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# new years unplugged

Janet Kuypers 01/15/10 Chicago show  
with candlelight and acoustic guitars  
live at **Regina's Place** in Logan Square

cc&d chapbook  
scars publications

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**biography** Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist, a writer, photographer, and a literary magazine editor, while running Scars Publications, which hosts two literary magazines, publishes books and releases CDs. She has had 57 books published (as of 01/10, of poetry, prose, novels and art), has sung in 3 acoustic bands, and worked with 8 music groups (combining her poetry with music). Host of the weekly Chicago open mic at *the Café*, her CD releases (38 as of 01/10) appear at iTunes and other online vendors. She also produced a monthly iPodCast and an Internet radio station (2005-2009), found on line through <http://scars.tv> or <http://www.janetkuypers.com>.



# Have You Ever Had

edited 01/07/10

Have you ever had a bug sandwich before?  
I'm sure that your answer is probably no,  
even though there have probably been a few  
bugs in your fast food sandwiches you bought

But don't think about that

I know when you're in the military  
you have to be prepared for  
doing things like eating bugs,  
but that doesn't mean anyone  
wants a bug sandwich

But one year, at Christmas  
a friend of mine gave me a bug sandwich  
because she thought I had quote unquote everything,  
but I probably didn't have a bug sandwich

it wasn't technically a real sandwich,  
it had three plastic bugs inside  
plastic or rubber slices of bread

I kept the bug sandwich on top of my fridge  
for a few years  
Now after the rubbery, plastic bread fell apart,  
I put two of the plastic bugs,  
well, maybe three,  
at the bottom of my fish tank

So in a way, I tried to keep the memory  
of the bug sandwich alive

So... If you're ever wondering what to get  
for someone for Christmas, if you have to buy  
a gift for the person who has everything,  
go to a trick shop  
and get then a bug sandwich  
In a strange way, they just might like it

# Happy New Year, Janet

edited 01/07/10

so this is how another year ends for me  
I've got one guy interested in me  
well, maybe two

and I have another couple of million  
that aren't interested

kind of like last year,  
and the year before that,  
and the year before that

when I look back over the years  
at what I've gone through  
it makes me think  
that I should be doing more with my life

I should be experiencing more  
I should be living more

it's like there is a little time bomb  
in my head and it wants to go off  
and now it's just biding time

I guess that's what I've been doing  
all of these years too

that's just how my mind works  
and I guess that is how my life goes

I am one step, one more year closer to death

it's like, in a way, I have that timer  
like a time bomb  
and I'm just waiting for everything to happen

so, Happy New Year  
hope it's better than last year  
and hope you get everything you want  
Happy New Year

## helping men in public places

so it was new year's eve  
and we were standing on  
forty-second street and

the avenue of the americas  
we were a few blocks away  
but we had just the right

view of times square. and  
yes, there was freezing rain  
but i didn't really care, since

i was just in new york for  
a few days. it was 10:55, we  
still had a long time to wait

standing with i don't know  
how many thousands of other  
people, some of them were

climbing up the light poles,  
all of us pushing forward  
into the street, despite the

police officers on horseback  
rushing at us back toward  
the sidewalk. and our paper

bag fell apart in the rain, so  
i let the glass water bottle fall  
to the curb, and our friend told

us he needed to go to the  
bathroom real bad, you know,  
so i told him to go right here

in the street, no one will see  
him. but he didn't want to  
piss on someone's shoes, so

he asked if i had a bottle, so i  
picked up the water bottle from  
the curb, and when he finished

his job he closed up the bottle  
and put it back on the sidewalk.  
god, and you, too, getting on

the train after the ball dropped,  
more rain and a bottle of  
champagne later, saying you had

to go real bad, too, so i pulled  
an empty beer bottle from my  
coat pocket, you covered the train

window with your coat and i  
blocked your view from the aisle  
while you took care of the

matter at hand. i'm amazed that  
that bottle didn't tip over on the  
train floor during that hour

commute, our first of the new  
year, while i slept on your  
shoulder. and i'm amazed that

i ended one year and began  
another helping men i know,  
in public places, piss into bottles.

