



Convert This

1998
Chapbook
Janet
Kuypers

Well, Convert This.
Do it now.

This is the chapbook of poetry
by Janet Kuypers translated
into espanol, and t
hen, well, back to english...

freedom
& strength

tears of the father

Really it never knew him. Workboots of the location of the work knew to the scent of his, Knew the scent of martinis waiting for it in the country. The sound of its long walk knew: its ankles that become broken, its keys that confuse.

Sternness of its voice knew, and knew to that around me he only smiled for the photographs.

The emotions had their place for him.
It reserved the happiness for the
friends, rage for the home. In all he it did and felt he showed to force
and power.

I have seen it shout twice.

Once it cut his hand with a mountain range.
I saw the fabric four inches
of thickness soaked with blood around its hand. I saw the drops of the
blood in the seat of the car.
He conducted himself to the hospital. It
was always in control. But I heard the pain in its voice. It
was stopped in the road and I shouted.

high roller

Is of length to see seating him cigarette to disposition
walkman again
in the vector

Desire to be able to cross for above behind you
the hands
in its shoulders inclines my head next to its face

I of length to have my cheek close so near yours touching but that it
could immovable does not feel their heat
their desire

our skin would not touch
but immovable sensation the connections of his
is present at

loving desire

I am putting in bed and I am watching he above here
he is slept healthy perfectly happy
you know, I cannot remember the last time maintain to me
it does not have any idea what I am thinking
he perfectly is contained
this way
he decided to pass the rest of my life with him
he is my better friend but I do not know if he loves to me
damnit loving desire

Irons De Kurt (a girl is right)

Irons De Kurt
whereas it drinks lead
robbed right car
in other car
and killed a woman

according to police
information, Irons De Kurt
were surprised
by the halting
by the fact
that he was loaded
with of vehicles homicide

Irons De Kurt
was quoted as
saying
" types he is
to right girl,
man is a girl -
nothing
but to girl

The Lover Has Tendrils

the lover has tendrils of length, liquid, forming
arcs, stirring up itself, throwing but under the water I have slid far

one also often saved the pull
hard to never throw enough of me inside you were

I keep looking for for those endless arms to become involved around me
in order to strangle it stops me to kill to me

until I rise yet again jadeo for the air

motorcycle

you scared to me but I had taste of her memory
to seat to me behind you
in its motorcycle I think my fingers
I maintained
its waist.

and memory to watch my head in its shoulder in the rear view
mirror. and I smiled, because it was its shoulder as it felt me more
comfortable with you, I moved my head nearer its neck, smelled its
Colony, felt the heat to radiate of its skin.

you scared to me I tightened your waist every time I thought that you
must have used the brakes but still I seated behind you in addition, was
a good excuse to cling to you.

packing

it also has often when I have this before
it never thought that really it would leave him and now I feel here
in this apartment bowl of source of the popcorn
eleven the thirty at night television that plays parasitic atmospheric

they seem too clean inside here, not lived inside
I so decide to take a trip leaves this place
in the dormitory, it measures the time to begin packing: two aligned, two
additional pairs of the short circuits, jackets, solitude, rage, socks
it is surprising how much of your life you can fit in a single suitcase

it photographs, nineteenth cen- tury

that woman who represent the images
the beauty and smoothness of the
something that does not have to be touched
could not work that the sepia
cannot work

oh how oh is old the dependency oh the
degradation

my mind has been hindered a bastard of the society
I cannot see the
women I see the hat the pen the adornments
of the beauty the absurd way have made
him to be not heard and

it is only one image forced it with an image is that
a shame is he a sin
and now they have corrupted to me
with the knowledge of the society with
the knowledge of him are the reasons and now I cannot even see the
beauty I can only see oppression

"oh, is not like that one" that says
as I flicker and wonder that I am trying to make an impression

enclosure four- teen

it was one night long for us, beginning towards outside in his apartment
with his manufacture and fellow worker roommate who comes above

daisies up to two in the morning, but of course then we decided that the
best thing to do would be to leave

and so to the blue note we extinguished ourselves, found some
interesting people to speak to, closed the bar, I think that it was

first time I always did that, to closed takes bar at night, I mean, and
in four-thirty you down lead the homemade avenue to me of milwaukee

and I know that he fishes with cane, and you can see the traffic light
for the next traffic as you can see your own light so easily,

but I am safe that the light was green, and the red one does not have
taste of polis sayings, when you threw confusion you you could have been
in great

that night, no insurance worries, no city labels starchy of the
registry

resurrection of deads

I request too much story with too much
I know that it will be equal as it is always
something will go bad and you will come behind crawling
you hope that you gather the pieces again?
I am I supposed to watch it everything falls aside
then it makes all the right again?
you never give the advantage me of the doubt
you think that some other is better good, I am perhaps vain but I know better
and soon its world will crumble again
and I will become, because I have
resurrection of deads

salesman

The timbre sounded
"who could stop close in this hour? ", I thought,
but I put my compartment down
and I crossed to the door. A man in a game
of plaid been stopped in the lobby with a portfolio spent in its hand.
He has a tired smile, the style businesses. It almost looked
like genuine. Like him rambled in and around... Well, really I do not
know what he said. I does not even know what it wished
"which is he who
sells? ", I thought,
and my the track arrived to be navigated with its
confused words. It looked like everything like absurd. But it looked
like everything to have sense. I did not have taste of which I heard.
But I tried to listen. I wished to listen. I had to grasp me to the
doorframe: I had to maintain to me constant whereas thoughts of this man
tried to strike to me down. Finally I stopped
"what you you are trying
to sell to me? Which are you trying to do? ",
I requested.

