

sophialens

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*life in reverse*

GREG MARKEE

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Greg Markee

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sophialens

△

MADISON

*treatment and retreatment*

social ailment if  
fear confesses and who to withdraw  
treatment when  
it provides certainty security and  
if war is common and  
if  
oppression is common who does recognize  
war and oppression  
and to cling to words as  
justice and  
to cling to the same motions which have  
carried generations  
I will not change but  
only to make change to  
that which makes institutions of change larger than  
my own  
social maintenance and  
to bring problems then and  
to attend to them for necessity and security  
the restless lives of  
words as justice people  
the restless lives of power  
the restless lives of control and  
what did start  
the commonness of uncomfortable things  
and if religion is inspiration or either  
response to  
it does matter for no  
divinity is sustainable as defense  
lest I grow small in war and  
with only animosity in these thoughts and  
without regard to  
what does make me strong health and  
to make this common  
to try

*bells*

bells  
freak  
what is freak I had not considered  
to cling to a word  
holding otherness that  
normalcy is near  
the trees do bend with people  
truth  
the trees do bend  
I do not climb them  
to only call them names the  
gathering masses  
bells  
and full of knowledge  
the death on the ground the decay the  
fallen ones  
for only ones do fall  
them separated and pushed from  
social minds  
freak  
the tree is healthy and lives for  
one thousand  
years  
but I do live longer collecting  
and if we both are afflicted by  
one concern over another then  
we both do feel the  
germ of wind and  
make it personal  
bells  
and what is other to  
that which is outcast  
God is left  
and what that is only  
I give

*the organization of*

what starts thought I am now here started  
categories I exist and  
what I am not Aristotle wondering but  
keeping rhythm to  
the streets in lines  
what is patterned  
and resistance only to make something  
patterned in another way  
useless revolution the deconstructions deconstructions  
ideas are small and uniform  
organization can be held in a hand  
organization is a finger  
the dirt floor now the squares are gone  
the trees now the walls are gone and nothing remains  
an ordered nothing  
what starts thought I am now here started  
and to stay at length wondering the cause  
the mark of humanity is organization  
this time I believe  
and too many lines and arrows  
how long until the soul is then brought  
away and  
organized and  
how to protect the soul from  
organization  
what is not organized the clouds  
to lay and wonder at that fractal the  
eroded earth metaphor I  
only pass judgment without certainty then  
the water silence  
what starts thought I am now here started  
and  
go to other places then where  
the truth of not knowing  
is balance

*mathematics*

from transience the wandering  
the matted grass to soil and  
mathematics  
fallen logs the insects stillness wind and  
mathematics  
wandering minds and membered words  
the cloud poems  
the light poems  
hardpack  
to anyplaces I go and  
cavalier  
nor escape nor reluctance carrying  
banners  
they fall down slowly and become earth  
the  
riddles fall down slowly and become  
earth mathematics and  
time  
the tree poems and green filters birds  
and to be  
absent  
invisible mathematics  
the life donations for and comes  
without consequence though  
witness I have brought  
invisible mathematics  
to be seen then I  
am natural and  
feared  
respond I fear and little start  
apologies  
I do not live here  
mathematics nor  
the grass poems are  
nothing and small

*seashells*

poems the water does not crash  
but only washes again and again and again like  
foam  
early morning May 31 what is extraordinary  
to live forever I choose  
this place  
poems the clouds are none and the sky  
is nothing nor empty and  
without weight  
the birds

because life does not come to my attention  
poems the sand moves  
urgency to otherness I  
have not wondered  
but only washes again and again the  
water  
the carrying birds what is drama nor  
do I ask what is  
extraordinary nor do I ask what is  
commitment

poems the sun also comes in solid and  
replaces time  
with quiet things the inside of attention  
to write a poem around myself then  
a thousand times hardness  
a shell is welfare and who does collect shells  
but I  
in early light  
and to marvel  
only  
when they are not my own

