgotten universe which does not change

and them to say their captivity
and them to say their liberty

it is an adopted construct -psychology
which supposes reason then action upon

and them to say reason
the construct is large yet small enough to know change

the construct I imagine is an allowance
to the outer ways which are not reached

except as beauty as cause for divinity
yet change is local I govern

and of a mind for conservation
because evidence says extinction loss

the fault of governance is
a misshapen faith in people

nor a king nor a queen to say
beauty enough

nor a king nor a queen to say
another king another queen another

time is slow a lifetime is slow
but the stars are slower still

nor to say the stars move nor
to see the river decide its bed

but evidence science declares
there is evidence and I am affected

and governance to say tandem
I may be God were I to say of construct

the dimmed lights twilight
natural twilight

and all the colors to monochrome and shade
the blurred edges of being

what I once named now inconstant
nor the stars nor nightlight now

it is time to say discretion
this is a down time and wait

and when the mysteries are unannounced
sparks the imagination

until the hardness of truth
is reborn the senses allowed

nor the imaginary less than truthful
but the only mark on the future

truth is proven is written
and then down on paper

the expectancies of having been
and the governance of my future self

and the whereabouts of pleasure
he never did ask but lived

nor pleasure the center of all determination
for the other emotions too

the dissuasions of fear
the dissuasions of pain

and were an environment the channel
in which I am realized

I follow myself choosing
this is the formation of identity

and when I am a century
with knowledge now without power

and when I am a century
the questions are automatic

what is new if to live forever
and the expectancies after having seen

and were the first book written the best
for its youthful ambition

the insight of being the youngest
is balance to the sage

the realisms of early life
are more certain when fresh

and I describe the day
to your catalog you say you have lived this day

already started with the stars
so too ended with the stars

and the course of lighted day
the phototropes come from caves

doing what needs to be done
for survival for legacy

there is a task for every day
the almanac is a thousand years

and were the orders of being thus religion
say the perpetuities of stories

they told they spoke they taught
and that is how they became their fathers and mothers

and without realizing how they became
they found themselves with children

the sage no longer looked in the mirror
all she saw were her hands

and for her sight just light
yet she was unchallenged for her age

and while she was thinking
the others were sleeping

but there was one older still
who did not talk

I have never dreamed of death
I have never heard from the dead

and were it a sage's refrain
to call the outer limits of fascination

all are employed
all are bound to employment

the incarnation of the curator
he was first employed as a man only

and to put upon the surface of himself
the guise the cover the shroud

now called himself artist
without thinking of identity

and a new dictionary a new language
upon the surface of himself

you are no longer a child
whimsy is no longer called at novelty

nothing is fascinating but the practical
you are middle aged

but you go on vacation
and speak of going on vacation

the invention with wheels with lights
I thought differently then

I carried the standard bag of resolutions
to address a problem

but there were no problem
there never has been a problem

to grow from concern unto being
where I am not required now

formation unto retirement I retire
travel from the requisites of social being

the air completes itself
nor my breath my struggle is needed

[but it is]

[my struggle is needed]

it is my fire which teases death and
the invention with wheels with lights

is closer to the assumption of divinity
God is watching nor offers clues

one day I will shake your hand
in some form at my death

for having created a poem
which explains why

or in the least appeases reason
[and they go away satisfied]

what I remember
the start of pictures is earlier than the start of poetics

and now I return to pictures
that require no explanation

the paint dried on the wall
concealed decay

one day the house will fall
one day language will fail

one day the structure will be gone
and whether I reinvent

and passing through this time
as acquaintances I remember

day after day after
we are all acquaintances I remember

and plan for death
the cemetery is pretty this time of year

the cemetery is quiet
quiet but with a promising wind

to build again is to destroy the old
but the museum the nostalgia museum

everything is an accompaniment then
the president saved the old

but required so much effort
the library grew and grew

and all of the objects were made digital
and the originals destroyed

the only original which exists is
in my home in my memory I am

authentic and uncontested I am
and a faith to say I am no reproduction

and I believe the same for the others
that we are all educated secondarily

it was the sky colored the day
indirect light for the clouds

and the people o the people
some come to watch the others

make language for what they do
call poems at what it is they do

the truck is a large instrument
the tractor is a tool

put the season into the ground
optimism for certainty the crops do rise

and waited with coffee slowly
understanding everything is put away

the seeds are in the ground
and it is for them to rise now

and the watchers from the indoors
the banker the baker the musician

knew
the cycles are again and again

this is the same poem as last year
risen for the season's cause

and ask has every poem been written
there is so much to order

plucked emotions from experience
there is little that is authentic

but he did not follow convention
went where they were not wrote what they were not

