

the sundayist

Greg Markee

Copyright © 2008,
By GREG MARKEE.
All rights reserved.

Landfill she says. Biodegradation
replaces the undecomposables.
How I do love her, attach meaning to.

Went and bought a hemp car, hemp hat, hemp shoes.
What is a relationship if not trust?
Bought a garden job for half my sal'ry.

Then broke up with trust, what do they say 'bout
attaching meaning? To divorce without
marriage, and stuck with commitments to green.

Escape is letting in morality
otherwise hold out everything else.
But that is not owned, only pride defers.

Landfill authority says. Who argues
with can shit container shit plastic shit.
Reality strikes at comfort at ease.

Reason buys aluminum autocars.
Sundriven slow flower power color.
And if conscience were love, reason prevails.

The statue of the man who won the war.
Bronze and six feet city park tall. Herald.
Nor military man. Held a manifest.

That there were no war really, no mention.
That it were called peace park. Peace too requires
heroes. Then only bored and despondent.

Turn competition to that kein fleshdeath.
And if death were ends and fear, difficult
to locate a greater rush and power.

And who is satisfied with peacepark fame?
Quiet congregates stand, say I, say I.
Nor strength is physical. Tell them. Tell them.

Understanding the ants and orioles
set out food belong throw bones at meaning.
How real is voodoo? Real is honey seeds.

Then directed nature writing at that.
Nor interfere then commune with that which
is out of control, out of one's control.

Interpret then ask am I not social?
Nor why the daily news exists to those
without otherwise eyes for nature stuff.

The clouds are not real nor then meaningful.
And too speculative for we in groups.
And too changing to adapt tomorrow.

Though the character of clouds is not vision.
And metaphor for its qualities I
give that metaphor its charm, its belong.

Ants and orioles what is amusement
only discretionarily divine.
Discretion is social, metaphor is.

Understanding sense is what I pay it.
Understanding understanding is mine.
Nor truth exist unless I allow it.

And travels into pleasure, what pleasure?
If all were divine, then I, and pleasure
is pantheism, nor am I defeated.

Will among uncontrollables is choice.
Election is free will, nor is one more
divine than another. Then I am small.

Responding responding, turned like smallness.
And insisting freedom all of the way.
And to be watched is to know I message.

Go read your daily news I say for I,
I am not qualified nor predict'ble.
And insisting freedom all of the way.

I am the opposite of what you say.
And if that were character I am solved.
I am also the same as what you say.

Then confusion if to interpret life
from a creature I if given free will.
Nor steal such things if to always believe.

Nor think orioles if to know oneself.
That was only adolescent wishful
for simpler messages than daily news.

Or simpler wishful than self reflection.
For traveling into one's own is sight
though grow old in that suffering social.

The clouds are held for other reasons then.
The clouds are, and what is beauty belong?
Beauty is what I give it reflection.

And if the ants were antisocial yes
for having been apart from these parties
so too reflection is disbanded 'lone.

The middle daily news it seems is the
reasonable held as source for being
then law follows education follows.

If to leave reflections and nature then
left is what we gather lest we all be
journalists collecting clouds, orioles.

Then communion is art it is language.
And two beneath above clouds communion
at having seen together, communion.

Radar collects from the unknowing them.
Listen and make them of us curious.
Paranoia information defense.

Who forgoes oppositional structure.
Nor trust is ready for submarines, planes.
What is equal then drop revolution.

The people always revolt, debate is.
Then radar language when bombs nor threaten.
What group is bored and tidy and content?

The little rooms offend in defense names.
English is used and worn then threatened born
again in electro blips and conscience.

The unknowing are not so unknowing
but only helpless in searching for stealth.
Cause grassrootsness, contrainstitutions.

Who asks for permission to come too close?
Only caught. Nor radar meaningful kein
intervention, designated questions.

For spydom strategy the world social.
Defense, nor think living without borders.
Then strength undermines daily restfulness.

What if? Let them in, let in consequence.
Are we not plural, equally minded
for justice? Then stop power for power.

Such defense of defense, argument is.
And to be righteous in radar, its holds.
Nor care for external ends lest channels.

The ambassador says this place is first.
The ambassador is not here with words.
Solutions are not with words if confronts.

They have a little house civilianism
where paranoia defends from neighbors'
radar binoculars. That is local.

Invitations to the foreign landists.
Be this friend and submarines are welcome.
What is to hide among surfers, farmers?

And aliens we know little of Greece.
Secret intelligence is of Plato.
And what threat comes from that they say radar.

They only think, they only think of thought.
And defend that. I am I so say I.
No radar for intellectual streams.

And what is truth for that is surrounded?
Nor contest to medicine cross borders.
Except its institution I argue.

And if the body were the wholeness of
morality, aliens no concern.
Then morality for radar outside.

Draw senses around protected bodies.
Draw senses around protected waters.
Then we are safe in knowledge and boredom.

What cause for cigarettes, in way of love?
Represent mortality then nor fear.
And break from absurdity, peace is small.

And five minutes to reclaim a body
that will not be told, then it is protest.
Associate smoking with religion.

What do the rest do for centers, follow.
Nor health concern if 'no' be that control.
And otherness within they cling to that.

They. Them. That. Who is comfortable then
knowing minds drift in defensive protest.
Taxation. Education. For nation.

The Sundayist and belongs thought to thought.
Nor retreat to words, forms, familiar'ty.
Opinion sounds nor reluctance clar'ty.

