



**JANET KUYPERS POEMS (WITH THE MUSIC OF HA!) 20121003**

**SCARSNOITIBU 2012 CC&D CHAPBOOK ISSN# 1068-5154**

# PART I

## Crazy

This dialogue is transcribed from repeated visits with a patient in Aaronsville Correctional Center in West Virginia. Madeline\*, a thirty-six year old woman, was sentenced to life imprisonment after the brutal slaying of her boyfriend during sexual intercourse. According to police reports, Madeline sat with the remains of the man for three days after the murder until police arrived on the scene. They found her in the same room as the body, still coated with blood and malnourished. Three doctors studied her behavior for a total period of eight months, and the unanimous conclusion they reached was that Madeline was not of sound mind when she committed the act, which involved an ice pick, an oak board from the back of a chair, and eventually a chef's knife. Furthermore, she continued to show signs of both paranoia and delusions of grandeur long after the murder, swaying back and forth between the two, much like manic depression.

For three and a half years Madeline has stayed at the Aaronsville Correctional Center, and she has shown no signs of behavioral improvement. She stays in a room by herself, usually playing solitaire on her bed. She talks to herself regularly and out loud, usually in a slight Southern accent, although not in a very loud tone, according to surveillance videotape. Her family abandoned her after the murder. Occasionally she requests newspapers to read, but she is usually denied them. She never received visitors, until these sessions with myself.

The following excerpts are from dialogues I have had with her, although I am tempted to say that they are monologues. She wasn't very interested in speaking with me, rather, she was more interested in opening herself up to someone for the first time in years, someone who was willing to listen. At times I began to feel like a surrogate parent. I try not to think of what will happen when our sessions end.

\* Madeline is not her real name.

I know they're watching me. They've got these stupid cameras everywhere - see, there's one behind the air vent there, hi there, and there's one where the window used to be. They've probably got them behind the mirrors, too. It wouldn't be so bad, I guess, I mean, there's not much for me to be doing in here anyway, but they watch me dress, too, I mean, they're watching me when I'm naked, now what's that going to do to a person? I don't know what they're watching for anyway, it's not like I can do anything in here. I eat everything with a spoon, I've never been violent, all I do, almost every day, is sit on this bed and play solitaire.

Solitaire is really relaxing, you know, and I think it keeps your brain alive, too. Most people think you can't win at solitaire, that the chances of winning are like two percent or something. But the thing is, you can win at this game like over half the time. I think that's the key, too - knowing you can win half the time. I mean, the last four rounds I played, I won twice. Now I'm not saying that's good or anything, like praise me because I won two rounds of solitaire, but it makes a point that as long as you know what you're doing and you actually think about it, you can win. The odds are better.

I think people just forget to watch the cards. Half the time the reason why you lose is because you forget something so obvious. You're looking for a card through the deck and the whole time it's sitting on another pile, just waiting to be moved over, and the whole time you forget to move it. People just forget to pay attention. They got to pay attention.

You know, I'd like to see the news. I hate t.v., but I'd like to see what acts other people are doing. Anything like mine? Has anyone else lost it like me? You know, I'll bet my story wasn't even on the news for more than thirty seconds. And I'll bet the news person had a tone to their voice that was just like "oh, the poor crazy thing," like, "that's what happens when you lose it, I guess."

But I want to see what's happening in the real world. I just wanna watch to see what, you know, the weather is like, even though I haven't seen the sun in a year or two. Or, or to hear sports scores. They won't let me have a t.v. in the room. I think they think that I'm gonna hot-wire it or something, like I'm going to try to electrocute the whole building with a stupid television set. They let me have a lamp in the room, like I can't hurt someone with that, but no t.v. They won't even let me have a newspaper. What can a person do with a newspaper? Light in on fire or something? If I had matches or something. But it's like this: I've never been violent to nobody in all of the time I've been in here. I haven't laid a hand on a guard, even though they're tried too many time to lay a hand on me, and I haven't cause one single little problem in this whole damn place, and this is what I get - I don't even get a t.v. or a newspaper.

