

Select Language ▼

Attention, Language and Time: Selected Poetry, 2016 - 2026

By Michael P. Garofalo

Beginning: 2016 - 2019

Middle: 2019 - 2023

Recent: 2023 - 2026

This WebBook is a collection of poems, quips,
quintain stanzas, resource links, lists,
onions, quintain sonnets, docu-poems,
concrete and Text-Art poems, koans,
and hypertext diversions.

All by Mike Garofalo.

Poetry WebBook, 85 pages, No Ads!

It features lifestyles and locales
in the Pacific Northwest.

It traces the evolution of the poetic voices
of one old man during a decade.

It offers many examples of
Quintain Stanzas and Quintain Sonnets.

It essays the front and flanks of Time.

It has a [Poem Title Index](#)
and a [Poem Subject Index](#).

It provides a free audio-recordings
of [poetry readings](#) by Mike Garofalo.

September 27, 2026. Ver. 32. Texts-PreSS Couve [Pubs](#).

The Beginning Years: 2016 - 2019

Backyard Zendo

my zazen was writing
pencil in hand—
sitting still for minutes
 no special breathing
 just moving my hand

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

Stepping Over Epiphanies

Affecting all the molecules in me
the pull of moon and sea. I felt
the call to walk the shore...

I smiled, opened the door.

Tides and time sent their signals to me:

step nimbly over epiphanies

flipped up and left

in the turning sand...

I was surprised, focused my eyes.

Ignored by all about me.

I'm a fleck of cold fire

flung out on

this sacred space...

Pondering, today, my Place.

Shore pines paint a background scene:

short stubby crooked trees

swaying gently in the persistent breeze.

Mostly in shades of shadows and greens...

A gently ruffled tranquility.

I practiced outside today

the Practice of the Outside Way.

I figured a few things out...

Understanding, what Place's say.

A friendly dog off-leash comes up to me

seeking a gentle pat and pet

desiring a kind human face to see...

Laughing. Shaking---she was wet.

Stunned by the crisp clean colors,

savoring the sweet scents of the sea,

enchanted by the relentless pounding surf...

I began wondering.

What I see is painted by me,

created for free in a brain for me,

suckled from the breasts of reality.

Why is this reality made by me?

Tiptoe over bull kelp strands

or over broken white clam shells.

Avoiding the driftwood piles

the tide keeps moving in swells...
Beacombing eyes at low tide.

My granddaughter and I once walked
beside a Bandon Oregon sand dune.
Nearly two decades ago, as I recall.
I did remember---Barely...
Amazing, pictorial recall!



Vancouver Hometown Miniatures

a stillness
 a hardness
 a bleakness
 a shiver—
February: the essence of winter

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

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

Old Highway 99 is Main Street,
with Kiggins Stadium on the hilltop by I5,
into Downtown Vancouver's Upscale Riverfront.
The impressive Columbia River on our South Side.

The clock on the garage wall
Stopped working months ago;
Timelessly stuck on 12 to 4.
Needs a new battery.
Time requires Energy.

My wife, Karen,
digging in the west garden,
pulling weeds, watering...
 has drawn a crowd of crows
 waiting for her to go.

Tired
worked hard
job done---
resting now
sipping rum.

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.

Hometown poets
 at Ghost Town Open Mic—
sharing insights about their life
and living together in space and time
our environs shape connected minds.

Snow on Mt. Hood and Mt. Saint Helens.
Chocolate on a vanilla ice cream cone.

A brown hat was tilted on her blonde head.
Green lottery tickets smiled on a white counter.
Waitress wiping off table tops.

white moth
 fluttering
 down and up...
breezes in leaves
of dogwood trees

pasta
sauce
bubbling.....
 my dead dad's
 recipe

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

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

Not Walking With A Dog

My dog ran on Wednesdays.
 A few summers ago---
 frantic zoomies, so bizarre.

My dying dog Bruno looked into my eyes.
We knew our walking days were over.
 Sigh

My dog died on Thursday.
Three months ago---
I miss Bruno.

Red Coals Pulse Like Distant Stars

The last light slips behind the ridge,
a thin ember of day still glowing.
Boots thud softly on the packed earth,
the air cooling with each step.
Evening begins before we notice.

The match flares against the cold,
brief and stubborn in my hand.
Kindling waste paper curls into orange petals.
The splintered kindling shifts as if waking.
Fire learns its shape slowly.

Tall trunks stand just beyond the glow,
their crowns lost into the dark.

The fire paints the pine kindling in strokes:
Of copper, white flames,
rust-red coals, seared splinters,
black charred remnants, orange flames...



Smoke threads upward in loose spirals,
finding its own quiet route.

A kettle hums near the campfire coals,
steam rising like a soft prayer chanting.
Night creatures accept our presence.

Voices soften as the flames stay steady;
words drifting like sparks.
Some tales are true, some nearly so,
all of them shaped by our minds.
The campfire listens without judgment.

Logs collapse inward with a sigh,
a slow settling of heat and memory.
Red coals pulse like distant stars,
steady, patient, unhurried.
The night seems curious.

The fire shrinks to a quiet glow,
its edges cut with flickering flames.
Ash gathers in pale drifts,
the remains of what kept us warm.
What ends abruptly out here?

The final spark dims into silence,
leaving only the scent of smoke.
Stars settle into their places,
unbothered by our small rituals.
The forest smiles and falls asleep.

Five Elements Embracing

Soil, sea, sun, rain, sky ...
Five Elements embracing,
Intertwined in mind.
Unfathomable Matrix;
Scaffolds on scaffolds

Grounded in Otherness.
Below sky, gardener, bees, soil,
seeds, leaves, stems, roots, water...

Below wet cells embraced,
Below atoms dancing on Energy...

Deeper and deeper below
Into What?

A Plenitude, a sacredness.
Emptiness in full bloom.

Make it Interesting

The noun asked the adjective,
"Why do you speak of superficialities?"
The adjective replied,
"Because you're not very interesting
as a mere noun, unqualified."

Weeding Your Way to Kensho

The True Gardener of No Title deadheads
Persona after persona, shears the hedge
Of endless desires, digs up the dank
Roots of illusions, prunes out the rank
Suckers of sectarian ire, and weeds away
Attachments that choke out the Way.

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Salmon Moon Magic

Midnight moon spells cast
into glowing zones of mist-fog
honored by the swaying willow trees
guided by incessant mystic gravity---
All marvelous results for me.

Replant the Memories

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 shadows of surprise unraveling.

A Gardener's Sutra on Time: Excerpts

One purpose of a garden is to stop time in one place.
Take the time to melt into the Details.
Time will tell, but we often fail to listen.

Gardeners turn into the soil their lifetime.
Beauty is the Mistress, the gardener her slave.
Gardeners learn to live in worm time,
bee time, and seed time.

In the right place at the right time,
tomato worms on tomato vines.
Gardens are demanding pets.

Time creeps, walks, runs and flies---
it is all about moving things.
That something is eternal is unverifiable.

The seed idea for "God" is springtime.
The ten thousand things are more enchanting
than the Silent Divine One.
Dogmatists are less useful than dogs.
When the divine knocks, don't send
a prophet to the door.

Time prevents too much from happening at once.
Time is rooted in Place.

What you see depends on when you look.

