

1969

The Fat Giraffe, volume 1, number 4 (1969)

Fat Giraffe

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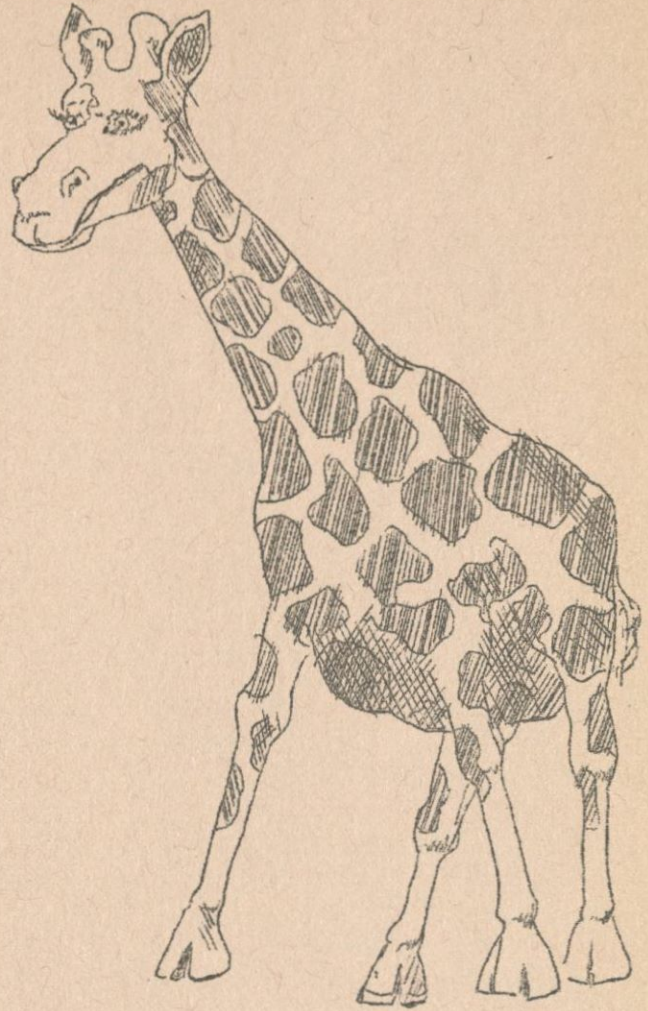
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THE FAT GIRAFFE

ONE
DIME



The Fat Giraffe is an independent, non-profit creative writing publication, issued twice per quarter by a group of students and faculty at Moorhead State College, Moorhead, Minnesota. Manuscripts (poetry, short stories, and short essays) may be submitted to any member of the editorial staff.

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THINKING OF NIGHT IN ATLANTA--

If I try
I can remember the city late in the day
shadows poured in long streaks
vague movement in the alleys
the sides of houses blank
But I cannot remember the day itself

And the name means night to me
and driving tired and eyesore from an afternoon
of driving over dusty hills
and driving on new freeways through the warm night
keeping apart from the swarm of cars shimmering in the mirror:
driving alone
the lights of houses and bars
are rippled reflections on a laketop
pulling deep under the surface

- Joe Sanders

CHICAGO SONG #4

I have worked in this garden
All of my life
Planting steel roots
And aluminum seeds,
Oiling the gleaming sprouts
And nourishing the smoking growths
With grease and graphite.

Now I am old.
Through the smudged pane
I watch my children play
Amongst concrete blossoms
And asphalt vines.

- David Rudesill

TRANSITION

My days of running with the wind
Are over.

I used to be the Queen, and
The world, my servant.

It was early when the wind
Knocked on my door, and

In a drugged furor, I followed.

I was entranced, and even
Though the Sun mocked me, I

Shrugged and run barefoot
In ecstatic blindness.

Earth was close to me and
Mud oozed between my toes.

It rained music and even
The gutters held beauty.

I was aware of the presence
Of others,

But I didn't see them.

Once, when I stopped over to
pick a flower, I found myself falling.

Down, still down and when I
finally stopped, my head was spinning.

I was betrayed.....the wind.....
where is the wind?

It is picking up another child
and I am now a servant--
of that child.

- Wanda Chrissis

The apple of the morning dries;
 Noon drives gray fire,
 And hands that lie beside me
 Speak in voices I have never heard.

Somewhere they are repairing a street
 And I despair for streets and street-repairers;
 I despair for apples and for noon--
 And for hands that lie beside me
 Speaking in voices I have never heard.

- Constance Reed

THE EQUINOX

I wish I could recall your name.
 That velvet summer, so full of life;
 We touched and the world was ours.
 The grass, a carpet woven just for us,
 Soothing as a mother's gentle hands.

If only I was young again.
 Your face... Oh, how well I remember
 So soft, so gentle; I held it in my hands.
 Your face, your world; both were mine.
 We fell asleep, your face to mine.

I wish I could recall your name.
 Hidden in a wood we found a brook
 And barefoot ran, stumbling through the stones.
 We fell, grasping for each other,
 Our clothes dripping wet, drawing us together.

