

throwing stones

Greg Markee

copyright © 2004,
By Greg Markee.
All rights reserved.

they only advance

January

Something small, never to touch black earth or river
stone or lava held in stillness. This is a cloud married
to a regret never to rain enough to change a shape or
to change a mind hanging above my own directing

intuition and reconciliation. Something small, a wand
with the power of focus and something small, a wrinkle
in the page of experience, enough to forward a question
like age, when will it end and will it carry me with all

of my cancers or will they be left to the hells of mortality?
I separate myself. I do. In the interest of progress I
must become the atom within myself that is good, this
which cannot be worn by the weather of time. And by

what regard do I discern? By none. By none. Not an
anchor of God and not language not poetry, not beauty,
there is no anchor for traveling from one life to the next
and there is no secret to obedience. There is no secret.

Though some things are true, like a common sense and
like a purity of spirit, I learned this in the general
course of living, the type of living where small things
are metaphors for prosperity, then forgotten at death

and put away and if there be some record of death, it
be in that cloud hanging down or in that seed, that
any matter contain death, that I contain death in the
midst of all my living, I be black and bubbling tar and

evil thoughts from another place I cannot remember.
And so it be truth, I will grant it that, some truth disconnected
and covered like last year thrown upon the moss, a
costume upon the moss, death, that I step beyond.

never to carry

January

Do not give way to the last proud minute, gone as
a marsh bird in the days of progress and expansion.
Do not give way to a building empire nor deconstruction

nor tyranny nor parades celebrating age when I have
done nothing more than belittle myself to the tantrums
of learning, they be king and I will spend the rest of my

life in analysis like a scientist in a closet knowing something
anything for certain. Anything is certain in a closet.
And do not give way, do not match readiness with

an envelope full of knives and pens and instruments
for getting food and blankets and conversation because
these are not the sum of living out ancestor's hopes nor

are they the sum of peace. No. Wait until the spring
is near and shed the contents of your winter self like
a blanket into the wind, and wait until the spring is near

and declare age the victor once again this time trembling
on cane but knowing the instant, knowing the mark of
reduction has passed, the period where there was no

table of thought, there was no aggregate, no compound
settling that history. There was no satisfaction in undoing
the others and everything that they represented like

cooperation now still with only people attending to
their things, only their things like a community of ones
with the simple attention of the universe inside each's

head. Of this I am certain, I can only be. And do not give
way to the undoing as callous and misshapen as some
experiment. Only the victim and not even then.

paradise found

January

In the manner settling knowledge composition is routed
in upon itself, that the stays temper automation and
being. I have found no solution for pride spiting and
spending its host but time and the novel assurance that
tomorrow is connected to an angrier present. It all fades,
you see, like the half-lives of childhood, at first solid

and then indifferent like all good wisdom becomes knowing
the search for solutions is a search for pluralism. And

into the fat chair of direction, how can such a lesson be
accelerated? I am no machine, not one that will acknowledge
such in any calculation, nor am I a feather blowing until

the rains tie me down. For if I surrendered purpose in either
case I would be kept by some other force I could not call strange

because I would be afraid. I am kept. With some budget
and financial entrails and the occasional regard listing
my service one two three, but I know the limits of devotion
and I know the limits of service outside of oneself and
being kept by any other force is a tie to inquiry of which
I will manage. Surrender. And in the secrets spinning
and repeating because the world will forevermore be the

same is the code of pride at first large and worth defending
and then small becoming a coat button, an object and a
badge patting law firmly on the back. This surrender is
no surrender at all, it is just putting everything important

in a quiet closet for the day that sense is made of pride
fading with every birthday resembling any other citizen's.

I am not the same. And the buttons I keep on a thread by
my bed cannot be dissolved any more. And the buttons
I keep on a thread are greater than their solid appearance.

if it is the way

January

There are paths and portals I know. Them stationed with corn and big blue heads, arms circling all the night twinkling trust. Comfort has a way of revealing itself and comfort has a way of trapping continuance.

But I will remain in the least as long as there is music in my ears, company forgetting that the science of living is some contract. And I cannot live an exercise,

I cannot live by license. By the right to defer and the right to dissuade, but not by license will I live ever in response. There is another calling wandering the lust of boredom and aesthetics where colors jump off of trees and running a mile is like one foot over foot, I have been there to the place where the greatest animosity

is a stranger first recognized as friend. And I have been there to the place which could be arrogant but leaves

such a designation to the objectivists not really included, no they are not really included, they be the squirrels and the cats and the spiderwomen. And who could believe in the sense of participation in forgetting regrets and passing on some future? I. Because steady is the course of living with a regard for comfort, and steady is the course of living fundamentally with a sense for the body

and then a sense for each the parcels that have an affect. Stationed by the night and stationed by some cause with an even greater dimension. Stationed by the notion of

inevitablism and stationed by the markers of time and degradation and decomposition that there be a purpose in that. There must be a purpose in that whorl of autonomy because I cannot control everything and with that I am left to some higher force graduating me in instances.

a set between

January

Be there a continuum expanding with every night, I
am an end, a point. And the nature of unity is the

temptress naked and telling the stories I believe in
by my own logic, I know them true and their capture

by such a form either collapses our middle or spills
me out into the ocean. And where I belong pulling
the social twine of conformity, I was never meant

for social collapse, not that I can admit. But there is
pleasure in staking an identity independent of the
concepts, words, them all words, and there is pleasure

in staking an identity independent of language and
form, there is a necessity. For losing oneself to the
middle is losing oneself to the deformity of conformity
ever a creature of some slave substance riding the
intuition of some great father, any great father.

Arbitrary. Elements become arbitrary because there

is security in collapse, and trust turns to living but
not outright, rather living for the banner of that good

life. Helping? Perhaps. But rather a training for being
helped, and it is no simple thing forfeiting the freedom
of whatever in the interest of being helped and living

a good life. But the middle comes to us all, the continuum
reconciles at a point in life of some great purpose and
the ocean of ends evaporates on a command sucking
divinity and every sense of self determination and every

sense of self preservation, making a collective value out
of each. And if there ever was a collective value before,
it was in the notion that I was connected by others.

contrary

January

Met with devotion, the arrangement of struggle, a mind for devouring the flesh of contradiction. Reason cannot be insane in any case, undeveloped, perhaps, that there be a direct line between the perfect notion

and any lesser notion. It is dreamy to believe that every idea can be reasoned to a single conclusive

pinprick, that all of matter and all of intuition and science and conscience, it all be possessed by some dot infinite within. I would deny any such strain

on general principle, who could live as a mere component of a contained nature, and who could not counter that the absolute bounds of everything knowable

exists in a domain alongside another contained substance?

A universe of universes, and again, again. Religion protects me from such a vacuous folly of dissolution, in all its contradiction religion protects me. And the arrangement of struggle can be known, and the arrangement

of principles and the arrangement of policy, they can be known as objects without the mention of their position in a physical sense. In time, perhaps concepts will be mapped in some planetary accord and a meal will be had, in time. That contradiction be known and released with a trust that it cannot sustain itself

and that its temporary luster may hold some function worthy of attention and stillness. Some contradictions are worthy of stillness, and some contradictions may

be held in devotion because efficiency and an economy of living is without a regard for life at all but rather a mention for each the pleasures beyond the present.

snowy windstorm, clear sky

January

Blinding. By the bite of noon light, magnified and reflected, and by the bite of ice into skin, into neck, cheeks and ears, watering eyes, blinding. To step into a storm is redeeming, these walls will hold my patience only for an instant. To step into a crystal storm is a reversal of the body, what was once heated by a warm exterior is now flamed by an internal furnace, red like coal, smoking ideas with every breath invigorating. It is easy to tell this winter what nature is truly about, without a regard for my disclosure, I could be within a dune, buried and frozen and the snow would yet fly in circles above some memory. I cannot matter in this environment deceptively placid by the yellow disk and the blue sky, I cannot matter in weather spotted by gales and ten below temperatures, I cannot matter amid this, this spectacle. But I bow to a maker, I bow to readiness, and I bow to the illusion of my life. I am simple. And I know my being must rely upon the trappings of a modernity which disconnects me from this spectacle blowing with some nethered directed force southeastward as a whip. And plain wicked off the tundra of frozen lakes and once fertile fields, off parking lots stinging with a message: this day is announced by another force, with a reason.

from the first, life knows more than I *January*

Dark. And then light. Bleeding apart in separates
black and intermediates, blue, red. Form by the
medley of contrast, difference. And movement,
shadow directing attention back to sources, forces

of light. This in front of this. Distance. And in a
relation to my person, yes I be, at least one. And in
a crowd, screeches and bellows, pounds. This place
is alive with clamor matching sight, a concert of

objects and sounds pulling me out of this body in
interest. And an affect? I am one, the cause of
the daylight, the cause of commotion, the cause of
life stepping around immortality. And if it be true,

that life knows more than I, I will be in its service.
And if it be true, that my form is aghast in slightism
with small thoughts and small art and a small sense
of humanity, that this be all I could know, it would

be no wonder, I am contained by the small. And with
a new tab on place, touch, the dimension of knowing
is multiplied, the domain of affect is verified. And
never having known God, that is what I be, one who

moves at will, one who creates meaning, but a slave to
experiment, a scientist pure as light and surface and
open. With a form, clumsy but owned nevertheless,
and a form that repeats itself in some response, some

purpose intended. And better to acknowledge life
early, that it does know more than I. And the acts
of meaning, the outward smallness of my being be
a composition with some audience I am confident.

stone balloons

January

Fly away, thought. With the air, fly away. Trump gravity, stone, and delight as if it were summer and green about. That a chase begin, bobbing for balloons

anchored by twine, tethered as I swimming in the day and swimming among trees and homes, orchards and neighborhoods fantastic. Fly away, thought. With the

day, meander by the elevated people exchanging value for value, and the animals barking upside down, the autos accelerating to somewhere never to leave their

perch. And bounce, exchange value for value by intermissive amblings in scheduled space, in coincidental space passing by on strings, stones. Every snowflake,

on a string, every drop from the eave, on a string, every warden, every teacher, every person, on a string, never to touch the earth and floating above never mind. And

just to lay back, to float back and interpret the ballooner constellations. Oh, the forms! How they weave with the passing blows, the conversations pushing and pulling

like night, the stars on strings, them all on strings, drifting with only an effort, only an effort and a sigh making some way for some dream I am sure. And I, aloft as the

rest, stepping on air lilies and lotus pads, swinging from stones like some hungry monkey or some monkey flirt, some monkey on a string resting on a stone floating

by. And, again, back to touch the earth in trust, held in trust as a home setting down on some meadow white setting down with the trees setting down. Touching down.

student, what have you become?

January

After the days and ways, the introductions, and
after the time away, there must be some object that
you have become. A name, I call myself, and better
we forgo the intuition sagging my spirit, the lead
intuition that leaves me guessing that you be something

more than a philosopher. Professional perhaps? Or
either vocational, the training that made you this form

lifted from the old and ready for more social intercourse
and more autonomy more. Because I know the spirit
of learning and I know the spirit of acquisition, how

it suffers itself, how it folds into itself in circles of
autonomy. Because I know the independence of witness
and the spectacles popping one free from the ways in
which I was trained until age twelve. You see, I too
am confident and aware the nature of value streaming

between that fertile history on a tire swing and how it
connects with this present removed yet at once connected
to this ideology making some sense. Oh, how I define
the day, how I catalogue a memory, and what I say,

truth, if nothing more, truth which tempers the imagination
and which arranges arranges. Because truth was a

matter of your curriculum, it always is, fundamental,
the twine it be, and if you were ready or either if you
were not ready it made no difference because your
character is the product before me, tempered by some
loss and some gain still processing, still shedding blood

as ink on every manifest and every greeting and every
document casting yourself into the world as you intended
casting yourself by the form just now defining itself.

there is little

January

There is little but the mind. Wandering mossy forests
lit by errant lightbeams streaming through leaves,
radiating presence. And there is little but the mind,
over foot over foot among the same trees in a season

dead with worry and white soon to melt away to the
buds. Begin again. And I the same? Can it be any
other way? Cycles turning over the ground that what

was once inside be exposed to this, this emotional
weather coming at once like autumn, coming at once
like winter over the paper surface, and coming at once
pocked with springtime wait, ready. Emotional weather
gives way to the real thing in time, I prepare for this,
this be the substance of nature, that a harder truth be

contained by the many faces of wind and cloud, trees.
That a harder truth transcend even the seasons, so
easy to expect, the four of them, brothers. And there
is little but the mind that I can be sure of, with a reference

to the outside, indeed, troubled only by the outside because

the inside is secure as yesterday pointed at tomorrow
in some good faith. An act of liberty, stepping into
the future with the knowledge of the past assorted like

a nature manicured or either left to the weeds with
some other purpose like overgrowing walls and systems
that have grown as ugly and useless as temptation.
I will not dispel the honor of an environment, only my
own reluctant one buried within the past and battling

for some continuity, where this history that lies within
and this present must be made small, for tomorrow will
enlist a new set of rules and I need only be prepared.

ready the conscience

January

Is there a moral predetermination for this circumstance?
Are the actions of life littered with quality aside from
my own interpretation? Theologians would suggest yes.

That the anchor of morality is seated outside of the
human condition, and that the government of one's will
exists only in reference to that higher force. And conscience?

It be the product of living in some difference to that
higher force. But the animal in me suggests otherwise,
that morality is framed from within, that a decision to

power and to trump excellence, and a decision to defend
one's liberties be the hallmark of free will. And conscience?
It be the determination of the quality of action with a

regard to self-preservation. I am obliged to elect free will.
For certain there are several ways of entertaining free
will given a higher external existence, -there are manners

and paths to elect, there are specializations amid the
social entity. And for certain there are several ways of
entertaining free will given one's own self-governance,

animalism is the election of free will entirely, the disregard
for an external power. And reconciliation? That higher
forces exist, and that self-governance exists? The notion

of self preservation is not a lesser ideal, the notion of
animalism should not be confused with a lesser capacity
for thinking, nor are such notions incompatible with the

ideal of a force outside of oneself. But I still retreat to
the purity of an internal morality, where conscience is in
my own interest. But in any case, I cannot deny my own

environment.

keeping a pace

January

The lantern. The wool. The mittens. And eyes
awake and pounding like the footsteps, the heartbeats
into the frosted earth, the dusted earth moonlit and
shadowed. I am a skeleton answering the cold, and

then a man answering the cold. Determined. For the
fire in me burns for peace, for rum melting off cold

sweat, for sleep only disturbed by the soft mention
of night and quilt. I will dream of this midnight ramble
in a week, I will dream of this terror offset by mysticism

and a test of character. At home I will spend a dream

where emotion is captured and the breaths are captured
like now, this will return. And by the simple purpose
of traveling one dark direction for a spell I find myself
with the task of returning. And if the turnaround was

the point of first exhaustion then the remainder, the
return, should be twice as long by the limits of these legs,

one over one. But with a mind drifting like night clouds,
these legs forget themselves, never to touch the earth
and never to remember that exhaustion. That cause.

