

Featuring
Greta Lee Schmidt



The Giltweasel



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Special

The Giltweasel

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Greta Lee Schmidt aka **imitriker** aka **rexirtimi** aka **imigawd** has been hanging with her fellow babies on the IRC since October 1995. Imi is a 29 year old technician, suffering from terminal lag, and hangs out on #poetry regularly. Obsessed with the perversions of life, her works reflect a simpler view of the seedy, a dimmer view of the vain and a tainted version of the truth.

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Third Class Wake Up

On those thick headed, clouded clumsy
mornings
when the mirror is the
last place your face wants
to be seen
and even the green of
grass makes last nights
gin creep back up to a
lump in the throat
knowing that struggling to
emit even a yawn... gross and tepid
would be a fallacy, the words fall
out .. down the edge of the bathroom sink filled
with spewed toothpaste and
tiny flecks of blood from weak gums...
all those words that sounded
per fect ion ary
on the tip of the tongue the night before
the same tongue you slipped into her wet flesh
in search of an understanding that called
out to you through the scent of her depth
the quiet of response of her musk
grossly judged you forgot that the tip of her
tongue wouldn't come back to you just for
respect, and after all the tests of
orgasms and screaming null contradictions

she was really aiming to leave you spent
for one greedy bitch is the same as the next
but that you forget once the flash of
the sun takes over.. after the
numbness of the pain wears off
you forget
you forget
just like you forgot the frightening words you
called out at four am without
anyone to listen to because she was gone
now you go stretching for your muscle's sake
grasping for that piece you wrote in your head
that goes floating down
the drain with the
toothpaste and tiny
bits of blood...

#216

Across the bar he pointed her another
obediently the tender acts.
She grins narcotic at him.
He's just another plague carrier
driving a rental, he cant help it.
Exhaling smokily she nodded,
knowing he was carrying a wallet
full of credit card receipts.
Soon he will slither over
on fresh calf skin shoes
to make feather like conversation.
...swallow hard she thought
the night has just begun.

#435

We met at the bar
it had been one of those
wearing never ending
unforgiving days
but he had steel eyes
and unlimited tab
so I made myself comfortable
after three hours
of conversation so small
that it all fit in a shot glass
I decided to become
scarce
those steel gray eyes
were no longer magnetic
my head full
no longer required his
bar tab for amusement
he insisted on walking me
back to the room
"oh well" I figured
fucking a dull eyes man
beats sleeping alone

3 am

at 3 am when
everything settles
even the cats
and the food screams
as it rots in the refrigerator
you know the voices
in your head are
not half your psyche
splitting off to form
a new version of conscience
they are those lost voices
of reason
that
make
the still of
3 am
shake with
used up memories
used up lovers
used up youth
one more reason
to throw
away leftovers

Rising on the West End

Hard Polish coffee
tanned with cream
sipped as August sun
melts river fog
accompanied by the morning
mass bells of St. Catherines.
Five blocks away the
rail yard yawns to life
steel on steel-
wheel to track screeching.
Box cars mated together,
sanctified by conductors
of Union Pacific.

The 3 of us

Eight seasons we were loosely one, but he worshipped a bourbon god, while I lain at the feet of his abandoned Mary's mercy. She fell with Saigon but as phantom she whispered about our room an opiate memory, still perfection, held in time's clasp. Hiding between lines on mirror's single dimension, we made no promise other than to feed our mutual needs... so easy for two hollow.

The Maid

in room 403 two men in gray suits
play chess on contract for deed
agreement

next door in 405 a cocker spaniel
watches as his master reads a
dear John letter for the fifteenth
time

below him in 305 a 16 year old girl
gets laid for the first time but
her 35 year old boy friend doesn't
mind

I wait in the hall with my cart of
supplies and towels waiting
to clean up everyone else's
mess

Say You're Sorry

I want an apology
Just one "Excuse me I
was wrong". A beg for
forgiveness minus
 the excuses
 The liars market
 has to close for
 repairs some time.

I want some bastard
to grow enough balls to say

"I stole that
 fuck

I drank your
legitimacy straight
form the bottle while
you looked away

I robbed the poor
and it felt good

 I pissed in your
 wading pool and now
 I feel relieved

I poisoned your blood
and knew it would
eat you from within

I stole your child
because I am just
that god damned sick”

And when the purge is
made of all your
“sins” I wont
slap your pathetic
faceless face
whoever You are

I will just take
your admissions
savoring them like
fine wine,
swirl it about
my lost tongue
till the sourness returns

And the fat man
clicks the neon "Open"
sign on above the door
at the liars market

Lost City

The sky line shrinks in my rearview mirror
glass skyscrapers recede at 65 mph
I ease my way into the rich velvet soiled land
empty, void yet of life this spring..
missing the city that I
embraced for a day with its miles of fast
highways full of speed
on ramp to off ramp
craving the merge
veering off one to scream to another
with a crazed smile as the radio blares and
beautiful men dressed in Armani suits wink
while passing me in red sports cars
they belong here,
they work in those mirrored towers
that are disappearing completely now as the
radio station fades
I pass a Oshkosh coveralled farmer whose
pickup only goes 48 mph
down this 2 lane
stretch of road to no where.

#1026

-

In tranquillity of a Sunday morning
the throats of the choir boys trebles
bathe discarded whores, track armed
addicts and rotted remnants of the streets. Loving
silent incense fingers massaged their souls sins
in forgiving circles. So for a few weary
moments, they knew among them- peace.
And despite shame, loneliness and rejection,
there is pure light.

Outside my window

Superior boardwalk
resembles a freeway
pedestrian causeway
I sip latte' with
weary dogs
from suite view
a parade of
tourist traffic flashing past
multicolored jogging suits
a sea of spandex
on roller
blades, bikini babes
tight clinging reactions
of middle-aged
sweat reminders
of coppertone sunsets
smelling of stale beer and cum
in the back seat of daddy's car
until they are
squeezed back to reality
by wisdom of wives grip

Luna on the Water

Glass lake
deep as midnight
has the soul
of a woman.

Softly reflecting
moon beaming
stillness shimmering
her depths cool she
reflects.....

Beating wings of night hawk
break away from her shores
through piercing calls to owl's
set perched
fastidiously among
birch while
watching for late
night dinner feast

beside
the lady lake
by light of
man in the moon

Girls Dont Bat

Chicks don't play baseball its
just a fact. But I would give
up this female frame for one
hot July day in the sun on a
perfectly cross cut mowed field
surrounded by a rumbling
stadium, as the pitcher pegs
a runner at first for stealing
and I wait for the chance to make
a over-the-fence catch and
become the hero of an entire
country
because
baseball players are still heroes
when they are good
even if they are really assholes
because its all about
the diamond
the ball
the bat
the game

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All submissions are appreciated!

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Produced out of love of poetry and poets, for the poets' and poetry's sake!



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