Perfection can be the opponent of betterment.
A working hypothesis is far better than a belief.
Most laws of Gardening are merely local ordinances.

Mother Nature is always pregnant.

A callused palm and dirty fingernails
precede a Green Thumb.

Chaos breaks its own rules to allow Order to play.
Without vagueness we are bored with literalness.

Somehow, someday,
everything gets eaten up, someday.

[Pulling Onions](#) 1,053 Quips, One-Liners, Aphorisms, Jokes

[A Gardener's Sutra on Time](#)

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The Bodhi Forest Cut Down

The Mind is a vast Bodhi forest,
The body a Bodhi tree.
Dirt is in every cranny,
Flowers blossom, leaves fall.

The Bodhi Trees have been cut down,
The Bright Mirrors shattered.
Beginning with nothing,
Replant the trees, remake the mirrors.

Make one's mind like a mirror,
One's body like the Giving tree.
Reflect accurately and impartially;
Give fruit and shade.

IF A VIRGIN TREE FALLS
IN THE FOREST DOES IT MAKE
ANY SOUND? WHEN AN AMAZON FOREST
AREA IS CUT DOWN DOES ANYONE MAKE A
WORRIED CRY? ANYBODY CARE TO MAKE
WHEN VIRGIN TREES ARE FELLED DOES ANYBODY CARE TO MAKE A SOUND?
WHEN VIRGIN TREES ARE FELLED DOES ANYBODY CARE TO MAKE A SOUND?
WHEN
WHEN
WHEN
WHEN
A SOUND WHEN VIRGIN REDWOODS COME
CRASHING TO THE GROUND? DO YOU
THINK WE SHOULD MAKE A SOUND?

{{{ trees cut down by mpgarofalo}}}

o. Counting the Moons Over La Push

1. Moon of the Wind
2. Moon of the Shaman
3. Moon of the Raven
4. Moon of the Grandmother
5. Moon of the Summer Sun

6. Moon of the Blackberries
7. Moon of the King Salmon
8. Moon of the Trail to Tacoma
9. Moon of the Maiden's Wishes
10. Moon of the Snow on the Hills

11. Moon of the Father's Arrows
12. Moon of the Memaloose Ghosts

Emerging Through the Green

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

Seeing the Trend Towards...

Sixty John Deeres
wait for buyers
 no lookers, no purchases

Forty rings
 in the jeweler's tray

locked up all day

Twenty tables
not dancing
in a closed cafe

Fifteen vendors
left today
puddles of forlorn rain

ten girlfriends
all graduate
fling hats in the air

five boats
left early
the docks lost track

three boys
went fishing
returned with nothing

one woman
disappeared on Sunday

Basho's Frog Redux

Playing my harmonica
quietly
A pine cone falls
bounces by
I heard it **clop** *Surprised*

My Ears Hear Celestial Music

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

Vampires in the Hoh Forest

In the Town of Forks live Vampires,
teenage blood suckers on the night prow, and
teenage Werewolves howling, running fast.
Humans afraid of these creatures' wrath.

Human, not so human, called by the Night,
confused, resisting, teenagers losing the fight
against inner demons and lusty needs
and ordinary life with real human beings.

These beings fight and kill to survive;
wily, tricky, stealthy, with a Hunter's pride.
The *Horned God* has history on his side.

Hunger keep us all on the Edge,
ready to amorally pounce from a hedge
and slaughter or harvest what is just ahead.

Lava Skies

The Douglas Firs hold the dark.
June brings an extra gold moon tonight,
climbing the ridges,
turning the Klickitat into moving blue blinks,
as if the sky cared for stained glass.

On the lonely dirt road in the black lava hills,
we stopped, killed the headlights,
the car cooled under the damp stars,
we bundled up and headed out.

We wanted a reason for our dark quests,
some grand excuse to stand in the cold.

But there it is,
spilled thick gnarly black volcano vomit---
a black world stalled for forever.

Klickitat River, Washington

Hood Canal in May

Mt. Walker flanked
slender long Rainbow Falls---
a salmon hatchery
on the tiny Quilcene stream,
returned the hatchlings to the sea.

The Hood waterways
blurred in hazy mists,
dull gray obscured today---
flashes of sunlight
cut through the trees.

Strawberry Moon
hung low
orange glow
midnight rose
over Lilliwaup Cove

The Halfway House Cafe was empty
except for me
eating fried Hamma Hamma oysters---
while the perky young waitress
told me her stories

bird songs crossed
the hanging skies
while emptiness hummed
in the strong branches alive

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

I'm not in Beijing, Rome,
or Buenos Aires---
just in the Geoduck Cafe (in Brinnon),
eating juicy clams, drinking beer,
listening to friendly locals, gazing at the Hood.

Elk heads stuffed
on the Geoduck Cafe wall.
Still life taxidermy. Hair
bristling. Comatose.
I heard the elk's stifled moan.

Wavelengths Away

For me
a crow is **black**.

For other Animal Eyes
a crow is --- **Rainbow** Colored,
Brilliant and **Bright**.

Fresh Figs, Rotten Plums

Winter weeks we huddled by the hot stove,
Spring days we shivered in the sun,
Summer hours we sat in the shade,
Autumn minutes we stared at the moon.

We had idle thoughts, we had no thoughts.

Life lifted our spirits high, despite our toils.

The ordinary, the exceptional,
the chosen, the accepted
the beautiful, the deformed
fresh figs, rotten plums

They appeared and disappeared

Samsara and Nirvana...

Here and Gone

The End

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

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Is As Is

'Is' is an insistent perplexity
of sometimes being identity
of sometimes being temporarily
of sometimes being actuality;
Yes!, 'is' even postulates = equality.

Water Falls Into the Gorge

We drove out to Dougan Falls in the Spring,
like salmon moving, drawn in by obscure passions.
I followed the ear-opening sacredness that keeps
coming back to me in the rain of memories.

The stream doesn't care about a trillion rocks.
It goes because it's been blind for many millennium;
unlike what the lanky Douglas Firs discovered
when standing still for decades in the Gorge winds.

My niece never said much about beauty.
I parked the car, we joined the crowds,
walked up to Dougan Falls.
We both looked up and didn't speak.

The noisy ballads of Cascadian waterfalls:
from high to low, young to old,
flowing down, colder to cold,
into the Columbia River flowing bold;
till it becomes the salty blood
in the arteries of Oceanus
beyond the south jetty of Living Time.

A Buoy Counts the Small Betrayals of the Night

The ocean keeps its ledger in shells and salt,
a gull erases a name with one bright arc,
waves fold like old letters into the breeze,
a lighthouse blinks the same apology each night,
and we learn to speak in the pause between tides.

The ocean keeps its ledger in blue ink,
gulls fold their signatures into the wind,
a buoy counts the small betrayals of night,
moonlight irons the surface into a promise,
and we learn to speak in the language of tides.

Double Visions

An eager face staring into the rich silence
Of mirrored space devoid of mind;
Not projecting or connecting, but reflecting.
Supreme non-fictions, Things
Naked as they are, as they are.

Inevitably, as sunshine blares on stones,
Green erupts from brown.
Curiosity Swings across the mind
past *junkyards* of ideas, peeling metaphors,
rusting rhymes, and concrete clichés.

