

v e r t i g o

G R E G M A R K E E

vertigo

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protoHouse

vertigo

CAUSE

Were it the tides which pull the moon
the waves which push the wind
and the trees registering light can it be said there is
no light were there no witness
And were I cause for beauty for goodness
I declare
and make no further memory of the mundane the common
and make no effort to travel into
man

I believe in my own cause
these conditions I have made and the colors I have kept
the colors I replace
replace God with God
replace existence with free agency
replace language with language

Can it be said for life that
the names of seasons bring about the next
were there capture to nature
[I am not touched within a solid home]
And were I cause like a smile is cause for the butterfly for notice
[and fireflies]
it was not enough for her to stay she
traveled back into natural order
And were I no better for knowing what is winter
I

ask where do the butterflies go when they are done

ask how the moon

The answer is common

and things grow about that book left outdoors intentionally

because the shelves were full

because it did not make sense I said

AND WHAT OF PASSION

And what of passion it was a laundered pocket tee to

spend a time

alone and listening

until the voices quiet themselves reconcile themselves

with the afternoon the wind

goes to the mailbox the mailman

puts the forever stamped letter in his hands

and pulls away without a sound because

And what of passion in patience

a glass of iced coffee it is a week to expect a response

but a relationship is only fertile if

one and another are immuned to the same poetics of time and translation

[they did laugh together at the thought of

the angel with the wings come off]

[they did laugh together mostly because it was not a joke]

[there was a damaged porcelain figure]

And what of passion the sturdy onset of certainty

and to give oneself over to a thought

nor ever to be alone when the engagements of social

potency

are a poem a good poem inwhich

God is not mentioned but the idea of fate

keeps a spelled soul trying and trying because I am

otherwise just

[just]

FOR THE POLITICS OPEN WIND

O tease

o fate

see the cloud the only cloud a skipper on a sea

backside lit covered the sun

and change to lion to dragon

to sleeping dog moving and pushed

and done

passed

for the open sky passed

for the open wind

for the politics of open wind

I CANNOT COMMENT UPON HER ATTENTION

I cannot comment upon her attention

I am locked elsewhere in safety

where the same things happen every day

at the same times

but tomorrow I will wear a hat maybe

IT IS THE OPINION OF THE COURT

It is the opinion of the court
that the damned be given weekend furloughs
to heaven or another suitable place of fantasy
that the damned know joy before they
can know suffering

Even if it were always Wednesday in hell

TRAVELING INTO THE UNKNOWN

In the familiar

the bubbled bounds of identity I am

constant

for to have memorized this composition

of character and being

but there is a new light a foreign new light

and if to have believed it were a place which was

a constructor

so too again I am remade

lest I cling to the sides of this body

say I am old and fixed

and now unsteady for this

which calls response

but learning were no holiday nor

the supply of different language from them

and them

a call to what it is a local soul does bend with

it is my insignificance for asking questions

and tomorrow I will be larger I believe

and notice

the movement of my awareness is only time

and I stay

for your laughter I have heard

is fresh

fresh like morning

fresh like sunrise

THIRSTY

Whet

clean water

breeze the shade

summer passive summer

long light

Meditation

the slowness of

bicycles

and the day insects

heard

Nor the spirit of baseball

today

but laze

for summer's come

natural

Rise

the glass

there is no place opposite

all is

thirsty

IMPOSSIBLE THE WAY

Impossible the way
the walls are taller than ropes and
I have made nothing but for a camp
with a hung picture of the moon
watching me age
And to say home is where one is
but dreaming of elsewhere
perhaps
and the extinctions of being
among their law and their law
There is a surface away
I am confident nor ever have seen
explains their language
why it is the same as mine
but possessive rather than speculative
And for freedom I admire
my own thoughts
were a limits to a body
it is a nature to be
in a way
I have never seen a guard a sentry
I have never heard of a republic within
but I see their stars their fed countenance
which protects itself
when they arrive to see if I am ready
over and over again