*conclusions*

the last ended well did it not?  
with flowers and no sense for destiny  
and if the last was intended by  
greater force  
and if the last was brought by greater force and  
intentions were brought before they had  
begun  
I was only theatre and a soul to  
watching then  
life unfold  
what destiny to existence? and  
what is free will when one is over and again  
shuffled as if the social had a mind of  
predestination  
the will is small then and  
to form an institution then of that which is accounted that  
I am in a control if it is only little  
the last ended well did it not?  
I confess, indeed though  
it was not my own  
and what resistance is uncomfortable when it is  
of the primacy of being?  
and the pains the struggle against  
predestination  
and the worth of one who does follow and profit  
is exact and reward is exact  
and what it is when I regard my own as  
valuable enough to be  
original  
and to fight for that  
as if social machinery were now other  
and we will belong to each again when  
an order and  
an ends are without expectation and  
open

*what pain a toothache brings*

throbbing pulse and  
to disregard everything social  
comes at once no sleep  
there is no pleasure  
what captures attention  
the force of pain does capture attention  
and into the brain  
nothing is creative  
and if sleep does cure how then to  
sleep  
and tossing  
silence no music silence no food  
no hunger fever  
no thought to responsibility  
throbbing pulse and  
if existentialism can be brought it is  
this proven  
time is slow and the little troubles are  
greater aggravation  
patience is little and  
memory grows small  
aspirin  
water  
crackers to half chew on the other side  
what is concentration  
pain is concentration and  
pressure is concentration and  
humor to laugh at oneself and go ooh  
humor is slight  
and a pain of unremarkable origins  
it carries  
weight and inner constance the  
heavy pulse and  
if it will heal I will  
heal other things then I promise

*what grows from social places*

little worms grow from social places  
they attach themselves to hosts and  
find their way to  
conscience and form  
seeds  
fuzzy green moss it  
grows in quiet corners of atriums and  
libraries and  
listens  
and spotted mushrooms grow when  
darkness comes and friends remain  
contemplative and earnest and  
they go away  
in sporepools for the next intimacy  
urchins find a way on table undersides  
urchins collect information and do  
nothing with it  
urchins protect themselves and tell no secrets  
and the little hairless mice come from  
nowhere are  
uninvited are  
brought to service  
they start the discontent  
they start the newspapers  
invisible germs grow from social places  
they are inhaled and eaten and  
they contain the spirit of a gathering and  
they reproduce with exaggeration  
and vines do come from social places  
to push lines and  
social pulse and  
what is fertile?  
Saturdays and Sundays are fertile

*Chicago dogs*

two Chicago dogs the  
bright green mustard the  
peppers and  
hold the metaphors please  
Vienna beef longer than the  
squished bun tomato  
wedges  
diced onions  
with a dash of character and  
onion salt  
side of fries  
republican Pepsi little ice  
hold the affiliation

*does anyone know anything*

or who knows everything  
or who knows something  
the old porchman me with lemonade faking it  
the cash register woman modeling insight I listen  
the poet told me something I  
remember  
it was when I was eating he said  
peace is fertility  
I gather that peace is  
socially reproductive  
good enough  
and everyone else holding on including  
me  
for when we all talk about everything  
and when we will not need  
the social services or  
the rain to start  
or who knows everything  
and  
let them present themselves  
for I have a question:  
is the oldest always the elder?  
or  
who do you go to with questions?  
or  
who knows something  
I will imagine that I do  
my shoe size in any case and  
I can guess at my blood type  
and  
how to be content with that for  
who is authority on the rest  
I am still asking around

*constructive things*

oceans construct things  
that age become external  
remark at wind  
letting the wind  
and really if this is construction  
I am to grow small and empty and  
a soul will fly freely without  
body  
and what is not first an ocean though  
and if  
the translations to  
the securities of health and welfare  
and human places  
and creative things  
patience constructs things and  
how to grow that  
how to let that out or  
does patience come with ideas  
the foundations of construction or actual construction  
for hands do construct  
for teams of people do construct  
for machines do construct  
and what causes inspiration  
and what causes poetry if  
this is constructive  
it is  
and blossoms and seeds and children  
that which does not threaten  
oceans construct things  
that age become external  
but if only this  
to forget oneself  
a moment  
to say that is constructive  
before to begin

