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janet kuypers
poetry fest
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sensuality
in
poetry

Janet Kuypers

grab the other's neck

I don't know where to start
I don't know where all these feelings come from
I don't know how to stop them

These feelings seem to come rushing up to me
And I don't seem to have any control over them

And I hate myself for this
And I'm not supposed to be having these urges
And I hate myself for thinking that you may want me too

You know, I don't know much of anything about you
 And I guess you don't know much about me
But I like what I know
Because in some respects you seem like me
Yes, I like what I know
 That you work too much
 And have too much drive
 And you have a wild side
 And you do your best to keep your wild side in check

And I still want to
Be able to straddle you
Take off your glasses
Mess up your hair
So you get strands falling around your eye
touching your cheek
And touching you
To remind you of me
And grab the hair at the back of your head
And cock your head back
Just so I can see your mouth starting to open
Because God, I want to see that
And it would make me know I'm right
And it makes me know that you want me too

And I'd let your hair go
And you would stare at me
And give me a look I just can't explain
 And can't argue with
 And have to submit to

And when I want this
I would wonder
Who would grab the other's neck
For the kiss

I still don't know who would make that move
 Or who could make that move
So I'm begging you to start this cycle
I'm pleading you
I don't want to be the only one with these fantasies

Tell these stories to me
Tell me you've thought these things too
Tell me you know that we're both stuck
Because you know there's nothing we can do

And I know this too

But I'd like to hear you say it
To validate my fantasies, in a way,
Because I'd love to hear you talk that way to me

I'm a sucker for that, you know

But tell me I'm not alone in this
So I'm begging you
I'm pleading you
Tell me I'm not insane for thinking about you
Tell me you have these fantasies too

praying to idols

every once in a while i question whether or not there is a god. but i changed my mind - i thought i have found him.

he had dark hair, almost black (just like a god should), and he had these blue eyes - not just blue, almost white, so light they look like glass and you could almost see right through them.

and could i see right through you if you gave me the chance?

i'd clasp my rosary necklace and pray to the right gods (and wouldn't they be you) and i'd let the necklace drape over my shoulders around my neck, and i'd let the rosary fall between my breasts and you would forgive me that much more for my sins.

how many hail marys would you want me to say, i'd ask.

i cannot believe i have seen you and i have talked to you - and does everyone get to see their god like this, and does everyone remember?

why do you have to be my god? why did i have to see you and talk to you...and realize how young you are, and realize how inexperienced you are (i mean, you're supposed to be the god you're supposed to be teaching ME)?

is this what people think when their gods let them down (did you let me down or did i just never know what i was looking for)? is this what people think when they realize they are only praying to idols - what then?



(PoetryFest 2004)

the muse, the messiah

I

I can see you now
hunched over, pouring yourself into
your work, scattered papers,

dim lights flooding
white over the glaring screen, in
your otherwise

darkened corner of the
world. And I know you can feel me
now, feel me rushing in

through the window
that you leave only slightly open
at night,

rushing in with a faint
whistle, circling around your neck, curling
up around your

jaw, opening your mouth
so slightly. You can feel my rush
chilling your teeth.

You tilt your head
back, closing your tired eyes
from your problems,

from your future in front
of you, on those pages, on that screen,
under that white

light. You let me open your
mouth more and more, you feel me
swirling around your tongue,

down your throat, into
your lungs, like smoke from a clove
cigarette when you hold

your breath to feel
the high, feel the ecstasy just a little
longer, or like steam rushing

down your throat when you
take a deep breath the summer morning
after a heavy fog.

You open your eyes.
You lick your lips. I make you
do that, I make you

forget your world. You can
feel me there, you can't escape me. I'm
there. I'm your muse.

II

And I'm sitting in my
apartment, and when I reach out my arm
shadows of my hand

stretch across the wall.
There is no music, but I begin to
move my hands, like

a ceremony, as if to
a drummed out rhythm, like the pant
of a mistress as she

walks down the hotel steps
into her car after seeing her savior, like waves at
the sea slowly crashing

at the shoreline.
The phases of the moon are changing,
and the waves are crashing

with more and more
intensity, with more and more
power, faster and

faster. And at this very
moment you walk down a street somewhere,
it is daylight,

and you see the white moon
peering toward you from the sky. The
moon was looking

for you. It wanted to
watch you. You divert your eyes,
step off the curb,

and for no reason walk
in the middle of the street. There is no traffic.
You are safe. And

the moon watches the stride
of your step, and the moon watches my hand,
and the moon hears

the rhythmic pant of
intensity, and the moon rises the water.
We feel the drumming beat.

The phases of the
moon are changing. There is no reason why
you should question this.

You can feel me. I
will keep you safe. I will keep you
alive. I'm your messiah.



(PoetryFest 2004)

Desire

The light, the flames
from you leap up.
Licking my lips,
touching my skin.
The fire moving in its
dance of desire.

The smoke intoxicates me
as the remnants of the inferno
drum a rhythmic beat.

The ashes fall sprinkling,
tickling my face;
Sliding down my throat,
coating my lungs;
Making every breath
a desirous pant.

I chain myself. My body falls limp.
I am entwined with the desirous world.
The desire from you.

The Way You Tease Me

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you always leave me wanting more.
When you kiss me, and we start to pull back
I want to cock my head and kiss you again
but I never know if you'll let me.

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you roll your sultry deep voice over me
like a wave of heat on a summer afternoon.
You use a pause to tease me with your words
until sweat dances down my hairline and tickles my neck.

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you slide your arms around my waist
and make me just want to collapse in your grasp
and run my hands up and down your back
until I hear you moan and sigh.

What I think I like the most about you
is the way that absence makes the heart grow fonder
and when we touch you say we should take it slow,
take our time, enjoy every moment
and you know, you couldn't be more right.

What I think I like the most about you
are the things that make me think I have to fight for you
are the things that make me second guess myself
because nothing's ever easy, not you, not me,
not relationships, not sex, not love.

What I think I like the most about you
is the wondering, is the waiting, is the teasing.
That's what I like. This high-charged guessing game.
The flirting. The first touch. The first everything.
Thinking about the possibilities. Yeah. That's what I like.

This May Sound

I don't know,

this may sound silly,
but every night
as I go to sleep
I think about you.
I turn out the light
and crawl into my
empty bed and a
piece of me feels lost.
I feel a hole where
my heart is when I
must lay there alone
night after night.

When I am with you,
I feel I'm complete.
Nothing else matters
when we're holding hands
with your heart near me.
Then I can sleep.

When I fall into
my empty bed again
and feel the hole burning
through my heart once more,
I wish I didn't
feel so all alone,
and I wish the hole
would go away.

(edit)

ikebana

Rolled up sleeves,
Dark denim, strings pulled
At the buttons

Your hands, the
Rough edges, the nails
Jagged, not cut

Your fingers, I've
Noticed them: one has
A long scar

Along the tip, and
Your skin is rough
Along the nails

Your hands, they're
Skilled hands of an
Artist at work:

And like a
Conductor, you
Orchestrate

Bring beauty
From the dying
Flowers at

The table. They
Line up quickly,
At attention:

Fall into
Place so gracefully.
You create

Symphonies,
Move mountains, Seas
Part for you.

You can do
Anything. I
See that now.

You must be
My savior. Let me
Follow you.

Let me create
Beauty in your
Name, let me

Feel your power.
It's all in your
Hands, your heart,

Your mind:
I've seen you stop
Wars, feed the

Hungry. Why are
You so strong? Why
Are your flowers

So beautiful



sensuality in poetry

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