ANSWERING THE ANSWERS

Answering the answers

for terminalism

it is language which changes which addends

because everything is reasonably put

again

into my own terms understanding

I have reached middle life and value

nor am I done

and only to say that which remains is my control

my purchase

and hold to the original sense of

certainty

There were a science of nature

there were a science of politics

there were a science of health

but I am my own authority I say

free will

in a quieter language

Is

nor call for schooling nor education

the pointed brunt is clipped in my own interest

gone

like a question

dogma failed to see the reason for asking

VERTIGO

The spun clouds cotton
a surface above
vertigo

I fear falling

The poem grows smaller the higher I ascend
caught in a social ladder
with answers not my own

I fear falling

Into a poem hard as truth
in which I have not the words to respond
the hard earth

Vertigo

And for the sun there is a shadow
and for the wind I do not know
if I shall jump

DARK MORNING

Dark morning
said the night rain
the concealed sun arrested
put
And I
in slower circles than a day before
when the lighted ambiance of wake
were favor to my soul
Now an intern to darkness
the fitted clouds speak
'forever is quiet'
'forever resists growth'
The hung light diffused
nor a source
and attend to memory
for nothing begins for now
But the mushroom eating death
cleaning cleansing
nor life it is
mentioned for my difference
Captured and the quietude
no wind for purpose
and the rain was left
on the earth gone absorbed

ALL OF THE POETS IN DEATH NOR PARTED

All of the poets in death nor parted
are gathered in words and sounds
for each an idea is different
and held in fellowship within the idea of ideas

The categorical
the monological [but they listen]
and answer a question with a question
the categorical

And were it forever's wish to be alone
in joy in suffering whatever may
a word's intent coupled with theirs
you are not innocent for copying the idea of poetry

Some do celebrate literature
in a togetherd pose make music
say sounds at the same time to
death and birth and love and change

The legacy of one poet
the legacy of every poet
but they do remember your name
it were the words which caused such memory [voice]

THE GUIDED

The guided pulled along for sight
in made rooms and common histories
what is secure but the
alternative culture translated
put into a form
they were old too old to start their own
restless ideas
of visitation and mindfulness of the foreign
[but it is not foreign now among]
[it is I who is foreign]

TIME IS OFF [THUS HISTORY]

Said

time is off

gone to be remade refashioned for the present

I wait for history again

because

they do not resemble their past

but that is only continuity

I know that one day I did wake up older

feeling that I was older

nor longer of the youthful generation

it was all upon me at once born

Said

of cultures

there is no return from such an awakening

there is not always a chain of logic

the clocks are reset

and one accounts for a body

reaccounts

and the social engineer pulls the lever

again movement again exercise

history is a locomotive history is

colorless and with smoke

TURNS

The rain was yesterday strong and thundered
and the humid now remains
but for middle summer the dried drying flowers
then about to pass and to the meadow
the grass was starting to fold
beyond
now return for a day

THE CONDITIONS OF SUNDAY

The conditions of Sunday

the accounts neatly rested and forward

this thread

It is near Autumn I listen

and the waking sun slow to be

[it was not glorious this morning]