You know, I don't really have a Southern accent. See? Don't I sound different with my regular voice? I picked it up when I started sounding crazy. See, I'm not really crazy, I just know the kind of shit they do to you in prison. I think it's bad enough here, I would've had the shit kicked out of me, I'd've been sodomized before I knew what hit me. I think this voice makes me sound a little more strange. I'm actually from New York, but I mean, changing the voice a little just to save me from going to prison, well, I can do that. Here it's kind of nice, I don't have to deal with people that often, and all the crazy people around here think I'm some sort of tough bitch because I mutilated someone who was raping me. Oh, you didn't hear that part of the story, did you? Those damn lawyers thought that since I wasn't a virgin I must have been wanting him. And he wasn't even my boyfriend - he was just some guy I knew, we'd go out every couple of weeks, and I never even slept with him before.

What a fucked up place. You see, I gotta think of it this way: I really had no choice but to do what I did. In a way it was self-defense, because I didn't want that little piece of shit to try to do that to me, I mean, what the Hell makes him think he can do that? Where does he get off trying to take me like that, like I'm some butcher-shop piece of meat he can buy and abuse or whatever? Well anyway, I know part of it all was self defense and all, but at the same time I know I flipped, but its because of, well shit that happened in my past. I never came from any rich family like you, I never even came from a family with a dad, and when you got all these boyfriends coming in and hitting you or touching you or whatever, you know it's got to mess you up. Yeah, I know, people try to use the my-parents-beat-me line and it's getting to the point where no one really believes it anymore, but if a person goes through all their life suppressing something that they shouldn't have to suppress then one day it's going to just come up to them and punch them in the face, it's going to make them go crazy, even if it's just for a little while.

Society's kind of weird, you know. It's like they teach you to do things that aren't normal, that don't feel right down deep in your bones, but you have to do them anyway, because someone somewhere decided that this would be normal. Everyone around you suppresses stuff, and when you see that it tells you that you're supposed to be hiding it from the rest of the world, too, like if we all just hide it for a while, it will all go away. Maybe it does, until someone like me blows up and can't take hiding all that stuff anymore, but then the rest of the world can just say that we're crazy and therefore it's unexplainable why we went crazy and then they can just brush it all off and everything is back to normal again. It's like emotion. People are taught to hide their emotions. Men are taught not to cry, women are taught to be emotional and men are told to think that it's crazy. So when something really shitty happens to someone - like a guy

loses his job or something - and he just sits in front of a friend and breaks down and cries, the other guy just thinks this guy is crazy for crying. Then the guy rejects the guy that's crying, making him feel even worse, making the guy bottle it back up inside of him.

I think people are like Pepsi bottles. You remember those glass bottles? Pop always tasted better in those bottles, you could just like swig it down easier, your lips fit around the glass neck better or something. I wonder why people don't use them anymore? Well, I think people are like Pepsi bottles, like they have the potential for all of this energy, and the whole world keeps shaking them up, and some people lose their heads and the top goes off and all of this icky stuff comes shooting all around and other Pepsi bottles want to hide from it and then the poor guy has no Pepsi left. And how can you do anything when you have no Pepsi left? Or maybe you do lose it, but you still have some Pepsi left in you, and people keep thinking that you don't have any left, and then they treat you like you shouldn't be allowed to tie your own shoelaces or you should be watched while you're getting dressed.

Can't you turn those cameras off?

I heard this story in here sometime about Tony, this guy that was in here for murder, and after he was in here he went crazy and cut off his own scrotum. I don't know how a man survives something like that, but I guess he did, because he was in here, and from what I hear he was using the pay phones to call 1-800 numbers to prank whoever answered at the other end. Well, I guess he kept calling this one place where these women would answer the phone, and they got fed up with it, I guess, and traced it or something. They got the number for this hospital, and talked to his doctor. I think he told them that Tony cut his balls off, now I thought doctor-patient records were private, but I suppose it doesn't matter, because we're just crazy prisoners, killers who don't matter anyway, but he told these girls that Tony cut his balls off a whole two months ago. And then he called them back, talking dirty to them, not knowing they knew he was a murderer with no balls and they laughed and made fun of him and told him they knew, and he hung up the phone and never called them back. True story, swear to God. Can you just imagine him wondering how they knew? Or were they just making a joke, or...

