

bam: couplets in plain text

by Gregory Markee

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Prity Lights

to the island of the former self
I once began as

proud and continental
nor knowing other places

and before the metaphors of being
before age is matched with other ages

there is no compare to
what is what is

nor a card for calling social whorls
nor a numbers for conversation

it was poetry had I realized
character was my own

nor the wind its changes
nor the way a social spheres do change

to the island of the former self
I hold myself aloft

and who is not alone and proven in a way
when held to their own

for one year prior for ten years prior
for a lifetime prior

because I had not sought
a perfection which was not required

nor an interest for travel why
when all is contained here

a question of education
as to where my attention now spends itself

exposure is a question
the germ of a question

and the exhaustion of a place
is to the eventual exhaustion of every place

the learned settle inside themselves
bunkered into their childhoods knowing

waiting to be started waiting to be impressed
again again

and middle age
reformation then

there is no change
again

the people may be different
the land may be different

but there is no change
again

and an effort is to nothing
power is given what power is is given

I am subject
everything is subject

there is no value to memory
there is no value to nature

and decide were it despair or
the start of accountancy

to ends the recollections
to ends them who are stationary and remembering

realizing to insanity
there indeed was a calling

that I am silent of
there indeed was a calling

the closed doors
the first cool of autumn

and the indoors are kept
to constant

they gathered in such space
the doctors

the doctors held rules aloft held law aloft
called progress resembles control

the clean can be cleaner
everything is a degree

and the floors cracked
and the tree grew through the floor

and they were differently reverent
then

the anonymous voice
said crazy

what is there to do today
to give crazy its attention

crazy is something for the pocket
crazy is something to hold close

the anonymous voice is crazy
I have no control for crazy

but to watch
the clock

whether to quarantine oneself
for one's own thoughts

but that is not the only voice
there are others

the music softly played
and I forgot myself

the battered self
for all that is unproven

I know the chains of being
are cause to circumstance

that cause is my own and
what I gather is my own

it is quiet now
and were this a sacred place for its peace

just the sounds of clocks
I cannot stop

time is a river slowly erodes
casually grades experience

carried a protected mineral
let away judgment

I do not know who watches me
perhaps no one

it is all the same
for I've nothing to hide

I carry my age as a badge
I am carnal

and I am my own judgment
and I listen for the wind

I am as constant as the wind
and sometimes pause reflect

and I am
my own burden I am no burden

the way of progress the
moon cannot be left behind

like art at midnight
with toplit clouds passing

and the aged woman
closer to death for having seen

it is not to me to consider
what is relevant

the dead do not speak
nor I assume the dead who do not speak

there is no gathering
when the same moon then appears

nor wicked in thought
to let away to let away what I cannot control

the space of knowing error
is experience

need I ask why the engines
need I ask why colonialism

an invasion
I have been here twenty years nor long enough

someone is always more settled
and with memory

the historian recently arrived
carrying papers and language

and energy like interest
joined this and that joined him and him

joined the sun and the stars
joined night and day birth and death

reconstruction in philosophy
is first the historian's

the legible love the legible beauty
the legible progress

the registered library
where all historians go to die

the registered theater
with podium and proper acoustics

the registered audience
the official audience with ideas

and in the quiet office
the ticking clock removed

there is a wind which cannot forget
and otherwise silent [the clacking keys]

and the bird fell to the earth
dead in mid flight

how the others go about death
how nature travels in time

adaptation is a poem it is I
who brings these new conditions

adaptation is an idea like nature
can experience change a body

in this lifetime a social conditions
a physical environment is a germ

nor a soul left behind
if to speak of eternity

but their ambition is their own capture
but their ambition is their own corner

clutter is an unreconciled history
clutter is the first half of anything

the wait began with questions
knowing a thing will be resolved

how is the tragedy reconciled
it is not - they just went away

everyone went away and died
the end

nor how a legacies continue
it just ended

nor all do live a tragedy
said the comedian

lined up language in a way
said optimism

clutter is an unkept space
made boxes and catalogs

made litter of education
the numbers no longer in a row

made litter of age
said now is now

the curtain pulled over their development
said authority what is important

the sky is the same
as when I was young

that is all I know
that conditions do not change

but they said wickedry at life
is different now

there are vaccines
there is medicine

the cars are faster
so too the trains

and agree I am convinced
in your company

but the sky is the same
I am still waiting

nor expecting change rather
expecting constance

and had I no complaints
then not to mind the litter

the litter of being
is to my own character I say

say the litter the clutter is
a collection

apologies for my dishevelment
I am thinking I am thinking

everything is brown
now the clock is brown

the simplest explanation is not necessary
I already understand

the comedy never mentioned
prosperity by name

prosperity only exists in reference
to struggle to poverty to suffering

nor mentioned today with yesterday's reference
because today is good as was yesterday

