

Featuring  
**Greta Lee Schmidt**



# The Giltweasel



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Special



# *The Giltweasel*

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**Greta Lee Schmidt** aka **imitriker** aka **rexirtimi** aka **imigawd** has been hanging with her fellow babies on the IRC since October 1995. Imi is a 29 year old technician, suffering from terminal lag, and hangs out on #poetry regularly. Obsessed with the perversions of life, her works reflect a simpler view of the seedy, a dimmer view of the vain and a tainted version of the truth.

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## Contents

<u>Title</u>	<u>page</u>
Third Class Wake Up.....	4
#216.....	6
#435.....	7
3 am.....	8
Rising on the West End.....	9
The 3 of Us .....	10
The Maid.....	11
Say You're Sorry.....	12
Lost City .....	14
#1026.....	15
Outside my Window .....	16
Luna on the Water.....	17
Girls dont Bat.....	18

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## Third Class Wake Up

On those thick headed, clouded clumsy  
mornings  
when the mirror is the  
last place your face wants  
to be seen  
and even the green of  
grass makes last nights  
gin creep back up to a  
lump in the throat  
knowing that struggling to  
emit even a yawn... gross and tepid  
would be a fallacy, the words fall  
out .. down the edge of the bathroom sink filled  
with spewed toothpaste and  
tiny flecks of blood from weak gums...  
all those words that sounded  
per fect ion ary  
on the tip of the tongue the night before  
the same tongue you slipped into her wet flesh  
in search of an understanding that called  
out to you through the scent of her depth  
the quiet of response of her musk  
grossly judged you forgot that the tip of her  
tongue wouldn't come back to you just for  
respect, and after all the tests of  
orgasms and screaming null contradictions

she was really aiming to leave you spent  
for one greedy bitch is the same as the next  
but that you forget once the flash of  
the sun takes over.. after the  
numbness of the pain wears off  
you forget  
you forget  
just like you forgot the frightening words you  
called out at four am without  
anyone to listen to because she was gone  
now you go stretching for your muscle's sake  
grasping for that piece you wrote in your head  
that goes floating down  
the drain with the  
toothpaste and tiny  
bits of blood...

## **#216**

Across the bar he pointed her another  
obediently the tender acts.  
She grins narcotic at him.  
He's just another plague carrier  
driving a rental, he cant help it.  
Exhaling smokily she nodded,  
knowing he was carrying a wallet  
full of credit card receipts.  
Soon he will slither over  
on fresh calf skin shoes  
to make feather like conversation.  
...swallow hard she thought  
the night has just begun.

## #435

We met at the bar  
it had been one of those  
wearing never ending  
unforgiving days  
but he had steel eyes  
and unlimited tab  
so I made myself comfortable  
after three hours  
of conversation so small  
that it all fit in a shot glass  
I decided to become  
scarce  
those steel gray eyes  
were no longer magnetic  
my head full  
no longer required his  
bar tab for amusement  
he insisted on walking me  
back to the room  
"oh well" I figured  
fucking a dull eyes man  
beats sleeping alone

## **3 am**

at 3 am when  
everything settles  
even the cats  
and the food screams  
as it rots in the refrigerator  
you know the voices  
in your head are  
not half your psyche  
splitting off to form  
a new version of conscience  
they are those lost voices  
of reason  
that  
make  
the still of  
3 am  
shake with  
used up memories  
used up lovers  
used up youth  
one more reason  
to throw  
away leftovers

## **Rising on the West End**

Hard Polish coffee  
tanned with cream  
sipped as August sun  
melts river fog  
accompanied by the morning  
mass bells of St. Catherines.  
Five blocks away the  
rail yard yawns to life  
steel on steel-  
wheel to track screeching.  
Box cars mated together,  
sanctified by conductors  
of Union Pacific.

