

The horse in the pasture

By Jack Galmitz

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: High-grade euphoria, another meridian response, I just might abandon all medications and embrace hope—ye who read here...Galmitz's 'The Horse in the Pasture' is both majestic and mesmerizing "and me looking / puny and poorly made" "Those eyes have a way / of looking sideways / and straight away" But don't avert yours... (Spacing and font size are poet's own) HS*

The horse in the pasture

is muscled that way

its distinction

from the yellowing hay

and the flies

it swishes away

and me looking

puny and poorly made

up at its godly face.

Those eyes have a way
of looking sideways
and straight away
sad as I've been in my worst days.

Seductive into the deep
Of ways and the holes of shapes.
In the embers
of the day settling its score
it is cast iron
that defies the indefinite
mountains their lack of audition and
denouement.

When the furnace cools
and it's darker than ash
you will see the appalling
currents as it gallops past

and be struck by movement

without motion

the movement of the

drifting sky mackerels

a million times

THE POET SPEAKS...*Generally, poems come to me in one form or another. At least an image that starts the process rolling. My poems are always unforced because I find that poems that begin and are worked as ideas usually feel inauthentic, too contrived. I was not thinking of an ideal of beauty when I wrote *The Horse in the Pasture*, but I might just as well have been. The horse and pasture are different things, of course, but importantly all knowledge is based on difference, so this difference in the poem is essential.*

Like those Greek statues of idealized forms of the male and female that remain to us, for me the figure of a horse in the wide open space attracts and requires words because horses, their musculature, their form, is to me perfect. As I write I usually let associations come into play and drive the poem forward. It is not hard to see a resemblance between the form of a horse and a mould of sculpted bronze cast in a foundry. It is not hard to see the horse as a god of a kind-after all Swift used the Houyhnhnms as the elect of a superior society.

Even in stillness there is such muscularity in the figure that there is a type of movement not so different from the stillness and movement of the lines of the poem.

Poetry is a way of expressing a deep love for all that exists. That is why I write.

AUTHOR'S BIO: Jack Galmitz was born in NYC in 1951. He attended the public schools from which he graduated. He went on to receive a Ph.D from the University of Buffalo.

He is the author of *yards & lots* (published by Middle Island Press) and *Coordinates* (published by Impress), among other books.

His work has appeared in such journals as *And/Or*, *otata*, *Otoliths*, *is/let* and many others.

He lives with his wife in Queens County, New York.