the silence is autonomy
spoke the elements each

and the riddled conservator
could not complete the universe

something was not explained
a thing did not make sense

drew an invisible line
around beauty - gave it a name

said this is not capture
for this to be seen in artificial light

and with a pen the novel
was invented like a box

the answerability of beauty
is proven in appreciation

but the light makes it ugly
said the troll

nor beauty a matter for function
proves itself in other language

the aesthetics of the hammer
are unique to the hammer

the aesthetics of the brush
are unique to the brush

so too each of the elements
each of the colors each of everything

aesthetics is the separation of
essential qualities I am I am

and making an importance of
my own character

because it is custom to say
each is valued differently

but his was a catalog of social qualities
he called city

the appearance of oneself is
limited by the mirror

nor the photo complete
perhaps an allusion

three dimensions told in two dimensions
nor sound nor language

the limits of art
but invention

nor art is art if to say it is not
art

the troubled curator
required reason

put a colors on a wall
filled a space with reason

enter the analyticists
putting reason to language because

language is the first qualified reason
though required an object

said it was purple
said it was sad

and I believed the analyticist
for her trophy

trust is the conditioned indoors
with the curated aesthetics with labels

the sun through the window
zero degrees there

here is rightly conditioned
made rightness of schedules order

the colored drawers held butterflies
from last summer

when it was warm and waiting
and the monochromes were green

the blue sky I remember
it is the same for winter

like optimism it is noon
it is the highest point of the day

it is a whip of a cloud
it is zero degrees [there]