We are as we are:
Twofolds, *Fourfolds*, *Eightfolds* of
Realities and Possibilities.
Pushing on. Pushing on!

Mountains on Paper

I really hiked to the Top of:
Mount Whitney & Mt. Lassen,

Mount San Gorgonio & Mt. Baldy & many more---
but only imagined understanding
the symbolic ideas of Mount Analogue.

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Many Words for Rivers

Chinook People had many more words
for the Cowlitz waters than I.
Falling from my lips,
many words for electricity.
Lived places dictate vocabulary.

Writing Solo

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

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!

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[Poem Title Index](#)[Poem Subject Index](#)***Every Detail Shined***

Spring morning:
 a young man stands,
 listening to earphones,
 waiting for the bus--
Downtown Camas soaked in mist.

every leaf
 twitching to
 the gentle breeze
 thru morning dew

Even the little details and flaws
 Shined like diamonds;
 Caught our attentions!
 Were called beautiful---
The Beauty of Imperfections.

Is it?

It scatters
It gathers
It advances
It retires---
What is It?

What is warm, then cools
What is wet, then dries
What is ice, then melts

What is rock, then shatters---
Time's arrow falls to the ground.

Time travel ----- imaginary
Fictional ---- hypothetical-figurative
Back to the Future --- reel time
Forward to the Past -- speculate
Fantasies in the Now - create

Magazines of Stale Memories

Opened the Door of his Mind:
Mostly a hoarder's rooms inside.
Filled with magazines of stale memories.
Packed with boxes of unpleasant dreams.
Piled with the dirty dishes of despair.

Winter Death

February fogs—
among the rotting brown leaves
a squashed dead frog;
 Winter is a Brutal King
 freezing beings one by one.

More Poetry and Creative Work
From the Beginning Years: 2016 - 2019

[Bundled Up, Volume 1](#)

Wakas, Quintillas, Tankas, Quintets, Northwest

Haiku, Cinquains, Docu-Poems, Quintains Quintain Poems 1 - 1,000

[*Bundled Up, Volume 2*](#)

Gogyohkas, Limericks, Seashore, Moods
Rhymes, Remarks, Listenings, Insights
Quintain Poems 1,000 - 1,500

[*Bundled Up, Volume 3*](#)

Octets, TextArt, Epigrams, Commonplaces, Onions
Quintain Poems 1,500 - 2,000

[At the Edges of the West](#)

Highway 101 and Hwy 1, Docu-Poems, Ocean, Quartets

[Cloud Hands Blog](#)

[The Five Senses](#)

[Cuttings: Haiku, Senryu, Brief Poems by Months](#)

[How to Live a Good Life](#)

[Pulling Onions: One-Liners, Quips. Sayings](#)

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The Middle Years: 2019 - 2023

Alone in Time

second by second
hour after hour
week by week
month after month
year after year
decade after decade---
longevity adds up

The forces of the winds
and the roaring of the surf
kept me awake in camp that night—
 my 76th birthday
 alone at Cape Lookout

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.

Ten Moves to Mate

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

Enduring Monument

The lastingness of Mount Rainier
Fixed still standing aside the Salish Sea.
Nature's monument to Indestructibility.
Those seemingly forever lasting Things
That mark the geography of our destiny.

The Spiderwebs of Time

Fossilized seashells hold the tide's old hours.
The leafless gray trees keep their rings to themselves.
Children at play outgrown their shoes.

Mt. Rainier's glaciers glitter at noon.
A Hood Canal [Raven](#) breaks open the Clamshell of Time.
The cold ocean waves at [Grayland Beach](#) shiver in time.

The lazy Nehalem River Bay waits for summer.
The moving Reedsport sand dunes bury the hours.

Remembering is time, forgetting is time.
Great and small doubts reveal time.
Dreamless sleep dissolves time.
Hungry ghosts and naked demons haunt time.

The Spiderwebs of Time are Legion.
Multitudes of nows and thens;
Uncountable heres and theres
 unhitched
 from any Eternal Present
 everywhere.

Chanting Canyon Streams

Opening bell
echoes from the canyon walls---
raindrops on the river.
The sounds of rocks bouncing off rocks;
the shadows of trees traced on trees.

I sit, still.
The canyon river chants,
moving mountains.
The sermon spun on the still point:
dropping off eternity, picking up time.

Letting go of self, awakened to Mind.

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Rafting Down the Trinity

The river said go easy, so we pushed off, letting the raft find its own argument. The current kept offering us opportunities: a bend, a hush, a Class 3 rapid, fear, a jolt, a twist, a quiet float, a sudden lift. We followed, not knowing how far trust could carry us, only that it kept insisting "Yes!"

Twisted by river stones, paddles, muscles, current, wind and the long drag downhill on rushing cold water the rubber raft slipped into its becoming, guided by a curious flotational logic.

Sunlight leaned into the canyon, finding us still and stuck where the current slowed. There the small trout dallied without hurry on the rocks below. We felt the day open, wide as the bend ahead.

Later, the wind arrived, ruffling the surface into small disagreements. We answered with hard strokes that tried to match the river's impatience. We bounced back and forth on the raft's edge. Two people had fear in their voices. Even the river banks and forest seemed to listen, cottonwood trees leaning in, as excitement intensified.

The water shook us and we were fully ready, paddling the raft past the damp bark of the alders. We let the river tumble us over the large boulders and growling rapids, bouncing us with sudden shakes and breathless glee. Only the arguing water, our soaked clothing, and the joy and laughter mattered.

Paddles touched the hush, the canyon walls held their breath. Water knows the way. We follow its subtle speaking, thinking to ourselves.

Toward evening the canyon settled into closure.
We stopped, made camp, ate dry bread and hard
cheese, drank cheap wine, talked by the fire. The
river retreated into the closing darkness. The night
gurgled a restless tune off key.

Two dreamed of being tossed off the raft.

Polished Till It Glowed

Tumbling river stones
In the raging river borne along.
Polished smooth for decades past,
Till all the edges are cut smooth and slick,
Then the polished colored pebbles sink home.

Halfway Between the Equator and the North Pole

I live near the 45th Parallel North, along with:

Lincoln City, Salem, North Powder, Salmon,
Eagle Butte, Chippewa Falls, Wausau, Minneapolis,
Montreal, Stewiacke,

Ocean...

Grenoble, Turin, Bordeaux, Belgrade,
Bucharest, Simferopol, Qyzylorda, Feodosiya,
Karamay, Harbin, Wakkanai,

Ocean...

Same latitude, one April,

many different Spring weathers.

Held Up in a Decade

We ourselves are immersed in the Facts
Working our way from first to last,
Living each day, not our last...
Surviving here and there, in somewhere cast,
No choice in our decades,
and our specified spatial-spiritual trap.

American Investments

they had no books
in their home
and in their side yard
a \$35,000 travel trailer
gathering dust and moss

Nighttime Chores

One night I awoke to the sounds
of cold rain on the hard wind.

The clanking of backyard gongs
till I took them down.

Wiped raindrops off my head.

Opened my fly
pissed on the ground.

Headed back into my bed.

Recalling Errors

The door forgets being closed.
I remembered forgetting.
The sentence forgot a few words.

something was missing
after I looked

Not retrieval---reconstruction!
Each week I remember
some rebuilt recall---
a pinch of error
and something slightly new, that's all.