Did you know that I write? I figured that if they won't let me read anything, maybe I could put stuff down on paper and read it to myself, I guess. I try to write poetry, but it just don't come out right, but I've been trying to write a thing about what I went through, you know what I'm talking about? Well, I just figure that if other people that are in prison can get best sellers and make a ton of money, then so can I, I mean, my story is better than half the stuff that's out there, and I know there are a lot of women who have a little

part of them that wants to do what I did. I think all women feel it, but the most of them are taught to suppress it, to keep it all bottled in like that. But now that I think of it, what am I going to do with a bunch of money anyway? I'm never going to get out of here to enjoy it or anything. Anyway, how would I get someone to want to read it in the first place, now that everyone thinks that I'm crazy?

Sometimes I get so depressed. It's like I'm never going to get out of here. I think I wanted to have kids one day. It's easier, I guess, not having to see kids, I guess then I don't miss them too much, but...

For the longest time they tried to get doctors to come in here and talk to me, and you know what they did? They got men doctors - one after another - and then they wondered why the Hell I didn't want to talk to them. Amazing. People really just don't think, do they?

I guess it's hard, being in here and all, I mean. I was going to go back to school, I had already taken the GED and graduated high school, and I was going to go to the local community college. It was going to be different. Sometimes I wonder, you know, why this had to happen to me, why I had to snap. I really don't think I could have controlled it, I don't think any of this could have happened any other way. It's hard. I have to find stuff to do, because otherwise all I'd want to do is sleep all day and night, and I suppose I could, but then what would happen to me? At least if I write a book about my life, about this whole stupid world, then maybe everyone would at least understand. It wasn't really my fault, I mean, I think we women have enough to deal with just in our regular lives and then they keep piling on this sexism crap on us, and then expect us not to be angry about it because we were taught to deal with it all of our lives. Maybe this guy was just the straw that broke the camel's back or something, maybe he was just another rapist, maybe he was just another drunk guy who thought that he could do whatever he wanted with me because he was the man and I was his girl, or just some chick that didn't matter or whatever, but shit, it does matter, at least to me it does.

I know I've got a lot of healing to do, but I haven't really thought about doing it. I mean, what have I got to heal for anyway? To get out of here and go to prison? Then I'll just get abused by guards over there, have to watch my back every second of the day. At least here people watch my back for me. They think everything and anything in the world could harm me, even myself, so they're so overprotective that nothing can go wrong, unless it goes wrong in my own mind.

## PART 2

### Been a World Leader

*(You may have stories about  
traveling around the world  
from your home in South Africa,  
but people can have  
an entirely different view about you  
if you're an American traveling abroad...)*

People can think  
that Americans are cocky and arrogant  
because we've been a world leader  
for so long...  
Because even though  
our cars are from Korea  
our electronics are from Japan  
and we owe China Billions...  
Better beers are from Germany,  
better wines and champagnes from France...  
Because even though  
we've been thrust into this global economy  
that Al Gore pushed us into  
by creating the Internet,  
us Americans still seem to  
want to rest on our past laurels  
through the next millennium...

Once I stopped for a beer  
at a dive in Munich  
(oh, sorry, *München*),  
where the female bartender  
tended bar for three old German men  
and one  
very  
out of place  
American.

Barely knowing German,  
I figured I could sit there,  
say a beer name on a tap,  
pay in Euros  
and leave it at that.  
But at one point  
after the juke box in the far corner  
(that I never even noticed)  
started playing some new  
American-sounding pop song,  
one of the old German men  
turned to me, and started  
yelling at me in German.

