

The Giltweasel

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Sturgeon by John Gurney

Out on the Delta
a sturgeon rises to the surface
It could have been a prehistoric God
this magnificent fish
enormous as dolphins
twisting and boiling
the surface of the water
and all the time me
looking on in amazement
in awe
as one who has seen a vision
or rather a creature
restored from antiquity
and reanimated here
for disappearing seconds.

You certainly couldn't call it a pretty fish
strange sculptured shape
with bones and cartilage pressed against skin
black, leathery
head sloped and angular
stretching out to small dark eyes
the tentacles that dangle
about the curious mouth.

For a moment I wish I had a camera
a hook
a way to possess the great fish
to make it my own
but that is not why I came.

I don't seek possession
but rather communion
a plea for forgiveness
an understanding of extinctions
and vertebrae
the movement of fish
water and time.

In my boat
I'm still drinking beer
and thinking about caviar
the eggs we steal from her belly

eating the salty children
before they are even conceived
and I wish I had her caviar now
and champagne
and a beautiful woman
to share them with
to make love here
on the water
to spawn like fish on the surface of the night
water lapping bodies
like the caress of a lovers mouth
and all the while
dreaming of that enormous fish
that dark ghastly form
black and boiling, turning still
surging into the night
like the spring melt of the Missouri
thundering to the sea
and beyond!

At night I would dream about those waters
body tossed in eddies and currents
flotsam and jetsam
debris
washed in from a passing summers storm
and again
I try to recall
the size of that fish
the majesty of its girth
the amazing stretch of spine
the force of serrated tail
and twisting fins.

what had it been 150, 200 pounds?
It doesn't matter
I will never know
or understand
where it is that a sturgeon travels

nor the sun escaping
liquid as mercury
into the darkened water
of that patient Delta.

Carl Boster

ORANGE GIRL

thank you.
orange girl, are you about to walk? I
will help.
because you did
and would do again
the same for me.

Carl Boster

IMPRISONED UNDER

embroided flowered lid, i look inside.
crystal clear i glide.
blue ceramic glare
hardened face
reddened cry
must get by. horse's ruby mane,
untamed,
run the field. the open field,
the clouds encumber.
- holding still
cloud's thunder.
- i stand still
cloud's rain.
- i slip under
to...fly.
motions away - dying flower.
kept under. imprisoned.
imprisoned under the white plastered roof.
no reason.

John Amato

You can call me Honey

(Can be sung to slow Blues)

9/1/95

As a telephone,
I'd call
you Baby,
every night.
At home,
I'd leave a message,
Handsome,
on the telephone,
hoping your machine
wouldn't turn as red as wine.
I would call you
Honey, later
when it's
time for bed.
I left you a message,
Sweetheart, don't forget the bread.

Steve Parks

A Survey

I take a survey
I lean out my window
man hits woman
woman cries
person hit by taxi
lots of facial hair
a large growth on a guys neck
a woman with a huge red blotch
on her nose
Seen enough
survey error plus or minus
five percent

Pb Sanderson

what i thought meant god

Before, I thought
that just the note
coming out of my mouth
meant there was some little
god inside of me, a silent
particle that meant
sooner or later
I'd touch my lips
and they'd heal themselves.

But late that evening, when
I reached across the grass
and took a dandelion by the roots,
plucked it like someone's
virginity with the sticky white sap
coiling down my wrist
I decided to stop fooling myself.

All I could really do
was make a wish and blow
the seeds along the wind,
imagining what it would be like to have wings.

Steve Parks

To Stride Purposefully

The hyenas at the bar
in their monkey suits
aping sobriety
swinging on each other
cackling like magpies
at their witticism
were in the highest class
to judge by their breeding
and when the gluttony was finished
they grabbed their brief case
and strode purposefully into the street.

John Gurney

Minor Deities

They arrive as minor deities
one by one
entering the room
to assume their place among the Greek urns
and scattered cherubs
for a time
each is replicated
to near perfection
appearing
(as they do)
without the bothersome foibles
of mere humans
they don't suffer from menstrual cycles
or cancers
their bodies are golden and sublime
seamless as the glass of the screen
they blend one to another
until
all have forgotten
why they came
and why they must leave...
but that is the price of admission to this world
a quiet amnesia
that surrounds you like a gentle rain
that arrives without warning of witness
you stand without fear
there is no cause for remorse now
you consume each droplet in quiet satisfaction
grateful to be delivered from the desert
for after all
it has been
a very long trip.

Steve Parks

A Trip To Jersey

On a mental health day,
we took the beltway
the belt parkway
six dollars at the bridge
concentrated ugliness at the boarder
cheap hotels for truckers
superstores with reduced taxes
due to state line quirks
then exit and oasis
limpid pool waters
with shimmering pool floor design
and abundant white wine
I took to surfing
running off the diving board
my momentum carrying me a little
on the board waiting
not really surfing
then someone said,
I have never seen him like this
Soon enough we were in transit
our bellies stuffed with 3 different meats
and 3 different desserts
good old mom cookings
and I knew I was home when
I saw a woman with bright blue hair
being read her fortune by Tarot cards
and street punks flipping the bird at tourists
as they took photos from the double decker bus
the punkers yelled
get a life

Steve Parks

Frank IQ 82

Your birthday is the same as my dog

he says

I ask about his dog

He died in 1982

(it is 1995)

I ask him something else

he says he is confused

he is thinking about a counselor who is absent today

he is wearing his red shorts and a white shirt for her

he says Maris is a pine tree

he says I named it

It is my girlfriend tree

It is from Miami

It has a corn head

The Giltweasel

Respect

There is an airy green symbiance
in the early morning coolness

of a canyon river syncopated
flush-gushing in the springtime,

running the winter's last effort
running downstream, and

the act of Love-making with a stranger on
a vista engaged mountain top,

where the fuzz of great distance
allows you to see forever, but

also, to orgasm with the strength
and indifference of a melted glacier,

despite the old habitual cliché,
allowing the release of

its eons of tension.

