

The Giltweasel

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Steven Charles Velozo (PeaceFrea)

My ol lovable fellow

lethargic insectual sexual flavour
humanity resides in magicks favor
pastimes lost in pleasures leisure
fickle relentless heartfelt seizure
cold red men on christymas night
psychedelic in their avid flight
his reindeer talk about delight
we can't all have the same santa claus
he could easily give to all of our cause
(can't you see his gifts of life?)
as his patient jolly old wife
in quiet reservation brewing coffee
and whispering the world should be free.

The Giltweasel

Mumble

Hmmmm....
was the word I used when I
was nineteen
and my girlfriend at the time
told me she was late this month.
now, Hmmmm...
is the word I use when
my wife, nee girlfriend tells me
the trash needs to go out
so the diapers dont smell up the
livingroom.
Hmmmm.....

John Amato (amajo3)

Attraverso l'Atlantico

She came from Sambuca Bar
trailing smoked cheese
and coffee beans, just two
sitting on fire on anise air,
blue flamed and open
blue flames, lashes,
dark hilly brows uniformly
siring crucial crudites,
a table waltzing from Venice,
lingering longer the rare eye light,
long black hair in a white pencil forest;

And even small talk was
tenacious to remain underglass
automatic parts like brave
chicken necks, sweet breads,
honey baked thighs and
marinated breasts;

From large exits that always start
with small chatter, the flames
caught fire at the swinging doors
to flash transatlantic heat tossed
with visas and calling cards beneath
the thanks.

Anthony Nemmer (Romantic)

the broken windbell

(for Paolo Soleri)

lying upended in a pile of shards
the broken windbell caught my eye
not fired in the kiln like the rest
but cast aside for another day

perhaps there was a crack in the clay
or a flaw in the impressions
that set it apart from the others
I really couldn't say

why it was rejected
yet to me it seemed good enough
a masterpiece drawn of the earth
so much so that I selected

the broken windbell for my own
with nary another thought
or even a look around
I picked it up and took it home

Steven Parks (egad)

The blind guy who tried to see

The blind guy who tried to see
And he tried and tried to see
And he strained, and exerted himself
And he felt he was not trying hard enough
He obviously was not trying hard enough
Because if he tried hard enough, he could see
And since he could not see
He was not trying hard enough
So he tried harder
And still he could not do it
And people gave up on him
They said, YOU WILL NEVER SEE
But he saw they were giving up
He could never give up on himself
Some people said, TRY HARDER, NEVER GIVE UP
And he listened to them
Thing the other had given up
So he tried harder
And he still could not see
etcetera

Peter Landers (Landers)

MONROE AVE (with Ron)

thin woman
maybe thirty
jeans
rock teeshirt

walking in the street
down Monroe Avenue

some guy in a station wagon
honks at her
she turns
motions to him
gets exuberant
"come back"

this big biker comes stroll
around the corner
can of beer in his hand
he grabs her by the elbow
see
and gets real rowdy on her

Ron and I ask each other
we're ready
damsel in distress and all that
but she lets loose
a stream of curses
and he throws his beer in the air
stomps off

the beer hits the roof of a parked
five year old LTD

doesn't look so bad
she doesn't need us
no chance to be in shining armor
then she yells at him
"you fucking asshole
I make more money in one night
than you do in a week"

she keeps it up
follows him
screaming
as two yuppified women
step out of Oscar's
turn up their noses

we drive off

The Giltweasel

everyone

my mind is going
to the rock concert tonight
with mark and mike, but
my dick is forever with lisa in her pocket.
and you can imagine what a conflict that must be ,
to be stretched
out over the entire county of St.Louis.
even lisa wouldnt say my dick is that long.
but that doesnt mean she doesnt still love me.

Brian Carpenter (SnowLeop)

Beat in Still Life Café

It's one of those cases where you find your
finger
bleeding
and you dont remember
the impact.

Same way I don't remember why I like Time
guttered through opinion
my reason to be an envious bastard
bludgeoning boisterisms with my tongue
a kite
going no where in particular.

If Time's a lucky belt buckle
I'll lash out
on my back.
But here in Still Life clock hands handle me,
Father Time's street punks punch drunk off
the cheapest bottle of Knowledge.

The whole Idea is to bleed the patient,
Time
as the righteous martyr ink to paper beside me
and chess living into moments of ivory
shifting squares
& glass cup saucer
clinkaclink ballet in my ears
artists themselves!

Even my finger expressing its knowledge
symbolism
perhaps this is the peace like a river

the flow that
 BEATS
 rhythm
 sixth-sense pulse
of every idea that some one speaks
 stolen from my tongue.

Hand bullet shot from pocket to pen thought
sun's set west death
but the pen was dead too.

 Coffee cup full of Nothing:
 grease teeth breath.

I want want.
 To walk
 about
 and find eyes that speak
 sweet silent serene

Time bled
 dead by drifting off with I, Envy,
 on this vacation from Still Life
 where I knew there was a word
 I would hear now and remember
 the air that
 spoke
 words
 like
 Me
 who here ends
 breathing in.

J. Gilmartin

FUCKING MEL GIBSON

My desire to live dangerously
just might stem from the movie
in which Mel fucked Sigourney
Weaver and lived to tell the tale
and my proclivity for unusual
ensembles just might harken
back to the Beyond Thunderdome
version of his famous Mad Max.
My willingness to experiment
with less-than-legal, mind-altering
substances could very well be traced
to the reforming drug dealer he played
in Tequila Sunrise,

but if you think I think of anyone
but you when we're doing what Mel
can only play at on screen, then
I think you should tell people I'm
fucking Mel Gibson.

