

WELFARE poems

SCPG

GREG MARKEE

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—
MADISON

social security

The wash of peoples
 them
 struggling at
identities not their own and
 struggling at
waves of reason
 time.
And how
 a security replaces the
 mutters of dissatisfaction and
 the collage of social contradiction.

Stop. [pause]

And
Ultimately
I will
speak for myself
that
 I wish to replace
 pain with peace and
 urgency with patience and
 if
I might suppose I speak for another as
 giver
 I might [pause]
ultimately.

The wash of peoples
 passing down a
 peace
as a gift they have never known.

ends

How far to look ahead. Beyond this day, a time.
Beyond this row, a constance. Beyond this cause,

something greater. Other. And rest upon the faith
of lines, a confidence, a sport in believing or either

faith in myth. I once used an imagination. I once
spent a life upon a single thought. I once was

released into certainty or either was content as
its subject. How far to look ahead. How far

before its collapse. That I will be known until I
dissolve like earth, having known but now a matter

of something greater, something other. But I am
not afraid of change. And that which makes this

body, I cannot fear that which created and I cannot
fear something other like a directed course. I am

in a control, there is a free will, there can only be
in considering life. Life. Indeed. But its match,

the genesis of choice, that which is away and that
which represents this course because it knows I

better than. But I will become as contradiction if
I must. Because I must, become. And I must be the

cause of this body, this becoming. How far to look
ahead. At that which confirms like time does, confirm.

the public

Social strains pushing. The
people made of separated geographies, the
northerners, the
lake people, the
mountaineers, and now,
collapsed into this community of towers and words and
still reflecting a generations ago heritage.
Social strains, how a person defends a center, a
history,
until this place replaces that from which I came.
And beneath the tokens, substance. Harvest dance
and music, and how an occasional moon from
rooftop barbeque recalls the
primitivisms of peoples. I
am connected like life to any
earth and I
am connected to this, the
words of experience, how they become a language and a
social strain, this experience is a well. Of automated thought and
a beginning history.
I live in a way because and
I am now changeling because a
public force has captured me and
my history. And
lent me to a group until
it calls again
to be the maker of uniforms and peace.
And social strains forcing, and I too,
until a greater threat against the dysfunctions of
this existence call me to a
particular language.

local activism

First principles
concern. And to learn the
paths of change. How a language. How a code.
And from this center
advance upon moral.

And tethered, ideas of redemption
and tethered, isolationism
and tethered, greed.

And walking in lines, surrounding and
addressing concern.
All held, sustainability, because this will
not go away and
time,
this advance will be slow and steady.

Sustainable
because
justice is sustainable
and
if a social line is an imperative it
will be beneath all that I value.

That I meet the ends of inclusion, indeed,
but the greater,
that I recognize the end of ends
or either
that I learn that one institution cannot replace
another
lest it become the object of.

professor

The ocean of society is original.

And a curriculum contradicts, it assumes specific objects.

But an original lesson can be made of anything and

a futures can be introduced with the

objects of thought with the institution of a
material object.

And sound and its compartments, language, music,

directed meaning, it too is material, an

introduction to the greater objects of thought.

What virtue is a word, a symbol upon silver upon

stone?

What virtue is an artifact of war, an artifact of

childhood?

And what is original in the segmented lessons of

adolescence?

The ocean of society is original.

And its curriculum, that which composes original

thought,

it begins upon a material and upon that

which represents material. The same.

Operatively, a word is a cloud, a sunset, a word is

time, a word is growth, and the language of education,

the language of welfare, the language of electronics,

words all words. But

close enough in any regard to standardize

the ends of oceans and the ends of

original thought. I am peace among these

faculties. Among these

faculties I am that which I represent, artifact and

idea, change and diversity, age and action, among these

faculties

I am ocean.

good words

The kinds about monsters, the kinds about love and about
passion.

The kinds about nature, the kinds which make you
think.

The kinds about defending oneself and defending ideas of
goodness.

The kinds which speak of other good things and the kinds
which present the
bad,
even them.

The kinds about loss, the kinds about freedom and them about
independence.

The kinds about science, the kinds written in poetry, any kind of
poetry.

The kinds which call for
disorder and the kinds which call for
order.

The kinds about slavery, the kinds about worship, the kinds about
war.