For the night lifts everything including the spirit.
For the night lifts everything.

It be just a matter of identifying with the darkness, and
a matter of study and confidence, that this travel has
some meaning resting like I will, like a man from the
forest, red with broken smile and eyes now alert then

looking away in captured breaths. That is what will
happen when I return just like the last dream.

social treatment

January

As a doctor, the forces of sociology recognize an ill within a population. Social cancer. And the matters of government define a treatment, a veritable pill casting aside neuroses, that a health continue in the

wake of subordination. There are higher beings among us, there always are, ones trained in the analysis of social health and ones trained in the continuity of a collective system. That miseducation be given over

to another day and that comfort and a regard for conscience, a regard for an inclusive society, or either a respect for diversity and its accompanying interdependence, that this be the train of evolution. But by what right

is one given over to such a responsibility, by what force is one entitled to act as overseer? The position is assumed. There is no pay for heroism, its rewards are civil. And perhaps personal defense? That an

insulated society protect an individual, that an ordered social system reflect predictability, the mainstay of the social scientist, the socialist, the sociologist? And if predictability can be institutionalized, and if the

matters of a community can be interpreted for the best possible future, and if a best possible future can be defined, then a social pill can be presented, a panacea for a population. Shedding wings and animosity and

cloaks, shedding something, that every member redeem some valued object in the interest of cooperation. This be the charge of social doctors, a contribution of some sort in the interest of a collective, an insulated collective.

redemption

January

And if a day of mourning could anticipate redemption,
that vanity could return upon the fields of subordination,
white with love and wasted meaning, but different
this, but different. For I could never take one eye for

another, I could never lop an ear in turnaround, it would
not be in character and the demons of revenge must
be contained in the interest of self, in the interest of
something greater revenge must be contained. But there
is satisfaction in redemption, there can only be, where

madness is given reason and where isolated efforts
once strung along a calendar are met with a social
construct. But who would pursue truth for the mere

sake of social confirmation? And what truth warrants
social confirmation? Right is right, and I will give away
my purpose to truth at its graduation. Because truth

graduates, at least in a society. Ever existing? Perhaps,
in another fold, but in this construct in which I do my
business truth is a matter of assimilation, that peoples
and experience marry a man to an ideal. And defense?

I will defend defense. I am defense and logic is my weapon,
my shield and my siren and truth must fit a form. And
if it be, then it will rain. And if I be, given over to words
in finality, given over to proof, let me be as one could
expect, as I would expect. That times do change, and
a mark is necessary like a lesson, and a mark is necessary

like a concept, for remembering. And if the day allows
a faraway cry, a shine of intuition, let me listen, that
I not be the object of objection. And if the day allows
a shine of intuition, marry it with my own pulse knocking
out answers I understand. I understand redemption.

another word

January

Science is the composite of fact. But there is elsewhere that we can be sure of, a truth separate, a domain of postulates defying logic. For if I have lived my life in absolutes then I have lived without imagination

and without instinct drawn from nethered quarters. But science is immense, it spans the factories and industries in cities separated by name only. There is only one city now and the desperation for finding

another turns the cause of experimentation outward into the universe. And I can only know more of that place, away, the valleys to be riddled with sound, the mountains and the rivers to be riddled with poetry

in all its forms like carbon content and altitude and gallons per minute, a poetry, into science, words and with an emotion and with a sense, with meaning. There must be another word to describe the

act of description, another word to describe the truths of color at dawn, the truths of steamy Junes, the truths of midnight sounds, a word to describe more than the physical sense in experience. Or either leave it without

a designation like camping amid sequoias, or snow shoeing in Yellowstone, or wading with fingerling trout in Oak Creek. Leave it without a designation, without a social connection, for my mute actions are reproducible

whereas the billboard dialogues in civil circles bring the opportunists and the seekers who bring the opportunists. And places change by the composition of science and the composition of poetry where some things are better unsaid.

stealing plenty

January

And if there were enough in this universe I would lie still, assuming sound and air and voice. I would

live by my imagination forgetting the ankles of trial and paths to wisdom, there would be no need in a

room of ends, there would be no purpose if spirit were an object littled by its container, all. And if

there were enough in this universe, the thought of capture and achievement would be as simple as

speculation, one's own interrogation, reflection, would be simple as speculation. But by the bonds

of progress, that modernity travel through science and reproduction, I have learned things, and if the

past were my only composition, I would indeed lie still as death because speculation of an eternal

past is plenty to waste by. And by what stillness does the future spring from? What wand laying

on the ground holds all keepers? And what house welcomes company? If there were enough in this

universe to ration, to carve out a life, and if there were enough to little time beneath my naked bones

I would be the king of something, some creation would be my domain. Because the future is different, the

future has no books and no language, there is no speculation that already exists tomorrow.

amok

January

Some people are flying in airplanes while others make babies. People eat while others solve. People spend money while others return to nightbeds. It is night, with a single cloud, it is dawn, it is day, worried or

either aggressive or either content. I have made no cause for sustainability and I have made no triumph of one over another, for the parts assemble in their own manner, complementary to whatever extent labeled by their geography and intuition. For I cannot care for things

of which I have no knowledge, and I cannot care equally for things I know. Like justice, forward it moves spreading

itself across a social area. I do not know justice. As a friend I did not know justice, as an animal I did not know justice, as a teacher I did not know justice. And how

could it come to pass, that a community I am a part of be married to a justice without my consent? I do not know justice, nor philosophy, nor education, nor these other things which assemble themselves. It is an afternoon in Mexico. It is an afternoon in Switzerland. It is an afternoon. I have made no cause for the things

that people do nor the things that happen in consequence, and I have made no secret of my perch on this figurative mountain with mandolin and pen. I have made no secret of my art. Some people garden while others dance to

radios. People tend to the sick while others photograph lightning. It rains. The fog arrives. The wind returns the fog to the night. I have made no cause for sustainability, this is to be announced whether such complements will

sustain themselves. Sustainability is to be announced.

worry the rain

January

January rain, cold as snow. Mention the spell, the earth soaked in ice, dormant, the little drops collecting the pause, collecting the gray. I am the weary host

of nature and making a list of the tomorrows by this cave light. To make amends, to straighten insults, to return the favor of conversation and constitution and

the items in my head that are not my own like patience. And there is no drop of my spirit which matches the storm, this Other, this force without a conscience

calling me naked in flannel in wool and bound by the month. I should anticipate such a period which requires an inventory of the self, a reckoning of one's

station and a measure of the actual. If there is one good thing which comes of cold rain it is this, accounting, in all its order and columns, in its official state imposing

value or either implying value. Responsibility is no obligation in May or August, a calling in springtime is no duty. And responsibility is no isolated worry

with the windows open to the smell of fresh cut grass. And responsibility is not even a word outside of wet today pounding then misting in sometime partial

flakes sloppy and spilling on fogged windows. I am cold. Like the day I am simply cold. And I will make no accounting today. And if responsibility, its push,

rises in my stomach I will close my eyes or either the blinds. I will retreat to my living room without a plan.

I will retreat.

the opposite of the other

January

If I use a word to describe God I have contained it
as an idea, I have ascribed a meaning outside of myself.
And if there be a nature to every word, I can anticipate,

I can prepare myself for its cause, I can prepare an
antithesis. That all things be bound by the other.
And perhaps this notion of occlusion settle the front

and settle the social, and perhaps this notion of
occlusion and of stops, that if its dual composite
be possibly discerned, there we would locate the

atom of God, not in one word, but two. That pairs
and pairs of pairs suppose complementary fields,
the whole. But if God were goodness, who would

catalogue badness, who would spirit the idea that
a larger conception of God also contain hatred and
violence and war? Who would use such a word?

No. Language is no mistake. And if there ever were
such a large stream of thought contained by a single
word, an opposite other would present itself. As the

notion of 'all' is sterile without the contradiction of
'nothing,' but together there is something larger, an
'allnothing' which is a union of everything and absence.

For one thing cannot exist without the existence of its
conceptual absence, and a subject dialogue cannot exist
without a reference to a state without such a subject.

And God? Be it an idea contained by a word, cannot
exist without the consideration of its absence. For there
was nothing before such an idea and an other emerged.

Hope2

January

Heartening, the texture of hope. Wrapped in gold and pregnant, head bowed and breasts exposed that if there be devotion to uncertainty and futures in olive

walled rooms quiet as first light without shadows, this be it. And speckled with faces and eyes closed, heads

in palms or either bent to listen. There will be an order to this birth and to this life in which I become a new stage, one which discerns like history discerns. And be there saints? I am one. Fitted with cause and made for another, and be it one other or be it a thousand,

purpose is outside of myself, like first light without shadows and without script. Slow as creation centered and patient. I shall wait as I have been trained. I shall wait as a pregnant woman for what shall become

of history. And outside these olive walls there is nothing, not life nor death, not person nor presence, not a one which I will engage and not a one which can matter and

not a one which can object nor declare providence. For this future does not exist in reference to another. And the sisters of patience and prudence and faith, at my

knees in simple cloth and eyes closed, this society is a marriage of vows and devotion to uncertainty and provision. Make of life or either serve life in one of its forms in gold in cloth and rest upon the thought

of another, perfect as peace. Heartening, the texture of hope, inclined to another, with hand raised in a bless, in a reception. For the time will pass, this is certain as first light. I have seen first light in its certainty, its humility, yet for tomorrow I can only prepare.

settle once

January

A traverse of the continents without bewilder, with a confident curiosity. I am no anthropologist and I have made no home among these natives easily

determined as I, easily satisfied as I, with welcome presence and questions. And I am no missionary carrying lists and explanations and cosmology in some newsletter, some object. For I have a home

to return to, a land on a hill with fine neighbors and cheese and chores and art. For the presence of

exploration one needs an origin, indeed, a reference for the things I do and the things I believe in. But I have not come to refute and I have not come to flatter my own manner, for I recognize that a place comes to designate its people for a style of living.

I live near no waterfall and have had no need for a God of such. And I live near no desert and have had no need for the worship of water and storm.

And while I can respect a rainbow as a wonder in my own environment I have never seen one bridging a valley, I have never seen a contact sport made on horseback, and I have never seen a home fit for travel. In photographs, only in photographs, them presenting other ways and other evolutions. And

from my home, a bag of oranges, a watch, a belt like the one I will return to that is friendly as any object

I own. Like the one I will return to and unpack as if I learned nothing other than friendship. I am no anthropologist, no missionary, and if a word is what you seek for me, perhaps a man of letters is fitting.

the stone of acceleration

January

Look across the arbitrary, the everpatterns and the wind glossing life, across the fields plowed under and across the stares with some spacious intent. That

there be a mind of observance and tranquility that spans the both of us burned by the same wind and aged by the same history. There is a place for us in June, by the stone of acceleration, leaning into it as if

it were golden and peering into the stars well rested and rehearsed. Then we will know reason in one of

its forms, between the two of us we will know how order comes to be, and we will know the substance of kinship and trust. And a mark will be etched on the day, that fear be beneath the two of us, and that difference be a matter for the philosophy of being

held in some room of objects and images scattered and collecting reflections. The temptation of thought has many directions and the discipline of judgment has many stops. There is a balance to a social summit

and primitive ritual, there is a balance to June observed from January, and there is a balance to a rest beneath the stone of acceleration. Some things come to pass

like an autumn word, like animosity comes to pass for it holds no secret between us, and like progress for it holds no secret between us. Progress comes to pass beneath the stone of acceleration. And to live as if no such thing existed is to deny a passage and

it is to deny memory and facelines, and it is to deny the origin of our order now marked by something other than a rest. Now marked by a reflection. Reflection.

I am that burden

January

I am that burden. The burden of disconnection, the burden of other and the burden of transformation, I am that idea. Uncomfortable as any God I suppose. Uncomfortable as God. And if there be a mark for

service--there is no mark for service, no memory, no history, there is no mark for bearing a cross. What stands before a man, another likeminded image, a sense of comprehension, that a word only describe a quality, an atom of the entire framed within some

other universe knowing itself. Itself only knowing itself stripped of place and stripped of darkness and wounded in isolation. And I am. Awake at all instances

and carrying and completing, marrying this and that, for forms do marry. And if there be a sense for reconstruction or either construction, and if a quality can be reconciled with the sum, that is enough, enough to carry a burden. That is enough. Or either leave a nature to its own fractured fascination, a one apart

from its components where it be fine and distilled like a nature is. And of sense? No thing matters, there is

no thing. I am that burden, of disconnection and other, like only the wind without a source and without a charge and without a cause, just blowing faith tells me the difference that it exists if no other. I know

too many things. I know their relationships and the sum of relationships, that a wind can carry a thought, that a wind can carry a burden. I know too many things to be considered, and I know too many things to say that I have no regard for circumstance, each of them wanting my attention and then quiet as an idea.

three o'clock

January

To sit in the same straight chair in the garden, the same position, at three in the afternoon every Sunday, with feet planted and hands in lap. To notice. That there be a snapshot, an instance apart from the last.

