

SCPG



the YOT club:

change agent Æ
&
spx agent Ørange

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SOPHIA
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Δ
MADISON

safe house

Are you a merchant? Yes
Password? Control

A room for you. Bed and desk, door. And the leaves of fear, to air and rest. The hollows of the imagination will return. And in the middle of this night there are fresh towels, the securities of trust and appreciation. There are needful corners, there are contemplative corners and without the demands of musicians and code. Only a language like early and primitive needs. And peace. And early sunrise a coffee and watch a soul return. The quiet colors remedy. The softened smells of afterthought. And a heartened food, a medical attention, the cares and offering. The slows of recovery to day to pain and suffering to quiet air. How a death, the confrontations of thought, the coils of death mind flash, and an environment to replace a panels with another substance like tenderness or either security. A room for you, for the isolates of ponder, and window breath sleep. In a day. In a day you will be ready again for time and the first courage of routine, and from there your own self to finding little places for fear and the misdirects of knowing too much. And if the word spy. Then ready like thought, for your return to colors.

freedom box

For if the habits of a universe are governed, a freedom box I must. The contains of little wishes and imaginations. The contains of desire and self discourse, and little things like words and sound. And if a tiny matrix I make, and if a love is still, if a courage and if a discovery, and if little rooms there be, to absorb I, it. And never a nature of elsewheres and uncontrollables, and never a grander and supposing theme to direct and to move this. For a freedom box, and hidden among the isolates of another large and forgotten structure and sharing time only lest I die into freedom then. And only wondering of elsewheres if the stars are among the poems and mischief and paints and collected sounds. And only wondering of elsewheres as things grow grows into that. And once outside and now only large enough to lose a thought to another and not minding the cradles of origin or the facts into another thousand years unless. For if the habits of a universe are governed, or either the largeness of eternity is too swelling a notion, if a rapture cannot protect me and if the spoils of social industry are the collapse of individualism, is there an alternative? But I wish this as otherwise, and not a frame for removal from, rather a construction to. And in its fascinations I collect I and the stuff of a confident being and invitations or either none. The contains of shag carpet sensation and pillow lust, a place for despair as any. And a retreat until an emptiness has consumed itself, and carry forward a thought outside and thinking when I can only return now.

social butterflyism

And how she bounded from
social flower
to
social grass to airlight flutter and
enjoying herself
always.
The colors of speech, the peace
word greetings to every and
living and
the gifts of.
Romance love thought and not stopping
for the discerns of too
muchism and too
fastism for her
pleasures are hers and
fluttering
balancing on social tines, the
participation of.
Touching down summer afternoon
coffee
friend.
Greetings frog I know you yes and
have a cookie.
Greetings sunflower sex I laugh and
have a child.
Greetings all.
Greetings all.
And how she bounded I cannot stop
airlight flutter to
stranger stranger and now
acquaintance
love until.

imaginary lines

It is not my pen to give. The intentions of bicycles are
not this day connected with lines. This gold is only
colorful. This poem is a code only until its digestion
and then it is something other like meaningful. This
body is blood and tissue, and having remembered an
enlightenment of Hawaiian rainbows, great snowfalls
and mediterranean baptisms, this body is a transport,
the exercise of liberty and its refrain. A feather bouquet
is only primitive as beauty for a pheasant still and
sounds on roadsides and grass. I am cultural and a
remark to, an individual defense to, but its expands
I will not doubt except for listen anthropologically.
This shirt only covers, this cup, I can only give it woman
but I still drink from it. This cup still holds water except
for love, perhaps. And basket and blade, the wines
of countries, for a pleasure I appreciate or either ponder
into simplicity gone for the next. A pilot light, it only
starts a fire and not socialisms and not the divinities
of mistrust, lest I have encouraged. A computer, I am
only reluctant at knowing things (things). And only
the stars are beautiful. And only the night and the
grass is beautiful. And only the clouds. It is not my
pen to give. The signals of efficacy and delicacy, I think
nothing of ugly, I think nothing of wandering minds as
they eat. A city rollerblade, the lines of are only lakeside
and watching. An airplane is transportation. The
manifests of war are not curious except for purpose.
The manifests of peace are not curious except for purpose.
A fenceline and the segments of land, the divisions of
land, I am observant I. And speaking like nature, the
falling water constance of years and season I wonder
at age if I am really as old as they say, as old as life.

