



The Dark Side
of Love

Mike Berger, Ph.D.

scarsuonp201qnd
publications

You and I

The sky is raw steel. Iron birds
mount into the tempered sky.
They weep over you and I.
Separated by impossible distances
though I hold you in my arms.

Vices of iron clutch both of us,
unrequiting of our desires.
You—tethered to tradition and
family. I, a wandering troubadour.

I'll sing you a song of what can
never be. I'll dry that tears in your
eyes. As you cry, and iron falcon
sheds a tear. A tear for what can
never be—you and I.

Run Away

My old man was mean as hell..
He wanted to run my life.
At sixteen I ran away to fly
like a wild bird. I hit the streets
and soon discovered it was
an ugly place. There were no
pleasant melodies. The only
birds were vultures waiting
to pounce

I fell into an ugly world. It was
called "A bed for a bang."
Occasionally one of the vultures
would share a dobbie and for
several hours my tears would be
gone. I hated being mauled
drooled upon and screwed just
for a place to sleep.

I stayed with Brad for three weeks;
things were looking up. Then came
the time I couldn't perform and he
threw me out. I don't know what I'll
do when winter comes. I don't have
a coat I guess I'll have to find a
pimp. At least I'll get paid. for what
I'm doing.

Flower Child

She could easily be one hundred.
Dandelion wine still oozes from her
pores. She once wore daisies in
her hair.
She should just be hitting her stride
but she is haggard and bent.
The carefree years are gone.
She once had dreamy
visions of changing the world.

There were no mores to stifle her;
she banged a thousand guys.
But when you dance a
wild dance, the
piper must be paid.

Gray matted hair
hangs in her face. Lines are etched
a mile deep. Her hips need to be
replaced; she can't walk.

Life was once a plumb to be picked.
It was a lark, free and wild.
No more!
She exists in a state-run geriatrics center.

Doomed

My girlfriends giggle and joke.
They talk of love in the back
seat. They take bets on who
will be the first. I can't tell them
how horrible it is.

Mom has a bad heart and is too
sick, so dad turned to me. It hurts
and I'll never get used to it. It makes
me sick when he comes in my room.

I must endure in silence; telling
would kill my mom. I've gone from
being daddy's little girl, to being
a piece of meat.

I loathe all men and most boys;
they are all after the same thing.
You're like a toy, there for their
pleasure. On the day I turn
fifteen next month, I'll run away.

Tattoo

Girls, when the world is sad
and dreary,
why would you turn
to pot?
A chemical fix to your
problems
isn't where it's at.

Instead go to the
tattoo parlor.
Get some red roses on
your butt.
You will be the
center of attention.
You can show off your
work of art.

Your life will immediately
change
and change for the better.
You can display those
red roses
happily displaying your
new painting, you'll be
the belle of the ball.

Toxic Love

Looking back—
when did our love turn toxic?
I should have known it wouldn't
work out. She was fun and giddy
but without any substance. Drawn
to her and her coquettish ways,
I fell in love with a wisp of smoke.
Those flashing eyes now
drip hate. She doesn't talk
any more; she snarls. She
detests it when I read. She
must be the center of attention.
There are things in this world
beyond the mental cubicle where
she resides. Blinded by a desire
to have her, I couldn't see that
the whole world revolved around
her. It was I, I, I and never we.
I refuse to fight anymore, so
I'll turn and walk away.

Charade

Both Katie and Bob worked so they wanted for nothing. They developed champagne appetites and life couldn't get any better.

Then Bob got laid off from his job in a small electronics plant. It was up to Katie to bring home the bacon while Bob looked for work.

It was an emasculating experience for Bob. His self-worth went south with the failing economy. He lost the spark in his eyes. He hid behind a pasted on smile.

Now it was hot dogs instead of prime rib. Katie suffered; her lifestyle had come to a crashing halt. She no longer knew the husband she married twelve years ago.

Bill collectors began haunting them and the charges on their credit card grew exponentially. In desperation, Bob took a job as the night manager of a hamburger joint.

