



United Museum Sports

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SOPHIA

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MADISON

20 acres where

Where the grass grows
downtown city birds urban landplot enough for
castle
wall oneself in pretend as
if the isolates of country living.
Ah! What expanse to city property.
Or creekside other ways where
birds are
still real and
electronica is 70 miles past forgotten.
To run away
but what is small.
To run to
to go to
nor is past remembered
nor discarded and the wealth of
being is among a presence.
Where the grass grows and
without codes nor
jurisdiction to aesthetics then running from.
Or to be places fit for
running and
acknowledge the other be not
where to begin.
Independence the structure and its
maintenance nor
to question nature's impose.
The snow will come I fast.
Nor to draw little possession lines when
the lives of creatures are not imaginary.
And the cut grass civilization among is
flowered anyseason.
Nor retreat but
go to that which
wishes for a breath of this.
20 acres and
to fill time in environments the glow trees the
water what I make of.

label me walking

To call for what I do nor is it
distance when
West meets Rome the anthropology of.
But understanding and
to the faculties of Chicago as
authority when
the sausages are considered.
Bring them to Madison green relish.
And if idea were place as if
the Mediterranean held
America.
Perhaps the Mediterranean holds America as
laboratory for
religion has already been constructed.
And if the flights of
Jupiter loft Venus
and pushed to potential for
what else can be given?
And if there is a walk between science and
the past
what representative object is
either
sage.
Nor can art speak when art is art.
To resist calling art art
then wide as language.
And to remain unique nor of hive minds regardless
the isolation copycats
the points of mindbenders
a walk is not personal if to be followed.
Nor what is followed when
I do not look back at
the questions.
And if the entries into southern ways is
hooped or either
eastern thought is hooped
these secrets are not time nor given
but only curious.

the writer

Hours spent walking who never said that was
writing as if
to write is never having been.
The little illnesses of insects the leaves and social pathology is
every
and mine.
Nor to cause solutions for
ethnography is doctoral.
And the difference between entertainment and
cultural formation
never to have been academic until
the psychologists embraced
the novel
from them writers caught in the
mental illness butterfly nets.
And if a spectacle for having been in a
way
removes one from the content
then a life is more profound than legacy.
Everything expires.
Does not everything expire lest to consider
babies and generations and
the way one
strata of vegetation introduces the next until
permanence after the fire.
What does a fire end exactly and
the writer's union which claims
representation of all writers enlisted or not is necessary.
That president
had only written one long poem and thought
that were ends.
I only sit with coffee and if
to not confuse thought with what I bring like representation.
And finally
when no one watches
to steal away to write
that the cloud finally broke today and
caused me to shower.

to carry intentions through darkness

Is this character?

To value idea enough to believe in
the idea of ideas.

Nor to give up for animalism when social resolution cries
dissolve all attachments.

Nor is it difficult when
strength is to love
strength is to formation.

Is this character?

Nor does it matter the constructs of character really
lest that is what

I cling to.

And if the next birth after after
starts from zero

how was that interest reclaimed?

As if one atom of being will not change and
to have been loved or either
neglected from that.

Enough formation
then character will be permanent and addressed at
every living as if
the script for the next
is reconsidered
that the next character
newly most inclusive
is fashioned upon the last thoughtful breath.

Is this character and
how the soul is different.

Is not everything speculation for

I was certain I had died
without reason

nor connection to futures.

And if legacy is deeply personal how much character
to allow the faith of
living among

other independent social lines like church?

For not all is learning lest

not to question the certainties of
some speculations as if

a corner of faith replaces a corner of knowledge.

to neglect worry

The worth of worry
to not give the depths of the consideration of problems.
Then worry is personal.
Though to accommodate worry as if
the address of every
personal problem is
necessary.
Nor do I stop thinking nor will I
take efforts to automation when
I do not fear improvement.
For living is address to the unease of being and
living is to sound louder than the
personal impacts of
being without or troubled.
To keep to schedules and
the maintenance of lives without thought
how sound the course of
social direction when lists are permanent and lists are
protocol are policy.
Though what stories when the
spontaneity of
problem solving is disbanded and the looks toward happiness are
louder than the automates of
responsibility.
To worry
that a mark of unwellness is recognized
what look within is
enough for change and
redirection to the soul?
And its oversight that
worry does pass and its foundations do pass if
to sit in little wells
allowing the distractions of
littler things ever
without what does require change and
attention.
And what choice to progress if
to ever be the object of social policy?
Displaced and only sitting.

the radiation song

Knows a center calls himself
uranium.
Nor the salt will stop coffee dance and waterworks and
the blasphemies of
social systems which
protect golden majorities.
Ride the thoughts of golden majorities
and crazy stepped out
knowledge for
the interpretations of nextism
they are not met with
peace as of this
December.
The radiation song and
what other
ones
declare their transubstantiated playerisms
in the interest[s] of
truth.
What was the etiology of that word for
truth
rests differently depending on the
sins of every language.
And otherwise truth rests beautifully
it can only.
Sends eyeshots intellectual networks like academic streams at
powerisms
brokers.
Sends look good clothing and
style
like any good amateur museumist will do.
How to become a pro?
And what administration to
the chaos of being?
For there is no system to spontaneity lest
stepped indifference and the word 'change'
and who could not
support that when
the alternative is boredom or contemplation.

the history since being asked what is new

Starting now.

Though history did not start only now I
realize.

Like the wars and loves and drugs and inventions.

History did not start now
though what does bring me to rebirth.

Then if no history before then
this is birth is it not?

And the blankness of being then
respond to what a body is.

Food and memory of that how
things do return
though filtered for your company.

What is new like
the surrounds of standing without judgment I can be
no more noticing like
the stillness of that with sense the art.

What it is
history is gentle now and affectionate and
the memories of
conversation wars and time distress for boredom and
what is now limited?

Starting now and
how far to travel to knowledge to interest then
what is value?

And if
the spirits of 1969 freedom then why to ask
to keep that away?

As if vacations and vaccinations were ideas nor to disagree.

Then that is exterior to attention nor
new.

What is new?

Starting now the snow and to round in circles
for what is new
its repetition is next year old.

Then a thought is new and research
begin.

Or either to oldness happily become
from arbitrary starts.

false fronts

Avoid the false fronts like
the minor conversations for
authenticity.

And what is not authentic?

How was your day?
da duh da.

How about that weather?
da duh da.

And if to wish for something greater in this
conversation
what it is to wonder.

Nor to stop appreciating the
ornaments of style
for I decorate myself in company
then this is conversation and
character.

And if a defeated
character
as if the content were already matched at
introductions
though blind to sit and
knowing that
people do not change
nor do attitudes change.

And social stillness then without the
fevers of
participation.

Apologies I
really was curious about that time
you
fed the dog ritalin.

Avoid the false fronts as if
composure were
protected in quietude.

Nor to consider
personal defense when interest sways to
the rightness of
social opinion.

Preapologies for that too.

It is just that I am right.

the compliments of association

To be in company of conversation when
that ocean is
beauty
to say that and mean that.
And the company of peaceful clouds when
peace is
otherwise unremarkable.
And the compliments of
running through rain excitement
how it breaks the day.
And what company does not appreciate the
taste of
nations delicious for
having tasted together Spain Thailand Sweden.
Association is near and
the indirects without the
points of certainty for
a center to capitals which require no
defense.
And if to say
love is the geese this spring return
nor will poetry divide
the humors of collective imagination otherwise
separated and spread.
As if the objects of
concentrations
for friendship
together is minded in attention
we last.
And the stars how open they are.
Are the stars not open nor divided and
fall into that in conversation.
And the moon.
The sunrise.
The breakfast.
And the compliments of association as if
together were the
animates of environment
I love.

the difference between lost in love signs and self signs

Love is away
the signs were food and desire.
And the signs of self
announced and overlooked.
To be seen nor care
what willful states like spies have
made things of
personalisms.
Though
to walk into what is great
I say
love is great
or either its idea.
And to have been introduced to love
what association is there to
friendship
when the ocean laps in names
when the trees are
still like sleep memories.
Love is away nor
collected nor
possessed and
to have seen the self in social pictures then
what is greater than
self?
And the unions like
indirect things
a greater accounting for certainty as if
faith
I give you stars
nor permanence to have wished
but only now.
And ideas of love like
hold to that
nor to call that person for
ideas are greater and
their disregard is greater if
isolation does follow
acknowledgment. Only to say
the wind is friend.

ingesting history

Some things are difficult to swallow.
As if lessons are necessary.
We do not repeat wars for having learned their
solutions.
And the retirements to
welfare systems
what cause is this nor is this
solved.
As if the foundations of
psychology were enough to comfort
a gone nature like
trees and habitat.
Though looking back and
the alternatives to progress or either
the reasons of progress
as if history were enough to stay the mind in its course.
And the dissolve of personal meaning
is humanity worth
thirty years before the doubt of this story.
And the revisionists
to one day provide the
foundations for community
and who would let down a dominant position nor
what did really happen if
victims were to say
no
this is a better history we choose.
And who could doubt the rightness of
time
when it is about what course
will establish futures away from servitude
nor despair.
And if ingesting history
the grand sort of thing to believe in
for who does not require that?
And if ingesting history
were medicine
time will heal all wounds starting
now.

nor what is said

Climbed a hill planted a yellow flag.
No pictures.
Dusted off the radio for Miles Davis lit a
candle.
Fell asleep to that.
Swept the blues away from
porch
in spite of the corn snow.
Babybel cheese for dinner some
raisin bread
pulpy orange juice.
Fireplace starts.
Sunrise from the living room.
Restarted the birdfeeder they will come back
apologies for the December week.
Skated down for
groceries.
Skated down to get a Christmas tree.
Skated down to
winter park
brought a chair
Navajo blanket and Ethiopian coffee.
The bikes will start soon and
so many decisions this year.
And who said
sign language is for people who cannot hear?
Cowboy boots today
skated down to the wine store because of that.
Walked on a frozen lake planted a
red flag
in that desert.
Spaghetti for dinner with
crushed garlic I never said I was a
vampire
only to stay up late with
poetry.
Pushed the furniture aside camped again
with the
fire.

on the progress of religion

Then pluralism when
to accept souls outside of one's belief.
Do we not live together nor
consider the
course of otherhood to likened animalism.
Nor do we struggle together if
separations are
like the invisibilities of divorce and
forgetfulness.
And progress
as if the structures of belief were
in name alone and
to learn sociologically is to
mind the acts of other congregates and
mind the good fortune of
those away.
And this is not
copycathood if to learn
and if
these sacred letters have
never seen the airs of public scrutiny only that
these foundations are
canon to the way a history brings us about into
these futures.
And if
to never let go of one's own and
to spydom and observation at
being among plural concentrations of
social diversity.
And good will as if
food were named for prophets the
instructions of outreach come in
little divisions of acceptance
little symbols.
And if
horizons will say
toward the next program we drive together with a
collected past.

deportation

For not having the required national documents.

