



# The Giltweasel



Fourteenth Issue  
April 1996

# *The Giltweasel*

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## **Greg Beaver** (CelloG)

### This Poem is Long

This poem is long  
it is very long  
so is life.  
life is very long  
it is very very long  
unless you die young  
and then it is short.  
poems are short sometimes  
that makes them like life  
but only if you die young  
and that's why it's short.  
I'm wearing shorts.  
they're like a poem  
except they're not long  
like this one  
otherwise they wouldn't be shorts  
I guess  
at least this poem is long  
it doesn't have to be but  
if it weren't then I would have  
lied  
when I said that  
This poem is long  
it is very very long  
way back there  
I reminded you in case

you forgot  
because this poem is long,  
and the beginning was a while ago.  
my shorts are like a poem because they  
have stripes  
that are very long  
just like this poem  
but they don't have to be  
especially if you squish the  
pantlegs up  
but then your underwear will show  
if it's long  
but maybe not if it's short  
unless you make the stripes  
really short  
not like this poem  
which is long.  
this poem was going to be  
about something  
but then it would be  
short  
and my shorts  
would have lied  
when I said they  
were like a poem  
because the stripes  
were long.  
like this poem is.

## **Tami Regula** (Tamara\_)

### why(not)?

.  
ekil sgniht yllis od i  
ni syek ym gnikcol  
It was just .rac eht  
another day. i od yhw  
sllaw otni klaw  
?elims dna (I  
etirw ot tnaw love dna  
sgniht yllis  
you  
silly thing)

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## **Steve Parks** (egad)

### This Morning

The clouds hung low  
like they were on a bombing run  
but it couldn't snow  
because it was too cold.  
We played our usual games  
of cat and mouse  
offend and make up.  
The bus came and it had different seats,  
cushioned ones  
not the usual hard ones  
and you said,  
"It's like a dream."

# Conrad von Zirkwitz

## undergrad

one year after my death  
I recollected my university years  
but I never went  
never took in a bunch of peer crap  
didn't spend my time zoned out in the classrooms  
but I'm glad for this missed experience  
for they don't teach you how to load guns in university  
and they don't show you the proper way to sharpen an axe  
there is no class on correct body disposal  
just a load of bull about protons and occupational therapy  
these are not things that thrust one's name into fame  
nor are they very capable of causing mass hysteria  
Canada needs more mass murderers  
and less information  
and less information  
lower the population  
people will get the message

# Roxi Regula (Roxi\_)

## Untitled

Ocean breeze  
Summer sings  
Calling owls  
Parted colonies  
Trying so hard  
AAAHHHHHHH  
Tormenting incredulously  
Hard earned salary  
Nothing, everything  
Park it  
Read a book  
Spill your brains  
And stay a while

Tar screams  
Tasty plates  
Times's a wastin' summer cries  
Tantalizing crickets  
Tar screams again  
Rolling steam  
Summer cries louder  
Cracking lava  
Planet earth  
Made of fire  
An old rusty tire  
Can't retire  
Please don't not again  
Summer weeps  
Spring slowly creeps  
Raining candy showers  
No not again  
click click  
tick tick  
Stop making sense  
Please not more  
NO MORE!!!!!!!

**Steve Parks** (egad)

A Day Like Any Other

I am sitting in a rented Dodge Stratus  
in Freeport Maine  
while Diana and Carolyn shop.  
I don't have any money  
and all ready got a lettuce drier  
and some shirts and a tie.  
So I do some reading  
and scribbling in my journal.  
It has snowed and the wind  
knocks globs of ice from a tree  
onto the front windshield.  
The windows are all fogged up  
as though some great sweaty adolescent  
passionate embrace has taken place.  
Across from the tree  
a stupid construction truck  
moves backwards with it's stupid beeping.  
I am alone in a rented car.



## **John Gurney** (Scooter1)

### POETIC TERRORISM

I was standing in line at Kinko's  
waiting to pay for copies  
when I noticed this woman with these beautiful art boards  
covering the counter like confetti.

Wow, what beautiful work, I say.

Thanks, they are illustrations for a children's book,  
getting ready to send them off to a publisher, the woman replies.

She reaches out and pulls the work closer  
like guarding an infant  
fearful I will lash out  
like some psychopath you read about in the papers  
applying a mustache to the Mona Lisa with spray paint  
or tapping on the knee of Michael Angelo's David  
with a rock hammer for souvenirs.

Cool, I am a writer also.

Really, what do you write?

Poetry, I reply...  
but it is too late  
there is nothing I can do  
as soon as the syllables drift from my lips  
I realize the magnitude of my sin.

The woman moves closer, and places her hand on my shoulder.

Have you talked to anyone about this? You know some people can be cured of it. They have drugs now, counseling, I had a girlfriend that was a poet, for years that's all she would do. Sent her to a clinic finally, now all she writes is a gardening column for the local paper, and let me tell you, she was bad too!

The woman jotted down a phone number on a Kinko's sticky pad and shoved it into my hand.

Call this man, he is a friend, I know he could help you.  
Thanks, I'll do that I reply.

Outside, I take out my magic marker  
and there across the windshield of her car , proclaim  
"Poetry isn't dead, just in need of resurrection, call me, I will  
save you."

And I write her phone number  
888-6666.

