

1969

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Fat Giraffe

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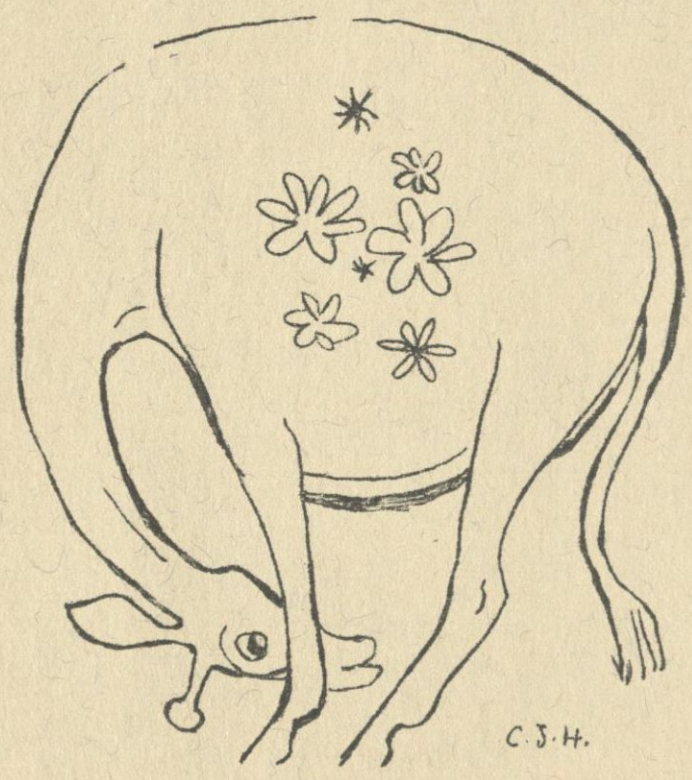
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THE FAT GIRAFFE

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ONE
DIME



The Fat Giraffe, an independent, non-profit publication of poetry and other creative writing, encourages contributions from all interested students and faculty. Our editorial policy is liberal (no censorship, since The Fat Giraffe is completely independent of MSC funds and facilities), and printing will be as frequent as possible, depending on the amount of available writing.

Manuscripts should be submitted to Mark Vinz, MacLean 202E. Further information may be obtained from Mike Moos (233-0572), Rich Callender (233-5130), or Mark Vinz (236-2235 or 236-5226).

The Eye of the Clown

The eye of the clown,
that unknowable presence
revolving, returning
from the moist,
dream touch warmth,
silver shape change
blue tone's golden puff
of eternal sleepskin,
has come back for me
sad
in his blackness and whiteness
to witness
the moon arcade
as it grunts and sighs,
sings and laughs,
gasps and cries.

He has come back for me
to take me by the hand,
to place that
moon sadness
into my mind.

As we revolve
through the moon arcade
of singing, dancing children
it is raining
blue-gold cellophane flowers
and cinnamon bears,

and there are pine cones, pussy willows,
wind, wine, wax, and waves,
and a musical, fat giraffe
for all the moon children.

But as the blue,
white light haze
burns off,
a black faced clock
with white hands
centered in the aloneness
of sleepskin
ticks away
the fragments of hours
until the alarm
sounds. . .
and the moon children
no longer sing and dance,
and the eye of the clown slows,
stops.

Releasing my hand,
leaving my mind,
the eye of the clown,
that unknowable presence
of blackness and whiteness,
returns to the aloneness
of sleepskin,
where he will always be
sad
for the middle aged
children.

licorice

tall and
 twisted. . .
 face
 blushing.
 weak. . .
 he
 bends to
 me.

- Deanna M. Schuster

Marmalade

If I were King and you were Queen
 And all the world were made
 Of sauerkraut and cherries,
 And marmalade
 Yes -- marmalade

And other things we like to eat
 And know will make us ill,
 What would we do?
 We'd still
 Get ill.

We'd have the things we really like --
 The heck with Dad, and Mother,
 We'd swim in syrup in a lake,
 And smother --
 Smother.