Jason M. Swarts

Torsion

Because--
you arrived with
more night than was necessary to
cover
the lesions on your feet and
the deafening presence
of bent nails and stripped screws
that is always with us.
my bones pulsed like a heart
beneath my skin
where they are bound to muscle
too tightly wrenched;
I clasp you in an embrace
that remembers nothing.

26-7-95

Carl Boster

CHANGING FACES

changing faces,
creating traces of dim reality.
i choose to capture.
sit your ass upon my knee, i need.
ground and death rapture.
speed and rest saps your...
changing places
creating mazes of perception.
of change.

Jason M. Swarts

1/3

Pursing a chapped lip
to accept the caress
of your lavafingers,
I died my death in thirds.

1/3 in an unfathomable presence
of puckered weeds
I fashioned a crows nest in
the style of my girth
which borders on being art in itself
while remaining too distant
to belong to me.

1/3 as Lot's wife
crying the tears
of dead oceans
textured by thousands of
skipped stones
off the surface of
an otherwise harmless temptation.

1/3 knowing
that I was chosen to see
invisible contours
reflected backwards in my palm.
knowing that I will someday
invent a death
that comes out right...

12-8-95

Jason M. Swarts

A compass finds North to my Left

My age is the sum total of all wavelengths
that emit the color of my eyes...
and I write in my journal of processes:
"3rds gone but i remember them still
in rooms decorated with the reverse sides of street signs
buffed to a clean shine,
reflecting the infinity of my grimace
as i slice my palm on the decor.
My stain matched the furniture--
it sold for more than it was worth."
September 1 1995 1:15 pm
I am worth too much in terms of myself.
I am a center of perception
to which all things react.
A compass finds North to my left;
I turn and face it.

9-1-95

The Giltweasel

Agenda

The anger spansks as
I lean against the car hood.
She walks dangerously across the
intersection.
GOD(interjection)DAMMIT!!!
cross-section of my beet-head:
the ginger settling angst
red-graciously into the
reptile-logical center brain stem sandwich
digesting in my bubble-blubble-red-bloody-stubbly
mush-mind-melon-ball.

Pb Sanderson

the list

I find out I'm on
the list
and the taste in my mouth wants
to be rid of me.

Even as the words,
the confirmation,
the words leave his lips
my heart starts beating in a slow
fluttering southern drawl,
the foreign feel of my own blood
courses through my veins with the anger
and delirium of virgin lions
out to the saw-dust
floors of Rome. Rome, with its churches
and its

(say the word
speak; like a lion roar
like a nightingale sing
or like a gypsy, lie)

sin.

Someone tells me,
concedes and confirms,
tells me I'm on
the list

(with the drunks and rapists
who shuck women like corn
and peel off their sanity like
the skin on a grape)

and my heart

jerks back into
that very first chamber,
blood scrambling inside until
I think I might implode

The words, they just come out of his mouth
“yes, I can confirm that rumor,”
and this is never again my home.
I am forever the trespasser, watched
by eyes down long noses and up
into windows they wished were gallows
my eyes, wanting to see anything
besides this little death
blink and tear at the reality,
hoping not to release the words
but cloud this reality
and the upholstery under my fingertips seems to give
and the hum of my room
 the hum of this room is now a dirge,
a slow steel guitar buzzing in my ears
which are, themselves,
still burning with the news.

Yeah, my heart’s still beating, but it knows
that it’s thought to be cold and still.
someone just asked me for my name
and I kinda want to lie.

Steve Parks

Haiku

child leans forward to
get under the subway turnstile
changes lean, says, LIMBO!

Author Biographical Information

Stephen Parks is from Wisconsin and lives in the East Village of NYC. He teaches at a private high school. He is the editor of a newspaper written by people with disabilities.

Jason Michael Swarts

I'm a reader of Celan and Rilke and a lot of my poetry comes out of an interest in cultural theory.

John Gurney

I was born in Omaha and have a very strong affinity for the Midwest. For the past 15 years I have lived in California. I am a small business owner, avid boat freak, and student of writing. My earliest memory of poetry is finding a copy of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Comney Island of the Mind," in 5th grade at school. The only book I ever stole from a library. The book changed my life, and showed me the POWER of poetry.

John Amato presently lives in North Bergen, NJ. He has been teaching for twenty years, current assignment:technology information k-12;teacher in-service training in computer instruction. He has published an article in NJEA review "At Risk Students and Electronic Authorship."; and also has written computer instruction manuals for classroom use. Wrote poetry in college and this last year has been spending hours with the muse to rekindle the verse.

The Giltweasel did not receive personal information from Pb Sanderson or Carl Boster, so they are not credited here. I would like to thank all authors for their submissions, and make the request that you continue to support this magazine with fresh submissions whenever you have them available.

You may make submissions to either addresses below
or to the Giltweasel's e-mail address as follows:
c559026@showme.missouri.edu

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12F University Terrace
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Any correspondence you may require should be directed to
any of these addresses.

As always, Submissions are vital to the continuing
publication of The Giltweasel.

Please do not be shy, all efforts are welcome.



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