The kinds about sex, the kinds about mountains, the kinds about
enemies
I have not met.

The kinds about growing old into illness and the kinds which
demonstrate an intellect.

The kinds about space, the kinds about money, the
kinds about prisons.

The kinds about doing something wrong, the kinds about
education, the kinds about social contradiction.

The kinds about labor, the kinds about philosophy, the
kinds about the treatment of other
people.

the priorities of conscience

To elevate the social forms, I shall not neglect
the beauty of nature, its forms apart.
But I am knowledge, with faith in the pleasures, indeed, but
a construction of how it is to be entertained is
of this mind and of these social faculties.
Suffrage and reconciliation, how I manage a choice and
its considerations.
Turn away fire. And
Turn away time.
Advance responsibly like I know, the code of men, of
life.
And in a day, the ends of effort will have been laid
upon this trial.
To elevate the social forms, a conscience first managed in
early childhood, that which I respect, that which
I protect. Defend.
The people, how I respect
them,
I can only,
but a population must learn for themselves a nature of
worth.
Knowledge, hereupon, that it be singly enlarged, and that
it contain
these foundations.
Beauty and its diversions, the whiles of assembly, the
notion of progress, a
language for the institution of character, the
exercise of language, the right to welfare, to education and to
educate.
To elevate the social forms, a conscience I am called to
entertain an other.

the welfare of night

Into dreams.
The letting down of
hardship.
The letting down of
night.
The stars and how
a passing thought of
peace
tenders an imagination.
All will be silent and
all will be.
The force like tide, how it
goes away
until.
The care, how it
flutters in certainty and how it
goes away like
the surface of cloud.
Into dreams.
And how a welfare like
time,
how it passes in patience neither in
haste nor reluctance.
The birds or either their
image,
the
grass
and how it bends.
And the comforts of knowing peace because
that is all I need like air,
the comforts of knowing
peace
is a part of this.

electing growth

The limits of reason, for not all can be put to words. This growth, it comes in images, in experience. The exercise of social liberties, suffrage and defense, the exercise of this body, a knowledge in knowing its potence. I will choose that which enables at least one further advance, that which does not close an intellect and that which respects the nature of being. Being, and what is this? That a time surround the acts of humanity, that all be given regards, the wind, the desert night, the forest air, the autumn stars, that all be given. On being, and that a choice be that which elects

a growth, that a choice be shelter to futures. I will not close this mind, I will not defer the reason of original thought including that which cannot be put to words, I will not stop searching. But I also cannot defer the limits of a language, there is an experience waiting which defies the orders of word and rebuttal, rhetoric. Growth, this is the election, of lake sound and rain sound pound against the season, of hill music, the rhythms of that which lies about. Brought to reason in the eventual, likely, or in the least its attempt because man tries to bring many things to reason

which are better left to. I try many things which are better left to, but I suppose this is the nature of being, that I try many things. And upon a resolved conscience, knowing an appreciation for what it is, greater than interpretation and all that I can offer, and perhaps greater than memory, greater than I. A life away. And if I can forgive my natural insistence upon believing that I am the institution of this, I will have become equal to a life away. And balanced, upon the freedoms of cause, on being, I am cause. Now, like the retreats of color, the starts of chill. On being, I am cause.

rain for the soul

Advancing, first gray, the dissolve of shadow. And sound to wind to patter upon window, gentle. Streaking drops down, down, another. And time, how it turns an attention like melancholy to that which is without cause.

Because water, in a moment fast, no longer the wait, no longer the need. And a crack, a rumbling thought to onset, the pour of nature pushing out sense like experience. How long to have been waiting for. And open door, for a wind now wet, how long to have been waiting for. To pound, the outer sides of nature. The rhythms, the sparkling smell. And how a window holds out that which is uncivilized.

But I will talk at it nevertheless, calling a day for what it is, welcome moreso than others. Not at first but now welcome like I receive sound and sense.

pond

Settled. And the rain nests this forest.
The rain nests these people. And all

that begins a day, a season, all of the
necessaries. All is here. And a pond

away, I have not a doubt that it too is
nested like time. But nevertheless away.

