

SECOND AGE

GREG MARKEE

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protoHouse

No rain. But the rain is.

Uncontested.

Still like the color of the sky.

I have no want for change.

Change is impotent.

To satisfaction.

I.

The immoveable soul wandered.
Channeled language for life.
Returned in a poem.
Asking.

Autumn. When the trees do start.
All night the walnuts.
Drop.
And what is concealed.

The paper caught in the rain.

The bled ink.

Was an invitation.

History is a war and again.

Mindfulness is a lemonade.

A cigarette.

Wondering change.

The city masked the season.

They went anyway.

Talking.

O marry me cause.

But all I have are these poems.

These lists.

These administrations.

The condemnation of summer.

Is a breath.

A first frost. [Is].

The condemnation of summer.

Is an open woods.

Notice the sky.

The cloud for wait.

The position of oneself.
Against the rain the sentry.
There is no opposite to being.

Exposure is a forest. Now.
Just a forest.
Upright and canceled.

The way a thought does lurk.

When time does pass.

When it is time is forgotten.

Rain is a blessing when.

But for the flood. It is I.

Upon a hill.

The walnuts drop.
Through the night.
And through the rain.

O crazed change.
Put forward your season.
Withdraw your colors.

Nor lighted skies for fear.

Nor claps of thunder. I.

Just rain.

Flutters deliberately.

Against. Against the wind.

Monarch.

Quick. Quick. And the sky was opened.

Was hung.

Was opened.

Nothing is dead. Nothing ever dies Autumn.

Is still funerary.

Come again.

Conflict.

Is a calling against a calling.

Is a name for each. For both.

The interior of the tree.

One hundred rings is age.

Is seventy five feet. I say.

The fire called down the tree.
Burn and sap and burn.
The conditions no rain. Gone.
On a month now.

Is haze for twilight.
A residual smoke for stillness.
Sundown purple to black. Gone.

The concealed moon.

Thin cloud passing light.

Through branches.

Monarch. Hummingbird.

Dragonfly. Bumblebee.

Jellyfish.

Soon the reckoning of Winter.

First chill. First frost. Flakes.

I remember.

One season is another season.

If the sky is all.

Like today is another.

Grass as tall as I.

Lifted and brown. Bending.

Returning to the earth. For.

Latent.

I am old and saying language.

Darkness. Again.

Do I get to keep what I have learned.

The painter.

The poet.

Second age.

The struggle for relevance.

Having known relevance.

The clouds for days.

O time is a crept sundown.

I.

I remember Autumn.

Minarets above the snow. Watch.

For anyseason. Mountain's apex.

Exposure.

The tartness of apple season.

Is closure. Is an air.

Solemn nor solemn.

The imaginary. The painted sky.

Let.

Nor I can suppose the wind.

The wind bell clamored in the day.
West to East. I forget.
West to East.
From the Mississippi to L Michigan.

An assumption of character.
Is involuntary. Is a place.
I am. Put.

The brevity of summer is.

An appointment to responsibility.

What is gone is perspective.

The assembled candidates wore hats.

Straw hats. Wool hats.

Cowboy hats.

I promise. I promise too.

Everything is natural.

The synthetic is natural.

Sin is natural. The body is natural.

Everything is natural.

But the bristlecone pine.

Planted in a ponderosa forest.

Still the hummingbirds remain.

Is contest. Ever the dominant.

Greenback.

Cattle the other end the valley.

Is a picture. The domestic nature.

The windmill.

Lake's up.

Boats still float.

The house is on a hill.

Recognizably Autumn.

The early sun offset I know.

Now.

Staring at the middle of the night.

Orion.

I see. My breath.

Were life no constant.

I say.

What I come home to is not death.

The fertility of Autumn.

Is a lesson. Is wait.

Like change is a matter of.

[They] happened together.

Formed an address.

Collected rocks.

One type and another. Mostly geodes.

The tree hollowed from the inside.

Not dead.

Yet. A nest.

Yes.

The cat sat on the mat.

Near the window.

Closure. The done flowers.

But a pumpkin.

Is no substitute but ornament.

Pie.

