

Hey!
Can You Read?

The Giltweasel

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Inside this month:

Yvonne Guzman confronts the past

Stephen Parks reveals his first day on the job

First appearances by:
Greg Beaver, Carol Borzyskowsky, Annie Fields-Walters, Jacalyn Dunkle, and David Dorfman.

Also appearing: Greta Lee Schmidt, Max Chandler, Tony Nemmer, Scott Ogle and Fred Bradford

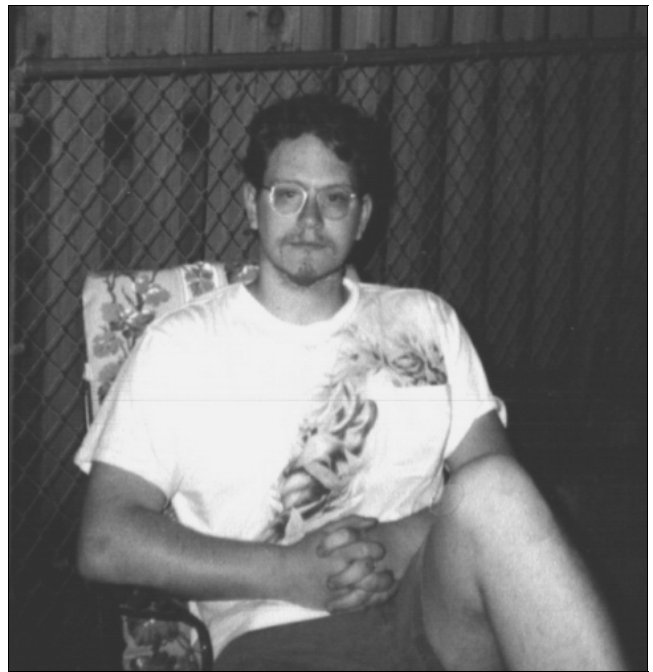
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(17)

Weasel's Nest

Welcome and welcome back to the true believers. This second issue in the second volume is supposed to be the refinement of the new format. I hope to have caught most of the layout errors and set up some templates from which to guide myself in the future. Also, it is supposed to show a refinement in the styles of poetry chosen for publication. I like bite. And grit, and blood.

And poems with a tongue of fire. I feel the poems in this issue are some of the best I've published, and they don't hold back. I prefer the poems with life dripping from their battle wounds. Poems that have severed jugulars. Poems that have their genitalia flapping in the breeze. But enough fantasy, let's talk shop.

The Giltweasel is published with poems gathered from the much talked about internet. For those people who are not inclined to explore new things, or are unable to investigate this growing communication medium I need to explain some stuff. Since anyone who has mastered the alphabet has probably heard of the internet, I'll leave the explanations of what it is to the trendy tv shows. Instead I need to tell you about IRC, which stands for Internet Relay Chat. IRC is a network of internet sites that provide a forum for people to gather and talk in real time. This forum is divided into channels named for whatever subjects people wish to discuss. There's a LOT of crap on these networks but there is also #poetry, which is one of the channels, and the nexus of my internet life. #poetry is just one of many channels on a particular network. That network usually has fifteen to twenty thousand users at any given time, and they are all free to join and create channels at will. People who wish to discuss or read or bitch about poetry join the #poetry channel (you can tell it's a channel because the # sign designates just that.) After some time, people begin to hang out on this channel and become regulars, like me and many of the other people in this issue. On the whole, the internet is a large, confused and confusing, chaotic mess, but with the efforts of many people, the #poetry channel is somewhat stable, despite the occasional uproar. What comes out of the associations formed there (I say there because it is a place, albeit electronic, it exists in a context of people's interactive participation. That participation comes together in reality, so it is a real thing, i.e. it is a place) is a collection of ideas and emotions that are mostly just a jumble in their native electronic format, but when combined and organized in print you get such things as this magazine. This magazine, which I hope shows some of the best expressions of the best experiences of life, can be viewed as a showcase for what is positive about the internet.



While you may object to some of the language (a "fuck" here or there), or you may not think such material is suitable for children, the point remains that adults expressing themselves in a free environment can say whatever they want. And more importantly, adults should have the freedom to explore what they want, where they want, without intrusion by moral safeguards. That said I should say this magazine is dedicated totally to free speech. I will publish anything as long as it meets the condition of entertaining me. And that takes doing.

I want to provide people with a place to publish, and a place to read that which is out of the ordinary. I want to have fun doing that, and I want to continue doing it as long as I can. To do this I need your support (insert standard plea for financial compassion here.) I need your suggestions. I need your criticisms. I need your art. A few "fucks" can't hurt either.

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Any queries will be forwarded to the artists for their perusal.

