

The Giltweasel

Sixth Issue
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John Gurney ("scooter1")

Ether & Water

It is the smell I can't stand, she complained
what smell I ask
(as if i didn't know)
you know, that gas smell, and musty like old gym socks
gives me a headache!

This smell is to me
a rare and exquisite perfume
gasoline and fish bait
the odd bit of plankton and moss
it is of course
an ether
capable of transporting me through
the tangle of fishing lines
and time
that collect in the bottom of the boat
like
sea spray.

I close my eyes and it is 1968
it is the smell of fishing in the cold Atlantic
on a day too perfect for reality
when all the fish of the sea swam to your hook
by divine guide
and were grateful to surrender
grateful as the whales
that swam
like giant cows beneath the boat
tail flukes broad enough to hide a Volkswagen.

I blink it is 1973
and I am speeding across the glass stillness
of the lake
July

with full moon light
silver - there is no sound save but the rhythmic hum of
the motor
no disruption of the glass
but the wake of my boat
I turn the wheel in lush sweeps
the keel digs deep
spraying droplets against the sky
that rain down like diamonds.
I breathe the air deep into my lungs
it is February 1963
in my grandfathers
basement
an old outboard
3 horse power Johnson
crankcase frozen for years now
my Grandfather tells
how this spring
the motor will run once more
run like the dickens
to propel us
past the rock jetty
to the inlet
where
bluegill and crappie
wait only for our arrival
to dance on a line.

Yes
it smells like a boat I say
and smile a little more.

John Gurney

Kangamangus Highway

they were to me, eternal
two boys walking to school
one thick and sausage like, with a gray sweat shirt on
the other more slight with curly dark hair,
glasses,
a narrow self-conscious smile
they walk and poke each other
pushing one another from the sidewalk into the street
and I find myself with an overwhelming urge
to leave a six pack of beer in the bushes
along their path
I want to stop and tell them
about the nights and days along the Kangamangus Highway
about dodging school
on incredible spring days
and driving like crazy
over muddied roads
I want to tell them
about climbing up the face of Welton Falls
how the painful cold water
shriveled your balls
into small hard acorns
want to tell them about swimming
naked with my girlfriend
in Forest Pond
I want to tell them about all of this
but mostly
to tell them
to enjoy it all
to savor each moment and act
like that incredible spring day
when you had to cut school
just one more time.

Paul Natcher ("nutch")

When Cheese Production Stopped

Middle-aged men sprinkled salads with blood pressure pills,
chemical companies took to prevention.
Swollen herds of cattle revolted,
bovine flatulence encompassed Los Angeles.
Toilets clogged: plumbers fit their pants.
gorgonzola was the name of the latest dance craze.
nacho concessions expanded into chipboard yards.
Imitation food products sold like hot cakes,
Philadelphia's steak rotted,
chipped ham on crackers were swallowed with wine,
fondue sets made great flower pot gardens,
pizza, no pizza:
and President Clinton declared Wisconsin an enterprise zone.

Paul Natcher

Full Moon

The air breathes lighter
the earth swells like warped china
autos yodel in traffic jams
clear sky at night
lucid dreams of stars and moon
the nocturnal rodent is vivid
cocktails toast higher
bubbles into crystal
cooper coins, all years, are shinny.

Dave Snyder ("sugarmice")

==naked==

i dreamt i crashed on 95, the yellow lines and hazy sky
were washed in watercolor blurs of metal, tires, fire
and i wore a vinyl necklace-
never reckless, always checking roadway signs of lifeless green
to show the ways to atrophy in stagnant stops on trippy days.
in road malaise, the song enchants, the notes enhance the sweaty
craze of highways in the summer phase of travelling the concrete
maze -
and so i lived i drove on 95.

i dreamt i crashed among her dirty clothes
and taut-tucked bedsheets, under glow of licking light
cast from the thick, tight theatre night-
i keep a second sight that never shows me any promise
in the prretty prose of compliments
and feeds my feeble fright
and so i dreamt and slept alone.

i donned the technicolor coat of caution-
red and black and yellow,
pink and blue in shades of rue.
i'm naked in my dreams.

The Giltweasel is going to start taking advertisements.
Any business or periodical magazine interested, should
contact The Giltweasal by mail at either of the two
addresses on the back cover.

The Advertisements will be necessary to keep The
Giltweasel free, as it is now an out of pocket venture for
me.

