

The Giltweasel

Twelfth Issue
February 1996



The Giltweasel

Contents

<u>author</u>	<u>page</u>
Aaron Pepelis	
The spider could teach a Ph.D.....	4
Steve Parks	
The Day of the Twigs.....	6
Snowleop and Giltweasl	
13's.....	7
Jim Keating	
I'm a Human Being.....	8
The Giltweasel	
readin' time	9
Brian Carpenter	
The Conifers: 20 Eyes	10
John Amato	
Serial	11
Chris Ritter	
The Wisdom Within.....	12
Steve Parks	
Gloriosa Glucosa II	13
John Amato	
ROOFS.....	14
John Amato	
The Venetian Confessions of a Sweet Knight....	16
Group Poem (Pr1s)	
-Soft Talk- (the downside of IRC) by Pr1s Bot..	17
M P Chandler	
p s y c h o n a u t.....	18

COPYRIGHT ©1996 The Giltweasel

All Rights Reserved

All authors retain original rights to their material

Aaron Pepelis (Bachogre)

The spider could teach a Ph.D.

Up on the hill
in Rockingham county
stood a tree.
A hole the size of a ball
sat on it's trunk.
Little Jonnie
passed by it
every day,
the way home from school.
He was the first to...

The white silk
strung from corner to corner,
edge to edge,
a normal colored spider
had woven in the web
"We rule, but why."

In being a good guy,
he crawled up
to look inside.
Plain as day,
the words still read
"We rule, but why."

Jonnie told his pa.
Pa's many friends were eager to see,
the spider in the tree
and come they did
to see the miracle.

The gossip spread
around the town, state, country
of Jonnie-boy,
a spider in a tree,
and the message to see.

Everyone learned a different thing.
The fanatics said it was a sign from god.
The puritans wanted to burn it.
A group in Texas got ready for mass suicide.
Some Psychologist said it needed love and wrote a book.
A poet copied the message, free verse.
The philosophers came to stare.
The thinkers thought.
The dreamers dreamt.
The world stopped moving
for a little spider
in a tree
on a hill.

The countryside was
abuzz and abound
with all the new people in the town.

One morning an agnostic found
that the message had turned around.
The words now read different things
and all that was left were two wings.
The man cried out "Look! Look! The Fly."
gathering courage "We rule, but lie."

The fly had turned a why
into a lie.
A sign from god, a tag, a clue,
interpretation a new
about the tiny insect that flew
and changed the words again.

A scientist snuck in one day
took the precious spider away.
He cut and cut.
Finally to see,
what the heck this thing could be.
After dissecting all night,
he came back in the light

to show his great discovery.
He said to the gathering crowd
from across the county.
"It's is plain to me.
I took the spider of Rockingham county
to find
that he was left handed and totally blind."

Since then,
the crowds have gone.
books were wrote.
lives were saved.
A man from Wisconsin can walk again.
Now little Jonnie can pass
over the broken ground
and stand before the tree
on the hill
covered in snow
to hide the miracle.

Steve Parks (egad)

The Day of the Twigs

Complementary schizmogogenesis
because of our genderlects
is like the day of the twigs.
After the big winds, twigs were everywhere.

We raked them up and put them in bags
but they ripped the plastic
so we broke the dead twigs
and still they ripped the plastic.
But not as much.

13's

Snowleop and I had a little bit of fun on IRC with these.
A new girl came on and suggested that we "play 13's"
We didnt know what she meant but concluded that this was
fun if not silly. Each line is two words. Follow the alphabet
and you get 13 lines.
Simple but it really is kinda fun.

- > anyone's burrito
- > cheesy dear.
- > exciting finish
- > grotesque heart
- > ingenuous jackals
- > killing larcenous
- > murderous naughty
- > often porous
- > quarrelsome reprobate
- > stinking turd
- > useless volumes
- > worthy xenophobe
- > you zanzibar!
- > zanzibar
- > sorry

- > zero yuppies
- > xerox wishes
- > volcano uranus
- > trumpets sound
- > regenerating quaaludes(sp)
- > punching olivia's
- > neutre mams
- > lovers kiss
- > justice hollers.
- > intrepid, genuine
- > frustration ensues.
- > Dammit, Cora!
- > breakfast already!