That it be snow this time, or either cold rain or open sky. That the soil be hard or either prepared. That the trees demonstrate the position of Earth, that the creatures forage, collect, that they flirt with sex, that

a bee bother or either hide away in some ground, that there be pollen, a flower, and a heat or either a bitter chill like an old hagrid. I have traveled far. I have collected the objects of amusement and sex and health

and I have made a case for boundaries of my own. I have torn apart walls. I have listed things in the interest of recognizing patterns. I have become a pattern. As Sunday is to a dose of coffee, an observation is what I

have become, a memory or either a point for the world to spin around. And who can say my absence would change the color of the leaves? And who could say time would hurry? That three o'clock last only a single

minute in my absence, because three-o-one is a new instant altogether. I cannot know a cause in my absence and I cannot know the seasons only through a window. For on my chair three o'clock is an hour an afternoon

and a lifetime of blue and gray and buzzing sounds and windy whispers. Vines grow at three o'clock and clouds bolt lightning and rain and snow and block heat at three o'clock. There is a cause at three o'clock.

around, the world

January

Continuing, the world around my person. Easy to rest in the constance of change and the constance of light drifting across the living room quiet as an afternoon to dusk. And what becomes of life in a

reclined thought with beard pushing out gray? It is the same as yesterday and last year. There is no atrophy and no remission, not until my seventy-fifth

passing will I begin to neglect the order of things and not until my seventy-fifth passing of February will I truly know the nature of governing another. I have no plans to alter my knowledge, I cannot decline the purpose of which I am some part if nothing more

than an audience, a marker, a poet. Continuing, the world around my person. And happy to rest at an interval, a stop separating me from my person. That if I trade my living room for that grandest sum of

being, a cloud or either a sunset, a river, a galaxy, that if I trade my living room for that, the world I will become, around some person shell resting in my constance of change drifting like light. And so I imagine, the science of my seventy-fifth passing, what legacy is there with a respect to the things I

have observed? And what mark will equal a mountain or a desert? What mark will equal a galaxy? A word.

Reclined with breath and breath the words present themselves: star, stars, robin, black earth, sediment, snowdune, glacier, black sand, marlin, family, forest, footpath, caterpillar, lake. The world presents itself. The world represents itself streaming across the afternoon into night, and streaming across the legacy of daybreak.

intermission

January

Song divides thought or either thought divides song.
Truth divides rumor. Meal divides hunger or either
hunger divides consumption. The division of constance
is a rule. We are trained for separation, we are trained

for a life in procession, a life following itself in fragments
split into intervals. It must be separated, for change
is neither entire nor at once. Only in pieces and rests
is recognition related to a life. Only in years and chords
tethered by the general course of living can a whole be

considered. But I cannot live as a whole, not until my
death am I given such a license. The elements of
memory and the pieces of the day are as necessary

as nighttime. The breaks and markers allow interpretation
of segments. This is good, this is divine, this is meant
for repetition. And the standards of conduct evolve
by the frames. In afterthought, in judgment and instinct,

self preservation. The standards evolve whereby the
separations may turn to streams, transitions become
known as bridges, and we are old when we have bridged
every inconsistency. We are tired when there are no
more intermissions to be had. I am old. And the breaks
and the stops, the neutral domain is all and it carries

a life to its end fascinated with itself, that a fractal be
consumed once and for all. Eternity. And I cannot

assume the course of the soul, that it retain its judgment
or that it lives first in infancy, once again by parts, and
I cannot assume the science of division, for the fractures
of my binding are my own, themselves to be reckoned
in the end, for a pause and an instant if nothing more
my fractures will be bound and then turned out again.

karate conversation

January

Wit thrown in a direction is a counter, that there be a stream of deflections. And follow, timed answer larger than the last. This is how a society enlarges itself, by the banter of social possession, by the banter

of philosophies outnumbering each and outreasoning each, that ends be sent with the regards for future like capitulation. Outside, inside, framed and moved out once again. A good joust of words and ideas, and more civil than the physics of physical determination

ousting a lesser. And education this be, this play with truth and wit at the core of social intercourse. And with victors, that the spoils of intellectual union follow

as any spar, that the spoils of defense and reconstruction follow with pride and property. A martial art, indeed, debate, upon a governed principle or either upon the grand sum of living. And the rules? A language, perhaps, common, or either a meeting of meaning in some form.

And the rules? Honesty. I have been defeated, to return to the laboratory, to return to trial, to again return to

the sport of society. For it is made by principles, society, it is ordered by continued enlargements, it has been since civilianism and citizenship defeated the rifle in the great intellectual feud of the 1800's, and since time

was recognized as existing outside of the lifetime of an individual. And wit, like a blade, logic and mastery,

that it define the needs of one, or either defend individualism or either depose in the interest of history. A social samurai, a position for poets, that I not be left to retard your vacant idealism. I will stand as one, positioned.

atop a frozen lake

January

Desolate. With the wind from the west drifting dunes of snow. A hike, in boots and wool, looking down at the patches of bare ice. And to see across, as if

it were a field of white, a desert of white, vacant and otherwise cold, left to the season. And the thoughts, as any tromp, liberated by nature in one of its forms, liberated by the expanse of nothing. And liberated by the thought of an aquatic society existing beneath

my feet over feet. With a breath misting at the air and a skater gliding and slicing, a treeline of skeletons, a sky as if it were July, the reeds, the grass, brown and poking at the edge in dormancy. And to rest atop it all, a position impossible at any other time is to steal

a moment, this will be gone come March when the ice will return to water, the brown to green, this will return

like it does every year as I will return to the business of some other sport, some other passing. With a run and a glide I think of returning. With a chair and a

thermos of coffee, a lunch with cookies and sandwich on a bed of ice, a blanket as if it were Autumn in a park. The air is like crystal. The air is ice. The thoughts are ice, snapshots melting into a focus. I am sincere. I feel like an explorer in Antarctica if I disregard the

edges, and it is simple to disregard the unnecessaries, the thoughts of appointments and responsibility away

away. I can imagine the day away on a walk fit for the season. Desolate. With dunes. Nothing grows in this place except the imagination concentrating as if it were a mighty peace. A sovereign peace. Away.

democracy what

January

And the status of individuals. And the status of the elderly. And the status of professors. The status of one. What. And by an election there will be a single with the bearings of my population, with the same questions as I. And my affiliation? Call it democratic republican, call it anesthetized humanist with some

twist of periodic mania. Yes, send one of them to congress in my name. One with the same wool peacoat and the same black shoes, the same voting record as I by my couch. One of them. And the status of we dormers? The polls suggest the world is not prepared for a serious redeye coffee drinker who enjoys a cigarette

in the garage. But the polls also suggest there is not necessarily a distaste for my kind, we just tend to fly below the radar of concern or either interest. And the status? Perhaps in the middle of the twenty-first or twenty-second century will there be a need for one of we converts, that our special sense of reason is

given a calling. By an enlightened candidacy the word will seep into the social conscience--that governance is not a prescription and representation is, indeed, in the first interest of the self, for if it were not how could one identify with a representative? And this office clad in mahogany and this office with some implied

reference to a population and this office? A rental, just a visitor defending his own, for I will return to the couch and the garage once again. I will return to this office in the fray of every social decline because at any other moment my kind can be trusted to habitate in a peace and in a manner friendly to a neighbor. Most neighbors.

a drop, creation

January

Little, the wind. Dust, the littered forest. And the ocean, a passing, a poem to be passed or either set to the side. Civilization, a memory spent. Family, a time, some o'clock. Quiet, the rose. Quiet, the home, made small by the fire, the source. Ancient,

the words spinning spinning like yesterday like yesterday. And if I have created a thing, a part of something more profound, then I am proud, like that I am proud. A drop, creation. And if creation be given a frame it be open to any force outside, a

wand throwing favors, a sparkling meteor, a bottle. A drop, creation. Matching meaning with another and bounding off the rules of another because not all rules are compatible--there are those for sport and those for governance and those for creating

crystal cities. And if this creation I know be a matter of rules, of time and life and objects and intuition, then I know nothing for I am not the entire composition of my experience, I am what makes sense and the rest be speculation. A question be the remainder.

Little, the wind. And large, the sky, as large as my eyes in any case until the end, that is all I know. Ends and the six walls of my imagination. Ends of certainty. Ends of living. Ends of universes. Or either beginnings it makes no difference. Parameters

and boundaries, walls. For if creation was greater than a drop, a whorl, an atom, for if creation were larger than my eyes and my speculation, for if it were grander than rules and questions I would be consumed. I would be made small with respect to the infinite.

*you see more**January*

Steady, the limits of reception. For I cannot discern faraway cause, I can only begin. This house will hold its own, it will shelter the atoms of truth and it will shelter rest and recreation, and if something more, it will shelter an open mind. To the industry of living, to the economy of living, to the tests, -and if I be aware the limits of my presence and the limits of learning, I will enlarge myself by your grace. I have many questions.

And the roads? One can only travel so fast, muddied by history or either directed by history, I cannot say. And the roads? May I stop along the way, step into a waterfall, a forest or either a beach, step into some other purpose in the general course of living. I have made no contract with your divinity and I have made no contract with your cosmology, your temptation. I have a station, you see, which is comfortable if nothing

besides, and this is enough. Just enough. But I cannot dissuade my imagination and I am not committed to the limits I own. I am not committed to collecting artifacts which resemble and justify an alreadyness. Things do indeed mean things, my life is told by things, my home is a story, I am sure, but ideas be the objects of experience and ideas be the objects of your grace. That a coffee in your company is a book of images, and a walk be no

less than satisfaction itself. And these be the stones I will return in time, by the dissolve of limits, or either the resolve of limits, a book of images and company. I have many questions. And if the day ends as it began, without your corner, I will be the greater. And if the day ends as it began, I will still have a limit connected to a cause, if only another, to begin once again. This house will hold its own if something more. This house will hold its own.

nightframes

January

Into the night, a constitution. That if I be a star, one of any design, I am in perfect company. That if I be a body lit, that if I be a cluster, a shine, I am a fragment of a larger. The night is truly young and unfinished.

Painted for the moment but unfinished like yesterday bleeding into today, tomorrow. What master will assume tomorrow? And what master will assume this night

splashed upon itself, this canvas flickering and dancing and spinning above my head? Indeed, I am in good company. There is not a planet without the rest, and there is not a star which exists without the rest. There is neither content nor character which exists without

the rest. I know this because I am no hermit. I have become the good company I keep, and if I refer to my own I refer to the collage of character with which I have associated. The night is a community, a band

of divisions and a universe of intentions. The night is a palace. The night is an ocean. The night is a word. And the night is a marker, a reference for this that lies

within, that they reconcile and strike their peace, that they be the same. For I am filled with nights, and I am made to last another. I am watched. I am held in stillness.

Into the night, myself or either a constitution, both, that one would not be without the other, and that one would not spirit the other without consent. For I am a fragment and I am unfinished, I am painted like yesterday. And

if there be dimensions, and if there be a measure to this expanse it be in my soul, heartened by some principle of completion or wholeness or either just heartened.

this mural

January

With a face looking to the horizon, a face blank with strength, that a past be left aside the buildings and errors. There is a new order in new land, an equality shaped from the old setting one. And if the past can learn a thing of improbability it be by demonstration and good will. The past can learn a thing. I am a story with colors, with red and amber and moss and shapes and representation. I am a story looking away from certainty for the time. To the west I shall become! And if a medium is my equal, if there be a brush with truth written into it, if there be an ideal larger than the present, I have lent it to this wall, this face. An answer if nothing else, or either a collage if nothing else. Nothing else.

Empty as ordinary.

empty as ordinary

January

The streets are filled with business. Lamps and shops, fronts, with amblers and hustlers, with speedy cars and flower boxes and advertisements. The corridors

are filled with ideas. The boardrooms are filled with ideas. Suits and fashion, highback leather chairs and cookies, stenographers and talkers, with instruments and words. The streets are filled with poets. Observers

of automation, seekers of liberty, liberty, and architects of language. America is filled with drunks. Poets and

mothers, owners and buyers, with someone with profit and someone with experience and someone with an ear to divinity. The schools are filled with ears. This is a solution, indeed, this is wrong, this is proven, if I know anything this is proven. The homes are filled with certainty. Light and food, security, with quilt and fashion and matching bedroom sets, with love, if

nothing else. Institutions are filled with love. A good intention is a hazard to some but a good intention nonetheless, with security and matching ideals, with matching office sets and stockrooms with sticky notes

and floppy disks and paper clips and forms. The factories are filled with America. Banners of production

and teamwork and moving parts made of human beings and ball bearings, with worker friendly colors and steal toe black shoes and lunch at the same time. The

world is filled with time. Twenty-four orange segments spinning, with alternating daylights and nightdarks and highnoons. With flowers opening or either dying crunchy and old. The city is filled with old people at this time.

one one

January

To wash my hands in the ocean. To touch, to bathe,
on coral and pools swimming by the moon. To stand

at the face of knowledge, for this is true, if anything
this is true. To blow like a wind, to follow a sea and
a river and a cloud. I will match this in some time
with a short rest on sand with knees at chin until
sunrise. For a short rest is all that I am, a mountain

summer, a newborn, a wake. To wash my hands in
snow, in confidence. To lift ice over my head in ceremony
like smoke. To cleanse. To see that tomorrow is behind

me only afraid of being forgotten. To trust the matters
of nature, that they were as the last folded song, that
they pattern as my father has described, that they
pattern. To trust. I am ancient. Because I know the

bases of living I am ancient, -as a stone this time white,
as a valley this time white, as a rest I am ancient. To
watch a fog quilt a forest. To lose myself among the

many, to bathe in the wind, the mist unsettled with a
purpose I am sure. I am distilled. Among the night
I am a sound and I am a home, either cold and hungry
or distant, or either I am at rest, peace be a part of this.
To imagine a fire taking and taking. To imagine a fire

all at once done with life returning by the ashes, black.
To imagine a fire in this place is to respect. To govern

a fire is to respect. To govern. I am governed. To bathe
in the ashes and come again. With a color and a faith,
with a moment seeking something greater I will return
to spirit a form and to experience a change because I
am a part of this. To witness. To wash in the ocean.

academic chair

January

This little department is a universe trampled by the bright young minds wanting answers or either something and this little department is built by the same minds.

Liquid, this place, steeping and turning and sustaining ideas and solutions, cleansing itself and matching itself.

For here is a place of wishes, where a seat is a wand, and if it be true, that the future is a profession, and if it be true that censorship is in the greatest interest of equality, or either the governance of a vocabulary, or either the management of time itself, that these be in

some idealized interest, then I am a sphere, I am tossed and lent and bartered for a philosophy, -for I know my first dream will be licensed in some eventuality. A grander composition of minds, a grander representation, a person

is a word

like a lifetime of questions with a beard and open-toed shoes in the wintertime, because it is easy to forget the snow and the rain and the fashion in the corridors of solutions, lest plaid be a fashion, lest corduroy be for the matters of fashion. I came in the summer of nineteen

ninety eight for a reason and have not left. I came in the morning. And little did I know that this place was not meant for itself, its bannisters and hard wood, its creaking

floor and desks and stares were meant for another place, some other place I have not left either. This little department is a defender of the will of such other places, and if I can now profess, if a chair is a license, then a composition

is a word.

airstreams

February

Passing, the currents with only some notice, letting in the culture of nature. That I respond to passing air, passing vents and pushes from the north. That I respond.