Katie turn for solace and comfort to a colleague. He was kind and understanding. She soon was taking comfort in his bed. The magic she knew with Bob was gone so she lived out a charade. The smell of hamburger grease on her husband turned her stomach but she would stick with him for the kids.

Melinda

He told her she was fat and ugly
saying that he needed to put a sack
over her head when they made love.
He manipulated her for sex.

How thoughts get distorted, no one
knows, but Melinda began to diet.
She felt if she lost 25 pounds, that would
magically flip a switch on her lover and
he would lighten up.
She became obsessed. She starved herself
every day, refusing to eat or drink. She weighed
herself 20 times a day and became bereft
if she gained an ounce. She began to look
gaunt and gray.

When she dropped below 100 pounds, they put
her in the hospital. Her organs failed and she
passed away. Her death certificate read that
the cause of death was anorexia. That may be
true in a technical sense, but she was killed
by her worthless lover.

Sick,

Munching potato chips as he watches 'Days Of Our Lives.' Living vicariously through the pixels on the screen. He will be turning thirty-two and lives at home with his mom.

Content to be a couch potato, he devoured's the soaps. He justifies his sleepwalking life by saying he's there to care for his widowed mother.

She in turn, makes no effort to push him out. She would have to face a dreary world alone. The sheer thought of being alone makes her nauseous. They share the same bed and do more than sleep.

He's never worked a day in his life. He's glued to the TV where he eats. He goes to the bathroom on commercial breaks. The both look foreword to the night together..

Green Eyed Monster

To her it was a one night stand.
Now she's sober, she doesn't know
I exist. She now has a tall Latin lover.

I could stalk and wait to approach,
but I'm afraid of rejection. I would
shrivel up and die if she laughed at me.

Here on the roof across the way I wait.
At last she and her lover come out. I
level down on him in my scope and
squeeze the trigger.

At the last second she moves to give
him a kiss. The bullet tears through
her long slim neck and lodges in his
shoulder. They both fall to the ground. .
Her lifeblood comes spurting out.

"No!", I shout to the heavens. "No!
What have I done?" The Green-
Eyed Monster wins again..

Nymphomania

Addicted to sex, The lady sought me out.
It took two sessions for her to understand
the underlying dynamics. Rejected by
her father that she loved; she sought
his emotional bonding with men through
sexual contact.

She spoke of daily erotic encounters. Now she
understood what drove her into the arms of men.

I told her that she had to confront her father; tell
him that his emotional distance made her life
difficult. She smiled a wry smile and said,
“My father’s dead.”

Then she looked puzzled and she finally spoke,
“ Now I understand why I crave sex, but don’t
think I want to change. While we’re at it, why
don’t you join me here on the couch.”

Revenge

My husband had a wandering eye when we married. For the last three months, I knew he was having an affair. When I confronted him, he didn't try to hide anything. He wanted a divorce so he could marry his secretary.

For what ever reason, he got brutally cruel. He told me of his affair and said she was everything that I wasn't. She was warm and fun and better yet, she wasn't a cold fish in bed. His words cut deep and tore at my insides. I shed no tears; I just walked away.

Next day I did some research and found where she lived. I paid her apartment manager twenty bucks to let me in. I waited impatiently on her bed. Soon I could hear them laughing and giggling. Adrenaline course through my veins, but I sat calmly there. When they opened the bedroom door, I smiled at them as I took my husband's 357 magnum and blew both of them away.

Siren

He succumbed to the dark
seductress. She whispered of
pleasure paradise. Life was
an endless rut before. Now
it's an trail of anguish.

Men are stupid he tells
himself. She was the love
of his life, but he push her
away. He was frightened
by the intimacy.

He reeks and hurts to the
marrow. Specter's dance
wildly in his head. Gothic
figures stalk him.
The pain is worse than his
sommambulistic life.

Gone are the good things;
he didn't miss until gone.
Fire burns hot inside
there is no turning back.

He hates the cravings and
anguishes as he stoops to puke.
He has succumbed a new
faceless lover, a bottle of booze.

Intimacy

Shaking and trembling;
my face is long.
She gives him her soul,
but it smothered me.

