

# CAPTIVITY



[thegorillapress.com](http://thegorillapress.com)

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Editors' note,

We are claiming stake to our portion of the Internet. This excellent collection of poetry wrote its charter, set sail, and settled in thoughts for the gorilla press's third issue, Captivity. Crafted from a word, built in a scale of time, and founded in the next few pages.

Thank you to all our contributors, and

Thanks for reading,

The Editors  
thegorillapress.com

Claire Kinnane -

Francis Raven -

Craig Martin Getz -

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## SLEEPOVER

Who is this beautiful skeleton doing the crawl  
in my swimming pool? It will rain soon  
I tell her and when drops hit the water  
like thousands of bullets, she doesn't stop.  
Why don't you eat pancakes with us  
I say but she prefers fruit, ravenously slurping  
a peach in the kitchen by herself.  
Towel wrapped around her body four times,  
stick legs bent under her bone buttocks  
she sits on my bedroom floor. The telephone  
between us. She begs me to call. Any boy.  
Any boy who might think she's pretty.  
Please can I help her. She wants someone to hold  
her. She wants me to start dialing and I wish  
the phone were dead

## NATURE WALK WITH A LOVER

He walks a step ahead of me, complaining I am slow.  
If I were considerate, he says, I'd walk faster.

I walk faster. Ahead of us a monarch flutters  
low to the ground. I want to cry out "Look!"

and point, but don't want to sound like a child.  
He's called me a baby before. His legs are longer

than mine. His gate - heavy, gorilla like, arms  
swing at his side. His right hand clenches a bottle

of Gatorade, almost empty of bluish booze.  
I ask him to slow down. He speeds up, says I'm selfish.

I should know he'll get the shakes. Do I want him to get sick?  
Is that what I want? I don't know what comes over me.

But I stop right there. He doesn't notice. Marches on.  
I squat by the water's edge, pluck a purple flower.

Twirl it. Grin. Stick it behind my ear. Watch  
my master's back get smaller and smaller.

**DOG**

Slumped in a chair  
in the corner of my room,  
he squints his left eye, a wince  
I've learned is a warning  
that something cruel will come.

He takes a swig  
from a plastic bottle of vodka  
which seems glued to his hand, known  
for being attached to him like the torch  
to the Statue of Liberty.

It's raining and drops pellet  
my skylights. He complains  
there's nothing to do. I touch his hand.  
"No," he says. I back away. Like his dog  
does. And keep close, just in case.

I stop. Squat by the edge of the river, pluck  
some purple flower. Twirl it. I have turned

into a small girl, grinning at his back. This is how  
I protest. Without courage. Without words.

**Historical Materialism for Noah**

I grew up with dogs and linoleum, a stove unfolded  
like it was a piece of technology. I think they would have called it egg-shell blue  
at least in the places it wasn't stainless steel  
and stained anyway. We removed the burners and the pots  
fit in a large uncomfortable pile.

You will have a different childhood than me.  
This is, among other things, all sadness and grace.  
Among other things, possibility, the root of hope and despair.  
The root, but not those things.  
Those things will emerge depending on how you feel the pieces,  
on how you put them together.

They will be like Lincoln logs. You can build a cabin.  
I never did. A cabin is, at least, like everybody else's cabin.  
I'd build something unjudgable and singular.  
I would laugh. Have you even heard of a cabin?  
It was how old-fashioned nature lovers lived  
when I was little. At the time of your birth  
they live in yurts or shipping containers placed  
end to end in the forest's beckoning.

There is an overwhelming urge to explain myself,  
but I'm just a person and don't understand that well.  
There are just these things, these actions, passing by.  
We know your soul from those. That's a belief of mine.  
I'm sure it came from some way of living, of watching.  
I can see you starting to watch.



2.