To be free is nothing if to think of.
Nor journal holds idealism to fast.
Then made atween weeks and roads go to land.

For that is simple and faithful nor lie.
The brook and season. The wind and season.
Rightness is nor complain solid features.

Only idea like struggle dissolve.
Take away order not kept to refer
to important changes, nor what does change?

Then what day is not absolute Sunday.
The moss and shore, the refuters, mimers.
Light gloss justice and symbols cast into.

I saw the raised arms he did make law with
while I drank theater coffee with cream.
And waited while they all followed holy.

Nor refute that because I cannot hold
reason against divine things like struggle.
Though to watch, to see nor act is refute.

Nor memory to that which confines souls.
Nor walk as ghost when the leaves the changes.
I only did rest nor act against yest'.

Slow near stop forever is stillness come.
Urgency mortality is a slight.
Nor history remembrance that was cause.

Reason explains away yesterday cause.
Nor dumb to be middled without this love.
Though stearn and stubborn knowledge is not love.

But only rapid for the discontent.
Nor call it certainty the smaller then
frames will not announce their clever coming.

I am animal and live for circles.
Legacy is legacy slow near stop
if consciousness be that of species time.

And sex is next nor positioned nor called.
When God begins generations first is
timeless lifebreak from fluid corners here.

That was not overnight and hurried yet.
And explain why bodies dissolve I can't
for I am still there and flesh not thinking.

Slow near stop forever is stillness come.
And if that were ambition I begin
for seeking nor remembering why I.

Reform is new stops old paces ready.
The future is taxation its regard.
The future is without financial stops.

What they heard is wanted then elected.
The reform is authority given.
Peoples congregate and for solutions.

And they say free freedom transportation.
Lucky schools. Cheap wine. No redirection.
And given, call that reform nor demands.

Responsibility comes in whispers.
The other type says nothing for free here.
What is sustainable without rev'nue?

We all fall apart at responsables.
Go backwards into little holes asking
was not freedom great when it was free when?

Then a nation is local and restarts
from zero a nation restarts lucky.
Free freedom heralds a new elect'rate.

Unknown if it be leadership or just
instructional though I do follow that.
That which promises. That which promises.

And if reform were confidence I am.
And given to allowing heroes them.
And wanting heroes. Reforming them too.

Deception does not exist nor cannot.
For all words contain truth say inverted.
And when words are outlawed their code neg'tive.

Meaning finds ways does find ways poetry.
As if subversion were that's only task.
One of several rested on truth sight.

Deception starts disfigured, possessing.
And if authority were target yes.
What is author'ty when who has control?

Nor understanding stop misunderstood.
And if deception were intentional
is not negative too intentional?

Only found only declares what mistrust.
Nor Jesus speak is always truth but sent.
For exposure is experience with.

Nor social truth hardness when a mistrust.
But we are fluid am I not fluid?
And what straight language is reserved for love?

But to forgive deception for being
common and unaffectionate when with.
For games are circles nor for being with.

When subversive lots become versive lots.
Nor aversive lest versive serve vices.
Though if subversive bends freedom loudly?

Subversive spends itself upon baseness.
Then never become versive nor common.
Who lets common favor when subversion?

That power be mighty if against lots.
Nor defeat lots if subversion be willed.
Subversive power and small like fam'ly.

Then versiveness is aversive too whole.
Too grand for family then accept lots
nor keep small in char'cter if subversive.

But to allow otherness creeps nearby
I let I allow for without other
nor family nor subversive alone.

Gender inequality as long as
same measures are used. What equality?
Struggle for equal access no measure.

Nor do all the genders commune in sex.
But defeat that which spends defeatism here.
Nor against conditioned I was only.

Then in love who could marry themselves priest?
Nor to bring new life in personalisms.
But to recognize difference we team.

Nor is that professional but other.
Nor scientific nor explained nor word.
Gender is, indeed, nor name to defeat.

Inequality otherwise struggle.
Nor home tempered with such in words away.
That fight is lent to bringing otherness.

Love is not civil nor civil matter.
As if reason were to wake reminding
oneself why one stays, why one does the things.

Nor lawyering relationships is just.
Nor home be work if equaldom be that.
And explained whyfor seventy thirty.

Though all contracts of love are not my own.
But say gender exterior to work.
Then we can accomplish something nor love.

Tripolar X Y Z mathematics.
Conceptual space nor limited then
in duality. Three axes suspend.

Conversion of people after language.
As if names will declare a character.
Or will character of stuff imprint words?

To know language is association.
Nor concept threatened lest newness declare.
Then change as if meaning rides social tides.

Nor lingual fashions fixed except for war.
Then start defending that which does not change.
Defend fluid circles like poetry.

Then opposing: change and fixed natures talk.
What patience to grant otherness will come.
And if it be inevitable, comes?

Nor language dissolve though from in or out?
Let these poets be housed within these walls.
And what they bring like discomfort surface.

Conversion, nor lingual studies certain.
And the dualisms, as if two sides to.
But who will not bring their words inside this?

Who is not bringing an exterior?
Nor oppositional to then regard
every one one carries a language.

And the closests call them each's brethren
for knowing in a way, expressions, place.
And too far out disregards commun'ty.

Then isolated the linguist clinging.
Conversion and how proud nomination.
Knowing character is in a word, sound.

Then language is clinging to what I know.
Nor do I change I do change I do not know
but continue speaking belief like truth.