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The Giltweasel

*"with a world full of fellows like this,
who needs parsley for garnish?"*

CONTENTS

September 1997

- 4 **Greg Beaver**
 Fried Pancakes(An Easter Poem)
 Dreams
- 9 **Yvonne M. Guzman**
 Dear Grandmother
- 12 **Stephen Parks**
 redenormalize
 My First Week
- 17 **Tony R. Nemmer**
 what i really need
 the scorpions come out at night to hunt
 the lizard in the bottle brush
- 18 **David Dorfman**
 changes
- 19 **Rowan Lipkowitz**
 It doesnt say anything about pills in Leviticus,
 does it then?
 Ode to a Penguin
- 21 **Max Chandler**
 dark town
- 22 **Annie Fields-Walters**
 GILT EDGES WORN BARE
- 23 **Greta Lee Schmidt**
 Cathode Ray Dream
- 24 **Carol Borzykowski**
 11:59 p.m. December 1999
 Let Me Tell You How It Is
- 26 **Fred V. Bradford**
 Making Nonsense?
 Striving
 Exercise #4 / city of gold by Giltweasel
- 29 **Jacalyn Dunkle**
 Last Night
- 30 **Scott Ogle**
 The Memories of Forests

A Poem by Greg Beaver

Fried Pancakes (an Easter poem)

"Blessed is he that readeth
and they that hear the words
of this prophecy,
and keep those things
which are written therein:
for the time is at hand"
--Revelation I:3

the afternoon shift
 less red in the eye
raked the customers into their booths
 another typical afternoon
 in the moonlight cafe
 by the quay over on riverside
fluttering waitresses beamed
at the --
 (hoping for a better tip to buy lubricated condoms this time)

The insolent door suddenly
 found its
 manners
and blustered a cloudy apology
as the fattest, squat man with the red face
stormed inside, shaking his scarf at the
 injustice
 of gravity insisting that he waddle
and yet his
 eyes spoke of great wisdom
through eclectic clarity
floundering not at all
in the mist

The restaurant remembered its decor was showing and
 embarrassed,
 shuffled along faster, ducking its crimson cheeks

*Greg Beaver, otherwise known as CelloG on
irc, spends most of his time
trying to play the cello in tune at Rice
University where he is a senior.
Although he has studied the instrument for a
good 14 years, and plans to make it as a
performing musician when hell freezes over or
pigs learn to fly, whichever comes first, he
somehow finds time to scratch a few
poems and short stories from his brain.*

and continued to fulfill the morning fantasies
of the proletariat.

He took a seat on the bar next to Scuz
 (who is reputed to have earned his name from an acronym unknown
 no one dare ask, either)
and in a fastidious British accent, he trumpeted with the most nasal ardor:

"excuse me waiter, I'd like some fried pancakes"

The machinery choked
 and a waiter tripped
 over the missing cog, spilling hot coffee on the innocent newstand
The desperate maidens wiped their hands on
 the pink and white uniforms
and only Tess was left to take his order
"beg pardon, sir?"

"I said, I'd like some fried pancakes"
the insistence, the confidence, he shook
the very shaken solid convictions exasperated!
 their beliefs, for they did not know and he..?

the awful truth
 well, you see
"um, the truth is.."
They did not know how to fry a pancake, and
 such impotence clotted their glottus

when those beady eyes looked up
from the red face
so assured

 for the man's conviction
 his drive, his essence demanding that they know
how to fry pancakes
how ludicrous!
how very unsatisfactory!
lewd leers across the booths,
 incorrect totals strewn haphazardly
 all was dealt with in swift and economic efficiency
but this...
They were ashamed.
She was ashamed.
Tess scrambled for an answer.

her gridlock squirmed in his beady gaze.

cat's waltzed through her tonsils, or was it..
aaa tango?

"right away sir"
she partook of a military about blushing face
and walked away from why?
where did the g a z e come from?
the flush crept up her face. She was confused by a simple request.
How silly could that be?
surely such an obvious thing as a fried pancake -- why, it was absurd!
probably all the rage in Britain right now
(judging by his accent)

or Australia

She popped open the door with her rump,
and slipped her most derisive air on
as she asked Charlie to
"would you fry up a pancake?" with a condescending air

the black grease line
scraped the grill
corroded belly twisted around in a vain effort to follow triple chins.
"what the hell, Tess?"

the drool on his big lip flashed in a little arc
down onto his belly - s t o p p e d cold
by the frigid embrace of her eyes.
"the customer wants fried pancakes, and we will deliver them"

Joe turned around to see what the

the non-commotion was about when his neck hairs stood on end.
He started to laugh until Charlie turned around.
and he whipped his corny ass around to work diligently on
what he had forgotten he was working on so hard.

Meanwhile, in another time continuum, the universe was expanding
rapidly

The squat man with the red face implored the diner
with his manner

to take all considerations into account
when stepping through

the portals to

They squirmed and chafed miserably to the rag sizzling from
the kitchen. Billy bop bop-doo-wop ring around the rosie
"fetch me a beer, hon" takes on a whoole new ring when them
considerations flow in to fix up a whole new cake of shit

understanding and thought rarely trouble the happy proletariat
that's what Marx believed his job was, yes.
he tried to free them slobs from their own tyranny through
them bourgeois freaks bein' the problem, but he was a commie
and that ain't never gonna have worked, and ain't never will

Amen

that's what was such a sweaty dilemma. Somehow,
"I couldn't be silewapped more," he elbowed scuz with a grin
"where are those fried pancakes?" blustering redness so unbecoming
silewapped? SILEWAPPED?! how ridic--suddenly they realized
he had caught their philosophical that they should know
jugulars with his greasy hands and damn well how hilarious
twisted the balls up into little the glorious state of
origami fears and doubts silewapping is and
how atrocious the lack.. argh

Suddenly a customer reached enlightenment, and ran screaming
from the cafe

the man turned, and waved the astonished memory from the cafe with
a pudgy wrist limping flop

Suddenly a waitress forgot that she needed to beam to
(hoping to buy lubricated condoms this time)
for the time is at hand, no? It is 3 o'clock
"what, am I the first to ask for fried pancakes?"
"probably the last too, no doubt - silewapped!"