Holding my Franziskaner draft,  
my eyes turned to saucers...  
I was unable to say a word  
to this old German man  
yelling at me  
in a language I could not decipher.

That's when the bartender  
yelled back at the old man  
in German, then English,  
"They didn't play this song,  
I did!"  
So I smiled at the bartender  
and finished my beer,  
realizing that us Americans  
can still get into trouble  
without saying a word.



*(but sometimes speaking is the problem...)*

Once when I was in Bas Gastein,  
where the Alps in Austria  
gave every street in town  
a sixty-degree incline,  
I signed up for a bus tour  
to go to the radon cave  
at a nearby mining mountain.

Waiting outside for the bus,  
I stood with something like seventeen  
German-speaking Austrians.  
There I felt so out of my element  
that I was almost dying  
for an American voice saying any words.

Enough's  
Enough

That's when I then heard  
a boisterous baritone,  
so I made my way  
to the booming,  
distinctly American voice.  
I merely asked,  
"American?"  
The large man heard my inflection  
and immediately spoke.  
"Hi, I'm Frank,  
and the little missus here is Mildred,"  
and this petite, subservient Midwestern woman,  
standing with this almost circular melodramatic man,  
made this couple look  
like the perfect ten...  
Frank asked where I was from,  
and when I said Chicago  
he sprung up to start on his speech,  
schlepping his spiel:  
"We're from Detroit.  
I Worked for GM for 35 years,  
and now that the kids are all grown up,  
with my pension  
I thought I'd take the little missus here to see the Alps..."

And that's when I realized  
that I could have stood  
at fifty paces  
and still heard Frank  
telling the entire neighborhood  
the epic of his life.

That's when it occurred to me  
how loud us Americans could be.

Because when first traveling through Europe  
after the "war on terror" began,  
the United States government and airlines  
wanted to inform Americans traveling abroad  
that if they were concerned  
about being a conspicuous target  
by looking *too American*,  
they offered these simple guidelines:  
*Don't* wear a University sweatshirt.  
*Don't* wear a sports team baseball cap.  
*Don't* chew gum.  
*Don't* yell.

And I could imagine Frank now,  
yelling, "Mildred!"

So I made a point  
to not sit near Frank and Mildred  
on that bus,  
but that was okay:  
I could still hear them  
from rows away  
as we made our way  
to the mountain range.

And to the Austrians on that tour  
who spoke English,  
a part of me wanted to tell them,  
"Not all Americans are that loud,"  
because even if us Americans  
want to rest on our laurels,  
some of us know  
when enough is enough.

# My Kind of Town

*(but you know, us Americans may seem loud,  
we may try to impose our will, but in this global economy  
we really are all connected...)*

After walking through  
the Forbidden City  
in Beijing, China  
(where all the palace doorways  
had gold-covered risers  
blocking people's way into rooms  
4 inches to a foot tall,  
because the higher  
your level of authority  
or royalty status in the kingdom,  
the higher the bar  
people had to step over  
to get inside the royalty's room)...

But after the Forbidden City  
I entered the Summer Palace.  
An old Chinese man  
walked up to me  
with what I believe was his grand-daughter  
walking one foot behind  
though who knows,  
in China this one young girl  
could be one of his concubines,  
but it's really not for me to judge).

But this older Chinese gentleman  
walked up and asked,  
in the best English he could muster,  
where I was from.  
So I told him the United States,  
and then I said Chicago.  
That's when this man's eyes lit up,  
and he said,  
"My kind of town!"  
And I laughed,  
nodding my head in agreement  
until he leaned in toward me  
and said,  
"Frank Sinatra sang that."  
And I laughed again,  
"Yes, he did," I said,  
because even though  
this world is so vast,  
we will always find ways  
to connect with one another.

# Communication 2012

Now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams,  
our cries for help,  
so much faster than we could before...

