

Wild Atlantic [plain text]

Gregory Markee

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prity lights

Madison

airspeed

weightless loft o flight a machine

a machine which brings flight

an engineered dependence o say

bring air bring the imagination

oversee oversee nor sun but the stars

above the underlit clouds

and within a craft I hear news

there is a storm which can still reach me

call turbulence at I

nor I fly high enough

and such a threat and to gain

the confidence of God

and whether to drift into a confession

when a turbulence

a trust unto the makers of  
and a trust unto the crew

o captain  
nor I dispel your limits

I am lent elsewhere minding  
what satisfies otherwise

o say I once appreciated flight differently  
for the thrill for the ride

and I say now it may be  
the destination which is my pride

o grow into age in every way  
[and say a poem say a poem I say]

the bumps and airborne bumps  
loft is a kite untethered

and where I go but to Ireland  
for a visit

and it is a tease to consider as  
a flight is my contest [now]

the remains of a tropical storm  
pushing into this northern route

it was their journey by ship  
one hundred and fifty years past

theirs is the sacrifice mention  
mine is a peek a peer upon the ascendants

wonder how theirs has changed  
[question] perhaps not

but a pint of beer a coffee  
but a dash of respect

but a plane to return me to  
the meditations of being

the drone the drifting thoughts  
the humm o sky the window

the company I keep is mine  
and near to me

I shall make a friend  
for curiosity I shall make a friend

and understand o dearest  
I cannot be with you forever

for I am flying and remembering  
there are many parts to the day

but do I not return  
do I not ask if I return

air travel

o keep

keep the wine even if it is bad

keep the packaged word the processed word

which is no fault

for flight cannot be blamed

twas a man was the first captured

aloft for seconds and again

one craft is upon the first and better

there are heroes heroes

make lines connect lines with instruments

just a thought it goes

to futures to futures and sleep then

but these times are extraordinary

make calls for extraordinary heroes

I have not met a modest man a quiet man  
without first introducing myself

and what I have missed  
[I do not know]

though to say of those I have interviewed  
I say so too there are heroes among the quiet

I suppose  
though anyone can call anyone a hero

I leave it to your own judgment  
whether the person you fly next to is

silent or introspective or disregarding  
or wondering the same of you

the open water is like a sky  
like a midnight sky



the distractions of flight are many  
because

my life is rested in  
an engineers' a crew's hands

brings to thought what is oversight  
to the mechanical structure and maintenance

I say I am oversight  
do I not report the errs of their ways

and they listen  
because

no one would like to be distracted  
when their life is rested elsewhere

corporation convince me not to be  
distracted [but do not fool me]

the wobbling plane  
nose up nose down nose up

the confident stewards continue  
nor distraction through turbulence

unlike my own force I keep  
to myself

I have no idea what reaction I might cause  
if I think freely on an airplane

[turbulence begins] [with superstition]  
[not really]

what holds me to myself when  
there are distractions

there is a starry sky  
and I too know I am I

dog tired  
was an animal lent his character  
to the exhausted

the ones littered and scattered about  
a hot Sunday

after a week of effort  
flying in airplanes

twas the thought of truth  
again and again and again

an eyeballs dry one's skin gets itchy  
concede

concede my own humanity  
there are limits to being

even with drugs  
there are limits to being

it was first a kinetic spirit  
drawn from food and caffeine

but wellness is no fraud and  
the dogged ness comes from a dwindling freneticism

until the energies and the stores of energies  
are gone gone

nor place to lay one's head  
but to walk about a zombie a zombie

because a battering flight because  
an overbeing a push to overbeing

and final the place to rest to be  
and were an exhaustion a struggle to sleep

it is time to shut down to close  
then darkness nor dream I remember

the boat the boat

horns

release release

is a short trip about history from

the water

green the grass pushed up against

rockwalls

an aged symbols dot dotting time

a decrepit castle a decrepit church

a river channel at Galway Bay

course forward the remains of a bridge

social history is not natural history

nature brides about man's past

the gulls the birds

nor the cows nor the sheep

the boat the boat  
and an interior for respite

for Irish coffee for being  
what is tourism if not drunk

floating about out to country  
a mature country

really I have been on better boat rides  
really - and why I speak of the mundane [question]