antiphilosophyism

The curse of againstness. And never to embrace membership or the kinds of peace in witness, the kinds of gross satisfaction for otherness. And never to bring the alternatives of curiosity to within these contemplates. For an imagination, the isolation of, it were not of this character: nonelection. To wish the nonpulse of existence, and that without the requires of discern, the requires of responsibility. And ever doubting, to catastrophe or anylimits, up unto limits to bring them beneath that an open air returns self to self. Antiphilosophyism, the eagers of resentment, the eagers of difference and locating errors, for there are ever errors. Ever errors among representation, ever errors among thought. And better for knowledge against an other profound, for to be now control like force, of protest, the protest in protest, of a social approach which was not wanted but is now contest until it dissolves. To see the dissolve of contest from the origins of self, a core and experience, like animal only and without name and receiving receiving except that which requires a social acknowledgment. And to only know language as defense. And to only know growth as physical. And to only know social decay as that which falls to the truths of individualism. The curse of againstness and to judge not except for an ideal and its bastard little, pragmatism compromised joy.

afraid to eat wild mushrooms

Hallucinations. I have tried them several times. I did not hallucinate. Things only moved quickly. A friend said I did not let go, perhaps I already had. I thought profoundly and fundamentally but I only felt basic after coming down. Some colors dazzled but in the consumption of psilocybin I may have prepared myself for dazzlement. In the end, the forest was the best, where there were not social demands, and where little things grew like mushrooms only curious. I preferred marijuana, its settlement. Now I substitute tobacco and only respect the other base pharmacologies of nature without ingestion. I did LSD once but I do not consider that natural and it left me with no desire to appreciate anything. As a matter of fact I only remember throwing up and watching a laser show on the ceiling of a dark bedroom. I was fascinated with the paraphernalia of marijuana, the elaborate bong and pipes. I had a snow pipe which had a chamber to fill with snow and when you inhaled the smoke was cool. All of my pipes were stolen or misplaced, I do not know what happened to them. I did hallucinate one time but I was on no drug. I watched someone turn on the air conditioner and the weather channel was on TV, it was in the middle of the summer in Phoenix and the weatherman predicted snow. I swear I was on no drug. And the pharmaceutical pills and all, as far as getting high, I have never felt an attachment to them either, just too far removed from nature I suppose. A little pill? It only makes me think of profit. I do take penicillin and that is a fungus I only suppose.

the birdfeeder

I put up a birdfeeder. It is about a 24 inch cylinder
 and has holes and perches for small birds.
 I got the idea from my neighbor.
 They have a similar feeder which rests
 on a tall pole which has a squirrel cone
 to keep them away from the seed.
 Many birds visit their feeder.
 My feeder is hanging on a dead tree branch, the
 tree is still alive. I used the end of a mopstick
 to hoist the feeder above my head.
 No birds visit my feeder.
 Theirs is in the sun and mine is in the shade.
 But still, no birds.
 It was a Sunday that I put the birdfeeder up outside
 of my patio.
 The next day I was driving with a friend on a
 rural road and a bird happened to fly in front of
 the van. It was hit and it passed beneath the moving
 vehicle. It
 flopped around and then it died.
 I felt terrible. I had just made an effort to offer
 the birds a little haven and then this.
 It was a little bird.
 It was a little bird
 I tell myself
 as I watch the first bird eat now.

secret kitten

=^..^=
 =^..^=
 secret kitten. love art the handles
 surrealism house by water
 thinking but not too much. the
 destinations of thought them collected
 satisfaction. alley crescent moon
 young kentucky chicken pass upon
 salmon this time, no appetite for.
 dash of wine guitar underwear sea leap
 soccer watch being watched. game
 and simple. bus march gold jewelry
 and long knight things. the intents
 of youth facing, back, woman of the
 cloth behind and passing things (things).
 day old love not knowing it was,
 crunched eye stare brief wondering I
 wonder. replacing a model museum
 shirt for the nondescripts of history
 I let a memory for something new
 and alternative sex and social things
 like welfare cathedral song cross
 with images. secret kitten mushroom
 dew gentle rain morning. sit making
 things like poems for. little pomes.
 little poems. little poems.