Pushes her away;
now I drowns in tears.
Agony tells me I was wrong.

She's gone;
no last kiss.
Gone, gone, gone.

Searching my mind;
conjuring up her image;
craving her touch.

Turning to a dark seductress.
washing away the pain.
Slowly the fire smolders out..

Balm in a bottle;
taking a new lover.
The drink demon herself.

Breaking Away

Sky rockets burst all around us
Passion consumed us; Lust was a
a ravenous beast. It was huge
slice of paradise, but it didn't last.

She stuck in her claws and
wouldn't let go; we made love
when she was in the mood, it
was her way or not at all. She
would tell me what socks to wear
and my tie didn't match. There
were no more nights out with
the boys.

We ate at her favorite restaurant,
and she chose the movies. Once
a month we went to the ballet; I
tried to dig my heels in, but it was
no use.

She called me three or four times
a day at work, reading me a
grocery list of the meals she had
planned; she always ended with
"Now don't forget."

I lay awake at night wrestling with
myself; the steam in our relationship
wasn't enough. I didn't say goodbye
as I left.

Rubber Room

The world whizzes by.
People talking, but making no sense.

Rats in the warehouse eating
the grain; ugly brown things.

Icicles drops smash the ground
shaking the foundation
with thunder.

Homemade cake frosted
with mud. It looks delicious.

Barrels of apples turning brown,
stinking like vinegar.

My world has vanished. I search
but can't find it. The rubber room
is sterile and cold. What are the flowers?

Guilt sears my soul;
I should have ended the affair
months ago.

I miss my kids.

Cookie Lady

Traffic was fierce. I was running late;
the Bell hop gave me a wink as I
took the elevator. I had the usual
room, paid by the company.

The john was a squatty aerospace
engineer. The service had checked
him out. He was a negotiator on
a multimillion dollar contract.

He was shy even embarrassed. He
was unconscious of his wedding ring.
He twisted it a dozen times. I must
admit he wasn't much of a lover. Out
of the room I put on my wedding band.

This was my Thursday ritual; leaving
the kids with my husband and heading
out to my "art class". For an hour's work
the pay was great.

I stopped in the bar for a drink. I needed
to unwind. Then I was hit on by a good
looking guy. What is this world coming to;
he could easily see I was wearing a
wedding ring.

No Way

There was a hint of stubble on my chin
Though you could hardly see it.
Hormones were coursing through
my blood; I believed I was a stud.

I played a mean game of football.
We crushed opponents and won every game.
The chicks wouldn't leave me alone
except for Alice who was totally blasé.

She was intriguing, so I pursued her.
It took three months before she'd go out with me.
I thought I was another Hollywood hunk
but she treated me like I was a geek.

Why do men want to climb mountains?
Alice presented such a challenge.
Was her aloofness real or just a charade?
Was I, just one more guy to be played?

I thought I was getting to second base
When that little lady trashed my heart.
I was in despair when she left me
to go and sit next to another guy.

I was stunned; and couldn't move.
I couldn't believe my eyes.
I thought I would shrivel up and die.
She was constantly on my mind.

For more than a week, I hurt and pined away.
I wasn't used to coming in second.
A month later, I was approached by the other guy.
He pleaded with me to take her back.

Sinister Specters

Sterile dark walls stare at me.
She's taken the prints of Monet.
The old recliner offers no comfort;
the abyss in my stomach makes me
nauseas. My thoughts are hollow.

The fight was brutal and ugly. She
had every reason to leave. What
sinister specters hide in the minds
dark corners that drive you to
say the cruelest things?

There were so many good times.
Two kids riding life's merry-go-round.
Laughing and loving, where did it
all come unraveled.

I wipe a single tear from my cheek.
My eyes close and my lower lip
trembles. Visions of her face
flood my mind. I'll pour myself
another stiff one. I'll kill the pain
with that fifth of scotch.

English Manners

I sailed to England to settle an uncle's affairs.
We met in the ship's dining room. It was sparks
and lightning from the moment our eyes met.