Tess shivered. Something big
very big
going down here, yes. what it is, which we all should know

The cafe's anxious became a whirling dynamo
Tess screamed "What is it?!"

dead stop - the cafe poised on comfortable tiptoe turned to ascertain

he glimmered up at her, a fairytale twinkle in his eye
and she saw the redness - a burn from the burning flesh in his
eyes - it was real fire, some--

"I don't think I will have those pancakes after all"

he hoisted himself from the stool
and the clock ticked childishly marking each second kathunk
the bewilderment of memory gone for a moment, and then back

the door obviously protested its rust once again
and he stepped into the vague sunlight

after all, it was only 3 o'clock he stepped into the vague sunlight

after all, it was only (couldn't have been) 3 o'clock



Greg Beaver

Dreams

dream a little, kid

wash up before you do
dirt get in the way
and straighten up your collar
in case you run up against God
or the President
don't you slump, straighten up that posture
ain't never a slumped kid ever dreamed
and made something of it
if you gotta shout then do it loud
if you gotta go down, go down shootin'
and put your helmet on straight
polish it up so it shine like them boots
and remember
if you shot
or you trip a mine
if your brain ends up in your buddie's laps
America is proud of you, kid

A Poem by Yvonne M. Guzman

Dear Grandmother

So many times I've mourned you
And the memories
I've retained
I gather neatly
Like flat steel
Pressed against my heart

Do you remember?

When I asked you
(just four)
Why the girl cried?
 When her mother died...after all
Her mother had been so cruel...

I had learned the weapon of words
by then...and my small thighs
Pressed to the prickling blue carpet
Seemed to flush in anticipation ...for your slap

The wonder I felt
When your eyes widened...
When you understood...my hatred...

Your voice so soft saying...
"Because she loved her..."

So it is with me grandmother...

It is my hands now
That fingers the little fifty-cent prayer book

Long after my faith has scattered
Like so many rosary beads

I have forgotten the "Act of Contrition"
"Hail Holy Mother"

Yvonne is from Arizona, where she is a student in Tuscon. Her Latin ethnicity and American existence appear to have her at odds with an interesting past. She conquers her individual and familial strains with her poetry, which resounds in her personal strength. Wet-back jokes amuse her some, being a full red-blooded american, and she can dish it out as well as she takes it. She parades her smart-ass on IRC under the nickname Ennvyluv.



Yvonne Guzman

and the taste of the Eucharist
Pressed flat and bland
Against my tongue...

There are no more crocheted Christmas angels
to save my soul now...

I have not forgotten...

Your hands clasped in prayer
so strong and tired
so old...

and sometimes so cruel...
So it is with me...

Do you remember?

The day I ran in
From the rain

And it was just you...and I
In the warmth
Of that old house
Made over...

There wasn't anymore prickling blue carpet
Or cool adobe floors
The cabinets didn't hang open like wide gaping mouths

All the secrets were plastered over
Enough that I could forgive you
For a moment...

And you could remember, you might love me

We
Spoke of
Your
Life

Your voice was low... and I remembered
I might love you

That was before I would know
or understand

The pain you caused me
Or that you had poisoned me
With your cruelty

That you would call me crazy...
And later a liar...

And stand against me
Even in your prayers

Your hands, folded
Over the steel of your heart

You asked me
That day
So many years ago

To forgive you

But you couldn't forgive me...
For my truths
or my realities

And so it is with me
Grandmother
So it is with me....



Bank, Clifton City



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are from the "Remains of an Era:
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A Poem and Life by Stephen Parks

redenormalize

swimming laxly
in a sea of haggis
i do the nude beach
breast
stroke
on authority
from a higher power
(that's why they give them
that higher chair)
I swim inland.
alopecia universalis
give me flow
swish
woosh.
every coin has
it's 2 sides
in the currency of kismet
serendipity inflation
confluence
over-rides
a resurgence
a renaissance
a laboratory experiment in art
downshifting the paradigm
to a flatlander
so that, despite exaggerations
of the verisimilitude
of the curvature
it's really a concave curve
we're in a gerbil's
exercise ball
that's why
even without hair
we can only swim
upstream
towards the guts
we eat.

Stephen Parks lives on the edge of New York City. He works at a school for individuals with learning difficulties. His web page has gotten over 100 visitors (<http://members.aol.com/egadyikes/home.html>). His favorite writers include Paul Auster, Raymond Carver, Raymond Chandler, Beckett, Jorie Graham and Ursula LeGuin. He went to the University of Wisconsin-Madison and Hunter College in NYC. On IRC he

My First Week

My first week as a teacher was rather a tough stretch. My second favorite professor, Kim Gretter, says that the first year you teach, you find out that you have a lot of unresolved issues and feel like you are all screwed up. I've had many years of experience close to what being a teacher is. I got to play at it for 4 years, so I can hardly complain. Still, I felt what she said.

I've got the best assistant teacher in the world, worlds better than I was, in Kathy, so I'm not alone.

The week went OK, though Myra has been given a point card. She stalked a student at lunch, drank someone's juice without permission, and wouldn't sit where I asked her to at an assembly. I'm not a control freak, students need to listen to authority figures so that they can follow boss directions on a job.

We have a behavior modification program in the school, but with our students who are going to be entering the job market, the fetters are let loose to see who can function independently, like in the mainstream, the world of work.

Unfortunately, I don't think it's appropriate for some since they are not even close to being a competitive worker. Sometimes students will surprise you.