I will save this day like I would a leaf. I will save this day in the drawer of good mention. With sun held high

over skeleton trees and the remains of winter at my feet reflecting and crunching, collecting the end of the cold and collecting the end of winter not quite wet and not quite satisfied with itself. A breeze is the most the day will muster, a stream and a stop, a pause, and then

another, pause. And if I be a bird, I am peace. And if I be a bird, I am to expect a fertile year covered in greens and signs and song and nesting in cotton. I am to expect a fertile year at ease with responsibility. I am to expect

something, indeed there is a mention of some future amid the passing thoughts and intervals not quite secure but pointing nonetheless. And if I pass a home, a doorway,

an invitation, and if I pass a park, a prairie with grass poking through hardened drifts, bending, and if I pass

a lake melted at the edges, I have had a sound, a voice of reason I do understand. And if I collect this I am a traveler I am a passer passing, I am a care between the earth and sky moving only reluctant to stop, that it end.

But death is no device of mine, and a rest is as willing as the month, coming easily off the hill like a melt does, not

knowing itself gone until collapse, letting in the culture of nature as a response to my presence or either just a time like any other, February passing by in a stream of air.

equal forces with one the greater

February

I am an equal, indeed. With ideas and expectations
and size. I live. And what am I equal to? A thorn?
A mountain? A person with respect? I am equal to
them all. I am equal to sympathy and arrogance and
thought, I am equal to the boardroom and the night

and music and silence. I am equal to a president and
a king and a prince, I am equal to a teacher, each of
them, and I am equal to patience outside of the mind,
wind turning wheels built by God, canyons and spires

and deserts. I am equal to God, all that I know in any
spirited case, all that I know I am equal to. Life is an
equal, some part of me is equal to life, likewise death

and tragedy and loss. Error and humility, I am their
equal. And logic and learning, truth, judgment, the

day

I am equal. There is nothing with which I am not equal
in measure. And if I have become a cloud, and if I

have become the rain, it will be because that is my wish,
to sustain an imagination. And if I have become paper,
it will be because that is my wish, to sustain an imagination.
Or either a prayer, a gift, or nothing at all, because each

is my equal. So I have said. A poem? I am an equal.
And be the original leatherbound or golden, or either
denim, I am equal. And the will of another? I am equal,

with wit and determination and every other character,
every aspect and atom and intuition. Everything or either
nothing at all, that is what I have become because that
is my wish, to sustain an imagination. With a verse.

*I have no equal**February*

There is no trouble in exacting oneself, that I be the first composition of a sort. And this be enough to drive the wolves of equaldom to their own ministry. A good thing is a secret, all of events will declare my origin natured by a walk and set to itself, stranded or either defending itself. I am a color, red it be, made by events and interpretation and inspiration, what I shall become is written into the walls of my soul and I tell no person, lest you read my walk, my dress and my fortune. There is no trouble in attempt, for there is goodness within, this you discern I accept, and in the littles of learning I will tell you of a mighty path with no end, a single direction to point your head, but I save the last only for my own, or I should be turned and known. I am no book to be known and I am no page, no part of my being is a part of another, I will not be turned down like a molecule to be attached to the rest of yours. I am no fancy. And if an inquiry leads you to my heart I will lie, I will be the negative you fear and the insult with a wall at my back and the turnaround infinity. There is no trouble in duplication, its spirit is an honor like a genuine handshake or either a food together, I give it this, but an instant will not rattle me to my knees and make me shed myself for some corruption in your interest walking away with myself in hand. And if the smallest part of truth be lent I will ask for its return, for only I can blend it again with experience and attitude, where it belongs, in my pocket, truth. Nesting with the other cares, truth, to be sent out in practice but nevertheless reserved in your presence, and even in trust marrying our attention this ground will be my own, fertile and prepared but ever dormant.

brave walls

February

These walls carry. Having seen a man bend in emotion
and having seen a will flattened and turned and step
forward again, stepping out of paralysis, having seen

a thought rise into an object and assume intent, and
having seen the capture of imagination, these walls carry.
Barren, with art leaning aside, afraid of commitment

or either reserved for blank stares, for there must be a
place for those. Above art, there must be a place for
blank stares and all that pairs with that. Never to mention

an exact idea and never to mention distress, never to
judge, and never to sleep, these walls carry. Security,
indeed, the type which allows rest and which allows

expression or either retreat, the type of security which
grows into itself and releases itself. I release. I give up
authority.

And the anchors of life lift. This place becomes a cloud.
And the stones, them ideas, this place becomes a beach.
And the city, the people, this place becomes a forest.
And the words, the names, this place becomes a poem.
And the objects, instruments, this place becomes a studio.
And the terror, the mistrust, this place becomes a dream.
And the shadows, the darkness, this place becomes noon.
And the hunger, the want, this place becomes a picnic.
And the insanity, the whorls, this place becomes a sanctuary.
And the arrows of boredom, this place becomes a world.
And the competition, this place becomes a sport.
And the loneliness, the grief, this place becomes a reception.
And the cold, the rain, this place becomes wool.
And the truth, the answer, this place becomes a mirror.
And the thoughts, them thoughts, this place becomes itself.

near old friend

February

Let the miles turn aside with the time. Geography
has always been a phantom like reverence to a stretched
ideal and reverence to a song. Be near old friend and

color the day with me again, be my company for this
moment stretching into death. I cannot forget yesterday,
its smell and its promise now becoming true. Friendship
was a statue bronze lent to our institution with a word,

memory. I have not forgotten. By the arrows of light
I have not forgotten. And if there were a moment which
stood between us, that is gone like first innocence, gone
away. We are old now and our innocence is one which
has returned this time wiser, knowing corrections and

responsibility, defense. But where have you been? And
I, too? With lives grown like woody vines, the same

but separate, I have been apart and watching the wheels
of mortality pass etching lines on my face, that is where,
old friend, we both have been. Let us open a beer in the

spirit of longevity, and if there be a reason for returning
to an age ago, let us return, or otherwise drink this in
a confidence of the present, that if a friendship be born
it can be born twice. Different and evolved or either

without a difference at this wooden table holding our

elbows. And the miles? Tomorrow they will return
like a phantom of necessity for there must be something

between us. Like a thought, a statue bronze and a yard,
a mile, there must be something between us like this
table. Holding history for the time. Holding history.

selling things

February

Profit is a motive, that a value be lent to an object.
Arbitrary, the number, the spirit of money is its kind,
its negotiation. That a pound fetch a loaf, that a dollar

allow an experience. This for that. Shuffled on a doorstep,
a foot of pavement, on a rag, a book, a siren. I would

keep an item for an extra day if my worth were all that
it held. But social, the exchange, and supporting a
grander collection by the tokens stuffed in coffee tins
and pockets and jars. Someday I will afford a tree for

my front yard to grow into shade the plan, and a swing
for the porch with lemonade. With these old skates
and records, these clothes, by the articles of my past

I will absorb the objects I imagine, these that will carry
me another decade. I make a case for exchange, but
the truth is that it is harder to pass along the stone
pigeons than one would think, and harder even to
know how such a collection came into my possession.

But I am a seller, give me an item and I will give you
a nickel, I will make you a brand, and I will return that
nickel with a dime and a dollar because this is what I
do, I speculate, I know the market you see and I can

suspend doubt, I can apply a formula and a material
and a good notion to someone with an eye for stone
pigeons. And pass along the wheel of interest to a

purchase, for this token, this regard whittled to a coin
can be anything, a suit and a camera, a swing, it is
what I make it, how I imagine it perhaps left to some
chestful of coins, because a chestful is a larger notion,
a larger dream than a single. Oh! What can be sold?

the order suspended

February

And the order passes with a pause, there is no other to link the first of every knowledge with its continuance, and no other to mount a concerned defense against the natural and the unnatural. What it was, -reverence

to the notion of social alchemy, -and reverence to a body as a word. And the burial? Just a man. For there is no legacy, teaching had been forgotten in the latest age, the

latest generation of defenders imposed with their own study. And the maps mean nothing without translation, and the texts, holy as insight and experience, mean a nothing. Lost. And if one could suppose responsibility to another, it would only be a new beginning, in the

greatest sense it would be a new start. But responsibility cannot be supposed without need and responsibility cannot be passed without philosophy, now gone, in the least in a social sense. That a rise again spark a future?

If a history is to return, if a men are to climb, the answer is a yes, for no problem dies with an order, and no problem dies with a man. It is outside, reason, and

the general course of living suggests a step and suggests a solution. And if a society directs an effort to understand, and if a society lifts the burden of concern from every individual and places it on a single tank, and the tank

is no longer maintained, -at its fall the burden will resume its course among the general population, no longer

isolated, and in fact flagged for deconstruction. That it wait in stasis until publicity gives recourse and gives order again to the continuance of knowledge. That it again find its fault and study with a future in a mind.

*sciencism, artism**February*

There is a chain of thought, a stream of concert by the products of humanity. That either strain of teaching collect the wealth of experience and suppose a bright night and suppose a rainstorm and suppose a butterfly, that its nature be discerned, known for an application with a meaning in force. And both social, by the intuition of either two or several, and both living, initiating one more advance like an arrow. And if these be the tools of advance and the petals of the future, they be stones to forward the imagination and they be the mention of an accord with history. That the past be known in

one manner relevant to what is to come, this is to come: architecture, by the beauty of the age and the strength of utility; and travel, by the lines in reference to the air and the eye; and health, by the comfort of the ideal and the efficiency of administration. And to create suggests one understand in some degree, a link between the next level of automation and the last, a link between love and laughter and the duty of automation, it will be discerned, it must if there be a purpose. Either by the sunflower fields of childhood or either by the trip across the bay with windows down or either by the

mountain snowstorm, I have learned and I can suppose a future, I have charted experience in oil and clay and will suppose a like day once more. And I am prepared. Like Savannah I am prepared by the forces of the past. In company such a force merits a community, that a resource be received in company, that an experience be received in company, and that an answer be lent by the hand of company, -social, it be named, criticism and solution. By the forces of presentation and representation all is made to a modernity, for tomorrow will arrive in a moment but I was witness to it today by the clouds.

portrait of an old American indian

February

On knees with background black, dressed to temper
the weather in leather and feather and silver buckle

at the collar hanging fox tails and beads. Braided
hair to the chest, pulled to the front like a question,

I will not be forgotten in some sense, and if it be by
the capture in a photograph for the Peabody then

I know I have lived or either how I have died, in the
cutting interpretation of a force from another world.

A question, in a stare, prouder than pragmatism and
prouder than knowledge, "and who are you that

captures me in black and white?" Destiny is a book
of color and destiny comes in any position with pipe

in a hand. I cannot worship the objects of a studio,
removed from nature, and I cannot contend without

a question, without being a question first, I cannot
contend. And the marks and the bone? A return to

peace, a representation removed from inspiration,
that I be a corner. It has been a generation since time

began with all of its perfection, and it has been one
instant since a purpose with a force greater than nature

has challenged the reason for balance and the reason
for individualism, only an instant, to pass in the folds

of sincerity like the rest. To pass as a feather, a mark
of survival like the lines on my face, each an instant.

February

The month of my birth. The short month. The month of snow. The month of celebration. The month in which the days grow longer. Thirty four passings make a lifetime, burning by the fires of sincerity and the fires of consequence, I am old and this is what I will celebrate, another. To stone, my heart becoming smaller and smaller, more certain, shedding all the other stops. I am smoothed by the river of time and February is the month of mirrors and measure, an accounting of the stations of life. I can rely upon the cold and the clouds passing, they are a reference to the place I hold myself, and the wool and the scarves, they are a reference and I can hold no ill will. The month of renewal and the month of settling the past. The month of friendship and cards. The month of wind drifting the remains of December and January. The month that things begin to melt. The month of expectations. It is a passing, February, as the brave emerge, so too will I, bent and reshaped, I will return to the social ground of first spring, with shoulders forward and eyes like glass, I will return to participate. The month of errands. The month of donating the articles without personal affect. The month of looking to the coming year. The month of relief, I will make one more round, one more trip, confident. Biting the season turning from ice. Biting the breeze turning to still. There is a message in February: patience is a friend, for the time patience is a friend holding itself a day in advance.

palate

February

Intellectual, the schisms, the compartments, the paint
by which decisions are introduced. The bounty of
experience, a shape of clay pounded by light and sound
and mystery. I will produce by the last, to copy and
designate, diagram by the entrails of yesterday, as clear
as the bells, bong, a single bong for the hour passing

along on bicycle worship spinning. This day was made
for tomorrow's introduction streaming through sunrise
and morning rain, through coffee and conversation as
mindful as the weather. And if there were an object

of the intellect, a composite, it be an idea drawn from
the quarters of romance and trial and appreciation,

them leaves of grass flying in the wind and green for
the season, they be the source. And an inch of this,
a skeleton of this, no more, a unit of this, a segment,
a crime, a kiss, a color, no more, and what becomes
is this, this instant in all of memory reproduced and
known. I am whole by consideration of the parts, and

the others? Let them wait in their own fullness, their
own stillness, for not every part will reach this canvas
and this time, there are those which will be left to
decomposition, those unenlightened or otherwise barren.

And the grass, a quandary for inclusion, a mark of its
own, attends to the needs of wander. There is no mistake

in allowance for to watch a day in predetermination
is to automate one's sense, and if I am to become something
greater than myself I cannot define a limit the likes of
yesterday. Grows the intellect, the trees, the season,
for a day beyond. A source, now clouded and reaching
like a sky. A source, now coloring the moment blue.

over again

February

And if life repeats itself until I acknowledge a history beyond myself, I am prepared. For the cycles of learning are not infinite, the themes I have translated, just a

start, be the insurance of the next go-round, one move ahead. Acquired, the spirit of the past. Acquired, the

reaction. Acquired, response. But I am no behaviorist,

and I am content to fancy the same modernity folded into a present. Let the jabs of history be left to the insane, bleeding culture and expression from the content.

