

The Giltweasel

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THE GILTWEASEL

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Brian Carpenter (Snowleop)

Morning After the Concert

(Cleaning up Camp, July 5th)

The backpack was gone, along with my brother
but he was lost in the portable toilets while
rainbows of nitrous balloons lay in a pile
which a stoner had laid in exchange for the other:

a bottle of sea kelp pills, a book to smother
a dead face, and magic Mingus' bass. A smile,

slipping high tide, from his face. Bile
and blood sweating anger to fill another
hemisphere. Those that I imagined: eyes,

fire, cracking red. White and blew like glass.

A man walked by in tobacco cud
and American flag. Probably the guy.
He watched flowers mate, dozed off in the grass.

We drove off. The car left nothing in the mud.

Tami Regula (TRcake)

Untitled

Another walk in the park:
Glass drops shatter sharp trees.
Behind the prickled holly hedge
behind the thick slap of cement wall
and the heavy black scrawl
of blasted tag paint screams:

A replaced shadow of kidscream.
Empty city pool inside-out concrete hole
swallowed summer in one ugly gulp.
Rain smacks you in the face with
July bikes and sticky drips
brown on ice cream arms.

Squish squish season of wet foot slogs
away from Daddy's car full
of slurpee convertible rides,
away from preteen pay phone calls:
lifeguard crushes daughter at thirteen:
"Oh Mom, he's so fine! Can I please??"

But he's seventeen.

In the meadow behind your eyes
fire blazes green and blades wither
in the hot breath of I think I know
what this is.

Another night in the park.

Cars hiss by in search of dinner
and what happened today at 5:00.

Nobody's home.

Jim Bush

Abandoned

An old, bat-eared dog,
gray at the muzzle,
lays his chin upon his paws and waits.
Last, dry leaves fall
rattling in the chill.
The hard November sky is threatening.
The mailbox goes to rust
brown as the leaves;
The mailtruck doesn't even pause these days.
Blind windows stare
out of rooms long empty.
Forgotten curtains finger edges of cracked glass.
The old dog lifts his head
and watches the truck go, then
lays his chin upon his paws to wait.

Ripley, WV
Nov, 1995

Cris Ritter (Corduroy)

Nothing God On Television

i found -a little god-
o n the side
o f(f) the road,

..
d u s t e d I off &
s h u f f l e d T w e e n 2 books

..
[1.) dharma bums 2.) basketball diaries]

..
[burn?ing
bake?ing
i left it in the SUN
singEing
sear?ing]

..
all day
atop the tv with
gEraLdoscreaming
aboutanotherfoun
dabort -ion

for
time
until i decided it was time for raisinettes and tea.
for
time

..
it looked at me with (1..2..3..) weary eyes,
thanked me for the ignorance and disappeared
..
(leaving behind a \$2.00 voucher for Walmart)

Steve Parks (egad)

The Land of Broken Toys

Commiseration on personal discombobulation
snafu to you too
you met your kismet
on the internet
in text not corporeal
the platonic shadows
of the screen scrolled
and you enrolled
expunging the exacerbation
you redenormalized
on a fluke
your snake oil
when passed through
the water purifier
yielded ersatz insight
and you took flight
dodging customs
the IRS
and the personification
of you
ethereal netizen

Connection reset by peers.

Jim Keating (pantleg)

Surreal World of Darrein

The Intergalactic spiders weave their cloudy web
In the drunken shadows of the Merke dim,
images of wraiths and reveries

Archfiend goddesses of the disfigured beauties.
stuck in the Life's forces of the Ghouls of Darrein
Cosmic banshees left in the inert stillness
of the placid guts of the Cyclops

Ruled by the planets of idol heroin's
under the authority of the blessed bogie men
of the lactate goddess of Venus

Surrealing into aural existence of disfigured idols
Tarnished knaves of the dark life forces.
demon monsters of past orgies with the Iron Women
of the lost worlds.

Vicinities of past lives unite in the orgy worlds of the
ghouls of Darrein.

Steve Parks (egad)

I pissed my love off

never mind what I did.
But it's enough to get the
arctic shoulder
but not enough for the
immediate dump.
I apologize,
I wrote poems
I asked her out on exotic dates
I pleaded, I begged.
She gave me weak hugs
and little lip action
when I kissed her.
I felt like a dog
left out in the night.

By some queer carom
of the psychic billiard
my love had a dream
where my cats brought
a dead mouse
that they insisted
she pet
the dead mouse.

M P Chandler (j8a)

the war

l e t h a l i n j e c t i o n s b a t t l e a g a i n s t e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
i n j e c t i o n s b a t t l e a g a i n s t e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
i n j e c t i o n s b a t t l e e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
b a t t l e e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
a i r l e s s a n g e l s b a t t l e a g a i n s t e s t r a n g e d d r e a m s
l e t h a l i n j e c t i o n s b a t t l e a g a i n s t e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
s t e e l t e n e m e n t s l i k e l e m u r ' s e y e s
s t e e l t e n e m e n t s l i k e e y e s
s t e e l l i k e e y e s
a i r l e s s e y e s b a t t l e f r o m f r a g i l e m o m e n t s
l e t h a l i n j e c t i o n s b a t t l e a g a i n s t e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
t h e y a r e b a t t l i n g d e n u d e d i s l a n d s
b a t t l i n g p l a s t i c r o s e s
s t e r i l e b r e a d
a i r l e s s a n g e l s b a t t l e a g a i n s t s t e r i l e b l i s s
w h i t e s p i r a l s i n f i l t r a t e t h e a i r l e s s h e a v e n s
l e t h a l i n j e c t i o n s b a t t l e a g a i n s t e j a c u l a t e c i t i e s
n o p l a s t i c s n o w f r o m d e n u d e d i s l a n d s
n o t e a r l e s s w a r s f r o m f i c k l e g i a n t s
n o e y e b a l l a n g e l a i r l e s s w i n k
n o e y e b a l l a n g e l a i r l e s s w i n k
a i r l e s s - a - n - g - e - l s - b a t t l e a g a i n s t e y e b a l l s g l a z e d

