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cc@d supplement

Seasons Change

Janet Kuypers feature,
live in Dripping Springs
@ "Thirsty Thursday"
poetry with music & art
show 9/21/17



True Happiness in the New Millennium (2017 Dripping Springs edit)

Janet Kuypers
(written in 2/15/98, edited 9/12/17)

*“Sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive
The only true freedom is freedom from the heart’s desires
And the only true happiness this way lies”*

- Matt Johnson

I’m here to usher in a whole new millennium
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

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 tissue and do it yourself
because when you give up your rights, you take away mine
and we’re not having any of that

I’m here to usher in a whole new millennium
I’m here to usher in a whole new generation

they say that Eve ate from the tree from knowledge
but you know, she shouldn't have stopped just there
cause the loggers are raping the trees of knowledge
the loggers are raping the forests of talent
the forests of ability the forests of reason
of skill of logic perseverance and life
we're letting them rape the forests of excellence
and you know it's now time to take it all back
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
and I'm here to tell you how it's gonna be done

you're looking for peace in all the wrong places
you're asking your leaders to save you from yourself
but your leaders are losers and they're worse off than you

it's time to make choices and it's time to lay claim
to everything we've been blindly giving away
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
take charge of yourself, and I'll take charge of me
I'm my leader, not yours, so wipe your own noses

take it in to your hands, people, mold your own tools
this is the new millennium, and this is your chance
because no one should be showing us how to fail
people mastered that feat a millennia ago
so set your own rules and do something fast
cause it's time to take charge and it's time to be alive

I'm here to tell you there's a new sensation
and I'm here to tell you there's a new salvation
and the only true happiness this way lies

Knew I Had to be Ready

Janet Kuypers

5/22/17, @ 1:45 AM, ~12 hours after seeing the total solar eclipse

Got a pair of those solar sunglasses the other day.
Challenged myself to stare at the sun — and really,
that's such a ridiculous concept to begin with —
but wearing these glasses made me blind as a bat
'til I walked outside and guessed where to look.

And then I found it. And I was awe-struck.
And even though I didn't create these glasses,
even though I didn't create this scientific tool
I suddenly felt like I could challenge the science gods.
Yeah. Try to stun me again. I dare you.



For the past eighteen hours, we drove six plus hours
each way to get to the focal point, for the longest
duration, of the total eclipse of the sun. I had a filter
for my camera, I even had my solar sunglasses, so
I was ready for what I guessed would be a half-hour show.

And I may have been mistaken, it may have taken
three times as long to watch the moon move
it's way in the opposite direction over how our sun
dances along our daytime sky. So every few seconds
I'd take a picture, then slide on those solar glasses

to look up, to see that crescent move with my own two eyes.
Clouds moved in for a bit, I was in a panic, wait,
those evil weather gods can't make me miss my chance,
but as the clouds parted the light cloud mist danced
in front of my sun and moon, adding wisps to their show.

But I knew I had to be ready, it started getting darker,
the winds picked up, and I knew that when my moon
and sun would reach that total eclipse, that it would last
for less than two minutes — so I had to remove the filter,
change the aperture and f-stop, and try to point and click.

And... I think I did a pretty good job, but all I could think
when I saw that white ring of the sun's solar flares
each tease their way around that moon from
trying to block the sun from one of it's children...
All I could think was that this ring of fire and radiation

was so crisp and vivid, and that it reminded me
of the intricacies of the human eye, when the iris
colors dance in a circle like molecular fireworks,
or petals of a flower in full bloom. Taken aback,
it was all so breathtaking — and then I realized

that there are as many atoms in the human eye
as all constellations in the known Universe.
If seeing the sun's corona made me see the cornea
with it's intricate iris, it made me wonder.
They say the eye is the window to the soul,

so is my seeing my sun at it's most naked moment,
was my sun somehow sharing with me it's secrets too.
I've been trying to figure out my sun's message,
and I'll keep trying to take science on, always
daring it to finally, fully reveal itself to me.

