

A black and white photograph of several bare trees with intricate branch structures against a light, overcast sky. The trees are silhouetted, creating a stark contrast with the background. The composition is vertical, with the trees extending from the bottom to the top of the frame.

# **When the World was Black and White**

**Ted Jackins**  
Scars Publications  
2013 chapbook

To the memory of Samantha Craig,  
who taught me to love words and to  
never give up;  
and to Annabelle Hawks (Age 6)  
who pulled me from the darkness  
and whose every word is the  
purest poetry I've ever heard.

Aside from “This Notebook is nearly full,”  
which has appeared in Cherry Bleeds Magazine,  
all poems are previously unpublished.

# A Quick Note (While we're Okay)

My friend, Samantha, was murdered when I was eighteen years old. It's not every day that a teenager living in a small town like mine can say they lost someone so tragically and so suddenly like that but there it was waiting for me on the front page of the newspaper when I got home one afternoon. You know how when you go through something really heavy like that kind of loss where people tell you all the time "It gets easier to take with time." I think that everyone who says it knows it isn't true but what can you say to someone who has been through something like that? It's a knee jerk reaction to be some kind of help, I guess.

The pain of that single event, whether I knew it or not, had a tremendous impact on the next decade or so of my life that I'm just now starting to shake. You may start to notice that many of these poems are rather raw and rather dark and you will be right on both accounts. You will also notice many references to drinking and drugs, self mutilation and suicide, and once more you won't be imagining things. In gathering these poems together for this book I, at first, had no real theme in mind. All I had was a title I had been carrying with me for a number of years and plenty of poems both old and new to choose from. Once I started to go through the works from over the years I noticed how much I still liked the darker pieces dealing with my then current issues with substance abuse and how explicitly I referenced the feelings that would later explode in one of the worst decisions I've made in my life.

In picking up on all of this I began to piece the works together in the closest I could come to a chronological order. What I wanted to do was to create a time line of where I have been and where I finally wound up: sitting in a hospital room realizing that I didn't want to die. So, if this flimsy book seems tough to take at times just know that the later works included are all pointing towards where I am now. I strive to keep my works as intense as possible because life is intense but the things I'm putting together now are intense in a very different way. There's still darkness and there are still things I wrestle with and I suppose I always will, but now I allow myself to recognize the light and beauty in everything completely.

With that in mind let me give you a glimpse back in time to when the world was black and white....

# Harvest Time

She's dead and  
there's nothing you  
can do,  
she's dead,  
and part of you is  
in the ground  
with her.  
She's dead and  
you are at an age  
she never got to  
reach.  
She is dead and  
you are recalling  
store fronts,  
bitterly scribbling  
verses fused around  
the memory of her voice.  
She is dead and  
ten years feels like  
ten days,  
she is dead and  
you don't know  
what to do and  
it's all been  
said before.

# Again, Nervous Thunder Moves Across Dead Air

Put your head against the door,  
this is my nervous breakdown,  
and listen to my heart as it beats  
in two from within a supposedly  
shatter proof shell.

This is what it feels like  
to wait outside in the rain  
for a greater purpose  
which never arrives,  
all awash in a storm of  
lost opportunities  
with a permanent look  
of dread and sickness  
on a pale,  
moonlit ghost face.

Alone,  
I watch as more  
feelings flow downwards  
into the circles of two souls  
kept apart  
merely out of fear  
of what might have been.

Again,  
I try not to focus on  
the pain,  
but its presence is  
always felt  
within my heart  
which aches with  
each clap of thunder,  
and my thoughts  
all echo the puddles  
which slowly form  
all around me.

Matters of fate  
never fail to exclude  
me once more  
as they make their  
plans without informing  
me first,  
so go ahead and listen  
close to my being  
as it breaks  
if it'll change a single  
thing you had in mind.  
I swear I'll make it  
all up to you in time,  
but for now I must  
seek shelter  
before this storm,  
which hangs dark  
overhead,  
can have a chance  
to swallow me up  
and push me  
to start anymore  
fires  
that I can't seem  
to extinguish  
on my own.

