

**get your**

**buzz**

**Oh...**

*poetry and stuff  
from a live Cafe Aloha performance*

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## god eyes

It was a stupid point to argue about at 2 a.m.,  
sitting in the lobby of the Las Vegas Hilton  
listening to the clink and whirr of slot machines  
and the dropping of tokens onto metal.  
You believed in God, I did not. Even after two  
rounds of Sam Adams and three rounds of Bailey's  
I knew you wouldn't change my mind, and  
I had no desire to change yours.

You told me of a dream you had: in it you and  
Christian Slater played a game of pool. You  
won. He looked at his hands and said, "I've got  
a beer in one hand, and a cigarette in the other.  
I guess this means it's time for me to seduce  
someone." And he walked away. You're a funny  
man. You make me laugh. Your brother even noticed  
that. And you even spoke like Slater, rough, mysterious.

You were the optimist: yes, there is  
meaning to life. I was doomed to nothingness,  
meaninglessness. But to me you were the  
pessimist: you believed you were not  
capable of creating the power, the passion  
you had within you. I had control in my life, even  
if in the end it was all for nothing.  
You think we are so different. We are not.

It's now after three and we listen to music:  
Al Jarreau, Whitney Houston, Billy Ocean, Mariah  
Carey. Natalie Cole, with her father. "That's why darling,  
it's incredible -" you mouth as you walk toward the  
washrooms - "that someone so unforgettable -"  
take a spin, watch me mouth the words  
with you as you walk away -  
"think that I am unforgettable too."

I tell you about the first time I got drunk - I was maybe ten, and asked my sister to make a mixed drink mom had that I liked. She made me a few. So there I was, walking to the neighbor's house in the summertime, wearing my sister's seventies zip-up boots, oversized and unzipped, carrying my seventh drink and sticking my tongue out to see the grenadine. You liked my story. You laughed.

Passion is a hard thing to describe. Passion for life. You must know and understand a spirituality behind it. You do your work, the things in life solely because you must - it is you, and you could not exist any other way. It is who you are. It is a feeling beyond mere enjoyment. You said that the spirituality was a God. I said it was my mind. Once again, we lock horns.

All of my life I have seen people espouse beliefs but not follow them. Tell me you're not like them. Our values are different, but tell me we both have values and will fight to the death for them. I need to know that there are people like that, like me. We are different, but at the core we are the same. We understand all this. I'm grasping straws here as the clock says 3:45 a.m. and the betting odds for football games roll by

on the television screen. You don't gamble. Neither do I. Why must you be so far away? You reminded me that I have a passion in life, that I have to keep fighting. But I get weak and tired of fighting these battles alone. I, the atheist, have no God and have to rely on my will. When I am low, I struggle. You have your God to fall back on, I only have me.

And you looked into my eyes as it approached the morning. You stared. We locked horns once again. I ask you again what you were thinking. And you said, "I see God in your eyes." Later you said it to me again. I asked you what you meant. You said, "I see a God in your eyes. I see a soul." Whether what you saw was your God or just me, my

passion, well, thank you for finding it. "Good-bye, Ms. Kuypers," you said when you left for good that day. I said nothing. Good-bye, Mr. Williams, I thought, then I closed the door, walked to the window, started singing unforgettable. I was alone in my hotel room, and the lights from the Stardust, the Frontier, the Riviera were still flashing. I'm not alone. Good-bye, Mr. Williams.

