

A photograph of a bride and groom walking down a church aisle. The bride is on the left, wearing a white wedding dress with a full skirt and a long, flowing veil. She is smiling and holding a large bouquet of white flowers. The groom is on the right, wearing a dark tuxedo with a white shirt and a grey bow tie. He is also smiling. The background shows the interior of a church with a wooden floor and a stained glass window.

# For Father's Day

a Chapbook of Poetry  
By Janet Kuypers  
Troy Press

# Learning More

It is amazing how I learn more, how I take it all in  
How I think I am just learning little random pieces of information  
And that is when I find out that all of the pieces relate  
That there is meaning to almost anything I see or do

I remember so much about you, and I know there is  
So much you have taught me  
How to understand the word of my elders

Mom has taught me to take it all in stride  
She has taught me how to manage it all and how to do that  
With grace

I know that you were the foundation to everything she maintained  
You were stern for a reason, and this was how  
You kept everything in line without having to raise your voice to me

Because I just knew

You were making all the details possible by working so hard  
Mom knew this, and gave you your space for it, and all the children  
Thank you, and I thank you, because mom and you are what made us  
us

Life would never be the same without your influence  
Without you making it all possible

My brother told me we were all creative in this family  
I did not see how, not for all of us, I did not fit the pieces together  
And he laid out the details this way for me  
Mom painted, Ed was an architect, Bob used construction to build from  
scratch,

Lorelei was an art teacher, Sandy got her art out through crafts,  
And I was a graphic artist and a photographer and a writer  
Before he told me that you took my grandfather's business  
Kept it alive, kept it thriving, I then remembered one more thing

Once I was looking in the little kitchen and found a box  
Of old black and white photographs, and I didn't know where they came  
from

I asked you, you used to be a photographer, that you  
Developed these pictures, that you took pictures  
When you were in high school,

this was the way you could be creative  
It gave me my own snapshot of you, it helped me realize  
These are the things we do to keep ourselves alive

and It gave me one memory of you

this was something I learned about you through chance, first hand  
This was how I learned more about you, and me  
And I thank you for that

There have been so many changes that I have gone through in my life  
So many things I could not explain  
Learning about you, getting these tiny glimpses  
It is as if I have taken these snapshots of your life

Now I can slowly piece this all together to make the picture complete  
I know that life is not easy and that it all takes work  
Your life has been difficult at times, your life has been rich as well  
Your life has also made me rich, rich from you, from being a part of your life

When people compliment me, tell me that I am smart or talented  
I know where the pieces came from that have made me whole  
That have given this to me  
And I thank you for that

# Golfing with George Eastman

I played a round of golf with  
George Eastman  
Now, George was going on,  
bragging about his game,  
and at the first hole  
my shot was pretty straight  
and his veered sharp to the right.  
And he started swearing  
and cussing, me and the  
other two guys thought he  
was going to pop a vein  
or throw a club at us. And  
every hole was the same:  
George wasn't playing well  
and with every shot he'd  
get more and more violent,  
more and more volatile.  
And finally, at the last hole,  
he lands his golf ball right  
into the water. And he stops.  
Perfectly calm. No jumping.  
No swearing. No throwing of  
of his golf clubs or stomping  
on the ground. George just  
shrugged his shoulders and  
walked toward the water. He  
dropped a new ball down. Not a  
sound. Maybe this was the  
one, we, thought, the one point  
when he realized how useless his  
anger was. And we watched. And  
George Eastman looked at the  
ball he dropped between his feet,  
and then just started stomping,  
and screaming, and waving

his golf club above his head, even more violent than before, as if the poor golf ball did something wrong. And back a the golf cart, the three of us, at a safe distance, stood there and laughed.

# Water on the Street

George Eastman  
was dumping water  
from his outdoor hot tub one day  
and the water  
was running  
down the center  
of the street.

Now, from a distance,  
it looked like  
George Eastman  
may have been  
watering his lawn;

but people were only allowed  
to water their lawns  
on certain days of the week.

So when I saw the water  
and then I saw  
George Eastman,  
I said, "Hey, you know -"  
pointing to the water

and  
George Eastman  
interrupted and said,  
"I know what you're thinking, but  
I'm not watering my lawn. I'm  
dumping out the water  
from my hot tub,  
and I'm dumping it into the street  
because I don't want the chemicals  
to hurt my lawn."