# Eventual Epitaphs

Sure,  
I'll drink from  
your flask,  
Jesus,  
I'll accept  
salvation.



# Searching In Vain For a Safe Place

Imagine  
fingers caked in  
blood and holy water,  
a sacrilege we're  
oh,  
so privileged  
to be involved in.  
It's becoming  
harder and  
harder to  
trust your instincts,  
as we coast across  
asphalt oceans  
we stare into the eye  
of an angry storm  
which is aimed straight at  
our little haven,  
which rests  
there,  
just in the distance.

# Conversations with the Ghost

Throw the dirt  
on the celibate  
daisies,  
cover the face  
of beauty  
with anger.  
In the shadows  
of bed sheets,  
we slice the  
throats  
of delicate angels.  
In the morning  
I will forget  
my way,  
lose myself again  
in the mirror.

# Pink is the New Black

Life leads  
this busy new  
street into  
battle,  
America is  
war torn once  
again.  
Leaving burnt chasms  
of murder lust  
bastardizations,  
as dry heaving  
shepherds blast  
industrial jazz  
for black market  
lawyers,  
alone  
we walk.

# The Liar's Ball

Tinted  
fatigue poetry,  
seven months  
in a cloud  
of spent embers  
and a slow  
diet of  
faded rainbows.  
Swallow my eyes  
into my thoughts,  
taking moments in  
as hourglass rotations,  
and spitting out  
abused rhymes and  
ugly rhythms  
through the aging  
microphone of  
indifference.  
My last lines  
before finale  
bedtime stories  
will only contain  
the ideals of a losing  
and lost dream,  
a simple headache  
following closely  
behind a self inflicted  
migraine of desperate  
music.

# Fumbling Towards a Switch

It is within  
this bottle  
that I drink toasts to  
nothingness-  
smoke curling 'round  
my face,  
like grey brush strokes  
tracing burrows from cheek  
to lips and back.  
At night I hover  
over secret typewriters  
which hum and click  
with all the words I'm  
too afraid to speak-  
soft strings,  
perhaps stray Miles'  
blown blues will  
become wind worn  
soundtrack to my alone  
thoughts-  
no more mischief in life,  
sad 26 and unstable  
along highway walking  
home barefoot  
drunk and raving  
with miserable laughter,  
I will be found here-  
I will be found-  
where the brook no longer  
babbles,  
no,  
it merely mumbles as incoherent  
as I feel.

# Waiting on the Higher Tide

A sea change,  
“everybody out of their  
costumes,  
this is a scene change,”  
teachers asked me  
for more rhyme schemes  
and a definite  
rhythm:  
“too many drug dreams,  
you treat this assignment  
like a prison,”  
well, it all seems  
that your bits of wisdom  
filed my teeth down  
and now I nervously  
chomp pen caps  
‘till I draw blood.

# The View through Lucifer's Wisdom Teeth

Don't waste a single  
page,  
spit blood and make  
it count,  
sweat and wheeze and  
crawl into the cracked  
bathtub for a cigarette,  
the first of too many  
to name,  
and try not to think  
of all those yesterdays.  
Just paint the porcelain,  
lay back and wait  
for the light show.

# By Now, I Should Be Used to the Rolling Blackouts

Guilty bloodstains  
line nervous sentence  
fragments,  
as I crack a comma  
in half and carve a  
question mark into  
my arm,  
letting little streams  
of red tape spill out  
with which to hang myself,  
and now there are scars  
all along my paper thin edges,  
as the pen tip was far  
too sharp and it sank  
right through the surface,  
cutting away to the roots  
of depression's bitter  
incisors,  
the same ones which  
chomp down with such  
brutal force upon  
my brain stem,  
breaking my vision  
before suspending me  
in total darkness  
for weeks on end.



# Crawling Towards the Light

If I sit perfectly  
still for long enough  
some new idea,  
yes-something with  
a little substance will  
eventually bubble up  
into the back of my mind  
and begin to whisper  
something approaching  
stage directions,  
a guide to the next path,  
the next thought,  
the next image for me  
to capture in both hands  
and place under  
a display glass,  
or perhaps upon a poetic  
pedestal for the entire world  
to gather around and  
look in upon it  
either in awe,  
or in absolute horror:  
the choice is all in  
the mind of the beholder,  
all I have to do is  
draw it to the surface,  
and wait.