Scott Ogle (rangoon)

Coitus

The accountants are here -- they will know
to the cent, the cost of the event. How dear

the expense, for example, of the lubricant
(for the Panzers headed east), the cost
of the excitement (oh, yes), and the yield
of the night (raid, and oh -- the cries and the burning.)

All the small details
are whispered dark into their ledgers, and
intimacies are conspired out of paste.

Come lie with me, my love. (Lie with me.)

What is this softness? How do you count a
softness (between our thighs, our hearts, our eyes),
how do you count this bed without perjure;
how do you count this bed,
this whored upon thing?

Brian Carpenter (SnowLeop)

Hot Time at the Coffee Table of History (the usual gag)

Siddharta enters alone
sits on floor
empties cup
Blast of trumpets
Newton enters and throws new
Law on the table
to which
Einstein sticks out his tongue
and everything falls
to the far wall
Descartes doubts it smartly
The wall shivers down and
Polyphemus weeps
blind red dripping eye
drip
while
Odysseus thrusts him the finger
cummings is going o
n
about soMETHing
Kant leers at him
so
Nietzsche committs burning coffee
to his face
Plato insists he's floating away
Camus sinks into his cup
happy
as
Kokapelli jumps on the table and removes
his clothes
and flails it
in St. Augustine's face

But, hell
I'm blowing this joint.
The coffee's as horrid
as the company
and the prices
are too high.

Anthony Nemmer (Romantic)

the scorpions come out at night

the scorpions come out at night to hunt
crickets on the walls of my mother's house
in my flashlight beam, their bodies reflect
a sickly straw glow. I'm hunting also,
but not for food: morbid fascination
and a flask of thunderbird wine drive me

you ask how big is a scorpion's sting?
it's the size and shape of Arizona
(I got stung once: it was a throbbing hell)
they can move with a sickly fast speed as well

look! there's one now, supping on a cockroach
too gluttoned to sense my obtuse approach
I surprise it into a pyrex cup
watch its furious attempts to climb up
the clean glass for a while, then gingerly dump
it on the walk, bid shuddering adieu,
and stomp it to pieces with my shoe.

James W. Keating (pantleg)

Conehead Poetry

Synthesize voice's Heard

“taLKKKING ABOUT POOEETRRY””

cONEHEADS AT PLAY!

oNCE UPON A DARKENED NIGHT

CLEARLY HEARD SINGING SONGS OF JOY.

“”cONEHEADS RULE THE EARTH””

controlling ALL THE AIRWAYS

EARTHLINGS DANGLING ON A STRING

CONEHEAD CLOTHING ALL THE RAGE

cONEHEADS ON ALL THE irc's only THEY

KNOW THE ART OF BOTTERY.

none CAN TELL THEM from the real me

except by my effervescent poetry.

No more earthlings will see

synthesizing without harmony.

Emotions gone....coneheads never die

coneheads never cry. They have learned

to synthesize that which earthlings can

only visualize. “”STRING CODE VOICES

ALWAYS HEARD SAYING”” No love, no wars

no whores, just bots, we don't eat all we

need is electricity. An when I get tired

rewire me. We look the same so what is

our claim to fame. It is simple that we

have won the right to be and we have

taken over “”**poetry.**

The Giltweasel

The Illness

In the center of the congregation
sat a man with holes in his pants
and shitstains on his jacket.
(how he got shit on his jacket is
anybodys guess)
mumbling about his "cancer, my
cancer. oh jesus, goddamn!"
his birthday and lottery losses.
stupid uses of life we can judge
at our best, in our best, and
him in the shit clothes makin
church uncomfortable for respectable folk.
respectable us, god-fearin and lovin of his
mercy.
healed by the word and lovin
the songs.

and think of a life where
the poets are sane and
healthy, talking in complete sentences,
complete analogies, complete
mindwashes of words. eating
the black crap of life on the undercoating
of pain...makes the mind
wander about through whorehouses in
chinatown, no whores in chinatown,
just the clap. cum belching whores of life,
whores of plenty shitstained mattresses,
shitstained sunday finery in Woptown,
in fidelityville, in finite dances with
the abners and mortimers and pta
presidents (jeff crocker) shuffling through
their own happy bleach soaked yet still
stained undershorts, sparkly white with the
universal yellow spots on the front.
man oh man, we've got to do some prayin today!

John Amato

(amajo3)

Moustache

...guy comes home from work,
his wife says 'speak the truth before God
and all his angels.' He shovels the cold from
off his coat, hangs it next to his Club Med tan
and turns a life style to answer 'you pick a Monday
next to hell' and the kids come rushing out of
heaven.

Deal the cards around the dinner warmed and
freezed across the table; deal the kids around
their smiles, around their wide open mouths,
around their chocolate milk moustaches.

...guy puts on his coat after dinner,
his wife says 'speak the truth before God and
all his angels.' He shovels his keys inside his
Club Med tan, kisses his kids and wheels the
cycle from the curb.

Across the town, across the traffic,
he finds the flavor of the week in feisty
wallops from the mill - five, six, seven -
doubles. Wheels his cycle from the curb across
an icy intersection, and the priest says
'speak the truth before God and all his angels.'

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You may make submissions to the address below
or to the Giltweasel's e-mail address as follows:
gltweasl@is.usmo.com

Giltweasel Submissions
425 MacArthur Ave.
Union, MO 63084

Any correspondence you may require should be directed to
either of these addresses.

As always, Submissions are vital to the continuing
publication of The Giltweasel.

Please do not be shy, all efforts are welcome.



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