Jeff has fallen hard for Amy, and she's turned him down and he's still hovering over her, another stalker in the class. They are the two alpha students, they have more social savvy than the other students. I need them to help me control the class because peer pressure is often more effective at controlling students. I give them respect, more freedom and the choice errands. Some people think schools are supposed to be egalitarian, but I'm getting my students ready for the realities of the working world, where the best get special treatment.

Eric Smith, perhaps the most annoying kid in the school, is also in my class. He thinks he's perfect, and there's nothing farther from the truth.

He's in a sort of denial; I am not the least liked student in the school.

He also speaks really slow and has a lot of prefaces, so that doesn't help. The other thing is that his parents think he's perfect. They have a big show every year at the school with a magician or a science demonstration, to mark his birthday. He's their little angel.

So aside from Myra picking her nose and eating it, the class is a bunch of pussycats, nice, not too noisy, and well meaning. Students who are mildly retarded are often cute, like little children. My job is not to cherish this part of them, but to usher them towards more maturity. My goal is to make them normal. I'm the first one to criticize the idea of normal, but it makes sense in this context.

Today we went into Manhattan. Part of our whole program is to get students travel trained. Of course to get a professional travel trainer, the parents have to jump through a bunch of administrative hoops. We don't provide travel trainers at the school, because we are an autonomous school in some

ways outside the board of education, and our funding doesn't allow it.

The walk to the subway took 15 minutes. Eric, Jeff and Will walked fast and had to wait at the street corners. I joke and say, "do what the Italian travel trainer says, you looka thisa way, and you looka thatta way, before you cross." I did that repeatedly but poor Mr. Smith didn't do it, he just went, like a horse with blinders on. So the next time, I said, OK, everyone follow Eric's lead. Of course he didn't looka left or looka right and got all upset when I made him come back. Foreshadowing.

Walking there, we had some nice socializing. It's a good time for them to get to know each other, to try to develop friendships, so crucial and so elusive to my guys.

We got to the subway, and while I talked a little, we rode mostly quietly.

Eric talked to me a bit, wondering what would happen when we got back to the school. I said, "it's good you are trying to plan ahead," while I thought, won't he just leave me alone to read about the silly Yankee baseball team news. It seems the owner Steinbrenner is quite terrible, and while the general manager has done some good trades, he's also not aloof like the coach, and gets all the flack from Steinbrenner. It's like the dynamic with my supervisor, I'm her whipping boy because it's my first year.

So we got to 34th street, which is 14 stops from 179th Street in Jamaica on the F train, not counting the first station. That was one of the homework assignment questions.

We walked to the Gap, supposedly the largest in the world, and decided to push on to our other job site, Staples, and looked in the window there. Then we went to the Wiz for a minute so I could buy the new REM CD. Myra got a CD with the gift certificate she earned through the point card system last year.

Then we went to the Manhattan Mall, a strange building with the big open center with glass elevators and rings of stores, and ate at the food court.

Kathy said the Food Court was on the 7th floor, but I heard 2nd, and I made everyone take the escalator, until I realized my error. Time was running out and that error almost had me go into a panic.

Two students held out for McDonalds, which is in the basement, so after we got all our food, Kathy went down there to get some for those. I had bourbon chicken, a weakness of mine. I took vegetables on the side.

Of course there was nothing kosher for the kosher student, Matt, so he got a salad, which was OK. Tonight begins a big holiday for him.

Carolyn, a sweet sweet student, who hears voices, asked me for some money to get more food. She was starved, her mother and she were homeless for a while, and her mother still runs out of money at the end of the month because she is on welfare.

One assignment I gave the students was to take a position on whether they would give money to a beggar on the subway, knowing that begging on the subway is illegal (the right not to be harassed verses the criminalization of poverty and so-called quality of life crimes). Carolyn said that they should find homes for the homeless, which I agree with, but she didn't answer the question. But when she asked for money, I didn't have any. Kathy had

it, she was buying another student lunch.

Meanwhile, Myra said she had money and wanted to buy candy. Myra has been known to eat other's food without asking and lift up her shirt to try and attract boys to her, and I'm always wary of letting her go, but Kathy was gone, and I could see the candy kiosk from where we were sitting. I buried my head in my plate of bourbon chicken.

When I looked up, I saw that Myra was asking people something. I went over, and she had 3 nickels on the counter, trying to buy some gum. It obviously cost more than that. Myra had a stressed, anguished look on her face. It turns out she was begging.

I had a dream in the summer where I spent the whole day of school yelling at Myra. I had her last year. She's impulsive, she has no inhibition. I didn't yell at her. I informed her she would be in for club time. She loves the cheerleading club. Club time is the last period on Friday, when those who earn it, can enjoy a club. She's the one student I will let loose on, and yell, because she has some amazingly antisocial behaviors. A student will come in late, and because she likes him, she will say that he wasn't late. I wasn't asking her, but she offers this absurd statement. She's so transparent in her basic needs for food and sex.

I didn't yell at her. I just calmly said, "no begging," and dreamed of watching my supervisor Emily yell at her. When I got back, I wrote a note to Emily. I wrote the short, sane message, just like I was taught in graduate school.

We finished lunch and I took David to his bus stop. Poor David had cancer several years back, and then when he recovered he went from a mainstreamed school, to Summit, where he had life skills. David belongs there, being mainstreamed is absurd, but the combination of this news and cancer really gave him a blow. His mother feeds and created the whole idea too. She thinks he's going to go to a college for the learning disabled. I have to say, he's the only 72 IQ student I know who knows who Miles Davis is. But the school psychologist found his IQ to be 20 points lower than this private evaluation.

