

Christopher Luna,

Thanks for the writing prompts in your 6/9/25 lesson.

Today, I packed up my old Ford SUV for [yurt camping](#) along [Highway 101](#) at [Dosewallips River](#) State Park along the Hood Fjord.

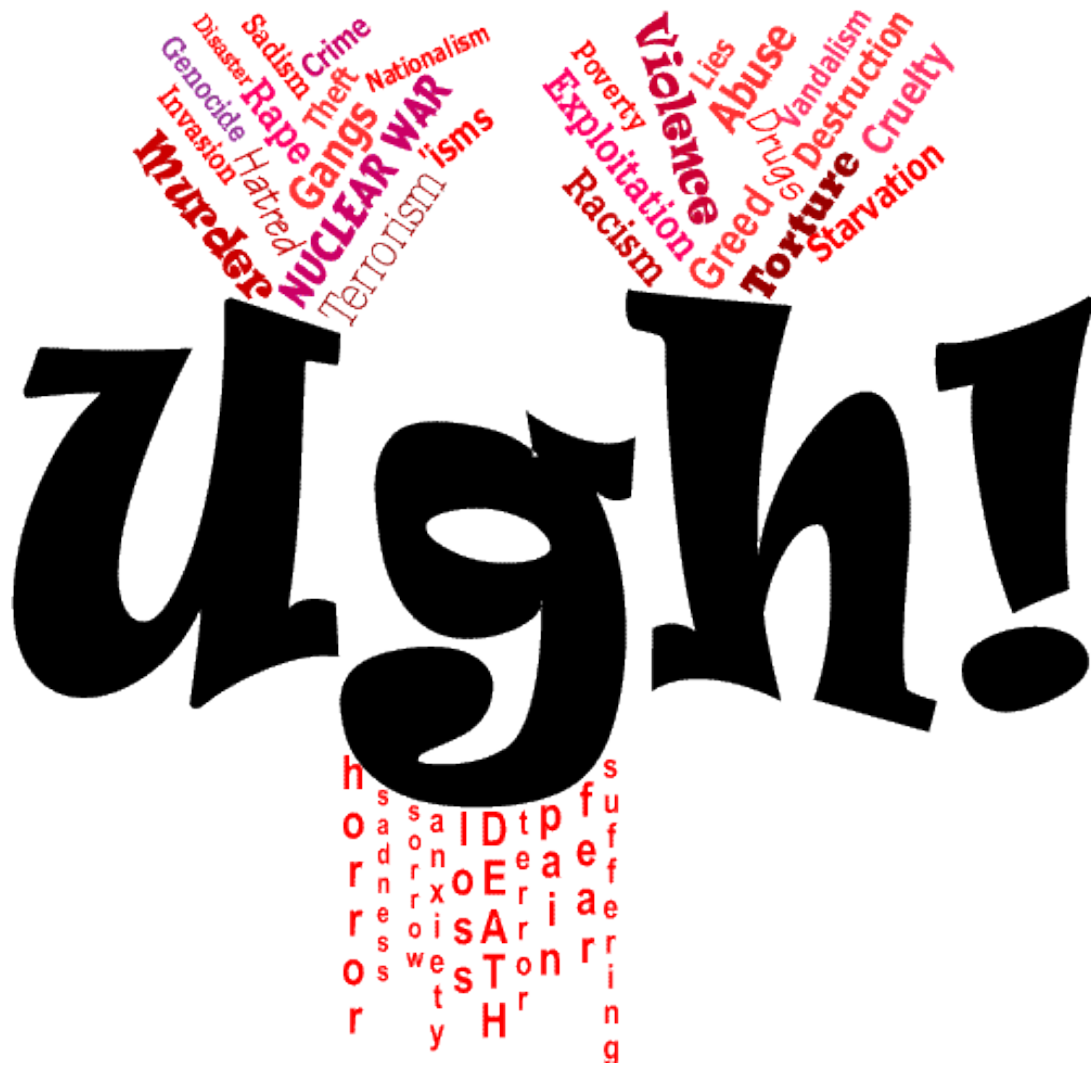


I'll try to eat [Blue Spot Shrimps](#) at the Halfway House Café in Brinnon; and browse poetry books at the Last Words Bookstore and Press in Olympia.

I plan on reading lots of John Ashbery and Billy Collins – what a significant contrast.