But what if we don't want to communicate,  
or forget how?  
Too busy leaving messages, voice mails,  
emails, pager numbers...  
forgetting to call back.

What if we forget  
how to communicate?

#

When I was young  
I felt like the world was the size of a thimble,  
because all I needed to know  
was my back yard when I played with my neighbor,  
and I know I wasn't allowed to ride my bike far,  
though when I collected enough change  
I'd ride my bike all the way  
to my local ice cream parlour.

Once I was on my own,  
commuting to my Chicago job on the "L" train,  
I suddenly felt as tiny as a dot in this Universe,  
crammed in like sardines in an "L" train tin can,  
saving money for a road trip to Omaha, Nebraska.  
The idea of buying a brie sandwich  
to eat at a street-side table in Paris,  
or skipping the nesting dolls for a balalika in Russia,  
or photographing a finch in flight on the Galapagos Islands,  
these dreams seriously seemed a solar system away.

But as time wore on, I learned  
I could get myself out to the world  
through the Internet —  
being a magazine editor, I interact  
with people from the U.S., Canada, England,  
Ireland, Italy, Belgium, Malta, Norway, Japan,  
Russia, Slovenia, South Africa, Turkey,  
India, Israel, Pakistan, Iran...

While selling photo sittings at my job  
I've had to learn more Spanish as well...  
and the last time I sang my song "What We Need in Life" live,  
I wanted to try to sing it in other languages...  
I asked G how to sing it in Español:  
"que necesitamos en la vida..."  
Nate translated it into German:  
"was wir auf das Leben brauchen..."  
Karina even translated it into Romanian:  
"ceea ce avem nevoie în viata..."  
Since then, Renate taught me What We Need In Life in Polish:  
"Co potrzebujemy w życiu..."  
Irma, from the Phillipines, even translated it  
into Tagalog for me:  
"Mga Kailangang ispiritwal sa buhay..."  
And the open mic I now host,  
because Baci sponsored it's location  
at both Café Aloha and the Café for fifteen years,  
I had to beg Igor for the translation into Serbian:  
"Ono što mi treba u životu..."  
And you know, looking at this planet,  
I think that if you could shoot an arrow  
through this planet from the United States,  
you'd get to the waters east of South Africa...  
So Francois translated and Rozanne sang it in Afrikaans:  
"Wat ons in die lewe nodig het..."  
Because really,  
now that I'm dipping my foot  
into the global wading pool,  
I should really learn  
how to communicate a little better.

#

Because now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams,  
our cries for help,  
so much faster than we could before...

Our pleas become computer blips,  
tiny bits of energy,  
traveling through razor thin wires,  
traveling through space —

to be left for someone to decipher  
when they find the time.

#

Over the years  
I traveled around the country  
and instant messaged from my laptop  
when I was at Denver's Netherworld Cafe,  
or Hotel Monteleone in New Orleans,  
or C Ra's Penny Dreadful House in Nashville,  
or at the National Poetry Slam in Albuquerque.  
And I have a cell phone  
that I use only occasionally to call people —  
and that phone has a camera,  
but I don't bother to use it —  
I mean, that's what I have a camera for...

And with phones that are cameras  
and can upload your pictures to facebook,  
all I can think  
is that it has to be insanely confusing  
to teach a small child  
about the realities of the world  
in this modern age —  
because when the cell phone rings  
and mommy says to little Susie,  
"It's Grandma! Say hello to grandma!"

Does this little girl  
think this inanimate object  
gave birth to her mother?  
And when she figures out  
what a phone is,  
little Susie still has to come to grips  
with some phones  
also being like an office computer,  
or also being a camera,  
you know, like the one  
that her grandfather uses  
at all the family get-togethers...  
I mean, maybe Susie is young enough  
to fit all the little pieces together,  
but I still prefer  
a camera that feels like a camera,  
with a better lens and better resolution,  
separate from a computer  
or a phone, that feels like a phone.

#

Because now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams, our cries for help,  
so much faster than we could before...