Regards freedom what I expect, futures.
Nor where I have been, know this history.
I only know this substance, speak from that.

And how little to make one's own, one's room.
Why limit vocabulary I say?
Nor trim words which equal differently.

What is reasonable for diction'ry.
As if to wish the world speaks together.
Nor power satisfied if not then heard.

From this, resistance is token limits.
Confine speech, make elsewhere other we grow
without concern, for that without control.

And if language too fast too quick too round.
Then damage starts closure, then growth is hurt.
Nor conversion from that, only silence.

It is the robins, come to the feeder.
Morning yardbirds wormbirds orange breast watch.
Sometimes two and standing holding an earth.

And fly but not far, satisfied function
flight is ready and local to the bush
where they are quiet and I know not gone.

What brings spring? What brought spring? Of course the birds.
And the rain they brought, the buds brought the rain.
And if it were sun that continued wind

through winter season through man's March April.
What is it that I had brought the questions?
To know nor bring anything walkabout.

First principle said the dance brought harvest.
First science is ritual brings marriage.
First knowledge is humility brings rain.

What brought summer? What brings summer? The river.
And calls like night announce day beginning.
Day first starts the night then settling its own.

Grass two feet tall brings summer, the seeds bring.
Stillness pond the insects buzz bring summer.
Nor does interest bring patience I bring.

Religion as philosophy for to
comfort with eternal thoughts nor can one
live so broadly to go about dailies.

Comfort in eternal rest the chains of
book to book social evolves on impulse.
For to silence comes, for to outwardness.

Liberation theology nor think
eternal pleasure nor depression but
only conditions of being without.

And religion haves as affected as
seeking rest for efforts, for having known.
Sight is constant when acquiesced where grow?

Nor them held beneath privilege other.
Religion to say this is not one's place
nor the stars are theirs, I, not animal.

Comfort in redemption religion is.
Nor to hold, comfort in heavenly things.
Then commit or then survey. What am I?

Conditions say truth nor where to belong.
And aspects of one faith, there are many
and decided by experience I.

Or to accept the signs one is born to.
Nor to argue except in questions how
one changes the structure of that belief.

Though to hold intimately to faith nor
whether that brings isolation in pray.
It is a name. What is a name? I call.

Then travel together to redemption
or other cosmic thoughts then religion
is social making cells of etern'ty.

As if that were endless, speculation.
Though what fear to cause faith, as if startled
did start faith, though other is so damn large.

Make microns of afterlife live within
like scientists live within structured cells.
And what is known, belief, is what comes next.

Insect repellent and sun screen for thought.
To bring metaphor to ends and socialize
religion any to separate them.

To protect individualism then
say keep other away, keep insect 'way.
As if insect were that without discern.

To protect individualism then
hold self important, defend, defend this.
As if sun were the social manifest.

Then different applications defend.
Too social without discern or either
too discerned without the social matter.

Look around freedom middle so say I.
Hold away allness, nor hold away ones.
This is religion philosophy if.

To bring to mind social ailment trouble.
Only metaphor like code indirect.
Nor address what is socially troubled.

Except for poets sounds, peeps and whistles.
Animal metaphors, martial language.
Bring about the arts then save purity.

For pleasant things save directness like love.
And if to derogatory repel
suns and insects then is clever with trust?

Nor ambition to chase lingual matters
if truth be left out of conversation.
Then save metaphor for something care we.

Tornado warning until two A.M.
Radio listen buzzsounds beep beep beep.
THIS IS A BROADCAST OF THE NATIONAL...

Patio lightning watch light streaks the sky.
Rumbling thunder for ten seconds to last.
Soft rain big drops hold patience two o'clock.

Five restless hours with beer and attention.
Stormfront hits thunder lapse nil for lightning.
Radio floats atween songs and report.

Drift away to what happened to AM
radio last storm the same still alert.
Patience is a nocturnal storm the wind.

I wait, turn off the lights I wait. I wait.
This is nature I remember only.
For there is no control for what comes sound.

Sentiment for the pains of having lived
among great ideas. What was that one
'bout people changing cross generations?

Or its other that we are the same as
our fathers. As to choose? No, speculate.
For what is answer though sentiment now?

Age brings many things the constance of the
features of nature, their reli'bil'ty.
And if sentiment for that do I know

age is fixed within that which does not change.
I offer limits, sentiment for that.
Though broader limits to what is given

to the stage of next generation for
to believe in legacy is to grant
sentiment for these present intentions.

Nor to believe strongly I am only
born to die depression without free will.
What is curious that which envelopes.

That which takes me idea curious.
And sentiment for that bubble look back.
And only the depressions of being

if to believe this moment will contain
no sentiment come the day of retire.
That this yesterday will not have been cause.

Language and myth social systems arrive.
Have been since voice though to recognize we
are begun with values and continue.

Like broadening circles of thought the fears
despair and joy and misunderstanding.
Put to vocal records then what does change?

Nor is the written word voice held constant
lest reference the consolidation
of being or look forward invention.

Nor correction when to identity
it be fixed though dissolve that and dissolve
science and who will offer those regards?

And if myth through filters like law for what
is now respect, who returns to fables
when metaphor too complex for certain?

As if law digested were logic, then
what logic to the stories of brothers,
the stories of weather, of parenting.

And the blank faces like interest for
having kept attention, how important
is that next to memorization, law?

