

TRAVELING CANDOR

Gregory Markee

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PRITY LIGHTS

MADISON

TRAVELING CANDOR

Traveling candor lit across the country
truth riding truth horseback and trains and
gone away in poems from
God knows urgency God knows anonymity
in sunglasses speaking one's mind

The testimony of a traveler is
taking in faith and questions and argument
[they let their grass grow] [they do not use fertilizer]
because
the news is already registered

Oh what a day them the clouds are a taunt
sit near the lake traveling about until
the doctor calls me into the interview
[there is something I want from you]
is low the rain for the season is low the lake

Clack clack go the trains northbound the downing sun
all the suns set on the left
over the decisive lake the long long lake
nor need to lie to strangers them already knowing
why it is people get away travel

Went to the carriage house for the bicycle
stepped into it and pedaled mightily up the hill
turned around down coasted home right through
the damn rain saying I did not go far enough
to qualify for getting away [wrote a poem thus]

But hers was an instant a pill a poem an instant
and quiet excepting the air conditioner on and off
and were her eyes not closed she would have gathered the
clouds
of mine and put them to pictures

THE SISTER I NEVER HAD

And did we share a plum

a peach

did I ask you about gardens did I ask you about constellations

did I bake you a cake

put candles on it

BELOW THE BELOW

Below their death below their remains
below the below
where water does seep is filtered does seep
and the earth thereabouts holds
the treasures of fuel and beautiful stones pressed
from carbon from aged bones and wood
rests forever rests to be walked upon
the dead the transformative
what is all dark what is patience
among geologic clocks never considered
the agency of peace

But it were their being to be put together
commingled
interred
but eternity is small

Progress against progress and their machines
eternity is small
nor ever the intentions to be woken struck alert
by sunlight once again
malformed and resentful for the awakening
it was their death but
they are not superstitious
they are not superstitious

MOONSHINE

Traveled been far gone
'way with moonshine reflecting
clarity spirits

Into a jar for my pack gone away with indulgent grin silence

IS A CHALLENGE THE POET'S ALLUSION

Is a poet and something other than a poet
for to make memories put them down
into words
something other than a poet nor requires a name
but he is a logger a logger
nor I know what she is but writes from a position I can tell
her age
the poets allusion
[God is mentioned]
something other than a poet the poem is
about
[holding things]
authority is spelled accurately and with a mite of inspiration
[she is a mother] [a good one]
perspective is a shroud an allusive shroud

GRAY AND THE RAIN

Gray and the rain
for all of morning but the birds did not stop
song and screeel
the aviary at my window with fullness leaves

Nor threat the sky
but gentle down down the rain in
pieces of the sky warrant
a covered walk about

THE ADMIRAL

Where was it the ship was parked
upon an island [question]

With pigs and savage women and
sunshine and sundowns

Nor the crew recalls the day
when [it] was lost or sunken

There is no story to tell no loss of life
there was no war to explain

The consequence with no cause
is a backwards thought

FLIGHT BUREAU

The planes in a row one two three
go
at once at once at once to the air

Radar

Gone away from sight gone away
radar is a distant signal
keep starboard she says

Airship

Engines aloft thrust and turbines
is a drone moving across the sky
moving across the sky in lines

THE SCRAPPER

Gathered the worth of the discarded
put a light
onto questions like judgment because
not every question is remarkable
found solace in silence

Language is a question is a mention
beauty how full the sky is about
the sun down and the stars eventually
require no license to see but sight
gathered what cannot be taken

The photo

Pulled the light onto a film onto a
sheet of memory
because the others were not there
look
it is night it is blackness but for the stars

WHAT THE CAGE MEANT

Because

law

say the men with metal arms

like instructors subordination people

executive is a principle wherein

authority is authorized

because

crime and punishment are

tethered or should be tethered

like conscience

There are rules order begin

GREEN DAY

In which the features of sight are so acute
the photons are visible streaming into the earth and lakes
and into the plants

And the clouds do block a photosynthesis for a moment
it is ninety degrees
it is ninety degrees and humid smells green

At the edge of the lake the green wind carries
attention
soon it will rain said the weather people

Soon the weather will drop from the sky and the wind
will turn to invisible again and it will
take its poems with it

STRANGE FELLOW

Strange fellow
with the clicking habit strange fellow
could call a mouse and a cat and a robin strange fellow
was never alone always with a little critter
once commented about a brother he had
could call a moose have a conversation with a moose
his brother was now an accountant he said
never called

