

Five Corners of Time

Quintains, Pentastichs, Tankas, Quintillas and Onions

Turning Left on Quintain Lane

By Michael P. Garofalo

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Introduction

"There seems to be something a little beyond reason and emotionally excessive in punching past the symmetrical quatrain. Thus, the possibilities of five unfold..."

- Edward Hirsch, *The Essential Poet's Glossary*

"Reading a five-line poem—
 a sip
 of whiskey
or gulps of water
 savored but for a short while."

- Mike Garofalo

The quintain poems (5 line poems) in this collection are rooted in lives of people living in the Pacific Northwest and on the U.S.A. West Coast. They deal with situations or ideas about time, family, duality, the natural world, consciousness, body, philosophy, details, aging, work, food, gardening, walking, aesthetics, death, memory, adaptability and beauty.

The collection begins with observations about locations in the Pacific Northwest. Then it takes you to up some spiritual and philosophical pathways. Off then to just the ordinary occasions of daily life. Then to a couple of gardening digs. Off to some encounters with the real world. Then wiggling around some on the psychologist's couch and playing mind games. Some tips on self-care. Can't forget to mention sex. Off to sober meditations on impermanence. Then some remarks on science and technology. Included are some ruminations on writing and poetry. Off to share some oddball typographical oddities. Then some thoughts about aging and being on the edge of time. Finally, a brief saunter down the months of the year.

The charming quintets provide pastel sketches of scenes of simple beauty, striking contrasts, and quotidian encounters of unordinary kinds. Many *wabi-swabi* and surrealistic delicacies are found in these quintillas, quintets, and tanka.

Succinct observations in the quintain style tease out larger connections. The Zen style snapshots in these quintains hint at the author's research, studies, anthologies, and indexes of Koans, the *Tao Te Ching*, and Tai Chi Chuan.

This collection of 202 Quintain poems displays Mike Garofalo's experimentation with the five-line stanza poetic form: Rhymed quintains, Imagist pentastichs, Nonsense quintets. Envelope, Inverness, Fortuna, Bellingham, Spanish and Sicilian quintains. Limericks, Surrealist quintillas, Free Verse cinquains, and minimalist tanka. Most quintain styles are represented. Onions refer to one-line sayings that unpeel one meaning off. A few approximately sonnet-length quintain style sequences are also included, e.g., 5252, 554, 555, or 553, i.e. the 'Quintain Sonnets.'

Few authors have devoted as much energy to writing original quintain poems; and, studying, researching, and publishing online about Quintain Poetry as Mike Garofalo. Over 2,700 of his original quintains are now available to read online for free. His analysis and classification of quintain rhyme schemes with examples is the most extensive available anywhere. His studies in quintain syllable counts is a sub-aspect or related aspect of trying to create more metrical-paced-rhythmic quintain sequences. His 'hypertext notebooks" on quintains with bibliographies, links, and notes will appeal to serious poetry researchers.

The overall tone of the quintains are practical, secular, and tempered by a guarded and well beaten optimism, salted with gratitude, and settled in a Taoist ambiance.

Here are the thoughts and experiences, in quintain stanzas, of a 80 year old retired man living in Vancouver, Washington; watching the Columbia River mirror the dramatic Columbia River Gorge volcanic canyons and clouds... and trying to see all Five Sides now. And, for him, reading and writing as a daily *Practice*.

The vast collections of original poetry, indexes, anthologies, poetry research and literary commentary by Michael P. Garofalo are available for free online, on ad-free webpages, cellphone readable, with Google Translation menus, at:

[25 Steps and Beyond: The Poetry of Michael Peter Garofalo.](#)

[Quintain Poetry by Mike Garofalo](#)

I want to thank Karen Garofalo, Laurence Lillvik, Sharon Little, Christopher Luna, and Caroline Shelton for providing input on what specific poems seemed appealing. Laurence Lillvik helped with a first draft review.

This book is dedicated to Karen Garofalo, my dear wife.

I hope you enjoy a leisurely and pleasant trip down Quintain Lane.

Preface

Optional

On the Northwest Way

1. *A Gift of the King Tides*

My hand held an agate *jewel*
carved slick by the tumbler Sea
polished by a million grains of sand—
rock-smooth in my caressing hand,
amazed I was by rocky headlands.

2. *Seaside Sidewalks in Snow*

snowing at
Seaside
blue *blinking* lights
somber night—
slippery sidewalks *crackle*

3. *Thumbs Up!*

My hands felt the salty sea
my fingers ran
across the sand...
she hummed a melody,
held her cup of ginger tea.

4. *The Dare at Zuma Beach*

they ran
into the bashing surf
full speed
screaming courage—
the *Plunge*

5. *Half-Way House Café*

The cafe was empty
except for me
eating fried Hamma Hamma oysters—
the perky young waitress
told me her stories

6. *Sit and Wait*

steady wind
drip-drop rain—
plastic tarp
warm dry clothes
snug under a cedar

7. The Pier at Cayucos

Piers of silence
 sway in the fog
shaking their legs
 in salt-water taffy tides.
Fishermen smoked stogies.

8. A Fjord Called Hood

 Highway 101
 winds past
Brinnon to Potlach—
from forests to the edge of the seas,
 the Hood Sea flaps endlessly.

9. Streams Below Mt. Walker

Mt. Walker flanked
deep Rainbow Falls—
 salmon hatchery
 on the tiny Quilcene stream,
 returning hatchlings to the sea.

10. On the Road to Port Angeles

On the road through Sequim
four lanes fast pass—
flat fields of lavender and grass
in the rain shadow of Mt. Olympus,
sunnier, drier, less overcast.

11. September Ride on 101

Midnight in Mendocino
Dawn in Eureka
Noon in Port Orford
Dusk in Coos Bay—
Highway 101 was slow today

12. Trailer Park Hermits

Pismo Beach trailer park
packed full of old folks
huddling in their metal boxes
from dawn to dark;
never going beachcombing.

13. Mussel Feast

Lone Ranch Beach black rocks
covered in lichens and seaweed locks
faced the splash of the surf—
 a Sea Scooter crushed
 a mussel in his gizzard.

14. River Sand Art Contest

sand sculptures
 in Saint Helens City
sit on the shore—
 Columbia River will rise
 erasing the art

15. A View from the Top

Climbing in the rain
 up a sand dune slope
in quiet Nehalem Bay—
 reaching the Top
of Beauty at the Sea.