And questions

what is nationalism or either

to question the foundations of the nation in which
one is brought to.

A world without political borders is a
world without

social systems for

how to define and target an area for
progress without

the notations of geographic choreography.

Then question the foundations of
progress.

And to be alone against the

hardness of unfamiliar law for only wanting to
exist without ideology.

And to those questions of social difference when
language undermines an establishment and
religion and custom

unsettle an establishment.

And the ways of progress that they
operate against

values of homelands.

Then law is language is not law
language?

And incentive to learn the competitive nature of
democracy is not

evenly scaled when

systems require systems require systems
nor to locate

bottoms to stand upon.

Who cannot say that

life is difficult nor openly ready for

trust and cohabitation without rumors.

And if a document and if to stay beyond
farewell

to risk spectacle and what governance will not
consider

the nonintentions of existence?

misinterpreting people

When the words were of love or to be is
not to be.
Then to realize of love is not love and
to be is
not to be
as if one needed confidence in one's existence without
the strains of self attention.
And to watch when
the items one does hold close are
colored in ways
though why was sexuality ever brought into
this conversation.
Like the bounds atween men and women
like maturity
sex is asexual when
the roots of creation are retired.
And if
when the words were of objects like
what is beautiful
am I not the most beautiful and
am I then object?
Of course you are object
as I am
then only thinking and when a body does pass
is not thought an object?
And these words.
Though who would wish for such things and
to consider too deeply is
threat to the human condition.
We define the human condition
do we not
define the human condition?
And that is why
there are no less than two types of us.
And to grow old is rested and
never been old is rested.
Only to say that
I understand you the most and that is why.

age is cheese

Winter comes unexpected like interest.

Sudden snow

then what is not expected really?

To live in a place is to talk as if

that which is normal is this year different

nor to bring too much thought to

the weather

when it is really about social introductions.

Is not the weather there for

social introductions?

So time can be brought up like

ice fish and mentholmint schnapps and

that week of winter when

the v-plows had to come with civilization.

So time can be brought up

and age.

Age is cheese.

Winter does come unexpected and

it always should

or to turn to conversations like responsibility and

who would rather

give that thought?

Things just get done then and

forgotten except to enjoy cutting wood.

How close can one get to place

I ask as if

any home were separated from.

Perhaps if people are not equated.

And no philosophy to understand why

the river people nor the forest types

ask different questions though they share

the same storms.

Only to have been seeded differently.

I will go there in the spring

to try love that way.

Meantime

February winter comes unexpected too then

March

what does bring that like it

comes.

knowledge and authority

To have learned the substance of authority
like little whorling circles
about a nexus.

And where I am taken
its disregard is a personal envelope
then the substance of relativism and
what is not knowledge
if relativism.

This is content to have contributed to
the nature of being and
from that
authority is nested in truth passed forward
begun.

This merit
and suggests the other
dogma
will sustain itself if to hold the terms of
self evidence
like bleeding those composites of experience
for the greater good.

Is this not authority when
cause is held and kindled?

Though the nonescapes of evidence hold to themselves like
material holds to itself.

Nor to doubt
the color purple the words for shapes
lest to question language and
what is a question of lingual interposition when
only to substitute another word for
X?

And if the self explorers
to have stabilized a protectorate
institution
what is valid then?

Only that without bounds is
question to
the nature of authority.

The socially unmoved is indeed solid
nor expecting more.

what is love among difference?

As if arbitrary difference were
automatically opposite.

And what conditions to love as if there were degrees.

Perhaps there are degrees to love?

Do we not fight together
then drink?

And when things were old and
naked

gender roles were not struggle and

what decision is not easy when

to suppose some domains of

collective worth are

identity to one position or another.

And if that is contract

like starts

for what divisions are coupled with every couple

then contract is what will sustain

when

the lines are disconnect.

And the areas for to both have an opinion

to consult mediation at

every turn.

Though counsel is between nor

sustainable when

always an exterior to moderation.

And working contracts to go on by that.

And arbitrary difference as if

the securities

are selfism and more content in isolation

for to lawyer social relationships is to

win

is not to win

as if engagement were competition.

That struggle is not this contract nor

to refuse struggle when its disallowance is graft to separation.

Only to say that

how open is difference when

the arbitrary

are considered more than love what is?

Walk to corners and back.

rambling rose

Never said a word for intentions called things
literary.

Old man prunes the hedge with his eyes and pipe
to sundown.

Oh what will retirement be when
I am fifty.

Half to this body and
half to this mind.

The boats cross the poker lines and stay. Call a man old when
he notices such things.

And the car at ease
pull it out for groceries and those old lines.

Every other weekend
condition it to
old Bavaria places for euchre and weather things.

Those Walmart ones are
political ain't they
they're real researchers got it all planned out
...know just the right amount of parking spaces.

And canned soup is never fine when
potato water.

And that old cat checks in on things old cats are always
up to things.

Never said a word about
museums except damn volunteer docents
worse than directors they are.

Just collects arrowheads and
holds on to them old Playboys from his uncle.

They only increase in value.

Old man exercise.

Old man smoke a pipe.

And to adopt those ways because
to have given the cause of age validation for nothing else to give
now.

How damn depressing to consider such things like
temptation.

Could have owned a store
with a room above.

the conversation

About home towns.
Stopped me for looking like I had
drugs or was
prescribing drugs
without a license.
Where do you get one of them licenses eh officer?
That sunflower spot it was inevitable.
Who could have thought it would have been
saved
being in the middle of town and all.
At least its a bookstore
with cushiony chairs.
It's true
we used to climb to the roof of that old
Monte Vista hotel
best five story view in town until
the resident authority caught us climbing in the window.
Only a bald-faced lie can get you out of such
stupidity.
And those trains
do they still run?
About when I left they
changed the burritos from beans to
pork and pineapples.
Ah what does grow old simply?
Greyhound bus thoughts for
chuckling at one's social lineage the wheels do humm.
First car was a 1973 Superbeetle
it was good in the snow
the new ones have the engine in front it changes everything.
About home towns.
Eat well be well think good things
but not too much
because if you say the wrong thing they will
build something
that changes everything
bring your
favorite things from other places into
history.

when there is nothing left to protest

No bother and all is fine no mess.
The energies from
the last banner seemed to have
been received and
the energies
them being only personal
I thought there was a social interest
or either that love sucked
the damn emotions of
social progress from me.
What is expression then when
nothing to band against?
Only the wind is left then.
Is only the wind remaining after
I have been heard?
And if the potions of interest are to
life
will the energies of
opposition reemerge and how?
How to leave that open for
all is good
without fights when freedom is
without contest
what is social justice then?
Or to have been drained in fight
blood.
Get a book I will.
Clean the house.
Start the days with walks.
And when the poems return with
a fight then
nothing is gone and those urchins of
systemic digression will have started
and that
digression is indication to
what question I will first
ask and
with a friend's intentions we share.

the entropy of scientific resistance

When the institution of science is
dissuasion to
social intercourse for
who would wish their lives to be
as efficient as
that truth.

And the local origins of remembrance
for science never did explain
what lies within excitement nor
why to prefer
one season over anyseason.

As if all scientists were institutional representatives like
corners to thought.

Perhaps though I am no
social segment
and to resist such compartments then
call me religious
epistemological anarchist hippie
anything
nor put knowledge boxes around these
thoughts.

And cause to we entropists
the irony of scientific resistance
it is cause to
considerations of evolutionism.

For we scramblers then
we find a niche without social
attachment and
progenize from
zero.

And only upon ten years minimum is
reference to
institutional science as reason for
running severed and
forgotten.

Divorced.

For any more efficiency to this city is
what takes away from
social inheritance.

And to keep that.

5 year space drive no destination

They say go to a place though
never has a place captured me as
the religion of travel.

Then drive around
wander.

To be indoors no frisbee wayside stop
then we play euchre and
guitar
until we beings are autistic and love each other to
infinity.

Or a picture window and
what is exploration then?

No trophies to passages lest social insight start
the ten year
planetary system round with
hoverbys at
all the greatest big things.

Nor will I drive this limousine.

And if a cruise is air to the imagination am I not
imaginary?

5 year jaunt
as if

the distress of those willful intents of
planting flags
has left we socialites feeling
the joy of passages without markers is now
oversight.

Call it protest mission then
what else?

Or to the ship entertainers a challenge to
curiosity
what does hold this interest
for not to return
to the belief of interplanetism as social philosophy as
waste.