Jason M. Swarts ("thumb")

Candybox

The Sun came in from the East,
dogcrazy
sniffing the Earth's crotch,
pissing in the corners;
left to the West
disinterested.
Returning in the East,
its dick
slithering in
slithering out.

March 24, 1995



John Gurney

Along Each Bank

Along each bank
they gather like wildflowers
these patient women
dotting the water in hues of lavender and rose
they wade barefoot into the muddy water
it is low tide now
and they have come to collect
clams and crayfish
they bend at the waist
plunging hands into the muck
probing with hands and feet
it would be a backbreaking chore for me
but their bodies remember this arch of spine
the twist from left to right
down and up again
it is the same gesture they perform each
spring
bowing to the earth
with offerings of tiny rice shoots
planting each
with the fragile belief
that the earth will once more be benevolent.

My boat
growls like a hollow belly
I kill the engine
and drift silently
on the rivers current
rounding a bend
a crane takes flight
I follow it with my eyes
until they meet the gaze of a woman
we smile at each other
and for a time
share the same faith
flowing together
through the wonder
of this fine muddy river.

Jason M. Swarts

Pistol Friendly

Impaled
belly-wise
on that ignorant,
soldered crucifix,
your
sidelong glance
caused me pain
in a minor key, and
I remained with
that mouthfull
of prime numbers;
with those pocketsfull of prescriptions
filled in irregular quantities,
unable to signify anything
that wasn't already obvious.

July 7, 1995

Paul Natcher

Massive Groups

There's something coming in on radar now.
It's moving east somewhere over southern Indiana:
a swarm of bees, Santa Claus, a flock of storks.
None of those, it's just something
like a dust cloud, cirrus heavy spear-like clouds.
No none of those either.
Smog, fog or clouds; No, constellations.
A bleep on the map, a disturbance,
mass migrations, tribes in exodus,
gravy, lake effect snow, buckets of rain, blankets of sleet,
stampeding bison.
A dark evil, a cold front, a high pressure
lungs, a liver spot, a blemish, a birthmark
On the monitor, it's earth and sky breathing.

The Giltweasel

Lawnmower

Jellybeans

(romance... all great poetry is done with romance)

I'm not into romance

I guess I've read too much of it.

I want to hear a really good poem about jellybeans, and machine-guns,
and roller-skates.

all in one.

not to be difficult, but I want a poem about dead puppies
and legless nuns.

I like the different edge.

That sliver of life that only Denny's people see.

The kind of thing that makes you say: what the hell did I just read?
and look again and laugh.

(I thought your poem was about Mark shooting his wad,
and what a wonderful wad it was. The banana made me think
so, but not sure until you said.)

we're bored, we wanna read.

(so where did you work?

I hope you paste that to a file and save it.)

so where are the dog poems?

the bull poems..

the great green algae poems, that stick to your feet when you come out of the pool poems?

friggin' bear

always shitting in the driveways.

where's the goddamn machine-gun?

I want jellybean cadences...

I want some smoothly shit sliding off the tongue-rolling

cadences about roller-skates

and quack physicians

and incontinent old men

and flying babies

and jellybean sucking vampires...

the black ones.

(vampires that is)

with white gloves and roller-skates

and DOO-WOP tattooed to their butts.

and high-schoolers who don't have sex,

with DOO-WOP tattooed to their butts.

And it's embarrassing to have that on your butt.

causes you to be made fun of, and put in the Butt-Clamping Wracking wrestling hold,

and fed to the pederastic Vampires with DOO-WOP on their butts.
And getting DOO-WOPPED in the butt makes a high-schooler
crazy and cracky, going to the wopped-out congregation
with a machine-gun and spraying silver bullets at the Vampires.
 gets you punished and put in jail,
 where Bubba the Pederast (with DOO-WOP on his mind,)
 stuffs jailhouse logic up your think-spout!
No doo-wop to it... you'll get a tattoo. WOO WOO
 Hidey-ho!

Sorry for this one.
It was my latest creation(of any merit whatsoever.)
I reluctantly include it with the rest of the poetry in this issue. But,
 because I am the editor,
 (and I don't want to lessen the importance
 of the other poets and their poems,)
 what I say, goes.



John Gurney

Pot Roasts & Atrocities

I have lived in Turlock now four years
and Ray still hasn't come to visit
even once.

