

The Giltweasel

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Dedication: Inside back cover

Peter Sanderson

When your song was a child

It's amazing,
how when you stop speaking
the silence is right there,
awkward, as though someone
created your voice,
it takes its place
like those cicada songs last Summer.
And listening to you speak again there is
clearly, the glimmer of your words
unfolding themselves around the forge in your mouth.
Hammer and anvil your tongue and teeth creating,
giving you other dimensions.

But then you close up,
stop and look at me with
the hope of the Spanish Inquisition
in your eyes, making me expect
a mythical beast to burst
from my chest, perhaps my breath
turn violent in the still Autumn air.
And I start to wonder what your searching,
what you're desperately wishing to create.

But even if you could have it there
in your hands,
(which fall softly
like dandelion blooms
from your lips)
it would still take
so much more to quiet all the thoughts
that riddle your night like cricket song in Summer.

Amanda Walters

Just Like the Birds

One morning I am going to wake up,
and say to myself
"Why am I still here?"
After all of these years of running that shop downtown,
I will realize that
I am still here,
still just here.
I am nowhere different
and definitely no one different than
where I was and
who I was
all those years ago.
And on that morning I will walk
out on my front step and look around me.
I will see the same sights I see
every other morning.
I will hear the same birds I hear
every other morning.
And for that first moment I will want to
fly.
I will want to flap my wings
just like those birds, and soar
above this town.
I will want to float wherever
the wind will carry me.
I will want to be free.

Then I see the birds carrying straw
back to their nest and
I hear my daughter's voice.
I will pick up the paper,
and walk back inside saying
"No, today is not a good day to fly;
nor is any other."

This one begs very careful attention to the sounds when reading. In fact, read it out loud a few times just to hear the tonal differences in the words and the musicality of the whole structure. You will be able to sense the entire scale of sounds if you listen carefully.

John Amato

A chorus line

Soon the shook earth
sought far and frothy
houses just as too soon
their homes like books
opened their spoiled
reddened soil.

Birds net on the wire,
their bare knees bowing
to far crowds assembling
near the blushing bush.

Who thrones various rooks
astride the fields?
The boys do, the boys do.
They have to, they have to.

Who bows far, close enough
in the mud?
The birds meet the meat birds,
The bats do, the bats do.

Mike Bolser

definition of friend:

wavering on the
corner of cooper and C, staging a
lively debate about which way
home is...

man it's gotta be left
I bellow

brother you're fucked up,
campus is that away, says he

leaning over,
I spill my guts
all over the street

coming up, saying alright,
smartass, you lead...

arm in arm in the right direction
making a mockery
of straight sidewalks, he says
here I saved this for you
handing me

an after

dinner
mint

Greta Schmidt

Used to go out dancing

Used to go out dancing
Loved the beating in my head
To feel music through my body
And the gin sweat through my pours

All those people moving around me
As we hop-skip-slid into the night
Like sex, but all upright vertical
Powerful innuendoes, flirting, teasing

Now I work ten hours daily
Then too tired for excitement
Do my dancing in the Do-jang
To clear my tired, weary mind

John Amato

Cafe

Under the docks
the green fish expect the worse from man,
no assist in the living
except the drainage
pipe that hooks
the shiney
mouth that
hangs cole slaw
in
tiny
cups
in an
Arizona
Desert
fry.

Steve Parks

Remote Control

-

Another remote for you to control
Another ass to pick
Another victim for Oprah
Another staid puddle to skate over.

-

You pick yourself up
like the heroine of Showgirls
but the tethers of the past
leaden like a hangover.

-

And then you began to read
About artists lives
And you were with a new posse
the rules were independent expression.

-

Picasso, Dickenson, Coltrane,
Breakfast, lunch and dinner
mixing drinks
they were heady and nauseous.

-

Like Educating Rita
after permeating an illusion
reproduction is not so easy
the luminous became pallid.

-

And then you realized
how negative you are
when you read your writing
instead of joy at advance, pang.

-

Instead of--I have more now--
you think --less than now--
And the leaden remote
clicks in the distance.

-

John Amato

O, Sweet I-95

O, Thou art my turnpike,
Thou hesitate from thy limit,
thou art ever five hundred feet in front of me.

Thy constance surrounds me
When I'm damned to the map;
Thou art solace in wee small hours,

When hue turns the days' inn tonight
And Whirlybirds above buzz your name
In monotonous fidelities al cabrera.

From thy distressed shoulders I break
With the wind and wild flower, I cover thy
Dried out beasties with pedal scent;

Thou doest for me what no county road
Or boulevard can, no local hero belts a
Parkway round a turncoat drive;

Thus be as mobile as thou major artery
On my heart's side as I express thy
Even flow, it beats as no bush

For Thou are direct in one way:
As my hopes rush hours on elevated
moats, Thou casts out egress on

Upturned ramps, no turning back
To feed well thy booth's proceeds -
All turns righteous.