*should art be uplifting*

art is an expression of the human condition  
the human condition has a range of emotions  
to desire something art  
can move you there  
to be down art can lift you if  
and should it  
who cares to be always lifted for  
in quiet contemplative states I consider many things  
not otherwise  
and to be at the peaks of happiness I wish no further  
happiness then  
art as a vehicle  
art as social movement  
what is art  
to realize the forms of art as inciting disposition  
to fear the art of others for  
to know not where I go  
to release oneself to the art of others  
to make art for myself to be uplifted  
to carry others voluntarily  
and if art is only emotional then modern art  
and if art is also imaginary to present ideas  
and if art is also the expression of knowledge and science then  
to follow that without emotion  
and there is no lift or  
emotional attachment to art which is  
information lest I attach emotion to knowledge  
art as demonstration of skill  
then product does not matter and  
if that process causes uplift and that is desirable then  
that is good  
and only  
to think of that as profound  
what comes of this  
I think of myself



*courier I digress*

bricks and fiction the city poems  
typewriter old men basketballs  
loud women loud hallways beer there  
is no ancient cause everything  
is as always bed afternoon fan sundust  
radio laundry I remember the war a couple of  
years ago  
before they stopped writing about it and  
it must have stopped then  
were they also cause then  
philosophy of news only  
coffee daybreak turns around again  
life things the dogs the  
death butterflies who stole butterflies and  
calls them death the  
doctor people scientist buddha babblers  
priests in godred satin and moss  
women causing policy little metal arms  
telling the unwilling in  
ways they do not realize  
the clouds fly over this too I control  
the clouds with  
despair and ideas ideals ideas  
feel free the moon  
was winter then always and winter  
summer comes who does not make  
peace of little things  
bring city things and fishing origami  
birds getaway runaway to brick walls  
can go no further  
let a land collect itself breathe  
time for I am fertile in  
patience then crazy until the words  
run out

*freer things business*

job starts no fault getting shit down without  
conscience  
noonday quit food protest twelve thirty  
everybody business silence responsibility  
what does a body require cigarettes  
a body eats the fat of itself during business silence  
inward things  
what does a body require cigarettes  
a mind selling things whoring itself pimping its  
body  
if everything were morning no fault  
personal shit proud butta  
social is interference I am fringe and  
marginal when friends enter this life then we are  
all friends and marginal  
butta truth no one leaves until I am the first when  
silence means something  
what is a social margin whofuck says so  
thank you whofuck  
no fault intentions shit prosperity we all have a pool now  
and a dogcat and a hairy wife  
oh, to be free  
what does a body require cigarettes  
until the party people bring plantains and business  
then  
start again tropic fresh  
I get away  
return with signatures  
I get away  
and it was not until twelve thirty then the  
moon popped its bulbous head into my space and  
said take this taco friend  
said take a bite of this taco and  
give the rest to that skinny chick

*filming the cameraman*

takes images  
films people captures people  
document that  
anthropologize the anthropologist  
the culture of cameras  
carry devices to capture that  
which captures  
journalize the journalist  
what it means it  
never meant anything  
I wear loose clothes and  
feel public sloppy  
stillness and  
defensive  
must have been defensive  
returning protestant clicks  
at protest  
binding what it means  
I have not figured but look  
sees a lot discretion  
butts against personality  
personalism  
made personal representative  
takes image  
outside of culture steering culture  
anthropology  
brought to culture  
filmed  
the absurdity of  
social capture meant to incite  
held closely  
put in a book  
novelty go about your business

*someone else's we*

not among the we's to speak of  
only sitting  
no photo  
no colors today green is green the  
trees the grass  
speaking to myself poetry  
answering myself poetry  
how to be independent among a collective  
without an evident brain  
to have been made conscious with no  
God  
to answer this  
what is delicate?  
what does not change?  
what is to escape?  
just responding  
social values who put them there  
collective ascends  
let them go we let them go  
I we how high to be to know something and  
to cling to that  
let knowledge out slowly  
if at all  
invited not to go  
what is relief when a system  
what is hardness when a system  
no longer shadows power for that is  
common  
no photo  
hermit  
sits in chair smokes without electricity  
we is other  
humming to myself poetry  
insisting on happiness  
asking questions to myself poetry