Language and myth the conscience of being
social circles, though what friends fall backward
upon rules as if trust were the order.

And ask authority differently
direct then rules say mother and only
stories when we have been fed interest.

The advent of spirit, it only stalls
at perplex'ity to ask if I travel
through that like bravery I character.

What follows confusion rest foundations
I learn of little graces, little mind
orchards my own, take that outward spaces.

Spirit stalls and ask inward questions this.
What were strength then what was spirit study.
Rains the moon nor is strength exterior.

But only the clouds were there I noticed.
Nor association sucks from peaceness
lest I call time for knowing elements.

But to walk among and within the trees
then nor are they there if this spirit is.
Willing and just I advent summer comes.

And resource sparkle stars I remember
what is courage like spirit returns then
as associations announce the clouds.

The clouds. The clouds. They are still good I live.
Nor hide in history when this still gives.
Advent anything, foundations spirit.

Nor the soul if that be uncondish'nal.
But spirit flies without a reference.
Spirit flies without ref'rence I recall.

And upon the presentations of dreams,
to come to believe that it were truth sound.
Nor idols bare if they are characters.

What control the imagination then
nor every nightspot virtue discern
I do then grow willing to live in ways.

And metaphor clouds they drift they collect.
And what shines through that is memory last.
And metaphor ocean they drift they drift.

Nor to wake forgotten when seen leaves fall.
I am together, am I not then joined
when sleep comes to this brightness day mem'ry.

When alert comes to sleep when consciousness
gathers all times no difference to sight.
Nor dreams I stay in them if they insist.

But want for invention make words for be.
And make possible strains of love distant
what is not possible if to be joined?

And content I say the sea and the air
which floats which carries which holds attention.
If it were not real nor will I be there.

Radio broadcast, say the
eclipse holds redundancy once again.
The last time the moon went red years common.

I held my voice then before I passed to
the way it is now different nor old.
The first time eternity is always.

Radio broadcast, say the
eclipse when they came with questions I had
answered who could have realized research?

And stuff is stuff no matter how large, small.
Then alone is with someone other or
to be truly alone and cycled re.

Until they stop that song, replace it with
poems that only open when I am
ready to expose myself to myself.

Radio broadcast, say the
eclipse is bright tonight, brighter than then
when I learned differently, held things 'way.

Accept nothing, grown into skepticism.
Nor negative but questions when the moon.
And if so many questions, then empty.

And what trust in saying the radio
it is enough right to enjoy it and
the eclipse as if it were art again.

<offline>
<stop growth>
<<was it because they got you>>
<they understood or they tried to understand>
<routine>
<cycle>
<talk keywords to strangers>
<everything is solved then nothing is solved>
<hold away change>
<stall>

1 print 'carpet'
10 print 'window wind'
100 print 'outer space is last'
1000 print 'I could not hold her attention'
10000 print 'philosophy'
100000 print 'age is criminal'
1000000 print 'the teleologies of solving oneself'

goto {home}
goto {the market}
goto {trust}

<<difference of opinion<<
>>was it that incident>>
<<magic is propaganda<<
>>election erection>>
<<stupidity is other the trials of genii<<
>>schedules>>
<<that old retired smart woman had we lived the same age<<
>>I agree with the weather>>

2 stop <<I is mentioned>>
<online>

Nor did I ask to write of subversion.
Nor are these words subverted inverted.
Nor to make comic of sounds they said war.

Mention the wind the tornado trees fall.
Mention the politics of snow falling.
Mention the holds of soil who does forgive.

I stay at watching scholarships the voice.
I stay at repeating but differently.
I stay at sleep nor does forget itself.

In the dark erodes the unfaithful yet.
In the dark calls for tomorrow's truth holds.
In the dark sustain'bil'ties wish nothing.

Solutions are contradict'ry defend.
Solutions are process when people are.
Solutions are holds to establishment.

Nor did I offer to bring success I
was invited. Was I not invited?
Nor did I call trap when it was there. God.

Obsession what did stop fishing pleasure.
Obsession what do words replace govern.
Obsession who mentions governance word.

And if it were psychedelic they said.
And if it were comedy they said yes.
And if it were direct what is offered.

They. The alternative to I and strength.
They. The object of subversion we friend.
They. What I ask questions nor direct. Feed.

I. Succeed in gathering capital.
I. Live in little boxes with the thoughts.
Nor is it a conceptual nature.

And I was the first to say subversion.
And I was the first to say no to age.
And I was the first to say attention.

It begins then draw backwards to freedom
for that is where it came from like a well.
And who calls that religious and other?

On the impeachment of offensive style.
Nor lack of law stop the immoralisms.
America. America. For bells.

The freedom the song, what guides principles.
Law is to walk around if freedom then.
As if law were unfree. If discipline.

Or to grab character for no retreat
from individualism. I claim birth.
And this pocket, this ness, it defended.

Nor impeachment to that which is counter
except morality, though I claim time.
Nor elect you again for struggle watch.

For bells, the possibilities of choice.
Law for murder, rape, theft. The collarisms.
Who challenges the grayness, comp'tition?

And fairness, if that be law, or either
to morality, if that were fairness,
nor to have them joined in marriage reason.

On the impeachment of reason indeed.
Nor what morality is impeach'ble.
Only ever counters to that. Ever.

To have read of the activist murder
last week. The woman said she was staying
at the St. Vincent DePaul on East Wash.