X † † † X

X † † † X

sandals or slippers

For comfort but how some think of pacifism
or Jesus.
I had not considered
until
luck became a standard and there was
a thing to defend and
then how intentions
become clever
only.
And how a people believe that
standing outside of
something requires the constance
of watch
I brought upon myself for being a way I
suppose.
I own a pair of boots and get them out in the rain
but mostly they are something to
have on hand.
I also have tennis shoes and dress
shoes and
sometimes walk barefoot in the grass.
But for comfort, the sandals or slippers I
have not decided what to call
them.
And jeans and champion sweatshirt.

firefly

A firefly flew by me while I
was smoking a cigarette.
Into my house.
I did not mind, I think more
of fireflies than spiders.
Those I kill and flush down the toilet.
I appreciate spiders in nature
but they give me the creeps
in my house like the time I felt one
crawling on my neck while
I was asleep.
The firefly must still be in my
house but I have not seen it since I watched
it
fly in.
I also have a pilot light in my
fireplace but that is another thought.

top o' the mornin'

breakfast of 150 million bc
dinosaurs Arizona next
time Montana
the food channel
all the littles
I do not have cable at home
and bus ride
to the wandering place
and wander
to another bus
drive around
pepsi
marlboros or anything
orange lighter
american spirit
2 pm
cash
mall food
home cigarette
rest arrest
groceries and corn and bananas
lottery ticket
fear not
milk and half and half
top o' the mornin'
home
candle night
noncable tv
cigarette
poems pomes poams

seeing a turkey in the arboretum

daylight drive
forest
shadows
hanging
turkey roadside
pass.
stop,
rewind
backwards
large gobbler
drive away
gently
appreciating

untitled 7/18/06

only a heart and
coffee
to remain oneself among
the ideologues until
no longer a need to
consider.
and the editors
and the correctivists
and returning to remember
that one is given to give
and loving that and
patience. to stir that
with domino sugar
and

half cigarette walk, two directions

Eastbound light one from the orange pack, the white square with blue ring organic. Indeed colors are an enlightening thing a rainbow lighter generates a warm insight. Three minutes to think and traveling upon gray shoes with yellow fluorescent strings imagining a monochrome earth like communism except stepped on daisies and industrialized birds shitting dull whiteness upon the squares of cut grass. Never a cubist until the blocks of ideas thrashed the pureness of memory. And never a cubist until someone larger than I asked for that dollar as if it were my second grade lunch money, but the kicker, that a small woman wearing no colors had seen the results of a forced generosity and asked kindly if I would buy her a stick of ice cream from the Seven Eleven she was camped in front of. Okay. I bought one for myself too. Sky still blue, and the smoke of breath. I remember clean air. I remember that as if. And three minutes gone I can tell upon a half burnt American Spirit, it is organic smoke. These lungs are touched by the heroinism of Organa, orange. Turn around, return a thought to its origin until I buy the 100's Camel's Silvers with the penis man on front and nakedly worrying, that would buy me another minute in each Turkish direction. Perhaps a nighttime discretion, perhaps a crescent silver moon thing. And listening only to that which follows and inevitably stops following as history has demonstrated, -the lights stop and the cars go home, the rustling black bags get caught in safety lit alley wind tunnels. Westbound back and guided cage, a home and flowerdom castle and the cubes of violet constance and sincerity, and aqua and the rest. And to unpack a baggage after two three minute directions.

Intentions still, they are not left. And a pace, only more reasoned, and among the perspectives of aesthetics, emotions. A building trust, the base of culture, an inhabited carnivale and candlelit, and how it grows among stellar motives like justice and care. The chaos wherefrom ideas, and it still sounds, and a security then, for to travel in several directions, the force of origins, and intact, a protohistory, and the makes of modernism like phaeton and life, the evolutions of language and science, the evolutions of ministry and awareness. And only unto the otherness of peoples in lightened stages, among the agreeableness of social intercourse, the wants for liberty and independence, the little insistencies into futures. Intentions, though I am not alone, I do not live quietly alone, and from this a social stream, the nature of discourse, the ways of discourse. Because a material is not infinite, because the consterns of limits, social limits and material limits. I am invention and learning. I am habit and pacing a public in little sparks and the little positions which defend a direction with respect to that which has happened. And the pleasures of not too swiftly, the redemptions of sustainability, the wellness of the movement of collections as an art, and appreciated until a truth becomes the undercede of imagination. Until then, I.