For the things which contain this imagination
be those which seed themselves among a

local interest. A local interest many-sided.
And the rain nests this temperament, the

way a day is described as kind because
it fulfills something. The way a rain

then vanishes time like yesterday, the
way a light begins through water. I know

looking up, it is a prediction so certain
it is truth. Looking up to. Settled. And

swimming through community, and swimming
through names. And a pond overgrown

as generations overgrow themselves and
as a public away becomes all too familiar.

he lost his symbol

Once carried a cross he did, high in the air
like Jesus and thinking of saving things. Once
carried a thought held high like love and
justice and the other things like people hold
high. Once mattered to the universe, like a

plan he held all inside a thing. But material
is nothing he now says with the force of the
Mary tattoo blurring on his shoulder. Material
is nothing. Once carried a cross he did, over
mountains and city, once wore a silver cross

around his neck, once thought of time, once
thought of hope. The things like helping and
being helped, being able to help and how there
was a power to giving of one's ability. Material
is nothing. Now. Like God shattering a memory

and expecting to be forgiven. Once carried a
cross, once laid it down upon death with some
words and picked it up again. Once married
a woman. And left it down because a burden
was too much. Once laid a burden down like

Jesus and thinking of saving things. replaced
it with a star, a new tattoo. Replaced material
with material as if it were all the same. And to
realize only some things can be held high. Once
carried a cross and left it for a star he did.

I.
Because a history has managed this ness. The
way
a confidence has come to be. Change is for the
discontents. Change is for educators and for the
styles of anticipation and greed. Conservative
like the soil, like a nature, for I cannot disregard
the mention of what it gives. Of this I am proud,
of a richness in language, of a selection unto this.
Because a strategy for living is in concert with an
unbounded.

II.
Because a history has managed this ness. The
way
a spirit in giving, the
way
a force pushes that which is different upon those
unprepared like a conservative is unprepared or
either disinterested. There is no invisibility to this
being, this collector. Liberal like the soil, like a
nature, for I cannot disregard any mention of what
it offers. A selection unto this, like time I am as
grateful for the company of earth and everything
unbounded.

And I can determine my own rituals.
I can
determine my own ends.
And I
can satisfy a pursuit for knowledge because
I
am to determine knowledge.
I
determine everything.
I
represent everything including little
things and planets and the way
people are.
And I can give.
And I can evade.
I can
aid
the powerless
the disenfranchised and
the sufferers.
And I can determine my own rituals
like sage and smoke and ritual foods and
everything pointed at that which is good.
And death ritual.
And birth ritual.
And an appreciation for types of
art and
the weather and the types of
demonstrations by
God
I call nature.

healing

For night follows,

I know.

And this heavy soul,

weighted with pain and indifference,
it will bear its own weight upon a
sleepfelt conscience.

This body will care for itself slowly and
with an allowance.

And all of the masteries, the tides of
knowledge, the concerns for
welfare and
society
and otherness, I
am an attention
now
like peace.

For night follows,

I know.

And if a tomorrow returns me to
disorder and errant
obligation

and if a tomorrow returns me to
complicity I
will
rest again knowing
ends are
ends
only if I give them a power.

For night follows,

I know.

about social science

On the desirability of predicting social development,
that the acts of man, of growth, of his interpersonalisms,
his expression, that the goals of a life, the belief in

afterlife or not, that the institutionalization of the
structures of any belief, that they be brought to an
understanding, whyfor? Given a system of taxation,

of the appropriation of human and financial resources,
that a problem be explicitly targeted for demolition
or either that a positive affection be targeted for reinforcement,

that a system only has a fixed energy for the addression
of such. I am government, I will empower. I am government,
I will institute. But a time, I am only human. Only.

And study as you will, how a system I shall confront
evil and genius or either march with I with your energies
at homelessness, at welfare, at disability and aging and

racism. On the desirability of predicting social development,
indeed. That the acts of these energies be the concern
of science and responsibility. Because change is little

and I hold its button. Because change is little. And the
charts, the diagrams, close enough to good intentions,
close enough to making a difference and close enough to

the documentation of progress. Because in the first, an
idea, the expression associated with goodness or badness,
and the interception of social development because of.

little things

Wisdom like air and
how it surrounds a body
littled by what he calls
freedom.

Fluffseed into air for
what becomes is the
want for a life.

Policy, and that which
be not predetermined, they are
not contradictions.
Now.

Clay and sand, the
ribs of social structure,
a home for knowledge.

And if a will is free, I
am no longer the want
for questions, only courage.