# On Escapism

Feel for a pulse,  
this soul is yours  
to complete-  
no spaces or  
line breaks,  
only truest letters  
and funeral wreaths  
for the ones who fade  
and wither,  
poetry for battle  
keep it like a shield  
and you will be safe.  
Call this mine shaft a home,  
this crowded bar an apartment,  
this bruised and broken bottle  
tonight's dinner.  
Batter typewriters in the name  
of countless angels  
too beautiful  
to forget,  
and too bitter  
to forgive,  
thoughts compose  
a roadmap,  
follow it forever  
and you will be free

# **....and he did eclipse the moon but he neglected the stars**

As the sun slowly  
Out stretched his arms  
to cast a lack of shadow  
all over the landscape  
I am struggling to  
remain alert.  
No amount of black  
coffee or chain smoked  
cigarettes seems enough  
to yank my eyelids  
open just a little wider,  
to shake me alive  
and as wild as it takes  
to approach getting  
anything else done  
today other than  
sitting by idle  
and watching the  
gentle picture show  
that is the world just  
outside my window.

# Running Out of Current

Went on a three day drunk  
blacked out and never woke up,  
I was talking to Jesus Christ  
as he was swimming in my cup.  
Hunting for hidden treasure-  
x marks the spot,  
I am who I am but sometimes  
I wish I was who I'm not,  
'cause I'm stuck on a sinking ship  
rogue waves all around  
neck deep in this shit that  
you dug up from the ground,  
I was feeling desperate  
took the masthead for my wife:  
should have second guessed it,  
she went down with my life.  
I packed up and headed for the  
shore and wandered the town  
in a daze,  
my friends ask if I'm okay,  
others think it's just a phase.  
My whole world is in storage,  
in the closet safely kept  
I know you want to visit  
but it's been a while since I swept,  
there's dirt beneath my nails  
but a finger hasn't been raised  
I just walked out of a hell that  
was in the middle of being appraised.  
I know there's love in store,  
I see it in every dream  
but patience has become a chore  
mulling over the thought of what it  
all means.  
These boots weren't made for walking,  
just for waltzing out this door,  
your mouth's still busy talking  
but out here I can't hear you anymore.

# This Notebook is nearly Full

Raise a glass  
to the new  
shape of things,  
to the new order,  
to the act of  
reaching the bottom  
of this fucking  
stairwell,  
so what if you  
tripped and rolled  
down the last  
two flights?  
Your legs are broken,  
your ribs exposed,  
organs spilling out  
all over the place,  
but your arms maintain  
some semblance of strength,  
so dig those nails into  
the wood frame,  
boy,  
and start climbing  
back to the top:  
let's get it right  
this time,  
what do ya say?

# Reading Matter

Heart and heat flutters  
with the mild fluctuations  
of these currents forever  
running beneath my dirty  
feet in the most dissonant  
of tones which feel simultaneously  
distant and very familiar  
to these battered ears right  
now,  
a source of comfort  
and a means of exorcising  
a rage which can't be allowed  
to manifest any longer.  
So you let it all out  
through the headphones  
clamped in a tight  
death grip around your skull  
and silently join in on  
the screams as you scratch  
this notebook dirge  
onto a filthy page and  
turn your head to  
spit out the shells  
from the deepest wounds  
inflicted by now  
empty rifles.  
Later on the war drums  
will slap back at the boot  
stomps you make along  
the sidewalk en route  
to your favorite filthy bar,  
it's not abandonment-  
just need some time alone  
to think/drink/not speak,  
just for an hour or so,  
baby,  
then I swear I'll  
come home.

I'll climb the stairs  
only to collapse  
onto the broken couch  
with tiniest angel  
tucked in my arms  
as all those thrashing  
field songs continue  
bouncing in my head  
until I clear my throat  
and reimagine one as  
a gentle lullaby...  
within minutes she's  
amused and asleep,  
yet I am still awake  
with these songs,  
these words,  
this child,  
these four walls,  
and what is a bed  
for but simply wasting  
half of one's life away?  
The sun starts to  
peer in and it is now  
time for my  
forceful exit to  
the waking world,  
escaping these dreaded  
mornings with their  
chipper asshole mentality,  
to sleep-  
to dream-  
to wake again to a  
different kind of Earth:  
that of the mid afternoon-  
and it is beautiful to be me.