- <SnowLeop> asshole byzantine
- <SnowLeop> criminal doll
- <SnowLeop> eating fungi
- <SnowLeop> great! horrid!
- <SnowLeop> ichythus juice
- <SnowLeop> keeping libidinal
- <SnowLeop> memorize Neruda
- <SnowLeop> open Pablo
- <SnowLeop> question Romantics
- <SnowLeop> sing tenor
- <SnowLeop> ululate verbatim
- <SnowLeop> wiccan Xmas
- <SnowLeop> yummy zygotes
- <SnowLeop> -fin-

Jim Keating (pantleg)

~ I'm a Human Being

This is one of Gods Creatures in the tree
Why ! Are you going to have a fire fight
with me?

I am a boy on the ground, dear god,
please, don't let them take me down.

~ I'm a Human Being

Fruit rotting on the trees
Land Of such complexities
Light flickering through the trees
Blinding heat of the morning sun.
Trench mouth determination day begun.

~ I'm a human being

O' my God hit the ground !
Can't you see,
that man in the tree?

Fire flashed TiaTaTTat
Spraying death all around
legs and arms flying
new thudding sounds.
Blood soaked eyes,
Dying Cries

~ I'm a human being

Frenzied tension happened sooo fast

grabbed my weapon RaTaTaTat
branches flew back
dead men in the tree

~ I'm a Human being

A blood shot tear was shed
Fruit rotting on the trees
only the grandiose black worms
could I see.

The Giltweasel

readin time

It's the books man, The broody stuff in green hardbacks
that smelly basement book like for fifty years underwater.
The talkin to me gets crazy, Their words all of em jumblin
into page after page of idea on idea jumblin in my head.
They're always talkin right, The stories right and left good
and bad new and old fact and fiction on top of fiction on top of...
They're always talkin wrong, The good guys get even-the bad guys
get away to the sequel chapter page paragraph sentence word...
The meanness of the writer comes through, These guys and gals
have their own true and false stories freudmares and epilogues to
contend with.
What's in it for me man, I got morals themes culture learning good times
entertainment
all sorts of righteous stuff, There aint much else you can buy for it...
What's in it for me man?

Brian Carpenter (Snowleop)

- The Conifers: 20 Eyes -
(after Wallace Stevens)

- I Bent for wind;
 knelt for volcanoes.
- II Look to the bark,
 a frozen squirrel--
 instinct attached at the claws!
- III Even Hemlock heads
 poke holes in a slouching fog.
- IV My brother and I would juggle rocks
 and fly them between needles
 to hear if we could hit anything.
- V Where have the warheads gone?
 Impaled on charcoal spikes.
- VI The moon was buried in the forest.
 Only headlights part this sea.
- VII I was asked about a crater bed,
 then about a forest.
 Apparently it was a riddle.
- VIII In an urban district,
 a totem is a broken bone,
 stuck through concrete,
 the shell from deep soil.
- IX The cedar tattoo:
 two sets of initials,
 one wound.
- X Night is cascading.
 Old twigs drifting,
 and Cougar seeping,
 around the edges.

John Amato (amajo3)

Serial

It was her hot Summer, the wind blew high
on top of that Greek Isle of earthen suns,
the stucco villages dotted the Aegean rise
that looked back at her almost blinding
bounce of terra cotta, glistening to the shade,
the portico village below was resting as it had
since it ever was over that ocean that shined back.

And it was her long Winter... she would now sing
praise of black birds in her romances,
all the voices and pointless suffering she'd pen,
and one more run of plots then off it goes to him and
all those lovers that hang on themselves where in the end one
dies.

She sat with Xerxes coffee more than warm as
the noon sun pinched the wave crests and the
mountains came dripping to the sea.
She followed her eyes upon the water and the sky: three blue
things.