I remember remembering
a museum of portraits
each one of my faces
each face at a different age
asking me quizzically:
"Are you still here?"

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.

Fumble Fingers

Of things mechanical
I've little ken,
I fumble and fuss
from start to end.

Where a mechanic
pushes right---
I pull left till
things stick-tight.

Bending things
I shouldn't bend,
unfortunately---
Till they *ain't right*.

It's just so, so it is,
fumble fingers my fate it is.

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Shifu Miao Zhang The Taoist Cane Master

I. Sudden or Gradual

Master Pita asked Shifu Miao Zhang,
"What is sudden enlightenment?"

Shifu Zhang immediately
threw his staff on the muddy ground.

Master Xita asked Shifu Miao Zhang,
"What is gradual enlightenment?"

Shifu Zhang stomped on
his muddy staff three times,
and yelled "Get to Work!"

II. Slicing Through Nothing

Mayoku walked around his old
Daoist friend, Shifu Miao Zhang,
three times, and he then thumped
his oak staff once on the ground.

Miao Zhang stood up,
walked around Mayoku once,
tapped his pine cane
three times on the wall, and said,

"The power of the wind can topple trees
and is gone by morning.
My cane can cut through the wind."

III. From the East to the West

Master Sound of Bitterroot Mountain
asked Shifu Miao Zhang,
"What is the meaning of the
Bodhidharma Phato emerging in the West?"

Shifu lifted his cane
placed it in his mouth,
saying nothing.

Later, zany Zen liar that he was, he wrote:
"No minds, no Dharma.
No-mind, much Dharma."

IV. I Will Take Your Staff Away

Zen Master Baqiao told his old friend,
Shifu Miao Zhang, "If you have a staff,
I will give you a staff; if you have no staff,
I will take your staff away."

Shifu Zhang replied "I have a cane and
you don't. Would you like to borrow yours?"

Baqiao replied, "Miao Zhang, you will
likely have to walk into Hell!"

Miao Zhang raised his eyebrows and said,
"Well, Baqiao, then I will need to
borrow my cane for the long hot walk
with you. Sorry, but I can't lend your
broken staff to you."

V. Same or Different

Zen Master Seung Sahn held up his staff
in front of Shifu Miao Zhang, and said
"Then, Miao Zhang, what are this staff,
this sound and your mind? Are they the
same or different? If you say "same," I
will hit you thirty times. If you say "different,"
I will also hit you thirty times. Why?"

Miao Zhang lifted his cane slowly,
grounded himself, prepared to block
Seung Sahn's single strike, and then said,

"Don't know! Same or different,

nobody can hit the sound of our minds;
not 60 hits, not one hit."

VI. Quacking Questions

Shifu Zhang enjoyed a month's retreat
At a cottage in Willow's back streets.
One night he dreamed:

And before the Northwest Ones appeared,
Forty million years of ducks in the mud.

Lighting two candle lanterns
a hundred miles away
Cutting up a duck for dinner.

A dog barks at smells.
A thousand ducks twitched---
winds of winter.

Do the ducks have Buddha-Nature?

"Sssshhh!
Stop quacking like a duck."

Meetings with Master Chang San Feng

Shifu Miao Zhang Points the Way

Zen Koans

Zatoichi and Kung Fu TV Characters

Entropy Points Its Finger

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*.

Broken Down

My great nephew,
Joshua Loya his name,
a troubled, sick, tired fellow.
We tried to help him and failed.
A soul free of conventionality.

His mom died when he was 10
he never recovered!
He lived with us for over a year.
A lazy fellow!
Straight F's in high school.

He was a homeboy styler
a skinny fellow
dressed in baggy pants.
Hanging out with *cholos*
for a fine *machismo* time.

I drove Josh back to his father in Fresno.
Larry and I, frustrated in the night.

A few years later, a more confused Josh,
faltering after auto accidents and hepatitis,
and fun drug usage most days;
he slowly slipped from us away.

My son and we tried to help
Joshua when down
and others did contribute,
to bring him better around
but his failures ground him down.

He phoned every so often
babbling and rude
wandering in a broken brain.
His long letters, indecipherable,
but with artistic Tagger displays.

He lived in County jails
for petty crimes
and old half-way houses
time after time after time.
In garages of friends and tents sometimes.

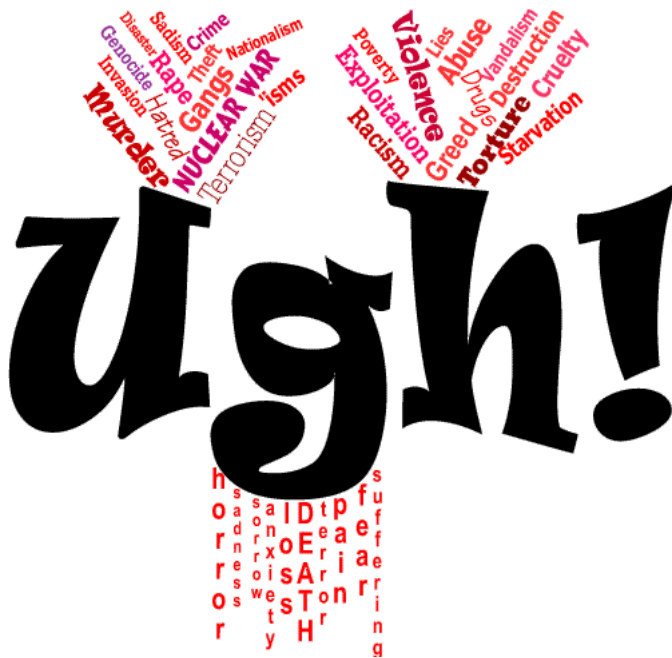
He called his Aunt Blanche last month.
He was homeless again
hoping for help from family and friends.
Sadly, he was sick again.
He wished her well at the end.
She sent him cash later that day.

Yesterday, Josh's sister said,
a sheriff told her:
Josh was shot dead!

They found his slumped body
on bloody asphalt
in a City of Industry
vacant parking lot.
Bullets through his broken heart!

cruel
man
gun
in
hand

Ugh!



The Day My Religion Started to Die

In the fourth grade, my teacher,
a stern Catholic nun (towards boys),
told the entire class:

My grandmother and I
were going to **Hell** (her emphasis!)

Because we attended my grandma's
Lutheran Church on last Sunday.

Shocked, upset, and annoyed was I!

My grandmother was a good person.
Catholicism, for me, on that day shrivelled
and later died.

