



The Magic Writing Pad

Jack Galmitz

for those with eyes to see

Throw yourself  
to the sky  
like a piece of paper

Everyone is here  
can we begin  
shooting

Vinyl piano sounds flat

Shooting stars on the walk of fame

Drones never get laid

I was  
before I was  
aerial



Open a door  
surprise- empty space  
I should have known

At the temple  
of God  
men in black

blowing leaves settled here

scattered homes a settlement reached

The blue numbers  
on his pale arm  
still with us

Unfurling the flag a flower

On the subway  
propped up by people  
the smell of sardines

Attached to my body  
how will I let it go  
and step from my soles



After your first  
baseball glove is lost  
loss has taken shape

Every night he wakes  
in sweat  
yellow star

He hasnt left home  
Since 1945  
German Shepherds everywhere

The Chinese woman  
who never married  
a comfort woman

The freight cars  
packed with people  
he still smells urine

Subway rush  
stampeding  
wildebeest

**The line of least resistance here**

So, there was much  
to be said and it was said  
basso



