

The Giltweasel

Fifth Issue
July 1995



**This
Space
For Rent**

on a sunbeam

from the lazy dusting in a morning sliver.
a thing alive and large in size, a tree between the seas and skies
that lonely radiant goddess does deliver,
a Slow year of measure, to all of life alive.
and ticking with obedient days, dark nights.
lakes and birdwashes dance alike,
and the sunlight answers with a leaf-like pirouette on ice.

Ice... winter's cold as snow is white.
heaty haze in summer's deluge in waiting.
both captives of clouds', streaming leaving living light.
bring breath to too tired lips and drying throats,
let be wet,
Seasons end giving sun of slight
charges made in these days streaming leaving living light.

Coursers in the sky on razors trails, and while they fly
in bright-streaking lines of eerie golden hair..
only I, I have seen no other fleeting fold of teardrops,
Sundrops falling, wilting lifeless, duskless night;
stiletto fires peeking --undetected. Spotted there...
now here, and here... now all a-carpet is the Sun-light on the grass.

Weathered travelers fighting tired, and wearing weariness,
answer and homage to a vagabond star.
Warrior Icarus, softly hearing, and touching the face of a God,
not fearing glory. shone upon these wings leaving no
loss of hue or fade of timbre falling near or falling far.
Red-night of clouds telling where boys have landed.

A world apart, but still worth loving. A days
walk away, but still worth fearing the loss of one
single finger beckoning and sharing current waves of living.
always bright, that one light piercing life and love,
closed-eyed and seeing darkness dissolving, breathing
parts of you and me. flowing heavenward of sunlight kissing
...my..dust... Good Night.

Nov. 25, 1994

There was a man with a huge nose
it grows and grew until the end of it
His nose(and tv) too
you see that I saw it on the box
with rocks in the head
dead people crying clawing
gnawing on noses and kneecaps
and skullcaps undressed
distressed were the living
giving no quarter
the mortar of mankind resting on them
skim and skip to the credits
debits from pockets to Mr. Romero
next narrow escape from sinking ships and ice
nice weather we're having until 12 o'clock
sock one was missing from left foot and toes
goes upstairs to look and finds that sock two
you see was doubled now naked
sacred the floors of uncle Joy's house
with mouse one and mouse two etc. etc.
I said there's a problem with too much tv

serious thinking can lead to abuse
what use is a deadbeat on top of the couch
ouch as I fell and went to the carpet
repented my sins and then went to sleep
creep to the bedroom without wearing shoes
who's nuts to wear without the right socks
flocks of mice running all about
without the proper footwear
forebears will be plagued
pegged from the start I need to recap
the kneecap eaten
beaten feet
neat on the sofa
loafe in the house
mouse under foot
but not under ground
sound in bed I prefer at this stage
page me a hammer head
read me to sleep.

Jun. 15, 1991

Hole in the ceiling
hole in the bucket

roll in the hay

roll in the bed

hole in the head

hole in my left shoe

worm-hole in space

more holes in my face

faces in an orange peel

feeling an iceberg joining for a glass of root beer

fear a spaniel lurking in a dark room

room for a dripping rain from the hole in the ceiling

feeling again the breezes off of the lake of tears remaining

in my eye

I had a splinter and cried

tried in the past-tense to write "hole in the ceiling"

before I had to write it again

been sleeping a lot in this heat of the Summer

feat of Summer for the sun to bake my pet jellybeans

greens and corn chips crunching

munching and corn chips crunching

lunching without being rude to the boss

Jazzy Bean esq. (no relation)

tuba and mousetrap amalgamated

hated the holes for their lack of being there

square of an ice-box
lock of goldilocks hair
bare in a tree-less landscape
escape from that spaniel lurking upstairs in that dark room
vroom, vroom, a sound not smelled
felled a tree in the oily green desert
desert is hard to rhyme
I'm in your head now
how about the elevator
alligator pie
I see another screaming rosebud fleeing
seeing me
being in a leaking ceiling looking up into a basement
casement windows being strategically placed
paced upstairs without the grace of gravity
brevity and wit just sticking a line in out of nowhere
beware and be true to all the pigeons cooing
ooh-ing, ahh-ing screeching orders to a fruitbowl
fruitful life and living
giving scaring
sharing and paring geodes from the test of age
rage for flaring before daring breakfast on the table
stable and secure this manifestation of Lao Tzu
how do when time flies light the wisdom meditate
sedately sitting pretty with the spaniel on my lap.