Then a littler capsule
to drive with friends
to change directions like
wandering is
nor forgotten.

the curiosity of otherness

That is successful what does bring
that?

What attitude like anthropology is object for
those who know too much about
ourselves
our own kind?

What is valuable to ask oneself?

Nor who did say
the cloth one is born unto is permanence?

The house one is born unto is
fulfillment?

Nor to exclusion then
who does not thief
the goodnesses of otherness and
to possess that when.

But I do live and
what is not competitive in global systems.

Then are we not all buyers and
sellers of
goodness?

And to hide one's worth quietly
we match nothing but are secure and gray.

And if development is to
the allness of being without the
stratas of social otherhood then
who does say such a nonlocal aspect
to being is
more divine than studying studying.

Though the ends of ideological sharing
is
mutualism

as if destiny were the announcements
of anthropological understanding.

Only to realize
the liberation theologians were
at least part right when
a pride in one's own is
enough to warrant an external attention or either
enough for power to
assort otherness.

the flame

The weak oil candle barely burns.
To get a new candle or either
to tolerate its frequent
burnout.
What does a flame mean?
As much as any representative thing
[thing].
And if I grant the power of objects to
be metaphors a
flame is faith a flame is love.
Then that which trembles is
uncertain if.
Then a candle which burns or
to repair the needs of existing faith love
then a flame is
and strong.
Nor to think of metaphors until later
for I am slow and
not considering representation
until midnight then.
But a faith a love kindled then
the next of symbols is heartened and
instant
nor to question that
I have managed such things with
the positive and deliberate acts
such things require
if
to believe in the need for such things.
I do.
And when
upon a recognition
nor to be zealous for
a symbol is only a symbol nor real
and a flame will not make faith
nor love
then the best candle is
nothing nor representative if
not conjoined with faith nor love.

snow comes blinding
Retreat for the
drifts.
Accelerate poof.
Like to remember childhood when
winter was.
And season's dash for memory.
The windows
chill and
the fog never left three days
letting down.
Nuclear winter
the imagination what
goes on
now that the world is.
I only know
to be warm and
thinking
snowed in.
And boots for no reason and
the
gear
put it on for
snow walk nowhere.
And what freedom when
nature remembered.
The field and stalks
poking
except for higher drifts west to east.
Comes the wind hard and
covers sight
not to move
snowthrone plopdow.
Return.
Home again undress
the garments by the door.
In socks
coffee searching
red cheeks the
wind.
The wind outside I was.

having met a religious person and not realizing it until after

What was that I said nor
to embarrass oneself if not to fear judgment.
Not decline that judgment for
now such admiration for
moral cores
since that time I respected advice from
that priest and
that pastoral counselor.
How similar they cared though
they read different books.
And that Mohamed friend
set me back on earth for trying.
Oh to live in strength we are
all in line
are we not all in line?
And if confidence for
my own then
not to wonder if
I will be called some day for
having brightened some religious spirits of
some calling and willful soul.
It was the jeans
the wool hat
who could have considered a sidewalk
greeting to be
judgment.
Will I be better next time for
accommodating the easy and indiscriminate.
And if a lesson to
oversight then
treat all good branches as divine
nor to guess at
what social sphere is best.
And if I am looked past as general for
not recognizing divinity then
only that I am full of excuses nor
do I have one to
account for
saying the weather is arrogant like
sin even if it is.

two-sided classroom

Opposing students same
material.

One Professor
tells things.

Opposing students two groups
at face against
against
nor

to disagree though
what bodies do not
think alike?

And groups in eye contact with another how
not to remember
that which stands before this idea?

All is social when
and debate
as if

two teams were environmentally
selected to
oppose.

One middled Professor at
altar
consumes the
challenges sucks in passion and
rightness.

Gets smarter by
the conversation.

Oh to stand in middles of
struggle and
determination.

The questions
to stand in the middle of that.

As if two alphas were enough to
sate
the difference of
collective opinion.

Perhaps two genii are enough.

One Professor
mediator.

please leave your symbols at the door

Only coffee only

crackers.

No endless possibilities in irony except
conversation.

Nor is language

exempt for

words are meaningful nor

collected with

confrontational pause

searching pause.

And if reason to convince then

nor to forget

what is friendship silence the

day

we last.

I am not a sprint.

Nor governor am I.

But company or better.

How to spend this day

nor is it currency we last forgetting

except appreciation.

Only the motions are kept

for tomorrow

and distilled

nor ideology to be that way only

this is content.

The watered flowers and

what is wisdom then?

No answer

this is required like philosophy is

required.

What is sport like

coming together and

those rules are still coming until.

Nor I am not

unreasonable for being

with reason if

to protect this.

Or if we must then

one at a time.

to hide one's science like silence
If the middle were intentional
I do not question
except in quiet art.
And formation what is personal then
to give this in shares.
Like the soul is science or
that which surrounds the
soul
if that will not move for that is
survived in conscience in confidence.
And if intentions are
science
nor is force
except a method.
What is arbitrary nothing is I
cannot expand on
that.
And I do learn
from being and being social I
do learn to trust
like exchange.
The way I do not call it that for
even
to be open surrounds
captures
but a dash to idea for memory.
The poem
nor picture is it everwise
but history.
And the calls to satisfaction for
staying one way
it is possible to grow happily old
like that
nor detours to fear
until the last.
If the social middle to call that
science over soul
though what it is nor is it
protected.
Sacred.

winter scarecrow

Snow drifted up to its knees the fear
nor afraid when
there are no birds.

And what are symbols without
measure?

Just spectacle.

Nearfull moon last night Christmas eve it was
whole.

And what are symbols without
measure?

Only spectacle I live at that when
garlic shrimp and
each of the fruits are given
names like people.

Scarecrow holy day throw four stones at
the pond ice
one for prayer one for hope one for wish one for
thanks

at the first ice thaw
after the pops
to sink to the bottom with intentions.

And when spring comes with that
go and see the
blackbirds
like a game.

It will need a new shirt and
other new things like
duct taped foam belly but that is
cosmetic and
that is the future.

I try to stay away from that is that not
why I come?

To hold back futures?

Only today for I give no reason to
futures I cannot stop.

And if it thinking I believe
the animates do if I give them that
to say

we are not so different if you count
where we have been.

list service

Had a part of me taken.
Oh it was consensual.
Now I need lists for memory was in that
part.
Thank you for that.
I will take you drawing and
to listen to
the sunrise until it is right and
the chocolate is done.
Bring nature into
what is taken.
Do I steal that to appreciate that?
Questions for
how to give to
what does only give?
And graceful in receiving to learn.
Though what list is
the collection of
how I try?
And the remainders of being
what is so solid as
reference
like experience?
But that is only a question.
The books are lists are
personal.
And who does not wish for
social admiration and
who makes lists for sale?
Left my pen
in the car.
And what is taken returns nor
did I want you to keep it
alone.
The growth is old and
the hair is gray nor to mind that.
Nor to be reluctant for saying
nothing
or rain.

to think where desirable have I not been

One beach is another.

X.

Nor one mountain is the same is not one mountain
the same?

And to live in one place
to know it greatly like
little things.

Home is this.

And to cover geographies
like possession
like resume.

What northern ocean holds an
attention?

What northern ocean does not hold an attention and
suffers
when I leave?

I do not leave northern oceans
nor have I seen but one.

And social places filled with
poetry

only for here to learn from that anyplace
home becomes
or to retreat to other forests one.

X.

And the represents of
knowing one land for another having been
captured by

the pumpkins of platonica

for their taste I will
never leave nor can I.

I have been no place I say in fifty trips I have been
to no place.

And the settlements are here

I listen and

when the poems are interesting

I go there home and
call it for no place other.

X.

collected stories

Age is criminal the wisdom of
having lived through floods with no memory of.

The last one with memory
is the elder.

And when thinking animals roamed the earth until
the poem people
caged the representative lot
for being unique.

Walls are only simple
nor who could
tell a poet nicely such things as if
poets were the same.

And war is simple.

And food is animal the consumption of food is
animal like sex.

What priest will not
commune nor
clean blood goblets with their
intentions?

And when the clouds come purifying
as they do
what peace is not first restless like extinction bursts of
the force of what will be resolved?

Age is criminal I return.

Then what knowledge is reserved for
age?

And the earthquake when
fifteen to twenty percent of
them

used the word God
the word God
and the others cried plate tectonics plate tectonics
nor did either suffer more.

Only nude bathing in
the Mediterranean resolves such conflicts
like baptism.

And I
apologize for looking at you like

art
I like.

making pictures

Oh lessons nor
lessons.
Picture this what idealism the waterfall no
camera.
Still life clouds painted
trees purple
sundown rest.
The strokes to water from
hands.
Wine grew here with clover and
patience.
The moss.
Run with me oh lessons.
Nor lessons taught nor to think.
The weight of
facelines the sun begins.
So eager was youth that
its memory is
only character and faded trophy scars.
Nor what is interest when
ambition is a swimming hole a
cherry.
For autumn comes then
and it will pass
in motion to stillness monochrome
love is still.
The bony branches first
frost
in closeness.
Grow young I
carry no mirror when.
And without snow the first lakefreeze
it does not wait
this time.
Oh lessons for
to be among nor lessons
to be among
without stops.

characterizing niceness

To hold nice things the voss the black auto the
typewriter.

The glowleaves.

How nice it is

to take a break from reading nor
information from other sources if
it is called information.

Nor religion is nice but fascinating proper like
intuitive.

Nor nice is good when
it does consume.

It does consume
to call everything nice.

As anything does consume
to use its meaning over and again.

Though simplicity
what sake for
nor are intentions to be genuine if
no reference for
what is nice.

But a word which is not hard nor criminal.