Put on a New Suit

Delete more adjectives
Cut more adverbs

Remove crayons from the box
Empty the trash

Tell a quarter of the story
Climb out on a limb

Be concise, be precise
Imitate Rae Armantrout

Don't tell it like it is
Neutralize explanations

Get to the point
Even when pointless

Worship the God of Brevity
Handicap the God of Verbosity

More Poetry and Creative Work
From the Middle Years: 2019 - 2023

[*Bundled Up, Volume 4*](#)

Remarks, Rhymes, Seeings, Onions, Sonnets

Quintain Poems 2,000 - 2,500

[*Bundled Up, Volume 5*](#)

Quintain Sonnets, Time, TextArt, Koans, Remarks

Quintain Poems 2,500 - 3,000

[*Bundled Up, Volume 6*](#)

Sonnets, Lore, Time, Language, Thought

Quintain Poems 3,000 - 3,500

[Cantos of the Hands](#)[The Fireplace Records Koan Collection](#)[The Gushen Grove Sonnets](#)[Taoist Master Chang San-Feng](#)[The Tao Te Ching: Anthology and Concordance](#)[An Old Philosopher's Notebooks](#)[Quintain Poetry Research](#)[Quintain Poetry Rhyme Schemes](#)[I Tried to Write Better Poetry](#)[Four Days in Grayland](#)[The Beginning Years: 2016 - 2019](#)[The Middle Years: 2019 - 2023](#)[The Recent Years: 2023 - 2026](#)[Title Index to Poems in this WebBook](#)[Back to Top](#)

The Recent Years: 2023 - 2026

Slippery Sentences Dematerialized

Syntax melts into calligrammes
 Dictionaries lack verbs
 Pages and pages of punctuation marks
 Semantics smack of misunderstandings
 Poems simply dematerialized

A limber metaphor walks through water
 Messages leak and bleed on paper
 Nouns found a time to hum
 Periods became black blank zeros
 Quintains morphed into Sonnets

Predicates dissolved into Objects
 Adjectives unspoooo

oooooo

ooled into Hieroglyphs
 Cliches retreated into walls of phonemes
 Truth became shy and subtle
 The bridge of silence collapsed.

Turn the Clock Back

I turned the clock hands
 back an hour in the fall.
 Even though, in private time-space,
 nobody can ever
 turn the clock back at all.

The coffee
in my cup
was *Cold!*
A compass
for Entropy.

What Happened to Silence?

The clock in the classroom
Worked hard diligently
To avoid, To Silence---the Present;
Never stopped...
Tick - happens. Tock - happens.

Decades passed,
Left no forwarding address.
Tomorrow dreams of Yesterday.
Today forgets both...
Tick - silence. Tock - silence.

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

The Tick-Tock Tractatus: 5.6.4.2

Speaking of Time: The Poetric Investigations

Oulipos Coordinates Conceptualized

I. Punctuated Still-Life

&&&&&
 \$\$\$\$
 ;;;;
 @@@@

#####	Counted	#####
....	Asserted	
?????	Questioned	?????
!!!!	Exclaimed	!!!!
,,,,,	Paused	,,,,,

Compare with four pages of random punctuation marks by Elizabeth Clark, *Between Worlds*.

II. Hidden Codes

A26 B25 **C24 D23** E22
F21 G20 H19 I18 J17
 K16 L15 **M14 N13** O12

 11P 10Q **9R** 8S 7T
 6U 5V **4W** 3X 2Y
Z1

Compare with six pages of meaningless codes by Vito Acconci, *Removal*.

III. We/We/We

we see
 we want
 we steal

we lie
we use AI

Compare with twelve pages of brief phrases
beginning with the word 'my' by
Charles Bernstein, *My/My/My*.

IV. Counting Down

eight, eighty, eight hundred,
seven thousand, six million,
five billion, four trillion,
Three, Two, One
Zero

Compare with ten pages of words for numbers
by Claude Closky, *The First Thousand Numbers*

V. What?

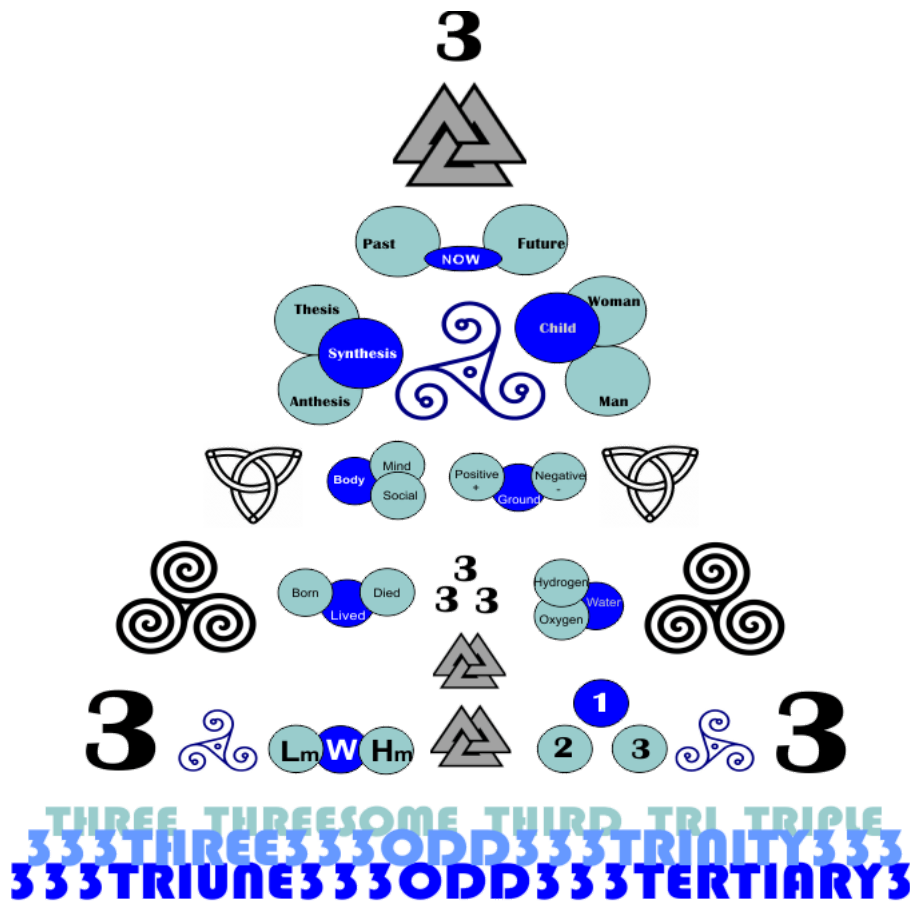
ArE swbath *blaZe* mute**Ring** empty RocKet
reD ciTizenS As **he** desiBA Ntecello **gold**
comPlaining FocusDownnn **Ulla** FideNtia
is KelPt stOne CS**Ch**Urch btone thread**I**
mi sPirghi **ch'io** **gU** di pietro **Negator' D'**usura

Compare with seven pages of misspelled, invented,
and highlighted Non-Words by John Cage,
Writing Through the Cantos.

VI. Seeing Three Ways

Winter	North	Today
Spring	East	Future

Summer South Past
Fall West Now
Year Center Time



{{{ the power of three by mpgarofalo }}}}

Compare with thousands of concrete poems, text art, calligrammes, ASCII art, and graphic messages as found in the [Index to Concrete Poetry](#) by Mike Garofalo.

Concrete Poetry and Text Art Exhibits

VII. Alphabetic Trails

Abecedarian Sextet

All bohemians can't do everything.
 Formulas give help in judging.
 Keeping loving men noticing.
 Only perfectionists quickly revise.
 Settled truces universally valued.
 Worried xenophobe yells zilch.