TRUE TO FORM

The square rested neatly in the idea of the square
and the circle
and the equilateral triangle

There was a degree of creative allowance to say
the sentence fit neatly into the idea of the sentence
with proper punctuation and all

Nor say one tree is any tree when measuring
what it is makes a tree such a tree
like maple like apple like oak

HURRIED THEN GONE

Made a little station of tasks
upon a desk
laid the building material the wires the switches
tore apart the old with no prejudice
just a hammering a bang
put in a new wall new wires and a pipe
and paint
then
gone away done

AT THE WINDOW THE DOOR

Winds the winds a forecast of rain but

it is clear

the surface green bobbing and the upright trees with leaves above

and bobbing swaying

chimes the wind chime order

at the window

the door an invitation

OLD PAL

I too will be old I too will be curious
then

Would you like an apple or a banana for your walk
would you like company
then

No
I do not know who will be the next to die

ANSWERING MY BODY

Rest when one is weary
heal when one is injured
eat when one is hungry

Listen
now

But the soul is another call to the stars
away

And call for wisdom
curiosity among the new

A PINCH OF POETRY

A pinch of poetry
just enough to put away the demons the doldrums
into the little box
with the rain clouds and
the organ music and
the big questions

READY PULL

Release the hounds release the elephants release the pigs
say you all can go

run

nor tether nor binding nor holding principle

Laugh and laugh

at the absurdity of why a thing was once chambered but say
civilization is different now is not civilization different

now

But some things must be fed because

they have always been fed

they have always had a chain around their foot

they have always they have always

The sacrificial cows the cows for eating the pigs for eating

they cannot go

nor the chickens the turkeys the ones which cannot fly

but the hounds

The hounds can come and go

LOGIC AND REASON

Logic and reason
were it the lapse of logic and reason

A story mentioned
because

And with no social foundation
there was no one near to experience

But say it comes to liminal thought
like the clouds brush against the air

A story mentioned we were there
but I am now alone remembering

The significance of beauty
because it is how I mark my

Day
and say there is an allowance to the harness of beauty

That which freely is but I say
a poem at you a poem about you a poem against you

Logic and reason
and the words meander without touching down

Were there no reference like value
like beauty for aesthetics

For there is no relationship because
a sound alone is not language

Excepting music a sound is no language
were there no control no reference

The poet the written poet but

the spoken word

Logic and reason is immediate and
the spoken word and answerability

The mechanics of language resonate
meaning one and again upon the last

Understanding is a question
because

THE CLOUDS BRUSH AGAINST THE AIR

The clouds brush against the air
the leaves brush against the air

The moon for the day
for the picnic the moon about

The sun is high noon arrested
it is high noon all afternoon

Like wading in the river
nor wearing a watch nor wearing time

Like tromping where there is no trail
the sound is a bird another

And hilltop says return again
after marking summit return

SOON THE WEATHER WILL DROP FROM THE SKY

Soon the weather will drop from the sky
water and light and questions

I feel the sky I have a poem for you
soon the weather will drop from the sky

It was a wind and a rain started slow
it was a conditions it was a southern air

I smell
the rain in the air near about here

Questions
no, there is nothing expected of me

THE DIRECTOR OF ROBOTS

The director of robots
named Ed
had a key for the room [they] were put in at night
turned off
they only looked like people

They did their work in windowless rooms
without much supervision
only Ed who knew computer languages
some regular people were displaced
they would make errors and require breaks

The director of robots
Ed
is designing a robot which designs other robots
by mimicking humans and animals
one that does not shut down at the end of the day

Planned obsolescence of
people planned obsolescence plants
the director of robots drew
the weather on a screen and imagined
how a room with windows could be appreciated

THE HEAVYWEIGHT POET

The heavyweight poet
for the mass of his work for the weight of substance
for the liberal field of inclusion
for the volume and
the manner in which a poem was read
the heavyweight poet was
remarkably approachable for all of the divinity wrapped up in him

