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Neck is a booklet of poems written by and for giraffes. It doesn't cost very much money, so go on, buy a copy and make a fellow giraffe happy. Remember, deep down we are all giraffes in our own special way.

Edited by Andrew Savage.

(c) December 1986 individual authors and all other giraffes everywhere.

This is anthology no.2 in the "Where's My Apricot Gone?" series.

The Giraffe

Old Lamark claimed that the giraffe had, over countless centuries, grown its extended neck, to reach the upper branches of the trees.

Its nose is long, its teeth are big, for tearing leaves, on which to feast. Its horns are like round rubber stamps; a haughty, bureaucratic beast.

The ancients found it very strange and called it the camelopard; indeed, to spot it among trees, can often prove extremely hard.

It has a useful turn of speed when chased by lions across the veldt and, with its lanky legs, can give pursuing predators a belt.

But the giraffe is at a loss at water-holes because, to sup it nearly has to do the splits; an awkward case of bottoms up.

Edmund Harwood/Wimborne, Dorset, England.

Animal Passion

5

The zookeepers were underpaid, despised,
Treated worse than animals, made to occupy
dark and dirty rooms. A brutal chef
tore up their mealslips, laughed at them,
made them eat leavings, not fit for the pigs.
The management, because they had not facilities
to wash properly, nor money to dress,
banned them from its bars.

So on the terraces at night they sang
songs of their tormentors.
Gentle people, lovers of the oppressed,
they sang of freedom, Greenham Common,
going pissed to bed. They spent their days
fornicating behind the rhino sheds.

A giraffe was born: a rare thing
to happen in captivity.
The management, exited at the thought of money,
rang the national press.
But the girl who should have locked it up at night
loved the lionkeeper, spent it in his arms.
In the morning, it was dead,
neck broken by a fall in the dark.

At lunch that day, the chef,
seeing tearstained faces, reddened eyes,
said, "Get your pie here, fresh giraffe,"
and the girl who loved the lionkeeper
drove his Sabatier
into his heart.

Val Kirkham/Nelson, Lancashire, England.

(A Sabatier is a knife used by chefs)

Still There Somewhere

seventeen years staring thru the window
 playgroup made papiermache giraffe all the
 black and yellow spots merged now the neck
 wobbles madly cracked all round from when
 wind caught the curtain blew the creature
 out to fall like escape from fire down
 a floor it stands firm fourlegged still
 when the lad made it he believed snakes
 giant seppents went at night to sleep
 in the long tunnel of giraffe necks safe
 from all the noisy unseen threats there
 even are in Africa in everywhere now he doesn't
 even believe anymore there's safety in the
 TV without saying so he wishes we'd throw
 the old giraffe away who wants to be made
 to remember once you believed there was
 a hiding place to protect and survive
 a tall warm tunnel rising through the air
 to carry you through every danger ever
 master of fire and earth and water

Steve Sneyd/Huddersfiels, Yorkshire, England.

Song Of The Giraffe

It's very advantageous having such a long neck,
One can reach right up into the highest braches of
the highest trees, and chew the most succulent
leaves.

One can see for miles around.
And one can look down on everyone else with diddain.
Yes it's very advantageous having such a long neck,
except it's also very easy sometimes to stick it out
too far.....and then.....

Chop.

Alexander Baron/London,England.

Protuberance Problem

How crossly he stamped his small hoof
'Cause his head stuck out of the roof.
Hitch-hiking was crafty,
Though he soon found it giraffety,
But decided to stay quite aloof.

Mrs J.F. Wapshott (Young retired)/Shrewsbury,Shropshire
England.

The Strange And Stupid Case Of Murgatroyd The
Singing Giraffe

Murgatroyd the giraffe
newly arrived in the city from up country
went to visit

the hottest spot in town.

Things were really hopping
down at the power station
that fateful October night.

The hyenas laughed as
the monkeys swang as
the buffaloes roamed as
the birds sang as
the band played solid rhythm and blues
with a vengeance.

The brass section fanfare
of elephant on trumpet
and rhino on horn
set Murg's teeth on edge
as he be-bop-hippity-hopped
into the small hours.

The music hit a slow note
took a dive
and he got down and smooched
with the sexiest antelope
this side of the equator.

So pre-occupied was he
that he failed to notice
this girl's mate -

a fearsome dude of a bison
by name of Boris.

So incensed was Boris by Murgatroyd's
attentions to his bird

(Boris was never very good at zoology,
or else would a bison be dating a gazelle?)

cont.

that he wandered over to Murg on his blind side -
 from beneath -
 and delivered a juddering blow
 to our hero's more sensitive
 biological areas.