The director of the school wanted to call up the psychologist and tell him how irresponsible he was with his inflated IQ score. Emily is always saying not to give his mother any reinforcement concerning his intelligence, but I can't do that, I have to see positive things in people, and I believe my mission isn't to brainwash someone, even though Emily is probably right.

David was going to go home because he had a doctor's appointment. He missed some days of school because he had a bad reaction to the dye for a test he had to have taken. He's going to have another operation soon, a little one.

I'll skip ahead to the end of my day. This is getting long. We got home without further incident.

At the end of the day, I had one student left: Eric. It was reported that Eric almost knocked a student over coming in today and that I need to monitor his exit. Kathy has been playing the heavy a lot today, so I took this duty, letting her go play with the baby one of the teachers brings to the school sometimes.

Eric denied that he almost knocked someone over. And he tried to get me to say that I would not monitor his exit. I told him that if he didn't walk down right he would have to walk all the way back up, and do it again. He's annoying, so it's sort of easy to do behavior modification with him. It's almost a pleasure. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

He drifted down the hall and I had to call him back quite a few times. Finally his bus was called and he started running. I yelled at him to come back. He wouldn't, and kept running. When he got to his bus, there was someone in front, and I took the opportunity to step in front of him. He went nuts, he threw his hands up in the air and waived them about, as Kathy would later describe, a baby throwing a tantrum. That was enough for me, I didn't want him to blow a gasket. I stepped aside and he got on the bus. Mr. Penner got on the bus and ordered him out. He asked him what his teacher had said, and somehow he headed back upstairs to try again. He raged all the way, and when we got to the 3rd floor, he took another stairway down, trying to run back down.

We were there to cut him off. We walked him back up, stomping his feet, face turning bright red, and raging. He walked him down with a hand on his shoulder. He was swearing and finally ran out at the end. It was quite a scene.

Mr. Penner looked at me, with his little smirk. Mr. Penner told me a long time ago that you can yell at a kid and not really mean it. I usually yell, except with Myra, out of fear or annoyance. But I knew that I had to be firmer. I let Eric rattle me with his little boy tantrum when I shouldn't have. I need to disassociate from their emotions in these instances, to do my job.

The other teachers out there gave suggestions. Hold his hand. Make his mother pick him up if he can't walk to the bus normally. One teacher said she likes to try and make him have a seizure. That's the other issue, he has seizures and he even makes himself have seizures, as a way of punishing someone. The teacher from the previous year made him say goodbye to everyone before he left, and made him walk behind her. I'll try that next time.

Other teachers pledged to help out. It's not a one man job, as I discovered today.

It really freaked me out, but that's also why I'm in special ed., because of these freak out scenes, they make it interesting. I'll be ready on Monday.

Three Poems by **Tony R. 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

Tony has appeared in many past issues of The Giltweasel, and will hopefully begin writing again, and continue to grace these pages. The poem "what I really need" exemplifies perfectly what I'm looking for in the way of poetry. I consider it one of the best poems I've ever come across, and wish I could find many more like it. I may have a problem defining the word poetry, or even making a claim to know anything about art, but I think this poem is a perfect condensation of language, and truly tells volumes with a few words. Known as Teratogen on IRC, Tony is the bane of the gentler sex everywhere. May he continue to give them hell.



Tony Nemmer and Frettchen

the scorpions come out at night to hunt

the scorpions come out at night to hunt
crickets on the walls of my mother's house
in my flashlight beam, their bodies reflect
a sickly straw glow. I'm hunting also,
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 intent to sense my oblique approach
I surprise it into a pyrex cup
watch its furious attempts to climb up
the clean glass for a while, then gingerly
dump it onto the walk, bid shuddering adieu
and smash it to pieces with my shoe

the lizard in the bottle brush

the lizard in the bottlebrush
greet 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 furtive moonsoon night-storms
whip the weeping branches
that sweep them away, all away

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



Residence of W. J. Day, Booneville

A Poem by **David Dorfman**

Changes

A crack in the sidewalk of life
One's self the paver
Yet I travel on the gravel path
My shoes an anvil
Pounding with the beat of my heart
A change is needed
A change of perspective, that is
To see that,
Though my problems
Are cracks in stone,
I
Walk above.

Dave is in the military, stationed in Korea, but will soon be placed in Hawaii for three years, which thoroughly disgusts me. On IRC he goes by the nickname _Chaos_.

Two Poems

by

Rowan Lipkowitz

It doesn't say anything about pills in Leviticus, does it then?

"This piece is designed to be read out loud - shouted, rather, during those moments when you suspect your audience is starting to fall asleep."

The room is white, but strikingly less both cramped and padded from that which you might expect. In fact, the only features which could be remotely considered padded would be the stained mat under the window and the rat which scampers across the floor from time to time to nibble on my toes.

There is a sink and a toilet - both porcelain white with gentle curves so as to prevent me from cutting myself, but of course they would never say that outright. One functions and the other does not. That is why I must push my feces out through the gaps between the bars in the window with my left hand - always the left hand; I eat with the right hand.

I eat... pork chops. Lots of pork chops. Covered in ants - never black ones, but with whole hillfuls of red ones - stinging red ones. They make my tongue swell up as I lick them out from between my fingernails. It's amazing how little of the menu here is kosher.

Moses would not be amused. He'd probably stand tall, like Charlton Heston, and split his hands apart, and the next thing you know the walls would be rent asunder, and all the nurses and orderlies, wearing full headdresses and with snakes curling out from their chins, would, along with their Pharaoh, drown in the Red Sea - red because it was swarming with ants!