SCAREDY CAT

The cat chases the moth

about the lamp

knocks it over bang runs away scared scaredy cat

WAKING THE DEAD

Cemetery ritual o waking the dead is
enormously fulfilling
especially were it a full moon o
waking the dead waking the dead
he parked a car at a headstone thereabouts
six feet of soil atween the dead and
convention
had a picnic
just getting to know
them
[they could be anybody] [they could be anyone]
superstition is the afternoon
tea with the undead
was never meant to cause disharmony
with a souls
said a prayer an incantation
played a drum
now midnight see the clouds hover about the stars
a speck a candle
a flame
it was a woman loved horses I imagine

THE COLOR GREEN

Wrote a book the color green
the painted sky the sky is green
the painted sea the sea is green
the grass is painted is painted green
the house is painted is painted green
the moon is painted is painted green
the painted sand the painted beach is painted green
the ship is painted green the car is painted green
the volcano is painted green

I am green with green skin and green eyes
my thoughts are painted green

Green is

IS RAIN

Is rain is a question is a day
grateful the rain is rain
and wait I come with the clouds
the gray
the changing light is rain is rain

O sense for the rain what comes is
green
and twisting in the breeze wildflowers and green
is rain gives life and through a window
I until I

I WAS AT THE FARM

Having my motorcycle looked at

I was watching the horses eat

I was watching the riding lessons

and sitting at the picnic table

the day

I was at the farm

O DO REMEMBER

The tale of
peasantry in which the peasant knew no peasantry
never suffered nor hungered
never lacked for love

Why I remember the absence of hardness
but character no
character is not required of simple faith
but simple faith ah

Had a place to go to put oneself down
had a place for memories
nor simple faith mentioned
it is just what they said when asked how

NOR STRUGGLE

And were it called peace the absence of struggle
supposing

My attention is divided I am held to a position
nor willfully and with reservations

Like struggle but to say different in that
life is obligatory life is other than willful

Nor struggle exists in any sense then if
but to say pain perhaps

But to say remedy but to say an internal easement
an internal search for struggle's absence

It is still peace
of a mind it is still peace

SHADOWS AND LUNACY

Twer midnight about the sky black and
with moon
shadows cast the trees and I
the sounds of night imagine

Tis a darkness for the shadowed moon
about now
and a breeze picks up the spirits
returns them gently to my own

There is a force about and
larger than my own and with questions
I do not know to run or say answer
tis my conscience I know

Nor satisfied but fearful and wanting
and question the interior of
the space of thoughtful being
but that is only answer that is only an explanation

Broad enough to say lunacy upon
the mismarks of observation because
there is no explanation there is no being
the accuracy of thought is chronologic

But it were an animal one supernature
saying the moon in riddles for cause
for cause like fear and reclamation of
the night the night and the moon the night

SUPPOSING YESTERDAY

When the sky the moment and just enough clouds
when the middle springtime bursts with green
when the air moves enough to say the outside
when the clouds and I upon my back the park
when the birds for air
supposing yesterday
and call forward now enlists the past like beauty
I know

THE WIDOW

O pain was his now gone
and hers
the intentions of
character and mention
in words stately words and reproduction of
the goodness of family o
time is halved and different
time is
hers

DEFUNCT

The clouds drew close drew darkness near
the afternoon
twas a twiddled mind knowing supernature when
the curse the curse left many for one
the genius

And for all prior engagements twas otherwise spoken
is a many which folds upon
the one speaks supernature for their own
new and defunct like the clouds do say
is no trick really to summon

That which kills dispells forgets
the ruins of self idolatry
said he was a martyr nor really because
to be forgotten is
no kingdom but said just

Defunct

CHECKING THE MAIL

There is a monster in the mailbox
colored in specks glowing specks and gurgling sounds

There is a monster in the mailbox
eating the birthday cards and bills

There is a monster in the mailbox
that is hot and is angry because he is hot

And with a horn and with a snotty drippy nose

yes I was talking about the e-mail

THE AGGRAVATION

Damn

the aggravation of indirection stillness when
there is no measure to stillness and
the anyday passes just passes immeasurably

Damn

once was a word for
boredom now
just the day common

Damn

the aggravation the little charges of difference
it is plain and constant I say desire
the anyday I do forget measure and wish

Damn

and in creeps want and in creeps words
but all the wrong words when it is silence
I wish I wish [aggravation]