But the colors are yet to brown

to monochrome and loss

I am not looking so far forward

The next set of days are important

the next set of days are already mentioned

nor do I count only history

Plan plan

to be on the surface of time

and having taken a meditative pause I collect

The joints of today unto the next

there is no riddle for certainty when

age is continuous I believe

And make of time's being

every moment is connected

nor I only observe what is my passing

The conditions of Sunday

gather the accounts and move from memory

there is no divide for what I travel into

Nor the ness of yesterday is gone

I am only becoming and

place a poem upon the sill until it yellows

UNTITLED

Fetish oh simple cause

luck is a wand pointed upon nature's barest principles

and the sentry the porter

magical confidence the protector

were the panacea his own ignorance

Talisman inna pocket for time

a shaman is silent until memory to travel through

the answer is simple and waits

rehearsing another silence like the next

convinced

BRAIN SALT

Brain salt the body is an ocean

an ecosystem

the thoughts live in brine

ambition is a sea

memory is a sea connected to

the salted humors of being

body salt and heart salt

The visible salts of experience

all of material is salted

the salted smells the salted sounds

tree salt

wind salt river salt animal salt

one salt changes another

one salt kills another

Truth salt

and to constance let down where there is

no more movement nor wonder

the salted earth nor decay

the crops are salted and do not come again

poem salt prayer salt

quiet salt and done

AIRPLANE

Reminder

this is not nature any longer

the captive birds

the captive I

the garden is let but it is still a garden

The roar across the sky and

white trails plume

I was alone and being where the windless day

is to the sun

quiet and interfered

Airplane

hard shell cannot be eaten

will not answer a question

cannot stay aloft all day

contains people

To lie upon one's back in a city park

counting the clouds deciding the shapes

an airplane trail is a snake an airplane trail is always a snake

never rains

for the captive seeds

INDISCRIMINATE

The blind the indiscriminate the
gone colors the tasteless nor with texture
there is no sound different than another
there is no smell different than another
the blind and without reference to the self
without reference
without cause for thought

They could not put their bombs in the proper place
they were speechless causeless
science does not yet begin nor religion
there is no season to lay a garden
there is no difference to life beginning nor ending
and atrophy for living from memory
nor realize his death had come and past

There is no time no morning no sundown
and a life is no more honest than the others'
and a music is similar to nothing
gone and riddled without sense
the gone dreams the gone mattered dreams
and wait in constance for rebirth
for the stars once again for daybreak once again

BOOKENDS

The bear pushed back at philosophy

pushed against history

found purpose

was asked the question of form

said he preferred poetry

it is more succinct

THE ART STUDENT

The germ

the social freckles are a sign

art is significant

pulled nature into a ball included the moon

rehearsed in paint and steel

art is evidence

time was at the professor's home

silent and inspired time mindful time

art is subject

the clan

they will talk as if they know death

art is history

process is a language

process is reference

art is invention

Nor I talk to myself aloud

the mentors have all passed

art is a span a colored span

nor is one art the art of another

the mentors have all passed away gone

art is original

nor I am an island nor I am a prayer

the mentors the silent ideas once loud

art is done

THE HEIGHTS

Atop the canyon wall

stand at the wind

believe

The tremors for faith and will

inhale

walk away smart to the framed tree

A dare that ever existed

vertigo is my relent

it is a long way down

SHORT OF TIME

But only to prepare
the listless tasks again and again
life is short
and in this convention of looking forward
toward the speculates of afterlife and
the eternities of peace and silence
elsewhere is no burden
nor faith a contest I believe
in this balance of life and living rightly
there are responsibilities
[press]
though make of this what I shall
make no mind of belonging to
the sways of the human class
live amongst the pleasures
and the meditates of presence
I am long in ambition for
joy and discovery acknowledge
but rightly say
there is a cost to balance
to assume the powers of
willful giving for them and them
in the course of this worldly peace
[need I a reason]
[to listen] yes to listen

A QUESTION OF INSIGHT A QUESTION OF EXPERIENCE

Be older

first to listen to see before the interventions of
certainty

and speak in complete sentences

when they ask how it is

how an engine

how the sun

how a poem

there is a camera for exposure

makes no value for records when

a student turns around and passes forward

legacy and answers

too speaking in complete sentences

because

The eldest looked into silence

with open eyes

judgment withheld as far as I could tell

I can only answer silence with silence

nor is judgment my own station

I have not learned a better silence

yet

THE FALLIBLE

Recognize the limits of answers

what reason crosses an imagination

the errant thoughts without attachment

it is only action to be in a way

what was wrong is only wrong an instant

and the affirmed is assumed

the question is a statement itself

recognize trial is better the second time

and quietude is better the second time

there is reason for faith's growth

because

a response turns to automation

but certainty considered is less certain

there will always be the human condition

which endows a limits

THE ISLAND

Separated and with its own sunrise
over the ships cancelling isolation
I once was upon such a ship
wondering how all places are connected
now see the shoreline is definition
to the day
the lapping waters are a memory
I have not always been here
once I was carried and with no answers but to escape
because their ambition is a closure
their ambition is a tax
I do not receive news nor speculate upon
what continues them and them
just the seasons are profound
just the sky and just the picture of freedom's bounds are
profound
and all that remains of the world
I go no further but to say
one island is not every island
nor one man is another
and in miniature the earth still turns
day and day and day
and I carry with me what a new place offers
the tranquil and what the others do not see
I assume

