

# The Work Zoom Class

## July 28, 2025

### *Tectonics*

By Ted Kooser

From: *Delights and Shadows, 2004*

In only a few months  
there begin to be fissures  
in what we remember  
and within a year or two,  
the facts break apart  
one from another  
and slowly begin to shift  
and turn, grinding  
pushing up over each other  
until their shapes  
have been changed  
and the past has become  
a new world.

And after many years,  
even a love affair,  
one lush green island  
all to itself  
perfectly detailed  
with even a candle  
softly lighting a smile,  
may slide under the waves  
like Atlantis,  
scarcely rippling the heart.

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### *In the Space of Time*

By Mike Garofalo

Leaping from the Ledge of 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,  
Space became Time, time became things.

Black Holes filled with Nirvana,  
A billion samadhi mirrors shattered,  
Galaxies snuggled within a single skull,  
Many became One, One only, only One.

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.

The Spiderwebs of Time  
are legion  
multitudes of nows and thens;  
Uncountable heres and theres  
unhitched  
from any eternal present  
everywhere.

To Dance at the Still Point  
Of the Time beyond time,  
Beyond pasts, within futures,  
this Moment  
Now and forever, beyond  
ordinary minds.

## **List, Catalog, Concrete Details:**

These yellow poppies reveal time,  
These sweet razor clams taste time,  
These brown seeds generate time.  
The Earth is Time; the Sky is Time.  
And the blinking of two blue eyes cry time.  
The dirty garden hoe and hoses water time,  
The fishing line drops to the bottom of time.  
The snows on Mt. Ranier glacier time,  
Moving Reedsport sand dunes cover time,  
Cold ocean waves at Oceanside cut time,  
Hood Canal ravens break open time,  
The onion seedlings in Salinas sweeten time,  
The roaring Feather River rapids erode time;  
Ventura flower fields color time.

Vulgar time, broken time,  
Our time, space-time, in time,  
The Right time, before time, Sublime time,  
Standard time, beyond time, past time.  
Dream Time of a still body-mind is time.

Quotations about Time:

<https://www.gardendigest.com/time.htm>

**Quintains by Mike Garofalo**

Larger than the longest  
short by seconds—  
can't measure Infinity  
slipped into a Black Hole  
the speed of light is too slow.

Is *Mu* Dark Matter?  
Is Light Speed Time?  
    Is Gravity a Ball of Strings?  
Is a Mind a Body-Brain?  
Questioning, wondering, ideas rain.

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.

"Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future,  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation.  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.  
Footfalls echo in the memory  
Down the passage which we did not take  
Towards the door we never opened  
Into the rose-garden. My words echo  
Thus, in your mind.  
But to what purpose  
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves  
I do not know.  
Other echoes  
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?"  
- T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*

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### **A Pantoun**

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#### ***The Dice of Days***

By Mike Garofalo

Life's a gamble every day  
The Future ... our open doors  
The Present is only one day  
The Past offers love and lore

The Future: our opened doors  
Free rolls of the loaded dice  
The Past offers love and lore  
Beauty served up straight on ice

Free rolls of the legal dice  
Gamble's choice to bet or not  
Beauty served at a modest price  
Time readily bought and sold

Gambler's choice to take or hold  
Sometimes free to bet on me  
Time precious bought and sold  
Many others depend on me

Sometimes free to just let it be  
Chances are the claim of the game  
Many others love lucky me  
Standing uncertain in the rain

Chances in life are randomly hitched  
The Future: opened up, useful doors  
Standing fast, taking risks,  
The Past a fecund changing shore.

When Joni Mitchell and I  
saw both sides now of  
clouds upside down

I felt I knew

Life somehow somehow ...

despite black thunderclouds,

lightening flashing blasting loud,

the airplane jerking up and down

a woman screamed, a grandpa groaned,

a child cried "Daddy"

my wife said "God"

everyone shook, looked around...

The airplane leveled, settled down...

We'd seen both sides now...

of relaxed peace and real fear:

of moons and suns and everyone

of skies and earth for an hour

of something lost and something near

we never <sup>even</sup> remained the same

"It's life's illusions the same."