## The First Death of the New Millennium

*edited 01/07/10*

Although the millennium did not technically start until 2001, people reveled in the New Year's celebration when it became 2000. If people always try to remember the first baby born in a new year, then this should make the record books: in Nevada, a 26-year-old man named Todd became the first person to die celebrating the millennium. Minutes before midnight, this Stanford graduate climbed to the top of a street light in front of the Paris Las Vegas Hotel in Vegas. At midnight, he started to slip. In an effort to break his fall, Todd grabbed the street light electric wires for support. He didn't survive the electrifying millennium festivities he was conducting, but a camera caught his 1999 climb and year 2000 headfirst plunge to the concrete below. Reports could not be obtained to find out if he died from electrocution or from the 30-foot fall, but he made the first noteworthy news story for the year 2000.

## Don't Go To Denny's

So one morning  
leaving New Orleans on New Year's Day  
ready to head back to Chicago  
she said we should stop at a Denny's for breakfast...  
and I get it  
remember being a Goth drama kid  
hanging out at Denny at all hours of the night  
because you were too young to drink in a bar  
but I don't go to Denny's  
because

One year, after partying for New Year's in D.C.  
Paul, one my buddies there,  
said he wanted to go to this diner in Delaware  
for breakfast.  
Now, we hadn't had anything to eat,  
and we had been drinking forever for New Year's,  
so we thought this was a great idea  
and off we went.

Now, as I said, we hadn't eaten,  
and we were *starving* in Maryland,  
so when we saw exits to Annapolis  
we thought, this is a good place  
to grab breakfast

we walked into an empty Denny's  
which didn't even have locks on their doors  
'cause they were always open  
they sat us in a booth  
and took our order.

the waitress brought Paul's Grand Slam  
and whatever I ordered  
I don't know,  
an omelet, hash browns



just after we started eating  
a really big man entered Denny's  
and even though the Denny's was empty  
they sat him right behind me  
in the booth right next to us.

he was built like Chief Wiggum  
and he shook my seat  
as he worked his way in.  
I thought of the Simpsons episode  
where Wiggum was in a booth at a diner  
and Lou had to stab Wiggum's seat with a switchblade  
popping it like a balloon  
so Wiggum could get out of his booth.

so when he sat in his seat  
he moved my booth seat six inches toward my table  
and he immediately lit up a huge cigar  
that smelled like  
burning manure  
    now, how would I know  
    what burning manure smells like?  
    well look, I've worked on a farm  
    lived on one for a bit  
and when I tried to eat  
all I could smell was that burning manure

so not two minutes after Wiggum sat down  
I started hearing noises  
and my seat started moving.  
a minute into the gurgling noises  
which sounded more and more like heaves  
I suddenly heard  
what sounded like  
wet concrete  
splattering  
against cement  
this man right behind me  
was shaking, and threw up  
for over one minute.

now instead of burning manure  
all I could smell was his alcohol and bile

so I said to Paul  
right then and there,  
“we’re leaving,  
and not paying for our food.”  
still eating, Paul said,  
“what? why?”  
so after I tyrannically whispered  
about the smells and sounds  
of the fat man’s vomiting escapes,  
the nonplussed Paul relented  
and followed me to leave.

I gave the waitress a tip,  
but the people at Denny’s understood  
why we wouldn’t pay.

so yeah, we *did* go to that diner in Delaware  
and the food was good  
and no one vomited

and you know,  
for a minute there  
I even thought about getting biscuits and *gravy*

but that New Year’s, I resolved  
to never eat at Denny’s again.

