

Short Poems by Jack Galmitz

drowning in
my own fluids
I cough on purpose

river in
two parts
back and forth

invocation
to winter
a birdfeeder

grow melons
and melon bugs
will come
and so on

You eat

rice I eat

rice you eat
pork I eat
pork you sleep
I sleep you
have dreams
I have dreams
you touch I
touch you kiss
I kiss you
read I read

The Door

You never know
what's in there
or out there
depending on
where you're situated.

If you shift
your weight or
move a bit
it's altered.
That quickly.

Which makes you
wonder just how
stable is it
and should you
seek help

from an outside
authority, or is it
an inside one and might it
be unnecessary.

someone
found another
and that was the end
of her