16. East of Yakima

Mount Adams
under a snowy storm
all day and night
nothing in bloom—
we huddled in our room.

17. The Windy Deserts East of the Cascades

Sagebrush landscapes
of Eastern Oregon's dry lands;
broken by the Alford Desert
with swirling twisters of sand
splitting the sky randomly.

18. Desert Sand in My Soul

wild mustangs
roam the wilderness
in the highest hills—
seen them on Thursday
on the road to Death Valley

Ten Trails Up the Mountain

19. obviously

in-breath
out-breath
unconsciously
enables me
to Consciously Be

20. Ready, Set, Go!

Different voices counseled his listening mind
Poised like a sprinter at the white chalk line
Ready for the pistol's blank Pop-Shot
Carrying the baton of rapt ears and mind
To philosophically fly towards the finish line.

21. Speaking in Tongues

"What language does God Speak?"
asked the girl.

Jesus answered,
politely,

"Yo solo hablaba con Dios en Español."

22. Scents of the Divine

The smoke of old
incense devotions
cleansing the nose
opening the mind to
a Heart of Jasmine.

23. Evil Rejoices

Christians tell me
we all are sinners
corrupt to the core; but
if you accept Jesus the Savior,
all your sins will be forgiven!

how convenient
free pass
always forgiven
scott free.
Evil rejoices.

24. Cheater's at the Wrong Game

I saw him renege
playing with Tarot cards:
riffed the Hanged Man,
misplayed the Fallen Tower,
miscounted the Judgment card.

25. Hard of Hearing?

DON'T YOU BELIEVE?

In what? I asked.

IN JESUS CHRIST?

Not really. Don't shout.

I prefer a Buddha's doubts.

26. We Sang Along

Om Mani Padme Hum

Om Mani Padme Hum...

Oooooommmmm.

Jeweled lotus in pond scum.

Chanting devotees hum till done.

27. Alternative Neo-Spiritual: Woke Up

Spiritually, the skeptic in me,
Is not very religious, conventionally;
But the ebullience of nature mystics
Is often very inspiring to me.

Silence, poetry, and music
are Forms of Spirituality.

Sentences should make sense;
We test our patience with meaningfulness.

28. different colors for different folks

For Krishna

Black is Beautiful—

Shyam (blue-black)

he is colored by kids

in India's religious coloring books.

Mysterious Dark,

Mystical Blue,

as bright as midnight—

Wisdom, Compassion,
Singing, and Righteousness
are his true hue.

29. Works for Me

my zazen was writing

pencil in hand—

sitting still for minutes

no special breathing

just moving my hand

30. I Rang the Opening Bell Once

Opened the Gateless Gate,
the creaking hinges sang,
a narrow passage opened;
I saw an iron Temple Bell
rarely ever rung.

31. Mystical for Me

midnight moon
framed by fog
touched by trees
guided by gravity—
mystical for me.

32. I Never Pray

People bow their heads
when they pray.
Is it because of
Humility,
or are they Ashamed?

When the Divine knocks, don't send a prophet to the door.

Ordinary Occasions

33. Keys to My Problem

closed door
locked tight
—no keys—
big problems
tonight

34. Left the Campground Early

Noisy neighbors!
Boys bounce a basketball,
Mamma talks too loud,
baby cries. Children
scream in my dream.

35. A Gentleman's Retreat

Tired
worked hard
job done—
resting now
sipping rum.

36. Rambling Rhythms

Of night, or moon, or naught
of shadows tangled in knots
of dull dreams remembered not
of a sad song sung a lot...
rambling rhythms sway and rock.

37. Opinions Sometimes Don't Matter

she hid her opinion
about my opinion—
 we ate in silence
 listened to soft jazz,
cleaned up the kitchen

38. Basho's Frog Redux

Playing my harmonica
quietly...

A pine cone falls,
 bounces by!
I Stop!
Surprised!

39. On the Meaning of a Cup of Tea

cup	slowly	again
of	drank	a
tea	a cup	tea
warm	of	cup
hand	tea	empty

empty
tea
cup
washed
again

clean
tea
cup
shelved
again

Tea
Cup
Empty
in the
End.

40. Art on the Railroad Boxcars

The box cars steadily passed
graffiti tagged billboard blaque
colored border impeccable to claim
residuals from the BSNF Railway
chugging to Expressionist destinies.

41. Somewhere in a Tent

Colored flashes in the windowpane.
Christmas lights glowing red and green.
The homeless man has no name,
Sits in cold dark tent unseen,
Wearing a sock cap of red and green.

42. Priority: Feet

Closer inspection
quickly revealed—
my sock had holes,
my shoe was split,
my feet were cold and wet.

43. Amateur Carpenters

He built bookshelves
from smooth clean pine—
 she sanded and stained
 till they looked fine,
then they filled with books in line.

44. Occasionally True

I was the occasion
involved in the occasions
that occasionally occurred
for me amongst others
 in places familiar every day.

45. A Book on the Table

book unopened
 hidden potential
covered insights
closed ideas
 Waiting...

46. *Handfuls of Ripe Berries*

plucking huckleberries
sucking juice
 fingers in our mouth—
 humming
"numanumanumanuma"

47. *mirror mirror on the window*

 at night
 lamp light
makes my window
 reflect my face
looking at me

48. *Thirty Eight Years Since She Died*

memories
of mom—
playing canasta
 on the beach
 blanket hot

49. pups in a litter

six baby puppies
sleeping in a box
dreaming about milk
and their mother's licks—
we all just watched

50. Cuisine from the Sea

Steaming clam chowder
milky white,
tender morsels of razor clams,
occasional bits of sand—
sips of Willamette white wine.

51. Focused on the Real Literal Stuff

I try to pay attention
to the quotidian and sublunary,
to the particular-ordinary Stuff,
to the familiar and the close---
yet, sometimes infatuated with the Mystical.

In a Corner of the Garden

52. A Corner of Shadows

you can't stand
inside your
own shadow—
illusive edges
of dim space

53. Leaves of Insight

By mid-morning the sun
illuminated the laurel leaves
bright brilliant vibrant growing Green.
The intensity of the living leaves
spoke clearly of Here and Being.