Catfish under the muddy water.

Blind as a crawfish. See.

What surface.

The Autumn ship. The Winter.

Ship. The same.

Containers in. Out.

There is nothing I do not want.

There is nothing I do not care for.

The little red thing.

A sacred space. What is not sacred.

Question. But there are no questions.

Acceptance is being.

The paint covered the print.

Just intentions.

A title.

Migrations.

The traveled seeds.

In fur. In shit.

Was a road a thoroughfare.

Nor human.

But a trampled line in grass.

The derelict order.

Supposed good onion rings. Food.

I am no contest.

The psychiatrist is in.
Polyamory is prescribed.
A manysided interest.

The narrow man lived in a narrow house.
With a narrow fence.
Narrow glasses. Lines.

The tree farm near the paper factory.

All in a row. All in a row.

Bred for quick growth. Shadows.

The density of Autumn.

Is a number. He said. She said.

Something different.

Turtle inna road.

Stuck atta curb.

Afore the pond migration.

Lifted.

Crickets. Open door.

Lava lamp o moments.

Drifted into night.

What good is a book of poems.

But a square for a cat.

I will start with the other.

While she listens.

Reconciling freedom and consequence.

The shape of instruments.

I have a thing to say.

Alternatively.

Sleep for fear of sleep. Away.

The memories the orders are no retaliation.

Point.

The regular skies adrift.

Like jazz the pleasantries.

Autumn is spectacle nor one.

The blackest black.

The moon with no cause for the sun.

Every star is dead.

Lost a tree that storm.

Riddled.

Bent its roots from the ground.

The spider's eye a camera.

These walls.

Absence is a poem on a shelf.

Absence is self aware.

Absence is improvisation.

Is selfless.

The run of the river.

The mouth. The source. The delta.

Cuts. Carries. Cuts.

Obligations are biblical.

But death.

For having no contract.

Everything is new. The same story.

Is a seed.

The same poem is a seed again.

Yelling bird.

Wore a tunic. She wore a mustache.

Wore a voice at progress.

The plucked guitar.

The tapped foot.

Was the edge of the water for time.

Lay down your sky and listen.

That is why.

Lovely and full.

There is a word for that.

You taste good.

Transitions. The earth about the sun.

All I hear is cars. I see.

The starting leaves.

One star a light.
Is all for night. Is all.
For distance.

The corn browned. And then the rain.
The tractor at ease.
Overshoes.

First principles. But she spoke so softly.

Crass. Fuck. Crass. And quick. Quick.

Uh huh.

He is going to blow something up.

Put a firecracker in a mailbox.

Authorize the opposite of convention.

Lone wasp is another.

Eating pigs then done for the season.

Dying on my screen.

Drying on my screen.

The immediacy of being.

The surface of contemplation.

A place without I. I.

Friend. I am dying.

I have no cause remaining. But.

Art and its correction.

Books littered the corners.

Unread books. Good books like bricks.

Stacked.

Forest solitaire.

The cabin. Is a chapel. That is all.

The registry. Nor registry.

The copycat. The arrangement of others.

A collage of representation.

I will pass on this one.

I am not old.

It is just.

I have seen this before.

The wind made a sound. Continues.

Made a bargain.

With the trees.

For the clouds.

Down. Down. And thoughtful.

Full of thought. Full of gravity.

With questions.

Temperance to nothing.

Is a thought withheld.

The shackled shells.
In a box. The colors. Where.
But displaced.

Aesthetics say philosophy.
For what I call value.
To see the National Parks.

The reference of immediacy.

Is perspective.

I wonder.

Time and station. October.

Is a forest. The sounds.

Of.

The hollow forms of night.

Tomorrow will be filled.

With language.

Supposing potential.

Supposing fortune as a child.

Supposing details.

Passage is a password.
But the commitment of silence.
Is rather the poet.

Darkness is for sight I rest.
And with these visions. All.
And with no memory for.

When dentists become mental.
Health professionals.
Their suicide rate will decrease.

First frost the grass.
First frost the chill. Breath.
The crystal features of sight.

The swallowed bird laid an egg.