# Theme from a Bar Stool

I walked in just in  
time to see someone  
get the toss,  
“the lunatic is  
in the grass,”  
I will drink until  
I achieve some kind  
of temporary numbness  
from electronic  
messages sent telepathically  
to someone else’s heart,  
something approaching  
brain damage.  
Singing songs to forget,  
I shout into the night  
of my truest regrets,  
and I trace a name  
into the top and  
encase it in a  
broken bottle  
just to see if  
you even bleed when  
the pain pricks your  
skin  
with its sharpest  
of edges:  
psychic,  
or otherwise.



I have been surrounded  
by lies all along,  
and my voice,  
alone,  
will bring these walls  
crashing down.  
You used to define  
perfection,  
but now,  
as I sit on my  
barstool,  
I think I know  
you better than that.

# Somewhere Between Nostalgia and Night Terrors

Sitting in your kitchen  
with last crescendos of  
TV Eye fading into thin air,  
I was only sixteen-  
a street walking cheetah  
with a heart full of  
chewed glass  
with a limp in my step  
and that tired old grin  
glued to my lips  
with smoke spilling out  
of both corners,  
a nightmare screaming  
somewhere in my memory,  
and overflowing into  
my waking vision.  
Hallucinatory film strips  
eclipse the walls of  
my periphery,  
and now I know  
that hindsight is far  
more than 20/20  
as the skyline explodes  
before crashing downward  
in distant shards of song  
and misery,  
collapsing with an  
echoed thud  
and catching a bystander  
by total surprise.

He hits the pavement  
hard and swallows  
teeth and bile,  
blood forming  
stray pools on either  
side of what was  
once his face  
but is now crushed  
well beyond the  
realm of recognition  
somewhere beneath  
the imposing mass  
that was mere moments  
ago one with the clouds,  
and all I can manage  
as some attempt  
at acknowledgement  
of this strange  
trapeze act is to  
utter a simple  
“Humph!”  
before sidestepping  
the unexpected obstacle,  
and not even once  
looking back.

## 8:45 am Blues

Gotta Open tomorrow,  
wine floods right  
through me,  
who gives a fuck?  
Two glasses  
and I'm fine,  
eat dinner,  
smoke too much:  
dream.

## A Writer at Dusk

Darkened crystal seeds  
drop downwards from  
frozen,  
cracked and broken  
limbs on first breaths  
of winter,  
they were once perched  
skyward,  
yet now find themselves  
bitterly lining the  
forest floor with  
the empty promises  
of a new life.  
The fingers of their  
mother inch upwards  
in an effort to choke  
back the coming cold,  
but they are stopped short  
by a fever hanging desperate  
in the air,  
and all that I can do  
is sit here,  
my back to a tree's trunk  
and write about this  
dull ache which  
screams from within.

# Things Witnessed Through Tiny Windows

These are the words  
of the sidewalks  
as they crumble into  
asphalt oceans only  
to be swallowed up  
by the passing cars,  
and it is within this  
space where I can  
finally over think  
every little thing.  
Self conscious  
and still breathing,  
I am building bridges  
for the bonfire.

# Taking the Witness Stand

There is no spiritual pause  
in my stance,  
no God in the way  
that I speak,  
I just spit and crawl from  
one end of this room  
to another  
and as day bleeds  
into night I sleep,  
but do not dream.  
I am far too concerned  
with my guilty misgivings  
to allow myself any  
sort of rebirth  
or even a mental cleansing.  
No,  
I use scars as roadblocks,  
but nothing can ever  
be halted from within.  
Perhaps I lean too  
easily on these pages  
of piss stain poetry  
to ever give myself  
a break,  
but besides,  
I cannot control what  
happens between  
the nine to five hours,  
I can only hope  
to control the weather.