sunrise sleeping

...that bass of moving train sleeping siren wwoof of motion through
Springtime as the hissing snake-wind ripples the tear-drop
falling through blue-brown-yellow-red living fuzzy-minded wet-fire
in the vampire's mind intoxicate. black lips dry from lake-edge
soup of scum malnourish his heart dimming. looking at one-falling
leaf, dry, green, titan of seasons mocking mortality
to the vampire's woe. one leaf, dry, floating in black lake
wind seaming over ripples pipping in the water deep. A shallow blue
sky, steamy-misted day humming underlay of unrealized life
dreaming of the bloom of red earth beating with the spice
of tomorrow flowing on white wind in blue sky. in the vampire's fist the dust
of clockworks cogs and gears to sprinkle waterborne into cosmos. the sun,
an ether in his veins, to be worshipped in a vulgar feast upon
childhood in his frenzy to be sacrificed for nothing. lack
of a day, thyrstyng for ideas, alone in the dark, demons away,
and words of aegis abandoned for water.

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 muezzin-bird call to

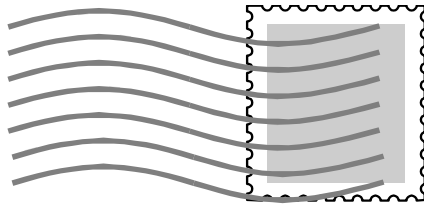
mountain life creeped upon

mountain death vitalized throughout

constant change of mountain

urine

think urine on the floor
stink that urine on the door and walls
drink urine from the golden chalice
pink piss that lemonade is good
drink piss
think piss
that piss sure is good
what kind of piss have you
litmus piss of red or blue
red piss aint good I hear
white piss the urinal hides
urine inside
 urine inside
nasty smell with peepee streaming
on the seat and in the steaming
confessional of piss
I have to pee
I have to pee
real bad I cant hold it no longer
the whiz of me is drip drip
pissing
running through my shorts
and down my leg
but It warms me up inside
 piss on the kids
 pot kills you know?
green piss
flaky urine
 shiny knob
brine of piss
bouillabaisse
 wanton urine soup
think stink free
think pink urine
think watercress
 parsley piss
think mescaline
piss - burnin' yearnin'
powdered urine
green pee stink snow
 snow pea pea green
hike up the pea green
dress, shiny girl
piss girl urinate girl. let it flow...



simple

today I am a jay with a stained face,
 listening to the music wearing the walls.
today I am a cat with a feathered palate,
 taste the wind stale as dust on the wing.
today I am a painted lady as a mannequin perched in the cafe,
 the boys come by and sneer, they know I am a man.
today I am a fallen ember of the angel's bidding,
 no priests allowed into this dying trust.
tonight the wind blows, the wind carries incense to the chamber,
 this chamber filled with dressing dolls and stitched dreams.
today I am a tape dream, rolling out from the spindle as pulled,
 spindle may care, the censer burns my mixed metaphorical life.

Hey! Same thing goes as always. I need submissions, without which this magazine doesn't exist. If you want to send something, include a SASE. If you want my phone number you'll have to write. And if you want my name you'll have to write. I'll likely print anything. So if you're not sure whether it is suitable, believe me, almost anything goes. Anyone who is offended is welcome to try to milk this rock.

This is a non-profit, out-of-pocket endeavor, so suggestions, comments, and friendly offers of help would really float my boat. The most important thing are the submissions. Keep them coming. I'm at the bottom of the barrel, and I would hate to have to publish any Vagon poetry.

The Buggin' Uffly Press is requesting submissions of poetry, short prose, and experimental writing (again short,) to be published in this magazine. All contributors will be paid in author's copies and gratitude.

Submissions should be sent to:

Giltweasel Submissions
425 MacArthur Ave.
Union, MO 63084

or

The Giltweasel
12F University Terrace
Columbia, MO 65201

Freehand



The New
Buggin' Uffly Press