O fortune.

An idea.

An act of God.

For their big intelligent heads.

Their big hats.

Books.

The clustered minds of the office.

Say punk rock is a charm.

Then punk rock is a charm.

The consequential habits of.

Isolation. Echoes.

And then echoes.

Everything but I. Entropy.
There is no other wholeness.
But to close one's eyes.

The suffered goat with horns.
Red eyes.
Curled horns and fear.

Were I the opposite of the opposite.

Were I an agent.

Of the opposite of myself.

The cast iron hog bank.

Bicentennial quarters. The hoggy bank.

Door stop.

Circumstance is a cloud.
Powerless for the sun. Air.
Used. Used in a poem.

The acid of conformity.
Is a promise without reference.
Was her eyes. But.
That is nothing.

I scared it away.

The tusks. The mohawk. The claws.

With a broom.

A great deal of anxiety.

The practice of sinisterism.

Is countered in sinisterism.

Is not countered in sinisterism.

The confidence of time.

Is matter to the trees. Migrations.

It is not I who supposes.

Look away.

The bad poem. The meaningful bad poem.

Anonymous.

To ask a question of the ocean.

To have asked what has been asked.

To declare one feature is another.

When it is not.

Was a gentle progress.

With no exterior.

Say cooperative. Developmental.

The autocrat.

The one room schoolhouse.

The defense budget.

Voices in the fog.

Rolled in from the hills. The West.

Commenting the obvious.

Today's nature.

Honed knife. Desk knife.

The pen and the poem.

The clock is equal to the night rain.

So the story. Of her life.

The picketed lines of justice.

Freedom is reference.

The distribution of sky.

Is half of what I see. The earth.

Is half of what I see.

The horizon.

So much the stars. I.

Am repeated.

Made simple and repeated.

Four philosophies were thus.

Divided.

Adapted.

The practice of winter.

A season forward. Witness.

But change is graded.

Every morning change is graded.

The ridden God.

The harness.

The saddle.

appearance from Paul Celan

Approached like a shadow.

Confessing.

Willfully.

Indirection can be triangulated.

Was an offset noon. October noon.

Zap lightning.

The darkest sky about.

Rain letting down.

There is no threshold.

Passes freely.

Calling every direction forward.

Blue chair.

Pink pill.

The other Elvis.

I am relieved.

The office burned.

Reference burned.

The chair burned.

But the window.

Your church or mine.
In one I have a thing to say.
In the other I am silent.

The adaptations of courage.
For courage must be shown.
Defense is sublime.

Beyond the visible.

Beyond the evidentiary assumptions.

The man who left.

Patience.

Yes dear.

A cup of coffee please.

The nun ate the plum.
Dribbled down her chin.
Another.

All of yesterday began.
As source.
And with answers I had not asked.

A stillness to clarity.
The stars will never set.
Visible breath October.

The sprite.
Reached into the afternoon.
With raspberries.

Waive the night.

I sleep.

As were one history every history.

All of nonfiction is complete.

Put away.

For the poets.

Twelve.

The mint growing in the atrium.

The pine cone fight.

Red Man chewing tobacco.

The burden of peace.

To say peace. Is.

Reference what is other than.

Peace.

All of life.

The measures of life.

Legacy.

O neighbor.

Thank you for the tomatoes.

Do you have any bell peppers.

It would save me a trip to the store.

The virus defeats the virus.

Grows twice as large.

Eating one's own.

Abstract thought is a wandering mind.

Is no wandering mind.

Is lines and numbers like a tattoo.

The Protestant and the Catholic walked into the bar.

No.

That was a horse with a long face.

An hour before sunrise the birds.

Remark.

First light.

The first generation pilgrim.

Told the second generation pilgrim.

There used to be a field of sunflowers.

Where the Walgreen's is.

Absurd or unconventional.

That the cat walked on two feet.

Recited Whitman.

From memory.

The alphabet.

No. It is the trees do come again.

The photo of the man taking the photo.

Was photographed.

Decay.

The address of reason.

Is a letter to authority.

I.

The darkest ink.

Glow in a sealed bunker.

With your sins.

