

1969

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Fat Giraffe

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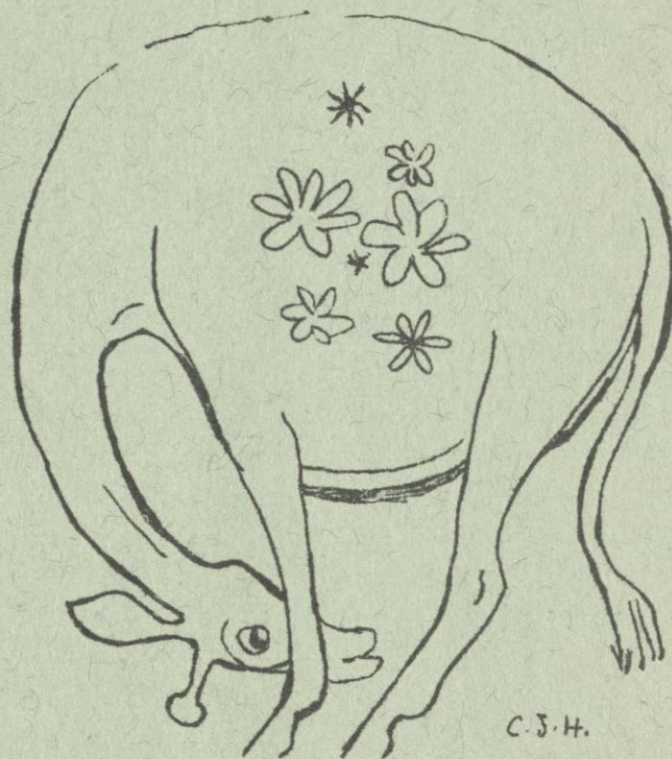
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THE FAT GIRAFFE

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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).

WATER

The water
the clean flowing water
 rippling beside my car
 shaken by a wheel, into the border of grass
 flowing in a flat thin stream across the driveway
makes me think of the creek behind our barn
 also in spring looking
 through the screen of water at grass pointing downstream
 and the grey puffy lines where the tractor tracks
 crossed the streambed

I sat
crouched, knees to my chest, on the bank and fingered a muddy pebble
or stirred the bottom with a dead weed
grappling for a crawfish claw
broken off jaggedly at the wrist
 but white and yellow, rusty at the back
 hollow and empty
just lying there among the waving stems
 a treasure

if I could be a phantom and walk among the green-streaked grass
without getting clodded with mud
and without leaving tracks
as great torn holes in the clay
I would walk through the woods till I found a stream
even a trickle of snow water
down some slope, spongy with leaves
and I would plunge my hand in
to feel again
the pure cold
water

- Joe Sanders

LOVE THOUGHT WHILE READING TOLSTOY ON THE EDGE OF MINNESOTA
- for Mary

I am young old intense distracted.
I must find her.
I must look into her sparkle eyes pale
and swim,
like an ancient silver fish,
in the waves of our blue gold love.

- Michael Moos

"HIERONYMO'S MAD AGAINE"

The seashell-bent sheets chilling us,
Drifting down electric upon our eyes,
Your modern cream and my hairless foam.

Pecking at my bowels,
Your fingernail chipping away
At my stiffening statue-tongue.
Lips, sucked-in cheeks,
Lost in my lap.

Lift this orange minute
And I will screw it down
With studded silver.

Bloated with the sigh of your mouth
Until the oiled oxen gallop in
And thrust their stalactites into your cave,
Here.

Sitting,
Waiting to pluck your cherry pit,
I glance into the water mirror.

- Keith A. Heller

You say I must change
my attitude.
It is time for me to become
a woman.

You call me a child, unhuman
because of
my detached reactions
to life.

You call me unkind
for I shed no
tears
in this cemetery.

I turn my head
not out of shame
but out of knowledge.

What I know
has been known
before:

To be a woman
I must
catch and marry and struggle and die.
I am the product of a chart
but I will not continue its course.

To be human
I must
kill and love and hate and laugh
and be jealous and cry
all in one day.
I have that taste from childhood.
It will not remain for me.

To be kind
I must
injure and kill and struggle and
hate
in the name of heaven
for the sake of man.

HERE IS ALL THE COMPILED DATA.
PLEASE CHECK THE FILES IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT.
THANK YOU.

the ground calls to me.
there I will spend the day and the night.