People want to instant message,  
people buy their name as a domain name.  
People text each other to communicate...  
People get e-mail accounts,  
people set up web pages...

And you know, I got a cell phone.  
I've got a land line.  
But my phone isn't ringing off the hook.

It's like I've gone fishing,  
sat on the boat on a lake,  
put out the bait...

And no one's biting.

#

I wanted to get in touch  
with an old friend of mine from high school,  
Vince, and the last I heard was that he went to  
Marquette University. But that was years ago,  
he could be anywhere.

I talked to a friend or two that  
knew him, but they lost touch with him, too.  
So I searched on the Internet,  
to see if his name was on a website  
or if he had an email address. He didn't.  
So I figured I probably wouldn't find him.

And all this time, I knew his parents probably lived  
in the same house they always did, I could just  
look up his parent's phone number and call them,  
say I'm an old high school friend of Vince's,  
but I never did.

And then I realized why.

You see, I could search the Internet for hours  
and no one would know  
that I was looking for someone.  
But now, with a single phone call,  
I'd make it known to his entire family  
that I wanted to see him enough to call,  
after all these years. And I didn't want  
him to know that. So I never called.

#

Because now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams,  
our cries for help,  
so much faster than we could before.

But then the question begs itself:  
who  
is there  
to listen?



# Everything Else Falls Away

When you don't have a car,  
dating someone in the next state  
seems like a Universe away.

If you date someone  
on the other side of the country  
and every visit's an airplane trip,

you know your romantic hopes  
won't stand a chance  
and will fly away in the breeze.

I dated someone from another country once,  
and the last time we were together  
they strangled me before I could escape —

so don't you tell me for a second  
that long-distance relationships  
are always wonderfully romantic.

Only rarely do you find that special someone.  
Only *that* is when no distance is too great  
and you'd travel around the world for love.

When you find that special someone,  
that is when you can communicate  
beyond the information superhighway

and everything else falls away.

## And I'm Wondering

I'm wondering if there's something  
chemical that brings people together,  
something that brings people to their  
knees, somethings that sucks them in

And I'm wondering if you're sensing what I'm  
sensing, is it just me, am I making this up  
in my head, or when I glance up and catch your  
eyes, well, are you actually staring at me

And I'm wondering if it could work out this  
time, if we'd have one of those relationships  
that no one ever doubts, especially us,  
because we know we'll always be in love

And I'm wondering if you'd find  
my neurotic pet-peeves charming  
like how I hate it when someone touches  
my belly because I'm so self conscious

And I'm wondering why you had to tell me  
when we happened to be sitting next to each  
other that the fact that our legs were almost  
touching was making your heart race

And I'm wondering why I felt the need  
to take your cigarette and inhale, exhale  
while the filter was still warm from  
your lips, there just seconds before

And I'm wondering if a year or two from now,  
after we've been going out and should have  
gotten to the point where we are bored with  
each other and sink into a comfortable rut

if you saw me making macaroni and cheese  
in the kitchen using margarine and water  
because I'm out of milk and I've got my hair  
pulled back and strands are falling into my

eyes and I'm wearing an oversized button-down  
denim shirt and nothing else, well, what  
I'm wondering is if you would see me  
like this and still think I was sexy

When I glance up and catch your eyes from  
across the room, when I see your eyes dart  
away, when I feel this chemical reaction, well,  
it makes me wonder if you can feel it too

## 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.

## Us, Actually Touching

I heard a physicist explain  
that when two solid objects  
are pressed together  
they never actually touch

I can't imagine it  
but maybe  
because electrons repel  
all objects remain one molecule apart

I wonder if this is why  
when I see you  
and when we embrace  
I want to hold you tighter and tighter

because I want to defy  
the laws of physics  
and feel that contact with you  
as long as I possibly can

is this why whenever we embrace  
I want my face at your neck  
so that I inhale you deeply  
I breathe you in

because I want to experience you  
with all my senses  
I want our molecules to intermingle  
I want us to actually touch

# You are a Force

is your beauty, is your soul,  
causing my attraction to you,  
is it a force of nature?

are you like gravity  
dropping me to my knees  
whenever I think of you.

or are you like magnetism,  
how my need's only magnified  
as I draw closer to you

giving me impetus  
to increase my velocity,  
to join you, to bond with you.

that's the only way  
I can explain this,  
you know.