ABOVE IS NOT A QUESTION

Above is not a question
but what I call it it is
I answer my attention with a poem good enough
as truth
the sun is fire has always been fire
and the stars reach for my approval my consent
my acknowledgement
and the clouds pushed on breaths as wind
smoke and a message says
time is riddled with answers and certainty
and were I to travel further into witness
and say one place is related to another
every place is in one way the same as another
I will have been to the web of all places
I do not agree
and the sky everywhere
is common and being
above is not a question
the put moon and the put rain are expected
and I know the season for having seen the season
again and again when the sun withdraws
you are just
living
among the circular I give a name to each
for memory
for memory I say language

AIR MUSE

The full air thick with weather
soon the rain soon the smell of rain
will replace the humid balm
the light is early now and the insects
a concert
the air is gently from the west

Air muse
quiet and riddled spacious
with a thought to breath and the carried birds
time is slow and without demands
but to whorl about forgetfulness
the day
and apparently rested
rain rain is near
[inhale]
when I will retreat from meditation
and see the other lives
being

GRAVELY FAMILIAR

Death will be one day sounded
as it was near then
when I was quiet and laying and prepared
to close my eyes finally
for all was completed for all was done
but given a new task then
as if to have fortunated a calling a task
enter divinity
for openness to the human condition
it is divine
and the sorted socialisms asking again my participation
a blessing to time's pass
one day will arrive for a body
will not last forever
and meaning unto nature for being
and accepting what is introduced
until age is worn and known
I have no fascination for preparedness for
a fascination for after life
just to say were this done let it be done
then enters a modern spirit
like a question I have no answer for but speculation
a terms are faith and the pleasures
a terms are reentry for having merely
watched an age without catalysm
and say rebirth and grace for what I have
for yesterday's memory for I was

OLD TECHNOLOGY

That I recall

video conferencing cellular phones cruise control

their start

that I recall

Atari Netscape Basic

their fall

yet still the surface of commercial style

resembling the past

what it is to cling to tradition

and to yet invent to replace effort with automation

you are postmodern postpositive

to know no difference in being

to live twicely and without thought to translation

ever knowing a presence of history

and its replacement for equal

my pen is representative

it is my computer which registers meaning

now it is my pen again I have not forgotten

THE DEATH OF THE POET

The death of the poet
is the death of both poets
the first is reasonable the second is reasonable
drove her car into a tree
cut his veins with his desk knife
swallowed a pills with whiskey she did
death poetry is a gasping sound
death poetry is monumental
death poetry is quarantined
but his was old age
watched time and time again
the weather and the politics and the buildings rise
accumulated a word for every page
watched time and time again
tuning language
the death of the poet
started the next
released the next

DARK AND WINDED

Dark and winded
then calm for the tornado
quiet front
the siren
the cut power
shelter is the hardest structure
blows over
and sunlight then ambient sunlight
as if sunrise

THE SKETCH

Put the features into proportion
the near bodies for perspective
there is a tree behind and a building
put a face upon put a proud face upon
countenance is
his reaction to the weather to the speeding car
like a photograph and better for
the personality of
the artist

The sped car risen dust
on a path to the cinnamon bread shop
inna hurry they're not open tomorrow
and the rain is coming the rain is coming
lifted from being
lifted into art
captured
and released
it was that man captured

Charcoal pencil
and the bird was captured
and the moving cloud was captured while he smiled

