

# *Shorelines*



*Tony Mariano*  
*and*  
*Bruce England*



# Shorelines

TONY MARIANO  
AND  
BRUCE ENGLAND

SMALL POETRY PRESS

P.O. Box 5342  
Concord, California 94524  
Tel. (510) 798-1411





# Shorelines

**TONY MARIANO**  
**AND**  
**BRUCE ENGLAND**

**SMALL POETRY PRESS**

P.O. Box 5342  
Concord, California 94524  
Tel. (510) 798-1411

© 1998 by Tony Mariano and Bruce England

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage, or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Copyright Holders.

Printed in the United States of America

First Edition



## Contents

Pfeiffer-Big Sur	1
Carmel-Monterey	3
Highway 1	13
North of Santa Cruz	15
Big Basin	17
Ano Nuevo	21
Pescadero	23
San Gregorio	25
San Francisco	31
Bolinas	33
Point Reyes	35





PFEIFFER-BIG SUR

Fading fog grew dark  
turning into a mountain  
as the sun rose

Silent redwoods stand  
heads mingling in the sky  
arms clasped, sharing light

## PFEIFFER-BIG SUR

A lost world's ruins  
these massive redwood pillars  
holding up the sky

From this mountain top  
unless you remembered wings  
all roads lead down

## CARMEL-MONTEREY

An eerie beauty  
settles on the coast after  
walking on the sea

Shrouds of pale white mist  
on some mysterious trek  
fly straight through the trees



## CARMEL-MONTEREY

Far across the bay  
lines of light spell a story  
I can almost read

Islands of light drift  
paced by great wreaths of mist  
across a dark bay

## CARMEL-MONTEREY

Like hands on a clock  
boats circle the bay  
with unseen movement

Through the storm's one eye  
the sun spotlights a lone boat  
quickly crawling home

## CARMEL-MONTEREY

Winds honed sharp across  
whetstone seas break against cliffs  
great redwood trees

Never such a rain!  
the hills of Carmel glitter  
with the fallen stars



## CARMEL-MONTEREY

Breakfast in Carmel  
a life-size, dollhouse cafe  
watching dolls stroll by

Gay couples walking  
in Carmel, suddenly  
we look like same

## CARMEL-MONTEREY

Frantic, hungry gulls  
like loose, swirling newspapers  
clutter up the sky

Barefoot in black suits  
they ride the ocean's crest!  
God's children at play!

## CARMEL-MONTEREY

The flashing of smiles  
as I pass her on the beach  
just me looking back

Gnarled, headless, charred  
a driftwood apparition  
points without regard



## CARMEL-MONTEREY

A black fiddler crab  
dancing on its pincertips  
in a finger cage

Searching on the beach  
beyond a trail of footprints  
sunrise on treetops

## CARMEL-MONTEREY

Walking in darkness  
after a lonely sunset  
the moon's cheshire grin

Every sprinkled row  
of the garden we sped by  
flashed us a rainbow





## NORTH OF HIGHWAY 1

Truckin' all the way  
top down, shades on, shirt off  
California One

Every sprinkled row  
of the garden we sped by  
flashed us a rainbow

## HIGHWAY 1

Passenger seat back  
sunlight on and off my face  
as the car turns

An offshore fog bank  
a cotton candy iceberg  
a new continent

## NORTH OF SANTA CRUZ

Whale carcass  
becomes a wall  
for graffiti

Flicked off my board  
face pummeled in sand, then  
the cold undertow



## NORTH OF SANTA CRUZ

Surfing, no wetsuit  
I want to throw myself  
on the campfire

## BIG BASIN

Back inside our tent  
in horror, after scraping  
of claws on my tarp

In the morning  
our campsite was laced  
with mole-burrows

## BIG BASIN SANTA CRUZ

On trail behind you  
I sway with your rhythm, close  
to your every curve

Resting on sand  
shifting winds bring salt air  
to the mountains



## BIG BASIN

Holding knapsack  
at knee level, we step past  
trailside rattlesnake

Off trail, we let pass  
a charging centipede of  
Sierra singles

## Back

On trail behind you behind last no  
at low level, and the rest of the  
to your own, and the rest of the

On trail, we hit pass, then no  
a charging and the rest of the  
to the mountains

## ANO NUEVO

Surrounded by  
elephant seals, what if  
they all moved at once!



Año Nuevo

Surrounded by  
elephant seals, what if  
they all moved at once!

## PESCADERO

Large family plot  
more grass  
than tombstones

Walking on the beach  
only the roof of a car  
sticks above wet sand

Pascadero

Large family plot  
more grass  
than tomatoes



## SAN GREGORIO

Early morning  
no footprints on the beach  
beyond my own

Walking on the beach  
only the roof of a car  
sticks above wet sand

## SAN GREGORIO

Waves stop, recede  
sandpipers stop, turn to eat  
back and forth they flow

In the ocean  
dark, sea lion heads  
or bobbing debris?

## SAN GREGORIO

Bobbing sea lion  
peers into sky, one ocean  
to another

People hike to cliff  
with binoculars  
nudist beach below



## SAN GREGORIO

Through binoculars  
naked man swings golf club  
far below the cliff

Poop flies away from  
almost stalled sea gull  
just beyond the cliff

## SAN GREGORIO

Finished squatting  
she returns across the sand  
ready to jog

She built a fire  
not for the whole outdoors  
just for our hands

## SAN GREGORIO

From the bluff  
logs and driftwood from the storm  
cover the beach  
everywhere in the debris  
there are lean-tos and fires

The noise and light  
last night was a party  
on the next beach



## SAN FRANCISCO

Never high enough  
over their gray tenement  
do their bright kites fly

Like a portrait  
old Chinese man in window  
mine from cable car

## SAN FRANCISCO

She feels safe  
walking in the Castro  
passing eyes on me

## BOLINAS

In bar of motel  
Bolinas cowboys play pool  
in adidas shoes

We demand new room  
after brushing, picking off  
hundreds of fleas



## BOLINAS

Fallen, mumbling drunk  
outside window, police lights,  
fights on main street  
in the morning, wife tells me  
more I don't remember

## POINT REYES

Her heels dug in sand  
her back on rumpled shirt skins  
her hands in my hair  
she turns, face tight in the sun  
a rapture I see, can't touch

Down among sand dunes  
only an aerial view  
of our love making

## Poisoned

Her back dug in sand, her head  
her back on my hand, her head  
her hands at my feet, her head  
she turns, her head at my feet  
a corpse I see, her head at my feet

Down among sand dunes  
only an aerial view  
of our love making





## Four Days

The book is a story of a man who  
has been in prison for a long time  
and who is now being released. The  
story is told in a way that is  
both interesting and moving.

There are many good things  
in this book. It is a story  
of a man who is being released.