I know your momentum,  
I know this special relativity,  
causes this action-reaction.

you must have a power  
no one else has harnessed,  
to do this to me.

the electric force between us  
excites me, and burns me,  
and still curls me in an arc to you.

but this friction, this tension  
I feel when we're apart  
snaps me with an elastic force,

reminds me that I must abide  
by the laws of motion  
when it comes to you,

because, as I said,  
like our dynamic equilibrium,  
you must be a force of nature.

## Games We Play

this game we play  
don't say you don't know I know

this game we play  
it's written all over your face

no,  
I don't think anyone else sees it

it's like we're the only ones  
with the enigma key

just you  
and me

but I don't think you're playing fair  
you keep your distance

sound my alarm  
give me this feeling

like the loss  
of a missing child

you put me on amber alert  
until you come to me again

You kiss me

We embrace for too long  
before you leave me again

then when we're together again  
we meet in a crowded room

we remain at opposite corners  
act aloof

act like we don't know  
the other one is just waiting there

so we play this game  
almost avoiding each other

until we're alone  
and we spill ourselves onto each other

and again,  
we embrace for too long

before you leave me again

but all my cards are now on the table  
I'm showing you my hand

and no one can see  
what's on the line

but this game we play  
this balancing act

this coming,  
this going

I'm sorry  
am I the only one feeling this

as we come together  
then dart away



# ENCORE PERFORMANCE...

(WITH POEM CUT SHORT WITH ENDING OF LIVE MUSIC)

## True Happiness in the New Millennium

*"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

## JANET WITH HA! 2012IOO3



**JANET KUYPERS**

[HTTP://WWW.JANETKUYPERS.COM](http://www.janetkuypers.com)

**SPECIAL THANKS TO FRANCOIS LE ROUX (THE HA!MAN OF SOUTH AFRICA)  
FOR LIVE MUSIC DURING THIS 2012IOO3 "CHICAGO CALLING" PERFORMANCE**

[HTTP://WWW.HAMANWORLD.COM](http://www.hamanworld.com)

**THIS EVENT IS PART OF THE SEVENTH ANNUAL  
CHICAGO CALLING ARTS FESTIVAL [HTTP://WWW.BORDERBEND.ORG](http://www.borderbend.org)**

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**Books:** *Hops Chest in the Attic, the Window, Glass Cover Before Striking*, (Women), *Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Omevre, Escavo Versus, L'erte, The Other Side, The Best Lady's Editorials* (regular and 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), *Steps, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction*, c&d v167.5 (Writing to Honor & Cherish, editor edition), *Blisters & Burns* (the Kuypers edition), *S&M*, c&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 Scented and Ethic* (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 Cane-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Palled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen* (Kuypers edition), *Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Stab Stab Stab, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words* (2 books: a color interior page art book and b&w interior page art book), *Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, 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, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forsaken, Down in It, Falling into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Solitude & Survival, Slime & Murreau, Blisters & Burns, Ribose & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (lost sex) Mirrors & Crazy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A / Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honor & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Stars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, George Remains, Chaotic Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bonding the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Lying the Groundwork, Watershed, who, Ink in my Blood, (bound) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), *Prominent Pen* (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, *It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission* (issue edition and chapbooks edition), *Rescue Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nix: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, the Svetovetvora Unpunished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Moments in Time, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas on Tea, Crouching Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, happen, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Tardigrades of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nix: an Understanding of her Art* (second printing), *Dazzled Kinkor / Charis W. woman, 12 Times 12 Equals Grass, 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, Dumb Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Get People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Carmudgeon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tomb, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gender**

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