THE RAID

Nature the collapse of nature
a bounty did not equal their needs
they pulled the fruits and cleaned them
putting a seeded middles into plastic bags as refuse
nothing is regrown and
the aesthetic trees are symbols of man
and with little systemic cause
and the web which had no overseer
is governed
[any governance is fault]
the raid and the last of nature's being
for wild is now put into farms
habitat is fenced and lined restricted
a limits and
it is a fault to notice
there are no barriers when
the plots are claimed the riddled farms
spend a natural harvest like science and production
once all was its own responsibility
and then it was owned it was assumed
like a garden but it is not
for time is measure and the raid
which caused a parceling of land
proves they step over themselves and again
claiming and calling it destiny
manifest destiny

THE ORDER OF NUMBERS

The order of numbers
an accountancy was not until
an economics was supposed
then governance for value because
there are limited resources evidence declares
I am not fitted for such a faith
and were it true [it is]
that for every tree there is a seed and
for every life there is a list for succession and
for every engine there is a protocol [for its use]
the order of numbers
and partnered with the medicalists
for the prescription of resources
everything is limited
there is no glut to the significance of care
[they too are numbered proven and numbered]
[they too have sold a performance]
the pervasive way an economy is
balanced in the collection of value
so too a structure to freedom to look about
to engage deliberately with cause
because tomorrow you are required
the order of numbers
and they wear a smock a convincing smock
saying yes and no and yes and no

POINT FREEDOM

Point freedom nor reluctance
into the exalts of being without knowing being
ignorance is a process of achievement
wherein all is let away
nor urgency nor pain nor fault is such
to embed a washed or crazed soul
the light travels slowly through the day
ending down to the west nor I record time
as passage nor watching clocks
in wait when all is silent wicked silent and stalled

Point freedom the imagination
the installation of experience and possibility
and the barren waste of down time
with smile and where they wish to be
[they go and they go]
and preparedness is a sum to voice
they can build no wall about me
nor the day can wash so quickly I cannot see
and this is not a vote this is not the spirit of collection
I am my own solidarity

INSECTS

Crawl drone and fly
gather ye spirits and push into rot
push into soil and their space and their space
the insects followed paths and ways
one and another and minding
the colonial duties of the queen
identity is a meal and one for her
and in the nest the talking numbers
whereabouts the food whereabouts answers
go in little lines for sunrise

Corporate succession is accountancy
every office is graded and colored
they step out one by one with a voice
upright and with four arms holding berries and
holding the reinforcements for what they want
the bled souls are given a room and given time
[they will be bled again like a farm]
and go and stop short of conquer
leave habitat for the next generation
but they will not

SILENCE

Silence is when the clock is loud
quiet and the air at the porch
so too a deeper silence when the night insects
are not to consciousness nor the traffic
and imagine
then I am called to myself
nor say there is language when there is none
I am put down
the order of quietude is consolation and
there is no bird cry nor lapping water
just
a doctrine
I have not responded
but kneel upright and
holding time at arm's length like darkness

THE CONVENTION OF

The convention of death

is invented in the interest of reproduction

the convention of life is to

God's boredom

God the scientist God the creator God the poet

the convention of the stars

the universe

is an invention to house ideas

the sun is an idea and so the moon is lit

and the warmed planets with

life

the convention of time

is a mystery

life assumes and invents a calendar invents

a word for sunrise

the convention of light

were I to grow sonic thought and big ears

and horns

and it is cold damn cold

the convention of the seasons

is rest

and remembrance for they die and they die

the convention of authority

is not immune to death nor

the common cold

the convention of yesterday

is differently reasonable than tomorrow

THE MANTLE CLOCK

The red the inflamed core pushing the surface
burning and bubbling
what floats the land and warms old volcanoes
continental drift
the oceans move squished this way and that
and time and time again
magma to the surface spout and claim discharge
new land in years years years
when the weather erodes stone to dust and soil
the cooled lava and with trails
and hills now is the ground of life
it is time again
the fertile push of the planet's beginning
and explosive dust to the air the heavens
afore another and another vent
and the migrations they go and they go
away from danger [they will come again in a thousand years]
the mantle clock is a judge is time
and record the layered earth and fossil
life was once between eruptions
life with language and foraging life with continuity
and so connected
to a place to listen they go away when a conditions
it is time
the fire burns within
again