John Gurney

Scars

The wounds he carried were his own -
everyone a brilliant scar ,
an atrocity to gaze upon.
Some were quite old
some quite deep
some foul colored, putrefied and festering.

We wrapped him up as best we could
in old linens and ripped up sheets,
stood him up beside the gate
and hailed the wagon to pick him up.

Mama said he would be just fine
come morning and a little sleep,
and never to mind the way he limped
or the sound his breath made,
whistling through the hole in his throat -
some people live years like that
perfectly normal lives they do.

She closed the door and headed for the kitchen,
supper was never to be late again.

Mike bolser

that afternoon

that afternoon

I was a parrot

the whole
world gone
shades of pink and green,

careful spectral
analysis would
have indicated that

I was a bit
nauseated with
pupils unhealthily dilated,

but

how can you trust
your visions if you
won't sometimes air
out the dusty
inner
sanctum of your eyes?

how indeed?

I clung to a tree
murmuring...

tree, tree, silent one
what secrets do you hide?

old tree,
pardon my interrupting your
clattering conversation with the
breeze,
but won't you help
me out a bit?

for I am lost and small, and too loud and human
to slow down a bit
and really take root
enough to understand
myself or my surroundings...

without bothering to
reply, old tree gave me
a warm embrace, and softly chuckled
at the wind's indignation...

without bothering
to question

the old one further,

I shyly returned the embrace,
and opened my eyes wider
to grasp a small piece of the
day's

sudden

demise

for you see,

old girl night
likes to make a
grand
entrance in those
parts.

John Gurney

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I SPEAK TO HEAR MY OWN WORDS

There are times when I want to speak
to hear my words
to listen to their sound
to confirm my existence to the silence
that I am not just a ghost that lives behind the keys
darting like a firefly across the screens
landing here and there
and never finding a home
a resting place
solace.

I think I can linger in your words
lay there and take suckle
drift in your waters like a leaf
the surface tension of those waters alone
enough to support me
buoy me upwards to escape the chill
the decay of the waters depths
the freeze that ensues with the cruelty of winter.

I move my hands across your words
stroke them as an infant
nurture them at my hearth, I glow with their voice
even at night
when all light fades from the horizon
colors shift to grays and blacks
your words, find me still, and carry me on
back to the beginning, back to the center of it all
your heart swirling inside me
dancing like windswept leaves
even now searches for the tranquil pond
a bed of silken waters
waiting like a lover,
to receive the touch of their form
the blessing of their caress
a parting of the turbid seas.

Carl Boster

ESS and ENN

summer
blunder.
cool
thunder.
phony
rain.
under
fire.
aluminum
glare.
wrinkled
stare.
flowered
bag.
half ripped
white tag.
ess and
enn.
crudely made
friend.
named
number.
caring
jealously.
cursed forever,
wanted to.
laughing
at death.

Peter Sanderson

I do not think that I am beautiful

.
Except for yesterday
when I broke my arm
tripping over my skirt
in the the fields
behind your house.

.
My bone, pale pink,
peeking through
my flesh to the world
saw such a look
on your face.

.
And I smiled then,
because in the tears and pain
my body and the evening became
a wash of red and brown and gold
and I could not tell what was me,
what was Autumn and what was the sun, setting

The Giltweasel

home

mountain mine, green emancipated
 mountain-heart, split-brown stone-falling-rain,
 mountain-life, river-stench wishing in-streaming
mountain high, skying gaeaing alive crying the morphoditic
mountain man silent stareing listening for
 mountain muezzein-bird call to
 mountain life creeped upon
mountain death vitalized throughout
 constant change of mountain

John Gurney

The Viking Funeral

The year my father went mad
he said the Earth was flat
he said the abyss was growing closer every minute
and only he could save us.

We knew he was leaving -
he had taken all his Van Heusen's
and sewn them together to form a sail.
For weeks he would disappear into the garage
late into the evenings, hammerings, bellows
the sounds of electrical motors
whirring through his brain.

Later, objects began to disappear from the house
a moose head,
an egg beater,
a hall tree, for hats and such...
"Don't worry son, just fitting her out proper." he said
and gathered up the aquarium in his arms.

I didn't mind the stench of kerosene
or the wood smoke ,
dodging the neighbor
who kept sniffing the air like a beagle
trying to identify the main course on our barbecue ,
but the pool was a mess -
for two weeks after
all I did was vacuum up
that stinking ash.

Steve Parks

Smudge

-

At night
I prowl the museum.
My job is custodial
but I feel more like
a catcher in the rye--
protecting at the margins
of enthusiasm.

My Job:
clean the glass smudges
off the displays of nature,
where in excitement
people lose the glass
and move forward
into the exhibit and
are retarded by glass.

-

Like language rules
you see through
until it smacks you
with a mistake.
These smudges I clean
like a copy editor
so people can see through.

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You may make submissions to either addresses below
or to the Giltweasel's e-mail address as follows:
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Any correspondence you may require should be directed to
any of these addresses.

As always, Submissions are vital to the continuing
publication of The Giltweasel.

Please do not be shy, all efforts are welcome.



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