


My Friend Marlboro

I sit by myself on a parkbench  
 sometimes in the spring or fall  
 when the summer sun won't parch  
 or the winter winds shiver.  
 I sit and watch the students  
 men and women, girls and boys,  
 my age but not of my age,  
 my peers but not my people,  
 and I fondle a beat up pack of  
 Marlboro Lights going  
 stale in my pocket  
 and I think to myself  
 what a way to go.

www.giltweasel.com



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 &  
**By The Giltweasel**

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**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 jelly-  
 beans, 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,

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dear Elisabeth Bathory,  
 slit silk pores open at dawn revealing  
 the bloodlusciousness stealing  
 away pomegranate sweat.  
 and one with the daisy  
 she slips the spiderp  
 smearly-shined onto finger petals  
 and sunny dispositions

nectar minstrel phrose upon heathknead  
 square, licks ballads cum dirge  
 manically thrust adagio curls among congealed  
 lust  
 from angel orchid posed daisily,  
 lastly and dynamically bleed, clotting flood  
 from black dipped stems

aparior of whores,  
 the dripping  
 crusting defeat  
 rape redness meat  
 menses red fleet  
 virgin red discreet  
 arterial red bleat

Simple Joy II

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

-June? 1991  
 rev. January 1999

the scorpions come out at night

the scorpions come out at night to hunt  
 crickets on the walls of my mother's house  
 in my flashlight beam, their bodies reflect  
 but not for food: morbid fascination  
 and a flask of thunderbird wine drive me  
 you ask how big is a scorpion's sting?  
 it's the size and shape of Arizona  
 (I got stung once: it was a throbbing hell)  
 they can move with a sickly fast speed as well  
 look! there's one now, supping on a cockroach  
 too gutted to sense my obtuse approach  
 I surprise it into a pyrex cup  
 watch its furious attempts to climb up  
 the clean glass for a while, then gingerly dump  
 and stomp it to pieces with my shoe.

the lizard in the bottlebrush

the lizard in the bottlebrush  
 greets me every day  
 when I go to open the faucet  
 at the base of the bottlebrush tree:  
 his hide is charcoal gray

he cocks his head to get a better look  
 at me, then scuttles up and around the trunk.  
 I salute the glorious grey bark  
 and count the cicada husks,  
 sometimes piggybacked two, even three!

there they'll be  
 until the fickle monsoon night-storms  
 whip the weeping branches  
 that sweep them away, all away

then I'll rue the turning of the day,  
 stretch my limbs to the twilight,  
 stifle a yawn,  
 pick up the hose and water the lawn.

it must be the dreams  
 created at tired 3 a.m.'s or  
 whenever the day's trials have  
 sapped vitality from the Night

that willow blonde that works near my station  
 i said hello once, and she smiled.

about  
 that pervade presleep concious  
 lusty, languid dreams of women i've  
 met, women i've seen, watched, and dreamed

while picking cat fur from my t-shirt...  
 ...one more day without washing)

where is the Drama in life  
 thinking of past days, i wonder  
 nothing but cat stink for company  
 i am still up with  
 and though its 3 a.m.  
 cornflakes and nicotine for supper  
 no drama in life

**Brandon Davis**

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**Tony Nemer**

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

-July 1995

Hidey-ho!

No doo-wop to it... you'll get a tattoo. WOO  
 WOO

stuffs jailhouse logic up your think-spout!  
 WOP on his mind,)

where Bubba the Pederast (with DOO-  
 gets you punished and put in jail,  
 at the Vampires.

with a machine-gun and spraying silver bullets  
 congregation  
 crazy and cracky, going to the wopped-out  
 a high-schooler  
 And getting DOO-WOPPED in the butt makes  
 WOP on their butts.

and fed to the pederastic Vampires with DOO-  
 Butt-Clamping Wracking wrestling hold,  
 causes you to be made fun of, and put in the  
 And it's embarrassing to have that on your butt.  
 with DOO-WOP tattooed to their butts.  
 and high-schoolers who don't have sex,

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The pet wacky hofferian(in dark coat  
 ivory shirted  
 and silver buckled shoes) laughs.  
 Gentle demon, master of hemorrhage...  
 filling his cup...  
 where the knee just stabbed out  
 a scabbled knee, poor girl,  
 must have fallen off the swing.  
 no matter, dont need the knees  
 for a perfect thing.  
 just the fingers--  
 those delicate petals  
 near pink, dairy, sweet  
 and sticky, thank heaven...  
 thank god, grant us this meat  
 and flesh  
 and drink...

-Aug. 10, 2001

Brandy compiled.  
 still sucking the dropper...  
 taking his fill...  
 white virgin he eyed...  
 amorous supper...  
 sipping brandy...  
 whispering ribald...  
 but what I really need

and DOO-WOP tattooed to their butts.  
 I want jellybean cadences...  
 I want some smoothly shit sliding off the  
 tongue-rolling  
 where's the goddamn machine-gun?  
 always shitting in the driveways.  
 friggin' bear  
 the great green algae poems, that stick to your  
 feet when you come out of the pool poems?  
 the bull poems..

so where are the dog poems?  
 I hope you paste that to a file and save it.)  
 (so where did you work?  
 we're bored, we wanna read.  
 so, but not sure until you said.)  
 banana made me think  
 and what a wonderful wad it was. The

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entract

just wish her mom would  
 "hurry up and answer the phone"  
 he mutters and whinngly twists  
 the  
 piano wire  
 around the sawn  
 broomhandle  
 G above middle C

re-2:18 AM 9/14/2003  
 re-7:47 AM 12/24/2003

really live.  
 and they don't  
 they don't sleep  
 they don't work  
 because, like me,  
 waking mothers and fathers,  
 i call down a list of friends  
 as i help them to my car.  
 "You're so funny!" they say  
 without thinking so hard  
 to get laid  
 i decide to get drunk  
 its 3:15, and my creativity hurts

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Giltweasel