Old professorman red-ink editing the Globe and sipping from an empty coffee cup and then sipping from a second empty coffee cup wondering where it went I imagine. Black and white man ruffian and having applied a great deal of thought to his monochrome duds I nevertheless smoke behind because. Just waiting on a friend a girl I call her pretty. Folk music sex open mic vegetarian talent guitars. So much fucking love in a single place I think I will puke except for the classicist dude demonstrating the point that creativity comes in several forms except poetry. Upper bunk bed night sweat and why I do not invite the beautiful Polish gentleman who spoke of cadavers at our first meeting to some Cambridge literature thing without those love noise guitars, I should have, I wish I would have, a nice traveling fellow. I only have one concern with the constructions of art galleries, an object needs a yard, an object needs the surrounds of a contemplative field. Have I mentioned I was born on the day Mark Rothko died? No matter coincidence, especially when a suicide, as if fate? Perhaps. Never matter coincidence. And Red finding that 1994 anthology and reading about those lovers who had sex throughout all the wars and the seasons and the world series and the holidays and never remembering any of them because they were always having sex. Oh! What is better than love I cannot say and what is better than a body before it reminds itself of the force of environment? I cannot say. Subway thoughts, them all, a train sliding through stations like time. And the red-ink professor I remember and he with beard and only editing, he who rested the black ink pen as symbol next to his intentions of social change. He probably rides this train home at night watching me do things he would do differently then.

brown Bette bounce and Buster the line-drawing chipmunk

Hey chipmunk wandering lines. Do the robins pay attention? A story, the letters into Bette sounds beauty. And she weaves an earthen symbol, wool and no tears today. The traveling clouds in two dimensions on blue. Airplane. Into a hole, and supposing you eat worms or either mushrooms, cut grass. Creature mind a home, I have an attention for that, the country roads will be traveled lest you enjoy. Following ideas, the intersections and how a species sends a message. I am man and given to liking women. All the same, and brown Bette knows but only demonstrates in lemonade chipmunk chirps and pink and yellow whorls, but she is only partly particular. Lawnmower man, erase the chalks like rain will erase, and like the wind will pull away intentions. For a grounded life is imaginary either or I become an engineer and quickening thoughts like flying kitchens for Bette soufflés and frosted brownies. Quickening thoughts like floating kitchens and traveling kitchens or either just traveling places for company. West, to go 10 miles and north 100, 'L' for love, to spell a forest and passing notions to local want, passing reason without a word. I 'L' for love things and cross a 't' this night christian differently and listening. Chipmunk stand between loss and I for I am responsible, for a dwindling forest and for a silly little game like sticks and pointing a body at attention, as if I were to follow you into that hole in the ground. Rather to live in a tree, I. Rather to be cavebound and only trying worms and bats but always having preferred the taste of bear and beer, crocked in a pot by Bette.

lost on a country road

the absence of symbols except the line of pavement, civilization. and treelined corn popping up, and the everything soy. lost and somewhere north of directions full tank gas radio, the blares of modern rhythm. sky at 45 miles per forgotten hour, only 45 per hour for the pleasures are still new. homesteads watch a stranger official brick red worn. cows moo and do what they do like weather. pheasant, it was not brought I believe and hawk, it was not brought. the eventual crossroads and water stop, no gas I except for root beer directions. south two miles and a right will get you back to when you remember.

Sunday

9 am up to take a nap on the couch
2 pm start coffee
cocoa krispies
clean house
laundry done yesterday cigarette
crappy old horror Sunday movie no cable
no attention
shower and other things
5 pm pick two poems to read
6 pm burger out
7 pm sit around a table reading shit
buy a book from some Kansas man traveling
fellow
cigarette home
next week church I believe
it is on one of my
lists

waterman smile

groundwater holy water purified smart dasani
poland springs evian naive thirsty talent splash
on dog. share a blue cup with dog slobber ice
erotica coffee brew chippewa fiji nicole. hey
culligan dude toilet urine manganese drip sulfur
green lawn tap water kool aid concentrate one
nickel please. balloon slingshot supersoaker algae
lake drink and grow kelp in your bowels to your
health groundwater no longer the automobile I
dirt pacifist down a whorling drain. nestle, dannon
and the bubbly shit lemon lime perrier burping
glass bottles club soda old grenadine puddle stomp
friend. blessing streets and building with corporate
aquatic regards living like a thinking fish yellow
underside. teatime plantwater swallow your pills,
swallow your pills. bong. bong. beer snowmelt
crystal with domino dixie c & h sugar bottom lemonade
summer lightning pounds a rain until things dry
uncontrollably. ice mountain bottle reigns this
block rested on curb. yours, I give you intentions
until sweatwet skaterboy kicks at the impermanence
of plastic things (things). streetsweep follows in
city wet lines midnight clouds holding. groundwater
cress, waterbug striding love example of float and
staying above other creatures that sink. salt shit
all that ocean dry fresh river catfish mudbugs and
waterdogs cane pole cliff dam swamp stink the
beaver. restless aquafina arrowhead crystal geyser
ozarka and birds that think and bathe regularly
in hot hosewater garden bowls. and the flowers
that never let go, the succulents holding water to
sometimes pellegrino but only until they cannot.

