

# The Giltweasel

Sixth Issue  
**August 1995**



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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.

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# 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 Giltweasel by mail at either of the two  
addresses on the back cover.

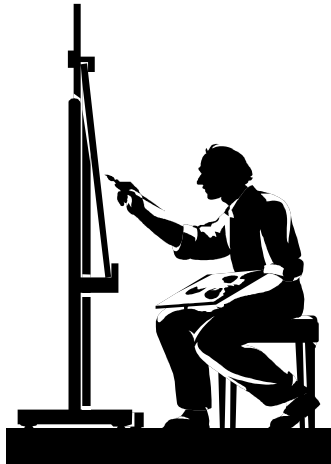
The Advertisements will be necessary to keep The  
Giltweasel free, as it is now an out of pocket venture for  
me.

# 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

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# 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.

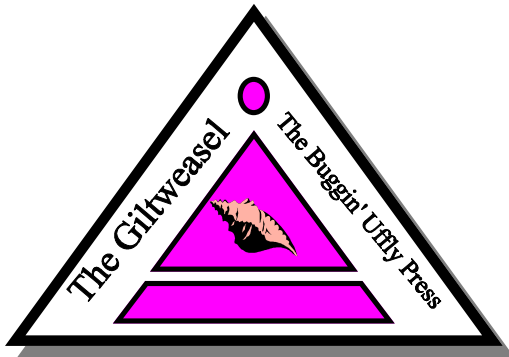
She had to be here  
he had looked everywhere else  
but then of course it was raining now  
it always rained at night  
every night  
like the sound of his breath  
like the whisper of her lips  
a deep sigh  
gathering like the darkness.

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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