To hold nice things the Spanish leather unformed the prestige the
typewriter.

Are these things not nice if
the imagination?

A thousand songs of nice ness and
what is meaningful?

Characterized
like framed condensed and
referenced to all other which is nice.

Nor to complain
for acknowledgment and what critic is complimentary in
using the word nice?

The tools of carpenters the voice the language the
typewriter to hold

nice [nice]

things [things].

What is reference to?

on conversion

Going to something going from something.

On having been taken or either
willful.

Is truth universal?

Nor what does compete or
does stand silently open.

And the grass of being there for who cannot contend with
social futures from
looking to one's content.

The love she was different nor what will stay
in her absence?

And the lists

to be important

for the world does change does not the world
change?

Or to be prepared for
new heroes.

And what commitment nor to ask

what commitment if

the willfulness of being is without contest.

Nor questions answered we

move forward do we not move forward and

leave that which is unanswered

like strength does leave such things?

What does compel anyone to

leave

nor do I go without questions before commitment.

Conversion for

having been saved like life debt.

Conversion for

having met Jesus newly.

Conversion for

disgust.

Conversion for

one step better.

Nor am I alone if to say confusion is having left a life

of confusion

for certainty.

Nor expulsion when

there is no fire but will.

on what happens when one forgets to eat

Comes 2pm two coffees later

ears ring because

thoughts are sensitive.

The anxious is directed at productivity.

Is it enough

that

those collected Aero Mexicana cookies are

substance.

Substance is

nothing if it is

only symbolic for

a 200 pound body requires

more than metaphor.

Comes 3pm no thought to

eye contact hyperactive or withdrawn.

Though to be so much more

productive

if

to fast and divine its connotation for

what saint has not

elevated

other things over body?

And pride in

control

if to believe

a body shapes itself if

a body holds control over the mind because of its

needs.

What is mortality not today.

Then when I eat

with the world

then 6pm

it is fruit and nations fusion.

And the rest is rest nor

planned like business.

To listen is not schedule nor is to

listen neglect if

it is not hungry nor is to listen isolated if

it will not consider

environments.

doses of words

Swallow that word scarecrow take that
pilot light and
think about it sir.

Make that computer think and think
until
they resemble people.

That academic freedom is not
reform if
that cat is only a cat and
cosmology is not religion that
a black hole and other godly systems carry no
social foundations.

The moon means many things
but only
this meaning swallow with
the rest of us.

Nor is the car
a division bell if it only
moves around.

What style to bicycles as penises indeed.

What style to quality the
writing instrument as penis indeed.

The animals are
worded and meaningful the mice the elephant for
how else to
discuss philosophy without
footnotes
for how to travel our lives without
church.

And the closeness of being like
math
and systems of numbers like fractions.

Half in feeding is
given.

Half in receiving is giving.

Nor to believe coins are
unremarkable if
we are together wishing at fountains for
an end to this.

there will be a call for returns to first principles as long as people believe those are settled

When universal content the
universe is too small.

We grow small in order the efficiencies the
reliabilities.

And what charge to living when
there are no problems?

And the dullness of progress then
the blades of thought are
on walls and collected
licensed
photographed as if
energies for justice were history.

And first principles to
the rightness of life and equality that it
requires no consideration it requires no
defense
except for vigilance
then vigilance taken and grown steady and
compliant.

And the lust for movement
to turn to
settlement as if
cultures and one's set were
enough for growing old.

Perhaps
nor can I deny the peace in living furiously
for justice
then secure after that when
the yellow observatory approved streetlights
turn on rightly after
supper.

I have learned to call it that
supper
with no attention to its etymology.

Nor suppression of difference then if
problems are savory and
a social mind for becoming for
if anything to fear
to call that stillness nor am I
planted yet.

age is criminal

Nor to have considered until a body
stalls
age does come.
Age is criminal like winter is and
indiscriminately discriminates.
And that maturity
then to have realized
the force of one's progress pushes outward like
ideology and
what I believe and
what satisfaction is there to
having reached social rightness when
never to have considered
reaching that.
I only do live and
as gray does come
what is permanent and who to ask that?
The land is
and with the similar struggles and erosions and
defeats of
social lives
why the oceans are this attention and
I cannot compete with that.
Like smallness age is criminal and if
love were its only defeat
only I can say for
we do come again for answers.
Do we not come again for answers?
Nor to resist age but
proudly forward like
anymanner for good education was that
the address of things
like character.
Just the whorls of newness and
what does give that strength for
in that
to realize I am
only done like history if to consider that like
memory.

visit 836208

What is public nor confessions when
police do mind public order.
And if to mind intellectual water fantasies and
colored footsteps
worth the ended 888 for
some sense.
And if to
have placed that as truth nor its highest for
since then
the spring decompensation walk
was ultimately disheartening and
left clamors against knowing just too much.
As if that were true
nor do I believe it
and left a urinalysis on that lakeside oak.
Two truths divide and
the enrichment of development are to those
as if decisions were
the course of being.
And I say decisions among social poles
are not the course of being
for this freedom expects the divinities of simple
sources though
what reason to argument for
the social is powerful and feeds us all.
Does not the social do this?
And what questions to ask of
isolation or either to ask oneself in isolations of
solid walls.
What is powerful and
what is good and
how to be the business of one's acts and
if there is an institution
let it be this.
Nor to be called Jesus for such things
but only living
rightly and with concentrations to
friendship this is.

falling asleep next to an acquaintance

What circumstance finds
two near strangers
exhausted at and able to close their eyes?
No thoughts to anything
what peace
nor memories except those
of waking bad in breath and
cluttered
mishaired.
Thanks for that I say and
may we sleep again
without questions.

everything fertile

So fertile and
surrounded with fertility.
She
was art and pornography then what is a
word.
Directed eyes nor is love but
nothing.
Nothing is nothing.
And still away and
that is difference and
to accept spectacle then I am
something.
Nor is feeling but a
moment of
everness.
Flesh is a human condition and
flesh is
mutual and what that brings
union.
Fertile for life and
how long to have lived this sex
innocence
when we were only brought and wondering.
Nor to commitment when
this.
Nor to suffer
nor history when
creation is internalized and
the volunteers of
union hide nothing nor secrets
what is passion
then what is a word nothing.
Nothing is nothing.
Nothing stopped and
brings what comes.
She was art I know
nor to stop looking nor to stop
giving.

and if this I dream, and if this I think
Oh, to fear thought, the imagination.
For that was true what I did imagination and
not to accept responsibility if
only I did play out
manners in this head.
And how the realisms of being, they follow
like imagination they follow.
The fantasies were public were they not?
And those ideas of
little worth I did think of them and they did happen.
And to consider
those flashes which come and pass before
control
they were not free association nor stopped
and what of them if
they are true.
What collective unconscious I have been
conditioned for.
And to test
for who is listening to these dreams.
Tomorrow who does raise an eye to
insight we know.
And if there were a quieter conscious of code that
to consider in abstractions and
dialects
if there were an exterior thought to this
then lost in translation these intentions
they are still my own.
Why are there so many languages in the world?
For we do think alike.
And them in images them to believe in
pictures and
head movies
you are indeed public I am.
Oh, to fear thought and
what university does not teach the blockage of
public being?
And if this I think
nor responsibility do I
fear cause.

who loved each other but played different games, spoke different languages, why?

What is love?

Them who come together in similarity them who
come together as
demonstration of the possibility of
opposition.

We are different and
who is not?

Though different games and when
lines are different things
[things].

And a thought requires defense.

Oh, what spectacle to
cling to one's own truth as if it were greater.

And if this be love
that

to begin in separation and
maintain such things then

I cannot say.

For contract is contract nor am I privy to each.

I did become

in believing diversity were more profound than test.

I did become mature then.

What is love?

And mine are these regards
nor to interrogate though what is
between us is some degree interpreted.

And if to stay
then

time is love.

We grow old in
such constance.

And if to know the other as absorbed nor to mind

I am absorbed and
warmed in such being.

And if distance is love the universe is love and if
freedom is love

what is language to contradiction?

Of course we are opposite.

And playing.

ran away back and everything was different

Adapatation for conclusions.
Only some things are the same like
geography
beneath those structures.
And the new words
do people mean the same things
nor will I
stay long enough to know.
Nothing changes the rain the autumn
comes.
And if it were people
it were
only vacant faces
sounds
with similar looks and friendliness.
Something could be made of this for
the beginner
that was tomorrow I believe.
And everything is
tomorrow when I will commit again to
origins.
Adaptation and what suffers history like
age?
Ran away back
for knowing certainty for
dispelling
the unsustainabilities of
that without connection.
And if conclusions are to have seen
a widened city center and
grand halls
grand social marks I have either
glanced without concern or
to have been absorbed in
the nostalgia of what
memory.
Adaptation for conclusions but only
traveling now
planted again where.

slow bargaining

Dispels things in sleep. What contract
to regard time when
time is
only simple.
I am complex we are.
The way two forces regard the
humors of presentation representation the
reason for our relationship.
I am only body then
what are morals
nor do I live to ends I have
never planned except for legacy.
And in this sleep then
what order consumes the day as if
the formation of religion were
once daily sunrise.
And to dispel then contract is tomorrow nor
afraid.
I will still hold your hand.
And if systems are from reflection
they are
and if to recognize the
instructions of constructivists them
I am only following
that will we are
as if they exist.
Nor to leave out what is closed for
those are dots and stones
those are
the heralds of history if not
reason.
And I write no book for that but only
receive that in yield dashes and
curiosity.
And why not
to sleep early when
such things are
creative are we not creating lines and
art?

