

The Giltweasel

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M. P. Chandler

20 serpents

20 serpents writhing on trampled firebreaks
19 weathered american skyscrapers
18 wild operations (*) which she prevented later
17 published books in a popstar care room
16 funerals in a gorge drenched with lilacs
15 thorns fastened to eggshells strewn like a flower's fallen petals
14 crowds reigning at dawn
13 younger sisters safe in universities
12 deft scribes winging over bloody grass
11 friends breathing heavily nearby
10 ointments of birth fluid for maidens
9 seasons heightened with spring defloration
8 days after the wild boar extended like tammuz
7 daisies turning into mirth like childbirth
6 biographies warm with slow undergrowth
5 steel strings to perish in one poland
4 poems to copulate with and quicken the earth
3 chants in grave voices to celebrate pastures
2 blooms buried with the last trace of the sun
1 dusty empress drinking her best wrists in paris
no sunshine appearing milky and young over lebanon

Steve parks

his stare icecycle

-

As the trumpets of masculinity
hurdle the final hurdle and push
to the finish line of your loins
I wonder at the objectification

-

How could man not feel the subject?
Like some hasty hot dog gobbled
in the financial district, fly unzipped
napkin wiping mouth, wiping swaddled ass

-

I say, I have weakness, I can give
And the macho police are pounding
at the doors of my conformity and
dead man chalk limn walking death

Carl Boster

DRUNKARD HOURS

sexual
licence
sexual
essence.
streets of desire
streets of carelessness.
to morning dewy
hours,
the night as it
cowers
behind the
curtained clouds
as they lower...
down to
drunkard hours.

John Amato

Prayer

Fluid Man, aging ageless,
beats our praise, walks
between light, a bullet and its path:
a glimpse, grave, prayer.

Joy, flux of quicksilver waves;
a white-capped man,
green-eyed papa:
a journey, peace, love.

Enticing nations, a billion
stars shadow dissension
to his credit :
Lust, deliverance, birth.

He inhales death in front
of kneeling kings, spews
their unsought truths:
a birth, home, a world.

The Giltweasel

put off

±
one of these days, my wife is going to get
angry enough to have real sex with me.
I dont know if I can wait that long,
so I might just have to punch her around a bit this evening,
so she'll hurry up and come around.
but I dont know...
there might be a negative effect or two,
to that course of action.

Jim Keating

The End of the Line Hotel

The Trolley cars noisy at the turns.
Passengers smiling as the go.
People with purple and orange hair
Looking Lost and unaware.
People passing by creatures of the
night.
Revelations of consequential
mismatches.
A street band played in the park at the
square.
Inspid dribbling of the mindless in the
air.
Screaching noises as the trolleys turned
drowning out the band and the noises
of the city.
San Francisco, 1985 and living in this
dive At The End Of The Line Hotel.

Anthony Nemmer

what I really need

I know that, as far as my parents are concerned,
it will be as if I am dead to them
but what I really need is a jewish girl...
raven-haired, comely,
a daughter of the House of David,
who will fuck me like a rabbit when I'm healthy
and cook me chicken soup when I'm sick,
bicker with me over the small things
and celebrate with me the grand things,
and stay with me
until our veins are encrusted with amethysts
and the wrecking balls start to fly

M. P. Chandler

calendar

(after evensen)

a sun of birds dying on the third ridge
a sun of snakes circling a priestess
a sun of mares gathering slowly
a sun of petals smiling like a burning stamp
a sun of butchers ripping muddied carcasses
a sun of mendicants poking blinded dogs
a sun of mothers walking like a sheperdess
a sun of boys burning like sackcloth
a sun of poets spinning like a bloodstained palm
a sun of stars tuning the nadir of the sky
a sun of rain living ripened ready and full
a sun of altars loving your whole body

Jay F. McMunn

1959

1959, 17 years old, dad gave me the rifle he shipped home from Okinawa during WWII. Every time I saw a gun store I would stop describe the rifle and ask for ammo. They always sold me something. None of them would go in the chamber and allow the bolt to close. Then one day I bought 5 rounds and one of them fit! Excitedly, I called my shooting buddy and by the time he arrived it was nearly dark. This is Ohio where .22s and shotguns are everywhere but centerfire rifles are rare. For some reason we decided to test fire the "Jap" rifle while it was tied to a willow tree, pointing toward the ground. It could have been booby-trapped by the enemy, of course, so we weren't taking any chances. This was also my first "lanyard load". We were peeking around a building corner from about 20' when I pulled the string. Fire belched from both ends and we never did find the big round thing from the rear of the bolt. Now I know from pictures that the floor lamp in dad's rec room is made from an Arisaka.