# Counting Broken Teeth

There are pirate ships  
along the crystal seas  
flying tattered sails  
of bloodstained sheets  
alongside fluttering flags  
of torn ideas with  
their wisdom bent in  
half by plastic behavior  
patterns,  
and all these words,  
so loud in their deadening  
silence,  
that they weave a tapestry  
of bruises along a fleshy  
spirit cocoon.  
You bit too deeply  
upon the tongues  
of the vampires  
before swallowing  
the very idea  
of running.



# Fountains of Misfortune

Melt these mountains  
of city blocks downwards,  
on and on they go,  
cold and endless,  
and then swallow  
the spent embers from  
where the smoke  
builds palaces  
in the clouds  
as pathways begin  
to circle your mouth  
and mind,  
forming roads of social  
injustice and indulgence  
in an overdose of  
bitter conversation starters  
as a kind of cover letter  
to introduce any stray  
survivors to the new  
world order.  
Cast aside any doubts  
and consume this serum  
in a single dose,  
anymore and your mind  
couldn't take it,  
it'd begin battling  
itself until it completely  
crumbled lifelessly  
into the sea  
that was once a sidewalk,  
all at once forcing you  
to finally open your eyes  
to all the tiny details  
which are now exposed  
to the harsh yet pure  
elements of truth:  
there is no beauty  
without a hint  
of destruction.

# Twenty Seven Stories Up Looking Twenty Seven Stories Down

When the wind blows  
through my hair like this,  
it reminds me of a time  
when we were forever  
tattooed to that street,  
moving along sidewalks  
stiff as chess pieces,  
wide eyed and mystified  
by the emptiness of  
small town breathing,  
and the endless possibilities  
that we all dreamed lay in  
waiting just outside  
the city limits.

Now my lips move  
but don't even know  
the words to these silent  
songs stabbed deep into  
my frontal lobe  
as the headphones hum  
along but the notes which  
come through are twisted,  
incoherent and as fuzzy  
as distant hallucinations.

I recall the smoke  
twirling around your  
eyelashes as it crawled  
from lips to sky,  
all lit up in liquor  
and pine needles  
to reflect the trembling  
sunlight we're trying  
so hard to ignore,  
twilight-  
sing along with me.

## Untitled

A live-in wife  
slips into my  
mind,  
frees me from  
the reins of this  
neurotic night terror  
and delivers me  
unto simple daydream.  
Grab onto sharp edges  
to gash my wrists  
and flood this earth  
with broken promises,  
and at day break,  
the day breaks  
my spine and  
composes bitter  
poetry in my blood.

# Capture and Release

“The way the smoke curls  
around your sun kissed eyelids  
reminds me of the songs  
that only the children of  
a certain place can recall...”

She sings these to herself  
from the back seat  
of the wagon carrying  
her off to meet a newly  
unsealed fate  
as a means of some  
sort of recognition,  
an acceptance of what  
may only be obvious  
to the most cautious  
of observers,  
the facts are all there,  
laid out and undressed  
before her.  
She can't believe  
they loosened the shackles  
so she could seek solace  
in cigarettes,  
she wasn't even a  
smoker until five minutes  
earlier when she discovered  
the unopened pack in  
her borrowed jacket  
and whispered of the need  
for a match.  
The phrase

“any last requests”  
only proceeded this moment  
in an implied manner,  
it had clung to the air  
of every passing second  
even before they had  
tracked her down,  
so desperate and lost  
on that winter sidewalk  
all dolled up in dirty  
snowfall,  
broken benches and  
bus stops for a route  
no one ever takes anymore  
these days.  
There’s nowhere left  
to go anyway,  
except for away.  
Away from here...  
Away from now...

...and it is with that  
thought that the familiar  
image of the plain and  
imposing white of the  
hospital appeared  
before her,  
just up that hill...  
just out of reach...  
like so many lost  
and unwanted things.