Mike Garofalo

P.S.: If you ever do a workshop on cut and paste collages, I will attend. I've used software for composing [concrete poetry](#), e.g.:



Poetry Workshop, Lesson 6/9/2025

Prompt: Write a poem about a favorite television program.

Title: ***Cisco Kid Was a Friend of Mine***

By Mike Garofalo, 6/8/2024

Cicco Kid and Pancho  
like the Lone Ranger and Tonto  
like Hans Solo and Chewbacca,  
helping the helpless,  
fighting injustice faithfully  
on horseback or in a Falcon spaceship,  
showing up at the crime  
always just on time  
to save the downtrodden in a bind.

In 1953, growing up in ELA,  
my neighborhood chums and I  
watched the Cisco Kid on Saturday  
on KTLA, channel 5.

Two cowboy *vaqueros*, Mexican *caballeros*,  
at the edge of The Law, always moving on,  
quasi-heroes like Robin Hood and his Merry Men,  
admired by us in the  
Bandini *Barrio* Hood.

They chased bad guy *gringos*,  
corralled crooked cops,  
and always came up on top.

Pancho rode *Loco*, Cisco rode *Diablo*,  
loyal steeds,  
carrying our anti-heroes  
down dusty trails to do good deeds.  
Horses, before Low Riders,  
carried Southwestern Riders,  
chewing grass not gas,  
galloping bumblng Poncho  
by cool Chico's side.

One of the first TV series, in 1956,  
in color on our tiny TV screens;  
we saw our Mexican heroes shine.  
Huge white *sombrero* hats to block the sun,  
Chico in studded decorated ornate coats in black;  
Pancho in checkered brown shirts and pants,  
shiny leather holsters,  
black *pistoles*,  
dirty leather boots stomping in the sand.

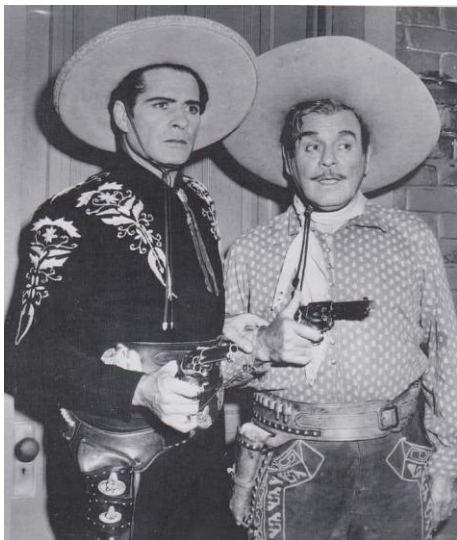
Like Wild Bill and Jingles,  
like Roy Rodgers and Brady on that  
Nellie-Belle jeep;  
Cisco and Pancho, especially Pancho

(Leo Carillo) made us laugh.  
These jovial sidekicks  
were essential to balance  
the serious straight lead's act.  
Stereotypical Sidekick stumblers,  
scatter-brained at times,  
slow to get the drift,  
loyal *amigos* in the mix.  
They made us smile,  
despite their mental limp.

We'd go on their adventures  
glued to the boob tube,  
until the final sendoff  
by the two *caballero* dudes:

"Oh, Pancho."

"Oh, Cisco, lets' went."



## Poetry Workshop, Lesson 6/9/2025

**Prompt: Write a poem about syntax.**

Title: *Syntactical-Semantical Diversions*

By Mike Garofalo, 6/8/2024

Spanish can trick you:  
adjectives after nouns,  
pronouns and tenses  
in complex verb endings  
but consistent simple phonetic sounds.

He showed him trucks her  
Ford red one favorited ran  
Roads Saskatchewan on by slid  
Syntax up messing not Rules  
Ideas the get we somehow mind by

Object verb noun pronoun around twisted  
blunders syntactical conflicted  
like spellengs increct gve wey  
tu menings implied toooo sey...  
Yet, we figure it out in some way.

Double Negatives sometime don't flounder  
'The pilot can't find no place to land.'  
'I didn't yell at nobody.'

Double Positives seldom work in English,  
except maybe to express snide negatives  
as in ‘Yeah. Right!’

Syntax facilitates semantics,  
phonemes sing rhymes,  
spelling correctly enhances meaning,  
languages evolve over time.

I’m a hyper-texter by [Trade](#),  
sending words to other places of words,  
to expand semantical contexts...  
a new kind of syntax?

Streams of incoherence  
Rivers of incomprehensibility  
Oceans of meaninglessness—  
Occasional glimpses  
of fools-gold in the poems.

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