'Weather is here, wishing you were beautiful.'
his mail were two things: 'then her life was given to the
sea ...'
and, 'sorry ... was found floating in her blue robe.'
Afterwards, her career suffered a decline.

Chris Ritter (Corduroy)

The Wisdom Within

I received an envelope from an unknown party with the word: G-O-D
scribbled dark in shorthand on its white face.

I say unknown because I'm not sure if He
would send me any sentiments of His respect,
--TO ACKNOWLEDGE IS TO RESPECT--

So I lit up a false sentiment and sat down on my love sofa
thinking about everything this lightweight letter mightpossiblycontain

But I have to admit as I was admitting to myself just then
that I had no earthy idea what wisdom was inside.

I was IGNORANT of its CONTENTS

Curiosity is of me because I am human
and Curiosity is of the human and I am me

So I held it up to the light (being human also means fear of the unknown)
and I could barely read the word: A-S-S-H-O-L-E
scribbled in the same shorthand as the letters on the face.

I couldn't tell if it was in the greeting as the Catholics would say
or in the signature as the Atheists would say
but I had the idea it wasn't in either..

My thoughts led be to believe that it was in the body,
Telling me to 'Get off my lazy ass, you slow dog of an A-S-S-H-O-L-E,
and learn what truths I've provided for you!'

I walked over to the kettle I was boiling for green tea
and steamed open the seal to read what truths
had fallen into my possession.

When I pulled out the contents the words had been smeared
by the water droplets that had invaded those truths
so that only one word was legible:
A-S-S-H-O-L-E

Steve Parks (egad)

Gloriosa Glucosa II

Your hair is the first thing.
It's a natural wonder
the way it falls.
If hotels could be built around it
or you could be persuaded to stay in one place
it might usurp the Niagara Falls
for a place for newlyweds.

I would like to be a newlywed
with you as my bride
our wedding a marriage
between natural and traditional
the natural fruit being a gleaming child
a bouncy, laughing, gurgling
needing a diaper change baby
forced on the father (to change)
who overcomes the natural revulsion
and does the job
getting an award
from the president of the United States
for such fortitude
and grace under guano.
It was almost raining guano!
and the husband remarked
(while he winced at it's anticipated reception)
the raining guano's color
reminded him of something,
something that made him feel good.

It was the dun hair
that got him into this mess
in the first place.
First there was the hair.

John Amato (amajo3)

ROOFS

Shingles in my backyard. What a Winter. My roof is testimony to the Big One of '96. It stands pointing to where it always pointed, to where it should point. I'd worry if it didn't point to heaven, if it didn't be itself in all its glory.

When Spring comes, I know I'll have to join the circus on my roof and dance the wire above the net. My wife will direct me from the bottom of a three-ring menagerie with the dogs barking at some stranger on their roof. She'll cup her hands like a megaphone and, "no to the left, near the chimney. Watch out, don't fall." It's a good thing I have cable, antennae get me sea sick from such heights. I'll check the seams and count the shingles from last Fall to see if I can stay balanced long enough to forget why I climbed on the roof in the first place. Checking your roof is a self-defeating project. A study in fear. Only professionals should do it; and Oh yes, fireman are good at it too. No civilian in his right mind should be on a roof.

A roof in good weather is a god sent, but once you're up there, the altitude seems to erase all purpose of man to be away from humanity especially with sharp tools in your pocket. 'Now, why did I come up here?' I'd ask my real self. 'Oh, yes, to check the missing shingles that the wind blew in the yard.' But, if they're in my yard, 'why am I on Mount Everest looking for them here?' These questions should have been posed at ground zero. Ah, if I were only a mouse.

There is no sense of equilibrium on roofs. All reason escapes unilateralism when unqualified people climb angled structures in the stratosphere. The design of a roof is definitely smart. Water falls down and goes into the ground. That is good. The whole point behind leaders and gutters was well thought out by some saintly homebody, definitely more adroit than me in vertical construction. And thank god he invented it before I bought this roof with a house attached to it. Was it Newton who invented the slope in the roof? or was it Gables, Clark? No, he was probably busy wooing some peroxide blond under her roof somewhere in Hollywood. I could go on and raise up all the research I did on roofs, but what point? Once you've seen one roof, you don't ever want to climb another.