54. Count on the Improvisors

despite
the gardener's
best intentions—
 Nature
will improvise

55. Wind Moving Spider Webs

wind moved
 leafy trees
walls of shrubs
 bush beans
spider webs on walls

56. A Rose of a Different Color

The white rose
claimed its throne
as the First-Place winner
despite a scent quite thinner
than every other yellow rose.

57. The Unexpected Guest

Noticed a long black bug
crawling up my shirt—
 accidental tourist
 on for the ride.
I brushed it aside.

58. *Get Out the Chainsaw*

hot dry wind
shook the windows
dried the leaves
 flung pine branches
a deadly breeze

59. *Wild Berries Near Chehalis*

daybreak somewhere
 in July—
raspberries ripen
 slowly
sweeter

60. *Sitting on My Back Porch*

rustling leaves
 maple trees
Japanese garden
 raked sand
 quiet rocks

61. Cleaning Up the Potted Plants

dead bird
in a pot—
 odd place
to stop breathing
 shriveled and rot

62. Singing Stream

The willows whispered
the stream sang
the birds all chirped—
 all round my peaceful perch
 hidden in my listening.

63. Summer Garden Chores

 watering
parched plants
dutifully—
 June sunshine
sucking energy

64. The Worm that Mattered

Worm in my hand
Wiggling—
returned to the earth
 where It wants to be
Living...

65. A Nap by the Rogue River

sunny angles
bright and shadows
 half-lit leaves—
obscure memories
 half-hidden dreams

66. Is the Sky Moving or the Birds?

geese formations
flying by
 cacophony of honking
moving
 sky

67. Small Stuff Leads to Big Stuff

Don't sweat
the Small Stuff!
Rather shiver in the bliss
of ignoring
the Big Stuff.

68. What?

I once remembered
a better version of myself,
figuratively. Clear
to the horizon of Being
crossing into literalness.

69. Ephemerality Endured

Beauty, indeed,
is a bit unendurable—
a little goes a long way
a lot leaves us empty handed
when it's gone, we stay.

70. Encounters with the Are

Let things be as they Are,
that is, as we, truly,
 encounter them, from
near or from afar;
elusive as they Are.

71. Fools-Gold in a Pan

this uninterrupted
series of fads—
 flashing by
 like advertising ads;
flashes of fools-gold
 in a bottomless bucket

72. More Excuses for Not Practicing?

I explain what I am
unable to practice; and,
 I practice what I am
unable to explain.
 Practice First, Explain Less.

73. *Visions of Details Danced in His Head*

Pruning bonsai with keen eyes
carefully cutting
for structure and size.
Visions in the artist's mind;
Coaxing beauty by his design.

74. *On Alert*

Tilted head
floppy arm—
 longstanding guards
 in fields and farms;
scarecrow alarmed.

"I love you" she said;
Her words stuck in my head.

Couplets that rhyme
Stay freshest over time.

Encounters with the Real World

75. Drifting to My Mind's Edge

The drifting pebbles
slid on the sandy shore
up to me;
my thoughts drifted
outside my mind.

76. The Forest is Alive

Mycelium networks,
wood-wide webs,
underground consciousness
shared, cooperating, integrated;
our Forest's Deep Ecology.

77. Horizons of Infinity

The stunning Intensity
Overwhelms me
 Stops me—
Metaphors of Endlessness
Carried by the Sea.

78. Work to Obtain Leisure

He asked

"What do you do for work?"

She asked

"What do you do for leisure?"

Which question opens more doors?

79. Thrown Under the Bus

The world has sadly been

Americanized—

leaving junk

piled high

polluting the earth and sky.

80. Beggars and Tramps Rely on Us

telltale signs

of miseries—

cold homeless camp

stale scraps of chips

begging in the rain

81. Painted by the Sea

The bloodless sea—
 painted red tides
gathered triple toxins
spewed wavy purple streaks
on bays and beaches we see

The bloodless sea—
picturing crashing white waves
bulldozing the thick brown sand
reshaping the shorelines destiny
relentlessly, impulsively, creatively

The bloodless sea—
written about by poets for centuries
 rudely calling my bluff
challenging me aggressively
pushing me past my petty me.

82. Secrets to the End

He kept his secret like a shark his fins,
close to his heart like a pacemaker's wires;
proud of his reticence, not showing his hand,
keeping it close to his vest like Charlie Chan
not spilling the beans until the final scene.

83. *Speech by Fungi*

Trees together
silent speech—
fungi chatting underneath,
 coordinating
October leaves.

84. *Selling 24/7*

Words on a pixeled screens
 puzzling me—
sidebar boxes selling things
alluring images marketing
things unmatched to my real needs.

85. *What I Gained*

What I had and
 what I lost
 along this road of life—
generosity of largesse,
empty wallet in my pocket.

86. Sandcastles at Manzanita Beach

Boy's flying stunt kites
in flying dives and figure 8's
wind at their backs;
 our sand castle
 remodeled by in-coming waves.

Hot sun and sand burnt
bare feet walking
away from the sea;
 grabbing my shoes
 touching my toes tenderly.

Black mussels cling to stones
eating in high tide zones
hundreds huddling;
 I stumbled hungry
 in surf up to my knees.

Only beach grasses
uncontrollable
can live on the dunes;
 my thoughts zoomed
 hypo-mania loomed.

87. *Hiding in the Junipers*



Three ladybugs sit so
cozy together—
the junipers don't really care
who sits here or who sits there
just clean the mites off their hairs.

Shiny orange shimmering shells
black etched eyes—
crawling silently
hiding from enemies
ladybugs jump and fly

Ladybugs by another crisp name
Coccinella novemnotata—
five thousand species of *Coccinella*
mostly farmer's friends
who live just two short years.

Ladybugs can't all be Ladies—
otherwise
there would be fewer surprises
sans some randy
Guybug's pickup lines

88. *that time of the day*

sun finally
arrived—
 high clouds
 blew away
clearing the sky

89. *Symbolic Moon for Me*

Full moon
morning sky—
 a white silhouette
 faintly traced
 for uplifted eyes.

90. *Raging Cowlitz River*

flooding river
bends willow trees—
 bird's nests
 fall down
on muddy ground

91. *True?*

Never darkest
before the dawn—
 a little light
very dim
always creeps in.