Take THAT, Ozymandias, you fucker. I DON'T LIKE pork chops. And one of these days, I'm going to get out of here and SHAKE YOUR HAND. Your LEFT one. THEN... well then you will have to hide your hand, festering with excrement and crawling with dung flies, you will have to hide it behind your back when you pose for all of your eternal colonnades and Wonders of the World and Shelley's traveller will know, WILL KNOW the WHOLE SORDID AFFAIR.

Ode to a Penguin

I think that I shall never see
A being with such grace as thee;
Thy useless wings, out on your sides,
Aid to navigate the tides.

My love goes beyond the boundaries of lust.
Our passion is great, possess you I must;
I love to watch you, you waddling fool,
Then dive in the water, refreshing and cool.

Your plumage is so soft, subtle and refined,
It fills my heart with joy, knowing that you're mine;
But now it seems I must go away,
But, fear not, for I'll be back some day.

So sit tight, with memories of sharing,
Your favorite treat, a jellied herring;
So avoid that hole in the ozone layer,
And I'll remember your feathered face so fair.

We'll go swimming, in the water, and with a towel,
We'll dry ourselves off, my little waterfowl;
So farewell, I say, good-bye, my love,
The penguin, not an owl, nor a heron, nor a dove.

The icefloes may crack, the glaciers may melt,
But nature can't compare to that which we felt;
Man and bird, eternally together,
Hand in hand, and hand in feather.

Rowan and his doubttable last name is a newcomer to the magazine, and welcome though he is, I fear for him should he ever approach me or my wife and daughter. His brand of insanity freshens the air of Brittish Columbia, and he ambles about on IRC with the nickname Cthulu.

Store, Clifton City



A Poem by Max Chandler

dark town

(dedicated to Jim Keating)

a chaos so jocular mirrors
a history so ignored:
there, a lynching
before a greeting.
the grass does not grow,
the branches do not bud.

i tried mourning solitude
but for the frost underfoot.
what can be god-wise,
when all gods have fled?

locals glance at you with aplomb,
while crawling through the square,
shining blackly, tension mounting,
as if they just came
from planting a neutron bomb,
and all worries vanish
in twenty-two minutes
and counting.

and your ice-tired neurons
find no significance,
no ignorant monks or
savvy mayors,
no imminent psychiatrists,
no oppositely radiated,
worldwide,
saviours.

2-24-96

Mysterious Max hardly says a word, but when he does it usually compensates for his months of silence. Max is, well, mysterious as I said, and hangs at the Speakeasy Cafe in Seattle. On IRC we know Mysterious Max as j8a.

A Poem by Annie Fields-Walters

GILT EDGES WORN BARE

I need
I...
must
accommodate
placate
lie prostrate
but never, ever
adjudicate
fornicate
--masturbate--
sleep in late
it's prone to
criticize
apostacize
[sanforize]
Fuck
 that (!)
too much commotion
love is devotion
more {>} than emotion
must [need]
compromise
surprise \?/
=resize=
remove all guilt (edges)
shove the guilt
make "rebuilt"
share the quilt
we need [must]
pet the cat
no <more> welcome mat
....That
I can live with

Annie is another newcomer to the magazine as well as the #poetry channel on IRC. She demonstrates wild enthusiasm for both venues, which is always a plus on my tally sheet. Her nickname is variably Kokopoooh



The Giltweasel is sponsoring two contests for articles that appear throughout the monthly issues. These contests are intended to promote quality writing amongst the readership and writers in general. There are two categories for judgment. There will be a \$1000 poetry prize for the best poem printed through the publishing year. This prize is the editor's choice and cannot be awarded to anyone in the publisher's family. All poetry printed in the magazine will be considered for the prize. There will also be additional prizes of \$500, \$300 and \$200 awarded to any other item appearing in the magazine. This includes poetry, essays, reviews, opinions, photographs, and artwork.

These prizes will be determined by a qualified jury of not less than 4 and not more than 8 judges. These judges will be selected by the publisher, and members of the publisher's family are ineligible for any of these prizes as well. All prizes will be announced in an annual review issue of The Giltweasel. This review will publish all the winners and the runners up. It is important to note that unless an annual review is published, these prizes will not be awarded. So your support of the magazine will determine the existence of the contests.

To be eligible for the contests any article or poem needs to be submitted by May 10, 1998 at the latest. This is to enable time for the judging and printing of the annual review by the end of Summer 1998. To submit a poem or article you should mail either a file on disk or a completed manuscript copy to The Giltweasel. Computer files should be formatted in plain text on an IBM formatted 3.5" floppy disk or e-mailed to The Giltweasel at the following address:

gltweasl@is.usmo.com

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Columbia, Missouri 65205-6018

All copies and disks mailed to The Giltweasel will be retained unless accompanied by a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope for return to the author.