Murgatroyd was not slow to react,
 Before you could say
 awopbopaloobopalopbamboom
 Murg span round
 sending the deer gazelle sprawling,
 screeched in agony a note
 too high for a primate's ear
 and collapsed in a heap on the dance floor.
 The consequences of these actions were far reaching:
 Brenda the afore-mentioned gazelle
 landed on a table
 surrounded by card playing lions
 and became Aa la carte,
 Boris was crushed fatally by
 the weight of Murgatroyd's
 pain-ridden torso
 and all the cats and dogs
 in the building started wailing along
 to Murg's scream.
 The house-manager,
 a jackal of dubious decent,
 immediately offered Murg
 a lucrative contract
 to sing with the band
 five nights a week
 for the next six months,
 all the gazelles he could get his neck around,
 and an introduction to the head
 of the gambling syndicate of lions.
 So what happened to Murgatroyd the singing giraffe ?
 Who cares.

Martin Brodetsky/Ilfracombe, Devon, England

How I wish
 I was a giraffe
 Strong, tall, graceful
 And handsome.
 Free from the silliness
 Of other animals
 Who are
 To be honest
 Frightful bores
 And ugly.
 Oh Rahnū
 Please let me come back
 As a giraffe.
 I'll do ANYTHING.....
anything....
 Except get married

Unless she has money that is.

Ivor/Padiham, Lancashire, England.

Tourism Is The Answer

disused mill chimney
 where industry died: use it,
 keep giraffe neck straight.

Steve Sneyd/Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England.

The Noble Giraffe

The giraffe like a college professor
stands aloof and apart from it all,
doesn't indulge in the warfare
as the animals savagely maul.

He's too snobbish and snooty for brawling
with his nose stuck up high in the clouds,
prefers the fruit of the tall trees,
out of reach of inferior crowds.

He can see all the predators coming
and out run them before they set off,
the hunters, the lords of the jungle?
Do not make our clever friend scoff.

Keith Clegg/Burnley, Lancashire, England.

Giraffe Gaffe

There was once an arthritic giraffe
who when given a polka dot scarf
To protect his long neck
From the cold, said: "Oh heck!
Look at this, the hyenas will laugh.

Alexander Baron/London, England.

Deep Statements

A dark South African
 Said to me
 That giraffes are tall
 To reach the trees,

Like graves are deep
 To fit the dead,
 "Ok, so how far is up?"
 I said.

Barry Powell/New Malden, Surrey, England.

Cinquain

The small
 est giraffe in
 the world is Marmaduke
 But he's just tall enough to eat
 clover.

Little Miss Potato/Padiham, Lancashire, England.

Martians In Africa

this tree sways, bends, moves:
 what winds so strong push it past ?
 chopped down, red sap pours.

Steve Sneyd/Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England.

African Melody

Last spring I was employed by a giraffe;
He ran a baker's shop in Timbuctu.
Each layer cake he made, I cut in half.

While I was lying in a Turkish bath,
I told a friend I needed more to do;
That day I was employed by a giraffe.

My new boss said he once laid off a calf,
But now that times were good he ate beef stew;
Each chocolate cake he made, I cut in half.

One day he put a pound cake on a raft,
He added a cream pie, and sent me too;
Thus was I employed by a giraffe.

I wish I could have learned the baking craft;
Instead I floated on the ocean blue,
And each cake my boss made, I cut in half.

One day the cops arrested him for graft;
They put him in a tall, thin callabocse.
That spring I was employed by a giraffe.
The last cake that he made, I cut in half.

Jon. Daunt/California, USA

How Long

?
 how long
 how long
 before
 they
 shoot
 you
 before
 those
 stripes
 are
 torn
 for
 fashion
 by
 the
 rich
 for
 the
 rich
 poacher
 hunter
 safari
 punter

how long before zoos are
 prisons how long before ?
 there are no leaves for ?
 giraffes to reach for ?
 how long before genetic ?
 engineering shortens ?
 that funny towering
 head how long
 before unnatural
 selection lowers
 your rank
 takes your
 stripes away

The Proud Giraffe

The giraffe stands up there so elegant and tall,
 Looking down on us, making us small,
 As he holds his proud head so high,
 It's a wonder he doesn't meet the spirits in the sky.

We are jealous of his velvet skin so smooth,
 That nature's hand has made well groomed,
 As that silky golden amber patchwork coat,
 His looks really give him cause to boast.

Those long lashed appealing sleepy eyes of brown,
 Watching his disappearing world with a silent frown,
 As he walks along with his slow steady stride,
 An animal in whom nature takes a pride.

Carleen and Jean Theaker/Liverpool, England.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

From our next publication, IMS7, Pleasure Publications will be known of as Lovely Publications because it sounds nicer. Our founder, Ivor, will then be known of as Lovely Ivor.

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