Original Snowbirds

Janet Kuypers
2/17/17

I'd like to tell you a story about a bird.
It's fair to say this is the original snowbird.

In Hawaii, the Kolea is the Pacific Golden Plover.
These foraging birds hang out in Hawaii

until it is spring, where they've fattened up
for their over 2,000 mile nonstop flight to Alaska.

They have no waterproofing on their feathers,
so they don't rest, but fly for 3 days straight.

And fossils found on Oahu even reveal
that plovers have done this 120,000 years.

Because in the spring, they fly up north,
and these birds spend three months in Alaska.

They reclaim last year's breeding grounds
and incubate eggs, hatching in 25 days.

Momma and daddy bird leave the nest
just after the last chick hatches —

and predators like foxes, Jaegers & caribou
force the chicks to leave the nest.

In barely a month the chicks can then fly,
come August, which is when the parents then leave.

Now, these adult Plovers eat like mad,
gain 50% of their body fat

so they have fuel for their 3 day flight —
over 2,000 miles — to their Hawaiian home.

Yeah, you heard me right, every spring
these Pacific Golden Plovers, after bulking up,

make a 3 day nonstop flight up north
and lose 50% of their body mass doing it.

And right after their babies are ready to fly
and they've bulked up enough once more

they leave their babies to fend for themselves,
'cuz these little ones can't make the flight:

they don't have the bulk to make the trip
and they never even learned how to navigate.

With Alaska summers they'll never see stars —
or a night sky at all — until they fly south.

Maybe baby Plovers use earth's magnetic field,
'cuz it's a miracle when they do reach Hawaii.

But I've been told that when they return,
they arrive in Hawaii at the exact same spot,

year after year, for up to 20 years, and
annually are welcomed by the natives.

We think we understand the seasons.
But in Hawaii they mark the seasons

by the coming and going of the Kōlea,
the Hawaiian word that mimics the sounds

of the Pacific Golden Plovers, the parents and
their babies, 'cuz they mark the passage of time.

Autumn

Janet Kuypers

1986, 2017 Dipping Springs/Bokeh1 Art Center edit

Autumn
the sight of
vibrant
colored
leaves —
a sunburst
of
coral reds
and
rich ambers

Autumn
the smell of
burning
leaves
a thin line
of smoke
rising from
a pile of
ashes

Autumn
the taste of
fall harvests
and all the fixins
cooking for
a small
happy
thankful family

Autumn
touch a
leaf falling
from a tree top
guided
by a cool
autumn breeze

Autumn
look around
it's here
and all you
have to
do
is
enjoy
it

Marry you in Autumn

Janet Kuypers

9/13/17 and 9/14/17

When I fell in love for real
he then said to me,

I want to marry you

I want to marry you
in Autumn
when the leaves are changing
when the weather is perfect

I felt the enchanting
changing season

this is now *our* transformation

when he said to me,

I want to marry you
in Autumn



Sepia Leaves

Janet Kuypers

9/18/17

Never before in my life
have I needed to water a tree.
But here I am,
bringing buckets of water out
every couple of days
so my “mighty oak”
will be a healthy tree,
filled with colorful leaves
at the changing seasons.

Granted, my “mighty oak”
is about three feet tall,
it was the only “tree”
on the property we bought,
but okay, I’ll water it.

And maybe when
no one else’s tree leaves
transform through vibrant colors
for a month before
Autumn turns to Winter
in this semi-arid town,
maybe then I can smile
at my three foot tall
“mighty oak”,
the only tree I’ve got,
as I reach down
to touch the golden
and sepia leaves
at the top of my tree.

All summer long,
we work indoors
so we can avoid the heat.
All summer long
our fans stay on
as we try to find relief.

Quell the Vibrancy

Janet Kuypers
9/19/17

We want a natural wind;
one not filled with the beating sun
reminding us of our tortured days.