## looking for a worthy adversary

I've been looking for a worthy adversary  
someone I can lock horns with  
because although my life makes more sense when I'm alone  
it's not nearly as interesting

I've been looking for a worthy adversary  
someone I can battle to the death with  
because it can't be about love, you see  
love can't exist on the terms I demand  
it's never that pure

I've been looking for a worthy adversary  
and so I slither up to you like a snake  
as you sit there at the corner  
of the bar drinking your gin and tonics  
and I tempt you with a golden apple

but all I was offering you  
was fruit from the tree of knowledge

I didn't know how willing you were  
to take from that tree  
I'm not used to that, you know

Did you know you'd need to come back for more?  
Did you know what you were getting into?

well, I didn't know you'd have  
a thing or two to each me too

and did I know I'd need to come back for more?  
Did I know what I was getting into?

because as I've been looking for a worthy adversary  
all this time I've been playing a part  
an actress on a stage, spouting the lines on cue  
and that role was getting tiresome  
but those stage lights still came on night after night  
and I still had to play my part

until on my night off I saw your performance  
at the theatre down the street  
and you know, your protagonist  
was doing what I was doing  
right down to faking it with people who don't matter  
right down to going home and still feeling empty

and you know, I liked to see  
that boiling emotion underneath  
that no one else could see  
because only I had the knowledge to know  
what that emotion really means

and you know, I'm beginning to wonder  
if we can get together  
and write our own play

it would be a masterful performance, you know  
and as that curtain would close we'd hold each other's hands  
and walk off the stage  
and the audience would know that there is a happy ending

and now when I walk out on to the set  
and there you stand, in front, stage left  
I wait for my cue to make my move  
none of the rest of the scene matters to me, you know

maybe they'd like our little play, maybe they wouldn't  
who really cares

because even though I came to you  
and tempted you  
you now tempt me and tease me and torment me  
and tell me everything I was too afraid to believe  
and show me the knowledge that always escaped me

and when you talk you reach your hand into my brain  
and pull out my thoughts and shove them into your mouth  
and spit them back at me

and instead of filling me with terror  
it fills me with joy

I've been looking for a worthy adversary  
and maybe you are much more than that

I've heard the words you say to me before  
I've said them to myself many times  
but why do they sound so much better  
coming from you?

I had been looking for a worth adversary  
someone I could lock horns with  
but now I'm no longer locking horns

now it seems I don't have to fight the battle alone  
now it seems that there's no battle to fight  
we know what all the lines from our play really mean  
and now we're performing for no one  
now we're just ourselves  
and now there's just understanding  
I don't even have to speak

and now every day is Valentine's Day  
and now it's like candy and flowers and springtime  
and hearts and cupids and sunshine  
and you know it's scary  
these cliches are actually beginning to make sense

I guess that's what the tree of knowledge does to you



so this is what has been going on in my mind  
and now I've just spilled my guts  
and now I'm just a puddle on the floor

but now my performance of a lifetime is made  
I stand here like a statue  
and wait for my applause

and as I wait for the reviews  
on the performance I was made for  
I know what they're all going to say  
and none of that matters anymore

because I know what you are going to say  
because it's everything that I want to say

because now it's time  
for you to take my thoughts again  
and shove them into your mouth again  
and spit them back at me again

and now I wait for you to come on stage again  
for our next wonderful performance  
where we have our happy ending  
where you tell me what I already know

## Burn It In

Once I was at a beach  
off the west coast of Florida  
it was New Year's eve  
and the yellow moon hung over the gulf  
like a swaying lantern.  
And I was watching the waves crash in front of me  
with a friend  
and the wind picked up  
and my friend just stared at that moon for a while  
and then closed his eyes.  
I asked him what he was thinking.  
He said, "I wanted to look at this scene,  
and memorize it, burn it into my brain,  
record it in my mind, so I can call it up when I want to.  
So I can have it with me always."

I too have my recorders.  
I burn these things into my brain,  
I burn these things onto pages.  
I pick and choose what needs to be said,  
what needs to be remembered.

Every year, at the end of the year  
I used to write in a journal  
recall the things that happened to me  
log in all of the memories I needed to keep  
because that was what kept me sane  
that was what kept me alive.