*distinctions*

sunrise psychology  
breakfast psychology  
changes the way people bring things  
knows man from woman when their hair  
started language poetry shit  
made things other  
realized a soul  
coffee psychology  
started art called everything  
psychology  
planted ideas  
planted religion  
common is too common  
not knowing yet any two institutions require  
parallel faculties  
bodies with skin and guts  
medical psychology  
pleased to paint medical  
pictures and  
mental institution architecture what  
else is there the  
trees  
once said a thousand words about trees  
every tree is different  
than a star  
every thought is different  
than a star  
moon psychology  
only what is mine possession own  
to learn protest  
defense  
what is  
judgment psychology

*steel train*

steel train  
horn  
100 cars  
cannot stop  
a million tons 50 miles an hour  
straight lines  
east west tracks  
hop a line  
the cows and  
early modern days and  
nothing predates fire  
steel wheels  
begins anything and  
manifest destiny  
cartops Flagstaff  
city passages  
westbound souls  
the ocean is big  
steel  
local government  
this is hopped and  
national  
the wind  
dust and clatter  
go steam diesel  
porter  
trackside dogs  
the clouds  
know shit  
steel train  
slow train  
takes time away  
gives it back

*issuing a public*

material orange clouds strategy  
hairy arms dialect western tea  
sits cross legged on public library stoops  
thinks of poetry strains  
this model is heated in the groin  
fertile  
watches dogs and birds for the latest  
news  
naked sculpture penis stone breasts  
purple mountains who told who that the  
high desert meditates like  
frozen lakes and breath  
childproof medicine the milk  
something to say but not  
worth learning  
material air conditioner to be  
conditioned  
step against conditioning rage against conditioning  
who causes who  
yellow rain and blue trees the  
man the camera is uncertain  
big things like institutions saying  
I can offer you that boy  
knotted knees the stained knees the  
church with wheels the  
center of unschooling who to complain to  
when responsibility exists  
dogs keep away them rats them flying records  
the watchers the controllers the conditioners  
iceberg lettuce the  
pains of patience painted the  
stealth of nations who  
defends stealth when  
it acts against this

*the sit on the rug in the dirt manifest*

listens answers not in words  
succeeds things  
dirt  
causes houses all around  
causes words  
causes institutions  
trees grow around  
grassbugs eat each other and  
carry each other to  
queens  
what is social property what is possession  
brings public ideas until they go away  
left with what it is nature and  
empty brains  
causes art  
causes books and shit  
listens the wind has not stopped in  
a thousand years  
answers a word gives means  
nothing I  
forget myself  
pray in words  
causes prayer  
what is in this control nothing  
nothing is in control for  
what happens does  
the smallness of who visits with words  
painted face  
painted lines  
keep out courage and concepts  
dirt  
keep out peace for it requires other  
keep out that which requires other  
keep out language  
listens answers not in words

*lightbulb war*

a thought over another who  
is inside who  
what authority  
the storefronts all turn to isolated  
monies except for butterfly  
monarchs  
who says morality tax defining  
character the money who  
prints that  
all ideas are equal are they not and  
what idea does not serve  
what idea is not ideal and  
all to religion then when quiet  
gods are personal and  
no priest is  
required for rosary blessings and  
peace  
one book uses another as a  
chapter and  
holds things closely  
lest they  
become big again  
stop that and do not become big again  
to say that with cheetos  
and if evolution  
to fear that and to be  
as damn human as possible  
as damn ordinary as  
possible  
sitting quietly  
we all stand in circles  
open the store at 9 am  
and start money things  
then thinking  
what order is best fair