Sometimes, even a poet gets pissed off -  
so I unzip my pants and pee on her tires.

# Fred Bradford (Poetguy)

## THIS GIRL

Okay

So there's this girl

This raven-haired, ice-cube-blue eyed temptress

Smelling distinctly of Poison perfume

And vaguely of WD-40 all-purpose lubricant and

She looks so damn beautiful

Like the Mona Lisa and Michael Jackson were supposed to

And me

If I drooled another chin-dribbling ounce

I'd need my own Kirby salesman and

Speaking of Kirby salesmen

Have you ever spent three weeks

Being mind-fucked and manipulated into believing

Even temporarily

That the house-wife of an illegal alien

Selling used tires out of a '69, four-door, Bonneville

With Texas plates

Could ever afford a twelve-hundred dollar vacuum?

No?

Me neither.

Okay

So there's this girl

And she's sharing with me some very intimate details

Of her dog named "Wagz" and

Her preponderance for violence

When I get this Tourette's urge to scream;

"Your panties are wet!"

"Your panties are wet!"

But of course I don't

Seeing as I'm neither Johnny Depp nor Rosanne

Though I did know a Johnny once only

He was younger

So anyway

There's this girl and

Every time I'm about to orgasm she--

Sorry.

Wrong girl.

Okay

So there's this girl

She likes to hug sometimes and

Says she loves me, which is odd really

But that's another story and not as good

Really

Good in bed, is what I was thinking

Yeah, I thought, Man, I bet this

Poison and WD-40 smelling

Raven-haired and ice-cube-blue eyed

Mona Lisa-paling vixen

Could suck my dick like a Kirby salesman

Picks up lint balls with his twelve-hundred dollar broom!

That's what I was thinking

Yeah, that's what I was thinking.

But then my hundred and fifty dollar cordless phone rang

And kicked me off my two thousand dollar computer

As I watched this girl's last message freeze-dried to

The screen of my fifteen inch

Monitor

And the message read:

"Do you smoke?"

Okay

So there's this girl

That I've only met through a Hayes-compatible

14.4 data/fax modem and

The virtual reality of my throbbing crotch

Who wants to know if I smoke.

Well, I light a Camel and mull it over

I can tell her whatever I want, you know.

## **John Gurney** (Scooter1)

### BISON

In the place where I was born  
the horizon doesn't exist.  
It is lost in a field of wheat  
that travels  
between the sky and the ground.

Standing there  
you can look back in time  
see the great herds of bison  
carrier pigeons -  
elk use to live here then  
rutting along the banks of the Missouri  
and the Platte.

Driving back from Colorado  
I see a herd of bison  
20-30 head  
raised in a roadside attraction.

I stop and stare into their eyes  
black as the asphalt of the highway  
liquid as oil  
for a moment I think I see a tear.

Somewhere  
in the vastness of bison memory  
is a vision of storming hooves  
a recollection of bodies running and tumbling  
seas of saw grass  
rolling hills  
the sound of a geese migration  
chanting above them in Autumnal skies.

I reach to the earth  
and clasp a fistful of the ancient dirt in my hand  
release it to the sky  
and watch as it becomes  
a whirlwind  
rising at their heels  
beyond the horizon  
beyond my perception  
the thundering of their hooves.

September 1995

## **Fred Bradford** (Poetguy)

### A FATE REALIZED

This girl asks me once;  
"How many stars you think there are?"  
I turn my chilly face to face  
her,  
Notice her Coleman bag a-bagging  
Around her lower extremes,  
It seems  
A shame to let her shiver so  
So I ponder moving in, but  
My sin  
(and crucifixion) was my reply;  
"How the hell should I know?"

1996

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## **Scott Ogle** (rangoon)

### The Memory of Forests

the only living things  
down here beneath the  
green canopy of trees  
are the mushrooms  
that boil out of humus  
and the young sprouts  
that form small  
question marks over  
the Kingdom of Beetles  
and here the strangers  
come hike down their  
pants and love  
on the forest bed  
where we lay  
ten thousand  
years ago

## **Aaron Pepelis** (Bachogre)

hydro-pure-o

age nine, skinned my knee

mom and dad both agreed

"put some bubbles

and it will be

all right, promise"

stinging,

searing,

burning,

pain.

little driblets,

drops of rain.

bubbles,

bubbles,

fizz with light.

leaving me to twitch

and cry.

'til the next time

days gone by,

when i slipped

off a sea-side rock.

and call it again

to be cleansed of my mistakes.



## **Aaron Pepelis** (Bachogre)

### Betsy

I saw her sit on the swing  
with pony tails,  
such a cute thing  
with her Sunday, all day best  
a lovely flowered dress.  
who she's trying to impress?  
She can not jump  
or run  
or sing  
just sits there,  
alone  
on a swing.  
mama says  
"what good girls do."  
mama says and has a few.  
mama says  
"what good girls do."  
mama was a good girl too.  
Betsy just sits  
and waits for all the others  
to get old,  
to catch up to her and mama..

Submissions to The Giltweasel  
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**Please do not be shy!**  
**All submissions are appreciated!**

You can get information about The Giltweasel  
and links to biographies and individual web pages of  
contributors at World Wide Web address:

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/3202>  
or,  
<http://www.speakeasy.org/~netropic/pp>

Produced out of love of poetry and poets, for the poets' and poetry's sake!



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