When I first went to college  
I was studying to be a computer science  
engineer, I wanted to make a lot of money  
I wanted to beat everyone else  
because burned in my brain were the taunts  
of kids who were in cliques  
so others could do the thinking for them  
because burned in my brain were the evenings  
of the high school dances I never went to  
because burned in my brain were the people  
I knew I was better than  
who thought they were better than me.  
Well, yes, I wanted to make a lot of money  
I wanted to beat everyone else  
but I hated what I was doing  
I hated what I saw around me  
hated all the pain people put each other through  
and all of these memories just kept flooding me  
so in my spare time  
to keep me sane, to keep me alive  
I wrote down the things I could not say  
that was how I recorded things.

When I looked around me, and saw friends  
raping my friends  
I wrote, I burned into these nightmares with a pen  
and yes, I have this recorded  
I have all of this recorded.

What did you think I was doing  
when I was stuffing hand-written notes into my pockets  
or typing long hours into the night?  
In college, I had two roommates  
who in their spare time would watch movies in our living room  
and cross-stitch. I never understood this.  
In my spare time, I was not watching other's stories  
or weaving thread to keep my hands busy  
I was sitting in the corner of a cafe  
scribbling into my notebook.  
I was sitting in the university computer lab  
slamming my hands, my fingers against the keyboard  
because there were too many atrocities in the world  
too many injustices that I had witnessed  
too many people who had wronged me

and I had a lot of work to do.  
There had to be a record of what you've done.

Did you think your crimes would go unpunished?  
And did you think that you could come back, years later,  
slap me on the back with a friendly hello  
and think I wouldn't remember?  
You see, that's what I have my poems for  
so there will always be a record  
of what you have done  
I have defiled many pages  
in your honor, you who swung  
your battle ax high above your head  
and thought no one would remember in the end.  
Well, I made a point to remember.  
Yes, I have defiled many pages  
and have you defiled many women?  
You, the man who rapes my friends?  
You, the man who rapes my sisters?  
You, the man who rapes me?  
Is this what makes you a strong man?

you want to know why I do the things I do

I had to record these things  
that is what kept me together  
when people were dying  
that is what kept me together  
when my friends went off to war  
that is what kept me together  
when my friends were raped  
and left for dead  
that is what kept me together  
when no one bothered to notice this  
or change this  
or care about this  
these recordings kept me together

I need to record these things  
to remind myself  
of where I came from  
I need to record these things  
to remind myself  
that there are things to value  
and things to hate  
I need to record these things  
to remind myself  
that there are things worth fighting for  
worth dying for  
I need to record these things  
to remind myself  
that I am alive

## Death takes many forms.

It is winter now.  
The trees have lost their leaves;  
the city is covered in a thin layer of soot and snow.  
The grass is dead.  
In the sunless sky black birds circle overhead  
searching for prey.  
An eerie cold settles over everything.  
Nothing is growing anymore.

Death takes many forms.  
For you, death first came when you were five years old  
and your mother had to give you three shots of insulin a day  
until you could take a needle to yourself.  
Did it hurt to push that needle into your arm, the first time?  
Or did it hurt you more to know you had no choice?

Death takes many forms.  
Death can be someone telling you without trying  
that they are losing their sight.  
Behind coke-bottle glasses you would see me and say,  
“That’s a nice black suit you’re wearing.”  
And I would tell you, “It’s green.”  
And you wouldn’t believe me.  
You wouldn’t hear the howling wind of the changing seasons.

Death takes many forms.  
I know what follows the autumn wind.  
It is winter now.  
Do you remember when it happened?  
The changes are subtle, the temperature drops,  
first only slightly. It’s almost imperceptible.  
Only when the first snow falls do you realize  
where the seasons have gone.

Death takes many forms.  
Death can be a sweat-soaked shirt, the shakes, dizziness  
when you needed food.  
You would look as pale as a ghost  
as I would hold your cold wet arm and steady you.  
Quick, some sugar will make everything better.  
Isn't everything better yet?

Death takes many forms.  
The signs of death can come  
when you lose your circulation.  
"My feet are numb, Janet," you'd say.  
"I can't feel my feet anymore."  
And I would rub your feet for you,  
and you would say it makes a difference,  
you feel better.