statue

I think about the statues of the Greek Gods were what could inhale
people to be were something to make an effort stops

and I have not had any inspiration with exception of my own mind and
have created my own images to keep going

and I have been successful I have done it everything I have the fame,
the fortune

and now I watch around and everything what I see is destruction I see
the ruins of a fallen age

and as soon as desire to see that statue is so alive in my mind and I
know that it must be towards outside there somewhere

but I have so hardly been working so of length that I forgot on the
light in the end of the tunnel and now I do not know where to watch

Tome the Pain

When I am placing in the sun I close the eyes only so slightly and the blows of the sun down and burns my face and penetrates my flickers and burns My eyes.

Filter to keep. I fight
to keep right my closed from the eyes slightly to survive the burning light, burning themselves.
You understand this fight, you you make this
to see how long you can take the pain
You know, when I fight as this under light I can feel like the lips beginning to part and she almost hopes that you reach above and who she kisses to me

There is a fine line between pleaseure and the pain

When I am placing in the sun I close the eyes only so slightly and volume the pain

they called con- fidence

You remember when you

were rainy night

1:30 morning

one

and you asked to

me what I wished to do?

I said that it wished him to take a bottle from

champagne, raises ignition the roof of its toasted house

and in the rain

that spills.

You asked why I said that to me. I shrank my shoulders flippantly and
this that was something to do. But it proved to him.

It was scared to

request if you would follow to me

when I said trust to him.

And that one is why trusted to him

when you spilled champagne and

kissed my wet skin

this one is my dilemma

if they went to you this one you are my dilemma
if just not taken care of more if as soon as the piece acts if just not
taken care of more if hardly left

fuck him
me
if just not taken care of
more if hardly be him to it
who takes care of
who takes care of
what is around is acceptable
have sent to Me
around before

They use me to this
use Me to this routine:
forwards and backwards, and
then forgetting

to forget the sensations to forget its name

forget me, if you wish

enjoyment goes next freely

I have felt it before I have lived before
I have known It before I
have lived before

and there is no new emotion to me

so if this one is my dilemma

too much light

too much light does that the baby goes blind
and too much
light makes moth
rush in the flame and dice in a final glorious
brilliance of the glory and I have seen the light

and I have seen it

which is my option:

burn in the flame to distribute quickly
to die young or to slide slowly
far to die slowly day per day
leaves people in the dark throws of me
inside advance to little
by inch until the light kills to me

what you could do to me that she does

I

Memory when you and fodder plant
and Joe and I it decided to kill to a
bottle of champán,
color of rose of Andre, two-for-five,
in a cover of
the building in the December cold. Memory
to be unemployed in the cover
of this building with this bottle of champán
cheap in my hand and not to
take care of that was cold,
that that broke
the law.
He was young, and
it frees.
And it had friends.
We were stopped in the dimension of a
variable of a triangle
and did to the person in the drunk center. I said
that they had to rotate whereas they drank,
then belch when they were
done. The fodder plant and Joe were more than wanting;
belching was a
competition for them.
And I did one of the boys
by one night, to become
closest to you.
You did not wish belch,
or to return, or really even to
the drink.
I did not do to him. But you.

And it wanted to think that
about its heart you you did it
because you wished to follow to me.

where I belong

well, I have found that I must is enslaved
to persecute
causes my hands and my feet are limited the Earth
and I fight to sing as soon as a sound

thanks so to sing this song to show to me
incorrect
is where I belong

I am in a haze fill with this rage
encaged
to me by the labyrinth
confused in this stage yet and they dazzle to me
as pagino through my wage in brilliance

and thanks to sing this song to show to me
incorrect
are where I belong

I smell macis I cover so my face
in case
that in my rapidity I can track
the rough taste is my passage in this race is all a as soon as sweepings

yes, thanks to sing this song to show to me
incorrect
are where I belong

in tribute to M. Gore

why never I will obtain married

the work we have been watching for a new employee we have sifted through curriculum we have met ourselves with some

and some were good some were very good and we took a certain time to decide and then we called our option #1

and they said that they wished more money than we offered we so this our good bye and we called ours second option

and they said that they could not work in a place so small so anybody in the work this we must be met with greater

and that one is when it knew in the tariff we never went we would find any person and nobody would wish us

chapbook by janetkuypers

freedom & strength press



freedom & strength

you can't be free and strong until you can speak up

freedom and strength press

originated in 1998

launched on the web in 2000

G. Athens, founding member

chapbook design copyright © freedom & strength press

writings copyright © janet kuypers

**this chapbook may not be reproduced,
in whole or in part,
without express permission from the author**