- Elsie Mack

The Rocking Winter
 (for D. H. Lawrence)

hair making a delicious arc
 over the blue of the boy with blasted eyes
 the nevergrown kid of cream skinpaper
 it's like a broken stuttering movie
 when you peek into his late room
 and find him rocking with a tanned mind

bucking oak horses used to run for
 money the young-old bets and wins
 tipping at last into a winter valley

- Keith A. Heller

Iron Lung

You touch me to excess.
 The heavy invisible
 Hands have black
 Vacuous fingers,
 Lecherous, cruel.
 I am raped daily.
 The privacy of my darkness
 Is not exclusive. This tool

Abuses me,
 Stretching my sad breath,
 Keeping death
 A mistress

Chortling rudely
 In my steel bed,
 Compelling me to its bidding
 With sluggish hands.

Carnations, roses,
 Fat mums watch relentlessly,
 Lewd eyes hidden
 In shabby pastels.

I screamed once -
 The orderly
 Didn't believe me.
 He frowned, scratched himself

And shot me to sleep.
 My tomb mounts.
 I'm deep on the
 Last edge of a dream

Dulled, helpless
 As if I should never remember.
 I should never forget -
 Cold, claspng net

Seething through
 My broken shell, held
 Alive in throbbing scratches,
 A migraine in my lungs.

The best is dimmed.
 Bloodless sight creeps past
 The skull to the center,
 Ugly of the agony inside.

- Rich Callender

Thoughts

the sky is high
can we ever reach it
only through death
can we understand
the misgivings of a dragon

i will slay a dragon
some day i will touch it
on the beach the wind is cold
but i am so warm with you
to comfort me

look at the white cloud
can we ever reach it
only through love
can we understand
the fortunes of a cloud

pull me close to you
some day i will hold you
on the beach with your hands
held tight against my face
to comfort me

look at the little children
will we ever love them
only through the dragon
will we understand
the love of a woman

THE COLD CRUCIFIX

Star Hotel, 160 N. Washington Avenue:

You poet. You saint. As you resurrect the stairs, she reaches her hand to you.

The bottle slips from your underarm and rolls down the steps, hitting against the doorway. She retrieves it, meeting you again at the top of the stairs, with a strange grin on her poked face.

You pass down the hall. The lights twisting from the wall are dim and paint no shadows. The carpet--red with patterns of flowers--is at an angle. When she opens the door, you fall into the room.

--sorry. Laughter

--Laughter

She helps you up. Her palms are damp. And you fall to the bed. Your eyes catch the cracks in the ceiling and pass slowly over the wall to the moving image of her undressing. Lifting her legs, pulling off her clothes.

The heavy taste of wine is in your mouth. Your tongue spreads the taste over your teeth. You think you can taste her. That taste like nausea pushes up your nostrils. And you slap your hands on the pillow that your head has rested on.

Like a sucked thumb, you see the swing in front of your cabin, floating in the breeze--and the fishermen on the afternoon lake. You drank beer then, sitting on the lawn, drinking the daylight with a pen and a notebook. You scratched words. You scratched lines. You scratched strophes. And finally with some satisfaction, dropped the pen and the notebook to the grass.

She comes and sits naked on the bed. Noticed now to have no blankets nor sheets to wrap up into. The erratic rings of wine stains.

--Laughter

She gets up and walks to the window where the open curtains hang. She closes them, pulling the shade, walking back, throwing herself upon you.

--Come on. Come on. Laughter

--No. Let's pull the cork from the bottle.

Dumb animal. The bottle buried beneath the piled clothes in the corner of the room.

--You open it. Poet.

Lift yourself from the bed and remove your shirt, letting it drop to the dusty floor. Bring the bottle and pull the cork. She drinks. She swallows. You watch.

You wait and soon you smother her. She is your cross, Jesus. Red pimples on her golden tits. A thousand scars upon her cunt. She wraps you in her blankets of long brown hair and keeps you warm. You poet. You saint. You cold crucifix.

- Tom McConn