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 3014

The year of our lord 3014

little has changed in 1000 years

still cars still fire still bicycles

the greatest invention is language how

they talk without sound telepathy

it is silent and has been

for hundreds of years at first

they crossed lines they listened and they listened

without invitation

all information is public now

Jesus is public

people name their children Jesus

people name their children Abraham and Mohamed
and Sarah

and Jeanne

the year of our lord 3014

still computers still airplanes still gardens

is quietly said by authority social evolution is silence

authority is deaf

the poems are still written and said aloud

authority cannot hear what is said aloud

no one wants to be authority

no one claims jurisdiction for knowledge

except authors knowing the

imminence of their fall into silence is a matter of time

for having ideated

a single good poem

THE DIVINING ROD THE POEM

With a split end as handle
the divining rod the poem with a split end
pointed at truth
my eyes are closed and waiting for
what comes of direction
though truth is not secure it is mined in any case
raw data the registration of
that without name
one thousand adjectives are invented
for every noun

The afternoon light the rain dismissed but still the clouds
the way I feel is morning
never let the coffee away today
invented a sound for a dismissed energy
'rented'

He was rented
he was meeked and rented from his typical vociferous self
sat alone and without energy nor spark for attempt
but composed a drawling and rueful poem
to employ his reserves to send him thrust and upward

WHISPER THE TRUTH

Or say nothing

whisper the truth

this time quietly

Or say nothing

when they are near

they do not know

Or say nothing

that Clive is insane

shh

Or say nothing

that Clive solved mental illness

he is a teacher

Or say nothing

he was not bitten

he was not exposed

Or say nothing

nor make your eyes so large

it is not a riddle

Or say nothing

whisper the truth

whisper a question

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE

Round the seasons falling leaves periodic summer and hint at winter's coolness
when each lives' wait is presence and watch then flurry snowfall winter's begin
and shortness to the light the days abridged a call to my own energy for
restoration of being is guided by what is saved what is reserved and this is time
come melt call spring and greens restart and giving what I've gone without the
leaves replaced and cold to cool energy is a longer day a longer day coming
new buds and first green the common rain is here I see down windows from
within doors pushing colors now see the here of summer cause I am brought
forward to be alive alive the forest full and living and the river full and moving
and the clouds ever for my notice now alert how they move how across the blue
I have time I have time for longer ways the day is held continues and autumn
again I am reminded at first cool that I have been here before at this stone again
again for memory round the season seasons restart this time calling another
word at nature this time

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ESCAPE TO THE CITY

Often separated conversationally people 'escape' the 'city' for 'nature' with little regard for their own animalism, -though 'city' may be included in the idea of 'nature'. It is the homogeneity of the city, with people as practically the only species, which may be cause for outreach to a more heterogenous nature; one with no confines, no walls, and no geopolitics; but this is only vacation for they bring their own food, their own shelter, their own security, in essence they bring their own familiarity, they bring their own 'city' with little recognition of an ecological city which already exists. Perhaps the idea of 'escape' to nature is a matter of degree of commitment. One may absorb themselves completely or one may bring their own amenities and sustenance. But to stay in this city, this ecological system, it is a trust. It is a faith that nature will offer the necessary stores and it is a faith that one will do no harm to what one is a member of now, a conditional member separated by overuse or eventually death.

WHERE I AM FROM - I GO BACK

1

Conceived in one place born another
moved a couple of times
where I am from
is where I graduated high school
I suppose

Where I am from
Europe here Europe here Europe here
all American I suppose
ancestors ancestors

Where I am from
is a position I was previously in
minutes ago
I come from Seven Eleven
I suppose

Where I am from
self-trained for insubordination
not really
self-trained for registering
everything I come in contact with
why

Where I am from

it was dark and religious
it was generous and decent
it was developmental
I absorbed all of my lessons

Where I am from
because a start is needed
retrospectively speaking
a start explains things does it not