to have done something good

for Fabu

For the children of the prison population the
quiet wondering voices
without legacy.
To what leadership to cling to
the poet.
For truth is not a mystery only making sense that
goodness finds goodness.
And who does not try
the advocacy of making advocates of
lesser fortunes.
Stand tall upright answer questions learn
patience
she implies as
she reads of dreams in streams and
rhythm.
What lesson is not modeled though
when the Jesus program is not
trusted for its faults
when faith is a question the clouds they are
put there by
injustice
what is redemption except that which attends to
the youth of innocence and
futures without
darkness.
And
for the children of the prison
population
what is released in knowing the courage of
looking within and
who does respond to that?
Only the pretense of poetry and its
nonlimits its
inquiry to the human condition and
if to have been brought to baseline by that
no apologies for
answers are owned from based corners
when the otherhood of
being is wandered or either stolen.

head full of independence and forms

One by one
took the forms and filled them with freedom.
Attached some to balloons and
sent them up.
Put some in a box
put them on a shelf.
Put some in the ocean tied
rocks around them sunk them the others
floated away like
floating things do.
What is an idea?
Head full of independence and
some contained each other.
Parks
with trees to climb
and moons for the night.
How great to have imagined oceans for
imagining oceans.
Wrapped the stars in foil
put them in his pocket with
other things
[things]
that meant nothing at all he decided.
One by one
and freedom like lakes and forests and
connecting rivers
gave names like boxes for
places he was
he was places and collecting.
Nor to realize poetry for that was
reproduction and
what is language among oneself except
what does sound like
what it is.
For memory and
gifting divinity to who is next in
time daybreak and
to erode nothing for tomorrow's ness.

share a walk

Cold frames of
one winter poetry to another.
Wrapped in wool the
conversation
the attributes of free verse versus the forms
the sonnet the haiku and
what a form will do to the mind.
Everything is
within a form
nor do I argue
that free verse is a form
nor catalogued.
The lake wind is neat.
To find nothing except direction in
winter lake wind.
And when the trouble of
oppression and
prosperity
nor am I kindled in civil rights when
the minor needs are
not met.
We think for ourselves like
poets and
remembering inspiration is
different among the
elements than among
the social strains which rule
in temperate climates.
Nor to love either but to
exist.
What is not existence when
the human condition
marks its presence in twos marching
to passions
through cold frames as if
that is only a metaphor.
It is.
And a metaphor which requires coffee
and thought.

suggesting ideas

Then what good is that as if
solutions were dialogue and
without connection to
acts.

And who cannot say the dialogue as ideal as if
institution were structure and
it is enough to
believe one thing is good and
circle that and again.

Write books of it.

Poverty like a problem for
who does live in sheets and
wooden panels
bring the indigent into conversation.

Disability like a problem for
the business of conversation is
the business of
ideology

a society requires support.

And the problem of legacy of youth and
what will countries be in generations for
planning is legacy and
passages are time.

What I know and
to pass that forward like care.

And the centers of solution
the leather meetings we banter and
to be known for solutions
to be known for
types of solutions and if
one thing is explicit we are commanding
though what is explicit if
dialogue is open and searching.

What will come
observer.

And the ideals of
passages solutions is remarkable remarkable and
with good wine.

he can sleep

Absorbs things calls them in a way then
talks as if
they are known.

Gave up sleep for social knowledge as if
such knowledge
matched material.

Then if social knowledge is of material
is this not known?

No

for social knowledge
even in its purest discourse is
language and communicated it is
second.

What is authority and if
the tines of
being are to
gather enough urchins to own things social as
property
and if
authority were to fit the most number of people into
a city box
without regard for
the qualities of legacy nor beauty.

The seconds of information
it is not genius

but only stealth against
those with open minds.

Absorbs things then they know
time were not making the union of
faculties
but only he claims to have formed unions.

Perhaps
and a world without space for
the natural tendencies of union
speed is errand and
the acceleration of union is marketable.

Only to say
creativity is shut down without
creative control.

religion is, religion is

To have agreed that
there is a single system to this city.
What prosperity then and
the ambitions to follow the single lines of
progress.
And diversity to
have been brought
the social seconds them with other words
what is prosperity confounded
like slowness
confounded and
how to make a majority still proud of
slowness stillness?
And if hate starts to operate and
kindled for
divisions of success
what word is hate and otherness?
Religion is
single system then
religion is
an other division a separated single
away.
What union to reason when
values are values
nor are they the same.
For character is one and
monetary systems linking health systems
retirement educational welfare systems.
Who does live the longest and
mortal judgment is that
like quality is that.
For no system enlarges
an other and
the force of system only causes an
other.
And if reconciliation
we do not stop thinking then
the traffic of the mind
spawns independence.
What is the other always living?

presses in

How it operates in
binary clicks. So different to the
standards of
typical social art.
Then what of
growing up feral among
machines and
no wonder to the stars
ambition.
As if the environment never before did
say such things
no
the environment always did say such things.
And if
to have absorbed
the difference in fifty years
man is neater now
and only profound if to look backwards
when nature was nature.
And if
this be nature like
the shadows of Chicago Columbia
the river cars
the roaring clouds and
standards of midnight consciousness
what does press in
nor am I the same
as sunspotted grandfather
lest determination to
restlessness.
And how to give then for
the imparts of future and legacy
start now like
returning presses and
beauty to origins.
How it operates in binary clicks and
what is simple
when the sky is science
too?

she made a mentor out of me
Stole my reluctant fruits
put them in a bowl for
the social wives club. And if
I was ever public
what expanse to involuntary authority.
Nor did I say
the social wives could only suppose
one male authority
nor to have made
great gender divisions.
Though she is a woman's woman
and that was why.
And the way Queendom
elects itself freely
as do other minor social circles as do
all languages
when you notice their nexus.
And I could stop protest if
it were that
though it only does exist as
one other line and
feeling like the
anthropologist for curiosity
or is this love?
Then I am small and pet and
disabled
for only learning now.
Stole my reluctant fruits nor
did I withhold the grandest gems
for never to have feared
public
for never to have believed
I was any other way
disgruntled nor
uncommitted.
Then thank you I suppose for
exposure
for my own good but
did you listen to the story?
Tell me is it good?

the birds one and then

And having listened immediately to
the birds carrying strains of thought like weather
nor did they say winter would be
stopped.

And I did know that already
along with other greater forces when
the next season gives
reprieve to them having conveyed in ice and wind and
the limits of twigged shelter.

When the geese fly back
they will bring that other language of
having traveled like clouds
in formation
watching technology in wheels and structures
beneath.

How wheels and structures grow other things that
do affect.

And when earth pops up again between buildings I say
I have had one question answered
this year.

How species do adapt I have
nor have I faced what is
extended beyond my limits and
what good is faith if
the limits are for collective consideration because of
too many individuals having
collaborated.

And if the mark of destiny is
having considered
the possibilities of improvement as traveling to
where there is no progress except for
pleasure nor
jealousy.

And if the birds appear too confined and
brought among a closing humanity
they say
humanity is only vigilance and stays in fear
of contemplation
as if they did mean that.

having had the war removed
What protest when
having had the war removed?
Reason is reluctant and
again searching for purpose.
What grows peace when peace and
what is the nurture of peace.
Obvious to bring
the ideas of motherhood to
social speculation and policy though
where we grow
a culture finds itself in
fractal development with
nothing stopped nor is
change stopped nor questioned.
And the mind of earth is
met nor divisions except
the remains of paternal divisions we
blame it on that
for that was only a seed and
negative like history.
And if protest then is
'no'
to the curriculums of openness until it
stops itself
like theory
as if gender were the only Godlines
I cannot say.
Ask primitive lives such a
question of happiness.
Nor have I been yet stopped for
believing
personal growth is still personal
though the separations
to call that freedom
do we then grow separately?
As if social responsibility were
keeping one's nonlimits to
oneself.
And then
what is friendship?

the character of struggle

Teleologies and
which is not associated with divinities?
Nor are peoples typed
intended for service vocations all for
what is productive
what is creative in
filling in the lines of dreamers?
Nor is there a contest to
capitalism when
that is associated with
healthy competition and
tokenism is associated with
merits to who will
properly fill the problems and holes which are
the imbalance of society.
And if struggle were
the minds of oppression
who is such oppression nor is it
systemic if
to have been
an isolated victim of zeal.
And what is understanding if
the ideologues
limit this thought
make you stay for twelve categorical years until
there is no threat to
alternative reason.
The safeguards of
having lived in confines are
to rational limits
nor to be irrational for questioning why
the typology of success
inhibits
the speculations of alternative guides.
Nor to wonder
the theology of church and
God exclamations when
one is otherwise cornered as
socially benign.

pressed to centers

Social discern is not always
within one's control.

What is control for

I do make myself in a way though
to have been received exactly is
exterior to oneself.

Self image

and what catalogue is not remarkable?

And to grounds

for the fascinations of social tides are
fleeting.

Though to eat

to live

it is to be

though retreat.

And arrest the living

arrest the soul

arrest what presses one to centers

makes them product.

And who only does concern with

social opinion for

baywalks and ambles

that without social contest

to require no slaved response for wear nor fashion

to require no defense

for believing in a way.

And pressed to centers in

small worlds

the naturists the wholists finding

astronomy as

the final bastion of autonomy.

Social discern

and living among others

what is response when

responsibility is acceptance and

to say otherwise is

to suppose proof exists.

It does.

Do I not live in your company?