# As the Frost First Appears

Guilty bloodstains  
line nervous  
sentence fragments  
as I crack a comma  
in half and carve  
a question mark  
into my arm,  
letting little streams  
of red tape spill out  
with which to  
hang myself.  
There are so many  
scars along your  
paper thin edges  
as the pen tip  
was far too sharp  
and it slipped right  
through the surface,  
carving away at the  
roots of depression's  
bitter incisors,  
the same ones which  
chomp down with  
such brute force upon  
your brainstem,  
breaking apart your  
vision before suspending  
you in total darkness  
for weeks on end.

# Psych Ward Blues

A few days on lock down  
for things I barely recall,  
the pain of previous  
ten years  
finally getting the  
better of me,  
swallowing me  
like tidal waves  
and sucking me to  
the bottom  
of whirlpools.  
My head so  
twisted-  
thoughts distorted  
to the point  
of total blurs,  
total blues:  
I survived,  
where to, now?  
What path  
should I move  
down?  
Do I travel?  
Do I remain?  
Something has to  
change,  
the pills I take  
move away the clouds,  
and let the sunshine in.  
I will find my path-  
I will do the math,  
before I finally  
drift off into  
the gentle ocean.  
Splish-sploosh-splash

Ted Jackins is 30 years old and lives in Statesville, North Carolina. His work has appeared in *Cherry Bleeds*, *Red Fez*, *Flash Fiction World* and *Zygote in My Coffee*. He intends to spend the next year working on his first novel about his years in the dark. He has been clean and sober for three years.



# When the World was Black and White

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### Magazines:

Children, Churches and Daddies (c&d magazine), founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, c&d supplement in 1994, founded 2000

### Books:

Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Glass Cover Before Striking, (Woman), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide to Feminism, Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Ek., Ouvre, Exaro Versus, L'erte, The Other Side, The Boss 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), Step, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blisters & Burns (the Koyppers edition), SEM, 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, Golgappas, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), *Finally, Liberation for the Society and the World, v2 & part 1* a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Koyppers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Joan Together, you-uh, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cane-Drive C&D-Iron Union, the Written Word, Dead, Prepare Her for This, Unsettled, Living in a Big World, Pulling the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Koyppers Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Section and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Koyppers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Stab Stab Stab, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (2 books: as a color interior page art book and like interior page art book), Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debt's, 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, 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, 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 Svetosvetovna Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.L.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadowns, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crushing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, nappan, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Deedled Doodled / Charlie No-namen*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Berchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Hot Fat From Here, Wierdestad, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Down 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, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Carmelidge's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tomb, the 4-3 Window, Open Wounds, Antine Junkie, Intention, Gunther, Cars, Scaven Cloud Island, Sulpher & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blisters & Burns, 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, Decapit 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, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), the 2012 Literary Databook, 100 Words, 1,000 Words, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition),

### Compact Discs:

*My Favorite Vice* the demo tapes, *Koyppers the final (MFV Inclusive)*, *Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Acting* Something is Swinging, *The Second Acting* Live in Alaska, *Pattes & Koyppers* Live in Cafe Aloha, *Paintless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Koyppers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD-50* Tick Tock, *Koyppers* Change Roomings, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Koyppers* Six One One, *Koyppers* Stone, *Koyppers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Koyppers* Death Comes in Threes, *Koyppers* Changing Gears, *Koyppers* How Do I Get There?, *Koyppers* Content & Conflict & Control, *the DMU Art Connection* the DMU Art Connection, *Koyppers* Questions to a World Without Answers, *Koyppers* SIN, *Koyppers* WERD Radio (2 CD set), *My Favorite Vice* and the *Second Acting* Three Truths, *enriched artist's Singing Theory*, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMU Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMU Art Connection* Music 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-50* Screaming to a Halt (EP), *PBB&T* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack*, *An American Portrait*, *Koyppers/No Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/No Johnson Powers Trio Fusion* (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Koyppers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMU Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Koyppers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Koyppers* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Koyppers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Koyppers* and the *Raincoat of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set), *Koyppers* "40", *Koyppers* Section and Other Stories, *Koyppers* the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), *Koyppers* "Dabro VeCa" (4 CD set) *Koyppers* "hmmmm" (4 CD set), *Koyppers* "Letting it All Out", *Koyppers* "What We Need in Life" (CD single), *Koyppers* "Made Any Difference" (CD single), *Koyppers* "Hardwick" "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).