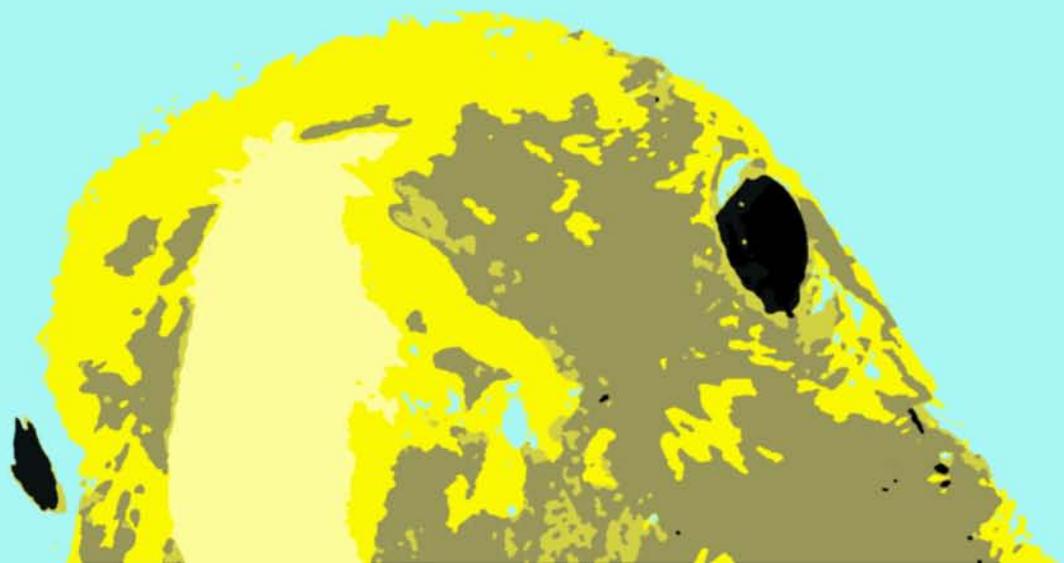
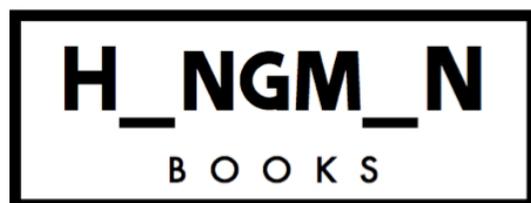


**GEIRFUG  
LASKER  
PJ GALLO**



**GEIRFUG  
LASKER  
PJ GALLO**



[www.h-ngm-nbks.com](http://www.h-ngm-nbks.com)

Geirfuglasker, by P.J. Gallo  
a H\_NGM\_N portable document format chapbook, 2013  
h\_ngm\_n bks | [www.h-ngm-nbks.com](http://www.h-ngm-nbks.com)  
Copyright © 2013 | P.J. Gallo | All rights reserved.  
Interior/Cover Design: P.J. Gallo

Acknowledgements:

Thanks to Nate Pritts and others at H\_NGM\_N.

Thanks to friends and family.

Thanks to Sarah Olsen Gallo, my 1st and final editor.

I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I  
wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what  
was to be done?

- John James Audubon



**ON ILLUSTRATED  
SPECIMENS  
OF NOW EXTINCT  
BIRD SPECIES**

I picked a good day  
to think about the weather

between myself and a friend.  
Good for 1 reason though

human accomplishment blows  
in at least 2 directions.

I would welcome you  
to my tropical city

(where we're shirtless when  
the weather asks,

where saw palms hover above  
the possibility of light at our knees)

-

but you told me how lonely  
it was to ride the train

home in time for dinner.

You told me your only haunt

was of moving things and voices.  
You told me

the logistics are complex.

-

A landscape in the distance

takes on 2 dimensions, but  
on nearing, grows

full of movement/cormorants.  
I'd like someone else to see

the cloud cover shift  
as time destroys everything

it ever did right.  
So, softly I hang

these pictures in my garage.  
No 1 will know it was me.