I stood transfixed I couldn't move or speak. Her
wry smile said more than a thousand words. We
danced. Thus began a torrid shipboard romance.

We didn't spend much time in the dining room
or on the deck. She was a passionate lover. It
was hell when the ship docked. I saw a tear in
her eye and she gave me a lingering goodbye
kiss.

After I had taken care of my business, I eagerly
found her address. I knocked on the door of her flat.
My heart felt when she answered the door. Gone
were her smile and the glow in her eyes. I felt
sick as I stood there and agonized. Her face was
cold as our eyes met.

"I'm here", I said passionately. She dropped her
head and looked through her eyebrows and said,
"Sir, we haven't been properly introduced as yet."

Breanne

Her reputation got around.
She will lead you on then
drop like a rock.

That didn't stop men from trying.
Like a whirlwind she sucked them
in. She would let them soar and then
jerk the rug.

She laughed at the hearts she had
broken. It was a game for her. Her
stunning beauty drove men on like
a moth to flame.

The whole thing was a lark. She reveled
in the misery of men. She had no idea
that she was playing with fire. The passions
of men made them crazy. The mousey little
accountant that she led on, put a bullet in
her head.

Sans You and I

Bathed in dimming light;
 shadows begin to creep.
Fire in the West
 still haunts the sky. Flowers turn their
 droopy heads to catch the last few rays.
Soon darkness will reign
 and the Earth will rest.

So it is with you and I; we are in the
twilight hour. We have
basked in the
sun sharing our love;
 clinging to
 each other. Will our love live on when
 our sun winks out? All we know is
tomorrow the sunrise refreshing the
earth sans you and I.

Living a Lie

Behind her gorgeous face
darkness resigns. She flashes
her white smile and her eyes
have a come hither

look. She promises more than
she will give. She isn't interested
in the you, only what you can

give. She flaunts her delicious
body and she plays the coquette.
While your mind races in wild
fantasies; she only wants what's
is it in your

wallet. She lives a lie. She knows
how to get what she wants. When
she has drained the you dry, she
moves onto a next guy.

Tango

Exotic rhythmus filled the dimly
lit room. The latin beat invited us
to dance. I took her in my arms.

She followed my every
move. Her dark brown eyes were
fixed on mine. We slipped sideways
in classical tango moves.

My hand caressed her back as
her body pressed against mine.
Her bare skin was silk. She
moved with catlike grace as
the music resounded the tango
pace.

Her cheeks were flushed and lips held
a subtle kiss. They were inviting a
passionate kiss. As the music stopped I
held her tight. Tears spilled down my
cheeks; she's an inflatable woman.

Rape

Flames bore down on my twisted arm and fear seized me. He groped me as he held a knife to my throat. Trying to shout, I choked out, “No, no, please!” The warm trickle of blood ran down my neck and stopped my frantic shouts.

He ripped at my blouse as he pressed his grizzly face on mine. He whispered with his alcohol breath, “Don’t you dare move.” My blouse came off in shreds. Tears streamed down my cheeks and I shook. He tugged at my bra but it wouldn’t come loose. He moved the knife to cut it away.

I kned him as hard as I could. He slumped over in pain holding himself. I fumbled frantically through my purse and found my can of pepper spray. I gave him a triple dose. He crumbled to the ground gasping for air. I kicked him as hard as I could. My foot screamed pain but I kicked him again. I called 911 and in less than two minutes ten cops arrived. One I’ll be officers gave me her coat as they hauled the bastard away.

Life in the Burbs

It's just one cup of coffee in the morning
so if you don't get that caffeine shakes.
You gag down oatmeal to lower your
cholesterol. It's summer but you wear
a dark suit; that's what the office expects.

You scowl as you write the check for
that deductible for your fender bender.
You've watched your diet carefully, so
the bathroom scales must be wrong.

Living for the weekend when you can
peer out of the rut, but you must mow
the lawn and if you have time you will
wash the car.

Gone is the youthful eager anticipation
of Friday night sex. It's now become a
perfunctory mating ritual where my wife
wonders what color to paint the ceiling.

