

Guinotte Wise

Distinguished Kansas Poet

- [E-mail](#)
- [Website](#)



Guinotte Wise, New Lancaster, Kansas, has been a creative director in advertising most of his working life. In his youth he put forth effort as a bull rider, ironworker, laborer, funeral home pickup person, bartender, truck driver, postal worker, ice house worker and paving field engineer. A staid museum director called him raffish, which he enthusiastically embraced. (the observation, not the director) Of course, he took up writing fiction. Wise is also a welded steel sculptor. He was educated at Westminster College, University of Arkansas, Kansas City Art Institute.

Wise's new poetry book, *Scattered Cranes*, published 2017, is available from major outlets in paperback and ebook. [See Book on Amazon.com](#)

Wise's poetry has appeared in *Randomly Accessed Poetics*, *Shotgun Honey*, *Straight Forward Poetry*, *Switchback*, *The Vehicle*, *Driftwood Press*, *Linden Avenue Literary Journal*, *Futures Trading*, *Clear Poetry UK*, *East Coast Ink*, *Sequestrum Literature & Art*, *Mannequin Haus*, *Pea River Journal*, *Jazz Cigarette*, *Misfit Magazine*, *Rat's Ass Review*, *Pulp Metal Magazine*, *Dead King Magazine*, *IthacaLit*, *In Between Hangovers*, *Sinking City Review*, *Exterminating Angel Press*, *The Good Men Project*, *Your One Phone Call (Wales, UK)*, *Avatar Review*, *The Offbeat*, *Longshot Island*, *TXTOBJX*, *Magnolia Review*, *Oxford Magazine*, and *Gambling The Aisle*. His novel, *Ruined Days*, was released December, 2015, and a short story collection, *Resume Speed*, was released, June, 2016, both with Black Opal Books.

He was also the winner of the H. Palmer Hall Award for short story collection, *Night Train, Cold Beer*, \$1000 cash grant and publication of the book by Pecan Grove Press.

Also See: www.wisesculpture.com | www.wisesculpture.com/blog | www.facebook.com/guinotte.wise

Feeding Time

I clear my throat, ask
How do you call them
The old man, shirt buttoned
neck and wrists, points
with stubbled chin, says
Crank that siren
and get the hell
outa the way
Horses dun and bay
Paints and sooty
improbably built
but agile as they
surround me with thunder
Passing right and left
Parting at me thank god
butts sinking as they slide
and stop clods tossed
clouds of dust, they bunch
and snort, ears pinned
for steam crimped oats
and I see the old man
smile, just a bit

Barbed Wire

Bobwar some Kansans say
not really worth a poem
sags and rusts and breaks
like folks. You know 'em.

Additional poems on following page



Guinotte Wise

Distinguished Kansas Poet

- [E-mail](#)
- [Website](#)

Cookout

It was in a cornfield, or a small town where a rodeo was taking place in the rain. Or a campus. Or a song. Music played somewhere, hamburgers cooked on a grille. She wore a loose yellow cotton dress. She laughed and dared me. I didn't take to dares as some had burned me. I saw she would destroy me so I was attracted and circled closer, then we were alone, no sounds, no light, just the sense of a light rain, others I knew had disappeared or we had, she and I, would they wonder where we'd gone, no we were not central to their hilarity, they were stoned and drunk and missed only themselves, and we pursued our dangers without them. Later one would say, "You could see her tits right through that wet yellow dress." I avoided him after that, but she was unavoidable, though her laughter had gone somewhere. And she did destroy me, and self destructed as they say. One said, "You should have seen it coming." I did, I had, seen it. Like an afterimage of fireworks in tightly closed eyes, I see it.

Drive-in Movie

The old pickup faces the wrong way
the bed toward the big screen
lawn chairs either side of the cooler
we climb up and sit chairs
creaking with our weights hers say
a hundred mine twice that
we share an ice cold beer illegal in
these rows of many eyes
and gravel crunches with each new
arrival turn them fucking
lights out someone yells behind us
and the new guy complies
but shouts back unheard or maybe
unheeded and the popcorn
dances with the soda beckoning
us all to the refreshment
center but Judy and I have our own
and the line is long enough
that concession is made to the start
of MGM's sound blastard
announcing good god almightiest
we have speakers on both
sides now due to a lack of anyone
parking next to us because
they don't want our lookee-downs
into their lowslung makeout
nests and their humid fumbling
The movie is one we saw
on TV just a couple nights ago
so we retire to the cab
and daring escapades that begin
with thrilling hand jobs
and ghostly moans we want our
neighbors to hear but we
dissolve into helpless laughter
I start the truck its gutter
mufflers coughing we head out
huge faces on the screen
behind us contorting shouting.