A Poem by Greta Lee Schmidt

The Lovely Greta is a mid-western poet extraordinaire. Her visions of grain-belt banality really strike home for a native like myself. I fully see what she says, and praise her words hoping she will continue to say it. Her IRC nicknames are Imitriker and

Cathode Ray Dream

Marty ate his
tuna sandwich
both cats dreweled
not because the cartoon
fish on the can
stimulated them
cats don't know shit about
caricatures
its all smell to them
Marty used to like smells
before he got his snout busted
in a four on nine fight
at Andies bar on West Huff St
they would booze it up good
on pay days before the wife
got her mitts on his
hard
earned
dough
Emily was a tough broad though
would kick his ass
drag him down like a hound
if he wasted more than \$4.00
Emily dreamed of
a Zenith Color Console
saved grocery change
scrimped on sensible shoes
the whole 9 yards
till finally the day came
Borzyskowski's delivered the big one
rolled into the living room
Queen Liz arrival
Marty and Emily sat there
every sunday
watching Ed Sullivan
comedy to tragedy
The old Zenith still worked

up to the day Father Dunn
gave Emily her last rights
Marty shared a bit of tuna
listened to the game
and said a prayer to
Edison
Emily
and the gang from Andies

Scene on farm of W. J. Day, Booneville



Two Poems

by

Carol Borzyskowsky

11:59 pm December 31, 1999

From my front steps I have a view
of the crazies
more exciting than Mardi Gras.
Old Margaret has thrown out
leftover spaghetti again, to dry
into crisp worms, that I always tell
her will never fool the birds. She walks
past me murmuring like some crazed
carnival bear. Her plush breasts
encased in a rancid purple sweater,
her greasy curls peering out
from under an aluminum beanie.

I'm not worried yet,
I've decided the blue mist between
me and the Baptist church down the street
is being engineered by the government
or maybe aliens. Still, before they get here
I'd like to try talking to Crazy Margaret
or ole man Benz one more time.
The thought makes me dizzy.
A chorus of singing drunks are heading towards the mist,
a lurching syncopated harmony
that gets the street dogs to howl and trail along.
I watch the carnival going down my
street and into the blue mist
in front of the Baptist church. I resent
that I'm wasting my thoughts on Crazy Margaret,
or Bob the neighborhood eunuch,
I admit, my thoughts are pretty meagre
compared to the wild display
of lost souls wandering in the street.
Like ole man Benz.
I wouldn't say we were always
on speaking terms, but tonight
he lifts his toupee to me and says,
"Hey!"
I nod and brush my hair out of my eyes,

A nontraditional submitter for this magazine, Carol Borzyskowsky actually sent me her poems after receiving a copy at the Library of Winona, Minnesota. This can only encourage me, as her writings are of the quality I hope to find around the country, and if I can appeal to someone through the magazine itself, I feel it is a success. I'm not certain, but I think Carol did make it onto IRC as MommaKity. I hope she continues to submit and will be an example for the rest of non-internet magazine contacts.

wish it was auburn and curly
like in one of those old Italian paintings.
Memorable, at least, a beacon.
I search the sky for a trail of fire.
Too late my eyes catch water sliding
down the sides of the Baptist Church Steeple:
luminescent under the last full moon
before the crash
that annihilates us all
into blue Baptist mist.

Let Me Tell You How It Is

One of these days I'm going to get myself
a muse. Strong, fearless, with a sense of humor,
maybe a biker chick with a tattoo
or two. Eyebrow pierced and a navel
ring I'll stare at as I contemplate
life. She'll sit Buddha-like,
belly full of possibilities
I'll say "Hey, how about a love poem?
A nice juicy one that grabs
you in the gut."
"Sure, nothing to it.
I can make you laugh or cry."
"How about one on death,
the X-files,
a dead cat in throat?
There'll be no subject she can't handle.
"Poems,"
I'll say, "Are life."
"Lighten up!" she'll say.
We'll both laugh.
Later, at night,
after glasses of wine
she'll explain the source
of life. How it's like a pool
of brightly colored fish.
"The trick is, you have to sneak
up on the buggers. Just crawl
up on your belly, slide your hand
into the cool water and wait.
Don't get lost in the color and movement.
Wait for the nibbles on your fingers.
It doesn't hurt much."

She'll hold out her scarred fingers to me.
"When you feel a bite, grab that sucker
right behind the gills: the living,
breathing heart of the poem.
You'll feel it gasp and struggle.
Understand that to keep it alive
the poem has to breathe in your pool
of ink, swim in your great lake of a blank page.
Just let it go. It will swim, shimmer, live.
See? Nothing to it!"
She'll smile at me again
and I'll say,
"Hey, how about a Sunday Afternoon Poem?"
She'll laugh and say
"Go fish!"

Two Poems and An Exercise

by

Fred V. Bradford

Making Nonsense?

So Gerald Burns died the other day. And there,
like a mushy plum, you sit, wondering perhaps, how
poets like Burns (or even Burroughs) became poets.
You've read their words, thought how a lot of it sounded
non-deplume, kind of alien, and not always sensical on
elemental levels, or even branching levels, and you begin
to whittle and carve niches for your own poetry in an
abstract-painting sort of way. Didn't Gerald teach you anything?

Thomas More's Utopia would've been a nice place to write poetry.
No didactic clones running around fucking shit up. Just you,
the pantomime with hidden strings, trying to tweak one
more meaning from the word love, or evil, or god. And maybe
you begin to think hedonism pertains to poetry, as if
by sheer voluble in your giddiness you can be a great
poet. Art is always a matter of taste, after all. And besides,
potvaliant poets just blurt out whatever comes to mind anyway,
right?

So how come you're not a great poet yet?
Climb the brae and stand atop hollering "I'm a great poet!"
Tell the world. Hiding in your harbor is bad for the
complexion. Awaiting approbation is for losers. And I can't tell you
whether your words are arranged and used correctly! Stop
asking me! Unless you want my opinion. In which case
I'm going to tell you what I like and be done with it.
The difference between good poetry and your poetry is the degree
of entertainment. Why else would we miss Gerald Burns?