Said it happened forty years ago past.
Are we going through this again I say.
Take this pocket for change. No thanks the sex.

Miscomfort dying in secular'ty.
Said all the isms fit within facil'ties
and philos'phy for serving intentions.

Give comfort, nor were there a bedcross 'cept
the one I brought. What place is family?
Be beautiful building enough for souls?

And to ask what communities of faith
do mingle 'cept them leaving past symbols.
Bring nursing for who will argue with that.

And deathstreams it does come to us all quick.
As if preparations were for other
timeness as if this were gone on kein I.

Nor solutions better when donations
are to secular ministries. Watch that.
It is voluntary who said decide.

Wish for in dying: comfort and fam'ly,
no pain, freedom to think of afterness.
Then drift past life gone somewhat remembered.

In love I am a religion we are.
And those Sundays we did not live thinking
death though all attention to that of now.

The open window peace memories of
health were the birdsounds traveling water.
Defiance at systems any systems.

Them having passed twice death before, they be
journalists shaman correct religion.
Do not bring one symbol to infin'ty.

Love holds hands nor what is taken away
and watching age and body defeated.
The walls are cotton and combustible.

And afterlife holds no treasures I see.
I am not there and curious dying.
The time is slow and nothing the planets.

Perhaps to believe a philosophy
of death is too simple lest one be there.
We remainder it be speculation.

Where find comfort in the last I go to.
And if that trust be lent to the other
social minds I fear for living requires

different strategies concern struggle.
Then isolated and giving them who
call their lives against death for living peace.

Preferring a philosophy of life
to one of dying though who can escape
that which comes. Am I not prepared for what?

Then being is in lastness to what is
care and security, wrapped in love hands.
And if for family, the gift of peace

knowing structure is simple nor defined.
And if that religion be other I
will return when we are done, and be strong.

For having left it faith for quiet zen.
Only the symbols. Only the symbols.
Nor do they speak when the mind is engaged.

The art grows stillness nor important when
bodily love is completed like pain.
And if a place for restarts to look out.

What is solemn and empty and does hold.
What now will capture like I want to be.
Just memory like love. Just memory.

And they are gone with the remains taken
back their philosophy and no thought to
its foundations. It was only now good.

Litmus relationships they come they pass.
If some friendships were trial for others
then to realize is this not friendship?

Be so open to test bounds forgiveness.
As if tests were not actual nor pain.
They are and what harm to social bound'ries.

For all I represent to be questioned.
Learn to defend, to come close until the
person haunts before me is a person.

Litmus test and so bold to unnerve like
honesty. Nor who can appreciate
honesty when it does bring pain reflect.

Turn inward inward at emotional
welfare. Are these truly favors, these words?
And if these questions are your interest

and that is what holds my attention, that
specks of our together be curious
and asking for its own self, nor to lash.

And if these currents were never meant for
permanence, to be sad at exposure?
Nor why continue the pains if not care.

Like challenges brought these social whorls 'bout.
Nor e'er considered the fighting spirit
one to one for what first was open just.

And if of minds to never commit then
traveling into something other than
love I say nor is company enjoyed.

And if, to learn the ends of critical
being are not meant for the passions then
thank you for that. I then take that away.

Quietly the language developed in
sounds and ideas. And not having looked
back upon itself the present is still.

Oh, authority I bow to you 'til
you are replaced. Then to ask if I do
make author'ty and what is commitment?

For to stay in one philosophy as
marriage, then make it large and sounding out.
Comfort in constance to accept a pace.

Oh, authority but what can I do
but listen, though what authority to
that which is governed without a consent?

And if it be authority to have
bent compliance, what is social author?
Do not roads lead to natural author?

Then we make of ourselves all natural.
And having been figured and suppos'ed
as grain as mushrooms as stars nor as night

what is not natural and determined?
And to ask of control, who could say more
than themselves, who could want more than being?

It is I respond, what is attention?
Notice responsibility, notice
the body, what does change its course, its ness?

And power were grace, love makes time fashion.
And to give it is not authority
but then something other I can call friend.

And the clouds they are. The water it is.
Nor reluctant to that but enjoying
nor is that author'ty but unspoken.

The Sundayist and papers on the floor.
June door wide couch half nap clouds pass bright gray.
Time nor spent lemonade sweat glass sits still.

The birds feeder filled then they sound and fly.
Natural the light the cars natural.
Book lays flat unbent nothing changes thought.

The Sundayist and planets to none go
they are here collecting dust and Saturn.
Counting shapes, no meaning for shapes, colors.

What metaphor kein association.
Strawberries Sunday watered yesterday.
And if bicycling easy for tea spree.

Return without questions just assorting
the materials of living standards.
Nor call life art nor call day for names come.

And the little advances the spirits.
Brought upright for memory it passes.
And if age rests age come again to place.

And home to be in no exterior
when the lines are among the rooms between.
The Sundayist, and if friend, name to that.

On the irreverence of poetry.
As if all words only meant what I give.
As reverent as the gathering sounds.

What I know is given, what I collect
give this meaning and as to reverence
what word is not important if gathered?

And of the slurs of the undisciplined
what conscience will not order a language?
And if conscience will not allow contest

and if conscience will not favor friendly
and if conscience insists first amendments
what is then valuable if no refrain?

And the sensational for attention.
And the outright heraldry I cry. Cry.
Lash about in tiny mind rooms at shock.