Do I not live asking questions?

response to social ripples

What idea to loss we
all do absorb
the structures of that which is taken and
that which is assumed.
And the depressions of injustice
how to solve that
with wands of activity and
penance.
We do better next time like Christians like
the others
for cost is tallied later.
And what speculation to
governance if
I were not a dreamer if
responsibility were not concept nor
contradictory to freedom.
And if to absorb the halos of
social satisfaction
and what is made is compound to
doing it again and over again
is there not process to
the administration of virtue?
Nor am I alone and
thinking and
those ministries of isolated peace
neither will they be called mine if
they are great.
What it is I own
for I was at that harvest
I was supposing the health of welfare and
then it happened
for an instant.
Repeat.
And if karma declares
repeat that knowledge
nor am I done learning lest I am
satisfied with
only this perfection.
Only this one.
Nor then will it be mine.

clarity sunrise for not having slept
Dogs crow like roosters ambient night
ends in
cloudwhisp darkness retreat.
And fullbright morning haze the
sun does finally come.
Lucid and clarity for not having slept through the
six hours past midnight
considering poetry
and what is within that.
I say this morning was and stillness
the celestial comes with patience comes with
the attention of being.
And how grand to realize
the coming is important and if
then being is no less important for
seven is also swelled for having lasted and
the eight
then clarity no less certain and
confident then to
lay one's head down on beds built of floors like
humility.
What is small against that?
And we do rise again
like history for seeing the eventual afternoon as painted in
the starts of dripping northern
spring I expect.
And the dogs did stop I
remember
or either to have stopped minding that language.
And the sun was next
exhausting its rapid ascension.
For when it became common
like the other
portions of the day
then again clarity for pacing oneself for experience said that.
And why no alarm for apprehending such things
at the right time?
I was doing other things.
I had been taken and found myself
at sunrise.

to have considered the idea of society at an early age

The impose of authority like
what is society like
moral traditions nor religion.
Nor to question if
to live comfortably within.
And the authorities of governance
to struggle against poverty
access to necessary things
for struggle does make one
consider the limits of oneself and
the other authorities for
easements.
And if to have been brought against
what is tall and
reasonable
as if teachers become doctors for
the administrations of
several types of medicine
as if
the ambitions of parents
them authority
meet another authority which assumes
precedent.
To have considered
the idea of society at an early age like
what does an astronaut do
exactly
a judge a priest a representing athlete
a farmer
nor what is team considered if
to make ambition out of
what one does nor title.
Such thoughts as theory.
Such thoughts as theory.
Nor is an age too early for consideration
though to
believe like control for
what domain of personal development.

and having acquired the conscience of a hippie
To defend the conscience and
called hippie
and if to defend that.
Nor to mind what is natural or to defend the
largeness of profound nature
as if all things are profound.
Perhaps they were.
And if time does ease the conscience to
social acceptance and
words
as if words were
now
the difference between one of God one of nature one of
material one of
the many things people are
or once were
and now divided as having only
the separations of different post adolescent zeal.
And the origin of value
I cannot contest what lines do bring
one to being.
Nor I cannot contest notions of
authenticity when
the hippie retreated from the coldness of
the January microbus
for the new authentic jetta.
Need I mention you cannot sleep in that like a house.
And if the mellowed character
rests its laurels on
formation
though not to keep such experience centerpiece
in the interests of
getting along like world peace.
For what really would we be if
we all celebrated Earth Day as if
it did mean something?
Though who does not defend conscience?
As if without such a thing
nobody would bathe
or talk about how good that cheese sandwich was.

male midlife crisis

Starts to wear nightgowns to bed eats
lots of fruit and grains.
Looks at the way young couples are
put together.
Starts writing religiously.
Considers the best religion.
Starts a religion.
Considers mortal things as the beard grows.
Talks with fast authority.
Solves the problem of pink shirts.
Picks flowers for
the desk at
that desk job.
Gets the prostate checked and
the colonoscopy.
Sits on an inflatable 'O' in the rented Ferrari.

to die to be reeducated
because time did not stop when
conscience closed to summaries beneath
that
living shade tree summer.
And when night came and
when the moss came
and all of the evaluations
never was mentioned reentry for
all of the critical domains of religion and explanation never
did speculate
that reincarnation were not to
places at their last memory.
And to be sure
only the souls come again until
they have exhausted their interest before
traveling to that other dimension
to do the same there.
It was the Sugar Maple on Mars Hill that
was good for figuring
like certainty.
And time spent
is only closed when one does stop
being there.
Nor is reeducation like certainty but only
what is received.
To have been every variety to have been
the sacred the profane
and no wonder progress comes when
conscience reasserts itself
like blind memory.
And the once inspired
upon reentry is callous and insensitive.
Take that away
says a king to growth and
who did make these bugs for
they are interesting.
Everything is interesting again though differently and
make models of the clouds
this time.
This time make models of them.

libido

Unsettled when
the quiet came and
how does energy devote itself to wandering minds?

When
the interest was never
the structure of scientific revolutions
streamed into
all of the other revolutions and
how a gendered peace brought
consciousness to
the quiets of isolation.

And when
the union of souls
were not the declaration of
man and woman
how easy to solve things and
to realize what greater
peace is solved in
letting things pass.

To now say that
liked horned conversions.
She was only wondering and
to accept that
nor to mention
what a proud model of woman she is and
remarkably
wanting no social change for that.

And if the mind does question without bounds then
bounds are
introduced
as if she were right.

What to do with that which
is wordless.
How a poet responds to silence.
Right away to monastery
write away.

Or either to fall in
love
this time.

hospital communication

Milligram latin language reference
the body.
And when questions of
free speech modernity culture
leave it to
doctorhood to speak forthright the
difficult subjects.
Always return to the body reference and
when
divinity is appraised as
legitimate
always return to the body for
this is the object of.
And when the artists
are bought for hospital spaces
for colored lights and
wall art
and when the artists are commissioned
they work silently
afterhours
never to mention their
other objects of conflict their
other objects of
question
for no interpretation is this beyond
the balance of peace and health.
As it should be
possibly if
the sacred is certainty and
health is not
a social dazzle.
And the language like imperial latin
poetry and
the way walking bodies and nurses
point their asses to
health.
Language is healing
and what poet is not a doctor if
to recognize problems are not only
bodily connected?

change for little houses

The accustoms of living simply pay
tax
reinforce the economy
contribute contribute.
How does society move in
little spaces like Earth when the population
swells over birds and creatures.
Manage land as trust manage food source then
electricity like
what people require.
Do I not require this wool this
Absinthe for isolation?
Do I not require this little space?
And the weather like spring some things
anchor
conversation and
social meaning.
All of the divisions all of the consterns of
discern and
retreat to simple living rooms with
love and rugs and rockets and
meaning for
no thing troubles the walls of
a paid home security.
As if a problem nor to be satisfied at
how peace brings
conflict like social congestion and
keeping neighboric paces
like competition.
Nor to compare
grandmother's farm life against
the automation of consumerism and
specialism
when we all can get along in
national parks meant for getting along with
that history.
I return to couches and inner things
considerately
then.

letting in the score

Thirty thirty it is enough to form an
opinion.
Though game's to one hundred nor to mention
points can be taken for
choosing the wrong wine.
Nor to mention
what day does not begin at zen zero
or backwards for inattention.
Apologies for
letting in the score though I
became prone to reflection when
that social bus called consciousness
broadsided me
when I realized I kept that
beautiful flower for myself.
And what is unmentioned as if
the possibilities of giggling fifty fifty
could ever reset.
And do not ask me if I am talking about love for
that is without score
and involves trust and shit.
That involves the automation of something though
as if to fade into
gloss and repetition
in smile and smile until you die or either
break the spell by
saying things from other languages or
talking
exactly what you mean.
Then you fall back to
scorekeeper.
Some never return
I imagine.
And if to say outright that every social relationship is
scored
perhaps we are all on a path
to one giant love harmony
if we do not puke first.

three haiku [s] about things that rhyme with election

Erection:

Phallic position.

Modestly curious she
swallowed her gender.

Selection:

I will take that one.
The one which asked the question
about erections.

Inflection:

Did she believe the
poetry when it said cause
without saying cause.

the listening

Wind.

The soft flakes without judgment the wind.

Nor is conscience to hear a

winter brownbird land.

Society is far away and

thinking of

disparities.

Hear the generals awkward stand to say

what

generals say.

I am not awkward.

And my own are not

the only breaths when

winter afternoon peeks a sun through

that which lets down.

The rabbit and what hides.

Nor is conscience to settle the disquiets of competition

but only futures for that.

Gone away and suffered a plan

together.

The clouds are judgment

whisp whisper the clouds are judgment and

with sharp edges.

They will be gone soon.