Where I am from

2

I go back
to when I was comfortable
and with no argument in me
to when things [things] were shared

I go back
to Sunday to Friday
I go back to Summer
I go back to childhood
on occasion

I go back to yesterday
for the germ of today

I go back

leaving many things behind
foolish things [things]
things with no bearing on today

I go back to idealism
why
I go back to pragmatism
after further consideration

I go back

DOMESTICATED: A MAN NAMED GOAT

Goat

was a civil libertarian

[he said]

was fenced in

ate what was served

Goat

talked of a better life

yearned

for freedom

it is in our manifest

[he would say to the others]

would wander at the stars

when he was not sleeping soundly

started a Wednesday Club

about change

Goat

invited everyone

talked of stomping Farmer Wallace

take his keys

lock his wife away

but there was no consensus

Goat

lost interest in

social transformation

died of exposure

eventually

as he feared

ANCESTRY

Ancestry the candle
As far as I can remember
the rest are stories

Artifacts and fragments
the dated material
pictures without names

The grave of someone
with my name
the relations family family

The tree family tree
once saw
circles for female triangles for male

Visited great grandfather's
home
near the one room schoolhouse

I have no children
to have children
to have children

Is the end of the
line [I am still a triangle]
[stop] [I still think about the future]

DIFFICULT

Self

destructured for words larger than I can remember

meanings

a poem for language filled with

all sorts of philosophy and colors and places

I have been for memory

what is not reconciled if to consider

being and place and prophecy and history

all at once difficult and

the isolation of one

to segment thought as if to say laboratory

study a parcel of memory and call it by its own

language

and the bracketed rest

is next for study

the inkled spout of possibility is handled in smallness

and their unions

eventual

what is not connected really

is the struggling notion of difficulty

I am not so large as to make macrons of microns I have not yet

fitted with thought

yet

but a difficult poem is wonder

how a page reverses itself back upon its writer

in a final reading

I am impressed with questions where

MACRONS OF MICRONS

The leaf the tree the forest

the idea the city the state

ecology is the same rain as wetted the garden as wetted the park

economy he counts she counts enough to buy

a house the house inwhich a dream a family micron and

futures

ancestry

growing old growing old in old old folks' homes

in pretty places with sprinklered gardens it still rains

the rain the river the ocean

the flashlight the battery lightning

the sun the fire lightning lightning bug

the forest burns the house burns the car alight

burns

hell is upside down with parasitic bugs

the clock

the moon

the mushrooms with little ants the hidden sun gone away from memory

night is a dream sleep is a dream the clock sunrise

the cloud at my feet raining

beauty is without my control

sex

and breakfast omelette with mushroom

and tomato and onion and cheese grown from cow or goat

the seed the eaten seed the eaten nut

hell is hungry and with torches

the word came before the letter came before the sentence

BETWEEN HORIZONS IS TIME

At the west
at the horizon the silhouettes
red cloud gone the night is started
black and then the first star
the coming around moon is a torch
cool radiation and
songs of the day from memory
the silhouettes of song
they too leave they too go
and quiet
this opened in windows and breeze
let away and call it yesterday
nor longer with force but memory
tomorrow is here call today
oppositely from the east
coming coming in light coming

I have been away into dreams
I have been away into night and dreams
between time
I found patience and return it
I have found spells and return them

THE TAR

Black tar the soul filled with

black tar heavy and sluggish black

tar

[they were putting roofs over their ideas]

[closing them]

[from change]

black tar got in my coffee got in my hair got in my car got in my lungs

got in my fingernails

black tar got in my house got in my church

[some ideas are protected]

