

Chicago Calling: Janet Kuypers

Kuypers 10/02/09 poetry reading
at the East night at Mercury Cafe

with music from the DMJ Art Committee in Tennessee,
Mark Chabon in New Mexico, the Bushful Trio and the Jubilee
Poetry Trio in Wisconsin & the Highway of South Africa

Tribal Scream

I know what goes on in your head
I know all those characters you've created
I know all the Hell in your past
I know the mishmash of everything
 crammed into your head

& I know a part of that is killing you
& I want you to let it out
& I want you to just open your mouth
& let out a tribal
never ending scream

because I know you
I know you've got too much life in you
I know you've got a carbonated soul
& I know that one good scream
would let you pop the top
of you,
 like a bottle of Coke-a-cola

bubbles of compressed air
would be coming out of your mouth
in your tribal scream

I wonder what characters you would spill out
I wonder what you would do
when you saw what you rejected
 what you screamed out

I wonder if you'd see parts of your past

& I wonder if you'd know they were a part of you

& try to stuff them back in

Music from Mark Clayton Graham of New Mexico

the power of the devil

In November, a church held a pageant,
and the ending was of a battle
between God and Satan.

The church hired a stage actor
to play Satan, and true to the actor's
form, he used many special effects
to make Satan appear more realistic.
The actor used a voice shifter for a
dark and evil voice, and also used his
fire-breathing skills to make the devil
more devilish.

The dramatic show was too much
for two congregation members,
because the two had a heart attacks
during the performance. One was in
critical condition, the other died.

music by David Michael Jackson (Tennessee)

We're Not Making Any More Appointments

“I never thought that your mom
was really sick, it never occurred to me
that your mother was dying.
I saw her getting more and more sick,
but I didn't think that meant anything..
You dad was taking your mom to the doctor
and he wanted someone to go with him,
she needed help walking,
getting to the office,
so my wife went with them.
They went to the doctor,
and they checked on your mother,
and they said,
“We're not making any more appointments.”
And...
And that's when it hit me,
even the doctors knew
she was near the end.”

music by Andy Derryberry (Tennessee)

All My Problems Disappear

I don't understand
I try to think
yet whenever I look at you
I can't
Your voice sends a shiver down
my spine
Each time I look into your deep
brown eyes
my world turns into fantasy
and all my problems disappear
Whenever you come into my mind
everything else is forgotten
A mere moment with you
serves as an eternity
You have so many good qualities
that it wouldn't justify
to name only a few
I couldn't image a life led
without you
for it would be a life of dreary monotony
The days would never end
and life would serve no purpose
I don't understand
why I feel the way I do
maybe I love you

music from the HA!man of South Africa

taking out the brain

i'm a med student
and for the past few weeks
we've been working on a cadaver

at first
i didn't want to know anything
about him
i covered the head of the guy
wanted to pay him some respect
i didn't want to think
that this person lived
before i dissected him

i had a hard time
taking out the brain
cause you know, that's where
the memories are
that's what makes him
him

it's not so hard now
they get the bodies from the morgue
they're homeless people, mostly
no family
it's not so hard now

bonus tracks, music from the Elektronarkoz (location unknown)

(e|e|k|t|r|o|n|a|r|k|o|z)

Dream 12-24-05: Aeon Flux Crawl

We were out of town,
I don't know for how long,
And someone told us
That we could stay at this other
 really cool house
For another night
If we needed a place to stay

You see, the owners of the house
Were out of town
For at least another day,
So it would be okay
If we stayed there

Now, I don't think
We were actually
 allowed to stay there
So we had to keep the lights off
And keep quiet

All I remember is being upstairs,
And everything was open,
Seeing the floor-to-ceiling windows
And seeing people outside
 must have been neighbors
Enjoying the night air
And partying outside

So I was crawling along the hallway floor,
Trying not to be seen,
But I was being sly, crawling
With my hands on the ground,
But keeping the rest of my body in the air
 you know, for ease of movement, I suppose,

But I had to look like I was
Crawling around like Aeon Flux
In that MTV movie
That wasn't true to the cartoon storyline,
Crawling, but not touching the carpet
As if the pieces of carpet
Were like millions of individual
Blades of glass

But all I know is that
I was doing
This levitating Aeon Flux
Crawling thing
To try to see around the house
And not get seen

But I thought people were far enough away,
And we were told we could use the house,
 we didn't break in, someone let us in,
And I think I saw a Jacuzzi in the back yard
So I went to tell you,
So we could enjoy the hot water.
But I found you, in the master bedroom bed,
Sound asleep.