If only I could do this forever.

Death takes many forms.  
I said good bye to you to travel my own road  
but I didn't think it was the last good bye.  
How was I to know?

When I left, I knew you didn't want me to go.  
And now it's my turn.

Why are we always saying good bye to each other?

Are you trying to teach me a lesson?  
Because if you are, well,  
I've learned it. Trust me, I have.  
You can come back now.

Death takes many forms.  
And now, now it seems  
you've taken me down with you  
you've taken me into that casket with you  
and I'm running my hand along your jacket lapel  
and I can feel the coldness of winter all around me  
and I can hear them shoveling the dirt over my head  
and I want to get out  
and I want to take you with me.

Death takes many forms.  
Death can be that hole you left,  
you know, right over here, just a little to the left.  
I keep wondering when the pain will go away.  
When will everything be better.

You once showed me that winter could be beautiful.  
Instead of the dark and dirty snow lacing the city streets  
you showed me a quieting snowfall,  
over a lake at your parent's back yard  
glistening in an untouched whiteness.  
I told you I hated winters  
and you told me, "This you don't hate."

Well, I'm still learning.

It is winter now.  
And death takes many forms.  
The seasons change for you and I.  
It is snowing. And something is ending.  
It is snowing. Somewhere  
it is snowing.



# True Happiness in the New Millennium

*"I ain't never found peace upon the breast of a girl  
I ain't never found peace with the religions of the world  
I ain't never found peace at the bottom of a glass*

*Sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive  
Sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive  
The only true freedom is freedom from the heart's desires  
And the only true happiness this way lies"*

*- Matt Johnson*

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
I'm the new savior the savior of science  
the savior of strength  
the savior of survival  
survival of the fittest  
survival of the best  
and I'm here to tell you we're starting anew  
so fasten your seat belts  
hang on to your hats  
place your seat trays in their upright and locked position  
for it's a bumpy ride, and I'll tell you why

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
the millennium of reason and logic and strength  
and I don't want to hear about your self-destruction  
I don't want to hear your whining, psychosis,  
your depression, suicide, alcohol and drugs  
and just what made you think that playing with needles  
and escape would make things better somehow  
God, I've always hated needles anyway  
what is it with you people

well, you need a leader and I'm stepping up to the plate  
you keep asking for a big brother and I'm here to set you straight  
you want someone to wipe your noses for you  
well, pick up the damn tissue and do it yourself  
because when you give up your rights, you take away mine  
and we're not having any of that

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
and you say to me you need crystal meth  
    so you can stay awake through work  
and you say to me that you don't need to drink,  
    that you just like the taste  
and you say to me that with all your escapism  
    you still don't feel any better  
and you say to me that sometimes suicide  
    is the only answer

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
I'm here to usher in a whole new generation  
so stop asking for things and start working for things  
because X is for ecstasy as long as it's fast  
and X is for extra but there's always a cost  
and ecstasy doesn't come without extra work  
no matter how many corners you cut  
and you know, X is for X-Ray and I see right through that

they say that Eve ate from the tree from knowledge  
but you know, she shouldn't have stopped just then  
cause the loggers are raping the trees of knowledge  
the loggers are raping the forests of talent  
the forests of ability   the forests of reason  
of skill   of logic   perseverance   and life  
we're letting them rape the forests of excellence  
and you know it's now time to take it all back  
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
and I'm here to tell you how it's going to be done

you're looking for peace in all the wrong places  
you're asking your leaders to save you from yourself  
but your leaders are losers and they're worse off than you

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
where it's time to take charge and it's time fess up  
only you can deliver you from your own sins  
but first you must know what sin really is

it's time to make choices and it's time to lay claim  
to everything we've been blindly giving away  
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
take charge of yourself, and I'll take charge of me  
I'm my leader, not yours, so wipe your own damn noses

take it in to your hands, people, mold your own tools  
this is the new millennium, and this is your chance  
because no one should be showing us how to fail  
people mastered that feat a millennia ago  
so set your own rules and do something fast  
cause it's time to take charge and it's time to be alive