## **The 3 of us**

Eight seasons we were loosely one, but he worshipped a bourbon god, while I lain at the feet of his abandoned Mary's mercy. She fell with Saigon but as phantom she whispered about our room an opiate memory, still perfection, held in time's clasp. Hiding between lines on mirror's single dimension, we made no promise other than to feed our mutual needs... so easy for two hollow.

## **The Maid**

in room 403 two men in gray suits  
play chess on contract for deed  
agreement

next door in 405 a cocker spaniel  
watches as his master reads a  
dear John letter for the fifteenth  
time

below him in 305 a 16 year old girl  
gets laid for the first time but  
her 35 year old boy friend doesn't  
mind

I wait in the hall with my cart of  
supplies and towels waiting  
to clean up everyone else's  
mess

## Say You're Sorry

I want an apology  
Just one "Excuse me I  
was wrong". A beg for  
forgiveness minus  
    the excuses  
        The liars market  
        has to close for  
        repairs some time.

I want some bastard  
to grow enough balls to say

"I stole that  
    fuck

I drank your  
legitimacy straight  
form the bottle while  
you looked away

I robbed the poor  
and it felt good

    I pissed in your  
    wading pool and now  
    I feel relieved

I poisoned your blood  
and knew it would  
eat you from within

I stole your child  
because I am just  
that god damned sick”

And when the purge is  
made of all your  
“sins” I wont  
slap your pathetic  
faceless face  
whoever You are

I will just take  
your admissions  
savoring them like  
fine wine,  
swirl it about  
my lost tongue  
till the sourness returns

And the fat man  
clicks the neon "Open"  
sign on above the door  
at the liars market

## Lost City

The sky line shrinks in my rearview mirror  
glass skyscrapers recede at 65 mph  
I ease my way into the rich velvet soiled land  
empty, void yet of life this spring..  
missing the city that I  
embraced for a day with its miles of fast  
highways full of speed  
on ramp to off ramp  
craving the merge  
veering off one to scream to another  
with a crazed smile as the radio blares and  
beautiful men dressed in Armani suits wink  
while passing me in red sports cars  
they belong here,  
they work in those mirrored towers  
that are disappearing completely now as the  
radio station fades  
I pass a Oshkosh coveralled farmer whose  
pickup only goes 48 mph  
down this 2 lane  
stretch of road to no where.

## **#1026**

-

In tranquillity of a Sunday morning  
the throats of the choir boys trebles  
bathe discarded whores, track armed  
addicts and rotted remnants of the streets. Loving  
silent incense fingers massaged their souls sins  
in forgiving circles. So for a few weary  
moments, they knew among them- peace.  
And despite shame, loneliness and rejection,  
there is pure light.

## Outside my window

Superior boardwalk  
resembles a freeway  
pedestrian causeway  
I sip latte' with  
weary dogs  
from suite view  
a parade of  
tourist traffic flashing past  
multicolored jogging suits  
a sea of spandex  
on roller  
blades, bikini babes  
tight clinging reactions  
of middle-aged  
sweat reminders  
of coppertone sunsets  
smelling of stale beer and cum  
in the back seat of daddy's car  
until they are  
squeezed back to reality  
by wisdom of wives grip

## Luna on the Water

Glass lake  
deep as midnight  
has the soul  
of a woman.

Softly reflecting  
moon beaming  
stillness shimmering  
her depths cool she  
reflects.....

Beating wings of night hawk  
break away from her shores  
through piercing calls to owl's  
set perched  
fastidiously among  
birch while  
watching for late  
night dinner feast

beside  
the lady lake  
by light of  
man in the moon

## **Girls Dont Bat**

Chicks don't play baseball its  
just a fact. But I would give  
up this female frame for one  
hot July day in the sun on a  
perfectly cross cut mowed field  
surrounded by a rumbling  
stadium, as the pitcher pegs  
a runner at first for stealing  
and I wait for the chance to make  
a over-the-fence catch and  
become the hero of an entire  
country  
because  
baseball players are still heroes  
when they are good  
even if they are really assholes  
because its all about  
the diamond  
the ball  
the bat  
the game



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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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