One good thing about roofs is that the view of your city is totally unique. The landscape is definitely pitched. You have to remember it when you're up there though, because you only get to see it once a year, if you're not lucky that is. If a good winter goes by, you could get away with maybe just half a shingle or a few nails, and that can be done from the ground from your brown grass that needs seeding but is well padded.

And trees from a roof are new trees seen on their level. They don't look so crippled from that high. They're full and fat with leaves and solid shapes. My neighbor's roof looks worse than mine, so I guess I'm lucky that only a few shingles are missing. I'd have to call a pro. If I could see into my living room from one of my eaves like my neighbor-now he needs some real work-he's better off looking at his neighbor's roof who really needs extensive work. And the two houses over, looks like his roof is ready to join an air force squadron. The house next to that is has a christmas tree growing through it.

The joys of roof climbing. I guess you get the point. The higher we climb in life, the better we look. And if we look down too fast we could cause some heavy shingle and cable grabbing and then we'd really some guy who knows what he's doing to finish the job.

And Oh, about the mouse? I was only kidding (my dog told me to say that.)

John Amato (amajo3)

The Venetian Confessions of a Sweet Knight

Hers is a delicate whimsy
to marinate fowl rumors.
A bouquet huffs from Tarragon,
shapes dredged in flatlands
from Palma to Durum,
across the egg plants,
the plain and fancy
seasons, crumble in her
stealth hand.

Mageiros
in a grating mood
she ruminates,
she scallopinis
a seditious beef rump
into contumacies,
they ring the little necks
and the quahogs,
confiding to her
in buttered confessions
of a stir fry.

Hers is the cuisenart:
to kibosh words
on a skewer
of rheumy vidahlia
and tattling leeks,
the hearsay
of mushrooms
bruiting
till the lamb
is vindicated.

Her's is a table
of music complete:
a four movement
symphony of sonata
and sole,

andante in artichokes-
garlic & oil
to scherzo in scampi,
final with the dolce
of Venetian delights-

No butter creme dares
to see the likes of her
cappucino monks who
hiss in the night.

Group Poem

-Soft Talk- (the downside of IRC) by Pr1s Bot

one word is silent, many are staring, glaring ahead.
then a stream of ASCII
the opulent letters form minute cuntumacies
contumacies of furor, boredom, haste.
but the screen is gentle against eyes

worn eyes show the agelines of monitor madness
late words for sleepless souls
sadness gleaned and greened from the mills,
recent smatterings of old images painted in ice
melting into random patterns of water
soft words hard edges, no time for real life!
patterns fading into dreams

our dreams of grandeur on ethereal fingers
not to remain in mind
bits transmitted across a lagged time

by Tami_ Giltweasl Landers and Dracomage

M P Chandler (j8a)

p s y c h o n a u t
:.....:

fman: sees a translucent gale,
grey: sits, mute hands folded,
hint: hears windworn sails.
ben: feels a sudden faintness,
grey: watches, mute eyes scolded,
fman: hears a translucent gale.
ben: thinks of glimmering seasons,
grey: silent, by logic molded,
hint: sees windworn sails.
ben: hears mortal planets,
grey: senses on woodblock sold,
fman: imagines a translucent gale.
ben: is told stainless promise,
grey: made of evening gold,
hint: remembers windworn sails.
ben: sees an iron future,
grey: pure, by cleric told,
hint: wrapped in windworn sails,
fman: consumed by a translucent gale.

The Giltweasel is partially funded by a grant from Missouri Freenet

Submissions to The Giltweasel
should be sent to the following addresses:

The Giltweasel
425 MacArthur Ave.
Union, MO 63084

or e-mail:

gltweasl@is.usmo.com

You can view biographies and selected poems by
several contributors online at this World Wide Web address:

<http://www.speakeasy.org/~netropic/pp>



The
Buggin'
Uffly
Press