

# It Is . . . it . . . is . . . et al

By Jack Galmitz

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Jack Galmitz is lit, safe-cracked dynamite, an acrobat-parallel-universe-pyromaniac—on fire—with a wick not long enough to run from: “Here Are Some Word / You can cross out / or underline” If I should live forever, it is unlikely I could ever, be understood, for what I think is what’s good. I’ll bet Jack’s not an Alpha (most poets aren’t), as he sifts, shifts and surfs through his freeing-associated-wheeling indexed-alphabet. I’m inclined to confess it is the best piece of verse I have read in my unsteady-staid tenure here—there is something for everyone. Except, I would have inserted ‘Oden,’ ‘Odious’ even gnashed in ‘Ogden’ before “Olden”—add your own words—it will be a bored-game in no time. ‘It Is’ is similarly as engaging and evocative. And, ‘Sitting, Standing, Lying Down’ is all about “running”...When gerunds collide with nouns and verbs...these are the times I wish I knew what ‘parts of speech’ were—(Spacing is poet’s own. Our style is HOTS –hands off the submissions. Published as received.)*

Submission to FOTD

Attention: Tom Ball

Poems by Jack Galmitz

Here Are Some Word

You can cross out  
or underline

Abacus

Alexandrian Line

Border Collie

Border Wall

Borderline Personality

Chronic Cough

Chronicity

Dielectric Water

Dietician

Diuretic  
Family  
Family Friends  
Helios  
Jacksonville Florida  
Juke Joint  
Jacks Set  
Lambchops  
Lamb Scallopini  
Lounge Chair  
Menstruate  
Men  
Nunc  
Olden  
Pauper  
Penis  
Queer  
Rust  
Salvador  
Salvation  
Tomato  
Venice  
Venice De Milo  
Venice on a Half Shell  
Wasted  
Zero

It Is

It's a heatwave  
It's marvelous  
It's wonderful  
It's your birthday  
It's a holiday  
It's a game saver  
It's scary  
It's our anniversary  
It's sad  
It's a tie game  
It's a romp  
It's barbecued  
It's streaming live  
It's synonymous  
It's going to collapse

It's a surprise  
It's blemished  
It's a trap  
It's a trick  
It's robbery  
It's insulting  
It's not funny  
It's a riot  
It's sold out  
It's hysterical  
It's bad  
It's bad  
It's over

### Sitting, Standing, Lying Down

running to catch a bus  
running to get out of the rain  
running a light  
running to say goodbye  
running to the store  
running away from myself  
running away from a gang  
running for office  
running to keep in shape  
running the water  
running to catch the ball  
running to tackle a runner  
running to pass a runner  
running in a marathon  
running a temperature  
running from a mountain lion  
running from a charging elephant  
running up a debt  
running for the sake of it  
running across the bridge  
running from the police  
running from the law  
running up a bill  
running off at the mouth  
running an errand  
running amok  
running short  
running on empty  
running around  
running out of money

running out of steam  
running out of ideas  
running out of space  
running out of time  
running an ad  
running the air conditioner  
running the motor  
running to catch a train  
running for cover  
running the country  
running out of excuses  
running for it

Okay, Tom. Please give my regard to the team.  
Be well,  
Jack

**THE POET SPEAKS...** *As the reader can see, my poems are not self-referential. They are not, in other words, expressions of a self and emotions recollected in tranquility. These poems are generated by being lists, the words included sharing some of the characteristics of being members of a list. This idea is behind the making of the poems and is more essential than the outcomes themselves. I was influenced here by poets and critics Bernadette Mayer and Charles Bernstein, writers who have been associated with the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E School of poetry. Mayer in her Writing Experiments recommends the writer write a poem as a list and so I have done in each of these poems.*

*Of course, there are differences in the three poems. Sitting, Stand, Lying Down refers to the basic physical postures human beings take. In each line, the reader is placed in a different position in the nexus of language and in the nexus of physical experiences in the world. The reader might just add their own memories and reflections to this list. Or subtract from it. In the poem It Is, the lines of the poem are all predicate adjectives, meaning the subject's description and defining quality is altered line by line. What compounds the difficulty is the subject remains throughout an ambiguous pronoun, "it," which has no noun to which it refers. This poem examines briefly the relationship of language to world and just how unsubstantiated and subject to flux it is. Again, the reader can have fun here by adding or subtracting or reflecting on how and what the experience of world is to them. In the poem Here Are Some Words, the subject of the poem is language itself, as poems are not just comprised of words but are words. In this poem are the associations of words in a list written alphabetically. They range in meaning and diversity and thereby range in experience in the reader's experience of them What is important and what is not is entirely within the scope of the reader. The poem is their experience of it.*

*So, I suppose for me writing is important because it grapples with our experience of structuring our world and our presentation of a self within that structure. It should always be new, inventive, and fun. If it isn't fun and instructive, what is the purpose of it?*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Jack Galmitz was born in New York City in 1951. He attended the public schools and later received a Ph.D from the University of Buffalo.

His poems and stories have appeared in such journals as And/Or, Otoliths, Otata, is/let, Heliosparrow Journal, and many more. He authored a book of criticism on the subject of minimalist poetry, Views, which was widely read in the gendai (experimental) haiku community. He is married and lives with his wife in New York.