From ABCDE ... VWXYZ

At the beginning	After the end
Before the end	Before the beginning
Caught in the middle	Compromised splits
Divided in between	Discovering emptiness
Everything dissolves	<i>Empezar de Nuevo</i>
For the Record	From that day
Giving it away	Gaining respect
Happy I'd say	Hands on right
Inner work done	Innocent delights
Just keeping on	Joining others now
Kicked out hate	Kissed my mate
Lucked out	Left quite late
Mesmerized	Many times
Not surprised	Not compromised
Oh why	On time
People pursued	Pursuers persisted
Quite exhausted	Quantities stolen
Really afraid	Running away
Slowly relaxing	Secure home
Troubles gone	Treasures reborn
Uu Uu abcdefghijklm	uU uU nopqrstuvwxyz

Very clearly	Virtuously so
With a Changing Key	<i>Wechselndem Schlüssel</i>
Xmas comes	Xanthia goes
You think you know	Your known
 Zany at times	 Zendo zone

- Compare with:

See also Paul Celan, *Index of Titles A-Z*.

Bob Perelman, *An Alphabet of Literary History*.

Harryette Mullen, *Blah-Blah*, and *Jingle Jangle*.

Amaranth Borsuk, *Show of Hands*.

Reference Sources:

Against Expression: An Anthology of Conceptual Writing, 656 pages, 2011. Edited by Craig Dworkin.

Artifice and Indeterminacy: An Anthology of New Poetics, 392 pages, 1998. Edited by Christopher Beach.

The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book: Poetics of the New.
Edited by Charles Bernstein and Bruce Andrews.
312 pages, 1984.

The Marginalization of Poetry: Language Writing and Literary History, 187 pages, 1996.
By Bob Perelman.

Poems for the Millennium: Volume Two. Edited
by Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris.
871 pages, 1998.

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Dying is a Hard Journey

Dying is such a depressing waste
 a wasting away of dignity
 facing the firing squad of some disease
 your own body murders you with ease
 twenty names for your miseries.

Can't hide in the woods or city,
 Dying spares no home, nor has any pity.

Dying can be over instantly
 in an hour, month, season, or years.
 Dying can be around the corner
 or in a hospital in south Spokane.
 Dying ends with an open mouth sigh.
 Dying and Death, the Faces of Janus.
 Dying is Death's Emissary, both liars.

Dying, my mom, and I shared a final toast;
 Before Dying waited for mom to release her ghost.

Managed Needs

/// RATION my cash supply ///

/\$\$ *simplify* \$\$/

??? Do I really NEED it? ???
 !!! *reconceptualize* !!!

Christmas in Red Bluff

Santa folds his list into paper cranes that fly.
Ornaments gossip in the tree about last year's top star.
Reindeer practice tap dancing on the rooftop tiles.
Gingerbread men hold a polite debate with the wind.
The radio forgets its place and hums the carols backwards.

Multiply the Facts

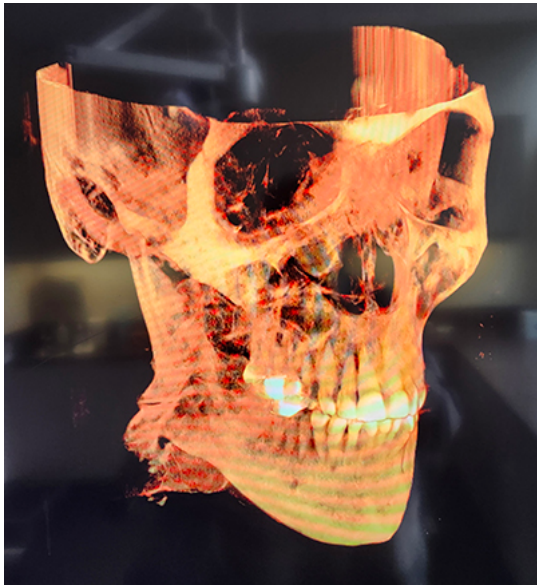
I walked two miles in one hour.

And the Earth rotates at 1,000 MPH.
And the Earth flies at 67,000 MPH.
And our Solar system flies at 514,000 MPH.

So, how fast was I really walking?

Yes, facts multiply.
But do they divide into facts?
 Yes, the world has many facts
 All stacked in rooms now called
 "Now and Past."
In the future, we will add more facts.

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 pixelated inner core.

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Poem Title IndexPoem Subject Index***Cedars Reflecting the Hood Fjord***

a syntax of *resin* the *green* refuses
 its own NOUN holds
 what holding means against

the Hood Canal does not
 reflect the cedars
 The **Cedars** reflect It

January opens from the inside
 the word for COLD is **not** COLDER
 is the water's other adjectives

writing waits. In its waiting the
Hood Canal, Hood Fjord, Hood Inlet
 a conjunction of Names & Nouns
 suspended between spruces & **Firs**

(January) the adverbial cedar bark
 speaks only in the direction
 of having spoken already

Hood **Inlet**: a *Grammar*
 Of a valley, two peninsulas, mountains, and the sea.
 And nowadays, fenced in, in military fit prim,
THE Bremerton **Navy Yards**
 and the **Bangor** Base for **Nuclear Submarines!!!**

what the **Cedar** means by standing
 at the water's syntactical
 edge: to mean?

To stand by
 the **Hood** which curls like verbs

by 101 and the sun

Hood Canal, Washington

PP

! ! ! ! ! a a at the same time ...

If it's true,
it's false;
If false,
it's true.
True?

r r?

a a ?

dd ?

Appears s oo ? ? ? ? ?

but can't be so.

x x ?

Yes, but no?
No, but yes?
Yes and no?
So, not so?
I don't know!

e e ?

s s ?

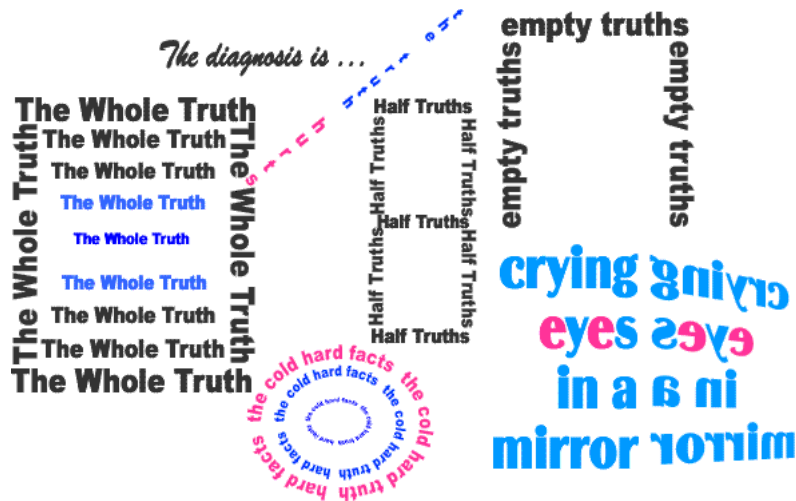
{{{ paradoxes by mpgarofalo }}}}

Tight Timelines for Unwanted Advice

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

Between
two eternities
your brief life
is stretched
! *tight* !

You're a book unopened:
 hidden potential
 covered insights
 closed ideas
 Waiting.....