Or either strike knowledge with an embrace for there is one instant better, one change I can settle: a friend

grows more honest or either ceases to be. A heart grows

more honest or ceases to be. And if life repeats itself until I acknowledge a history beyond myself, I am torn to look within or either content myself with the fabric

of the present. Heaven? Hell? No matter, there is no such designation, lest history be reconciled or either

forgotten altogether like a subject, -lest the travels of

the mind be forgotten. I am an ant. I am in service for eternity. Or either I am a king, one move ahead of the last. And conservation? Call it what you will, or either

forget theory, mastery may be enough. To watch may be enough, knowing something more than primitivism

and education. To watch may be enough. Grounded.

this corner

February

Settlements gather force by their residence, broadening and widening, collecting larger spheres for the institution of a peace administered by the strongest. But life is in the nooks, the catacombs of culture content with a

river and a community, with a force committed to individualism and the spirit of choice. And at odds with a notion of universalism, and at odds with the notion that all people

be created in a single image. For the people in this valley are unaccustomed to a winter, they are unaccustomed to a language filled with pronouns, they are unaccustomed to a diet of fish. And if there be a global force, it sweeps overhead like the clouds and like modernity sweeping

overhead every hundred years. The cause of laughter or either the cause for clowns, the cause for social inversion held beneath a childhood because there is only a defense the likes of truth and pleasure, aesthetics that are a sense to these inhabitants. And if there need be a respect for an outside--there need be a respect for an outside.

And by the questions, we all are anthropologists, with a center stone, a cathedral of trees and moss, of blankets

and roses and honey, with animals, a center stone. And judge me you will, I am a message for visitors, come and change or either experience an old person talking like I will talk, with a fascination and a gift. And trouble

your mind with why a sense of mastery need exist to the outside of one's own. And trouble your mind with why corn is not meant for this soil. And trouble your mind with an idealism that allows for separation and a council without seats and a balance that adjusts to the season. It is true, there exists an institution of peace.

acquired person

February

That events have shaped this form. That truth has met with these objects of being. I am no longer a child. Life has become me, in its hazards, its scars, its marks,

and in its gifts. For so long I was a matter of reference to an ideal, and then let go--passing that future for an alternative, for better or worse, passed. Because a day is a dialogue of reason, and because a day is a requisition, things are expected and things are specialized, that each contribute one minor force and then celebrate

a collection of conscience. And leave thinking to the bears, them governing forces with an inclusive ideal like a defense against natural cause and defense against disease and all that. Leave it to them. And if I was

meant for needling progress, the calling of poetry would not have staked its claim. No, I am a recorder, perhaps intuitive, perhaps, and with a mind with a self interest and willing to share, that is all. Because loss can be observed from several angles, and loss can be wrapped

in leaves and set to rest on an earth floor, because loss can be bundled, that is why I have answered. That events have shaped this form, no doubt, and with such a mention one must also recognize that a like force is inevitable as the last, truth will return again, with raven head and eagle arms, truth will return. I am no longer a child, not since I severed my link with the last schism

and tomorrow I will again recognize I am something other than a contradiction. Ever specialized, indeed,

for if all I be, then God I be, never with the need for a word or a rest or a resolution. And a reference to an ideal, indeed, that will return in some force at once new.

social reconstruction

February

Whether the accord of nature with the mind was a matter of rest and a matter of respect, whether I was brought about to frame a declining present in the spirit of goodness, whether satisfaction held a relevance to

a period before a change, whether certainty was a matter of distraction. I am no voice, I can only pretend to huddle the contemporary forces of contempt and I can

only keep them aside for an instant. Time presses in and dissects the fascination of youth, that it be born of another age that I am not a part. But there are things I must leave, I understand this, -this body, what it was, this mind, old and turning the same stories and the

same numbers, these words, governing a yesterday. For if there be a continuance spotted with something new and definitive, it be in the collections of life, this day alone brings. Forward. And by the geographies

spinning, and the styles spinning and bounding off of each I can favor a new litmus trading on the best of the old, the old. For I have not stopped, not in any

permanence, and a hundred years is too long to wait to celebrate this day. And pass along an invitation and pass along a thread of concern to the anvils of this community, and pass along a community marked by pride and something other than pride. And if the

spirit of restoration be held in a trust, with a reference, (how could it not) gather the chains and tie it to the

irons in central park. Because I will watch the spectacle I have admired at once away from myself with beer in hand or either lemonade and I will sprinkle salt upon it.

poets establish what remains

for Friedrich Hölderlin

There is a loss in company. And an accounting for
the value of the remains is settled by one who will

not step toward another without a social inventory.
I can interpret by the actions of a machinery and I

can know a machine. I am a machine and I will know
myself, if anything this I will know. And what remains,

what reflection composes this new realism already
spent like the last presumption and the last poem,

good but gone like life? A lake of tears, this, a forest
cold like winter, a path as lonesome as a moon. Begin

again or either sell yourself to a memory and to a
company bending by yesterday's storm. For what

it is, a long walk back, a return. And only the poet
returns, with a new inventory of life. To call out a

loss is to wrap one's arms around the spirit of this
society, this will not be taken, this will be protected,

and the rest, -arbitrary to this essence. A kettle, or
either its shape, or either its construction, this must

be known, this is known and remains. A home, this
remains. A river. Company. And if importance be

groomed by the senses, aesthetics, then the most
powerful or either the most lovely or either the most

grand will be known a degree more than the next
realism of this place, checked but lesser by the poet.

free syllables

February

Another wind is like a hymn, sent by the bulls
shaping my conformity. And dress in rhythm I will
for a disregard is a tease for discomfort. The mighty

word of weather needles the mindless, and like a
flash, character is distracted. To opium and to the
whiles of this forgotten hall I will return, naked and
with a question. How is it that the earth will lie
on its back, consuming my imagination? And how

is it that the sky will marry with the night at sundown?

I cannot pretend there is no purpose to the oceans
and all of the other faculties. I cannot pretend there
is no land between you and I, weathered and blown
down to stone. That is all, I cannot pretend another
instant against the forces of reason and nature.

Which is the separation of myself, indeed, for some

items are better left to adolescence, that period of
philosophy of animalism and sex but only real in
the sense of independence but not of society. There
is a range to knowledge and the twenty-fifth year
is the advent of intuition, when a process is recognized
to further acquisition. And a well positioned chair

is ready as instruction, direction, this throne will be
the center. And I be all, as any twenty-five year old,
as any seventy-five year old, resting with the knowledge

of process at the ready. Another wind is conformity,
biting like Autumn, last Autumn and the one before
twirling like a ring into a Winter. And if a chair be
a retreat then I have surrendered to the rest. Mark.
Blowing, the hymns at my back, for soon I will sit
with elbows on knees in permanence, and soon I will
sit with my head bowed with the last of my conformity.

space in a poem

February

Finding a way in words is a look between. That there be holes of intuition, room for contribution and consequence. Where a rest is given and where nature offers a chair in a snowy meadow a mile from the western oaks and a mile from the eastern frozen creek.

And I will join the space separating the hemispheres, the book, and watch a union fold into one. I cannot leave a poem no more than I can leave a universe, I am settled in between with a caution and a question and an interest working my way to the east and back

to the west. There is time for inquiry, all the time in the world to know this poem and this imagination pushing out hostility and emotion and objection, with the last remains of the day, myself at hand. There is comfort in having a hole to climb within

or either a chair settled in a vacance, away, away, as far away as possible, this time. Because I know nature and the natural, I have known a larger force since I have known language. And if goodness is the liberty to respond or receive or either to institute a

feeling, this place has won. This place is liberty. With a room to occupy covered in blue with painted on clouds and a crystal floor reflecting a light, a room for words. And if there were a chance to consume the message of this day it would begin with a presence.

And knowing the forces is enough for an image, indeed, but the composition is made by the absence of the obvious. That there be a matter fixed between life and art, that there be a matter left to the self. And this between is the substance of my participation.

*assorting ideas**February*

Wrestling an order is reconstruction. The concerns,
given a place and the logic given a place, like a faculty,
given a place. That knowledge be given its compartments
for interpretation. I will know a problem by this view
and I will know a problem by this affect to the things
I hold true. Value. By a regard for certainty the shape

of living is discerned, with a station for the curious and
a station for the absurd, each left from the common
atom of operation, held aside for a passing future fragment.
And if there be a sense to come which reconciles the

differences, then they be driven from isolation into an
evolving awareness. There is a catalogue for memory,
you see, a reference first separated by time, then by
self consciousness, then by social consciousness, then
by respect for nature. And the avenues of knowledge
compete for the most reasonable interpretation of an
experience. And if I have committed my knowledge

to sociology, the day turns by a social reference; and
if I have committed the idea of people to the domain
of nature, the same experience be left to an insight

framed by geography and natural resource and by a
notion of self preservation. And so I be known by my
catalogue, not by my experience; it be the interpretation
of experience from one vantage which determines the
outlook and, in turn, superimposes itself upon future
regards and decisions. And if a life be lived without

concern and without fragments, the assortment of ideas
be left to insight and left to the intestinal common
sense of living because not all things need be defined
and if there be a need for compartments, let there be a
one large enough for myself in an entirety and growing.

on a line

February

Connected by a thread of consciousness, meaning has its manner of appropriating a social denominator. There are tools and there are misgivings to a directed memory, that a place be known without ever having set foot. And the interpretation be absorbed without

ever having set foot. I know the world on a line, and a race to discovery exists, that a first impression of the new establish precedent transmitted from my own. But few things are my own, and those desired be met

with scrutiny, for a greater truth rests in the collective merit of a place, a social program which presumes a utility in the interest of the several. And tap culture, I can, and exploit culture, I can, for there is no greater source. And supplement culture, because experience expands a greater thread. I am several as is knowledge,

several, and if my pleasure be a collective infusion and if my search be ultimately an inquiry to the web of life, then comfort at least, in the awareness of a participation, inevitable. Security, indeed, for the troubles be collective, the problems, never isolated.

But run to the fields of the new, for in me is the spirit of autonomy, I will be a corner to society if there be no other escape. With a back to the modern, in all of its readiness and colors and certainty, and a front to a vault of exploration, a vault of eternity now trickling into the public. And if I could hold something away,

something profound, held away for its own protection then this corner be a stop and secrecy be given a regard. But there is no such thing in an expanding social force and there is no such vault which is not connected, and if protection be given a shape, let it be truth on a line.

salt for a regard

February

An element which prepares the earth and satisfies its need to be recognized as a life giving substance.

The earth is a substance, and if I forget material and if I depart from the shapes of living, I have made

myself a God. A withering God with a form returning to itself. I am an idea, returning. I have not forgotten,

with this salt I have not forgotten something greater. And a dash is an offer, a remembrance to a solid

world supporting I, upon the soil and the grass and the river, a wordless morning prayer with respect to

humanity and its needs. I have suffered. I have left a life wandering creation, disallowing its knowledge,

and disallowing its franchise. And I will hold life at a bay, now, in the interest of a sustainable present.

Because my size and the size of my collective is a threat to sustainability I will suffer, naked and with

an offering in hand, an element apart from myself, just one degree of separation, an honor. Until a collapse

when I can join the force of eternity where all of man and earth are in abundance, and when I am truly an

idea guided by something smaller recognizing a balance between a land and its own offer of salt and peace

or either just salt. Carrying its way to the satisfactions of a generous people returning the world to its knees.

*everythanks**February*

There is a plan to this place where every need be an idea away. Food and company, where it be a matter of invitation, with a respect for the order of generation, this time has been, and if it be now a single atom greater than the last I am in a heaven. With room for discovery and an eye to other worlds there be provision enough to warrant a God. Where there be enough questions to satisfy the imagination, and where there be enough bounty to settle this body, I will look to you with an offer greater than myself and I will look to you with an offer with a regard to your gifts. Time, it be, and

enough to station a house of colors and glass upon a mountain and fill it with flowers and company. There is a plan to this place where every need be an idea away. And I be a thinker, marrying the parcels of life, the leaves and the grass and the earth, the bipeds and the desires, the desires. Strung one to the next as a staircase to a single thing greater than the sense. And then leave I must, for a gift is yours to be tended by the descendants of another order with a wonder as to what force exacted this range and this sea, this creature and this sky. And accept a friendship like I had accepted the day, reliable

as anything, where we can rest as authorities and kings on a crest and be known for the favor of compassion to a people immediately realizing that an idea is social like progress is social. And wait for another to join the heals of this congress, with an eye to an ever greater form amazing life, one step beyond this we had assumed was an end. But there is no end to eternity in your favor, rested and certain, and by such a conception of unity I shall return to the life I was given, humbled by your grace and friendship, and waiting in a state with a respect to yours, peace. And waiting for this eternity to pass.

and sleep

February

Away, the phantoms haunting the day, I rest. In quilted armor and pillow I lay my body down for a spell. And to close an eye is to see a field of clouds stretched across horizons, an award suspending a

day met with trial and learning. There is enough to satisfy my humors and there is enough expansion to know this will be an easy rest. And dark folds upon

me, and dreams upon that or either nothing but breaths as deep as the only sound above furnace. On belly with hands about cradling pillows and sinking to a never mind, I will not remember except for a satisfaction in the morning, the coffee I can already taste, with

cream and cinnamon rolls. Yes. Rest, so peaceful and so comfortable. (release) I am surely stealing something yet I am certain this is a normal course of the day. (a prayer for the needy and a mention

for family and friends) Exhale, and away, the fantasies and the order, the responsibility, the aches and the doubts, gone like the day, to dark. For tomorrow is ahead. (a thought of tomorrow) And pull the quilt beneath my feet and open the palms in a meditation

of sorts, or either an accord between myself and the demands of living, -so many demands, away. Rest comes easy but sleep, this is earned, and I will lay

my case for slumber to the fairies, them granting a forgotten night or either an easy night, a long night, black like a memory shifting into the past shifting into history. I will not remember the next hours and I will not know the forces which bring me back together but I give myself to them in any case because I trust.

of nature

February

Windblown spires and bridges. Water cutting like a blade to bedrock, for now. Time is simple, it be the palate of taking and giving, of futures and monuments, and records. Sediment rolling seaward in brown rivers.