THE LITTLE LIBRARY

Three shelves and
all the proper ideas

Text is a tale of experience
one poem and another

Nor commitment is
his to give ultimately

Collecting dust
titled and authored

The shelf by the garden
window

FLYING AND NATURAL LAW

Because they said no one could fly
except to jump from a height
because gravity and the pull of gravity
the mass of earth calls to all
bodies
really no one can fly [but they built an airplane]
and the birds fly
as model the birds fly and the raptors
hunt in air
the invented helicopter
the high jumper leapt eight feet into the air
came down
came down again all except
the space flyers but they
are outside of the atmosphere [does that count]

BREWED TEA

For tomorrow the hot water and
tea bags
ten minutes done
inna fridge cold

Was the patio sent nature
I call it the aviary
and flowers on the trees now
the day is ambient like summer now

The bug crescendo the sound
traffic like any Monday
ahh
brewed tea

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Behind the mirror
where the spiders

Also dwells
the soul's reservoir

In which all glances upon
reflections are met

With construction and
the easements of construction

For every day is better
than the prior

A spider
is a friend is a collaborator

PALPITATIONS

O flutter

I am

nature against its own rhythms

arrested

the color red for the sky burnt sundown

into an answered black the stars

I am

now and again

heartbeat

when the conditions are

exchanged

because nature

I am

restless

The sky lifted the air

beneath the bird

Beauty

lifted me to flight to flight

Palpitations

day again day again

O flutter

I am

THE ELEPHANT

Is

the snake is the fish is the monkey is the lion is the bear is

arrested

there is a house

there is a structure there is a dam

there is

someone else's luck

where the deer lived where the giraffe lived

there is

someone else's good will

in place

there is a room

Believe

one's own is threatened [but they give it back]

[demonstrate authority] [give it back]

[give all of inheritance back]

DEVIANCE BUT NOT REALLY DEVIANCE

Deviance but not really deviance because
law is different than
conscience and
it is no challenge to believe
the acquisition of contraband when
contraband is no burden to my own
faith

Again
authority
is larger than I and
structured differently
structured with controls and controls
wearing uniforms and language
nor stuttering

ABOUT THE OUTCOME

Do we all not exit naked exit as infants
exit blank slate and
with wide eyes wide minds
nor saying no nor saying yes but
to say receiving receiving

This is all new to me and
I hold judgment upon what may or may not be
wickedry and what may or may not be
an expression of sovereignty
and

For all the drugs in a lifetime say
death comes differently to the sober
I imagine
I cannot say the others wake up when
the light [the light] and if they are taken any way

THE STARS BEFORE THE MORNING

Whether it is still called night
for near darkness but an eastern lightness
and still the stars
but retreating

The quieted air
begins

OIL

The squished dinosaurs and the squished trees
fermented
put into barrels
for cosmetics and cars

OLYMPIA

Again the flags again the torch again the pride
national pride
the muscles the wit

The rules of the game and within a parameters
were it a race
it is two thousand and sixteen a sporting year

An athlete is
holding to the spectacle of sport say a hero
when other nationalisms invoke war and threat

FIBBER McFIBNESS O'POLITICO

Was a fascination with storytelling because
myth is faithful is
truthful is honest among the absence of knowledge
experience
myth is a story mine and it continues
poem
like the birds in rows waiting for Friday
I cannot say no to the birds

It is just a story they did not believe
nor his to his calling Fibber his given name
and with mention to the virtues the importance of
every aspect of being included were there a
question
like a tall tale an explanation
though could not qualify politics them
theirs is an inclination to separate only

Became a senator sat in a room with senators
rolled his head back and forth
all day
talked to himself for his stories he missed
eventually
wrote legislation and demonstrated with a reasonable myth
thus began his practice of speculation
his practice of trust

NO CALL NO SHOW

No call no show
the absence
is another's burden

Hope you're ok

AND FLEAS

Mites and surface micro critters
and smallness writhe about itch
and fleas
was a bug which minded one to hermitage and silence
cast a spell upon his skin
his comfort

Was a motion of psychologic order
was an idea a miniature idea
crept into his worldview his schema his understanding of
things
started to talk to himself answer himself
it was a bug it was a bug