[so protected they will not be found]

tar

covered the highways covered the forests covered the farms

black tar covered the moon

covered my eyes covered my breath

I am protected black tar covered my health

black tar keeps out the rain keeps out difference keeps out mindfulness

I will never change I can never change

tar

is a shroud is an apron

black tar got in my bread got in my air got in my pillow got in my watch got in

my sphere

I am blind

and confused I am confused

tar

and silent

black tar got in my silence got in my time

SIMPLE TO BE

Simple to be

against nothing

I love the time I love the time

The sky is an answer

nature is an answer

city is an answer

Simple to be

I am still through change

understanding

Poetry is an answer

the quiet words what is unspoken

silence is an answer

Simple to be

present the questions are answered

the quiet I love the quiet

The bells are an answer

the clock is an answer

my attention proves the clock

Simple to be

among

the trees alive and the fallen trees

The season is an answer

courage is an answer

and knows everything I know

NOVEMBER [ARBOR]

November [arbor]

the down garden with life

put away

now

I am forward in thought

responding to the cooling wind

responding to the long night

now

The trees are done [done]

simplified into speculation

scattered and grown where their seeds did fall

they are now lines

I am covered

and protected

the cold sun is only light

I depend on the sun

November and the wind

the scattering leaves

caught into the garden caught into pools

circling

I am alert [alert] sharply alert

put into rows wait

now

watch and wait

ECLIPSE

The crescent sun

eclipse

astronomy is only an answer for attention

awe

astronomy only explains

how the day is long and the seasons

[larger than I]

[and with my notice]

PULLED THROUGH THE SURFACE

Pulled through the surface

left a depression

evidence

[the sky is clear] [and captured]

[the round sun] [beaming]

a headstone from birth

[there is where I died]

pulled through the surface

[there is another]

[and I believe another] [and another] [and another]

What hand does pull

life forward into allegories of the past

THE LONELY WITCH'S DEMON

The witch she gathered nature the fungus and feathers and blood
and hair and spit
and with a spell to her cauldron cast away
the improper demons to hold only one
as pet
Alive it was now touched by her bony fingers proving
the pagan spirits of litter and debris can be recast
into a new soul
for her bidding
but that is not why
And with a countenance a thinned lips and bony nose and chin
added simple earth to the shaped form
just a pinch
to see it rise and speak in tongues she only knew
and she waited as it completed its assumption of lively form
Reason it were is for defense from the improper
and uncooperative demons [so she mentions]
though she would never admit it's company is what she desired
within her logged cottage she would attend to it
and let it freely hunt its diet of small creatures
And when it returns it sits at rest as stone gargoyle at
her front door
at watch for the conjured demons by other witches and warlocks
speaking and gargling language of adversity and affection
standing prepared

THE CENSOR

The news is the weather
and births and sports

What is not said is
held by the administration

Disagreement is held
death is held [close]

The news is the government
the publisher is

The executive
law and policy and bureaucracy

News is peace
and lists official meeting times

For hobbies
for interest

And when they [they] know
they are sent to counseling

For an official explanation
without public mention

THE VIRUS

Strucken the invisible
one to another to another
word the hegemony put down in fear
quarantine the poet the
official doctor isolation virus
the public is swiftly educated against
the automatic sweep of
that
critical theory [stop]
Public health is decency and
position is to the cornering of
a geography whereabouts origins
for a bud will be nipped
transfused with another language

They wear coveralls and helmets
approach the afflicted the affected
with instruments and thermometers
and bubbled rooms for containment

A vicious battle to replace
mishealth with the iconography of
that without division that without
contest to longevity
the state and life itself as
reeducation having been miseducated

or educated at all
for there are those who
know freedom is in a bordered form
with lines lines
And of helplessness for having seen
illness as bad administration
a subversive context for minor words which
grow into social contest as poetry
but the poet

But the poet knew a word for
censor
and it was not his own word
but a struggle for
an expanding set of words wherein
the liberties of literal election is no digression to
being

He spoke to himself
but would forget [without paper]
that he may or may not be healed
in twenty-one days

SUNDOWN

With rays seething the clouds

put down to earth

divinity

pink at the horizon and lit like the day elsewhere

[the changing clouds]

Westbound into

STURDY CHARACTER

To admire

the honest strength of sturdy character

they have lived rightly I can tell

by a solid pride the way

they carry themselves into a [question]

What is a good life

And advanced age and thinning hair

a slowness to mobility

still

character resounds in being where

a life was spent

and how