Glaciers moving land, carving valleys. And animals pushing outward with evolution, -a place is known as is another, another. Cities of trees, sequoias, reaching

a destiny matched only by my imagination. I am simple, like a raindrop, then gone. Desert sustaining a system. Mountain sustaining a system. Meadow, a system. Butterfly attaching itself to a wind, and then to a flower yellow. Eagle. Moose. And a watershed, a community

abundant until the winter, frozen and breaking through with wooden hooves and instinct. Long days marked

by a cloud traveling east. Single. Wind. Lake bobbing in participation. Tides rolling in participation. To empty the fields of sand with clams and crabs, pools.

Lava pushing from a beneath, and throwing rocks of old ages to a surface smoking in sulfur. Newplants settling here, pushing through stone and cinder, pushing out seeds and promise, there will be another. Stone

face with ponderosa poking out. Simple hill sheeted in ponderosa, valley, aspen, green, then gold in an ascending elevation, skeleton trees. Storm, lightning burning tops and blazing needle floors. Fire. Tornado. Hurricane. There is no disaster without a man. Flood.

And life, in them oceans, whale and dolphin, shark. And life. Brown and speckled or either golden as a hummingbird breast. Pollenating this. Bee. Insect.

if beauty were an accusation

February

If beauty were an accusation then art be an accusation.
And science and testimony, and regard, accusations.
An expression of knowledge, interpretation by every
account of experience. And beauty, where it rests outside

of objects, if there be a place for the soul and the essence
of a concept, that a reference remain as its greatest
likeness. And you are beauty, an accusation, like the
rains and like life, filled with awe and void of contempt.
And you are beauty, you are this which stands aside

lesser temptations, you are want and fascination. For
there must be a name for ideas, a social order has made
this so, and there must be an expectation for a titled

one. And I have come to expect that my attention be
given to beauty, and I have come to expect a peace in
return. In a name, accusation, an image with a demonstrated
likeness, and if I know a name I shall recognize its form
by a knowledge. And had I no language, would I be
the accuser? Would I define? Would I prefer? Indeed,

as animals suggest a preference in the place where they
lie and in the danger they avoid, and without a language.
An idea is more deeply grounded than a word, and beauty?
What it were without a name, a preference. I accuse it

of this being, this idea it reflects, and my attention it
deserves. For peace is the experience, beauty. And by
another name, no matter, and by another reference, no
matter. And if beauty is an accusation I shall apply
the forms to this, I will make a science of this composite

which, if anything, I know be beautiful, a greater reference
than the last, a greater form by which I mark my knowledge
and I mark my experience, by this word reflecting this.

and I transcend

February

Yes. I see. By the outlines of shape I understand. I come to know how the worlds settle in upon themselves, at first clumsy then fitted like forms. There is a purpose to knowledge, that a union, a new whole, warrant a new regard and I am the larger for it. What was a

system, dislocated and small, with only dimensions and objects scattered to the ends of the senses, cognition has brought together. A world in the first removed and then born in the spirit of the same idea. And if childhood

began by a singularity of purpose it has returned in a meal, a bounty, a cooperation and an acknowledgment in a collected worth. And if childhood began by a sheltered trust, I am again sheltered. Yes. I see. By the acts and by the divisions now one. And if I had thought otherwise, that the simplicity of separation was purpose, that duty

is given no refrain, and that only a society bends for its protection, then there was much I had not consumed. For a life is an atom, indeed, but married to another, and another, so life instructs. And if I begin by the smallest I am granted a continued enlargement, -educational philosophy it be. But if there be a smaller yet, and an even smaller still, and if I can adopt these as my own, again, I be granted a continued enlargement, -educational philosophy it be. I will travel in two directions by the

spirit of inquiry, or in the least an open spirit, and a union presented falls the forms to an accord, to reason. Yes. I see. Or either disregard, that a history contend a greater truth. That a reason contend, enlarging or either

allowing a rest, for there is a reason to rest, like winter, and the shapes return, green and permissive and floating by on the sky, they return like childhood. Yes. I see.

the limits of museums

February

No walls can hold these ideas. No walls may contain what these objects represent. And if an experience be given it be by the distillation of spirit, a protected

cause assorting the parts of what was once a great society but now appears small. And quiet, unlike a time once surrounded by a city of makers and believers

and once surrounded by a view to some future away from the glasses of observation. For there was a time when these pieces were not apart and the only interpretation

they required was one of utility, when anthropology was a matter separating adults and youth and when anthropology was a story by firelight or either a transfer

in the course of weaving. But this rug is old and it cannot keep these feet warm upon a wall, and this design be a curiosity and not a truth, and this blade be a mark

of an age and will cut no more meat. And with a confession, this building is a tomb, it is old in all of its modernity and its appeal to youth and life, and even with an object

of the future, an airplane, a computer, it is all ever a matter of history. For these ideas were the news of yesterday with a then contemporary appeal. But this day is not

yet nostalgia. No walls can hold these ideas. And if there be a permanence to life it will not be found within a structure by the hands of a man, and it will not be found

as a representation of an aspect of a piece of a community which is believed to have existed in a probable fashion. No walls can hold these ideas, not as they are intended.

if a representation

February

I realize a substance in its natural position. And I realize a frame exacting that substance. The two be separate. And if life has traveled in a direction with a reference I will know a meaning sprawled upon a canvas and littered upon a page of words, I will know a meaning by the places I have been. And if this be by an intent, I will be married to a creator with a similar

day, and if this be by coincidence, I can only say I have received a something outside of its purpose. No matter. For if I have received an anything I am in a

debt, so I should say. But there must be some regard to a direct representation, for if knowledge were only solitary there would be no social. And the frames would be a matter of personal election, nothing more.

A representation is good if it? Accomplishes an intent? Captures a concept? Generates a calling? I can only know. As a good day warrants a poem and as a good

afternoon warrants a poem, I will master an emotion separated by the truth of the actual and its copy, its intended duplicate. A gift of capture, a frame. Nature wound upon a brush, common. And show me something new, draw upon my soul a new meaning I have not yet exacted. And sing a story of our war and our passion

that I have held in another regard. For this be knowledge, the interpretation of a memory and an interpretation of a time. And I will return a will by a representation. If life has traveled in a direction I will return a sound

marking our social, a criticism in the shape of clay, a dialogue in the shape of bronze I will return experience.

*social cost**February*

Nor can a society protect all. Lessons and voices have narrowed a social interest to the domain of the majority, or in the least narrowed a public view to the expression grounded in the content of the majority. And if there be another order left to the steps of conformity, there it will wait, an orphaned idea. There is a cost to inclusion, there is a reality to a social force, that the elder stand-ins of health and welfare assume a precedent, and those aspects of change and ideology and moral growth wait, like seeds. There is a reality to a social force, and there is a reason, people expect resources for their efforts, for their time and opportunity lost. And never mind a good idea, those require no resources, they manage on their own governance and their own fertility. Rather, those accords that pull upon the strings of entrenchment, those which suspend an old order for an unproven modernity of retraining and reallocation. And logic cannot always prevail, -but what is this, logic? And what is this, order? I have never understood these dimensions to resource distribution and I have never understood why there cannot be the agreement that the notion of social order, itself, be the object to protect against. And in a while, by the natural cages we build around ourselves, we realize we have left no room for the purest ideals of beauty and reflection, where there be no longer discourse of freedom and liberty, rather it be trained upon protection. And this be the cost of social living, a one married to a system and a one married to a regard to its own favor. Default, society, return to a larger obligation, return to a status of originality, -where it was known that all could not warrant protection, and living with a humble exposure was living with a risk. That this be the social cost of equaldom, nothing for nothing. But a risk was the egg of imagination, and when a choice was made, a step was governed, and a response, and a step was governed, and reply, again. And born, a cost, by these intentions.

with this

February

With this cup passing I recognize an institution. And with this cup passing I disregard everything that it disregards. I am committed with this, if I have an honor I am committed. But my honor is of convenience and who can know an eventual need for misdirection or

either an agnostic return to simplicity. For my faith in institutions was one bound by capitulation and one framed by a heavy hand, where a cup passed was neither a question nor an answer but rather a response generated by a world which knew what it was doing.

And I accepted because it was convenient. And with this food passing I recognize an institution. Or either I recognize hunger. I am committed, if only to this body. For I will last a thousand thoughts in your company and I will mind a thousand walks in your company

by this food. With this art stretched upon a wall I recognize an institution. That there be another in this world of danger and pain and unknowns I am certain. There can only be another; and I am committed to another. And with this forest before me I recognize an institution.

Greater than a city and greater than a nation, a congress greater than my life representing a convenience and a force other than my own. Because I am prepared to decide, now. Because I am prepared to recognize, or either be left to the mindless shackles of shared meaning

and everwant. With this day before me I will decide, I will recognize an institution. I can only if I am to be the herald of my senses and if I am to frame a matter so important as this. And with this before me, I am to be the herald of my senses, now turned with the day.

the edge of reason

February

As far as a mind has wandered, this is what I know.
As far as a man has traveled, this is what I know.
That there be a store for all of the minds, and that
there be a summary to experience, expanding with

every

. And at the corner of the envelope, this is where I live,
with a question as a weapon, with an interpretation
as a guard. I am protected at the edge, for death
is no consequence, for the substance of certainty be

every

, and want? What is this fold? There are matters to
science and objects, and there are matters to dreams
expanding, there are matters which turn upon themselves,
and want be for the wicked. And if I spend an eternity

isolated

, I am not alone in this position, for I understand nature
and I understand time, these are in my pocket. Like
judgment, these I hold as a reference. And if a moment
arrives which ordains another universe, I will call upon

the old

and make them one, together, that a sense apart from
these fingers and eyes constitute a greater being without
a fracture and without a pause. For I know what has
been made into a one, -of those once separated by truths,

truth

.

all of the pages of a book

February

Copyright? Title? What are these possessions? My thoughts be as exclusive as an order to words upon a page. My thoughts be as exclusive as a paragraph.

And if I hold a pen to a bindery and if I hold a mark to a printer, and if I hold a thought to a candle, I am a book, justified. I was born a year ago and will die a year from now, and I began writing seconds ago and will finish in an instant. And for my troubles I will be

given an acre of thought to rent. Land of the mind wicked or hilarious or either barren, but a space to dwell and sell. Leatherbound and framed like tomorrow is, shelved in predetermination, my predetermination

which I call, 'The fine history of predetermination: schisms and futures I already know.' Time warrants many things, and if an effort be an hour, possess it I will, by the graded intellect of some social office with a sign: 'Copyright.' There is an authority to this fair and there is an authority to this ascension, and I will

applaud it in a footnote or either a lecture, I should do this, I really should. Because I am exclusive. The rights to my worship and my sense should be cattled like a

market, this is American. And forget the message, if it were a cloud or if it were a star, let it be introduced with a price: ¢.95 per poem or \$14.95 for the lot. And borrow the substance with a bibliography, make it

an element of something greater. For there is something greater, I now know (I did not realize it when it was in production but there truly is something greater than this six inch by eight inch by three inch collection never meant for anything but sucking a force standing too close).

forward

February

There is a light that shines. As currency and promise,
move ahead, that the past enchant itself in a rolling
reason inward. Progress was given a name in the last
troubled time, and progress was given a reason. And

if these days be of the last, cause remains to step
again. I have not forgotten the circles of triumph and
I have not forgotten the whiles littered with stones,
but change is a mistress, change by my own spirit is
mastery. What can allow a reason to unfold and what
will stop the wheel for a turn and for a watch? These

be the forms of completion, the idylls of direction
looking out for a moment. And then a larger with one
different want, new. But not all are destined for a
discernment, and not all are designed for a watch of
ideology. But an ear to the indicators is a good practice

for those with a regard for evidence. I was not made
in any fashion, I am not a worm, I was given an intellect
and a truth destined for enlargement, or either a truth

that allows other truths in any case, or so such a mind
is governed. And a light be made of beauty and substance
and charm, authority. Forward. In a nature calling
at things for what they are, that a service be trained

with a reference and without a disposition. And thus
I became, with an ear to liberties trembling in newness

and directed futures. And how could I suggest any
alternative for becoming, when the self-candor and the
affluence of spirit has sparked in me such a rise as
this? And I will step again and again at an even pace
until a truth be held, or either refuted, in any case a
destiny charging me with once again, another. Another.

the caverns of poetry

February

Come along spelunking, into this wall of raw science
and sense. Come along beyond the meters and the

rhythm. I will take you one further, to touch and cold
and thirsty, at first dark then lit by phosphorescent

urchins (they dwell in this place). (I dwell in this place)
Where the words drip from stone and the silence be

a sound unto itself. I know myself by this silence
wet like clay. Or either scream or hail everything, or

either breathe, I will hear you, I am here. Take my
hand, take my place, take my purpose surrounding

time and night, and defend it liberally and with every
grain of history, or either destroy it outright, for there

is no cause to settle into its fascination as a subject.
And if you ask if I am belittled by a buried existence,

and if you ask if I am aggrandized by a buried existence,
and if you ask if I am made an equal, yes. The silence

has made me an equal, a lesser, a greater. But one
cannot live beneath the earth forever, it is only a station,

only a universe covered in discretion and limits, and
one which tries to be anything but itself, in the end of

itself, darkness, which must be observed if I am to
receive another, any other. And stay as long as we

must, covered in flannel and earth with eyes open or
either closed, answering the sounds of a silence. Yes.

a claim

February

This middle composed of life, all that is mine, be yours. And grow, with the heavy weight of public discourse, pressing down like a gravity and like a possession. But this be no burden, a challenge is a force to step within and inventory, and to capture.