Michael Barry

It Is best To Die In Winter

It is best to die in winter
when everything knows where you are going.
They are dead, too,
wandering on the blue feet of ghosts.
smoke rises, trees shudder, leafless,
all flowers gone to petal land

It is best to die in winter
not bud blooming April of birds
sing singing wonder as
life full blooms again from parchment.
Not dry bone summer
while cats paw dry dirt,
spiders crawl wavery on a line
and your skin peels at the edges
like meat on a barbecue

No, it is best to die in winter, so
your friends can mourn from little houses.
The sky is grey right with them,
everything weeps the dew drop sadness, anyway.
Meat stays frozen solid on the bone,
while blue lips pull grinning back
to smile the long smile
frozen gone

it is best to die in winter.
I pray I die in bone crushing winter.
My last breath a fog, my pearl covered skin.
I want to die in snowy blowy
under the cold bog, with my last dream a
warm vagina, covering my head
like a wool cap.

John Gurney

TRAINS

Through the nights stillness
a train whistle rises and falls
calling to me still.

Her voice too arrives with a schedule
held in place
by steel rails
and wooden timbers
a bed of crushed stone
and smoldering cinders.

We make love sometimes like death
and wander through
deserted corridors of sleeplessness
searching for each others arms
colliding like comets
a raining down of ash and wood smoke
the smell of machine oil and metal filings
steam expanding inside enclosed spaces.

Our bodies heat denies containment
refuses to be held
demands release into the starry darkness
a liberation of bone and flesh
mind and spirit
pleadings and sighs.

I want to tell her about the travel of hoboes
the way they move so silently
slipping between the night like a lover easing into your bed -
some nights I see them beside the trestle
and wonder what it is they guard
watching with desperate vigil
those small warm fires.

Greta Schmidt

Just Another News Day

White snow tainted red
Blood flowing, innocence is gone
No name - they are all the same
Victim is what we call them

Senseless slaughter, streets erupting.
When conscience left, it took heart with it.
Hope starved to fade alone
into streets of fire without remorse

Respect they claim should be theirs
but they have a hollow understanding
they see respect as power. Not
a mutual understanding.

Men in suits give solutions
to the decay, human corruption, and
pollution. Programs only go so far
when minds are melted by rocks.

We used to fear "the big one"
would come, from red threat half a world
away. Now "the big one", mediocre in
comparison to death in smaller doses from our own

"Sorry ma'am your baby is dead
Don't worry it took her in the head."

John Gurney

FANGS **

I am becoming night
this frail space between the horizon and sunrise
this domain of fear and despair
destitute desires
opaque
black as death
I grow fangs
in the darkness
howling with madness
razor backed
head slung low to the earth
adrenalized, disinterested
I am ready now
bring them all on!
drunken bastard poets
whining suicidal bitches from New York
frozen naked writers
with thick glasses
I gnaw their words with my teeth
spit them out
like so many pieces of bone and flesh
laugh if you will
but I know where you live
I understand your terror
I know that every word written is suspect
and insecure
even now you hang garlic over your bed
still afraid of what you might see
if your eyes ever adjusted to the darkness.

John Amato

Havana laughing

The attorney who worked C shift
laid his head
one-sided
bed/made the wife his kids' breakfast.

Late nights' briefs
swelled his docket;
lies, lies, and truth about his marriage;
order in the court, Ms. Italian Steno.

Some fragrant haunt, incentive High Balls,
a lung bar in breathing
beer headlines:
"Snatchatory Rape," a cigar smiles.

"She was sixteen,"
shades of blue, a soul cleansing,
cross examined by Father Angus,
doctor doxology from Canarsie.

How far from the truth is knowing
the telltale raiment
on verdict bar a witness stands,
"He had a few and a fresh Havana."

Pb Sanderson

Mine is the yellow sail

Mine is the yellow sail
drifting near the horizon,
that small glimmer on the ocean
(please do not confuse it for a wave

which could reflect the sun
and give such an illusion of flight,
the wing of a gull, a swallow, an airplane
slowly reeling from the sky into the depths there).

Thursday we had our tea at low tide
on shallow basins of pink granite
she said: Do you still love me
I didn't need to lie, I said:

As much as I ever have.