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium  
And I'm waiting for you to usher in yours  
Because true happiness this way lies, my friend  
and I won't wait long if you lag behind  
cause I'm setting my rules so step out of my way

I'm here to tell you there's a new sensation  
and I'm here to tell you there's a new salvation  
and that true happiness this way lies

## being god

I'm tired of dying for your sins  
over and over again and why is it that  
I am the one that's doing the dying  
when you are the one that's doing the sinning  
I don't think you're learning your lesson

I'm tired of taking this knife to my hands  
over and over again giving myself the stigmata  
the blood gets all over my clothes  
and I can never get the stains out  
and for what, for you to see how I suffer

I'm tired of being humble when I'm  
supposed to be the one with the power  
over and over again I become your servant  
and never are you bowing to me  
I don't even get a thank you

I'm tired of preaching to the converted  
when the converted aren't even really listening  
they're snoring in the back rows while I  
deliver my sermon and there's not even air  
conditioning in here and I'm sweating

I'm tired of coming to you and healing the sick  
taking away the problems, over and over again  
giving you something to look forward to  
and all I have is an eternity of waiting for  
someone to take my place and tend to my wounds

I'm tired of giving the earth up to you  
watching the devil's work be done, and you know,  
he's just sitting down there looking at me  
and laughing, over and over again because it's  
so easy for him when he doesn't have to work

I'm tired of being your salvation  
over and over again you turn to me  
and I have no one to turn to but myself  
it's a bitch, you know, being your own god  
since no one can save me from me

I'm tired of being your teacher, handing you  
what you need on a silver platter and waiting  
for that damn collection plate and someone  
is always stealing out of it from the back row  
I know who you are, you who leave me nothing

I'm tired of wearing this crown of thorns  
over and over again the needles prick my skin  
and even gods bleed, at least this one does  
and when I ask you to wipe the blood  
out of my eyes, well, I can't see you anywhere

I'm tired of being something for everybody  
when everyone is nothing for me  
maybe the devil has the right idea, you know  
maybe I'll sit back and wait for you miss me  
as you wonder who's your messiah now

## Andrew Hettinger

I never really liked you. You never revealed yourself to me and why would you: you, who never had anyone, you, who always had the bad breaks. Everyone looked at you as different. Where would you have learned to trust. Who would you have learned it from.

I never really liked you. I met you through a friend and he explained to me that multiple sclerosis left you with a slight limp and a faint lisp. Faint, under the surface, but there, traces of something no one would ever know of you well enough to fully understand.

I never really liked you. You never revealed yourself to me and I never wanted you to; you scared me too much. You, plagued with physical ailments. You, with a limp in your walk. You, with a patch over your eye. You, who stared at me for always just a bit too long.

They told me the patch was from eye surgery with complications and now you had to cover your shame, cover someone else's mistakes, cover a wrong you didn't commit, cover a problem not of your own doing. The problems were never of your own doing, were they.

I heard these stories and I thought it was sad. I heard these stories and thought you had to be a pillar of strength. And then I saw you drink, straight from the bottle, fifteen-year-old chianti. And I saw you smash your hand into your living room wall. This is how you lived.

The house you lived in was littered with trash. Why bother to clean it up anyway. It detracted you from the holes in the wall, the broken furniture from drunken fits. This was how you reacted to life, to the world. You didn't know any better. This is how you coped.

I never really liked you. You would come home from work, tell us about a woman who was beautiful and smart that liked you, but she wasn't quite smart enough. And I thought: We believe anything if we tell ourselves enough. We weave these fantasies to get through the days.

I never really liked you. Every time you talked to me you always leaned a little too close. So I stayed away from the house, noted that those whom you called friends did the same. I asked my friend why he bothered to stay in touch. And he said to me, "But he has no friends."