- Leanne Shanholtzer

SISTE VIATOR

Ashen clouds of night
 Dominate the moon,
 Scatter dim stars.

Chilled, fitful, a tramp sits
 Collapsed against a black tree in a black forest.
 Spread legs kick off leaves
 Enveloping, smothering:
 He cannot submit.

Strength ebbs
 As a trapped spirit struggles,
 Refusing harsh peace.
 Timelessness turns time.
 Dead leaves return
 And blanket cold, spent legs.

Triumphant,
 The patient raven spirals from flight
 Shrieking the final song.

- Rich Callender

ARISTOTLE REVISITED

Raven thoughts
 build their nests in a small mind,
 feeding their young
 with worms
 of doubt and unreason.

Mnemonic knots
 of guilt are tied with intent to bind
 songs unsung -
 the germs
 of trial and treason.

Cancerous spots
 of obstreperous growth are refined
 and placed among
 the terms:
 genius, wit, and reason.

Raven thoughts
 build their nests in a small mind,
 feeding their young
 with worms
 of doubt and unreason.

- KayO

MOONLIGHT PLUMBER

White-collar moonlight plumber
Drown in a flooded cellar,
Stay away from a plumber's aid, my friend.

Common labor, once an hour,
Downing brews for half a dollar,
Inflation saves the nation, my friend.

Winchester's sweet precision,
Cuts them down in swift succession.
Finesse is its own reward, my friend.

See the Queen of procreation;
The Bitch of regeneration,
For the Faithful she'll go down, my friend.

Cheer the pigeon-holing Hero,
Civil servant of the Wholesale,
Swelling up the consumer's gut, my friend.

See the clever Mechanism,
With its pack of pet technicians
Who bury bones and beg for loans, my friend.

Hear the great and good Phrase Giver,
Heaping homily sayings higher,
Making trival even truth, my friend.

Watch the death of motivation
In the grip of Education.
Why teach when you can preach, my friend.

Go with them to church on Sunday -- in the pews they pray,
(for money) Gobble up the Blood and Body. . .
Once a week they're humble and meek, my friend.

Satan was a coal-black kitten,
Didn't take to his housebreaking.
Wash yourself and use your box, my friend.

See the swinging deep Grave digger
Dig a Grave that's so much deeper,
A Status Symbol seeker to the End, my friend.

Cut the cane and lash the living
With the dead tongue's sharper warning,
"Make your way while yet you may, my friend.

- John Schlattman

CHILDREN OF THE MOON

These children of the dusty seascape
Do not dance or sing,
Translucent skin stretched over
Veins and viscous fluids
Shudders and recoils at
Sunlight's touch.
Suspended in eternal shadow madness
These children gaze beyond the edge of sky
To trace the flight of silver wings,
With steady eyes of cold space light,
They trace the flight of a silver bird,
That gleaming against a blackened cloud,
Moves on through frozen constellations.

- David Rudesill

The smell is gone but never away.
Holding to the back wood of the truck
it took you over the road and
into the sunshine.
There was dawn with a red flower
for you.
And new mountains saying hello,
smiling right upon your head,
then turning to make love with the rain.
Running up in so many directions
everywhere to go.
Weathered men talking in the warmth,
howling liquor in the night.
And you walking down the sidewalk, over all
into so many moments.
Shining at the stars in your hands.
Perfect for the being.

- Terry Goldman

CIMARRON, NEW MEXICO: LAST CHANCE

The poster on the hotel wall
 requests donations for the tour,
 and who can be without the key
 to barroom mysteries
 and legends of last chance?

Four bits, cheap enough
 to save the Old West for
 my little one,
 but as we
 scan the walls for
 dusty bullet holes
 (and remember bad men
 whispering in
 upstairs rooms),
 I know again that
 I too walked here as a child:
 this place, this Cimarron,
 for old men's dreams to guard
 and old men's eyes to hide,
 remembering how once
 the long six-shooter angled
 through the crack
 of one child's mind
 and spewed the fire of dreams
 into the void.

- Mark Vinz

war, dead unto me,
 intrudes, without regard for
 what I may do well.

- Jerry ver Dorn

New butterfly go
 Sun splashes your shadow down
 It is your wetness.

- Phil Bjerke

Golden sun shining,
 A clear puddle sparkles back. . .
 Memory of rain.

- Barbara Thompson

They say the bell tolls
 Once for life and once for death.
 Who can tell the change?

- Barry Jefferson