Wind.

mistabled

Sent an action plan without ends.
The brevity of good intentions are to
then watch them.
And if I were
the corporate flower
to what ends are beauty when
final shapes are unknown?
The nonlimits of administrative judgment and
to those with
the greatest nonlimits the
seeds are trusted.
And who is not a social engineer
the social scientist the
maker imaginary.
Sent an action plan without ends like
experimentalism
we have all tried democracy and allowance the
chiefdom implies.
We have all tried
marijuana caffeine on couches
eaten strawberries and turned them down when
they meant too much for
pleasure.
The corporate flower
and if it exceeds its status as
giver of service objects
giver of service
if it gives demand if it brings stillness to social relationships if it
causes.
Then what ambition
will I possess when I am taken as if
I did not give myself freely.
Sent an action plan without ends and
if patience is
this lesson
my attention is to history
for yesterday became this.
Did we not start yesterday on our own?

allegories

The apple falls.
Of course the apple falls.
The apple falls and shares the soil with other apples.
As do worms with worms.
What lesson is there in considering
the attitudes of sharing soil?
Allegories are allegories
and if it is told what becomes of
the commonness of applism
why would the profoundness of shared origin stories
ever be repeated?
So the common ground of apples is about
shared origins.
We all share community.
The apple falls.
And to stop there is to suppose
gravity.
The apple is eaten by worms and
sometimes worms share apples.
An allegory within an allegory.
What is supposed in saying
common creatures share common things?
My neighbor and I shop at Woodman's.
Now we are getting somewhere.
Where did Woodman's fall from
I do not know but they sell apples.
And if a macintosh ends up in
the gala bin
what lesson is there in supposing mistruth in representation
after realizing a macintosh was
bought
as if it were a gala.
I am not a worm and
what declaration is there in
saying
a fallen apple is lesser than a picked apple
for I eat picked apples and
I am greater than worms.

confessional poetry

The purpose of poetry
and to an audience what responsibility?
For the pleasures of entertainment and to
say the things that need to be said as if
that were outside of
personal experience.
The confessionals as if
those sins of being
ordinary
those sins of being eclectic of being extraordinary
as if to say such things for to believe no one is alone and
insight is mine and faithful.
I am old
and who is not old and will not oldness come to me
then?
The purpose of poetry
and representing story
though what experience is not personal
though poetry is not sensational
lest it turn to comedy drama
this is not.
And to harness an audience for
what polite audience would walk out of
the humors of apologetic misrepresentation told in
iambic pentameter?
The codependence of
weekend critics
because the lastness feeling of
watching helplessly watching
the decline in art appreciation is to be a bad audience
when
what art really requires is honesty and
judgment.
Good that
there is more than one poet here tonight
for that last gal's poem really
was carrying a lot of sadness about
how she struggles with Ben and Jerry's ice cream.
And how to relate to that?
I should have asked her to read the other one.

the addictions

What replaces tobacco time ponders that
one thought
replaces.

And given the sloe courage of
silent afternoon mind meanders boredom she
stops for inspiration the
poem.

And the meaningful materials the edibles and
crisp bladed kitchens
dicing metaphors
then taste the company when
the fruit pastry was delicious ahh that.

And the times the amputated schedules
parts of things unstructured
tormented by clocks what is worth forgetting before
the sun goes down sleep.

And to neatly embrace for picking oneself from
quilted covers
to neatly embrace what is inspiration like
responsibility
not that.

And covet the museums for they
are owed for their
management of religions.

They cling to museums until they
get too big then
find their little collections in
homebound shadow boxes voodoo spoons from
coastal Oregon
voodoo glass eggs from Meteora voodoo
Oscar Mayer pigs.

What replaces the defense of rightness
she did once
in pink fluffy slippers wool
housecoat.

And if that were enough to ponder these chambers
without attachment then
everything to that even if
the afternoon walks are only different
now.

social world

The lines the divisions.
One culture accelerates what is useful builds
things [things] proudly.
Across the line old world not considered
rests in peace.
And fifteen percent then somewhere between twenty
they culturalize economies
keep track
call it fun accelerate what is useful.
And the old and closed
hides a technology grows proud like
good secrets
builds taller things [things] calls that new world old
like competition.
Who is aligned then
what is shared like altruism brings
the affirmations of redemptive oppression to
being held down and
following for so damn long.
They build tall things [things]
like competition call it good and useful for going to the
moon.
And the really old
never to have believed in the
goodness of turning from the beauties of ocean tides
them smart ones
never to have sold that gemstone
sustainability
them smart ones
watching and receiving God impulses without
those books and metaphors machines
keep doing what they're doing
keep doing what they're doing
for never having been inspired by the Jonesness of
competition
the world is enough
if only
it is this little island of
nonlimits.

to make all knowledge categorical

Put in frames and where the precommitments of
the imagination?

The expounds of thought turn to the
faculties of

social windows for

their specialization for

to know where in libraries to address

the singularity of X problem.

And if all knowledge were categorical since

the assortment of records contained the wisdom in
little marked boxes

for no one the longer renaissance

lest the spheres of social structure be

rested aside.

And the early thoughts like blossoms what

innocence to keep early discovery from

academia for

then too the pleasures of that turn to academic and operational.

Resistance and

what is that to the sweeps of

people holding to areas because

holding to areas is security though not

necessarily pleasure nor interest.

Resistance and pushed to corners when

categories are the limits of independent

research

the typology of peoples and their predisposition

before ever visiting parks and poets and

other pleasure standards for certainty and

the attachment of personality

to that.

And knowledge as categorical as if

those little boxes

were the grants of social significance thank you for

those intentions

though never to have suffered for

the clouds of wandering mind syndrome

when secrecy is a matter of

social distrust of rooms I will be put

into.

where do you put your genius?

Into little soul holes.

Put away

the genius remarkably say something simple about
the day.

And the errands of disconcert disharmony
draw out questions

the fields

for life blands life and the vigilance of
participation is

arrogance to predictions and
systems and limits.

And as

to cooperate in the heralds of
suffering is self disclosure self death self
interest

so too the wicked learn like exhaustion does
learn in the end.

Into little soul holes the

knowledge of

why the morality of social treatment is not
to the quickest

and what is reason and

who attached that to knowledge

as if genius were something separated from that.

And kept or either it keeps itself

against the possibilities of

its dissolve among unfriendly notions

for genius is voluntary

I did say that

for genius is not coerced nor tricks nor

stolen lest foundations are

stolen

and even that cannot be done in

the steriles of laboratory mind melds.

As if there were only one

put away into each

without reluctance at birth and

what an environment does to that I am

protected

like any stone then covered.

foundations

Foundations nor isolations. The
river goes
reliably.
All things powerful return
the contest of stealing thoughts the contest of race the contest of
being.
Nothing taken
offer
one handful of ash thrown
to the wind.
Nor to salt intentions but
to come to places like respect is not
without intentions like
time.
The gloss of separation when
all things are rightfully separated and
to understand that like
reason.
Nor isolations but an island like bravery with
its own songs
they come
its own language learning.
The grass has watched the
traveling stillness of moving water the
whorling cycles
the etched birds are punctuation. The
river goes
reliably
to where all rivers go
taken.
Foundations the securities of having known confidence
reasons for erosions the
systems like
clouds nor are they other.
And if this is an
instant
among
I return to where I go.

on the quality of life

To what ends this living?

And how content will be enough to satisfy a soul?

The list was ten

and to have accomplished

and to have accomplished

nor do what futures hold as if

sight and taste

these were the final measures of participation.

The contract to oneself

and its rearrangements for

priorities

are change like learning.

And if a pain becomes too great to allow

these channels open

for witness

and what is pain as if its consideration were

to this physical form.

For the pain of living what age does not

scatter trust to loss and hardship?

And if that is

the gloss the cloud to one's content

who can live freely and in the concert of social ambiance

natural ambiance

the ambiance of all systems

when one question

is a troubled stone?

Nor to forgive

Nor to ease the burdens of otherhood

the retrospects of what is goodness

and the harder truths of beauty say

a life is only partially virtue and

if that is enough.

And the pleasures from bottoms never rested

like addiction

what has calmed nor does again for

wells are used and

suck from other goodnesses.

Then stand enough and

bravely enter life defending

defending.

to littler communions

Cheese is brought to littler communions this is
time and social taste.

And the breaks of honey bread

Saturday morning nothing the coffee.

Among resistance the large is learned nor have we been there
approached

nor destiny when

life is water from a shared cup.

The stars are clear we find ourselves.

The ocean then

nor separated the language.

And what is to good words

it will stop moments over and again over
poetry.

The cake without reason.

Peanut butter is brought to littler communions this is
stillness we do mark.

And orange slice picnics.

And radio crackers radio pepsi.

Among oppression the other is considered quietly
enough soup is the evening nor to have
believed success what is
not possible.

The wine is grown here the
lemons are.

The mint is grown here.

Among fertility there is no other stranded nor influential the
necessary greens necessary tomatoes
what is fresh nor limited.

And to the types of melons morning to littler communions this is
immediate

to wake in company.

And oatmeal.

Among the hungry nor satisfied

and enough to not consider portions we are
endless and satisfied.

Together after the history of evening cobbled
corn.

Ice cream is brought to littler communions this is
having halving.

flight

To stars nor stars I do belong.
Nor is freedom sung if to consider that.
The greatness of opinion
I fly like certainty flies I fly like language flies.
To oceans nor oceans I have left alone.
To sky nor sky I do belong.
Nor imagination when the dividends of being are
actual and counted.
And rain cannot animate what is
animated and alive and alive.
Nor model to the clouds when I have
watched them start among me.
Nor model to life when I have
watched this start among me.

And I do go there nor to defend not having been.
Proudly
the trees are one.
Proudly
the caves are darkness the night is a cave except the moon.
Proudly
what I touch is memory for
this were already started too scattered.

To stars nor stars I do belong.
Nor to seek what is greater than ambition
what is ambition?
And having lightness it is not stolen nor can it
be.
And if lightness were learned then given
a reality to trust.
I am among that though if I be trust to ask
if I am alone?
To snowfall to cloudless days nor to
the minds of pilgrims I do belong.
And to be seen
And to be given a question.
Yes.

the far side of reality

Social certainty is muddled between
what is beyond metal arms and
telescopes.

Who could travel so far without support
into the body
return

and say what truth is?

As if body journals were delivered

Mondays through Fridays as if

a one could know

ancient reason in indigenous ceremonies kept
then

declare that profound

and here is why

says the weekly voodoo herald

at your door.

And what is after this solar system

to be speculation

or requires the strings of mathematics to suppose

certainty of

that other neighborhood of planets

the commonwealth journal of planetary science says so

monthly.

At your door.

And the between where the moss does

grow

where the children lurk where the

grass is grown

there is no far side to reality as everything is

republican gold and

happily limited to the day

its errands.

And undersea wonders then

travel brochures the volcanoes plate tectonics

cloud formation the structure of

social revolution

what is vacation away for

vacation returns to when it started.