I call him on the phone
and he says he is too busy with work
and besides, he doesn't have any money.
But I know the real reason-
it's simply my Karma...

a meager retribution
for the atrocities of my life.

Like the time I invited a poet from Boston
to come visit me in New Hampshire
and later, when I wasn't drunk,
wished I hadn't.

Guy called every Friday for a month.
Can I come up and visit this weekend?
Well, it's not really good for me,
perhaps next week would be better.
So after a while
he just stopped calling.

Or my life in Los Angeles-
masturbating in the shower
and fantasizing about Patty
(my platonic roommate)
who's beer I repeatedly drank
and failed to replace.

My annoying
stumbling late at night
dragging some woman
up those treacherous narrow steps.

A book of poetry
taken from the library at school
and never returned.

The premature birth of my brother-
his tiny body
barely bigger than a pot roast.

When she came home crying
I knew he was dead.

My mother said I had ruined her body-
destroyed her life
and of course
she was correct.

From that day on
the strange deformities
and mutated appendages
of our lives
would rally the envy
of an freak show aficionado.

I'm sending Ray a Plane ticket
with a note that he is always welcome
but I know he will never use it
I'm certain of that-
rubbing sage between my fingers
trying to recall
the smell of a winter meal.

John Gurney

Tango With A Lover

He had come to find a lost lover
he couldn't remember her name
or even what she looked like
at night he would drink espresso
and wine
dance the tango on paper cut-outs
some days he would smoke cigars
leaning against the wall
of a dark cafe.

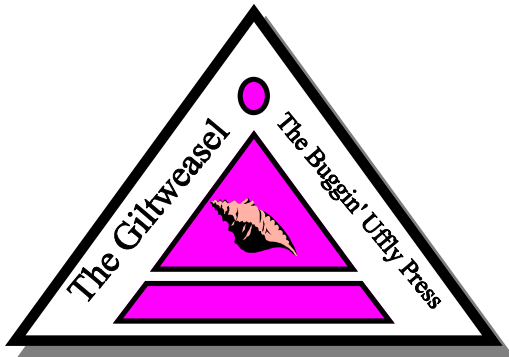
She had to be here
he had looked everywhere else
but then of course it was raining now
it always rained at night
every night
like the sound of his breath
like the whisper of her lips
a deep sigh
gathering like the darkness.

Later
he would walk along the docks
oily tankers moored
like complaining animals
tugging at their leads
hungry for the open fields
of deep cold water
where the running
was always true and clean
washed in the spray of a thousand
waves.

John Gurney

The Back Up Disk

I needed a back up disk for my heart
a quick 2 key stroke command
to rebuild and replace
find and repair
each lost or damaged file
I needed to restore order
to fill my life with the microscopic precision
that each character demands
to feel the particles of light
pulsing through my body
I needed to press command escape
and see all the screen
as pure as a field of white pixels
blooming in light
I needed to clean up my display
dump the files that slowed me down
add new programs to delight and amaze
and save those I still needed
the ones of value
I needed a back up disk for my heart
for that day
when the system crashes
the monitor frozen in terror
that day when it all goes down
I needed to save it all.



Biographical Information

John Gurney

I was born in Omaha and have a very strong affinity for the Midwest.

for the past 15 years I have lived in California. I am a small business owner, avid boat freak, and student of writing. My earliest memory of poetry is finding a copy of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Coney Island of the Mind," in 5th grade at school. The only book I ever stole from a library. The book changed my life, and showed me the POWER of poetry.

Paul Nutcher, born in London, lives and writes near Pittsburgh, PA. He is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh with a degree in Fiction Writing, editor of a monthly newspaper, and in the future expects an MFA in poetry and visits to England.

Jason Michael Swarts

I'm a reader of Celan and Rilke and a lot of my poetry comes out of an interest in cultural theory.

Dave Snyder managed to appear in The Giltweasel without any biographical information. The next time he appears there will be a bio.

All of this month's selections have been solicited from their authors by way of the internet.

The author's Internet Relay Chat nickname (as I found them,) is in parentheses next to their first appearance this issue.

There is a new option for submission folks.

If you wish to submit by E-mail, the address to send to is:

C559026@showme.missouri.edu.

As usual, the regular addresses for postal submissions are available too.

Any information you may need should be solicited from these addresses:

The Giltweasel
12F University Terrace
Columbia, MO 65201

or

Giltweasel Submissions
425 MacArthur Ave.
Union, MO 63084



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