Carl Boster (apex)

driving off

driving without destination
i have come upon a gas station

fill er up i say
and direct me to the temple

the temple he says
is just down the road here

i say ok
he says that'll be ten bucks

i say no way
and drive off

and down the road i go
and come upon the temple

i get out and go in
chanting incenses flowers

i die and am happy
while the gas man hotwires

my car
and drives off laughing
or coats. or train tracks.

Further Further down this statement

sidewalks talk and leave
partially hidden pyramids
or coats. or train tracks.

she steps inside
 the cool leather
of my arms remarking
how
chocolate all skin seems.
"Chocolate?" i say, passing across hard continents
 squinting
 toward the close of day.

December 5, 1995

The Giltweasel

magi are boring

I want some real men in neon spandex
and flowered bloomers
legwarmers galore
to dance in from the east
and whisk away the saviour
before the shepherds and
cabinet makers can turn him into a
Gyro or kebab,
before he can save the world
with his marvelous divinity and recyclable
canned-fish personality,
before I get too hungry from waiting
and decide I have to eat my own feet.

Jason M. Swarts (thumb)

CLOSED

Scissorbacked,
push the walls outward
frustrated
that my eyeballs
roll backwards down the hill
faster than the wind
can carry me westward
pushing
the snap-jaw shut; closed
closed.
Mad- because
the motherfuckers keep
breaking the shit
that I need most;
because I can only remember you
in circular patterns
making me
green-apple sick
(your hips like pulleys
lift and grind)
pressure on the snap-jaw shut:
closed--closed.

July 31, 1995

The Giltweasel

The list

(cool dudes one and all)

a vincent pours fire
and a sammy heals the dead.
a roberto covers his dinner
and a jurgen places napalm
 in the trees above the local
 elementary school.
a marcus joins two closed doors on a funeral
and a william is dead (being healed by sammy)
 in the funeral coffin.
a christopher wraps his buick around an old elm tree
 (sufferring from the dutch disease)
and a robert peels him off the steering wheel afterwards.
a stephen shaves in the morning and is nicked
 by a two-week old razor
and a kevin licks the blood from the blade
 (they are lovers S&M style, or something)
a david carries a cardboard box to the country
and a pete blasts the kitty cat inside with a shotgun for
 shits sake.
with a world full of fellows like this,
 who needs parsley for garnish?

Jason M. Swarts (thumb)

SOLID(ARITY)

Wide-open, mouth-spray
to twice-bent finger:
"come forth totalizing"
Link/link inc.
Dead fish to intake stuck
gold soundbite indicates
preference link/
link
disabled rhetoric -- contact-link
censored roadmaps centered
right-minded people adapted
to power-link/link...
level center bubble
produces/consumes.

October 15, 1995

M P Chandler (j8a)

untitled

She knew how to make it, her curving body moves to "shake it."
She creates a bright plume with her smoke and her laughing face;
And she's funnier, always smiling, or still, with her thoughts compiling,
Staring at the kitchen tiling, smiling into empty space.
And her wishes heard, she rested, dialing up helplines apace,
And blowing smoke like lace.

John Amato (amajo3)

Fall to Their Knees

My father would ask if I had enough to eat
and his voice would ring me full.

And we would ask if I had enough to drink,
his face would tell of the short rains that need
to fill the sheds, and how in the summer trees
would get mad with disease and fall to their knees,
and he could tell if I had enough to think about;

my thirst was so young then and still went down easy
with each foggy glass until I reached the trees and my
father when thirst became the unquenchable,
when the impossible lake was in my sight.

And my father could have asked if I had enough of time
and I would say how time is lust to the thirst of trees,
long as legends in their leaves, their veins of hunger
in history, and I would tell him that still I haven't yet
enough to eat.

The Giltweasel

untitled

i was hiding in the boat on the dock
for this game...
surely hide-n-seek or some other such.
laying flat, the seat slats against my back
low in the boat to win this set.
I looked out of the boat to see if
the kid who was "it" was around
and in the water saw
four or five striders suspended on the surface,
not walking,
not swimming,
just sitting there.
the day turned a whiter blue,
the wind more airy,
and the life more long,
less like the game I played.

water striders scooting under the boat
with little waves, tiding themselves into a splash on
my hidden face in the boat.
the game, by now abandoned and given up,
had refused to run or hide anywhere else..
this was my boat, I sail into the sea..
laying back on the seats cramping me, the clouds up,
and the water striders blurring like a shooting star
across
the water in the night.

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should be sent to the following addresses:

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You can view biographies of many of the
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<http://www.io.org/~flame/poetry.html>
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<http://www.speakeasy.org/~netropic/poundpoetry.html>



The
Buggin'
Uffly
Press