

1969

## The Fat Giraffe, undated (1969?)

Fat Giraffe

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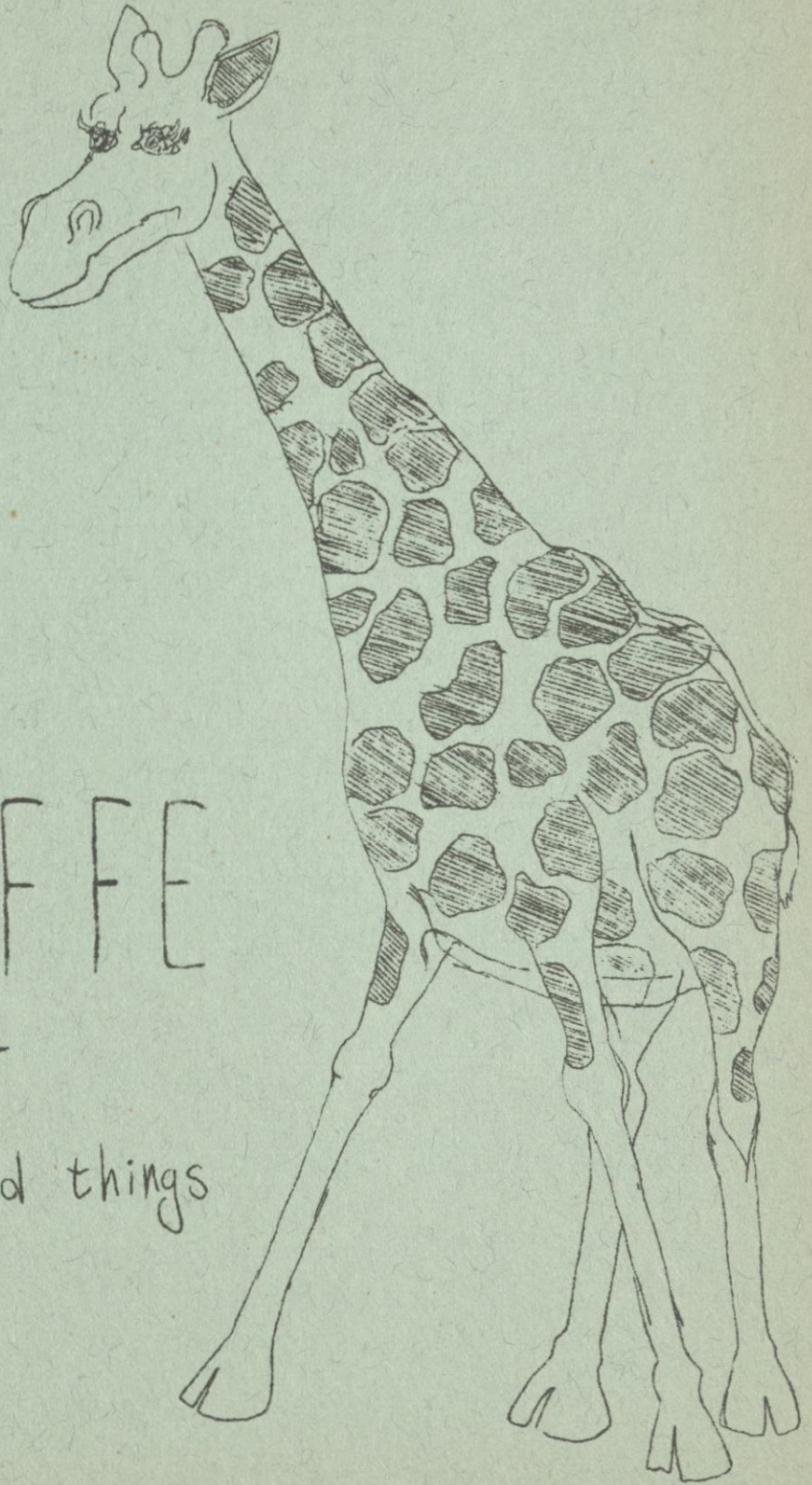
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ON  
SALE  
NOW



The  
**FAT**  
GIRAFFE

**POETRY**

and other good things

## 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

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CHILDREN OF THE MOON  
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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