and the balance of opposition
is theater is idea

the ghost no one saw
is powerless is speechless is invisible

the ghost was resurrected
given a name and summoned

but all of the answers they seek
are in their own words

dead is dead
and I miss you

apologies for the unrest
I was just wondering

everyone is alone ultimately
all -except for appearances

the marked grave was for the living
but all epochs flow into the next

they played cards and talked of other things
cards were never mentioned

and the stationary people turned to stone
monuments for being

when all are ghosts and without cause
what becomes of nature

when the fields the gardens are not kept
when the houses the structures answer to weather

there was a city said the archaeologist
there is evidence

civilization starts and stops -skips
but their ambition for digital records

we are not so different wondering
we are not so different being

the odor wafted past the guards
unsettled the civil

the civil opened their windows
let in the animals

there was nothing could be done
but to care for that which threatens

and with teeth and hair and sounds
the animals were given food and rest

they slept because they were tired
and they went away leaving the door open

there was no language exchanged
nor customs nor gifts

they slept because they were tired
and they went away

the guards were not really guards
were registrars -keepers of records

writers creators inventionists
the materialists gathered with a hum

made a structure for gathering
for reconciliation of all the languages

and the guards rested
pulled up chairs and waited for the performance

and the clouds stalled and the wind quieted
the animals lined the perimeter without threat

slowly the art oozed from the walls
black and thick tar

and a giant turbine started and a horn
and the sunlight turned to a strobe

then a rainbow a giant rainbow
had there been rain it would have been logical

it is the mysteries which start science
it is the mysteries which start art

appreciation and rose the word beauty
one thing is greater than another

and the scientists explained
what it is God

and the artists reproduced
the rainbow -said I am

now darkness and then the starlit
my eyes are open wide receiving

one thousand stars one million stars
and they all look up at the same time

the middle of the night the owl
the moon

the phases of my own self
birth awareness application appreciation death

the glass decanter the potion the tincture
the medicine in the crystal bottle

he was immune
from everything -lived forever -was a stone

all of the people I care about
are mortal

nor I consider my own mortality frequently
but I age I see differently

I know information differently
the names mean differently than when

the words erupted
the lingual magma indiscriminate

scattered the sounds to the night
poems on the ground when morning comes

humanity picked a speaker
for loss for change for compassion

said the colors of the day
are tomorrow's memory

and the registrations again
plotted for tomorrow's difference

every day is a mark is a registration
every day is minor to tomorrow

but I move too quickly forward
and where it is I stay

among the timeless the consistent
among the stars I am

nor is there language enough to describe
to those who've never been

away from this system
exile

and were this place the same
in my absence

say I am presently gone then
and these records are a notch of history

say I am presently gone elsewhere
comparing systems

and seeking welfare among
the unblemished -that without conflict

the radio repeated the news
there is a war again

the appearance of war is war
peace is not so easily called

and they gathered their weapons and tools
set out for stories

nor is war criminal
war is righteous

authority qualifies war
says this and this qualifies

thus abled for defense
the resource squares all in a line

were it defense were it offense
war is righteous war is certainty war is want

war is a word to address
the public campaign

always started from a position of war
then an allowance to trust

they come together in first principles
preconcessions

a show of force the parade
and what confidence to possess

but they shook hands
and went away to different places

the radio confirmed jurisdiction
what language is spoken

nor are they completed
more more

the pretense of defense
a well armed militia

and what it is I protect
home and family and a way of being

form circles and sirens about value
form language about what is important

to compare one geography with another
is celebratory

and the humors and the muses
come about

the retaliatory muses
say these two cities are one

and then they go about their day jobs
taking notes

the fertile subject of art
the continental analyticists

put the brave to work with their hands
putting together beauty

restarting beauty again again
whenever there is a question

and they started time once more
because reason demands

because they did not get along
and they started time once more

and what does the greatest delight cause
what is brought about by love

reference history this is greater
restart the calendars

this is the era of information
easy to acquire to apply

nor the universities the only source
when their purpose is complete

a matter of public dialogue
what does start a censor

leadership the great boycott
of their division

because they were too exclusive
their fences were too tall

but what do I know of what
I am not included in

just supposing an establishment
what aspects are better excluded

the felon had something to offer
said the felon

but who was asked
[the mayor]