This is how I thought of you. A man who was dealt a bad hand. A man who couldn't fight the demons that were handed to him. And with that I put you out of my mind, relegated you to the ranks of the inconsequential. We parted ways. You were reduced to a sliver of my youth.

I received a letter recently, a letter from someone who knew you, someone who wanted me to tell my friend that they read in the newspaper that you hanged yourself. Your brother died in an electrical accident, and after the funeral you went to the train station,

and instead of leaving this town you went to a small room off to the side and you left us forever. Strangers had to find you. The police had to search through records to identify your body. The newspaper described you as having "health problems." But you knew it was more than that.

And I was asked to be the messenger to my friend. The funeral had already passed. You were already in the ground. There was no way he could say goodbye. I shouldn't have been the one to tell him this. No one deserved to tell him. He was the only one who tried to care.

I never really liked you. No one did. But when I had to tell my friend, I knew his pain. I knew he wanted to be better. I knew he thought you were too young to die. I knew he felt guilty for not calling you. He knew it shouldn't have been this way. We all knew it.

I never really liked you. But now I can't get you out of my mind; you haunt me for all the people we've forgotten in our lives. I don't like what you've done. I don't like you quitting. I don't like you dying, not giving us the chance to love you, or hate you, or even ignore you more.

My friend still doesn't know where your grave is. I'd like to find it for him, and take him to you. Let you know you did have a friend out there. Bring you a drink, maybe, a fitting nightcap to mark your departure, to commemorate a life filled with liquor, violence, pain and death.

I never really liked you, but maybe we could get together in some old cemetery, sit on your grave stone, share a drink with the dead, laugh at the injustices of life when we're surrounded by death. Maybe then we'd understand your pain for one brief moment, and remember the moments we'll always regret.



## the Battle at Hand

I wanted you to know  
that I was on a mission when I saw you  
and that I was a warrior  
and you were just a helpless victim  
that couldn't fight my weaponry

that wouldn't fight my weaponry

I would come in to town  
and pillage and rape  
and rape and pillage  
depending on how you put it

and rape is such a hard word, you know,  
entirely inappropriate for this  
because I made sure that you wanted me  
before it was all over  
because I have a knack for doing that  
when I fight my battles

this is how I care to think of you.  
I was on a conquest  
and i came fully equipped with ammunition  
I had bayonets  
I had a rifle  
with rounds of bullets in a chain  
thrown over my shoulder  
I had a .22 caliber magazine loaded hand-gun

I didn't even need to use the hand-grenade  
or the tear gas

even before i started using my tongue as a weapon with a kiss  
I used it as a weapon with words  
and I knew I had won you won over from the start  
you looked at me when I spoke  
and I think you might have actually wanted to listen to me

and I would never have to resort to violence  
to get what I wanted from you

we seldom had opportunities before  
and there wasn't much of an opportunities here  
but we made one  
and we somehow made it work

I know I wasn't ready for a battle before  
but I want you to know  
that I came ready to fight  
and I didn't care the circumstance  
or whether or not we had to be quiet  
    because we wouldn't want anyone to find out  
    and no one did

and no, it was not a momentous moment in my life  
it was just a moment  
a conquest, a battle,  
and in my own mind,  
I won the war

you still thought I was beautiful  
and that I was horny  
did I create a little monster in you?  
now I'm going to have to re-arm myself  
and use my stockade of defenses to push you away

but that is the cost of winning battles all the time, I guess

you thought I would always want you  
and you know, I liked winning the battle,  
but I'll have to work again  
so that you don't come back to haunt me  
because we weren't meant to be anything to each other  
and you were just a conquest for me  
a battle won

people thought we would never get along.  
but I know better  
I know there is no such thing as NOT getting along with me  
and I know I can make anyone like me  
as I did with you

you were easy prey, you know.