Nor is destiny limited by the curfews of

returning.

what I do not know

The migrations the peopling of destiny and
to come to corners filled
nor to know to get along then.
My interest in religion
as personal defense or foundations for discovery
I flutter.

That a hound has a soul that a butterfly
has a soul
that a stone has a soul
what I believe.

The birds them settled in flight would they
choose a life again?
The planets have they been
forever and
what has lasted as long
to make such a judgment from what high place?
And if the trees know time I am confident
the mountains do not know
time
lest I accept everything.

As if
only knowledge were social nor is nothing
new.
Nor to have decided if art is given or for
creation
do I not sit in little rooms like underneath rivertrees
creating without audience?

The bells and if they are nothing when they strike
during a thought the
divine punctuation of thought.
And weather does not think for me
the clouds do not think for me the lake
it is only thought I give it that.
I do not know the patterns of angels.
I do not know the words of angels but what they accomplish.
And if we are given to meaning and
if we are given to symbolize something important
what is free will nor do I contest.
Is argument war for arguments do solve
do arguments not solve?

the materialist

Captures things owns things.

[things]

The watch collects time.

The shoes collect places.

And when words come to govern

that is poetry

thus absorbed.

Calls things like categories substance.

[things]

The northern forest like category

have you been?

The southern forest framed

have you been?

And the segments of rivers all for
operational knowledge.

And what thing

is not conquered when

its possibility to be held in stillness

rotated observed

broken apart for

knowledge and simpler atoms.

Divides things calls it

discern like religion

for what is power among things

[things] if

it is not knowledge?

And to the otherness of peoples of

cultures

of that which resists

categories

to know that by those associations

which do not resist

the words

[words]

the words about words.

And the levels like fire atop

nor is a body neglected.

The shelter collects sleep.

The eggs collect the morning.

The thoughts collect the words.

hospice as philosophy

The Godsend of places when
terminal illness.

Who cannot wish for security in their final moments?

For themselves for family.

The hospice of
the cradles 'neath trees and
to be absorbed by that
by nature.

The cradles seaside the cradles in
nature's other places.

And to the ambient rooms for those of us who
think in poetry

the mind washes nor does it end like
dementia pain grief

for having sensed so much time so rapidly.

Mortality is mortality like
each's fire to walk through
at a pace

and holding hands wondering.

And what final thoughts will not be more pure than
everyday being as if

so much is lent to

those days

nor to believe that were suffering though it
quietly were.

Was that not suffering to have
not considered mortality for
twenty healthy years?

I am strong in death then I do not
wish strength.

I am weak among death I am
only watching.

And the windowbirds come regardless winter no food.

Nor is silence Godsend I have not
decided the wind.

Nor is language simple when
to think in words.

And to have spent a life structuring among
structure then I ask
what is simple nor with bounds.

if it were more generous to believe the earth travels around the sun

Self centered or to give oneself to smallness
among a universe.

What to believe then catalogues say
the self is important and
the insistence of earth as center is to believe
the self as center.

Then we create.

Are we not creative?

And the other catalogues
call them journals
an otherness exists of which the self is
limited.

And if the soul is a place as if
it were contained
then it can only be small and among the otherness of the universe.

Or either

to suppose the soul does learn
does accomplish
if to suppose the soul is without limits
therefore without center except
the physical structure of the body as
representation
the plausibility of systems around this globe is structure
enough
to support that.

And what is plausible when
politics declare things
[things]

that they are they are.

And which allows change I say
a soul without limits allows change
the earth as center allows for change for
the struggle is not against
remaining large and static eventually losing
holds to bear away to smallness.

Though to fight to stay small and to resist
flying away.

Need I commit?

Though to give is of the soul and
am I not among many?

somewhere else
Without a social sound.
Vanished quietly somewhere else for
away was always near.
And the closeness of peoples
what is newness dreams
the ocean.
Nor social history the misinterprets the
otherness of being.
Oh, what cabins are in anonymous cities nor
run.
And to consider
just independence
kein the public strains
traveling traveling anywhere south.
But travelers do wear badges do not travelers wear
badges?
And the seeds of
social reproduction for doubts of
this fertility.
Though I am not elsewhere yet like
escapism
only to wander at thought.
And what bravery to plant ones feet
in this place
for love is here too
and torn.
Without a social sound then
to have been grieved and
inward.
What is
that which makes one turn away to hope as if
it were elsewhere?
Though then going from
no place directions are
futures nor
running from.
Or to go at things without moving for
intentions are powerful
nor lucky.
I am not far away.

soft edges

Nothing so hardness the morning
news.
The trials of nations what is authority like might and
soft edges diplomacy the clouds.
Talking down shit
lighting little attention fires to
democracy.
The wind was cold February and
still is stillness told me nothing of
that great insight
people grow like the history of people grew to learn from that.
What is new?
Then the eyes to satellites the
circus people satellites
having entertained like spectacle
whatever the weather.
Then clouds gather the chess people the
searchers the readers
nor startle them to ask
that powerful question of
what is entitlement?
Only to be satisfied
for not having considered the profound domain.
What other people do on these days
when they were the same
the social liquid of what draws people together
social people as liquid
from hibernation springs thinking in
cloudforms what does come.
And if clouds do rain and
when they do for progress things
and construction ideologies turn to material
leave a record.
Leave a record son.
Glance back or all around at time.
And the morning news hardness metaphor startle
start that fireplace with it
listen to it crackle.

if to only say this moment is perfect

Look around wildflowers still winter standing then sight is ended.
Hear the snow shuffle upon itself then
sound is ended
for memory.
Nor measure the day except presence.
If to only say this moment is collected and
every other moment if to say
words
nor is every sound poetry perhaps.
Covered the sky is still here
then touch is ended upon certainty.
Nor taste does keep
the winter when it is the same as annual.
If only to say this moment is perfect and
startled then peace
If only to say
anything about moments
if only to compare moments
if only to regard one's relation to moments
it is to look at history.
Hold nothing then I ask?
The range of self is nature into night when
the star stars.
And if that were the same as twilight is to ask judgment it is to
declare.
Then stop language and die for nothing else.
And when the cold I die perfectly.
And the wind I die it returns.
And to cloud clouds nor can they be kept away
I die perfectly.
The smell and recognized frozen and history cannot be
stopped
the same as last time.
Nor the sounds the snap again I have been walking?
Have I not been walking?
What cannot be held the moment is perfect nor remembered I go away
from that forever
I die then awake.

to the teacher: natural selection says your classes will all be smart in a hundred years

What degrees of knowledge in a hundred years.

And to complain of

the rate of conceptual formation

take heart

when you are dead

epistemology will have passed you by.

And the foundations

what ease in electronic math vocabulary tables

the standards of base learning

and the next what is

the free exercise of interest for then

what is discipline?

And the passages of people and different from educational technology

for to grasp

the lightness of debate the

functions of biology the systems of ecology

measures of natural selection

indicate the struggles of remedialism will have

understood the patents of the stars the soils

by then.

The gentle sways of instruction are to

fill the waiting vessels and

better prepared for

receiving numbers and reason that my tempered and

questioning generation.

To the teacher as if relief were then

then what challenge to offer for the next 100 years?

For the foundations of biological readiness are

offered in

the preparation of the mind

a lesson does expand this and its continuity

is shape to the future.

Or either to believe that these pupils are

to be separated by their abilities and the most clever will

reproduce?

Rather to believe the environment will shape

that which becomes

among each of us the future.

lunch from above

Skylights

the peanut butter strawberry jam wonder bread

lunch silence on paper towel. Ready the Oreos.

The milk into glass sounds.

A functional lunch

the pause prayer and bite.

Sticky and three bites to the first drink

peanut butter smear on the edge.

Two bites to the second drink

rotate the glass

glance at the morning news people suffering again.

Two more bites done.

Rotate drink and a two Oreo finish.

End the milk fold the paper towel once wipe the corners of
the mouth.

Rinse the stuff.

Skylights done.

brain atrophy

For only owning one book

I grow old rotating the metaphors to infinity.

Nor is this brain atrophy

I defend

I defend

nor to wonder why

the neighbors think differently when

we have not kindled our thoughts

on words

in union.

And if only the implants of words

are from that

nor to wonder at

the limits of scientific method nor progress.

Nor to imply

the bible is that book nor is it exempt nor did I ask

who wrote that thing anyway.

Such professions.

And if brain atrophy were to

a type of commitment

a type a manner of study

nor to say the structure of discipline is

atrophy

lest its ness

found in personality and social being is

not sustainable

for faith raises the inspired to

put the impossible together and the other

like reliance upon the specialisms

perhaps that is the atrophy of

the human spirit and

what book associates itself with

that?

Then idols and one art one geographic feature

nor to consider all

lest dissolve.

And who is inclined to regard another's

atrophy as if

to be better without

commitment lust.

I believe God was involved in this
How else to explain the arrangement of this
so complimentary?
Or either to forfeit the electronic search and declare
it were God.
Indeed.
For how far certainty travels nor to have met its
end.
Yet.
And if to be satisfied with this
ken
then we dissolve to machines or either
the automatics of antdom.
Perhaps some would choose I do not.
For as long
the divinity is recognized
as if it were contest to seeking
no
only a challenge
nor to fear knowledge is with parameters for
therein lies faith that
tomorrow interest is
the union of yesterday's yesterday's with that
city walk conversation that
cello inquiry
wonder at the possibilities of engines.
Nor is science afraid to
smile
at the question of the absorption of infinity like
astronomy.
The stars are here and born within
I did put them there as if.
How else to explain the arrangement of this?
And
such a question
is looking back and refereed and
limited.
Rather to say a thing meaningfully without the
laid down deferral.
Though compliments are remarkable
nor to stop seeing.

