

THE COINCIDENCE OF STARS

by Jack Galmitz

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Home an acorn on the floor

Between the dust and the books a few deaths

Amateur night
I sit on the stage
and imitate a stone

In the crowd
I multiply
and divide

Snowdrifts
the morning moon
is a fist

Morning boiling milk overflowed

A field of new grass so soft I hold my wake here

Coins in my pocket
watching seals
swim in circles

The sky has cleared-
daily a darkness
spreads within me

At the zoo
I describe to the monkeys
the sky's many blues

Male parts and female parts am I a flower

Where I've been I cannot say I'm him

A chick
cracks open its shell-
the world rushes in

Those clouds
war horses
at their hour

Winter night
two men pass
without a sound

The son of man returns fruit carts stacked

Space junk who's going to clean it up

cars pass melting
in an empty wine bottle
a man's reflections

along the shore
a row of girls
all in white clothes

Let's find a shell
strip it
and make a bed

We live in the dark the coincidence of stars

traces of snow facing the morning moon

She always remains
a step ahead
the marshlands of myself

My face
was her face
in the beginning...

Quattro cento face
the body a serpent
laying eggs

oak leaves in the wind talking again

gray matter, leaves, swept in a corner

I cannot decide
which one I'd choose-
Caryatides

Walking down the stairs
her bodies stir the sun
to be aware

A prostitute
serves an acquaintance tea-
Sunday