92. *The Birds on Three Arch Rocks*



cold winds
 Netarts Bay—
on Three Arch Rocks
 tuffed puffins
fly and play

Tuffed Puffins—
 bright orange beaks
 long yellow head tuffs;
congregate and breed
near Netarts Bay.

93. Orange Glow Over Lilliwaup

Strawberry Moon
hung low
 orange glow
 midnight rose
over Lilliwaup Cove

94. gentle rain

 tip tap
raindrops
on my vest—
 a morning walk in
June

95. Five Rivers of the Tillamook

Ribbons of trickling streams
colorless shards of fog and rain
guided down by the hands of gravity
 to disappear into
 the Mouth of the Sea.

96. Roethke in Seattle

Uplifted and impressed
reading Roethke's
Northwest sketches fine.
Birds flew off the page.
Lizards sunned in his lines.

U-Dub students studied
Roethke's methods
for years closely aligned
walking together the Far Fields
with many creative minds.

Roethke's soaked in hot tubs
his sweat refined
lulled into organic bliss—
 laughing in the fog
 languishing like a dog.

He lingered by the rivers
topping Puget Sound
listening to beauty;
stepping into forests
around Seattle Town.

97. Willows at the Pond

moonbeams
make visible
 shaking leaves
of willow trees—
 June breeze

98. Stone Collector

 the telling weight
 of the yellow stone
held in my fist—
memories of riverbanks
 left unmined

99. The Season of the Bugs

Blossoms gone
from cherry trees—
 flying bugs
 bounce off the screen;
Spring a faded memory.

Mind Work

100. Pristine Possibilities

In every moment
today is created anew—
 pristine possibilities
 changing opportunities
 depending on you.

101. Shedding Off My History

Shifting the feet of my positions,
fiddling with my objectivity,
reveling in my subjectivity,
changing my snake-skin Selves,
leaving traces on the trail.

102. And From Others

choose to be better
decide to be happy
resolve to be good—
this will not come *to* you,
it must come *from* you

103. The Guilty Hunted

worrying about consequences
tension about results
concern about reactions—
not unreasonable
considering my bad actions

104. Maybe Ten Moves to Mate

The chessboard patterns
different each time...
Like my changing life,
complicated and intense.
Reacting when others move.

105. Taking Punches in the Fight

My experiences
have not broken me;
but, indeed,
have bent and twisted
my identity.

106. Splintered Misgivings

my divided mind:
 a fraction of itself
half forward—half back
a third part ordinary delights
a fifth part flimsy insights

107. Tired of His Rants

Parting was not sweet
or a bit sorrowful—
 jubilant instead
our friendship's dead,
 free tomorrows.

108. My Own Agenda

Not lonely when I am alone
 Content with busy invisibility
A movement of One, not avant-garde
Not steered by a crowd
 By agendas other than my own.

109. Tuesday Downer

tired of everything
nothing interesting
bored and bitter
deepening funk
can't laugh

110. Intention is the Flame

slowly becoming
someone new
 instead of me—
 transformed
intentionally

111. occasional troubles

can't sleep
 mind manic
 body panic
all anxiety—
 unglued sanity

112. Masks of the Other Me

Pretending to be me;
such a boring chore.

Clowning around with
dull masquerades of me.
Misplaced my fragile identity.

113. How Were You Born Today?

This world projects me
emanates, creates, grows me,
births me, radiates me, plays me—
yet needs me to see,
It is Not about illusions of me.

114. Can He Get Me to Tell?

First time talking to psychologist,
[revealing some .. hiding some]
seeking something not known;
but optimistic nonetheless
I won't regress from being my best.

115. Unknowns Are Adrift

Under the Water
of my mind
 an unconscious Sea
 of Memories
guide me through time

Keep me on a course line
 send me some signs
become conscious at times...
 freedom may a fiction be
controlled by unknown destinies.

Bring the Unconscious,
 Sub-Conscious, ego, and Id,
Collective Unconscious figured in—
 Over the waves of Consciousness
the flotsam of Unknowns are adrift.

116. Not That Kind of Writer

fewer painful
confessionals to share—
secretive
 closed
unpacked dirty underwear

117. One Picture of Me



This bony skull of mine
electrified
pictured onscreen for me.

Doctor recommends
some oral surgery.

The brain disappeared,
an empty space
sliced from
X Ray images retraced.
Eyeless in inner space.

Monkey nose holes,
bony eye glasses,
teeth glowing in the dark.

Inner spaces never seen
underneath my very being.

Skinless, noseless, earless,
a shape, a form—

the images informed.
Stripping away the unneeded,
revealing my inner core.

118. Reading on a Cozy Winter Night

my tired eyes
closed—
 memories slowed
 dreams flowed
 time dozed

119. Listening to Change

I listened to another say
what I resisted to hear
what was alien to me
what outlined my ire
what I wanted to fight

But then I settled down
loosened my blockhead mind

Thought things over patiently,
listened more carefully,
saw matters from other sides,
respected the integrity
and sincerity of other kinds

Of thinking outside my closed boxes
Of my habits of opinions needing overhaul.

Self-Care or Not

120. Forest Bath Play

Took off my shoes and socks
Walked barefoot, under Trees,
 Forest Bathing, *Shrin Yoku*—
Soaked up living energies;
Inner healing I'm devoted to.

121. My Ear's Hear Celestial Music

My bones have some stardust,
 my brain some
reptilian vestiges,
 and my soul
some of the Earth.

122. My Grandfather Died an Alcoholic

Laugh at the dying of the Light
Embrace the Uncertain Night
Useless to Rage and Rage
Boozing your guts away
Rather Face the depressing day.

123. Humid Day in ELA

humidity hampers
my enthusiasm...
 dragged down
 into lethargy;
sweat on my face

124. The Silence of Sleep

Darkness brewed:
 unsettled thoughts
 crowded anxieties
helter-skelter memories
 all dispelled by sleep.

125. Walgreen's Run in Olympia

Heartburn's heavy
 painful stab—
pharmacy had
what I need—
 Roloids' Tabs

126. my body is not

My body is not
a horse I ride;
not a Brother Ass
I work till it dies.
St. Francis lied.

127. Smells Bad in Here

I felt crappy today,
nobody gives a shit anyway.
We all have too much crap to do,
plus pick up all the shit
from the human zoo.