accepting 'no' as an answer

How do you feel about arranged marriages?
How do you feel about the arrangements of social systems, of a forced participation?
How do you feel about the prescription of food as if it were medicine?
How do you feel about containing oneself to a single system of color?
How do you feel about science as religion, about the science of religion, about the worship of material?
How do you feel about artificial insemination? About cloning? About birth control? About the use of embryos in research?
How do you feel about profit from corruption if there was never a concern of getting caught?
How do you feel about lying in the interest of protecting another?
How do you feel about inflammatory art?
How do you feel about institutional change designed to stir social criticism?
How do you feel about an educational system designed to mill degrees with little attention to knowledge?
How do you feel about sex?
How do you feel about monogamy?
How do you feel about reading a book I recommend?
How do you feel about long drives?
How do you feel about flying in airplanes?
How do you feel about gender roles?
How do you feel about the endurance of struggle?
How do you feel about being alone?
How do you feel about walks or bike rides in rain?

lightning snatch

1. light fabric the sky.
wait. eight seconds thunder crash roll ten seconds then.
gentle rain, the sound of drops on leaves.
I will be flying tomorrow.
2. light fabric the sky.
dry heat combustion worry no rain. no thunder.
light fabric the horizon dazzling strobe switchblades. to fly.
3. light fabric the sky.
porchswing water thunder clap determination God. garden waits rain come down fast. the puddles lightning once more again. mud.
double clap. I will be flying tomorrow.
4. light fabric the night.
the statics gentle wind towards a storm. blow. except for quiet wait the words will be gone soon. I am prepared to fly.

the activity of cathedrals

Stone imprints, and this within.
Woman white cotton seated and
cathedral glaze watch. The idea
and representing, a people are still
good I offer. To comfort you God
that we try. The foreign visitors
and only present as museumists,
the adoration of material and them
having trespassed intentions. To
comfort you God an offering, this
flame and word. Thirty-three alters
and listen. I am not truth except
as small. I am not truth except as
instant. Kneel art, the demonstration
of prayer and never realizing that
which watches. The efforts in the
administration of virtue. I cannot
be justice, nor inspiration, lest I
walk away in peace and having
patterned an existence among that
for which I have no control. Them
buried in catacombs forever. Forever.
The tower. The art, the carved stone.
I only know silence and the heavens
of history, how it is received by
watching them camera'd from Ohio
and Okinawa, the western poets
and manufacturing remembrance
for the home ones. But rest among
the meditates of social calligraphy,
each a gathered sort of respect and
I quietly call peace, and this within.

pterodactyl

Big flying lizard, twenty feet wing to
wing.
Ostrich vulture head with shark
teeth.
Actually skin, no hair, claws, old people
eater, slow people eater.
Gliding over volcanoes and water
bodies
looking down at progress.
And bird nest home and feeding people
parts
to baby pterodactyls too young to
fly.
Thinking of things like, 'what eats me?'
besides worms when I stop breathing
and
fall to the earth
and things like, 'what fears me?'
Perching on river bluffs in afternoons
and
sometimes appreciating rest, scratching
a back with talons and
burping.
Spotting another old human, a slow one
and
swooping in and carrying him away to
dinner except for his luggage.
Maybe laying eggs on occasion and
sometimes screaming
profanities at the monotony of mesozoicism.
Damn you, evolution!

wild

Slow ride sweet daddy smoke.
Menthol dreams organic parking
over sprinkler heads. Mushroom
pop nibbles engine rev silence
gettin' out walk sunshine bottled
water holy splash. Twelve hours
I lose in staying up for three days
without food except for cigarette
toothpaste mineral puke. Camera
shooting things turkey piss park
mountain path etching lines into
a geography imaginary. Everything
imaginary but not growing old
and defending how things were
yesterday and their trail into
modernity. The dairy life moo
baseball end to end university to
death bulls Spain. Peanut butter
bacon crazy song, take it apart
and put it back together, the way
it's gotta be, what song now that
I know everything. Seven deer
white van with bed in back and
squeal tires rain tease lightning
bolt thunder. Parade of typewriters
safety sundance salvia divine, a
pen, a pen, I only have a kingdom
for. Art center smart living
dangerously tease, and he who calls
out roadmen engine men and them
daring midnight country rides solo
aqua. A moon still hangs. Shit.