Rain upon mattress, I
slept well until a cause
awoke this day.

If nothing, at least a
sense shatters this time
like existence shatters a
void.

let them march
Assemble
population for
the address of
concern. In
lines northward
circling church
and
street and
drawing dotted
lines,
footsteps
into opening minds.
Expression
of this
body because
there is little
else the
likes of man
and his
rivered freedom.
And petition.
And draw
upon the union
of language
and the union
of bodies making
steps in
social direction.
Reverence.
For man
is social
if nothing.
If nothing.

my tribe

Only the passions of ritual I keep. Them marking upon a day in rhythm, drums like independence and how these peoples are bended in sustainability. No wind, no wicked rain can stop the fashions of social inversions and minorityisms imprinting something greater I can only call force. Rise like witness, to the monolith of natured beings, the swell of thought, the swell of season, and the swell of that which can only be known otherwise as policy. I respond to policy, that which affords pressure upon good will, and that which minds the measures of freedom. I respond. In the afterness of rituals, how a glow is kept, of rightness, and how an insanity will be the intercourse of social development, how a force will ultimately only address that which is socially disobedient. And how ritual, it is the pattern among chaos, these threads of community are the tethers of all of that which responds only as well as it can. And if it be enough, to want for something peaceably, I will be enough, and dream among brothers at the exclusions in which stepping out is the matter of sin. But insanity is forgivable, and that which powers a culture, among a sabbath thought, it is forgivable. Only the passions of ritual I keep. And the rest, these acts are tossed as if there is no matter to that which is declared by a force, that which is communally directed, but remembering a community be those of communion, those having been among rhythm.

social vapors

To receive a thing from sound, from sight. There is an animal which watches other animals, to make a something other of himself. To absorb the advanced qualities of reason. To satisfy one's course of development by way of experience. And I try, that which encourages a being, a model of light, and of fascination, I have made these qualities my own by their observation in the first, and by way of attempt, that by accepting failure if it come. Consequence, only consequence. I know now consequence to begin again, at the rounds of inquiry and personal research. At the rounds of education which I have ennobled. I have personalized the rounds of education. Like time itself, I know, and that which becomes the nature of these acts. For an allowance to an otherworlded dimension, a social dimension, I am only partly alone. And the isolated corner of learning, I manage a confidence at that which presents itself. For a reason, to this language, and to this body in the eventual. And these social vapors become one like synthesis. I.

degrees of the intellect

1. Confessions of nature.
2. Social confessions.
3. On being.
4. The accusatory.
5. The degrees of otherness.
6. Sociological synthesis.
7. I am social.
8. Personal confessions.
9. The social is natural.
10. I am natural.
11. The extension of oneself.
12. The application of value.
13. I am other than natural.
14. Reconciliation with authority.
15. Reconciliation with God.
16. Personal confessions.

the policy of clouds

- Arrangements.
- Expressions
passing.
- I am patient.

- Forgive this
want, this body.
- Expressions.
- I am nature.

- Pattern. And
what comes of this
idea.
- I am watch.

- Cascading.
- Art like difference
rested upon air.
- Expressions.

- Change. And to
manage change like
people.
- I am acceptance.

- Grace. Expressions
matching will.
- Quiet.
- I am isolation.

- Crossing.

criminalism

Acts against humanity close a mind.
A language of absolutes closes a mind.
And the inebriation of power over another individual.
The stoic darkness of rightism.
And how materialism turns to trophyism.
And how loss is measured in pride.
And a driving sense for equaldom measured in pride.
And how a forced isolation concerns itself with retribution.
Dissolves, the character, into idealisms.
Forfeits, the character.
Blame.
And authority be that which controls a body.
And education, how a mind advances.
And education, how only that which supports an alreadiness.
And the reward for youth recruitment.
And the reward for fear and favoritism.
That which perpetuates pain.
Torture.
The disregard for elderism, channels, time.
Against that which protects.
Against that which serves.
Against that which deserves attention.
Stealing attention and other things.
And how a forced isolation expects things.
And how a forced isolation engages a constitution.
Animalism.
Without pleasure or regard, selfism.
Nature is brutal.
Beauty is power, beauty is force.
And never to recognize a closed mind.
Never to know wrong.