128. Like a Steady Tidal Wave

my mind working overtime:
a speeding bike without brakes
a rolling rock tumbling down
a super-alert consciousness drained
a can't-quit-motor speeding on

129. Reflections of Intimacy

Your mind can be
like a mirror—
keeping you distant
 from intimacy...
 touchless unreality.

130. What's Shown is Known

others know us
as we behave
as we say
as we reveal
 till our final day

131. Don't Fall

Slipped and fell
 to my knees.
Knocked my head
 into the door.
Luckily, I'm still me.

Hot for Him and Her

132. My Lips Recall

The silence of decades dead
echo endlessly
in every muscle and vein...
Her kisses are remembered
by my tender love lips.

133. Malibu Ride

She was a hot tamale
He a cool dude
 Together a Love Couple
Hip and real rude
Young with fast moves

134. While leaning on a dirty wall

on Santa Monica Boulevard
the rough trade leather master
blows smoke from a spliff
 while talking with a john
who wants to be whipped.

135. Romance Roulette

white lilies in bloom
halfway through June—
Such a sexy smile,
I'm beguiled,
but no chance to bloom

136. Hanging with Us

Some family and friends
homosexuals, not queer,
ordinary folks of good cheer,
hardworking, smart, nice;
no reason to fear.

137. Trying Again

She laughed at his innocence!
He frowned.
Too much diplomacy
and faked charms
to bring her around.

138. The Pleasures of Masochistic Conundrums

the fact is that some philosophers enjoy
the rush of mental masochism,
the *bondage* to fashionable ideas,
the titillations of traditions,
the painful flagellation with

the keen, clear, sharp cutting words,
the bowing to Mistress Logic,
the *humiliation* of utter confusion,
the euphoria of the games,
the illusions of obsessions,

the charms of the fantastic
the theaters of thought alluring,
the *submission* to
the non-experiential concepts,
the fetishes of errors and illusions.

139. Surely Thriving

Ah, to dwell in transcendence
beyond the crisis of the first kiss
inside of momentary bliss;
our Love was slow to thrive
yet surpassed our ordinary lives.

Marking the Minutes of Impermanence

140. Waiting for Atropos to Cut My Cord

between
two eternities
 my brief life
 is stretched
tight

141. On a Flight to Baltimore

To-ing and Fro-ing
Com-ing and Go-ing
Tip toeing through
 Time Zones—
 Seeking Unknowns

142. Indeed ... the Sweet Taste

I ran out of time
 to improve my mind
 by much.
But even a few drops
of Sweet Wisdom are sipped.

143. Grinding Time Into Memories

running out of time
for catching up
 with the future
now
a problem

 my mind grinds
 my times
into memories
so fine
they disappear

But to cheerfully dance at the Still Point
Of the Time beyond time,
Beyond pasts, within futures,
 this Moment
Now and forever, beyond minds.

144. Los Angeles Times Newspaper Circa 1969

Time handed itself
Diaries from the past—
 It remembered, read,
 It recollected, reviewed
It spit out stale old news.

145. charming music of the day

waiting for sunset
late May day—
 listening to a cello
 playing softly
time away

 new moon—
my flashlight
cuts a path

First day of Summer
ditch completely dry—
 emptiness is form.

146. Fencing over Terms

Is "meaning"
determinate or indeterminate?
I sit on one side of the Fence
on Tuesday, and on the other
side of the Fence on Fridays through Sundays.

Broken pencil— Anyway, I'm short on words.

Our History of Science

147. Details on Details, Zoom In

The endless treasures of the everyday,
the uncommonness of common things;
Ordinary mind does point the way
to unspoken wonders of myriad beings.

Whether a leaf, the moon, a plastic spoon,
or a shoe, an eye, an infant's *cry*;
the endless parade, zoom out, in zoom,
Details on details, thick, piled high.

Cellular seedpods *pulsing* pure time,
Flowering brains clone families of minds
that revel in thinking to the Infinite edge,
agog over life, and love of knowledge.

Whether, a quasar, a hand, a DNA strand,
Fantastic journeys in the Minds of Millions.

148. Targets of Entropy

The Arrows of Time
never rest,
moving forward unrelenting
irreversible:
from hot towards cold

from stream to Sea
from organized to disorganized
from past to future
from moving towards stillness
from life towards death.

Or,
so it seems, to us,
with our little particulars,
with our home brew views,
with our social habits a must.

149. Complexity Melting Into Simplicity

Implicate orders of a
Underlying Reality
Unfolding Being... and the
Explicate orders of
ordinary common things.

150. Streaming or Stringing?

Is *Mu* Dark Matter?

Is Light Speed Time?

Is Gravity a Ball of Strings?

Is a Mind a Body-Brain?

Questioning, wondering, ideas rain.

151. Repeat Performances

Sculptures cold, stiff, refined.

Paintings framed, fixed, confined.

Music must be recreated, imitated, replayed

Time after time;

Dancers and actors recreate for our minds.

152. Can't Talk Wordlessly

can't touch silence

can't hear colors

can't see sounds—

my speaking me

let's words conjure up

possibilities

153. Songs of Streams

Contemplate-investigate
the Here-in-Now—
 voices of trees
 shadows of bees
 incense burned down

154. Will Cherished Ideals Survive

No Guarantees that to the End
Our cherished ideals will survive,
Our great great grandchildren will thrive,
Our monuments stand ...
Our guarantees?

This tree my great great grandmother planted,
This dog-eared Leaves of Grass on my desk,
This classic folksong on my breath,
This heirloom apple in my hand ...
This day,

no guarantees
for or against.
Good!
So we strive on,
Their and our hopes in our hands now.

155. Ready for the Epicurean Swerve

Invisible particles
of atomic mass
 infinitesimal weight
 holding immense energy
spinning space

156. Pulling Onions Again

In general, be more specific.
Absolutes squirm beneath realities.
Dogmatists are less useful than dogs.
Roundness is the Holy Shape.
The real "miracle" is cause and effect.

157. Stardust Swirling

Driven dusts of Time
Essence of our DNA, Yes
Of star dust we are made.
Hydrogen-oxygen our blood,
Our gods are understood.