Stolen Love

My focus was broken; someone stood beside me. I broke my gaze from the painting. A young woman was standing beside me.

“It’s gorgeous”, she observed. “Yes”, I replied. And so are you, I whispered to myself. “The artist has another picture over there,” she said pointing.

We walked together to the other painting. “I love his work,” she mused. “So do I” I replied. She smiled deeply, and my heart fluttered. “Would you join me for a cup of coffee?” I choked out. She paused for a moment as her hand toyed with her wedding band. She looked deep into my eyes and replied, “I’d like that.”

In the mid-day the coffee shop was empty; we had the place to ourselves. We talked and laughed and enjoyed each other. She got serious when I told her I was a poet. She wanted to hear some of my work.

I mused for a moment then spoke a few lines about my loneliness. Tears came to her eyes she said that sounded so much like her. There was pain in her eyes when she said, “My husband doesn’t know I exist.” She put her hand on mine and asked if I would come home with her. She laughed at my look and said, “My husband is out of town for a week.

There were no shams or charades. She took off her wedding band with her clothes. We made love. Talking afterwards, she said that she loved her husband, but—. We made love again. I thought as she slept that her husband must be an ass. How could anyone ignore this woman?

I had to get up in the morning and go to work at my part time job. She touched my cheek and said she here when I got off work,

Pleading My Case

I never imbibed in a drink in my life.
I don't care for the taste.
I don't chase wild women or visit
the brothels. .
I don't swear are curse even when
I bust my knuckles.
I don't go to football games, I
abhor the violence.
I cook and sew and I am
good at both. I'm quite
domestic. They says
I'm a gentlemen and a scholar.
I am naïve and easily fooled;
your Honor, I believed that girl
when she said she was eighteen

Silk Sheets

We became fast friends. I loved her sarcastic quick wit. She was the master of a well turned phrase. We spent a lot of time together.

I told her that I wanted to kiss her. She laughed and said, "If you have to ask the answer is no." As we talked the subject turned to love. She said that she bet I would like to make love to her under the old sycamore tree.

"No," I replied. That is the last thing I would ever do. "If we made love, it would be in the finest room in the town on silk sheets". I told her that only the best would do. I'll never really understand that lady. All she could do was squeeze my hand and cry.

Stella

Stella is one of the ladies of
the night, working in the local
bordello near the docks.

She ain't me epitome of beauty,
but a sailor just back from sea
can't be too fussy.

It seems strange that men ask
for Stella. She gives them their
money's worth. None of that
laying on her back counting the
holes in the ceiling tile.

Every Thursday there's a long line
stretching down the hall. On
Thursday's, Stella has a half
price sale.

Lying Little Bitch

My nerves are a jangle;
can't eat and can't sleep.
Hyper vigilant.
She's a lying little bitch;
said we would be together
forever.

My anger seethes and my
gut wenches. I scream
and throw things. In my
mind I see images of
her giggling as she strips
off her clothes. She doesn't
bother to take off her rings
when she jumps in bed with
some other guy.

When she comes home,
I'll be gone. I'll leave her
high and dry. No goodbye.
I'll just vanish into the
night. Let her giggle
at that.

The Dark Side of Love

Mike Berger, Ph.D.

scarsuopreagqnd

published in conjunction with

children
churches
& daddies

the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine

ccandd96@scars.tv

http://scars.tv

ISSN 1068-5154

INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

writings Copyright © 2011 Mike Berger, Ph.D.

Front Cover image Copyright © 2003 John Yorko

Design Copyright © 2011 Scars Publications and Design

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., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, I' a rø, 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 Perforances, 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 & v3), Finally, Literature for the Snotty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cana-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepa re Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, 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, Decrepit 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, (bound) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, cc&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Give What You Can, Down in the Vrt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequenced, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, Entering the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Infamous on 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, nopeem, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Tardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), Deckard Kinder / Charlie Newman, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Borchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Down Syndrome*

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, *Peltus & 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* 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), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the 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), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kuypers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kuypers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kuypers* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Kuypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kuypers* and the *HAL*man of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set)