Well, I didn't even mention the  
sewer grate behind his house

he could have dumped the water into.  
I just said,  
“Well, if it will hurt your grass,  
what will it do to the asphalt on my  
street?”

And  
George Eastman  
started hemming and hawing  
as I drove away.

# father's tears

I knew the smell of his work boots  
from the construction site,  
I knew the smell of the martinis  
waiting for him at home.  
I knew the sound of his walk:  
his ankles cracking,  
his keys rattling.

Emotions had their place for him.  
In everything he did and felt  
he showed strength and power.

I've seen him cry twice.

Once he cut his hand with a saw.  
I saw fabric four inches thick  
soaked with blood around his hand.  
I saw the drops of blood on the car seat.  
He drove himself to the hospital.  
He was always in control.  
But I heard the tears of pain in his voice.  
I stood in the driveway and cried.

Once I heard him arguing with a friend.  
I heard his voice from the hallway,  
but I didn't recognize his voice at all:  
it sounded confused, weak. Distraught.  
I walked up to the door,  
looking through the square window.  
His voice choked and gasped.  
The muscles in his face were contorted,  
and it was as if the wrinkles  
in his eyebrows cried,  
"How could you hurt me so?  
How could you do this to me?"

It was as if he screamed at being weak.



I moved away from the door  
before he could see me. But I still  
heard his voice; I had to run outside.

I've always known he was strong.  
I think I didn't want to believe  
that he was human.

# Catching a Muscovy

One year, Doc Wiggins  
decided he wanted to shoot  
one of the Muscovy ducks  
and have it for Thanksgiving.

As far as ducks go, the  
Muscovies are pretty ugly -  
the males look something like  
turkeys, and in Southwest

Florida, in this heavily pop-  
ulated area, they are so  
used to people that they will  
walk up to you, expecting food.

Well, one year, bless his heart,  
Doc Wiggins decided he wanted  
to shoot one for Thanksgiving  
dinner, so I taught him how to

use my rifle and we went to a  
nearby lake. Then Doc started to  
worry. "What if my bullet ricochets  
off the water and hits something

else?" So he was in a bit of a  
panic, trying to figure out what  
to do. So I told him just to sit  
tight a minute, and sure enough,

a Muscovy walked right up to him  
and looked at him. So Doc looked  
at me, then the duck, and just  
picked it up and brought it home.

# False Suicide

“A woman called the station once, said, ‘My daughter has been depressed lately, has been talking about killing herself. And she’s an early riser, and hasn’t returned any of my calls. Could you go over there? I’m afraid something terrible has happened.’ So we said we’d go there, and we got in the squad car and went to the woman’s house. All the doors were locked, and we started looking through the windows, and I saw her on the bed, stark naked, with her tongue sticking out, quite dead-looking. Now, this is kind of strange, because women usually commit suicide dressed well. In all my years I ain’t never seen a woman commit suicide naked. Well, my partner kicked the front door down with one kick, and we went back to the bedroom, and I grabbed her hand to see if rigamortis set in yet, if she was cold, if she was stiff. And when I grabbed her hand she jumped up and screamed, and then she saw another police officer and she started to calm down. And we said, ‘Your mother thought you might have killed yourself. She said you were an early riser.’ And she said, ‘Damn mother,’ under her breath.”

# Couldn't Take it Home

I went out deer hunting once with some buddies of mine. Now, I'm not a big fan of deer meat, but I went for the sport, I'm a pretty good shot. And I saw when I went over a small wooded hill a small lake amongst the trees, and right at the edge of the water was a deer. So here was my chance. I pulled out my shotgun, aimed, pulled the trigger. Direct hit. It was still moving, so I walked toward the deer. I hit the spinal cord, and the back half of the deer was paralyzed. The thing was dragging itself with its front two legs, trying to crawl away.

I knew it was in pain. I looked at the deer. I pulled out my .22 pistol and shot it in the head, and left it there. I couldn't take it home. My buddies asked me why I left it there. Everything felt wrong. I told them I didn't want anything to do with it. Leave it there. Leave it.