## Before Taking Over the Controls

One of the times I went to D.C.,  
I was taking a friend there to see the town  
because this 5' 6" woman  
was about to go into surgery  
to remove a cyst in on of her ovaries  
the size of a softball

well, a friend was driving us to o'hare airport  
but before we got on the road  
I picked up a small Domino's pizza  
and as we started driving along the kennedy,  
we agreed that the best bite in any slice of pizza  
is always that center point bite  
so we agreed then and there  
to eat the center bites  
of all of the triangles of pizza  
before we went on to eat more pizza  
before our flight

and you know,  
another time I was flying to New Orleans  
on a business trip,  
and one coworker was scheduled to fly with me

now, this coworker was a  
cute-as-a-button girl from Kentucky,  
and she was a riot to hang around with  
and she was deathly afraid of flying

and I knew her fear,  
so I brought  
    (back before 9/11, when you could bring water  
    or soda into an airport with no problem)  
a 32 ounce plastic cup from a fast food joint  
filled with hot chocolate and peppermint schnapps  
she said she was afraid  
so I told her to enjoy some drink  
before we get on the plane

and she ordered beers on the plane,  
and as I knew we were landing  
I started telling her jokes,  
and keeping her enthralled  
until I finally told her we landed,  
and she made it,  
and everything was okay

I'm used to flying in airplanes for big events  
even if the events are actually flying an airplane  
right before New Year's in Southwest Florida  
getting trained,  
photographing the view from the clouds  
before taking over the controls

or going up in a plane in Longmont Colorado  
with no side door  
and a parachute strapped to my back  
until someone tells you  
okay, we're up 12,500 feet now,  
it's time to start moving

and you waddle to the open door,  
hold on  
to the fast-moving airplane for a second for dear life,  
then let go

I've flown for family  
flown to marry people in a wedding  
flown for vacations  
flown for my mother's cremation  
it's amazing  
that sometimes the trip can be a story  
but wait for the flight to land  
because that's when the real story can start

# Like I Was Never There

so I decided to sneak off one night  
to go camping with Sam and Vern

we all rolled out our sleeping bags  
out on the far side of a field at night

Sam had brought a hurricane lamp  
but he didn't have any oil for it  
so

him and Vern went down the street  
broke into a garage there  
got a can of lawn mower gasoline

because, you know, it makes perfect sense  
to use gasoline in your oil lamp

but anyway, in the shadows,  
by a street in the dark,  
they planned to fill the hurricane lamp with gas  
but in the shadows,  
they couldn't see what they were doing

so Sam said that he needed more light  
so he could see, to fill the oil lamp with gas  
so Vern decided to pull out his lighter

Vern, the bright one,  
was going to light the way,  
I suppose

and Vern lit his lighter,  
but there still wasn't enough light

keep in mind  
that they were hiding  
in bushes, by a street  
with a lamp post

what to do, what to do

Sam asked Vern to move the lighter closer

I mean, these two flunked their eay  
through a couple of years of school  
and I know I was young  
but I knew this wasn't a good idea  
so I started to back away

after I turned around

Vern

    apparently  
got the lighter too close

I was already twenty feet away  
when I felt the heat  
and saw an orange glow from the fire ball

I started to run  
but as I was running I looked back  
and saw two fireballs in the air

one was the lantern  
and the other was the gas can  
and I swear to God, the lantern  
crashed down on the street  
and set the entire street on fire  
the gas can landed uphill from the lantern,  
pouring gasoline down the street  
so flames then ran up to the gas can  
further spreading the street fire

I grabbed my sleeping bag and ran  
I heard the sirens  
and had to act like I was never there

## Don't Forget to Write

a new year, a new beginning  
a part of everyone thinks  
it's a chance to start anew  
and you know, most everyone  
makes New Years Resolutions  
lose weight  
exercise more  
let's see how long *that* lasts

but a part of everyone wants  
to start all over again

okay  
twenty  
ten  
this is your chance

time to do everything  
just right

so  
don't forget to take your mittens  
don't forget to brush your teeth

don't forget to say thank you  
don't forget to write



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## other publications from Scars:

**Magazines:** Children, Churches and Daddies (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

**Books:** Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking, (Woman.), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Ouvre, Exaro Versus, l'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Bum (the Kuypers edition), S&M, cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v2), Finally, Literature for the Snotty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dqark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Bum, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Deceit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, nopeom

**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, SD/SD 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 WZRZ 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), SD/SD 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)