

## Cinquo Chain

### Life Lessons

We  
are here  
to learn life  
lessons to teach  
us.  
if  
we learn—  
soul evolves;  
maybe not come  
back.  
Each  
challenge  
strengthens us  
if we rise to  
it.  
Earth  
life is  
often sad.  
My attitude  
sags.  
My  
children's  
families  
face difficult  
time.  
My  
love and  
caring are  
not enough it  
seems.  
We  
carry  
hurts, pains, fear,  
concerns for us  
all.  
I  
somehow  
must transcend  
to love, support,  
hope.

**Cinquo Chain:** A chain is a series of cinquos linked together. Cinquo count is 1-2-3-4-1. If the poem is linked flush left it is a Cinquo Chain. If it is centered it becomes Lanterne Links.

Also can separate the stanzas.

### Writing Practice

Now  
write a  
monologue.  
Bring one voice to  
life.

Now  
create  
persona  
that's really not  
you.

Speak  
for one  
unable  
to speak for one's  
self,

Take  
one voice.  
Express all  
you understand  
well.

Use  
one voice  
to question  
what living might  
mean.

## Masks

What  
is your  
mask today?  
Is it happy?  
Sad?

Why  
wear your  
mask today?  
Get under your  
skin.

What  
covers  
your feelings?  
Fear, doubt, anger,  
hope?

When  
will your  
mask come off?  
Let your soul fly  
free.

## Writing

Words  
play ,fling  
in air, lured  
to page, imprint  
line.

We  
write with  
light. Some write  
dark on page for  
light.

Are  
muses  
raindrops who  
moisten thoughts, flow,  
pool?

## Low Life

Slugs  
lasso  
silver loops  
on green targets,  
grass.

Worms  
puddled  
on sidewalk  
drowned in concrete  
pool.

Ants  
marching  
to work, the  
beat beneath my  
feet.

Web  
too low  
to slow bugs.  
Low, slow bugs are  
feast.

Dew's  
rainbow  
freckles shine  
to speckle our  
day.

Mud  
sucks rain,  
slurps sun, thirst  
parches, muddies  
face.

Seeds  
split, jut  
stalks, spread roots,  
tingling, tickling  
earth,

Road  
smothers  
earth. Black, flat  
murderer of  
seed

View  
life from  
above, miss  
below life's view  
point.

Orts

Orts  
are crumbs  
beneath the  
table. We have  
orts.

Ort  
tofu,  
ort crackers,  
scrambled eggs, cheese,  
chips.

Ort  
apple,  
yeast flakes, toast,  
yogurt dollops,  
snacks

Ort  
popcorn,  
blueberries'  
split skin oozing  
goo.

Orts  
return  
each meal. They're  
recyclable  
orts.

Ort  
bumps dash  
color on  
monotoned flat  
rugs.

Ort  
clutches,  
grovels floor.  
Wants to remain  
ort.

Ought  
orts stay  
for mice, bugs,  
spiders? Good-bye  
orts?

Soon  
sucked in  
bag, other  
creatures mourn lost  
orts.

I  
miss those  
whose drops made  
possible those  
orts.