



Janet Kuypers  
music & poetry show  
live with John Yotko  
at the Bahá'í Center  
in Austin  
9/3/16

How  
Music  
is  
Poetic

## What We Need In Life

I don't know where this highway's taking me anymore      and  
I don't know the right lines to say  
I don't feel the things that you're feeling  
                                  down deep inside of you      but  
I know this ain't the way

nothing ventured  
nothing gained  
nothing changes  
nothing stays the same

but you go your way  
I go mine  
maybe one day  
we will find

what we need in life

what we need in life

I watch the ashes from your cigarette  
                                  fall to the ground      and  
I think this fire will die down  
I think I now see what is happening here  
                                  between us      and  
I have to say good bye

nothing ventured  
nothing gained  
nothing changes  
nothing stays the same

so you go your way  
I go mine  
maybe one day  
we will find

what we need in life

what we need in life

I can't stay bitter and lonely and restless anymore      and  
I can't be here with you  
I see the red in your eyes and it scares me half to death  
and  
I'll take this road alone

nothing ventured  
nothing gained  
nothing changes  
nothing stays the same

you go your way  
and I go mine  
maybe one day  
we will find

what we need in life

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## Fantastic Car Crash

and our life is one big road trip now  
and we set the cruise control  
and make our way down the expressway.

and most of the time we're just moving  
in a straight line, and the scenery  
blurs. there's nothing to see

but I know what's inside you and I  
know what you're made of. I know  
there's no such thing as a calm with you

you are a fantastic car crash. you stop  
traffic in both directions as the gapers gawk and  
the delay grows and they slow down and stare

everything shatters with you, you know.  
it's a spectacular explosion. I try  
to duck and cover as metal flies

through the air. and every time you leave  
the scene of the accident  
I am left picking up the shards of glass

from the windows. you know, the glass breaks  
into such tiny little pieces. they look like  
ice. it takes so long to pick up the pieces

even though I'm careful  
I'm still picking up the pieces  
and I'm still on my knees

and the glass cuts into my hands  
and the blood drips down to the street.  
think of it as my contribution

to this fantastic car crash  
that is you, that is me, that is us  
as I pull the glass from my hands

and I wave my hand to the line of traffic:  
go ahead, keep driving, this happens  
all the time, there's nothing to see here

Periodic Table element #50 (Sn)

# Tin

if I only had a brain

I'd get out from under  
this bent tin roof  
that covers me  
as I sleep at night

tin metal sheets  
keep the rain away  
but the wind

but the wind

if I only had a brain  
I wouldn't stand  
at Third and Lamar  
and ask for change

You see, the commuters  
cross that corner  
to catch their train

you see, I wait  
at the other side  
'cuz the ones with the money  
have to walk right by

that's when I rattle  
my old tin cup  
give them doe eyes  
say "God bless"

but if I only had a brain  
I wouldn't rattle  
my old tin cup  
and ask for tin change  
I'd get myself up

if I only had a brain  
I'd have a lot of money  
I'd eat at fancy restaurants  
I'd wear the plastic bib

if I only had a brain  
I wouldn't be poor  
drinking  
tin cans of Fanta  
eating  
soup from a tin can  
living  
on Tin pan alley

if I only had a brain

you might bend me  
but I just won't break  
'cuz if I had a brain  
then I'd be great

from the Periodic Table of Poetry  
<http://scars.tv/periodic-table-of-poetry/>

## Made any Difference

So I'm at my bar    my favorite hang-out  
I just overheard    from people talking

that another guy    who's always here  
in the past few months    has had a few strokes

and this is grapevine    I just heard snippets  
but I needed to see him    put in my two cents

he went out for a smoke    and even though I don't  
I walked up to him    after he lit up

I reached my hand out    toward his smoke  
he offered me a new one    but... I wanted his

then holding his smoke    I told him I heard  
I spoke of his wife    asked about his kids

and I don't want to    get on a high horse  
but we care for him    we want him happy

he said I was right    he'll take some time off  
then he saw his smoke    said that he should quit

handed me the smoke    and then walked away

I stood there a while    sucking nicotine  
wondering if I    made any difference



**bio** Chicago poet Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist and publisher. As a writer & photographer, she is the founder of 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 hosted 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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