I will rise again, by this middle with a public word at first outside and then at once made again by a recognition that a share in this world is a share in every world. And fill the vessels with a spirit of

communion. But I am one source and one agent and one regard, I am one of several with an eye to the greater and with an eye to truth justified by a poem. I am one of several. But a middle I hold, letting it seep in a fashion and letting it spread itself like a germ and like a democracy, with a reason meeting

a resistance, life. This noble life of questions and subversion, or either this passing. For to hold something is to hold its answer, and to escape something is to hold its question, I am not held. But my reason be known and my philosophy be let, given. And if these

be my nature then take them and be them, I will ask no return. For I have a faith that a middle be more than reason and method, and if this be what you cross in our day, take it like you would your own, because tomorrow is another, and the next, another, waiting in indifference and time. A claim, I will be the first

or the last, no matter, for I will hold it in the greatest esteem when it comes all at once, and it will be yours. To be revered or set upon the wheel, to be suggested and implied and then set aside as a reference that was once more than a reference, it was owned.

after art

February

If there were a single century of art we would rest.
Like a sage knows I would know, with a new attention
to those other forces, the social is known and set

to a side. To nature, that subject. But a word is a
gram, a measure, and that was left with art. Animal

I became by such a loss, vacant of spirit, for there is
nothing new in a life without measure, and there is
nothing profound in a day the same as any other, lest
beauty be a circle. Beauty be a circle. But I could

not know such a force by response alone, by acquisition
and acquisition and acquisition I have surrendered
my interest in the mark of difference. I have surrendered

my interest in experience, for if tomorrow be the same
cause as yesterday, I am made, I am finished. A sage
is time, nothing more, arbitrary and passing, knowing
that a truth and a reconciliation is made in the mind,

and there be no other business to attend to except
the satisfaction of the body. If there were a single

century of art, we would all be sages and finished
knowing a difference and finished minding a difference,
locked out of progress if progress be that which is

kept. Nothing is kept. And art, that temporary voice
after which I stalled? That was an instance, that was
a colorful history and a separate race governed by a
separate worship, they were idols, they could only be

to me, and on two legs I will pass along my regards, and
then on four legs I will pass along my regards, and then
by a reason I know not why, I will pass along the circle.

chapel of stops

February

With a meaning for every, a holy reference for every,
and a security for the troubled. That an idea father
an account, that reason be explicit, lucid, and tender

like grace. An effort granted by social interest, this
first, because there are several needs, and shelter be
one sustaining. And this house, a shelter to an idea,
of granite and marble, with letters and stations for
the introduction of premise and promise. And glass,

just glass, held tall in lead and light, golden and amber,
blue and crystal. And if there be a nature to this place,
it be human nature, isolated from the rest, given a
stop. For a return to a disgruntled other or an impatient

other or a satisfied other, after this accord. Built for
a god, God, indeed, or either built for a representation,
no matter, for this is fine for the moment and the year.
Large, cathedral, reverent like history, exact, there
be purpose to representation, moving in lines from
the past. But if there be an all to this, it is not for the

eyes to see, those forms and stones be just arrows to
a greater likeness found in the mind. Reference, these
walls, and hallowed by their attempt, not for their
presence, for their spirit be in their conception, the

remainder was a work for the socials and the hands
no less mighty and no less intentioned but governed
in any case by an ideal proposing something. Speculation,

all. For time is reconciled among stops, and interests
are reconciled. And if this be peace then this is what
I have come for; this, and this which follows peace: a
remaindered effort by we socials and hands. For the
representation of the mind is only enough for one.

errands

February

To the Post Office. To the grocer, braeburn apples
and peanut butter! A list is made, how easy I forget
and how easy my mind wanders to those greater

challenges of living, those directly sustaining. But this
is a matter of living, too, the dentist, the bookstore.

Which sustains which and which finishes myself? I
am made for the both, a visit to family, a tribute to
a calling, a community service, a self service, I am
an answer, this day be an answer to the self and all

of its continents, hungry and unforgiving, there be
no rest until the self is settled, and there be no rest
until the littles are set to their own, for the time. The
laundry and the lawn, catching up on theatre and

reading and music and... or either let the summons
build walls around this world away from here, that
place of business and upkeep. And if I be a slave to

the day, that I sense a general disregard for the things
I love, then set them to the side. For I can live simply
as necessary and I can live without museums, and I
can embrace a complex life given a mood, I will. For

there be passions in keeping a pace with the world,
when the news be relevant and I be a participant, and

the walks are shoveled and the neighbors are paid
their respects proper. And if a retreat be built around
me by some other adjunct state of mind, I will step

around it like worship, for I cannot be contained by
a disregard for social living. And if a haircut be
liberating, then it be, simply, with some regard.

beneath a surface

February

Life wails. Like a wind it torments and sucks heat,
it blinds. And where there is no living, where the
satisfactions are in a world apart, and where ideas
are meant for the other, I wait, indefinitely. Until

passings pass I wait or either stay altogether. And
if there be no night and no stars, and if there be no
official remembrance, I can say I have reproduced

time in this place, security. Passions aside, life is
given a stay from the rumbles and horns with demands
the likes of age. I cannot age. These lines, they are
marks of withdrawal, they are marks of a temper
understood in this release beneath a surface capped

in red. And if I know anything it be removal, for I
can assume an approach and I can assume safety, I
can be without spectacle and pride. And the armor,
the dressing, worn with an ear to the wind and worn

for an encroach I will avoid, I am confident. Stowed
like a tool, I am protected and there is nothing with
a mind prepared for a genuine subvert pacifist runner

like I. I have no address and no calling card. Let
the carriers carry. Let the life wail. And let the doors
shake in a worry from away. I have no greeting and
no summary judgment and if you see me at all it will
be with a turn of the eyes and an expression made for
cover. And to a hole I return, to finish my tenure, to

finish my term of disconnection and speculation.
How wicked it must be in that other place, and how
smart they must be to make a peace in the midst of
such force. I am not smart, by this record. Never to
let the surface near, and never to disregard the certain.

the din

February

Continuing, the noise. Electronic, electric, mechanical,
I live by these, the hourly clicks, the dull phantoms of
furnaces, the buzzes made by a man. This be the nature
of living amid others. Convenience I trade, for the impounds
and reproductions of peace. Never to settle in an entirety,

governed by the graces of modernity, its symptoms.
Stretched to a fever, the clock whiling away freedom
and conceptions of beauty, I am trained for a life in the
turn of machines, I am an atom with ears, waiting for
the spell of shutdown to step away from this fabrication

in fear and wonder. For quiet is another demon I have
no custom with, I cannot have a regard for quiet. This.
The lights, selling constance and security, the automobiles
and the endless news and the endless traffic. The people
with words and words. And if I were to escape to a

waterfall, I would hear a theatre applaud, I am trained
for this. The rain, footsteps. The wind, some request.
Everything, a social uniform, this is what I am trained
for, the reliance upon the evolving state of man, measured
in sounds of production with hammers and wheels and

voices answering profound things. And I am profound.
In my place collecting the ages and the stages of man,
I know history by metaphor, by a banging and roaring
vocabulary I know the past and I know the future, -to
be hushed, eventually. When a waterfall will be a dance

of water, all this constance, and the wind, a message or
either nothing. Done. I cannot have a regard for quiet,
for a regard is a sound, the imagination is a sound, the
thoughts, sounds. Stretched from their social origin, the
thoughts are residue, to be washed away in a storm.

individualism and character

February

One's own is no solitary path. The separation of lives, the notion of a primary within, these be the anchors of looking outward. I am not another, and if the words

I propose were given to me, I have again lent them with another meaning. By this experience and by these remarks, this outfielding, I am known, indeed, and by an exposure I assume an identity within a social region.

And if the self be exhausted by a turn, then a new is given a stay without a vocabulary, green to be taken

in a form, for reproduction. And the social responds in a fashion. I am made by the social, by literacy and response, I favor a mold by a force of ease or acquisition. Yet I am made again in person, in the absence of a public. And if reason be given to generate a union between

a personal purpose and a social purpose, then I am a whole, confident and completed, mature. Cause is governed. Association is governed. Experience is a government. And so I raise my head and draw upon a

social language and expel the certainties I have acquired. And if it be enough to myself to expel, I am once more

confident, and if it be enough to the social to expel, I am received as an individual. One can be said to have character, but only I could know the consistence between the life I lead and the social representation of it, only I

could know if it truly were character, and only I could know if a representation were original enough to warrant a degree as an individual. So I be the measure, honest as conception and representation, or either its disregard, and I am the source of myself, to be given or withdrawn.

word want

February

Word atop word, one bests another. One with a personal regard, one with a social regard, this poem is constructed with an ascending regard. I cannot know the day before dawn, I cannot know coffee before dawn, I cannot know the task of reproduction before dawn, nor the other puzzles before dawn, they unfold like a friendship. And if this were true I would have no place in modernity, I would be one traveler with ears and sense, without a choice. But I know a word, and by the pleasures of yesterday I will return, and again, sparking a favor for the table by the lake, settled in with the sun and the water new for the season. Settled in with language as perfect as a pint, borrowing from the old for some favorable return. Things are made from old things, things are reproduced and reintroduced with modernity. And if I know what the day holds I can make a sound in concert, reflecting the afternoon atop the other afternoons. And my purpose is within, for to kindle the imagination is to have a sense for boundaries and their push, their potency. Awake in words spanning a new science, at first decadent and then with command, or either admiration, spirited and the rest, to fill a page if not a mind with want.

the physical self

February

There are limits to this body. It requires maintenance and offerings, it requires a place. It consumes a place. By the tentacles of sense it consumes itself. And I am

prepared for its insistence, that a wind command a coat, that a rain command a hat, that a time command

a hearty meal of meat. There are limits to this body, it cannot be extended to an underwater living and it cannot be extended to flight, not without aid. But science has made a case for imagining a boundary with metal

extensions, a living in a place previously uninhabitable and previously nonnegotiable. But in my park I settle the gymnastics of life with an accelerated coffee and

an eye to athletics, with balls traveling at a rate and rebounding and rebounding. In my park I settle the needs of sleep bearing down on the afternoon and in my park I settle the needs of comfort. There are limits

to this body. It cannot react with every course of nature and it cannot react to every cloud, there is a measure to engagement, and if this is a knowledge then I have

an intelligence constructed by a sight and sense. But knowledge? No such thing. The course of continuance

is a disregard for a psychology and a disregard for a mental counsel. For sight and the humors of taste are all that need be entertained in the physics of life, and the appendages, the graspers, the carriers, the rest need

not a mention. This body consumes a place. Like a bramble with attributes and consuming first a yard and then another given resources. There are limits to this body.

smart

March

This intelligence, this spirited knowledge, for an eight year old, a twenty-two year old, a sixty year old, a Kenyan, an American, what be the domain? Or either

a knowledge transcending one's own, a duality of experience bridging a couple. To expose one's own as a limited variety, with a willingness to engage a challenge in the spirit of enlargement, this be the point of intelligence, a station for engagement. Defend? As

a purpose, defend the nature of another. And if smart be a social category I will know it by another, with a degree to friendship and family, given. And who is not smart? Take all of the smart people and put them

in a room, and the remainder, them, they are not smart, not amongst we caretakers of the intellect in any case.

And privileges of the order? They must be social, they can only be, -an authority, the trust of colleagues, the ability to defer, the right to speak without reference, the right to challenge, I am a member given a subject and I am a force. Compatible with the noise of a

city or either the noise of a country, I am compatible with an environment. This intelligence is compatible with an environment, this intelligence is a reflection

of a place. And if no place be everywhere, then the limits of such be the limits of my own, a containment humbled by an acknowledgment of a foreign. And if there be a transcendence, a type of intuition which

spans geography and subject, a frame for the acquisition of futures, -perhaps this be intelligence and only those with an accord with their deficiencies be smart. Them.

quiet assumes a meaning

March

In the dark after, in the collections and in the minds
of reproduction, after this draft, the social is gone
as a word and I am left to dispel the inefficient and
the ugly and the uns. I am left to retard this which

carries me from my center, or either begin again as
a traveler committed to a change. In the dark after,

the boardroom of the self and the place where I am
given to experiment with outcomes and alternatives
and progress, I will know circumstance and anticipate
a control. All of this in isolation, where the walls be
white as art, and solid as a memory, I judge. How

could I not suggest one path be the greater for I have
lived, for I live, and tomorrow again, where consideration
be my guide, and where spontaneity be known as

uncertainty. A pal, perhaps, from the well of imagination,
but a regard from a source unconsidered. I am no
surprise. I make no secret of my meditations. And
if there be an inspiration unlike the last, it is met with

questions and questions, that it be prepared in the
wake of a social that I know, for tomorrow arrives

with a reluctance or either a test. That a home was
fostered and made to carry a burden of the day and
that a peace was measured with a consistence of an

experience. I am old, and by this quiet I age again,
remarking on walls and whispers, and I am made to
favor a course of living with a respect for my origin.
By the day I have learned this, and by the dark after

I am made to a meaning. Favoring a continuance.

all that I have

March

Given, each the frames of remembrance, this token
and this light, this memory sparking a new. A sum
of the past is constructed by this collection, a

composition readied by experience and wait. This
vessel contains an instant, this art carries a day,
this look, I know it by the past. To the air! To
time, I send it back or either pass it along lest it

become old with me. I wish this upon no thing, a
meaning fixed and governed to fit this which has
passed. As if a sphere were animated, as if the
living were to be handled. So the past rests in the
wake of its giving, so the past assumes something
new, new colors and new ideas, something new

within an old form. Yours. And if I were to receive
again, I would hold it for an instant, I would possess
it outright and mark it by the thoughts it represents,
them kindness and trust, adventure, a bright day
by an ocean, sand and dolphins. Then yours, for a

moment, yours. Shining like peace, this past reinvented
as a wheel, and fortunate, I, that you were the one to
receive it and color it new. And if I end in a barren

room, I will have the past in your arms and I will
have the memories mixed with yours and I will have
one last idea to give. Readied by the curation of the
others, and readied by the senses brought to me by
our history, and readied by the notion that security

is a trust I have seen before, I bow to my possession,
or either accept that our accord be not buried within
an ownership, that an idea be only an object by the
cloudlike senses of an intellect, nevertheless given.

if there be an absolute

March

Cause? To what ends? By which source? Taken by an idea, its parameters, and given a field of operation. I am one, sustained by a measure of freedom, just a measure enough to impart a wonder. A one carried by the animation of every other time

forcing an allegiance to this. A one which cannot understand. I cannot understand. And driven to retreat in the whiles of the mind, this dashing day lit by the confidence of security. And absolute? If there exists such a form, it is I. Knowing that I

cannot, knowing the grounds for disregard and regard, and knowing a measure of freedom given to a timed enlargement. I am the greater for living and I am the greater for remembering, and if the confidence of measure grows like it has I am the

greater for the recognition. And absolute? The tides of the mind, of this I can be sure, that their containment be the same if given a meter or either given a mile. Some dimension in which to catalogue the rest and sleep with the rest, some dimension to

engage the faculties of the rest. Absolute I am, by whatever introduction and by whatever association, by whatever cause. For there be no relativity in the recurrence of dreams and the interpretation of interpretations, and there be no relativity to a continuance

with a start and a stop. And while the boxes of freedom are opened in to the next, I have been trained to keep this which I have been, and I have been trained with an eye to that giver, elusive, that if a thing indeed remains a constant, it is I in the company of myself.

the uns

March

The negative of schooling. The negative of family.
The negative of friendship. The uns collect themselves
in an apartment aside the truths of life, handing out
negatives to combat in the interest of expanding

worth. Where the good be an idol which cannot
exist without a descending opposite, where the good
be framed in a relation to the undesired, the uns

serve a purpose like a contradiction serves a purpose,
a martial retreat. Kept like an enemy, close and
with a measured ear, that it be whittled to a word,
nothing more. I know peace by its contradiction, and
I know thirst by its contradiction. I know love by

its contradiction, and I know heartening by its contradiction.