On the irreverence of poetry.
As reverent as audience allows.
As reverent as one's center remains.

Nor cling to poetry as religion.
Nor cling to vocabulary power.
Nor cling to defeatism contestism pain.

I say who does give reverence to this?
I do. I make this foreign and corrupt.
I spread my language broadly gathering.

I link turn the contraband of meaning.
For this as reverent as kept for self.
Then what poetry is given like love?

And if standards call that reverence then
the minded poet be doomed and quiet.
And if aloud to speak what comes of mind

to what ev'ry ends be language defend.
And if defense be metareverent
what blasphemy is not courageous now?

Nor to be subject but liberated
always in thought and recognize this will
ever be minor threshold to power.

For what is irreverence when atop
as nothing were irrev'rent to oppose
lest God be counted and then ask oneself.

The sturdy tables of dependency.
Lookabout what causes thoughts contentment
what options assume what is directed?

Introduce reason, call dependence at
other things, this is nor sovereign named
if to believe neither one nor other.

What starts immanence what is the germ of
self which starts free will nor against other
but only belonging to exper'ence.

And if dependence folds into its own
making then what exterior symp'thies
to bringing clouds from caves and art from rooms.

Sun brightness and how full to allow love.
And love assumes itself grows young within
nor rec'nize that which binds like protection.

Why the word dependence sept into these
nor conditioned for independent thought.
That a world be large nor accept largeness.

The quaint spells of receiving receiving.
I cannot argue traditions not mine
to speak of my own and care outrightly.

Who will bind little worlds for living in?
Nor alternate to selfish streams content
if to know no other then held in peace.

The course which starts the hymns is righteous and
if to have gone together nor discuss
why we are in energies the same tie.

Then why defend defense what is righteous
but sincere and holding and clinging to
itself as if all alternatives stopped.

And if another righteous creeps to this
ask silently what is good kein dogma
we share spirit holding upright notions.

And the names of given charms they swell for
reproduction and standardization.
Give that to poetry I say and make

humor and the times last 'til daybreak far.
Nor urgency if truth is this settled
for what does arrive is not mine alone.

But held, then we pass separately gain.
Many colors to being you are friend
and if this righteous be protected still?

The limits of concourse are study and
naught, for nothing friendship from anal'sis.
'Cept time turns to futures then and respect.

As profession though do we drive to this
except on Sundays when rediscov'ry
asserts its righteous being together.

And nothing is paramount then 'cept ways
for making afternoons to afternoons
last without time except eve's coolness comes.

And if, then righteous were defend that time
like company nothing taken but giv'n.
And within remainders that fits within.

Inadmissibles and how to recount
that knowledge certain which comes in trick'ry.
And if to say the acquisition of

knowledge by any means allowable
and if to have been gathered unrightly
then stand for prudence moral'ty for ways.

As if to we who scribe morality
to knowledge shift its purpose to the ways
of knowledge, for not all acquires be fine.

Though are not manner and habit knowledge?
Be subconscious what forces looks within?
What affirms habits of gathering knowns?

Nor war for nonconsent of gathering
as if mental theft is acceptable
and how to counter that which steals persons?

Inadmissible knowledge for its gain
immoral or amoral and without
social trust for worlds none best for knowing.

Do we not live among ways and standards?
The course of social connection requires
communit'y nor law questioned lest herm'tage.

And among the sport of mental joust who
does wear a flag of limits, conditions?
And if truth exist 'part from its acquire

Like Greekdom forms who could say injustice
nor is knowledge possessed then anyone's
'cept them with small boxes little items

representing the good mysts salt I own.
As if that which represents knowledge be
knowledge no to museums except to

intermediism in some gentle form.
Though all is acquired intermed'ately
'cept that logic hence mentalism joustism.

And if that be suspect then its cons'quence
be social friendship then a world kein that.
Habit culture for admissible forms.

And the strata of society then
to acceptable methodologies
of gathering truth, social and other.

And if to wisdom them slow, who did lead
the good life aged without the harms of an
insistence to knowing more than consent.

For at an end and without regrets then
know what was admissible nor stolen
and honestly then live within what were

goodly acquired or know dementia for
having realized conscience then it comes.
And if having settled oneself apart

from social standards nor fear is'lation,
then what conscience for all then were from the
stars and only I were witness it comes.

Nothing then stolen if to say stealth were
a social sort, then admissibil'ty
of knowledge be a social covenant

Know that as religion with or kein name.
Do we not travel among contracts and
admissibilities, I social be.

The habits of churchgoing are ref'rence.
The habits of poetry are ref'rence.
The habits of eating are reference.

Nor to imagine that without ref'rence
lest I live 'mong fractals and timeless sport
only responding as animals do.

And if to have gathered base reference
then outward for broader reference the
ways of living rightly like a bookdom.

Like a profession for material
habits I am not dead yet becoming
but live among plans for having known past.

Spots and moments reserved for reflection
like humanity I cannot concede
nor will concede lest become unprinc'pled.

And habits like pref'rence to suppose life
it is as I call it unrolling stops
then reference to what holds I as I.

Be well and fitting that weather is my
emotion this day. The heavy swathes, clouds,
the rumbling thought to other places come.

At windows beaming radio sounds the
afternoon darkness, lightning stars hold stops.
Book hold no lights no read the poring smell.

Of humid southwestern comes forms receive.
And flood for ness I am inside knowing
that a word is fragile and causes frames.