THE CLIFF

Atop
as near to closeness I go
stop

Atop
the ocean swells they move they move
and today's blue sky

Atop
the occasion is a grassy surface
inhale

The cliff
the horizon is water afternoon
as near I go

SPIRIT DISTILLERY

The spirit distillery
mused a souls a lessons an order
into a bottle with

A label called
hardship and
the trust of hardship

The clear
ness
the clarity

A spirit realized consumed
the distillery
by the old little river

It was legal it is
the sitting men with black belts
the spirit distillery

PUT INTO

The spirits into the jug

The strawberries into the jar

The peace into an old coffee can above the stove with the quarters
also

No

The peace into the art

The gas into the car

The books into the bookshelf

FUNNY MAN

Did not realize he was funny
it was his shirt buttoned to the top
and the black doctor boots
the way he clutched his steno pad
he had a word for himself
call him by his name but I did not believe him when he said
Diablo

THE GRASS DOES NOT STOP FOR CONFUSION

The grass does not stop for confusion
the grass does not stop for war
one summer
the people let it grow let it grow they were concentrating on
morality
there were just so many damn mosquitoes though
and so many wildflowers I did not mind
actually there was less killing I believe though
it was outside I spent my time and
not near the world news the concert of world news

AGAIN THE WORD EASY

Again the word easy
what is said is without conscience is effortless
easy
the fruit of language rolls and rolls gently
from one unto another
was a poem
said

Beauty is no struggle unless it is struggle I call beautiful
easy
to rest among the canyons and laurels I say
and turn to my muse and turn to my muse and back again
to be in two places at once
o song o song
I have something for you rapt
from my contentedness
o way o way

O GUILT O CENSOR

O guilt o censor
twas a friend with a camera twas an agency with a camera
says there is no entitlement public entitlement
to the appearances of
the misdeeds of authority

Another someone was shot another someone
it is too many to overlook cause
they are young and starting
putting ideas into canons and futures
among the appearances the misdeeds of authority

O guilt o censor
twas so many brought themselves to the street demanding
demanding
and breaking things [things] and saying rightness louder than
harm louder than guns

CAT ON A WINDOWSILL

Cat on a windowsill

haunched and glazing at the feeder birds

o simple

A SPATIAL INVITATION

A spatial invitation
to this what is I reside and a timely invitation too in which
now or the neared future you are welcome
dear friend
I will make tea and
show you my stones

THE SPELLING BEE

Twenty spellers round about
given a word and twenty all success
but that was easy
and again a word from them [them]
the word repeated said aloud used in a sentence and spelled
[honk] the mighty honk for the error of her ways
[honk] twas sixteen onto the next
[twas] twelve onto the next
[honk] twas nine onto the next twas five three two
and challenging difficult and unfamiliar
the phonetics of knowledge is an assumption
of context
rhyolytics
she lived near a volcano called experience
rhyolite
[honk]
his was anesthetics [of aesthetics]
good thing he always spelled aesthetics wrong

THE SUBSTANCE OF THOUGHT

Is shortsighted to say
the immaterialisms of thought is to say there is no weight to a sound
nor weight to photons
to memory to insight to
the prognostications of life of aging

The substance of thought is measured in
the mass of experience I count
one love and food and company and
the certainties of math I cannot divide but say
heavy and anchoring

And were it the force of gravity of
the chambers of the day say memory and the socialisms of making memories
I measure the mass of pleasure I measure the cost of
pleasure and what returns and say like language says
I am in love and because

THE CARRIED BIRD

The carried bird with broken wing
was a man of compassion cared and swaddled the bird
wrapt its wing and held it for confidence
several weeks
release

THE SPARE PLANET

The first was all used up
good thing the budget
allowed for a second planet

SPACE AND AIR

Space and air
midnight and stars distant breath
the close moon is halved and a cloud's grace then
passing
breath and middle night
the pattern of night silence
from home from home until
the stars cede the light o morning
then

IS NATURE WHEN THE TRUCKS

Is nature when the trucks
heavily ramble the road I hear
an instant when the insects subtle and the birds
interrupted
the broadest convention of nature is
an allowance to trucks I suppose as
an aspect of man as natural
human nature is many things [things]
combined as
a nest to a bird a home to a family a truck
as a tool
categorically speaking
[it is just they are so heavy] [and limit other]
[things]

THE DEAL

Was backward he went for fear of arrows and
glares
was mighty and esteemed until
he met with the devil he did and signed away his conscience
what he got was
a comfortable life a home a car a family a dog
though it was not the devil at all
was a corporate recruiter dressed in red with
two horns
really he looked convincing
made an offer for selling things import export things
made a habit of making money for others sold
guns and lights and bricks and batteries and paper
realized he was better independent
alone
buy and sell buy and sell
alone
the deal
and kept his family to himself