The uns be a force leading outward, kept at length
that a desirable condition be given a space to automate
the capture of disregards. Not all concepts are equal,
I shall not live a life with an attention to the uns, the
undesirables, the unpleasants, the unlikelies. And I

shall not degrade a confidence married to an essence.
I unshall this, I unshall that. I unshall. And if there
be a marked contribution I will give it a title unto itself,

that its essence have a reference only to purity, and
its contradiction be a reference to the goodness by
which it was conceived. The negative of worship,
the negative of health, the negative of happiness. The

uns collect themselves in a place of words, and in
the best, a place forgotten. That a need be given over
to a positive regard, entitled by a first thought and a
pointed remembrance. That a language be given over
to a first position, mighty as a push, a definition.

this tolerance

March

I will assume a responsibility for your station as you assume a responsibility for mine. I will grant a position within the security of my own. I will

suggest as my suggestions are to be received. I will care in a light of caring. Can you not see that by such regards I recognize you as the larger, and can you not see that my deferrals are a mention of respect. An authority I recognize, one that can

only be granted an esteem, in the first challenged and in the first marked by an automated response favoring my own. A difference between us, compatible as any institutions favoring their own. Complementary,

perhaps. In one day. I will make an offer by some common thread eked out of our passings, I will honor what I have long awaited, the decline of a guard. But we both assume some measured wait holds something to a sincerity, when obstinance is the mark of patience and an expectant divinity.

I will wait. When. We will wait and hold our feathers to the rounds in some meantime. And if my state be perceived as intolerant, I will thank you that it is given a perception at all, and I will return. And if my state be given a look, I will thank you for the

notice, and I will return. And the distance of our passing be turned to the interpretation of spectacles and the interpretation of strangers, those most

foreign. And if I be an opposite, then I can in the least be given over to some expectation. And if I be a source of something altogether new, then I can in the least be given over to some expectation.

arranged

March

Arranged, the room for my convenience, for my comfort. The desk to the eastern wall, near the southern window. The couch, middled and open to the hearth. The art, smartly chosen for my passing, above the bed, in the bathroom. Arranged, the space for my witness and my participation. The area rug, thrown at an angle with a look of discord. The bookshelves, separated by subject and by author, by poetry and by philosophy and by religion, by Dewey and Kerouac and W. James. To be reset again in the fall, this is the time of resetting the orders in the spirit of renewal. The kitchen table, at the nook with candle centerpiece, white. The telescope, set upon tripod, looking like an idea. The giant pillow tucked behind the snowflake pattern chair. Arranged, the living area for my use, by my instructions and by my anticipated need. The light, reflecting my interests. The papers, ordered in a scatter of importance, left to right. The refrigerator, the meat, the cheese, the chinese leftovers, the milk on the door, the jelly. The clock to the west, silently ticking away the thoughts, moving around. The closet, divided, the pants and the shirts, the sweaters. Arranged, the space of living, for my interest, ease.

Life 101: Syllabus

An introductory course in living.

Readings:

The senses

The body

The ability to identify relationships

Recommended readings:

An open spirit

Class format:

Birth

Adolescence

Productive middle age

Elderhood

The age of rest and consideration

Objectives:

Self fulfillment

Evaluation:

Self assessment

the oldest elder

March

Words can no longer imitate. The struggles are left to the legions of those with first exposure. All that remains is myself and this wind, this chair, this food served as I have come to enjoy it. I arrived at this

nearby in the spirit of change, and now that the changes have managed themselves there is no longer an idea, lest the reason of a new generation be given over to myself. Or either taken. In the interest of a new concert, taken for the liberties of this new demographic, my own reluctant one. Where a contribution be a sounded

'yes' at every turn, because this is what they must hear. Again, an affirmation. And the margins be trimmed, in the interest of a collective. What have I become? A judge? A keeper? Let them roll, and pass along to a greater stage by the graces of the seasons

and the simpletons. Let them confuse my wisdom with senility, no matter. And if there be a social which consumes me, one which presents a compromise of myself, bark it down, reason it to bed or either allow

it a diffused escape, -to the outs. Words can no longer imitate. They be left to the trials of society of which I engage through others. And myself and this walk, this drink of water directly from the ground, this nap in a meadow, this daydream, words can no longer imitate. And if change be a greater accord with the

elements and the patterns, the buffers, then I am the same displaced youth I ever have been, seeking a thing more profound than the last. I am the same. And if a place be granted, I will know it by the claws against my skin, those wanting a something to which I can only respond in so many ways, 'patience is but an instance.'

to say

March

It is a cause, to say. From a bench throwing bread
and experience. The next will be made with a
condition and with a mark, wiser from the last.

Given an audience, it is a cause. And had I listened
a decade ago, to the reason of my own, perhaps
I would have, or either I would have, -in any case

I would have. There was a reason to the last, and
if now be an extension, melted and passed along,
a cause was born so simple to see. And aloud, the

moral chorus rained, throughout my defiance, but
how could I have assumed a new governance had
illustrated itself in a crowd and a nation and a

language that I spoke, speak. A sense of liberty
calls to itself, and to say is to assume a cause,
but there is no nation in isolation, and there is no

remembrance without company, in the least one's
own. Where the stories reflect an audience with
a phantom and a cloth, and where the age of reason

stands to one's enlightenment only in the midst of
desire. Experimentation with authority and experimentation
with power and experimentation with control are

only a matter of that time when I knew the correct
course but was unwilling. And reason is given a
reason in the deferral of these things. And reason

is a desire married to a word. Now. And I think
the trust is to say, to respond. And I think the
answer is a matter of patience. And I think.

exhausted

March

Weary by the efforts of giving, and weary by the efforts of maintaining a presence. And the efforts turn to motions, the good turns to automation, and the life turns to one turned by an idea no longer considering itself. There must be a sabbath to being,

either by the break of the days or either by the break of information, there must be a stop. For the regard to an alternative and the regard to one's own private affairs, there must be a stop. Renewal. Or either

submit to an institution and a building representing an idea now a decade past, itself submitted to an ideal a century past. But I am tired. In the spirit of growing old and in the spirit of engaging a people in one fashion I have seen a limit to a public living. Carrying ideas and resident Jesuses, and carrying

society aloft is a cause for bending over at the sign of news and the cause for glasses and the cause for waking at the same time and eating the same breakfast and having the same politics as last year and the

one before that. And I cannot die knowing I have not given a try at flyfishing, and I cannot die with the same art upon my walls. And retire? I cannot

once again, I am too tired to retire. Weary, by the efforts of living in a compartment, and weary of enjoying it, weary of passing along the pyramids of containment, and weary training my eyes upon the education of the powerless. I was made for a

thing, certainly, and perhaps it is necessary to know that it will continue without my being, for if I have left a legacy, and if I have left a strength, I will know.

*canons rightward**March*

Morals to the wind of reason, where truth begins as a sage and perfect, and ends as human as refrain. And send a cloud along, and another, rightward, to reinforce what has arrived, this trust and this companion sky answering my answer. And morals, what them, by my own or either given, regardless they are in my possession, to be a story and a candle, to govern a relationship and a philosophy, rightward. Or either I decline and face the circles of another nature, one without a regard for man as an institution and one without a spirit. For this enchanted law is a ticket to inclusion, with a burden turning to automatic with every check of the senses, these iron arms and glass eyes, just a thing, an extension of some body reflecting a will. A will! Indeed, the forces of the body are generated by a design apart from myself. With a regard for law by some source, written and writing into an evolution becoming

a nature of its own. Where the medium of discovery is a recovery of what was once mine, these aspects of having been and becoming a king or either a knight or either the night, one station at a time consuming the others. There is a purpose to a moral stand and there is a purpose to an engraving of the same, charting an intuition and charting a field of operations. I cannot live in every place, not given a sole perception of a place, and not given a place for my inhabitation without respect for my cause which extends beyond this place my body rests. I am faithful in a something, I can only be if I carry a want, and I can only be if I favor an enlargement. But even if, there is still a time which has never seen a catalogue, but even if, I can only be large as a satisfaction, for beyond those edges I have no will to spirit in a moral refrain. The bounds are my own.

language arts center

March

An incubator of words. That people prepare by an earth revealing itself, for an earth revealing itself, a universe. Where meaning is given a forum and the sounds are a copy of meaning without bounds and without burden. To play in the day, to match a wit

with a form, to carry solutions, to elevate solutions. A school by any other name, where knowledge is one's own and at the sleeve of one's discretion. I am hesitant to engage the forces of this which occurs in an elsewhere, but security is a partner in this place,

with coffee and tables and exchanges. Better the life of experience be deposited here than left to the drolls of those weary ones protecting themselves in black wear and speedy cars and templated lives. Better the life of experience be married to another

and another. With terraced seating and podium, with guitar or either silence, with words given an escape and a return, if they choose, with ideas. And carpet, the color of youth, warm and experimental, and art, that other sort, spread upon the walls, for there is

cooperation among the creators, and there are many languages. A center, of an idea, a hub of inspiration, a source of time, a spoken library. And if I can make an offer to a humanity this is it, this resource making itself anew every Wednesday and Friday night at

roughly seven o'clock. And come as you are or either as you were in that yesterday given over to fantasticism and realism and ismism, or either just come. Naked, and aware that the survey of eyes and ears be a testament to your presence, prepared by an idea of community.

an exercise of modernity

March

The academic test of a written past is its occupation within a present. Supercharging debate and an inclination to affect one century from now. With a string of reason making man a progressive animal and a progressive

family, where the prophets and the professors and the charmers have histories in their pockets, one for

each circumstance, enlisting the features of the day with a reason passed. For credibility is made by an endurance, and a status is made by a deferral to the

aged wisdoms, an interpretation of the aged wisdoms, either colorful and meant for a diversity or either an empowerment of some few, aged reason is given a shape. And the academics test a written past, by its truth and its allowance of truth, its mark upon the

passages and enlightenments, be it a cause or be it an introduction or be it an observation, a foundation, a justification for an exercise. That a strain of integrity be the source of confidence, that a strain amplify a

regard and attach itself to a security evolving. And an exercise of modernity, a representation of a given force, too extend itself from this point forward, science,

for the academics of tomorrow will engage these mistakes written in longhand by fevered students. Them. A philanthropist and a senator and an engineer, them, profiting in foresight, with an ear to the day and its parts, and a pen to a composite interpretation of a potential. Them, standing aside me and not knowing

whether I have an intuition as well, because during this day I have made it a practice to observe a cause.

local regard

March

And if I have carried a day in this fantasy I have carried a people. Separate by my origin but with a love the likes of home. Do I not wish for the rain and do I not wish for the good will of a place, Do I not wish. I have become a teacher by the pronouncement of a connection with another place, I have become an ambassador. With similar features and a strangeness and a will, I have become a faucet of some other. A token other and a token alternative. But no mind will steer me away from my intentions, and if a good turn is to be recognized its bounty is doubled by my representation of it. For things are expected by a someone with a lineage, and other things are expected by a foreign body, and if a foreigner is to respect a course of living, they stand out like a model, that a reward be offered in the spirit of respect. But no matter, the consequence of living in a manner is given over to efficiency eventually, that all become local because to do so is to accept a perfected strain of life. Where respect need not be governed, and in any case, how could it be? Where respect emerges as a consequence of living, that is all. With only a mention that this station of living be attributed to a doctrine founded by your principles, whether it be or not.

breathe

March

Upon an end, by which a new accounting for the surfaces beneath are attended to. A breath and

word, it is done. And the faculties return in a less troubled place, where peace is greater than a word and where peace need not be restrained.

Upon an end, upon the fulfillment of a history,

life turns to itself and its gardens overgrown and overgrowing. Attention returns, in the first naked like an animal, and finding new direction, new commitment by every. But I have no dialogues

with a future in wait, I have made no sense for a connection with what is to come. There is a moment reserved for itself, a moment without

distraction and without structure, a moment with the purpose of collecting other moments, a moment with a sight trained upon recreation or either the needs of the body. Do as I wish, body, return as I wish, -to what was once celebrated and what

was once inherited by the purity of a nature without guards, this is where I will return. Upon an end,

sleep. Upon an end, lie still and consume the others and consume war and peace and governance by another source, consume. For this is earned. And

stop the demands and the questions, for an instance shaped by only the immediacy of this place, and let. The others other, and let. The wind turn around me, and let. The chords sound, and let. Because I cannot go forward without a capture of the last, or either its consent. And breathe, upon an end.

social foundations

March

People. Spanning. A diaspora of thought, connecting geographies. There is a place, and if I am the cause of genesis, or if my brother is the cause of genesis, there is a question. What returns by a continued force? What continues? For there can be no reconstruction

without construction, and there can be no reconciliation without conciliation. The matter of rebirth depends upon a birth, a foundation blended by the habits of the mind, a foundation given a place. People. As a collection, spanning. And the parts, spanning. In

a language and in a control, in the applications of time and matter, spanning. And left to their each, one different source for each their purpose, and left to their collective common, one source for a common purpose. That the interpretation of the grounds of

living satisfy the needs of personal worth and collective worth. The reason for schools? Perhaps, an explanation of a social history that each hold some favor within. Perhaps, an explanation that the past is not a matter of personal isolation. And the methods? Left to

the futurists, for I know my course, I am satisfied, in as much as I am some member I am satisfied. And if I am to be a participant in a greater community I will need find a greater foundation, one enlisting the causes of each of our domains. Prepared I am, for

such an enlargement, that the notion of a common word strike a union, a reunion. And the time forward is littered with the remains of civilization, connected in words and activity, connecting words and activity, the life of precedence justifying a quality of the day together.