and with a wand
the felon was given a livelihood ok

nor panacea
if not to include a voice

like the schools do teach
there is a way

and institutionalization nor reentry
when once they were removed

and cast the path of recidivism
and cost what cost

exposure is a garden o life
and worth the time in wait

but them unpropertied
and with no edge to ownership

all is borrowed time is borrowed
because the aspects of the construct

say possess possess like a city
make a way your own

I know of no rent for goodness
and they clung to what is golden

formed an imaginary space for life
the marked felon knows better

beauty for having beauty withheld
justice for participating in justice

and righteous now for isolation
righteous for knowing dreams

what it is the construct allows
is only partial a question for physics

everything happened at once
the day I was born I understand

social cause is the train of history
reason is beauty the word love

like electronica and then the voices quiet
imply time is not separated

there is a band which connects all of separation
called life -life is

a capsule a vessel for images for word
the twins saw the same music

and the expansions of intuition
logic is one reel to the next

and were it all pictures
the narrations sorted put to words

though determination is cause wherefrom
emotions desire fascination want

the organization of certainty about
social structure is their will

the combined constructs social structure
is a force written contract

and were I obliged for membership
I have not been called -yet

nor the principles I know in conflict
with them I do not believe

the narrative instinct is a film
explains the years I understand

say nature is to all -the narrative instinct
and were it a poem a film a novel

thus changed for tomorrow's light
is the grace of deliberation

and to drive peace to where it stays
rest is chosen this time amid

the common governance is no governance
then why the explicit constitution

just in case
original sin

and were some prepared for deviance
nor their own

the common defense rises the constitution
and words and law [allow] for liberty

nor cause for written constitution governance
were I alone now I am

nor think broadly of transgression for reason
but to say fairness [no] if to be among beauty

and there is no social solution
were there no social transgression

nor there is language without social construct
nor social contract without social construct

but to tax the monied interests
there is indeed social formation

I am coupled in this place
brought to believe I am not alone

idealism is the overlay of constitutions
nor try to hard at social appeasement

nor to the Gods to God like sacrifice
the simplicity of the golden rule

it was early my first friend
in which apologies were quick

a person is conditioned for social participation
a person is conditioned for apology

and the returns of apology
forgiveness is authentic and quick

intentions are good will and construction
or either good will and deconstruction

again reason is an environment a condition
and I have been here long enough to assume

confidence is his being
for having been

and the mysteries are solved [enough]
[to say he is no longer curious]

brought about certainty [enough]
to satisfy his ambitions

and the throne the wooden armchair
in which he read the morning news

his was not a public honor
his was not a public suffering

for having completed his station
he had time [time]

it will take an adjustment
[it] requires new words

I have never seen the clouds like this
I have never seen morning like this

I am convinced
I convince myself

is there a philosophy to beauty
I just know -need more be said

nor the parts are beautiful
it is only the whole I assume

nor concern for what can be multiplied
reproduction is not an interest

perhaps a poem for registration
I have never seen the clouds that color

and put the book upon a shelf
[reference]

the library the holds of
draw interest from the shelves

one book is particularly meaningful
but taken as a whole the library is not

the building consumed the city block
and with purpose and with a sign

but they go home to unmarked buildings
wherein the formation of construct

family is familiarity
and the times we grow

reaching for significance
among a public

adaptation for the public city
for the common interest

and how they slow among unfamiliar
ways and closer to truth

nor is understanding forced coerced
nor is understanding exclusive to the classroom

nor will the construct change shift
but my own limits for every thought

an advance and what I climb into
what concept now is my attention

beauty productivity friendship
I make no bounds for my being

and were it a way called religion
and devotion for sustaining

nor entrap oneself upon dogma
for what once worked may not again

and to say certainty
for there is no error nor has been

the satisfactions are an appeasement
to living rightfully

nor dogma when no change is required
for they have seen differently

acknowledge the construct is my own
nor entire

if to say my senses cognition is
the sum of potency

and every day is discovery
and every day is new

nor learning remains in formal environments
[that is a lesson]

when struggle is no longer struggle
for solving struggle

for solving suffering
there is another concept and another

and the acts upon knowing
formation is aligned with my own cause

and to be prepared for difference
adaptation is to a new nature

I have only seen so many years
and a new way for each year

were purpose experience for certainty
were purpose appreciation love

speculation is not required
for knowing makes no difference why

the parameters of being are the construct
and confidence within

mastery is age mastery is being
listen

it is a performance to act
the applications prove what is

I know a word for everything I see
I know a poem for everything

and what of the imagination
when example sheds the bonds of knowledge

it is their certainty let down
the slate is cleared for the new

the open mind called open
had not realized [o]

nor license to say life is
change again again

every change is a new temper
every age is a new temper

advances reason a new all
for the last's finitude

and when I am done nor wonder
at where they go

because possibility has been dazzled enough
I am satisfied just satisfied

and say the turnabouts of youth
will continue I confidently say

nor mine is theirs necessarily
agree