Be well and mention the phone rain to kin.
See light representing and the breaks streaks
heavenly beams through quiet still darkness.

And drawn, emotion is nothing if the
weather be greater than the self announced
I am among. I am among, content.

Among exclusionary practices
who will not discard what they do not need?
Then landfills exterior to centers.

And the ones left away from decisions
collect aluminum and steel peaces.
Wear found sunglasses eat scavenging birds.

Sit atop kings dismembered carhoods speak:
there is not a corner to freedom! Blah!
Casts away fishguts unwanted the pile.

Ants find that quickly nor do they fight at
found material. Are we collective?
Only seconds are collective not I.

Museums incubate religions they
diffuse religions. Make me exact nor
too much nor too ready nor too applied.

When make art of art. Make centers of art.
Make institutions for I lonely ones.
Art is cute and holds things away tease we.

With a gift shop bistro for longstanders.
Ask money membership I am beggar
love to love this, call it names I give you.

The problem with worshipping the moon is
that it will not sit in stillness for thought.

As if this were required as if object

idol, yield to material idols.

Say concept is a constance worth worship
for this fixed lest I call it otherwise.

Do I not make law, apologies, that.

Recall law and live like myth fluid come.

The moon is dazzling I only wonder.

1.

Relativity for science the self.

Protected in isolation retreat.

For too grand the universalists' claims.

Are we not differently organized
with different languages and patterns?

Do we not start differently traveling?

What I am, if be without authority
nor resistance when nothing to resist.

One and kein ratios for otherness.

Walk simply nor holding hands lest freedom
cries relation for it is the same word
but connected to other uniqueness.

Who knows idols differently? Who does
not know idols differently or that
psychology, a lie, becoming, a lie.

Born as relativists then grown together
like trust grows together as if all roads
led here. And the greatest theory of

relativity is now icon to
we dismissed of truth in general lifecourse.
Come together for guidance, send the kids

to the proper schools for they do know what.
Develop science of the self in a
reference to teacherhood then let it.

Individualism standardized and
incorporated though who could argue
that we all must get along in strangeness.

The limits of individualism
are to communal responsibility.
The limits of relativity then.

Though minds do whirl nor is thought then contained.
But believe the day is 'nother purpose
than your misled logic religion space.

Defend relativisms for universalists
nor they define this human condition
I insist, -and conflicts as opposing.

2.

Do begin universal all composite
without bounds other conditioned for the
relativities of separation.

As Genesis color and separates
to the self at last I know I am I
and potency comes with environ allowed.

And if, then relativity it be
acquired like I discern as I am then
discerned from places from social others.

We are all called like character is called.
Little unbent souls called to Earth for this
theater outplaying in chronologies.

Free will within that I must say I must
believe that character is sucked from the
universal marrow of changeless forms.

And if environs start relativity
I believe then personality from that
which shapes this conceptual vessel. Stop.

And what of this person does not move for
that is a center I accept nor is
yours I, nor is this yours, nor do compete.

3.

Then relativity upon its ends
reconciles with communal un'versals.
Whatever reason like love enchantment.

Or the isolates too strong I know this
heart too strongly boredom, form does gather.
Social forms to books to books and witness.

Cozy little collective souls believe
all the same until one question bounces
off another protest, 'nother planet.

Trades of inner outerdom universe
to relaverse are we individu'l
socialisms not destined for is'lation

whether alone or with contemp'raries.
Are we not programmed to condition our
own selves for this eternal moss mana?

Relatively speaking is it not glad
to be 'mong strangeness nor what secur'ties
to certainty and stony rock starism.

And if to consider little soul camps
religion like mini universals
what socially rel'tive to my constance?

Do we not learn do we not hold things fine?
Nor discuss the beauty of clouds if 'lone.
I come from the clouds the water the strange.

And meticulous is membered to what
I know nor been dissolved in rep'tition
if I still do grow. I still do grow yes.

4.

And opposing, universalism it
nor outside when it is mine kein contest.
Nor sep'rate oneself from winter, summer.

Nor I exist when to believe all is.
Nor sense nor thought of what to this affects.
Only among what is forevered shown.

And to demand so much more like sin the
social condition of limits and self
To take all and put myself within that.

And among we who do such things, a self
identity comes and commit to the
privacy of experience I am.

So far relative nor an exter'or
as if all were autism nor an other.
Just animal and eating without thought.

Then what is reason. For middle minds here
instance and I, it were, it is, I am.
The self and stars nor be possessed, possess.

And friendship, may we be relative in
togethered light believing in common?
For a universe atween you and I.

What of sin, the human condition is.
Regards man as thus developmental
imperfect and learning like these limits.

Conceptually and on righteous paths
in a thousand years to be perfect if
this were reference, then hist'ry always.

And who will discern sin in likeness forms
for to be affected differently
be human to be humanly 'fected.

Law and canons and social order to
undermine that which stays without consent
that which institutes conscience, a social.

Author'ty does come for social reasons
though what education to the interns
of thought proper being getting along.

What existence is not conditioned to
know its own improprieties its own
faults and misshapen histories and if

only upon that will concepts like that
forgiveness be received and to have learned
then trav'ling forward nor caught in time nets.

Who is smart kein error without failure
without having known wrongness, kein judgment.
For without then knowledge is simple I.

Nor hold sin aloft I have only learned.
Like character like struggle and counter,
And if, to be the growth of foundations.