the weather was delightful  
the storm had passed

the silence but the air  
o place you are not so different from my own

return  
horns return

o drinks cheerio  
o drinks cheerio  
twas whiskey twas whiskey

o barley o drinks cheerio  
was the one with the rich drums

pum pum the drums the guitar  
a line at the bar

and a table with family o  
a table with family the stout the drums

gone listening o drinks cheerio  
both whiskey both stout

said she has plans for tomorrow  
a castle in mind castle but not the Blarney

whereabout evidence eight hundred years  
is a stupor

but it is night now and  
tomorrow is away it is night now

the crease of the day when  
recreancy is catalogued is set down

o drinks cheerio  
the gathering the gathering how

and at the bar the keep  
designing hot whiskey

until they are quiet they stay  
until they are rested for rest

gone back into themselves  
just one more yes just one more

he just scored a goal just one more  
o drinks cheerio



abandoned buildings  
twas the wild Atlantic road  
near southeast to west and up

a fort and castles and churches  
what a peoples

and their stones their fieldstones  
was a rockfence now a house

until the roof burns away now a house  
[but that was 200 years ago]

time is the grass overgrowing  
humanity overgrowing gardens

time is erosion the water  
the paint melts away the fresco melts is gone

a cathedral exposure the gone roof  
and the birds in and out in and out

with the cemetery outside  
the Bishop's tower crumbling

was a city's comfort first a fort  
then a cathedral now just the cemetery

now just a history - and what they believe  
imagine

imagine the masonry the carpentry  
the craftsmanship - and with their limits

is to imagine possibility that  
indeed the possible is first imagined

and there was no signature  
but the Bishop lived there first

and say it was an era an epoch  
the stone oratory nor change in 800 years

great minds

great minds think in channels

fools think alike

and when they go for death

teasing whiskey and time

they go with open eyes wondering

and calling language at all things

remembering ancestors foolish and great

and wondering what the next will do

but say what is now done is

the same has ever been done

following greatness in channels diverge

spelling poems called new

and the fool I have no word for you

I am busy am I not

twas the genii of the bible  
to tell a story

and twas the gospels' tale  
there were four authors

truth is content to what degree  
but nature

and were the bible's mention of nature  
what I know for truth

is the beauty and what is shared  
[but say they captured]

was the effort of foolery to capture  
in the interest of capture

saying words to oneself that are  
no song no poem

the left side of the road

one can drive on the left side of the road

if they wear tweed

one can drive on the left side of the road

if they grow sideburns

one can drive on the left side of the road

if they drink hot whiskey

one can drive on the left side of the road

if they carry an umbrella

one can drive on the left side of the road

if they eat blood sausage

one can drive on the left side of the road

if a castle is in view

one can drive on the left side of the road

if Dublin is winning

one can drive on the left side of the road  
when the green begins

nor winter's cold  
but the green and rolling hills

the cattle upon the grass the sheep  
the thatched roof now

the olden stone brick the chimney  
the pint the pint

the changing sky one moment to the next  
the affairs of food of tasting

the tourist the tourist the tourist  
for they need to see do they not

remark the wisdom of the tourist is differently said  
one can drive on the left side of the road like privilege

emeralds

leprechauns and mushrooms and snails

horses with horns imaginary

the clouds are a castle with arrows

for light

and the road near the water the whales

with horns imaginary

o speak the sky the day is emerald

and imaginary all other languages

I have prepared a pocket of whiskey

for until the night aye

for until the colors go away

leave me until the morning with a dream

twas a rainbow for realness

and a lesser second this day I remember

left me a wish like a calling  
a single wish granted

no it is not gold I seek  
the leprechaun

but freedom from temptation from want  
but freedom from curse from misuse

and perhaps closer to a prayer and I  
such things are to my own control

just let the mushroom grow its spots  
and a snail's top hat the leprechauns

and a saddle for the unicorn say I  
really I have no wish but hereabouts

magic among magic what contest now  
but to say I am only visiting



the castle

the castle the 1500's with walls  
and falcons and bows and arrows

with rooms and rooms and tapestries  
and painted people and walled gardens

now tennis and golf the fires still burn  
and wine and beer and whiskey grog

the castle now meant for entertainment  
-perhaps always -see the windows

and the lough now wrapped by  
golf for those with such weapons

a civil castle and archery and skeet  
and autumn the coolness of weather

and perhaps the start of civilization  
when the deathly weapons rested nor sport