Of course, I'm crawling around
Like Aeon Flux,
And you're sleeping.

music from the Bastard Trio, Madison, WI

Tired Of Life

Oftentimes I find that I'm tired of life

It has grown stale like old bread
grown dull like a used knife

and I don't know what to do

I'm rushing in my life
but I feel like I'm going nowhere

like a car speeding down a highway
that has no destination

How many nights I have stayed awake
crying until I could no longer?

The number must be countless

Those nights are only too familiar to me now

What's the sense?
The pain I'm feeling
never goes away

It haunts me like a childhood fear
and never releases the hold on me

And whenever there seems to be a time
when I haven't a trouble
it's there

And it always finds the way back to me

The agony is indescribable
and I don't know what to do

bonus tracks, music from the Jez Fry U.K. video, "Opalin"

how I imagine you

walking on the power line
like those success posters

I've seen you like that before
I've thought you were worth
all of that and more

is that silly of me
do I dream too much

do I imagine you
as something better than you are

is that how I imagine you

music from Jake and Haystack (Nashville)

After the wreckage

I can't leave this funeral that never seems to end
I can't leave this funeral that, in a way, never started
And all I know is that I have been doing all of the mourning

And is that the way it goes?
Is someone mourning for you for too long
And you, the deceased, didn't know anyone would care
And you, the deceased, didn't know they were dead
So

So was it just me
Do I feel this alone

Does your spirit rise after the wreckage
And you watch from above
And see how everyone reacts
And see how I cry
And see how I suffer

Is this what you're doing to me?

And now, after the funeral,
And I have to clean up the room
And I have to put away the flowers
And I have to escort the people out
Because they don't deserve to be here

I should know by now
It's still me
It's only me
Isn't it?
Is that the way it goes?

music by Harold Skelton (Tennessee)

waiting for you

i look out at the evening sky
snow falling out of the sky
star-shaped flakes as big as fingertips
falling onto my face
melting into my skin
touching me sharp and sweet
like your hand on my cheek

in the cold of winter
it almost feels warm

music originally from Pointless Orchestra (Ohio)

Changing Garments

Agonies are
one of my changes of garments,

I do not ask the wounded person
how he
feels
or
who he
is

I myself become the wounded person,
My hurts turn livid upon me
as I lean on a cane and observe

music from the JoAnne Powers Trio, Madison, WI

leaving

She walked over to the thermostat again.
“It’s hot in here,” she said to him again,
but the temperature still read a cool 68 degrees.
He started complaining to her about something,
like he did before, like he’d do again.
She walked into the kitchen and started
to splash some cold water on her face.

“Could you get a can of sardines while
you’re in there?”, he said to her.
Without saying a word, she walked to the
front door, picked her denim jacket off
the brass coat rack, grabbed the keys
hanging from the hook, and walked out the door.

She walked a mile and a half in the cold
before getting to the empty field.
Late November brought the first snow,
and bits of ice clung to the ground
in the early December night. She walked
out into the grass and leaves, and
listened to them crack as she moved.
The water she splashed onto her face
before was now frozen. Her ears,
her nose -- the skin on her hands and
cheeks -- were turning red, then purple.
The tops of her legs hurt from the cold.

She walked to the center of the field.
She sat down in the dirt. She smiled.
She laughed. She watched the moisture
from her breath freeze as soon as it left her
lips. She hurt from the cold. And she laughed.

music from the HA!man of South Africa

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Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (MFV Inclusive), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *5D/5D* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, assorted artists String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *5D/5D* Screaming to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powlers Trio* Fusion (4 CD set). **Compact Discs:** *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (MFV Inclusive), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *5D/5D* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, assorted artists String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *5D/5D* Screaming to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powlers Trio* Fusion (4 CD set).