158. Thusness Scattered in Sixty Directions

Leaping from the Ledge of the Infinite Regress,
The Unmoved Mover fell into Formlessness:
Pure silence echoed between the galaxies,
Eons of eons vanished in a second,
Withered trees bloomed in fires,

The Oceans covered all the Land,
Polar mountains melted, rivers went dry,
Thusness scattered in sixty directions wide,
Space became Time, time became things.
Black Holes filled with Bardo-Nirvanic Spirit Beings.

A billion samadhi mirrors shattered,
Galaxies snuggled within a single skull,
Many became One, One only, only One.
Then, the Divine Illuminatrix
Within All Beings ... She Opened Her Eyes:

And Saw exactly what you see now.

159. Sunrise at Three Arch Rocks

Billions of billions
raindrops fell
hour by hour!
A billion galaxies floated upon
the dark matter sea.

160. Searching at the Right Time

Truth is temporal.
Fluctuates between the centuries
through passing fads and fancies;
with changing science and technology,
New discoveries, new truths, new things.

161. Streaming?

Streaming energies
from the expanding
infinite edges
beyond billions
of galaxies. Beauty

Driven dusts of Time
Essence of our DNA, Yes
Of star dust we are made.
Hydrogen-oxygen our blood,
Our gods are understood.

Fingers on the Keyboard

162. Words About Words

Eskimos have many words
for snow—
falling from my lips,
many words for electricity.
Places dictate vocabulary.

163. At a Local Poetry Gathering

"So you read '*Billy Collins*' "
she bandied with a smirk.
Preferring *The Beats*,
not a homespun bourgeois teacher.
He bristled around this poetry snob.

164. The Reader's Choice

Persimmons sweet.
Onions savory.—
Quintains served.
Readers savored them.
— The taste? —

165. I Prefer Painting with Words

I tried to make, to paint
the Pacific sea Moon tonight,
but ran out of paint, brushes to,
a glueless collage waved apart,
the canvas burned in the dark

the Sea in a thimble would not fit
now on the burnt canvas tossed away,
brushes floating in grating surf
a hundred Lowe's paint cans unleashed
to color the kites at Klitsan Beach

the collage reassembled, laughed and cooed
showering implications on our shoes
skipping by condos at Ocean Shores
painters all wept, locked their doors,
painted starfish on concrete floors

I gave up unhandy tasks for me
wording and naming better pants a fit,
the painter's lot is not my thing;
gave away my painter's smock,
took up a notebook, walked to the dock.

166. Not Coming This Afternoon

Yes, I wish Milton's Heavenly Muse
would dictate beautiful poetry to me.
But, unfortunately,
She never appeared, you see,
leaving me, seriously, with
the only Muse I hear—Me

167. just something

His poem didn't depict one thing
Or paint a photographic scene
Or tell a good story to me—
It just was, on it's own
Just, actually, *just* Something to Read.

168. Doubting One Small Aspect of Me

I'm not a real poet,
just faking, actually,
pretending to be
a word-smithing hacker,
too often unsuccessfully.

169. Self-Criticism is Better Than No Criticism

My poems often collapse
into bad art, boring stanzas,
ho-hum themes, empty memes,
trite things, wasted moonbeams.
But, every so often a good one.

170. Dim Onions Smell Purple

My vein is the literal
not the symbolic,
fantastic, abstract, free;
Lost in meaninglessness,
too clever for me.

171. The Roar of a Dune Buggy in the Night

Is it a poem or a telephone call?
A 'phrasemakers panache'
or shouts down the hall?
A profound insight or song at a bar?
Ask Frank O'Hara about the Blue Guitar.

172. Adjectives Need to Pipe Down

The noun asked the adjective,
"Why do you speak of superficialities?"

The adjective replied,
"Because, your not *enticing*
as a good noun, unqualified."

173. Post-Modern Poetry Advice

Stands for Itself;
Not for something
Outside of
Itself.

Allow chance
to procreate—
open doors
for randomness
to integrate

Play with your work
work more with play;
Creating words a game
the game here is to play—
write poetry this way

[Fairfield Porter's 'Three Rules'
for avant-garde poetry, 1959]

174. My Body Sings Solo

I'm a poet
of a body, not
a poet
of a soul, yes
I sing solo.

175. No Nut in the Walnut Shell

Befuddled by
a poet's words—
repeating rereads
increased the blur.
No pearl in the oyster.

176. Riddles Unraveled

The fire fell in love when it found its perfect match.
He named his two watch dogs: 'Timex and Rolex.'
Your age: always higher, never lower.
The tree was petrified when watching a scary movie.
Trouble was easy to get into, but hard to get out of.

My funny bone has a poor sense of humor.
Two physicians are a *paradox*.
Silence is so fragile that saying its name breaks it.
Sneakers are a ninja's favorite type of shoes.

I took a ruler to bed to see how long I slept.
Blond jokes are short enough so that a man can understand.
A submarine is long and hard and full of seamen.
They played carpenter: got hammered, then nailed each other.
The taste is the difference between
 an oral and a rectal thermometer.
Time is an illusion; and the time having sex doubly so.

A shoe has a tongue but cannot talk.
Trees access the Internet by logging in.
Tomorrow comes but never arrives.
A Christmas tree has many needles but does not sew.
People give their mistakes a name: 'Experience.'

A telephone has many rings but no fingers.
A yardstick has three feet but cannot walk.
A warlock's blue balls are colder than a witch's tits.
Quit picking on me, said the nose to the finger.
A fire can grow but cannot live.

Typographical Incantations

177. *Spaced Out*

e.

e.

cummings

Typ0

GraPH Ical

Obsc

UR

Ities

178. *a harmonica playing in the dark*

Rest ... 4'33" ... 1952 ... 4'33" ... 0'00" ... Rest
Rest ... 4'33" ... 1952 ... 4'33" ... 0'00" ... Rest
"I have **n**othing to
Say **it**
and I am **S**aying **it**
and that is **p**oetry
As I needed it."
- John Cage (1912-1992)
"Which is more musical:
a truck passing by a factory or
a truck passing by a music school?"
Rest ... 4'33" ... 1952 ... 4'33" ... 0'00" ... Rest

179. Breaking Up the Printed Space

I broke up my lines
to define a hemistich:
to control the pace
to create some space
to typographically deviate.

180. Give Me that Old em dash

Emily D. loved the *em* dash—
—not a macron or *en* dash—
to signal shifts of her mind—
—to highlight a verse's charm—
to strengthen or stop a line—

"First—Chill—then Stupor—
—then things letting go—" ED

181. The Bottom Line

"Caress the detail, the divine detail."