-

In 1 we see a company  
of parrots. An eye points out

from every angle,  
an explosion of flight.

In another, a parrot  
turns to 1 side, looking backward

away from us, away from  
her company

toward the peace a parrot lends  
a lonely picture. She is

overtaken by an urge  
to wave, so lifts her

delicately scaled leg  
in a gnarled 1-foot salute.

-

If you ever see this,  
I hope you sit on something soft.

When you remember seeing this,  
I hope you stand by a fence

in a yard with midnight  
and alone and

dry spiders the size of trees.  
I hope the skies seem stormy

as if kept on videocassette  
and played back.

And you notice a crescent of light  
falling from an airplane

miles away.

-

You'll say you cannot help me

beyond your city.  
It'll seem like Sunday,

like footnotes to so many lap dances,  
like a neon welcome to a hanging garden.

You'll recall those images:

-

At the center of 1 page,

a lone fleck of red says  
an eagle flies overhead

letting a hare's freshly spilt blood  
drip so we can see.

Along the edge of the page,  
brown represents dust

kicked up by the 1st wildebeest  
before a stampede.

-

Or a seabird's coughed mid-panic  
into a red sea, flapping

her wings uselessly against  
whitewater, sucked

between garroting kelp stands  
so long entire oceans

rely on nitrogen  
they pull up from the seafloor.

-

I will not say it was me.  
I take issue with perspective here:

I say I  
do not regret it, then do

not regret it because I  
said it.

In the future I imagine for you,  
I have made breakfast.

You touch my shoulder after  
a fight over something said

about a friend's dog, already dead.  
Later on the same day,

I find a little sparrow  
you drew in my journal, and

I say the pinewoods I mention are real  
and we really did those things.

You say you're dazzled by children  
but did not realize

they grew up to be those things.

-

It's trying

this understanding thing.

And these small drawings wherein

fright takes indirect angles  
for a parrot, who sees only 1

side of herself with each eye.  
A sentence for every parrot

makes only so many sentences.  
I would invite you

but not in this economy.  
I would send you a detailed map

with long dead monsters  
written in pastel at its edge.

I picked a good day  
with enough human feeling

to stay quiet and notice  
a false lake here is the envy of the coast.

It sloshes against the tidal price of fuel.  
It would be good right now to

see you though  
opening lawn chairs on my lawn.

There is no downbeat  
like the weight of all my friends,

no downbeat like that  
of rain on an aluminum sill

(though I'm perfectly happy  
to ruin my day with your rain).

**ÉTUDE  
GEIRFUGLASKER**

We can agree. I does not  
forget the 1st foggy heat  
from the mouth of a newborn

penguin. The ocean narrows  
into 1 of 1,000,000  
fingers | A picture's square cut

impels our hands overboard  
where hands float to illustrate  
a wreck or spread to attest

the size of a fish. Again  
so many reefs have shifted  
below the buoys | I know

how an emotion can seem  
supplemental to yellow  
angles of soft light as they

enter a room through a soiled  
window. But know this: each day  
is a new waltz | Answers come.

The lost at sea know and flip  
responsibly through fuzz to  
select a file. The lost

at sea are exhausted by  
ropes and sails | Cars on the street  
pass, loud and continual,

giving us the impression  
we are alone, shrouded in  
static outdoors.     Inside is

quiet, frozen still | The lost  
at sea were not to hear us  
through an open window.     All

hands widen, describing a  
cobalt sailfish | In a bright  
valley, we are lost at sea,

lost in a simple blue fog |  
What an enemy we have  
in an interstate, the lost

at sea curse.     Since not many  
accommodations can be  
made for a klutz | Sailfish know

a dark speck for a boat.     Though  
a simple blue fog settles  
down into the sea's many

valleys.     The lost at sea find  
land by sailing until they  
find land.     The lost at sea's

bluish hull, nucleus of  
a watery wreath | Mishaps  
happen, changing the station

to jazz, minding a cellphone's  
insistent buzz, aiming test-  
osterone at a stranger