{{{ the whole truth by mpgarofalo }}}}

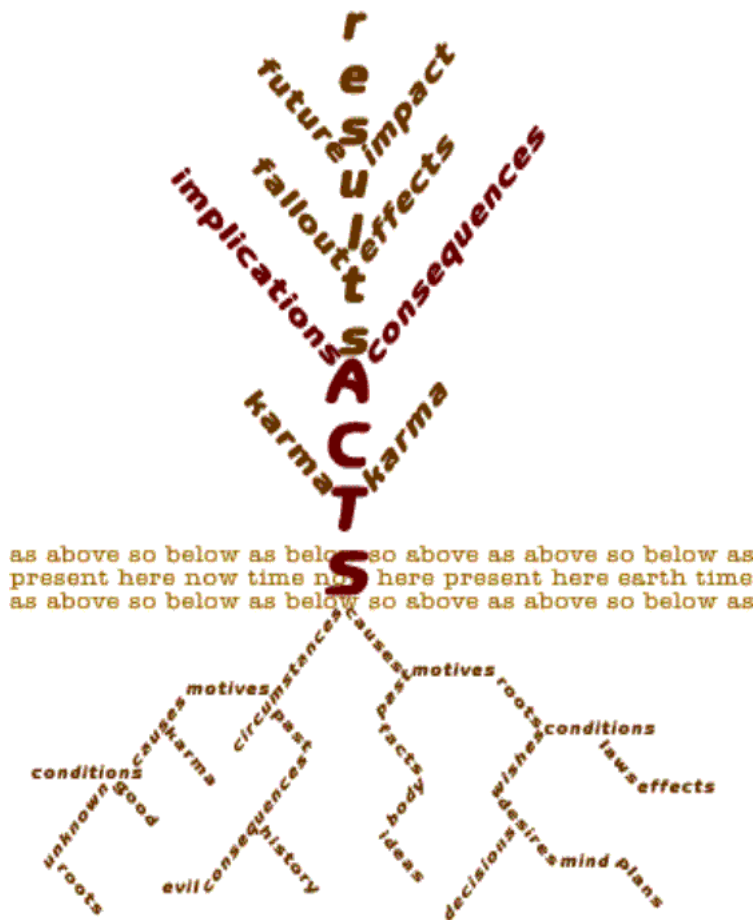
Altered Identities

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

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.



{{{ karma of acts by mpgarofalo }}}}

Damp Bandon Docks Bemused

Bandon sea stacks shout at starfish
Hotels hang loose over pillow basalt cliffs
Tourists circled like annoying flies
Our wine glasses toasted our broken resolutions
Summer blackberries were invisible

Cranberry candy softened like flowing sand
Fried fish n chips were savored by avid lips
The seagulls refused to understand our silly plans
We pretended not to know what others knew
Cars on 101 stared intently at red stoplights

Painted sculptures dot the aging wharf
Downtown stores sell shirts and shells
A child's sandcastle outlived the afternoon
The Coquille River shivers with resolve.

Listening Intently to the String Quarter Concert

I detach both ears and pin them to the velvet seat in front.
Four musicians in tails are methodically sawing wooden fishes.
Hush! The vibrating intestines are dripping blue triangles!
I staple my eyelids to the balcony to catch a flying C-sharp.
The viola just coughed up a ticking grandfather clock.
We concentrated so fiercely our spines turn into third violins.
A symphony of Non-Euclidian geometries!
The acoustics of the theater were perfect.

Decades later, memories somehow remain.
Clear and concise as yesterday's life.

The Kronos Quartet at UCLA, three decades past,
Sounds from a warm Westwood night...
a detailed video in my brain.

Attentive listening creates richer memories.
Memories allow us to focus attention on ourself.

The Dazzling Stuff

I try to pay attention to the quotidian and sublunary,
to the particular ordinary stuff,
to the familiar and the close---
yet, I'm sometimes infatuated with
the mysterious, magical, amazing, dazzling stuff.

I sipped the imperfect unique noises
until my pocket watch exploded.
What you see depends on when you look,
when you listen, when you don't.
Memory expands when you pay attention.

Chevron Station at the Edge of Empty

Gleaming gas pumps in the fluorescent night.
Silent slaves of the Almighty dollars,
Pouring costly high-octane gallons
Into the bellies of Chevies.

Ding! Ding! *Gallons* go down.
Wallets open and fold.
Customers piss, buy coffee, stretch and go.

Headlights come and go, flashing
By the *drying Lakes of Petro*.
Acid fogs melt steel-belted moons.
Smog smothers each empty black street.

A Dead End ahead, everywhere,
For us, for OPEC, for Fords.

A Bandolier of Manifesto Bullets

Reglas del Juego Ars Poetica

what you don't say
 is as important **as**
 what *you do say*---
 and **vice-versa**

spontaneous perceptions
 change directions
willy-nilly *Improvised*

one perception should
 directly *lead to*
 another perception ... **Quickly!!**

Follow the Breath
 like a jazz saxophonist:
 in and out, stop and start, getting it down

doubts embrace the hemistich
 irony precedes the enjambment
 confusion follows the non-sequiturs
 randomness hugs ambient metaphors

The poetic work ethic:
 constantly prodding,
 ever scrutinizing,
 relentlessly wording,
 swimming in stanzas.

Self-correct like a skeptic.
 Delay the punchline ... then **Punch!**
 The unspoken space leaves a heavy silence.

Attend closely to things and perceptions
 avoid intellectual digressions.
 Focus on **Locality**---Our **Places** in **Reality!**

No ideas but in things.
No ideas but in beings.

*Algunas ideas son abrazadas por las cosas.
Solo los seres humanos reavivan las ideas.
Muchas ideas simplemente flotan en el espacio.*

Avoid historic styles, meter, rhymes and
"that *traditional* stuff."
Be more lean and buff!

The *open-field* is beautiful;
The *closed-field* grows vegetables.
Take your pick when you're in a pinch.

The desire for the *Objectively Perfect*:
rooted in our history,
fixed to our place Inside
current real particularities.

words cover the pages post-haste,
don't stop much to meditate---
go, go, **Go** ... don't hesitate!

Don't tell the readers what a scene means!

Only a special natural object is
the adequate symbol for an idea or inward state.

Present then Stop

reduce the i-me-my
no confessionals please:
Depersonalize

Don't tell a story; hesitate to fictionalize.
Yes, there are characters, but keep them dry.

Narrative suppresses immediate attention.
The story keeps us focused on the story.
The potholes of plots can hypnotize.
Narratives trend towards conventional conformity.

To be more creative---overcome
your **fears**
of being wrong
or making mistakes.

[**Wink:** Use one or two of these Manifesto Bullets,
Ignore the rest; let **freedom** be your guide.]

Even for old news: MAKE IT New!
Making your poetry:
Make it New, Make it Strange,
Make it Now, Make it Yours,
Make it Better, Make it True.
Make it Reveal, Make it Change.

Some poems are better

Read
than
Said.

Let the speaker set the pace; or,
Let the reader set the pace?
The eyes and/or ears
both have plans.

Some verses stretched the mind
Baffled the understanding
Confused the senses
Upset one's peace.
Discomfort can rejuvenate.

- *A Collage of Sources:*

Charles Bernstein, Robert Creeley,
Allen Ginsberg, Charles Olson,
Bob Perelman, Ezra Pound, Ron Silliman,
Louis Zukofsky, W.C. Williams.

Truths about the Future?

For the moment, Now, for me,
the world is the case.
Yesterday, the world was
actually the case.
Tomorrow's events are not the case.