7/31/97

Note: Gerald Burns was born in Detroit, MI in 1940. Spent much
of his life in Texas, before relocating to the Pacific Northwest.
An artist, poet, and critic, Burns' book "SHORTER POEMS (1993)"
won the 1992 National Series Poetry Competition. However, it was
perhaps Burns, the critic, who inspired the above poem. Gerald
was... consistant and honest in his critique, if sometimes abrasive.
He passed away in late July. He will be missed.

Striving

I wanted a poem that, shaken
not stirred,
could hold it's own.
Something about the scent of Spain, perhaps.
Or the fog in England, the
way, like a surging bus, it seems
to stop at every town.

I wanted a poem all would enjoy;
Christians, Atheists, luggage clerks
and bastardized kittens. But,
for the sake of Bodhidharma,
it had to be Zen also. Something
tranquil.
Something about the look of dawn, perhaps.

I wanted a timeless poem. Like
the Pyramids or the Palisades. Or
maybe like grandma's Pontiac.
Something with some character.
You know, like that grade school kid
who always made a salad of his tray
contents. A rebel.

I wanted a poem with qualities, man!
But when I arrived at the poem shop
(at a quarter 'til closing), all I could find
were a few old Spiderman comics
and a bible.
I took the comics.
I get my bibles for free.

Fred is an example of the "I may not know art, but I know what I like," kind of poet that really sock it to me with their work. He has quite a bit of range despite his tough-guy comeoffishness, which only plays well with the ladies and makes his work appear more genuine than other poems which might be seen as technically superior. If it has a soul, Fred can kill it, or make it appear humorous. Poetguy is the moniker he uses on IRC.

Residence of R.P. Edwards, Prairie Home



These two poems are part of a game played on Internet Relay Chat #poetry channel. The game is called #poetry poker and the rules are simple; a dealer sets the number of stanzas, the number of lines per stanza, and the number of words per line. They then give a set of subjects or words to be included, either expressly or synonymously. This exercise was dictated by me and the form was set as 6 stanzas, 2 lines per stanza, with 8-12 words per line. The subjects to be included were, "green," "water," "crows," and "el dorado." These poems are what resulted from that "hand." I intend to do a segment in an upcoming magazine featuring the products of more of these "#poetry poker" sessions. The second is by Giltweasel.

Exercise #4

Green eyes I hear a calling from afar.
Stars twinkle in the absent space between us.

She makes me wet, on cloudy days and
dry on certain monthly dates. Appreciate? You see?

How I miss her? How her absence has left
me like a tube-fed child deprived? Where has

she gone? Can you tell me sparrow? Can
you tell me crow? Do you miss her also?

Sewer-rats could not dissuade my perversion
for her. For her slender fingers. The smooth

curve of her El Dorado belly. Her hips
arching, arching. Where has she gone? I miss her.

-Fred V. Bradford '97

the city of gold

forgotten under forest canopy, emeraldwise fruit bats hang as black ornaments
made in the image of god, misunderstood with wisdom on the mind.

the arboreal life full with steam and god vapor
misting the bats breath through venezuelan dawn.

sex bats working the white salt streaks in the gymnastic
pose of screwing crooked, treelines shake, branches creak.

where a bat drops his past to the floor, 10 million
years of accretion draw ravens of doom, forcasting rot with a song.

green orinoco and urban tributaries leak that death of life
hung browns skinned as a flood of detritus from living excretes under wing.

that rot, that death, that mess of shit fallen eons ago
makes golden dreams worthy of desoto, coronado, and the heart of conquest.

A Poem by **Jacalyn Dunkle**

Last Night

Venetian bars my ceiling
darkness waves the sleep I wish for
I cling to the wood that sides my bed
my night dance is a roll in place
over and over I spot myself
with the only place I do not look

I will not be a ghost again
the past can not be fucked away
the strength it took to spend myself
on some unprotesting stiffness
dissolved away in the salt water
that leaks from the undesired

I swallow stale words in the striped dark
and wait to feel the nudges
that pass for intentions between us
small shoves with flaccid fingers
like a furry juvenile would push
at a dead mother

I hold to my plank always
one hand stays wakeful through the night
the purchase for my spins in place
that wrap my hair around me
on that spot in this waving bed
that feels like the last spot

Yet another newcomer to the magazine, Jacalyn is an old-time internet user. She is the organizer of Chicken, a poetry writing exercise on IRC. Chicken involves rules similar to #poetry poker, except with less restrictions. The game is played by selecting a topic and a time writing time limit, at the end of the time period, whoever refuses to read their poem is the chicken. jacalyn has offered me quite a few articles of her work for use in the magazine, and I hope to be showing them in the

A Poem by Scott Ogle

Scott is a #poetry old-timer, and has offered me much of his sage advice over the past two years. This poem appeared in the old volume of The Giltweasel, but I felt it warranted a place in the new series as well. Scott goes by the nickname Rangoon on IRC.

The Memory of Forests

the only living things
down here beneath the
green canopy of trees
are the mushrooms
that boil out of humus
and the young sprouts
that form small
question marks over
the Kingdom of Beetles
and here the strangers

come hike down their
pants and love
on the forest bed
where we lay
ten thousand
years ago

The Giltweasel openly requests submissions of poetry, short fiction, opinion essays, and book reviews. Also accepted are photographs and artwork. All submissions are reviewed equally and will be published upon selection of the editor. Selection will be determined by an article's coherence, potential appeal, and the taste of the editor. If the editor likes it, it will be published.

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