I saw no throne

I saw no chambers no jail

nor a king for that

nor the horses the foxhounds

nor the useful turrets

nor the observatory

those castle are for providence for provenance

those castles are for politics

the defense of land and idea

a stockade for defiance

but its age I say is special attention

to the idea of castle

civilization is different now

civilization is about different property now

airport

they come they come the planes they park

this is modernity

and punch a hole through the clouds

they go they come the planes they fly

it is a window a gate window to see

how it is the types of people

arrive the computer people the bar people

await connections and old friends

or them to come to stop

to drive away in their own car

the commotion of people knowing

trusting the systems the engines the engineers

and connections the sky is no limit

but to say bravery who shall go the farthest

the crying baby the woman  
with shoes off with the hat

with the look of interest everything  
is new and then she sleeps she sleeps

and I wait and I sleep and I go  
per plan per outline

the layover is a breath  
given time the layover is a breath

and board another to ends to ends  
where they will ask how

was the flight good reply  
just fine and without event

they served pasta but I bought a salad  
at the layover

antigravity

upside down wobble the voices

the inverted voices

I do not understand the numbers

when plus is to divide without ends

nor the strength of water when

to compare the ocean with a misty rain

nor the way pride is a repellant to

the more modest governing forces

upside down nor rightsize up

the elections and rightness

the schools and gravity the schools and rightness

one school starts the next

gravity begins with antigravity begins

like all is protest of a form

given a psychology all is a protest  
is a question until I am satisfied

antigravity the clouds how they stay  
nor come down with the gravity of my observation

and were I to know too much  
and were I to know the stars

say gravity is theirs and mine is only  
confound confound for uncertainty

from here I  
stand upright priding information but I know

there is the possibility of truth's reversal  
there is the possibility I do not know

nor I can wait for chance  
nor I can wait for truth's reversal but if

wild Atlantic  
traveling over the great divide  
was absence for sight but a great cloud

and for the day a great sunlight  
twas eastbound and westbound the same

but forward into history I say  
I am now from the west but ancestry

and where there is green I now remember  
the stony features of being

the walls of stone for sheep for cattle  
the hearty stock of villages the people

them proud and drinking proud and  
the food the stew the seafood the grassfed beef

there is a church a cathedral  
inside the divine a mass in english

and they drive on the left  
and they walk on the left

and the shrines to alcohol consumption  
the distilleries the breweries the signs

o the signs the shingles the storefronts  
this is for sale this is for sale

o o o  
but they go home at a reasonable hour most do

and rise again for cheese for tea  
rise for meat for pudding -no thanks

and was it the softness of her voice  
that made english sound gaelic

and was it the softness of her voice  
for my interest in the quiet of morning



wild Atlantic  
and westbound return for completion  
once again airborne

it could have been a ship a vessel  
carrying people and things things

crossing the divide this time above  
running with the sun

begin at sunrise lift through the clouds  
up up and skylit like snow beneath

and recent memory declares a peace  
that ancestry is a curious thought

they came from beauty and from blight  
following promise and prosperity

bringing divinity they did  
attaching divinity to modernity

for a heartened people are no  
challenge to a becoming nation

[they brought an ethic I did]  
[listen to the stories]

wild Atlantic was the western and southern  
seaboard of Ireland

now crossed tis  
the eastern seaboard of America

but they go they go how they go  
traveling inland where luck does roam

and once a generation return  
to stories to beer and whiskey

to food and sleep o sleep remembering  
home and what was home