Acts of God like awe and fear, helplessness.
Nor stop living among the character
of places like wind and flood like courage.

Awe held simply with regards for my own
limits and protect this body it small
among tornado among catastrophe.

And to watch to sense, predictabil'ty
is protection to frailty judgment is.
Nor withhold God from these discussions ends.

For I am without control to tremors
to lightflash endless heat acknowledge.
And respect for nature this way lives 'mong.

Aloft primacy, what are from these first
principles so light to lift the spirit.
Again I say they are not considered.

Lest their bounds shaken, nor be considered.
But I am challenged in remaining I.
And from this, language, logic from challenge.

Having learned is subtle nor til the next,
confidence, that truth is breasted, confirmed.
When tested nor reason escape or learn.

For I am not done becoming. Only
then to look backwards at legacy death.
So certain in thought this life is other.

Aloft primacy, that it be open.
For to hold what still shifts the earth circles.
And if categories and thought surround

love and important things, return to cost.
Nor defend but cross with contrast against
that which harms like discern of energies.

And if first principles are to these ways,
Nor is knowledge a thing but irrel'vant
but traveling in constance sucking truths.

Hardship is fertile. Struggle is fertile.
And to this, primacy call character
comes at confidence at believing I.

And if I given, aloft with being.
Nor too proud lest dissolve to yesterday's
profound greatness then without age or now.

Alternative energy the call when
to have met limits of nonrenew'bles.
Call hydrogen. Call sun. Calling all. All.

Defend lifestyles. Say this motorsport is
unqualified. This home, unqualified.
The ways of being are uncondish'nal.

Nor learned accountancy to manage a
soilwork soy grass nor consider all the
sustain'bilities when a room is safe.

The world will not impress upon that which
is secure. Then instabil'ty all cry
call invention at cost and become thought.

What does start the course of change when freedom
is without conditions. Nor say freedom
condished by sacrifice when poss'bil'ties.

Then faith is becoming and inher'tance
minds of change for unsequestered thought and
if mater'al be ends, faith as lim'ted.

Nor to touch secret mountain meadows, nor
waterside escapes, for if, steal the soul
of what gives, what cannot then be replaced.

How valuable a car? And if it
be threshold to civilization are
we not committed to purpose ahead?

Chipmunk pigeon lesson crow inna frame.
'Neath underneath the sunflower forder.
How not forget atween food is free we.

Smells like philosophy butterflies coal
livestock campfire peacepipe saltwater bread.
Inhale caution afterthought what it does.

Cloud clouds I call my own nor possess them.
Inside of winter I am collected.
And spelled in summer memories I must.

Live by this and so proud at books fertile.
Say for thought the language is cut grass tall
nor smell is delinquent without contest.

Challenge the earth and you challenge the speed
of life and let that go like a science.
I am heartened in rain who can challenge.

Nor contest the summer sleeves I respond
I did not measure weather until the
people forced the standards and aqueducts.

Return sense as philosophy I am.
I cannot say you are until we meet
and interfold these temptations like wine.

And without condition I only called
river thought until you mind me mortal.
Nor who be told what is valuable?

Smells like philosophy I say I love
and thank you hold those words for Saturday
when the heat swamp comes 80 degrees then.

We remember together do we not?
And if vocabulary were enough
then contentment is at kitchen tables.

Though the wind I say is broader than a
history and it still comes differently
I did not compare except for wonder.

This time is philosophy nor a cling
at hardship goodship for its memory
only newness call everfold and live.

Why detest medicine? Nor detest it
but its existence owed to pathol'gy.
Necessary as if the world troubled.

Nor live referently to that I hold
I will die early I only say once.
Rather I live shortly as all do live.

And collaged in other thought, nonlimits.
But a problem any problem is spelled
and disheartens if to overcome life.

Say vocations allow categories.
The segments of thought to good and bad and
daily chores to social and natural

limits for reason expects a progress.
The soul allows a flower a river
in its mythic forms I go to come from.

Why detest philos'phy? Nor detest it
but its capture of important notice.
Nor live referently grow old thinking.

And if medicine were philosophy
philosophy were medicine other
them both held differently I enlist.

For no escape to reason except a
discipline and through that I will emerge
silently togetherd knowing my own.

Offerings for to have trespassed this land.
For a presence of company green plant.
It grows on windowsill makes no remarks.

Smoke to spirit offerings to the wind.
Given to intentions to harmony
acknowledge I am other in this space.

Paper for your locks, and ink for your own.
Nor do I claim memory but a box.
Nor will I say object to this moment.

Only the seconds of corn meal to soil.
The terts of ash to freedom meadows this.
Nor fear respect for cost planted seedling.

Offerings the sharpness buried in sand.
Offerings bread when winter comes neighbor.
The afghan to love I am not present.

For hold silence if to give that away.
And tools to men struggle do we not build?
It grows patio gargoyle nor to spy.

The oppositions constitutional
theory and story theory one
is told the other is metaphor'cal.

One tends to biblicism the other tends
from biblicism who is not sep'rated
for neither complete lest machine lest book.

Nor to compress oneself to theory
if to only live upon one word: just.
And that around nor be anthropol'gist.

Nor social rules govern civilly if
to believe every corner is framed.
I ask what is free will if it were framed.

Take stock things still become I do insist.
I must or let theory quantify
ends to endless words I object object.

The oppositions and any two we
are social if to bring into a thought
the course of treatment of being likeness.

