red wolf editions

GROWING TOGETHER

and Other Poems

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Growing Together

We are both flowers on a summer day
Growing together
Absorbing the effervescent sun
Birds drifting in levitation
Our souls are rooted in a field of green
Our delicate petals opening, curving
Expanding upward to the universe
Bees buzzing innocently around us
Hummingbirds drinking our nectar
All of nature approving of us
We are in harmony with the earth
Celebrating our love in the morning
Amidst the reds, purples, and golds.
El Paso Travelers

In El Paso,
the wall divides
one from the other,
life from death,
the rich from poor,
progress from regression

The wall celebrates
the division of innocent souls,
hungry travelers
of fading hopes and dreams

As they journey
over one thorny bush to another,
eluding the border patrol,
they wait for freedom’s angels
to carry them over,
the last obstacle.
Mary of Old Las Palmas

You feel so human to me, yet I see you are divine, a figment of feminine glory, hands open and receiving

I know you are the true mother, the only nurturer, a dream that moves with clouds while I am sleeping

My secret messenger who perpetually blooms from the heart, prayers and intercessions that flow like waves of virtue

Come, in your blue and purple robe to the daylight of my desert, with your compassion, your maternal imagination Touch me in sympathy and give me your blessing.
Blue Sky Over Chavez Ravine

Back in ’65, I dreamed of Koufax
I mimicked his windup
and delivery
I wore his baggy Dodger blue,
and kept digging my heels into the mound
I imagined throwing to
his catcher,
a big overhand curve,
a fastball that popped into the mitt

I imagined being Koufax
in a pitchers’ duel
The blue sky hung over Chavez Ravine
with the palm trees
that swayed like Hawaiian girls
in grass skirts

I loved Koufax back then,
pitching for my team
In dreams of west coast landscapes
Inside of a baseball diamond
A warm California afternoon
The love between a boy and his baseball idol.
Sunflower Poetry

I dreamt that sunflowers grew
on the Ventura beaches,
by a nurturing lifeguard,
barefoot and bronze,
gardening with love

My dreams are like flowers
of Emerson and Frost
that suddenly appear
from my lips
in unexpected places

I touch their gentle petals
trying to understand each one
For it is in nature
that poetry evolves,
giving us such pleasant surprises.
It Feels Like 1955

We all meet again next week, 
with frowns on our faces, 
a pair of baggy sweats, 
an overflowing laundry basket 
poured into the churning vortex.

It seems like 1955, 
outdated calendars on the walls, 
a black-and-white TV with a fuzzy screen, 
and dingy tile floors, mid-century.

We are like sloths in the launderette, 
everyone appears resigned 
to miss out on life, 
as our clothes take priority, 
watching them do the Maytag dance.

There is never enough change 
in the malfunctioning coin machine; 
no excitement in pushing a cart; 
our clothes, like old ideas 
have just enough detergent to spare.

I wait patiently to be renewed, 
leaf through an old People Magazine, 
study each spin-dry cycle, 
believing my life will change 
once the buzzer goes off.
Venice Beach Mermaid

The homeless man on the beach
sculpts the woman of his dreams
with gnarled hands and a kid’s shovel.
He may be destitute and hungry,
but he has the passion of Michelangelo.

He carved her sandy flesh
into smoothed edges,
serrated her fishtail,
and gave her life
by the shine of the sun.

A mermaid! He exclaimed—
sensual and slender,
able to provide hours of friendship,
to share stories by the sea,
casing his loneliness.

Her quiet presence, he enjoyed
until the tide was high
and his only faithful companion
melted by a wave,
along with his heart.
Evolution of Time

The crimson sky of daybreak
rises during prehistoric times,
when the dinosaurs roamed the earth—
alpha-beasts trampling on jungle weeds,
undisturbed by humans
when nature had its way.

Until man invented the wheel,
a gun, and the need to control
the land, sky, and ocean
to suit his desires.

Turn back the time
when the Stegosaurus
walked on too big feet,
when the Brontosaurus
could reach the top of a tree.

Does evolution spell extinction?
Is human progress destroying Mother Earth?
Do we need to bring back dinosaurs
to save us from ourselves?
Journey’s Breath

The old man could hardly breathe,
and needed to rest on a stoop
His wheezy lungs echo
like the sea in a seashell
All his friends are gone,
feeling hopeless as the winter chill,
waiting patiently for an elusive breath

He wonders how long his journey will last,
as he ventures home from the market,
two puffs of the inhaler go into his chest
Life doesn’t have any resiliency left
Clogged lungs and sour breath,
a place where the beginning meets the end,
hoping to catch one final breath.
Awkward Grace

My whole life is bound to the chair,
but I still recite my verses and rhymes.
I share myself with the passersby
and face each day with lyrical hope.

My life may be contained in a chair,
but I don’t let the straps hold me back.
Two 12-volt batteries power my faith.
I throttle my movement with awkward grace.

My chair has become an appendage
like a protective family member.
All I own and care about
is attached like cargo to the back of a bus.

My life may be stuck in neutral,
and my head forever cocked to the side.
My adhesive bag may be bursting full
and my muscles shaking in a Palsy spaz.

But I still have my words to read.
I still have my poetry.

This poem is included in my chapbook, Awkward Grace.
Monet on the Bridge

I imagine Monet
setting up his easel
on the wooden bridge
that I walk across every day

It overlooks the stone creek
that tunnels through the trees,
and thorny succulents
warmed by the yellow sun

Monet could have painted
its light and shadow
and the waterless stream
that used to flow so effortlessly

Now a bed of rocks and bones,
of stories never told,
and people whose pastel-colored
lives washed away

Monet would have seen
the hidden silhouettes
in mauve and gold,
sap dripping off the branches
of Eucalyptus trees.

This poem is included in my poetry collection, Rain on Cabrillo.
Mountaintop

I am the top of the mountain,  
a balcony in the sky  
under a bright California sun.  
I look onto the Santa Clara River Valley  
with small, one-story houses,  
street lights on Main Street,  
bumpy, curvy roads going up hills,  
tracks with an occasional train,  
small private biplanes going in circles  
dotting the Santa Paula night,  
along the Pacific coastline  
where the letters SP are carved  
into my forehead, and freshwater  
flows from my veins.

This poem is included in my poetry collection, Junkyard Souls.
Walking in Sand

I slowly walk
in different
textures of sand
during low
and high tide
puncturing holes
in the damp earth
with each step

My bare feet land
at various angles
on both ends
of the beach
with each wave
that breaks and recedes
in each moment
I feel free.
About the Author