

# Martin Balgach

## *A Happy Human Disaster*

What a happy human disaster I was,  
I was excited as a nail getting pushed  
through a cloud. My thoughts  
were as light as smoke. My brain  
was a dipstick of blood.  
Emotions ran through me  
like sled dogs. Everything made me  
me. I came from nothing  
and I was going towards everything.  
I was real as frosted breath  
on a window in winter. I was  
a furnace of feeling burning memories  
like they were hunks of coal.  
I approached the sky  
like a bottle rocket  
about to explode.  
Nobody could catch me.  
I ran faster than laughter.  
I wasn't as quiet  
as a cloud, I was  
loud as a jetliner. I was not  
imagined—I taught myself  
how to see me. But even in the nicest light  
I knew I was going to expire. So I held myself  
like how one warm hand holds one cold hand  
because my life made me as angry  
as a child. No matter how hard I cried,  
I was impermanent. So I danced through time  
like a sloppy ballerina. I let love pretend  
to matter. I painted pictures  
on these sandy shores  
until the water was delicious  
and every last breeze had blown me  
out to sea.

***The Solar System of a Stranger***

There she was in a dive bar  
riding a fossilized merry-go-round  
cussing lost love and beer guts.

She was cold-blooded and street smart,  
whiskey tuned-in. Her breath was hard knocks  
with an accent. It was nicotine and gravel-ness,  
guttural smoke light, like a pig roast  
flopping hot meat and gravy laughs  
in a thunder crash. She talked  
classic rock and dead good friends.

She wasn't hot stuff, she was  
a sometimes sight, an air-conditioned  
mindset, a beef-blooded cowgirl  
on a ranch of dead grass avoiding critter holes  
by the dozen cuz. She was the circumference of lightness  
to helium-ness. She was inoculated  
with tattoo spit. She had moth eyes  
and a crooked tongue.

She was her own monkey  
on her own denim back. She was  
the distance, her own solar star rise,  
her own glowing north light  
pressing heartbeats against new skin. She was  
a child brain wandering the nighttime  
with no flashlight. She was a handshake, a tattered body part.  
She was Kiki from Carolina.