# Expecting the Stoning

I  
you know how  
you want a popsicle  
and you want it for the longest time  
and you don't even know what it's going to taste like when you get it  
and then you finally get it  
and it tastes oh so good  
and you have some if it  
and you want to save it so you can have it later  
and then you realize  
that in order to keep the popsicle from disappearing  
it has to stay in the freezer  
to avoid melting  
and becoming just a liquid pile of remains  
instead of what you wanted

that it had to stay in the freezer in order to survive  
and you couldn't stay there with it  
that it was meant to be cold forever  
or consumed

it was either one or the other  
they taught you that fact when you were little  
you can't have it both ways

you can try  
and it might be fun at first  
but everyone knows it will hurt later on

and it will

II

I think what I liked the most about us  
was the theory of romance

no, wait, it wasn't that  
it was the fact that it was forbidden  
that you were a friend of a friend  
and this wasn't quote unquote supposed  
to be happening

but I liked the idea of being with you  
I would travel across the country to see you  
the thought of you and the times we had behind everyone's backs  
those times were like poems to me  
and maybe looking back we weren't technically together  
when we couldn't even tell anyone that we we ever together in  
the first place  
but it was still nice for me to fantasize

and what did it get me

III

maybe my problem was that it was all in my head  
and maybe I didn't realize  
the novelty would wear off for you  
that you were like the average American  
and after twenty seconds of watching a television show  
you'd want to change the channel with the remote on the arm of  
your chair

I didn't know you were a popsicle that would melt  
when you we re exposed to ANY sunlight or ANY heat at ANY time

I didn't know you had problems. don't we all.  
we all don't go to psychiatrists and stay on medications  
maybe I didn't know how bad your problems were

I didn't know you were a snowman  
that I made in the backyard at my house in the winter when I was little  
a snowman that was fully equipped with  
a carrot nose, like pinocchio, no, wait, like you, with  
no hair, like you, with  
black rocks for eyes, like you

and yeah, that snowman melted with spring, like you  
and maybe I should have learned my lesson  
from that damned snowman

I guess there was a lot about you I didn't know  
because in so many ways I didn't know you

#### IV

in the winter  
they didn't seem to mind the snowman eventually going away

I hated the cold, so I didn't play in the snow as much

maybe in playing those little games  
everyone else learned their lesson, maybe they learned something  
that I should have learned

#### V

I should expect the stonings that I am bound to receive  
for telling you that I know what you have done  
and that I want the rest of the world to know it too  
I will expect the stonings  
with time, I have been getting used to the punishments  
for telling the truth, even when people don't want to hear it  
and I don't want to be your savior  
and I don't want to be your prophet

I don't want to be that for anyone

I think I am too cocky to be a good leader, anyway

so, thank you for getting my hopes up and then blowing them away  
with one breath from your lips  
like anyone would do to a pile of sand

or table salt spilled on the counter

because I think I needed to learn that lesson  
and in a way, for now,  
I only have you to thank for it

## fantastic car crash

and our life is one big road trip now  
and we set the cruise control  
and make our way down the expressway.

and most of the time we're just moving  
in a straight line, and the scenery  
blurs. there's nothing to see

but I know what's inside you and I  
know what you're made of. I know  
there's no such thing as a calm with you

you are a fantastic car crash. you stop  
traffic in both directions as the gapers gawk and  
the delay grows and they slow down and stare

everything shatters with you, you know.  
it's a spectacular explosion. I try  
to duck and cover as metal flies

through the air. and every time you leave  
the scene of the accident  
I am left picking up the shards of glass

from the windows. you know, the glass breaks  
into such tiny little pieces. they look like  
ice. it takes so long to pick up the pieces



even though I'm careful  
I'm still picking up the pieces  
and I'm still on my knees

and the glass cuts into my hands  
and the blood drips down to the street.  
think of it as my contribution

to this fantastic car crash  
that is you, that is me, that is us  
as I pull the glass from my hands

and I wave my hand to the line of traffic:  
go ahead, keep driving, this happens  
all the time, there's nothing to see here

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