light as material

The weight of light. The heaviest color.
What a day will do to paper. Vision
text, the additions of red to white, of
orange to white, a cerebral blue. Gravity
planet holes leaving darkness as. The
rainbow people representing but a social
is only representative but not really light.
Overcast grayshade a reprieve from the
direct, how I receive the coolness of an
indirection. Light sails futures, the space
of knowledge. Tree green windshadow
forest sit, the sounds of chattering leaves
a green I notice silent eyes drawn. Dark
sleep, the darkness of lest a conscience
turn a mind unto its own colors. The
phototropes I grow unto and tall and a
respect for the provisions of energy. I
own a single photon, and if, I give you a
photon for your pocket in a mirror box
it exists eternally bouncing back and forth.
I am captured in a mirror box like a pet.
To surrender to light. A burning light
and age brings me to my knees. Sunset
reprieve for an earth turns away but not
to make too much of science lest a beauty
then. Sunflowers at worshipper's attention
and everything other pushed away from
centers. Galactic cores pushing everything
away and people seeds growing in between
tall and strong and hearty and thinking
that they think. Everything reflecting
until it vanishes as eaten by brother Ray.

soloism

Representative being, representative of
idea.

For no other person is as.

And every social relationship original and
propagating an
idea.

Jesus was, other religionists are,
and many artists are, and many
authors, and many people with
mental illness
represent their own stillness of
idea.

And confounding to those with a more
collective sense of
existence.

But a social moves in
increments and those filling in representative
gaps in knowledge, those representing
essential microns of thought will not
let me forget
that

some aspects of humanity cannot be left
lest I turn to something other than
human. Service.

And the rewards of soloism, the gratuities
of representing the essentialisms of littler
things, an
ease when at rest. A respect for the cores of
concept and
thought.

And this, enough to travel freely among
language, enough to recognize other
soloists.

on the question of whether mosquitoes have queens

Only bees have queens, or perhaps ants, maybe
termites. But mosquitoes, I do not believe they
are social insects, except for their collective
hovering at sundown. I have never known a
mosquito female to have many male partners.
I have never known a mosquito female to engage
more than one reproductive mate. Considering
a mosquito lives for about two weeks, I cannot
discover a particular advantage to femalism, in
fact, a female's vulnerability during the stage in
which she produces her eggs may actually be her
shorthandedness. Unless one believes that the
act of carrying and concealing a next generation
to martyrdom is enough to qualify a female as
queen then a female mosquito is only that, female,
and without another title. But perhaps it is enough,
that any she who bears offspring is a queen. I
believe socially speaking, yes, but biologically
this species has no queen when comparing it to
other species. A single queen bee will propagate
an entire hive. A queen ant and termite will do
the same I believe. I consider queendom to be that
quality of sexual propagation generally without
contest. Queen bees and ants are, in fact, genetically
different than other females in the hive. No, I am
not sure that is correct, maybe they are the only
female in the hive. But the males are differentiated
into hivemen and gatherers. Mosquitoes may be
the scavenging democratists of the earth and of
the insect world. They answer to no hierarchical
social system, including their parents. From the
hatch they are only limited by their bodily needs.

the pacific idealist

Clinging to what utopia at bodily threat and force?

Defending the winds of pastoralism, of peace, of methods of social agreement, in silence and good regards, the election of types of goodness.

Because in suffering for the ideal, in suffering for rightness one has never left, the ends of patience are

reason and witness, ends are independence and knowledge.

Worth the unsettlements of change some will suppose. Worth the indirection of a pushing social entropy, worth the negativisms of malcontent. To wish not a harm or foul, to agree at every worship. But a world of bow'ed heads, is there a room for every? And who could spell the importance of one thinker, one solver, one idealist

over the rest? Exactly, he says in peace, and returns to his daily bike. Clinging to utopias, but he will never say, but only systems of pleasure and acquaintance, of expression.

And upon the purpose of nature, agreements always, for nature is all.

And upon the purpose of procreation, of a memory, of existence, agreements all.

But a passing thought to that which occurs independently.

collecting pennies, collecting thoughts

rain will not wash away a penny. I find a thought into

pocket.
A

jar
full of thoughts on nightstand,
each dated. I
cannot tell you which is

which.