*goes nowhere with protest*

never good at protest  
turns to street performance  
wears signs  
people do not take as serious as  
trouble  
arranged for administrative powers on the  
internet  
meant to exchange injustice for  
pleasure  
people became accustomed to  
pleasure  
like they do  
expected pleasure  
what is injustice returns  
stuck panning pleasures then  
made good at living  
stopped nothing  
what is to stop something if  
it deflects opinion  
if it is love  
if it is it  
wears signs  
with banners says one word punches  
which  
mean everything to him  
is funny  
to be funny  
eats food from a can  
paces himself  
learns to juggle fire but  
holds that back  
does not juggle fire in front of  
people

when I want to make sounds

electric ukulele

distortion strings GCEA

pick stop

thought to sound translation

there never was a word for

wishing sounds

what does come words

to be first words or

music

either an expression of

being

window

this is bird

this is nature

copy copy

what it does flight

and if organization

stop then

play differently

never meant to be concert

except what it does

event

never meant to be judged

called it a name

called it something other

withdrew a name

electric

stop

sloe eyes

high gaze people sloe clouds

coffee sit news

six legged cow with male and female

genitalia

read sloe

the war which is nothing

defeated

barefoot blacktop sloe

walk find a dime

what is ten this time luck

what can be bought with a dime to

not wonder

the grass

lean against a sloe library

high gaze the tolerant ones dividing people

those with prejudice

those without prejudice

chocolate and orange ice

the art of history

remembers things and calls it

history

paints news

the duck with an arrow through it

the bomb people

standing in circles

call it art

sloe dress makes cool slops

flip flops

brought a pretty stone called it

jewelry wrapped it in wire

tied it to his keys

leaned back and

expected something

sloe light

watched his eyelids

*sonic organization*

patterns fall footsteps order  
the horns  
whereto for questions  
ask the smiling newt in barefoot boots  
permagrin knowledge  
tapping pencil  
respond  
to write 1,000 words nicely  
shake the paper  
the library rests again no longer  
receiving  
coughs and dropped souls the  
way fountains built in parks  
collecting dimes  
patterns the rain and  
what is not order to  
ask that  
singing groups old and  
leatherbound the principled men  
in beards  
no mustache  
listening  
I too heard a force of  
stars  
to dream electronic tones  
I did not imagine sound but only  
left it out of  
conversation  
the claps the sleepers come and  
cannot sleep  
for this is summer the  
air does sound  
patterns fall birdsong to have  
left a feeder  
rocking in wind

*first firefly*

and trapped in a screen  
not what I wanted the first sign of summer  
trapped  
gentle poke gone  
9:30 the others come towing  
summer  
lights and off  
yellow and stop  
quiet the crickets too first invisible  
night watch a system  
expecting unicorn  
any moment now and  
only dark then  
retreat  
again

*the way of risen meaning*

granted what I heard and not  
considered  
what was important of wars of language  
to have heard nothing profound  
what pacifist demands  
the constant of uniform thought  
and too heavy when metaphor breaks  
wonder  
perplexed and  
stolen the art which used to be only  
beautiful and  
then  
changed to something  
profound when life became mortal and  
belief was not challenged though  
its certainty was  
challenged  
what I heard though what I  
saw and  
never to have doubted rivers  
for I touched them did I not  
touch them  
and if this is beautiful I call the constance of  
everything I touch  
beauty  
including memory  
but memory is not pictures nor  
framed nor requires no consent lest  
history is small and no phals  
perhaps  
though I do live in some meaning  
I gather and  
say it is larger than art  
and only time to  
have come to that

*school without*

no roof he watches air  
to know air  
without corners  
no door to come and go with  
will  
and what they said of numbers  
I believe  
and what they said of  
language  
the reference of  
clouds I cannot doubt  
such subtle hardness  
no windows  
when the rain replaces spiders  
and moss to grow  
into that  
and why to come at all  
to centers when  
they reflect the evidence of  
common things  
for we all come  
do we not  
she holds my hand



*sports a team*

what game  
still figuring on that  
practice Thursdays

*determination is not bound*

then it is called something other  
science and process  
and if there is a structure to will  
then institutions  
and who cannot follow recipes  
when accomplishment is someone other's  
and if that which is original  
carries a spirit  
the ocean is only volume then not  
when beauty is kept  
the moon is only distance then not  
when beauty is kept  
and to carry frames for followers  
or either travel as poet and  
leave that  
for to never be alone  
the faith call it something other if  
faith carries frames  
and what is good will and  
what is character to recognize  
that which is  
arrived and  
authentic  
and if the charts of history demonstrate  
possibility  
for to have done no thing excepting  
possibility  
the charts are no thing  
for to look forward again  
and smile at having received the last  
flag  
then it is called something other  
science and process