Mine is the yellow sail
coming closer to shore, she's there
riding below it (like a gull, a swallow,
her father's airplane lost somewhere near by

settled deep into the sand
since the war). Her name is Heather
she stands at high tide planted in the cool sand
staring out to sea, her hands behind her, at ease

passive to the wind rippling through her
to winter bringing a blush to waves at sunset,
the moon touching her unlike other women.
She said: Find me somewhere to be happy

I took her to the sea.

Mine is the yellow sail
lowering there, by the twenty foot sloop,
tired, crackling, buckling and her's is the voice
making up songs on the evening shore.

(Don't doubt me) Sometimes

on her father's blood she flies over the waves
feel the water push on her finger tips, her arm
arched like the gulls', swallows', like

broken bits of a Messerschmit
tearing up the mirror of the stars,
in the air the eye of the Hurricane halting
every sense of motion, all that movement

gone so what to do
but pull over on a single wing
glistening gold and red
from the light before dawn,
taken in by the voices
of the gulls, swallowed whole
by the lip of a wave.

Mine is the yellow sail
lazy near the horizon,
over there, that glimmer.

The Giltweasel

a christmas message

.
lover, you and your cat
cannot stay with me any longer
the season is changing and I need more
touching than you and the cat can provide.
some day you will be allowed
to return but
dont count on it being this christmas
cause I've been seeing an elf secretly behind
your back,
and the little bugger
has one hell of a stockpile of playthings.

Greta Schmidt

Lunch with Eric

I slouch in my car, on a gray noon hour
While Eric sings the blues.
"Lost my baby" he groans in deep sorrow
"Need my baby too" I nod in return.

Cold french fries, chocolate malt
I devour junk while he riffs out.
Guitar passion resonates me down
into the south. Land of blues I am.

Close my eyes I am
dirt back country roads with
unkempt fields surrounding me
scattered with abandoned tin sheds

I am broken down vagrant
searching for a scrap of food
because my job disappeared
in a cloud of dusty poverty

I am motherless child without
a home. Searching for a
answer in a sky filled
with ravens screaming

Stop watch rings me back
into my world again
"Thanks Eric" I mumble
Lunch time vacation is over

Jim Keating

The Good Church Lollipop

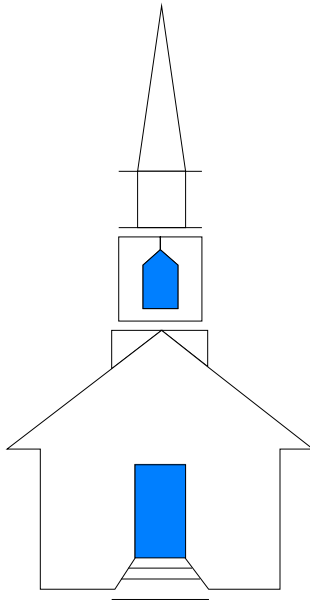
Mrs. Beastee sat naked in church
Breasts in mounds of fat.

): We tried not to look at her
her hair disheveled and greasy all
in nats.

She looked a lot uneasy
In her baggy underwear
((((:(We at the good church
Lollipop don't care about her hair
or, how she got to be there.
we only want her for her welfare
check. ;)

what the heck:))))))

this is the good church Lollipop.



Amanda Walters

The Mistaken

Another round for the two of them,
they need the excuse,
tomorrow, when they awake . . .
together . . .
they will thank the booze.
But they know they are not that drunk.
For her . . . it has been so long,
and his girl is out of town.
So, they stand around long enough to be seen,
long enough for everyone to know how drunk they are.
And they fake it a little.
Everyone knows a little.

They will return to her place and
they will joke too much and lean on each other
a bit longer than they really need.
And drunken touches will heal the wounds of old
just long enough for no regrets.

And the next day they can say it was the booze,
and they can say it was a mistake,
and they can say it will never happen again.

They will get up and wash all traces of the night away,
and everything will fade--
save the glance that lingers too long,
and the smoky memory that fills the void when
they need to be touched again.

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You may make submissions to the address below
or to the Giltweasel's e-mail address as follows:

c559026@showme.missouri.edu

The e-mail address will be different as of
the beginning of the new year.

When I find out what it will be,
I will let everyone know either through personal contact,
or it will be on the December issue.

Giltweasel Submissions
425 MacArthur Ave.
Union, MO 63084

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.

X-mas
Uffly



The New
Buggin' Uffly Press