For me no man had made a clock
 The autumn leaves our parting brought.
 We took a hill, to hold the sun
 And watch two swallows as they flew
 Apart... and so did we.

I wish I could recall your name;
 To hear your laughter once again.
 The world was ours for just a time
 Till summer left to catch its dreams
 And leave me only... you.

- Rick L. Weitzel

LETTER TO TOM:

The patterns of neither the leaving
 nor the returning,
 (gull patterns whirling the sky)
 are found in themselves,
 nor in each other,
 but ripen in this golden exile
 to mean themselves,
 and me:

The cold cry of the curlews
 in the stillest hours
 of heart's silence,
 arches back
 the quiver of morning fields,
 and back the scarlet dawning
 on love's dry hills
 in my season of drought.

Slaked never since in stranger blood,
 the perimeter of my being
 circles endlessly,
 searching your body's foreign tides.

- Linda McDonnell

LA MEXICANA

¿Cómo se llama? Said the beast to Josana.
 She answered, Señor . . . mi nombre Josana.
 Pero no, questioned he, not that of your name
 But the call of your shame,
 Or is it your fame?
 O señor, it is now I see
 What it is you ask of me.
 Answered she, I am la chingada,
 That is, la llama . . .
 The beast of burden, the violated mama.

- Dirk Raat

THIS SAME MAN

Already (as I said
 Before your cruel comments on the grayness of my head),
 Already life has bored me;
 Love being nothing but a temporary fiction,
 Truth a matter merely concerned with diction,
 Life a biscuit munched between cool cups of tea.
 The melody of time is dead...
 As I have said.

Note the draining death-head
 Of the holy father, mad, on the sinking, iron bed;
 Listen to him cursing the lead collected
 Beneath the Chinese eggshells of his wrists,
 While the cosmos twists.

And deep within his chest he cheers my empty sea.

Walking blind by choice,
 With a weary cough set somewhere in my voice,
 Waiting for the wind to cease,
 I taste, blown against my mouth, a patch
 Of broken grass.
 And downstairs, with a finger on the maple latch,
 Two hairless panthers lean against the glass.

Hiding my eyes until the moon's release,
 Until the night.

"It's only right."
 She speaking, head upon my arm,
 Brittle body turning from my own.
 "Everyone's against us, all of you."
 Time now for self-assertion,
 Time for the quick desertion
 Of all the silly charms
 Of old; time to be alone.
 "we know what we must do."

This...and the phallic morning light,
 And whispered-at-the-door goodbyes,
 The indifferent replies
 Of feverish eyes.
 And I, sitting down with coffee,
 To spend the drinking day eternally.

How is it words mean nothing, nothing new?
 And what, therefore, have all of us been through?

The city, gray and wet; cheap people
 Traded thoughtlessly--nothing new.
 The choke of babies blistering covered ears,
 Slicing through the diamond skull--
 Nothing new.
 Shadowy men alone in rooms with Latin women,
 And tossed-away bottles filled with ash,
 And nothing new, nothing new at all.

As dreaming now begins to fall
 Into disuse; as many die squinting into the fog,
 Whining for the return of fire
 With its infinite and scandalous desires;
 As the air becomes cloudless and the mountains flat;
 We, in secret committees, have decided that,
 Failing light and honey
 And the rainbow details flashed upon the upturned face--
 We, I say, have calmly taken grace
 And the safety of a silent tape
 From these clear staccatos of the sagacious cog:

stand at bedside look
 down study oblique angle of trajectory
 prepare male member for erection
 triangulate female opening measured from the knees
 next on bed on hips
 between legs kneeling female limbs
 circling male hips eleven pounds accumulated pressure
 on latter pelvis male descending
 rate of two inches per five seconds until
 entry increase rate of descent approximately
 five pounds of thrust during entry
 penetration of five to nine
 inches according to hookers law of suction
 thrust and antithrust
 female arch of not more than fifteen degrees
 from the horizontal male counterthrust
 chronological discrepancy between male and
 female orgasms dependent upon
 atmospheric pressure
 humidity
 temperature
 tactile sensitivity
 physical stamina or lack of
 (all of this calculated for both parties)
 amount of salt sugar iron calcium
 vitamins proteins
 capacity of vessels and capillaries
 and etc
 withdrawal at one third of rate
 of original penetration

return to initial bedside posture
lightly rolling on the balls
of the feet
systems off cooling begun
electrical stimulation dying down
down down down down
end of exercise

So.
Already life has bored me.
And the burning skin of the sun is peeling off;
And the lustre of the moon is smothered in a cough.
Hollow legs and arms crumple in the empty sea.
No time to go.

- Keith A. Heller

PANIC

When I'm lost in the rain
off again to discover America
or lying face down in the mud
drunk on an empty fairgrounds night;

Please let me smell you and
remember that the real point of me is you
sleeping there in your room with a
face peering through the window wet.

- Mark Joslin