## love in the UNIVERSE

e live acoustic guitar austin 5/7/16

janet kurgpers

on janet & john's 16 year wedding anniversary

pluto, plutonium II death

janet kuypers ovindir. Table boem 4/10/16 (#94, Pu)

"My kingdom is the underworld," you could imagine the King Pluto from ancient Greek mythology say,

and an eleven year old English girl thought this was the perfect name for a planet surrounded by darkness.

And for decades the rogue, this rebellious quote unquote planet had a different orbit from its brethren,

crossed paths with brother Neptune, was otherwise one that didn't quite fit in. Maybe that's why the big boy

club of astronomers kicked Pluto out, said you're not good enough to be one of us. But shrouded in death

seems to be the theme for Pluto. .. Man-made element ninety four is not naturally occurring, but only existing

after smashing heavy water (deuterium) into Uranium. And for those of you with any nuclear know-how, you know

that whatever Uranium smashing makes has to be crazy dangerous. And it is. Since Plutonium has been on the scene

since 1940, the only thing we've known it for is for the nuclear bomb, the fat boy that blew up Nagasaki.

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love in the universe
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Great legacy, Plutonium, you *first* carried the torch of death and destruction

before Pluto itself was demoted from planet status. When the fight for Pluto first came to light, even little children wrote letters

to protest, don't kill this dark mystery, they pleaded. Because even little children

are fascinated with the the concept, especially because it seems so far away.

I look around me now, I see the destruction we bring upon ourselves:

Christians bombing abortion clinics. Muslims shrouding women and beheading non-believers.

Chicago gangs shooting some in retribution for more shooting. The violence doesn't end.

But the darkness, the death, that seems to be ruled by the planet / non-planet

named from Greek mythology, and the element whose only function we humans know

is complete annihilation. How fitting that Pluto and Plutonium are forever locked in this deadly dance.

UNIVEYSE janet kuupers

there are more atoms in your eye than all stars in the known universe

observer's love poem 2016



maybe I'm not a writer maybe I'm not an artist maybe I'm an observer like an astronomer looking out past the solar system, past the Kuiper Belt trying to understand what makes everything everything

I fly in airplanes I jump from airplanes I pilot airplanes geting closer to the stars

molecule by molecule, we originate from stars but outer space is a violent place violent explosions create the stars and our earth has earthquakes, avalanches, volcanoes tsunamis, typhoons

and in all this madness somehow I've found you with you I have watched solar storms from near the Arctic Circle with you I have walked through the gates of Hitler's first concentration camp with you I have sailed from island to island retracing the Origin of Species

as I said before, maybe I'm an observer and with these observations, I thee wed because I've seen galaxies collide I've seen comets smash into planets I've seen supernovae and the death of stars and in all of that, I still found you

as I said before, I'm only an observer but I've found what I've been looking for

I'll tighten my grip on your hand because I don't ever want to let you go

everything is my home

janet kuopers 4/10/16

I've always thought I was a child of the world; I feed off the energies of the Universe.

Everything is bound together intrinsically, so everything is my home,

and nothing is my home.

I feel so connected with everything, and at the same time I feel so isolated.

It's sad, feeling lonely in a crowded room.

I've shunned the place where I was raised, I avoid ties to my roots because they're not mine.

I told you, atom by atom I'm a product of stardust, and where I am home is everywhere else.

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And with no home, oh yes yes, I have four walls I've packed belongings from my past into spaces,

but all this time my roots have searched for ground to seep into while I remain

gasping for air.

Now I found a place with you, and when I walk out my door at night waiting there,

right outside my front door, my favorite constellation in the night sky, is right there to greet me.

And now that I look around me I see traces of my past I love in the greenery around my home. For the first time in my life

I cut my own grass, I pull my own weeds, I water the seeds we placed in the ground on *our* land.

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And I'm wondering if I can finally take a deep breath, inhale, exhale.

I've never had roots. I want you to understand this. But I wonder if I can rake my fingers through this dirt —

our dirt, on our land -

well, maybe we can get our hands a little dirty, and finally have a place that we can call home. love in the universe

wanted to play janet kuypers

Love is a crazy game

And I so desperately Wanted to play

I rolled the dice I took a chance And I lost The game

And then I was asked if I would like to play again

Love is a crazy game

And I so desperately Want to play

electricity janet kuypers 414115

- almost didn't believe it, but there was enough electricity between us to power a small city. Well, maybe Kane. Or maybe Logan Square...

Every once in a while my hair stands up on my arms, at the base of my neck. I feel the electricity in the air, and I wonder: is it just me, or do you feel the electricity between us still when we're suddenly in the same room.

Chicago poet Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist, a writer, photographer, and a literary magazine editor running Scars Publications, which hosts two literary magazines, publishes books and releases CDs. With over 90 books published (as of 05/7/16 of poetry, prose, novels and art), she has sung in 3 acoustic bands, and worked with 8 music groups (combining her poetry with music. From 2010-2016 she hosed a Chicago open mic *the Café Gallery*, with a weekly podcast. Her CD releases (40+ in 2012) appear at iTunes and other online vendors, found on line through http://scars.tv or http://www.janetkuypers.com.

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