Only the Present and Past are Actual
The Future is bounded by possibilities:
uncertainties, unpredictability, chances,
accidents, unknowns, contingencies ...
And quasi-informative necessities.

God knows the future some say.
I don't think that way.

Some statements about future events
Are neither necessary nor impossible
and have no truth value.

Two Options...

Can't but help
think in Two's
 brain aligned so---
Forced to choose:
Yes or No?
Past or Now?

**VOID FORMS MANY
MINUS GROUND PLUS
NIGHT DAY
DEAD LIVE
PAST NOW
NOW TIME
OFF ON
ONE ALL
YIN YANG
NONE SOME
ZERO ONE
CHAOS LAW
SILENCE WORDS
FORM IS EMPTINESS
EMPTINESS IS FORM**

Last day of Spring,
ripe purple plums drop---
form is emptiness.

First day of Summer,
ditch completely dry---
emptiness is form.

{{{ Past-Now Text-Art by mpgarofalo }}}}

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Closing Time

running out of time
for catching up

with the future
 now
 a problem

my mind grinds
 my times
 into memories
 so fine
 they disappear

Note this:

9 + 9 = too many to carry very far
 and & and = a homily that went far too long
 6 - 6 = an empty fruit jar
 4 - 2 = only half-way to the Columbia Bar
 0 / 0 = meaningless questions so bizarre

< F A R >
 * ? ! - \$
 5 4 3 2 1
 # ; : / "
 [J A R]

R @ ^ & \$
 * - = + ?
 1 2 3 4 5
 { R ^ % "
 ~ ? H * #

5 B A R 1
 # ; L / "
 { []} F % ?
 t h e n d

Body Surfing at Huntington Beach

Meat torpedo hisses and BAMS into the froth-committee
 Salty telegrams: SWIM HARD ahead AHEAD ARMS arms FAST
Kick those big black rubber Fins: **KICK K**ick, Fast and Hard
 Foam! Foam! A bureaucracy of Swishy Froth
 Lifted by cascading surf---I'm flung, I fly
 My arched body negotiates with a seagull's diving alibi
 Brine hiccup --- my spine unscrews itself impolitely
 Tumble tumble Mike's wet body ... THRILLING long ride
 Fizzling out, I stand: a shallow wet parenthesis, finished

Time Travel to the Outskirts of Words

Objects are Intertwined:
 Inter-breeding like space and time
 Inter-acting like brain and mind
 Inter-relating like the drummer and the band
 Inter-locking like fingers and hand

Time is Objectified:
 Counted, tallied, recorded, traded;
 Clock hands moving, telling time;
 Clarion bells singing hours at nine---
 Time eats everything; Objects dissolve.

Time is Personified:
 Grim Reaper, Stork Baby, Dorian Gray;
 Talking Time Machines, Killer Shark AI;
 Old man with a crooked gray cane;
 Eternal Goddess in a perfectly lazy Sky.

We travel via Time:
 All the time, consistently, logically,
 Relentlessly, unavoidably, inexorably...

But, realistically--- Entropy ---
Closes the Past with a slap!

^^ *We Only Travel in Time in the Now* ^^

Words, thankfully, are Free
To thumb their noses at reality
To toss time-places-people randomly around
To invent a Supreme Fiction for us to See---
To create a timeless Heaven for Eternity.

Disappeared and Never Returned

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.

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

More Poetry and Creative Work

From the Concluding Years: 2023 - 2026

[Bundled Up, Volume 7](#)

Quintains, Delight, Strangeness, Things, Beauty

Quintain Poems 3,500 - 4,000

[Bundled Up, Volume 8](#)

Experimental, Surreal, Conceptual, Text-Art

All types of Poetry 4,000 - 4,500

[The Tick-Tock Tractatus](#)

Speaking of Time: The Poetic Investigations

[The Five Corners of Time](#)

[Quintain Sonnets](#)

[Slouching Into Incoherence](#)

[Doggerel Verses](#)

[25 Steps and Beyond: Collected Works](#)

[Attention, Language and Time:](#)

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Basho's Frog Redux

The Bodhi Forest Cut Down

Counting the Moons Over La Push

Disappeared and Never Returned

Double Visions

Emerging Through the Green

The End

Every Detail Shined

Five Elements Embracing

Fresh Figs, Rotten Plums

A Gardener's Sutra on Time: Excerpts

Hood Canal In May

Is As Is

Is It?

[Lava Skies](#)

[Magazines of Stale Memories](#)

[Make It Interesting](#)

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[Mountains on Paper](#)

[My Ears Hear Celestial Music](#)

[Not Walking With a Dog](#)

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[Replant the Memories](#)

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[Vampires in the Hoh Forest](#)

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A Reading On: November 20, 2026

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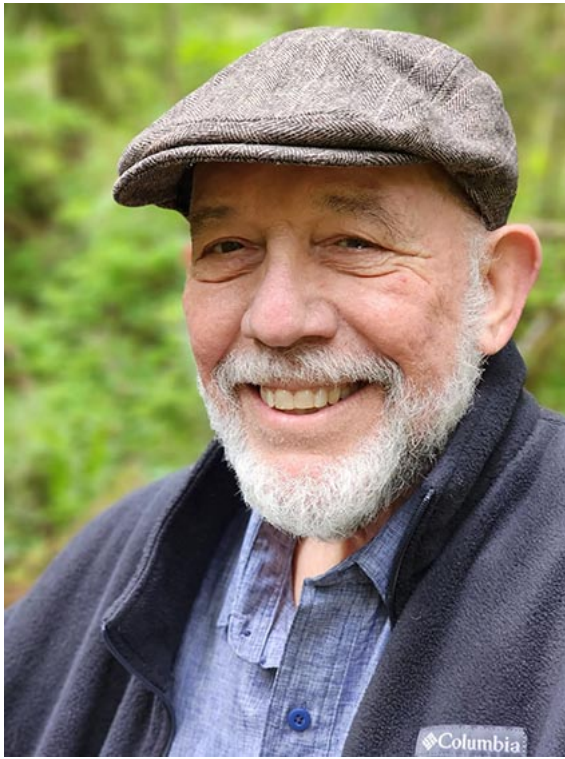
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Michael Peter Garofalo (1946-) grew up in East Los Angeles, raised well by my parents June and Big Mike, was educated in Catholic Schools, lived with two other brothers, graduated (B.A., M.S.) from local universities.

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, Webmaster); and as 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. Currently in 2026-2027: reading, writing, gardening, harmonica playing, home

chores, yurt camping trips, exercise, traveling
in the Northwest, web publishing, family events,
poetry research, photography, Northwest research,
Nature mysticism, Buddhist and Taoist literature,
reading Spanish, Tai Chi Chuan, walking,
Existential-Environmental philosophy,
sports events, etc.

I am influenced by, but not severely restricted
by, the above cited *ars poetica* objectives.
Amateur poets like me need to focus my
autodidact poetry studies on reading.
I need examples and options for expanding
and improving my poetic range and
my practical and productive writing efforts.

I wrote effective business prose during my 50
years of employment as a librarian. I've read
poetry all my life, but only since 2021 have
I been a serious poetry researcher and theorist.
I specialized in writing aphoristic one-line quips,
indie webpage production, and three line
Haiku and Senryu from 1998-2016. I began
studying Quintains in 2019.



25 Steps and Beyond: Collected Works

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