

# 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.  
Screeching 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.

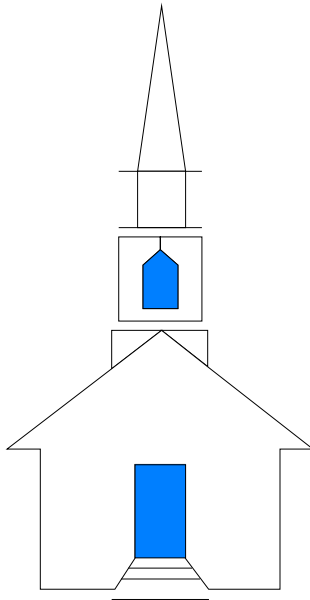
): We tried not to look at her  
her hair disheveled and greasy all  
in nats.

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



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