the conservation of words

You are underrated silence
because it would be a contradiction
to speak such a thought.
Be with me peace
in other symbols like rain and
confidence in welfare, security.
Be with me peace
in other symbols like beauty I
imagine. Image.
I will begin to close a thought in
other things like time and
patience, a knowledge of
knowing no knowledge except
this.
Except for a passing air.
Except for water over stones.
Except for bird.
Except for thoughts which are nothing but words.
I know silence
except for thoughts which are nothing but words
I refuse to give up.

borrowing intelligence

The luster of thought, borrowed. Because an idea away is better than this original. Borrowing policy as virtue, borrowing authority in words and strikes, borrowing action. And borrowing cause. I wish for the tools of social control, I wish for the simpletons of social experience, that which marks other things firstly until I bring them into this. Phrase and word, poem, walk and act, borrowed like knowledge for I have not a name for this, I have not a nature for. The luster of thought, borrowed. And transparent, I, to those having been and those having met experience originally. Publicist. Until. And making the secondary passions my own, for I appreciate the course of representing this, and I appreciate the being of middleness. And in a time, to replace that which is borrowed with the primacy of a genuine experience, that which was never brought to this social. The luster of idea, borrowed, until a poem can mark this experience without reference.

he was a poet

He was a poet. He was known as poet. And his friends were gracious enough to realize that an identity evolves. For ten years passed and he was not the same person he was but he still appreciated the identity as poet and as that composite of his path. He was a poet, indeed, for he watched and he put to words things, he managed a language and he became cause, he became representative of things. And knowing his history, he appreciated that an interest was still becoming, and he appreciated that his identity was large enough to continue to evolve. And he appreciated that the model of the manner in which his friends saw him as was enough to allow his friends a developing identity also. He was a poet. For his words he was known. And for change, for adaptation and the allowance of social adaptation. And he believed he could become anything.

the birds

Flock. As if a single intellect,
them turning into sky, to air.
From treeline push, at once by
cause. Black and winged, away,
near dusk, away. And to know
the sovereign state of flight, to
know the acts of being among
many, to be in concert. The way
an idea turns a thousand birds
to the east, and darkening the
sky. The way social division
is reconciled by a group returning
to itself. And the late arrivers,
them upon fringe and them upon
wait. Flock. And how an intellect
responds to its own motion, as
if the current of calls is likewise
to each. The birds, rise to the
east, and a thousand responding
against wind. And to know
social force is fundamental, and
to know participation, and how
an art exists of wholeness, of
groupism and motion. The birds,
rise like sense, and graduate to
nature, to sky. And turn in
timed thought and turn as that
which knows another. For a
force is many and a force is that
which is voluntary like a labor
which knows others. Flock.

confidence anything

So develops. To summit. To summit.
Of
this mind, the hiers of interest.
The
whiles of potential. A forest and its crossing.
An
ocean and its crossing. A time and
its
patience, standing tall like sound. I
will
be song. I will be will. So develops. To
pass
along the littles like breath, forgotten
them
and having meaning but forgotten. So
develops.
And of these efforts I have only little
memory
because a labor is only if. To the rest,
the
season, the bowling earth green to brown.
To
rest. Because a confidence in having
been.
Indeed. A moment, a striking moment.
So
develops. And return to the management
of
that which I love like cloud and age and
sky.
So develops. And the next. To that I
say.

material culture

It is only tobacco.

It is a bad museum.

I am permanent.

Science is objective.

Ideas are material.

The value of experience.

Childhood is association.

Money is amoral.

The archeology of corn.

Conditional employment.

How a fire stirs at night.

It is sword.

It is aggregate.

The last word.

The number of deaths.

It is only yesterday.

postpragmatism

And if a folly.

That all the requisites of value are met.

That a body is cared for.

And if a genius is engaged.

What is impractical.

Pure research and stuff.

That an attention is drawn.

I have been wondering.

In the interest of fun.

With all things stable.

The disregard of regards.

Social realism be damned.

This is without ends.

The nature of curiosity.

The athletics of the mind.

And if a wonder.

That time is only a beginning.

The management of toys.

That which compels.

Reason I give, it is purpose enough.

This without mental preparation.

A system of rewards.

The entrepreneurialism of life.

Because a practicalism is containment.

Colorful things.

That which is without cause.

A greatness from this comes.

A reality from the unreal.

Indiscriminate discrimination.

The lunacy of types.

And if a folly.