

# yards & lots

jack galmitz

middle island press  
2012



memorial stones

two light beams shining  
where there were once twin towers-  
my son, my daughter

in a field somewhere  
a plane went down  
remember us

in Bryant Park  
2,753 empty chairs  
  
not a breathe of air

the end of summer-  
the names of the dead  
read at ground zero

mother finished her  
climb: pulled up her ladder  
at the evening star



father's form

remains

in the armchair

the Day of the Dead  
is celebrated everyday-  
Ciudad Juarez

my inner world-  
a relief sculpture  
of a civil war

twisted steel  
smoldering in the sand  
where we've been

a dog  
digging for a bone  
unearths my skull

a mass grave covered my torso

marginalia

fireflies caught between worlds



opposite leaves sing on to me

a thought forgotten the woods remembered

freed from words for-  
rest is what

can you place  
the sky in a box  
and nail it shut

alone

floating bones

yards

the yard: an easel, a dog

the yard: a birdbath, a chainsaw



the yard: a rabbit hutch, a few girls

the yard: a stray cat, a car grille

the yard: a pile of tires, a baseball

The yard: a coiled hose, a winter rose

lots

an abandoned lot: weeds tall as men, a shopping cart

An abandoned lot: a water-stained mattress, goldenrod

an abandoned lot: Trees of Heaven, auto parts



an abandoned lot: a large cardboard carton, a cooking pot

the moon knows not what it is I'm looking at

outside the lines

in tenement rooms  
the saxophone you hear  
when the moon is full

I sing where mind and body meet a precipice

as I walk these streets

I pass through angels

a bird with broken wings

Christmas:  
earth without  
countries, borders

a mural  
of workers marching  
growing fissures



dawn detonates my small room

arose in the aura of a rose

a gravel chute night snagged on barbed wire

industrial streets  
with each step I return  
to where I was built

sun bursts traveling  
five million miles an hour  
I take a short walk

she

in his eyes

her nakedness

bow string & cello

let's find a shell

strip it

& make a bed



she remains  
a few steps ahead  
the marshlands of myself

she looks young

she looks old

she cries for dead birds

millions adore her  
lay flowers at her feet  
the womb of the word

when she writes  
the sea separates from land  
the sun stops

her face  
was my face  
in the beginning

our sullenness in the fountain coins scattered

our tongues meet the spring again

**minimus**



we live in the dark  
the black holes of stars

in mind  
toadstools  
pass the night

in mind  
toadstools  
beacons  
of  
light

can't

be

out

of

yr

mind

woods

near

by

you

*are*

here

here

you

*are*

alone floating bones

a tanker on the horizon

crowds on the shore



## **Jack Galmitz**

**Born:** March 28 1951 in Bronx New York, USA

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I began writing haiku in 1999. I can't say what prompted me at that time to begin a long commitment to a particular poetic genre, but my interest in the form and its possibilities has remained steadfast, nonetheless. Perhaps, it was the offshoot of my practice of Ch'an Buddhism and my early association of this religion with the works of R.H. Blyth.

**Awards and Other Honors:** Intermittently, some of my poems have been chosen to appear in the annual anthologies published by Red Moon Press, and I was selected as one of the featured poets for *A New Resonance 4: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku* (Red Moon Press, 2005). In 2006, I was awarded the Ginyu Prize (chosen as the most accomplished books of haiku by the World Haiku Association) for my first two collections, *A New Hand* and *Driftwood*. I have sparsely written critiques of some haiku collections - the works of Tateo Fukutomi and the collection of Ban'ya Natsuishi's poems in *A Future Waterfall*. In 2010, I was awarded the Kusamakura Grand Prize in the foreign language category. I received a Runner-up award in the newly-inaugurated Vladimir Devidé Haiku Awards (2011). Two of my haiku received a Zatsuei (Haiku of Merit) Award in the Vanguard category (*World Haiku Review*, December 2011). I have recently been named "contributing editor" at *Roadrunner Haiku Journal*. I have been honored



to have been chosen to be an Associate of The Haiku Foundation,  
created by Jim Kacian.

**Books Published:** *A New Hand* (Wasteland Press, 2006); *Driftwood* (Wasteland Press, 2007); *Za vrabec / For a Sparrow: Haiku* [Translations into Macedonian by Igor Isakovski] (Skopje, Macedonia: Blesok, 2007, in Macedonian and English); *Balanced is the Rose* (Wasteland Press, 2008); *The Effects of Light* (AHA Online Books, 2002); *Of All the Things* (Ascent Aspirations Publishing); *Sky Theatre* (Ink: Literary E-Zine); *A Simple Circle & Rockdove* (Traveling Forms: Japanese/English Haiku); and *The Coincidence of Stars* [ed., Chris Gordon] (*ant ant ant ant ant*, 2011).