



Contents

<u>page</u>	<u>title</u>	<u>author/artist</u>
1. (cover)		Jon Daunt
4.	The Giraffe	Edmund Harwood
5.	Animal Passion	Val Kirkham
6.	Still There	
	Somewhere	Steve Sneyd
7.	Song Of The Giraffe	Alexander Baron
7.	Protuberance	
	Problem	J.F. Wapshott
8-9.	The Strange And Stupid Case Of Murgatroyd The Singing Giraffe	
		Martin Brodetsky
10.		Ivor
11.	The Noble Giraffe	Keith Clegg
11.	Giraffe Gaffe	Alexander Baron
12.	Deep Statements	Barry Powell
12.	Cinquain	Little Miss Potato
12.	Martians In Africa	Steve Sneyd
13.	African Melody	Jon Daunt
14.	How Long?	Alex Warner
15.	The Proud Giraffe	Carleen and Jean Theaker

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  
playgroupmade papiermache giraffe all the  
blackand 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  
evenare 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  
awopbopalooobopalopbamboom  
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;  
This 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 callaboose.  
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.

\*\*\*\*\*  
PLEASURE PUBLICATIONS

International Melodic Scribble: Issue 6 now available FREE for s.a.e. or 2 X IRC. Submissions of ryming, or rather rhyming, verse welcome.

Super Trouper: Issue 2 now available for 12p + s.a.e. or 2 X IRC. Reviews of mainly British and American small press magazines.

Art Thou Ready To Pass The Ordeal?: The first of our "Apricot" anthologies costing 2 second class stamps + s.a.e. Poetry, prose and artwork on the supernatural and eccentric religions.

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.

\*\*\*\*\*

PLEASURE PUBLICATIONS

77 Thompson st  
Padiham  
BURNLEY  
Lancs UK

NECK

**DID YOU KNOW?**

A GIRAFFE uses its tongue to clean its ears.