# Knew All Along

So my friend Joe owned this bar, and Joe was a great guy, but he had this thing against guys with motorcycles. He didn't want motorcycles in his parking lot, he didn't want anybody in leather or heavy motorcycle boots in his bar. So I thought one day I'd get him for thinking like that - so I came up with a plan. It's like this: the bar is laid out with an entrance to the left of the main entrance. So I decided I'd ride a motorcycle through his bar, with a full leather outfit on and a helmet so he couldn't see who it was, and I'd go in through the main entrance and exit at the entrance on the left. So everything was in place, I was in the parking lot, then at the front door, ready to go. Then someone opened the door for me, and for some reason when I went through the front door, I couldn't turn my wheel, and I ended up running right into his juke box. And so I tried reversing my way out of it, and I ended up running into Joe's cigarette machine. And his wife was behind the bar screaming for Joe to come out - Joe was in back and missed all of this - while I managed to maneuver my way out the door on the left before Joe ever got out there. And Joe put out rewards for information about who did this to his bar, and he swore up and down about motorcycle riders. And I couldn't tell him that it was just a joke, that I didn't mean to break all of his stuff, right? So finally, after four years, I told him at a party it was me. He said, "I knew all along."

# a child in the park

this was no ordinary park, mind you: there were no swings or children laughing; there were different children there. There was recreation:

tennis, the pool, and a maze of streets for bicycles and long walks; surrounded by rows of prefabricated homes each with one little palm tree by the driveway.

People drove golf carts around in the park, or large tricycles, or older couples would walk together just as it was beginning to turn to dusk and long shadows from

tree-tops cris-crossed over the streets. In the afternoons, the women in the pool would wear hats and sunglasses, lean against the sides, swing legs in the warm water.

I remember the summer afternoons when it rained in Florida, and after the rain I would go out in the puddles in my roller skates, skate through them, feet soaking wet.

There was even a street named after me in the park, and at the end of Jan Drive there was a pond. I spent hours there, playing imaginary games,

pretending I was grown-up, feeding the ducks, watching the fish swim around the rocks at my feet, looking for the turtles, listening to the wind.

Oh, I remember Mr. Whorall, how he would walk onto his driveway every time I was playing tennis across the street. He would watch me, tell me how

I was getting better at the game every time he saw me. And there was also Mrs. Rogers, who lived up the street from me. She saw me riding my bicycle by one day

just before Halloween. She invited me in to help

carve a pumpkin. Every year she bought me a Christmas present. The sweetest woman. The most beautiful woman.

And there was Ira and Betty Wiggins, who lived on the next street, Sand Drive, with a sign in front of their house that said, "The Wiggins' Wigwam."

They had a hammock on their porch, and art so beautiful, so colorful on their walls. They lived in Panama for years, he used to be a doctor. So

many things collected from all their travel. They both knew so much, they both loved life. Once they saw me and asked if I wanted to catch a lion. They then

went to the side of the road, and with a spoon pulled an ant lion from the top of a sand hill. So many secrets. Every night Ira could be found with cue holder,

decorated with Panamanian art, at the pool table, playing my father, or another man who died years ago. I remember that man telling me that when I was younger he would

watch me on Easter Sunday, me in my pastel dress, by myself, spinning, dancing in the streets. He remembered me dancing. This is his memory, how he thought of me.

And I remember the McKinleys, Pete and Lindy, another beautiful pair who talked of Mexico, of all the places they'd gone, all the things they had seen. So many times I

would visit them just to hear them talk. And Pete would try to stump me with an intellectual riddle every time I sat with him; he would ask me about astronomy, what I had learned in my

classes since the last time I visited the park. Sometimes they would take me to their country club, play on tennis courts made of clay, how strange it felt on my feet through my tennis shoes.

It was like another world there. The park was

where I spent my Christmases, my Easters. I  
remember swimming in the pool, a week shy of

thirteen, when my parents told me I was an aunt.  
Now I talk to my sister on the phone, she asks me  
if I remember so-and-so from Palos Avenue,

from Blue Skys Drive. The couple that had the ornate  
rock garden in their front yard, or the snow shovel  
against their light post with the words “rust in

peace” painted in white on the metal. Yes, I say, I  
remember them. Well, so-and-so passed away last week,  
she says. Heart attack. This is what it comes down

to, I think, all these memories are slowly disappearing.  
So many memories. Where there are palm trees everywhere.  
It was my other world, my other life, another

lifestyle, another everything. This was not an ordinary  
park, but the children were so much smarter, and  
still so full of life. So much to teach. So little time.





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Janet Kuypers

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