

counter

WEIGHT

&

Here are some

words...

Cat, dog, and, if, hi, like, these are words

By

Jack Galmitz

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... In 'Counterweight' Jack Galmitz tenders one's heart, begging the question: Was your first crush requited? ...and quixotically insists it "will determined [your] future." It gives one pause to wonder, that sandbox romance, your first encounter, did that outcome lay down a pattern from the outset for what was to lie ahead? "A trickle of loosened / water carries off some / grains of sand..." 'Here Are Some Words' is a charming poem of to-be-placed puzzle pieces. Jack gives you the instructions, but you create the picture on the box. (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

Counterweight

Whether the cost
is greater
than the gain
is what's decisive.
A trickle of loosened
water carries off some
grains of sand,
which in the end
slows it down.

A boy in a classroom
puts his glasses down
and summons the courage
to speak to the girl
he's been watching
for a year.
Whether she accepts
him will determine
his future.

Here Are Some Words

Here are some words.
Put them in the order
you choose. Feel free
to change the tenses
if you wish. Make a poem
from them, or something else.
Add words you want
and remove those you don't
want. You can rearrange
them over and again.
Share the results
with friends. Read
their texts. Invite strangers
to this event, even if
they use different sounds
and signs to express themselves.
Include theirs in. Widen
the source of sound
and sense for this.
Go on. Widen yourself.

THE POET SPEAKS:

I write poetry with nothing in mind but the poem in front of me.

I discover what I am saying in the writing and what has been written in the process requires fulfillment of some kind. It's just like that.

I bring my entire being into that process. There are life and death struggles going on. There is personal history involved. There are attempts to overcome or challenge that history. There are always attempts to be free of that history. It is so disruptive. It buries me.

There is no redemption in the process. There is certainly no catharsis. It is only what is left on the page.

AUTHOR BIO: Jack Galmitz was born in 1951 in NYC. He graduated from the University of Buffalo after completing his doctorate in American Literature. He is a contributor to the journal

Otoliths and his shorter poems appear in *Noon, A Journal of the Short Poem*. He lives with his wife in Queens, New York.