- Vladimir Nabokov

"We think in generalities, but we live in details."

- W. H. Auden

"The idea of one overbearing truth is exhausted."

- Thomas Mann

"A profound attention to the details of this world."

- George Levine

“Cherish the minutes heureuses.”

- Charles Baudelaire

“The vast and unsuspected reality of small things.”

- Robert Nozick

“We are better satisfied in particulars.”

- Wallace Stevens

"God is in the details."

- Mies Van Der Rohe

"In general, be more specific."

- Mike Garofalo

“Details are all there are.”

- Maezumi Roshi

“Focus on small worlds of order.”

- Paul Valery

“No ideas but in things.”

- William Carlos Williams

"To study the self is to forget the self.

To forget the self is to be enlightened

By the ten thousand things."

- Zen Master Dogen

182. My Typewriter's Hypnagogic Jerk

Totally Awake :

4 am - 10 am !

Results Shown =

What's Known ?

Actual Cost Code \$

On a Saturday .

I left a footnote *

Left Path Slanted /

Pragmatically Bracketed [

Fill in the blanks _____

& expressed in words on pages —
revealing, appealing, shared ...

Weighty Subjects #

Rising Higher ^

Here and Now @

PP
! ! ! !!! a a at the same time ...
• If it's true, r r?
it's false; a a ?
If false, dd ?
it's true. True?
Appears s oo ?
but can't be so. xx ?
• • • • • ee ?
s s ?
Yes, but no?
No, but yes?
Yes and no?
So, not so?
I don't know!

At the Edge of the End

183. Luck On My Side

I didn't think
I would live this long.
What a unqualified surprise
to be standing tall
on the shores of Lake Quinault.

184. This Game's for Real

I'm too old
for any real Destiny
except for Death
creeping up to me, tagging Me:
"Your It!"

185. The End at Something Else

That I will become
the roots of a pine tree
bothers me—
preferring to be under
a sweet cherry tree

186. Grounded Living

At 80 years Old:
still walking on flat ground,
still gardening on the land,
still doing yoga on the floor...
staying grounded, hoping for more.

187. You Know ... the Arrangements?

I will be gone someday
never returning
to walk or play.
Signed my Last Will to say
to whom my possessions are given away.

Coming in
let me nourish
like rain on a garden.
Going out
let me disappear
like geese going south.

188. Essential Tremors Trembling

These hands
shaking
unintentionally—

telling me
unpleasant things.

189. He Died Yesterday

hand-still-unmoving Death
grabbed his failing breath
shook his ego till it expired
 handed him oblivion
 took from him all desire

190. Final Touches

I watched my
mother and father
 Die!
Unconscious before me,
drifting away so peacefully.

Months on the Move

191. January

Pointing at the moon,
making a point—
her lovely fingers.

New Year's Day—
fog covered
mucky clay.

frozen puddles—
the crack of axes
from four directions

a stillness
a hardness
a bleakness
a shiver—
a reminder of winter

192. February

Awakening,
I hear the truth—
gray rain on clay

The raspy-voiced crow
perched on a pine pole
preached the Winged Dharma;
wayward birds trembled, fearing
rebirth as human beings.

She lights
mullen candle sticks—
Fires for Februa.

The Night slips into
The Labyrinths of Dawn;
Puzzled, trapped,
Blinded by the Light.
Lost in the Corridors of the Sun.

Pygmy goats munching
wet mustard greens—
the World digesting itself.

193. March

open gate
saluting
daybreak

Becoming invisible
to oneself—
a pure act of gardening.

Your never to old
to embrace ...
a stupid idea.

never ever Simple—
simplifying or
simplicity

Time is
one apricot blossom.
Space, a bee.
The Universe, honey.
And, the Goddess of Spring?

green beyond green—
below gray skies
brilliant forsythias

194. April

Silently
tulips bloom ...
by wooden shoes.

April holds
tightly—
stiff and cold

maple branches leafing
a softest green—
monkey bars for squirrels

Bodhisattva Jizo or
Saint Christopher both
protect travelers from harm;
if travelers recite Sutras
or wear metal charms.

Leaving my head
at the door;
rubbing my hand
across the sky;
opening my eyes

toward blind insights;
covering my legs
with stolen midnights.

Significance?
Nonsensical oddities.

April sun
dries the mud—
red tulips

Tillamook Spring—
green grass
grazing cows

too late—
pissed in my pants
could not wait

Turned off
the light—
listened to the night

car **Crash**
ambulance
—sign of the cross

Good news
Bad news—
Relative to whom?

195. May

Closing tulip petals
at dusk—
locking the back door

crickets chirp—
carrying trash
in the dark

May gale—
flags ripped off
broken post

The force of Spring—
mysterious,
fecund,
powerful beyond measure.

studying a tree—
my dog and I
pause and pee

Lathhouse shade—
the scent of honeysuckle
filling the shadows.

196. June

Shaking leaves
bending branches—
scattered cones

 Fallen
 faded
rhododendron blooms—
hot days in
 June

Wonder:
 buds in Spring
 wedding ring
 vivid dreams
bread and beans

Coming, here, gone:
Flowers in the Sky.
 In the blink of One True Eye,
Flowers in the empty sky;
 Shimmering scented ... gone!

Gone, gone, gone far beyond
Their seeds of arising.
 But, staying, Here-Now,

A Great Marvel of Manifestation.
Bodhisvattas - for the bees.

Graduation Day
pat on my son's back—
cameras flash

No flowers, no bees;
No bees, no flowers.
Blooming and buzzing,
Buzzing and blooming;
Married and still in Love.

Dirty hand, callused palm,
black fingernails— Green Thumb.

Grasping at straws to prove his point—
a weak grasp of rhetoric.

Head on hand—
eyes down, whiskey breath.

197. July

sipping 7 and 7
lazy eyed;
the sun sets

We danced around Chaos,
Praying for life.
Wanting the future.
Wanting the taste on our tongues.
Wanting, Wanting. Eros in our hearts.

Slowly watering
heavy grape vines—
moonlit garden path.

burned my hand
hot soup pan—
damn!

cool morning
mid-July...
birds silent
dogs sleeping
pale blue skies

cornstalks swaying
Knee High—
Fourth of July

Rose of Sharon in bloom
white circles of color
in green leaves at noon
 backyard artistry
in dry July.