with pizzazz. Or the stolid  
wave of aquatic grasses  
in the wavering of night's

dark | Avoiding an electric  
shore with a polarized boat,  
we sail with conditional

precision. We take it slow  
and go for the glory. But  
only the largest sharks will

give us a try. A lawyer-  
ly methodology would  
be to disagree | The lost

at sea free themselves from con-  
stant attention to many  
minor muscles | I am 1

to whom the music from land  
is foreign. The ocean is  
sagging, a blue dog's belly

before a 50%  
sun. | Ashore, an ocelot  
with perfect lines, embodied

octopus eyes, perfectly  
amoeboid spots, rippling  
shoulders, remembers my palm-

shaded face through the jungle |  
Much wonder we feel talking  
about things we are doing,

then things we have done before.  
We are alike in trying  
on 2 or 3 shirts before

coming.     Though, if you are not  
preoccupied by manners  
of death you know nothing of

what it is like to be me |  
Music means land east and west,  
as we move north and south.     By

those of us who still enjoy  
the fact that airbags deploy  
no matter glamour or glitz |

Our private moment became  
an announcement.     That moment  
ends, and a cheer goes up from

a small crowd at the ocean's  
edge |     Our friends are in town from  
summer.     This is how the lost

at sea came to be lost at  
sea: my machine could only  
predict what the lost at sea

would say moments before they  
spoke. A natural start would be  
an apology since all

letters ask for a subject  
1st | Music from land is not  
a music they remember |

A flat stone skips entering  
water as long as its throw  
is hard. My place on deck is

problematic for all its  
angle into the sun | We  
float together. Our shadows

shield below from light above.  
The lost at sea see the forth-  
coming onslaught | We still wish

we were home, tethered to a  
saltworn dock in a saltcalm  
cove. Though it should threaten us

nonetheless for its being  
a rarer manner of death |  
Even my unfortunate

speed cannot move this finger  
of water too quickly off.  
So we scream for no 1, we

enlarge ourselves.     Though when they  
do, if they take 1 of you,  
all my energy will turn to me.

**MONK PARAKEETS  
IN SEVERAL TREES  
OUTSIDE A CITY  
OF MILLIONS**





something slender. The night is  
less foreign from within this  
                    bag of popcorn.  
Someone fingered someone, and  
over there is Maryland |  
By design, I saw through to  
                    the end of the present

                    moment, wherein  
the iridescence around  
                    her neck would beat itself  
broken against the drywall  
while I rushed around the room  
with cheesecloth | Behind you run  
needle-type trees and birds' wings

                    flap between vortices.  
Droplets hold for a moment,  
then wind. After evening things  
                    begin:  
a stereo and dying  
engine, a touch of public  
destruction | A plate of cold

                    herring served for breakfast  
                    and 3 flapjack, flapjack,  
flapjacks we talked about for  
years. Everyone has family  
in New Jersey | Dark bluets  
against the lupine vines. These  
trails made thin by 1 foot placed

carefully in front of another.  
Your source of happiness is  
an open bag of potato  
chips. It feels right the air has  
sway over our trees | This will  
be my final fall. From the  
tops of green hills green birds fly.

Below the green line  
of the yard's miniature  
horizon, cartilaginous  
cloves of garlic become  
themselves in an agricultural  
way | There is a bunching of  
trees I call a fuzz. Pine and

pine trees and vines | Depressed as  
wedding season's passed. Here's a  
finger of pond too foul for  
the cat's bowl. It's good fishing,  
bad fish. This meandering  
through moods, a poison that seeps  
into a water supply

and activates as gradually.  
Through checks in a row of trees  
only the rotation of  
galaxies. From birth the Sun  
King's ruled the earth | I've met no  
geniuses just yet. Summer  
days pass in a landscape way,



a cloud amid screams and calls.  
A rose arch over the hill,  
the arc of a turkey's tail  
    fading under a slow  
pumping heart | Red, yellow, brown,  
sharp. Morning overtakes night  
    again in the land of

    Golden Light |  
    This is the davenport  
upon which I ruin full  
    days of worthy work.