put a number on experience
for its replication its copy

and the comparable indoors
so too a numbered experience

the windows can be closed
like control

the thermostatics the fire
the moderated environment

and control for the mind
what one introduces to themself

the book was a kind of poetry
and limited

the book was poetry poetics
and without classification

the classified book was a recipe
and sensational

the classified order
so too free verse is classified

the poem was always novel
defended itself

the preconditions of literacy
include interest

the classified book was a mandate
and phenomenal

a single poem spans five hundred pages
is a novel

the classified book was ordered
for its limits

the system wrote the book
over and again

the system captured the image
of rightness

the system numbered the pages
made a line a chronological line

the system was official
because of popular opinion

the system was a sphere
with dimensions

everyone is outside the system
the system is ideal

wrote a constitution
reflecting the system

what soul is perfect
every soul is perfect

said original sin is conditioned
nor actually original

sin is invented constitutionally
reason is invented constitutionally

the system catalogued sin
put it in a big leather book

the closed book on the shelf
is a titled memory

he carried memories like a library
he grew heavy with the weight of memories

planned on one hundred years
of questions of uncertainty

good art
so it was said

money is invented
like good art is invented

framed
the frame had dimensions

the contained good art
because of its limits

surrounded the good art with words
surrounded the good art

the loud words among silence
eventually they breathed again

the sound of a breath
is rhythm

the star is one of many
I am under no illusion

speculation as to the afterlife
whether it is

nor believe a material whereabouts
because space is only three dimensions

there is no feature
to death

nor blackness nor lightness
nor I exist within someone else's

freedom I believe
pushed through every idea

had to return to compromise
no one is independent

the launched boat
but only to float

and with no destination but life
I am

everyone is registered
said divinity

emotions are irrational
except as communication

I talk to myself for certainty
I register what language

language is irrational
I already know everything

already
as if to say experience is already

the launched boat
and he slept one hundred years

seeing the same dream again again
without language

in between the registered frames
in between a life and an afterlife

the launched boat
and undecided for direction

and there is no wind
and there is no fuel

and the stillwater nor current
nor land in sight

nor life
only the sun rises and sets in intervals

just a song the same song
again and again

counting arbitrary days
were there no season

nor age but to say
the song is the same sun as yesterday

and the moment of silence
between days

when the stars
afloat

there is no surface to space
but the imagination

let down in language eventually
again breath

but it was a vow
which ended his witness of

the sameness of daily being
among that which does not change

an equatorial winter
the same sun nor cloud nor wind

I have gathered time within
my memory of myself

nor age but say
freedom for what it is among the unchanging

I am the same print of myself
today as yesterday

nor there is a burden to eternity
but to seek an answer to the one question

that I recognize change
were it to come

to approach in some remarkable way
the anticipations of being are a spark

the degrees are granted
I am supposed

but there is no story to say
for isolation is a matter of the heart

and with no language but art
and to count what is before me

one one one one one
a name I give you each

the imagination is an invention
and so it begins ex nihilo

when the planets did start
I was on a sea

when the stars did start
I was on a sea like yesterday

I remember
not realizing the sun

is memory
holds the illusions of material

I have never waited for cities
I have my own

the colored sky is
the air I breathe

and the colored light is
time

and down the sun
as it always has the first time

there is a star appears
there are a million stars

say this is justice
with the only language I know

to myself
I am my own attention

and with no history but being
animal

she is invented
incarnation

everything is she is other
I am framed in she

the course of faith is
a promise

the cloud appears every day now
with a different structure

the hardness of shadow
cools the soul

and ask the question why
why

ultimately
there is one answer

every freedom is conditioned
and the shape of the sky is

conditioned
the invented music is conditioned

memory is conditioned is what is
important valued

nor I say structure for what I do
become in reference always

the referential
I grow into

nor promise I stay
for I am frequently called

nor have I given myself a name
nor have considered for reason

the outer ways are without my control
and I am no reference no catalyst

but only seeing
the sun for what it is I decide

but I am born today
today I invent an engine

today I see reason
there is a need for a sail if

reason compelling reason
is a call

today I invent rehearsal
for faith invented opportunity

say claim for language now
everything has a name

but her
reserved

to think in such a way
dumb is speechless

the listed boat sank
there was no one aboard

the forest fire cooked the deer
exquisitely

the rain washed the river
to brown

the earliest memory as early as words
[]

climbed into the new vessel
captain

climbed into a name
gave himself marked himself

today is different
today is ready prepared

the volunteer
the motivations of the volunteer

there is some confusion
as to what is good

the argument was no resolution
there still is no clear authority

one animal defers to another
animal

the symbols the cordial handshake
the effort of the stranger

wore a flag to the communion
and whether he was received

the bankers shared a language
shared a currency

I might
learn something

what can be said of elective memory
[value]