Once in the pirate ship of taxidermy  
I realize it isn't a ship at all. A castaway,  
weathered monkey nailed  
to the deck, plastic cup for tips  
glued in hand, rather welcomes  
me into a converted trailer home.  
A random kingdom lines shelves  
where the kitchen and pantry had  
been. Armadillos in Medieval armor,  
baby alligators static in their endeavor  
to get used to having such big mouths.  
A fox I guess and a bandit raccoon  
snarling gums at the light bulb.  
A buck has been put back together.  
If it hadn't been mauled in life,  
it has been now,  
this collage of fur and cement  
with some poles for tendons  
keeping it all perked on the shag  
in the middle of a wood-  
paneled living  
room.

3.

One-hundred thousand cubic feet  
of water per second charge over the Falls.  
By the late 1800s, the Falls were seen  
in the background of honeymoon  
photographs. By the 1920s,  
grooms and flapper-brides were  
posing for theirs. Half the water  
was diverted in the 1950s  
with the advent of turbines,  
the river bed leading to the Falls  
was carved out, the banks  
reshaped and the viewing  
points rebuilt, the water  
level raised, all in order  
to keep up the appearance  
of natural grandeur. The one  
hundred thousand cubic feet  
is about half the natural  
flow.

## Death

- Craig Martin Getz

4.

A convention of nine-hundred and twenty  
 Red Hatters, fifty-year-old-plus  
 post-menopausal, single, married,  
 widowed women who wear  
 big red hats and purple  
 clothes, in the needed throes  
 of their self-importance,  
 form a two-tone rash of chatterbox  
 poppies in the Sheraton hotel lobby.  
 Fake fur and feathers, ostrich plumes,  
 tulle, sequins, bangles and beads.  
 Part of the whole thing is to be  
 ostentatious, over the top, kooky,  
 misbehave, pretending to be raunchy,  
 not going gentle into that good night,  
 but rather hooting it up, going out with  
 a bang. Is that what the poet meant?  
 Eyes all ablaze and happy. I put on  
 a hooded plastic poncho and take  
 a boat out into the mist... wondering  
 how all of this is only half and I'm  
 blinking right into it, so  
 powerful and loud.

## [10] The Edge

- Craig Martin Getz

**The Edge**

The kite surf is up  
 in a flapping howling stitch  
  
 of dragon chartreuse,  
 kamikaze lime, ripping sky blue  
  
 apart. These tangles  
 of cord, harness and buckle  
  
 snap taut and light as tendons  
 and flicker the booming bright  
  
 and briny gale. Hands gripped  
 to the baton and running, they  
  
 slip their feet into the straps  
 of a polished board and razor  
  
 out upon this cellophane sea  
 and they're up – gone off  
  
 the edge of the world not out  
 but up up for just a moment  
  
 enough to haul like major knots  
 and twist and turn – and man,  
  
 back down to this ocean going  
 on and on as if no kid could ever

look away, sitting ashore  
with head too palsy to keep

looking upwards at the show.  
My nephew is looking down

at Gumby and Pokey rubber  
dolls trying to make them stand

up in the sand. I don't know how  
he has taken the kite surfers in  
as his drool and wet smiling lips  
seem more to do with the simple

novelty of another bright shiny day  
and so many pictures. Maybe it is

a bit of everything. After all,  
didn't we all do what we could

with what we had, strapping  
young and fit, snapping taut

at the edge of sunny days?



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### Contributors

**Claire Kinnane** is a 27-year-old native Washingtonian currently studying to be a middle school English teacher through a program at George Washington University. Claire has never spent any time in prison but knows something about captivity: she survived anorexia, a disease which truly holds its victims captive, and she survived an abusive relationship. But all that is heavy. Claire thinks her spirit is quite light, despite of or because of the past.

**Francis Raven** lives in Washington DC; you can check out more of his work at his website: <http://www.ravensaesthetica.com/>.

**Craig Martin Getz** (Willingboro, NJ, 1964) rather considers himself from Los Angeles having grown up there more than his birthplace. He has been living, however, in Barcelona, Spain since 1989. He's an English teacher at a large private school outside Barcelona and, along with running international programs in the High School, is currently one of two teacher members to the Governing Body of the European Youth Parliament. He's a photographer as well, having solo exhibited several times in Spain. He's been living with his partner, José, for going on 19 years. They mix visits back to visit Craig's family and friends in California with other travels around Europe and beyond.