And then it comes,
we step outside
and we wait for the now cool breeze.
The heat's now quelled,
there's color in leaves,
and we finally, now, can breathe.

We lived through the heat;
we've seen the green that's not bright enough
when droughts quell the vibrancy of trees...

So enjoy this time.
Look at the leaves.
Golden, ammer, auburn, burnt sienna, taupe —

these are the times
when "sandy" and "smokey"
are as beautiful as "rosy" in the world we see.

All summer long,
we work indoors
so we can avoid the heat.
But let's flip the switch
and change the seasons
and be glad when the breeze can't be beat.

Seasons 1998

Janet Kuypers

1998, (post 7/10)

the entity of Earth lives
attacked by its denizens
Spring follows winter

Winter fire burns bright
Warmth flows over my brick hearth
Summer fire is shunned

Grandchildren bring joy,
vigor, love, fun, liveliness
With age comes calm, peace, knowledge

Soft loose wrinkled skin,
white coarse bristly chin whiskers
mark the wise woman

Limbs etched against sky,
full white clouds gathered in close
foretell winter's snow



Death takes many forms.

Janet Kuypers
1998

It is winter now.
The trees have lost their leaves;
the city is covered in a thin layer of soot and snow.
The grass is dead.
In the sunless sky black birds circle overhead
searching for prey.
An eerie cold settles over everything.
Nothing is growing anymore.

Death takes many forms.
For you, death first came when you were five years old
and your mother had to give you three shots of insulin a day
until you could take a needle to yourself.
Did it hurt to push that needle into your arm, the first time?
Or did it hurt you more to know you had no choice?

Death takes many forms.
Death can be someone telling you without trying
that they are losing their sight.
Behind coke-bottle glasses you would see me and say,
“That’s a nice black suit you’re wearing.”
And I would tell you, “It’s green.”
And you wouldn’t believe me.
You wouldn’t hear the howling wind of the changing seasons.

Death takes many forms.
I know what follows the autumn wind.
It is winter now.
Do you remember when it happened?
The changes are subtle, the temperature drops,
first only slightly. It’s almost imperceptible.
Only when the first snow falls do you realize
where the seasons have gone.

Death takes many forms.
Death can be a sweat-soaked shirt, the shakes, dizziness
when you needed food.
You would look as pale as a ghost
as I would hold your cold wet arm and steady you.
Quick, some sugar will make everything better.
Isn't everything better yet?

Death takes many forms.
The signs of death can come
when you lose your circulation.
"My feet are numb, Janet," you'd say.
"I can't feel my feet anymore."
And I would rub your feet for you,
and you would say it makes a difference,
you feel better.

If only I could do this forever.

Death takes many forms.
I said good bye to you to travel my own road
but I didn't think it was the last good bye.
How was I to know?

When I left, I knew you didn't want me to go.
And now it's my turn.

Why are we always saying good bye to each other?

Are you trying to teach me a lesson?
Because if you are, well,
I've learned it. Trust me, I have.
You can come back now.

Death takes many forms.
And now, now it seems
you've taken me down with you
you've taken me into that casket with you
and I'm running my hand along your jacket lapel
and I can feel the coldness of winter all around me
and I can hear them shoveling the dirt over my head
and I want to get out
and I want to take you with me.

Death takes many forms.
Death can be that hole you left,
you know, right over here, just a little to the left.
I keep wondering when the pain will go away.
When will everything be better.

You once showed me that winter could be beautiful.
Instead of the dark and dirty snow lacing the city streets
you showed me a quieting snowfall,
over a lake at your parent's back yard
glistening in an untouched whiteness.
I told you I hated winters
and you told me, "This you don't hate."

Well, I'm still learning.

It is winter now.
And death takes many forms.
The seasons change for you and I.
It is snowing. And something is ending.
It is snowing. Somewhere
it is snowing.

Seasons Change

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