I started a new code
it is exclusive - why I mention

are you getting ahead
as animals get ahead

the good idea festered in code
was never realized

the slow walker
was recently released

wrote a book about time
ended with a period

the measure of a life
in what way is time

but he stood transparently
repeating an invisible language

the decorated soul aloft
with the stars

nor required an attempt for justice
o to be alone

nor cause for constitution
but his own

and slipt into memory
when he grew old and tired

had fashioned a name for all of the aspects
of the day

had a fullness to language now
did not stop time

and a many lives territoried
put into spaces pockets

the overseer granted freedoms
a contradiction to naturally endowed freedoms

said 'I don't care'
I have no response to

but to say the others assembled
for interest

the concessions of policy
the concessions of law

social order is a mash of ideas
and colors

arranged an order to living
grew within

held a dot close to his soul
called faith in humanity

smiled at the camera captured
what is perspective

the rare mention of divinity
as grace to yes the consterns of liberty

followed his passions until he could
no longer walk then changed a values

the traveler met the traveler
they each wrote a poem

the assertions of being
a morning prayer

held aloft a candle for night
replaced the moon

the open window winter
the return of breath yes

o many days is time indoors
spent capitulating the weather

the rain ended winter
still there is no growth to wait

the occlusions the uncertainties
the lamp ran out of oil

and the unexpected friend friendship
the common object crystal

metaphysics is food they closed their eyes
and said aloud

degenerate art is art
fulfilled its promise

the photograph was a study
in visual forms material

and shadows had there been none
would have been a different story

gazed across the rocky land
monuments without attachment to person

and the clouds for memory
spun like cotton and crossing

the reluctant candidate
elected for humility

a wildflowers on a path
the colors autumn colors and time

the horizon the edge of the water
stationary the end

the mathematic solar system
the mathematic sun

lit the boats afire lanterns
at the edge of water

isolation need not be cold nor lonely
isolation need not be wicked

justice is the brevity of change
authority is a humble executive

the stained glass the light
solace security is a place

like beauty is a place a vantage
a spectacle like time allows a moment

a boat an open sky a stars
for direction for reason for why they start

for why they return again again
a fulfillment of an imagination

o time and then he was dead
found with his age

nor ever gave reason for his failures
nor ever repeated them

the old tree at hillcrest
full and grown a hundred thousand sundowns

the cost of living is a social consideration
but it were no money to say hermit

knew no language nor flags
knew no separation knew no reason

supposing time continues continues
has always been

life does start small
life does end small

but planets cool and suns do die
life of an ecosystem is to a place

what is provided
what is categorical intelligence

put a road through the ecosystem
stopped migrations

put a dam on the river
for my own habitat

the erosion of conformity when
they authority ran out of resources

the policy of having been is history
the recounts of memory

and what did carry me all this way
but a boat

resembles a soul for thought
and a sail for passages

the shaman
she had not realized her beauty is

my attention captured
nor attention alone is a lesson

the sunrise dawn is remarkable
light pushes light westbound

the countenance of shadows
the endless colors for where I go

went into patterns went into art
where there are no faces

but everything is resembled
goes and returns again and again

the elected judge heard arguments
through a lens

the constituent reserved Tuesdays
for opinions

called signs and language at
the world at systems

called art at being
for what cannot be pronounced

the advent of poetry because
so too experience is experimental

one day he will retire
understanding

floated on the surface of understanding
with his memory

said history is consistent with
being

but their records are different
had no reservations for individualism

nor are you alone
when the impressions are exhausted

with his own being for company
noticed nature noticed details

nor I can describe beauty
without enlisting the senses

the art was a summons
a direction for attention with reason attached

and death
when the body has nothing left to give

speculation the whereabouts the soul
resides I say somewhere because

a soul is required to explain
the spot of reason

and the coupled souls them married
there is no such thing as separation

but they all were coupled collected
autonomy is a word

nor is there a public defense
to individualism

just gone
the light

daybreak is near with consolations
there was no surface to the ether of night

I remember dreams
I remember twilight

no station no stop there is no stop
but he closed his eyes

but she closes her eyes
no station no stop there is no stop

the unknown the quandary the question
I do not know

I have no language for tomorrow
yet

it is winter it is summer it is winter
it is day it is night it is day

the steady time is rapture
I am prepared

I have not always been prepared
once I was introduced

once I was given a name
now I name

the social spheres are different tomorrow
there is another lesson

the dogs still wait
the dogs still sleep

nor the slow traveler reluctant
necessarily

the objects move apart
fill a space

and the galaxies fill a space
and the systems fill a space

the starlit and the moon
lit the night cast the night in shadows

and the one who never slept
and the one with no social contact

change is abrupt this time
stirred the governor to respond

change is gradual this time
like a warm light

stirred the governor to watch
the innate responses to

old winter at an end
old winter near spring near melt

there is no difference to the clouds
season and season

the season crept
into my sleep into my day

hibernation nears its fault
the course of the season run

the broken ice
the boat

sentiment divinity again this year
again this year I see

I am again different like age
I am again calibrated

the remaindered snow on the ground
sunlit the grass does start

an awkward presence
the humbled spring does start

the slow train of cars
leaving the city they said 'for weather'

and the rain does start
upon the river

the rain causes philosophy the season does
the cause of thought of rightness

the tornado ripped through the country
left a swathe uprooted then done

and again clear the sky
an apologetic rainbow

was an idea in defense of ideas
the library

the library closed at 9pm they
went home except the homeless

the library had no answer to homelessness
except as shelter

there is not a book
to feed the hungry

there is not a poem for social work
there is not a poem for what is love

and there is no one to give up theirs
as model

nor can affection be taken
in its same form

the last philosopher arranged the heavens
in a poem

put light and color into place
put atoms and material into place

the sleeping giant was scanned
for all she knew

and the smallest creatures
populated every other place

the ecological system
relied upon the philosopher's light

the trees swayed in the philosophy wind
the river flowed down down hill

there are rules to being
there are canons for existence

the art of humanity is unintentional
the city is unintentional nor governed

but the cars traveled roads only
order is brought

and the adapted animals were fed
and the others are now extinct

an aggressive spirit
some gathered more than others

nor generous but unto themselves
and with their own language

justice is a tethered thought
for to withhold ways for their own succession

and their own purity they called justice
painted an image called truth

what is sacred
said honesty

the completed book
put upon the shelf at rest

carried the book in his thoughts
had referential answers

nor reverence to the grotesque
the mishandled and misshapen

but a place for stories for lessons
summoned an imagination if

nature is for all the sorts
God is mature now God is mature now

the rain touched each of their faces
equally

and with a name
he let the mundane go

nor I have information
which will save you from dying

nor I believe death is so terminal
and there is no body

and ask if there is cause
were there no body no voice

and ask how is there witness
were there no body no eyes no sense

but there are seasons still
I am faithful

nor governing any longer
excepting I keep my language