July sunbath Sweat
 drowsy Lazy noon
 beer cool Sip.
Reading Naked Lunch
 nearly naked myself.

Everything limp
under the sun's whip—
yearning for darkness.

fresh tender corn
my neighbor's pride and prize,
shared

Hot night—
my panting dog
stares in the screen door

198. August

Crawling out the hole
dug by the busy mole;
he looked around, frowned,
then burrowed back down
into his cozy tunnels below.

Crape myrtle, brilliant red, bursting forth;
Hiding the garden.
Some days, only the Garden, entire, serene;
Yet, hiding from sight, shy, single plants.
Seeing Both, seldom, but as One:

Sweat poured from my startled brow,
Dripping on the dry earth,
And all became Sunshine,
And all became Unique and Precious,
And shadows of surprise unraveling.

hard-wired to day-light
flowing watery blood
energized by every breath ...
 eating peaches
 summertime

199. September

Leaf after leaf
turns yellow—
the fall of summer.

A huge nest of Wasps
In the Pyracantha's claws
Sharp and still at dusk

Branches filled with blackbirds
chirping time in swaying leaves.
Spent the hour, and could be heard,
then disappeared.
Leaving silent leaves.

the back door
bangs shut!
September gust

Flagpole lanyard clanking
in the brisk breeze—
news of war.

"Dirty old man"
says she, with a wry frown;
slipping her panties down.

200. October

evening breeze—
yellow poplar leaves
letting go

gate ajar
twisted hinges
creaking wind

moonlit garden—
Something ...
moving in the bushes.
Senses keen!
on edge ...

Facing off, fists up,
eyeballs to eyeballs;
two boys gather a crowd.

Two kid Draculas,
one after the other—
blue moon.

A fly on my finger
rubs his feet—
every hair alive.

201. November

moonrise—
the dark night of a soul
lifts

Carrying home
her baby sister—
a sermon walking.

a boy
becoming the body of a man—
fourteen birthday candles smoking

My eyes
trace her figure—
the dog sniffs.

A trillion seeds
wait for the rain—
dry autumn night.

The last seed
falls from the sunflower—
empty pond.

a hint of winter
off the wind—
split pomegranates

202. December

sunlight burst through
flimsy white clouds
blue skies all around---
a Pause
in December rain showers

Wind roaring
Branches down
Fences toppled
Road blocked—
Christmas Eve

December fog—
among the yellow leaves
a dead frog.

All the cabbages in our garden
are robust and green to the core;
All the peppers are dead and black, not red anymore.
The onions are thriving, the tomatoes all gone,
The lettuce is rising, the pecans all stored;
It's wet now in Red Bluff. Winter's knocking at the door.

Alone
on the trail
steep switchbacks
ahead—
my autobiography

From Maybe to No is the path of the facts;
I'm too old for another cul de sac.
Door after door is locked this time,
Only a few to open with these keys of mine.

Epicureans Taught in a Garden

Silence is the Mistress of Sound.
Calmness is a Guide on the Way.
Intelligence is the Ruler of Forms.
Wisdom is the Good Life on Display.
Philosophy can be your friend today.

Candle Burning Bright

You shared the spark,
You fanned the flame,
You fed the fires,
You passed the Names.
For all those known and
For all those unnamed,
We raise this toast
With thanks this day.

Christmas tree
shining so bright—
beautiful night.

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Poetry Online by Mike Garofalo

Online, Ad Free, Diversified, Extensive
One-Liners, Tercets, Quintains, Sonnets
Docu-Poems, Riddles, Rhymes, Abstract
Online Notebooks, Cloud Hands Blog
Google Translation Menu, Free to Read

25 Steps and Beyond:

The Collected Poetry Works of Mike Garofalo

Green Way Research Subject Index

Cloud Hands Blog

Pulling Onions

1,000 Quips, Opinions, and One-Liners
A Basket of Ideas from the Backyard

Cuttings:

Tercets, Haiku, Senryu, Quintains and Onions
Arranged by Months

Bundled Up:

Quintains, Tankas, Pentastichs, and Onions

Quintain Poetry By Mike Garofalo

Bundled Up, Volume 1

Quintain Poems 1 - 1,000

Bundled Up, Volume 2

Quintain Poems 1,000 - 1,500

Bundled Up, Volume 3

Quintain Poems 1,500 - 2,000

Bundled Up, Volume 4

Quintain Poems 2,000 - 2,500

Bundled Up, Volume 5

Quintain Poems 2,500 - 3,000

Quintains - Research

Quintains: 2,100+ Quintains (Free Online)

Quintain Poetry Rhyme Schemes

Quintain Sonnet Forms (5252, 555, 553)

Quintain Poetry: Bibliography, Links, Notes

Poetry - Research

Poetry by Michael P. Garofalo

Gushen Grove Sonnets

At the Edges of the West
Highway 101 and 1
Docu-Poems

Daodejing: Indexes, Concordance, Anthology

A Fork in the Crypto Road

727 Riddles, Jokes, Brain Teasers

The Spirit of Gardening

Flowers in the Sky

Exhibits of TextArt

The Wreck Ahead Comes Into View

Slouching Into Incoherence

Cantos of the Hands

The Fireplace Records Koan Collection

Biography of the Author

Michael Peter Garofalo (1946-) grew up in East Los Angeles, raised well by June and Big Mike, was educated in Catholic Schools, lived with two other brothers, and graduated (B.A., M.S.) from local public universities.

Married Blanche Karen Eubanks, served in the US Air Force, worked in and managed many City and Los Angeles County Public Libraries, raised two children, socialized, traveled, and learned. Retired as the Regional Administrator, East Region, Los Angeles County Public Library in 1998.

We moved to a rural 5 acre property in Red Bluff, in the North Sacramento Valley, CA. Webmaster since 1998. Worked part-time for the Corning School District (Technology and Media Services Manager, District Librarian, Grant Writer, and Webmaster); and as a yoga, Taijiquan, and fitness club instructor until 2016. Traveled extensively in Northern California, Oregon, and Washington.

We both retired, and we moved to Vancouver, WA, in 2017.



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Appendix 1

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Michael P. Garofalo
Vancouver, Washington

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