

ISSN #
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cc@d
release

in
Autumn,
Love
is in
the
Air

Janet Kuypers poetry show/performance
at the Bahá'í Center Saturday 10/7/17 after 6pm in Austin

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.

Autumn

(2017 Dripping Springs/Bahá'í Faith Center edit)

Janet Kuypers

(written 1936, one line change 9/12/17 for 9/21/17 show)

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

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

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

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

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

Who You Tell your Dreams to

Janet Kuypers
Spring 1997

we were driving down the freeway
you and me in the pick-up truck
and your girlfriend in between
where you could move the gear shift
and it would mean so much to you

and you saw something that you thought
was beautiful, and you said, “look
at the lines, look at how it was made”
and you were inspired by the beauty
of an everyday object no one else noticed

and your girlfriend, riding in the middle
said “that’s him, people think he’s crazy”
and i thought, “no, it just depends on who
you tell your dreams to” but i couldn’t
say it in the truck i wouldn’t say it

you and me and your girlfriend

Janet Kypers

Spring 1997

we went out for drinks together
you and me and your girlfriend
to a restaurant in Malibu
with a balcony that hung over the water

had a perfectly lovely time
you and me and your girlfriend
talking about life, catching up
and you suggested that we go out on the balcony

and I thought that would be charming
for you and me and your girlfriend
but we hadn't paid our bill yet
so your girlfriend told us to go on without her

we stood outside, leaned on the rail
you and me
listened to the water crash on the rocks
below us and we talked

but now it was not about catching up
you and me
it was about ideas, dreams, plans
and before I knew it we were out there

for nearly an hour, and I said,
"what about your girlfriend?"
she was waiting for us all that time
and you said, "oh, yeah" and didn't move an inch

The Way You Tease Me

Janet Kuypers
Autumn 1997

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 me 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.



And I'm Wondering

Janet Kuypers
Summer 1997

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

Just By Holding His Hand

(extreme 2016 sestina variation)

Janet Kuypers

7/24/16 (adapted from "holding hands, a 3/17/14 variation of "holding my hand", written 04/20/18)

when we're walking down the street in stride
and our feet pump out the same rhythm
and our shoulders are almost touching
and our hands seem to brush up against
and along each other for one brief moment

in that one brief moment, our hands almost touch
and he reaches over and takes my hand
he slides his fingers around my hand
and I feel him move along my palm to my fingers

when he moves along my palm to my fingers
no one knows what it feels like then
when his fingers curl and hold me tight
well, it feels like... pop rocks

you know when it feels like pop rocks
that candy is sliding down your throat
after you let it explode on your tongue
and it's tingling, oh, you know that feeling
and no one else is eating these pop rocks
and no one knows that tingling feeling
and this is my little secret

and I love keeping this little secret
when I feel this feeling like never before
and it makes me want to laugh and cry
because when I look around the room
I know no one else is eating those pop rocks
and no one knows the feeling when he's holding my hand

no one knows the feeling when he's holding my hand
it's like candy and cupids and hearts and sunshine
and all those generic symbols of love
that never explain it just right

words can never explain it just right,
it's catching your breath, falling from an airplane
it's climbing a mountain, it's standing on a glacier,
it's following dolphins, it's swimming with sharks
it's turning your head and seeing those fingers
interlocked with yours as you're walking in stride

because then and there, walking in stride
you think of those pop rocks, tingling down your throat
but now this feeling hits all of your nerves
because pop rocks never felt like this

and now nothing has ever felt like this
it's in all of your muscles and all of your nerves
and now you want to hold on for your life
you now feel something you've never felt before
all

just by holding his hand

Mazzy 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



Looking for a Worthy Adversary

(an extreme sestina variation)

Janet Kuypers

(original written 1987, edited for 3/13/12 performance, 3/12/13)

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
someone I can lock horns with —
though my life makes more sense when I'm alone
it's not nearly as interesting

alone, it's not nearly as interesting,
so I look for a worthy adversary
someone I can battle to the death with
because it can't be about love, you see
love can't exist on the terms I demand
it's never that pure

what I demand is never that pure,
as I'm looking for a worthy adversary
I slither up to you like a snake
and I tempt you with a golden apple

I tempt you with that golden apple
but all I'm offering you
is fruit from the tree of knowledge

this snake gives you the tree of knowledge
because all this time I've been playing a part
an actress on stage, spouting lines on cue
but that role was tiresome,
those lights came on night after night
and I still had to play my part

I played my part
until my night off, where I saw your show
your protagonist was doing what I was doing
right down to faking it with those who don't matter
right down to going home and still feeling empty

I play my part, I still feel empty
but I liked to see your boiling underneath
no one else could see

I know what that emotion really means

when I know what that emotion really means
I wonder if we can get together
and write our own play

if we wrote our own play,
it would be a masterful performance
curtains would close,
we'd hold each other's hands
as we leave the stage
and the audience would know there's a happy ending

when I know there's a happy ending
I walk out on to the set
and there you stand, in front, stage left
I wait for my cue to make my move
none of the rest of the scene matters

if the rest of the scene doesn't really matter,
I wonder if the audience would see what we have...
maybe they'd like our little play,
maybe they wouldn't
who really cares

who really cares
because after I tempted you
you now tempt me and tease me and torment me
and tell me everything I was afraid to believe

I was afraid to believe
and now you talk,
you reach your hand into my brain
and pull out my thoughts
and shove them into your mouth
and spit them back at me

you spit my thoughts back at me again
and instead of filling me with terror
it fills me with joy

it fills me with joy
because I thought I'd lock horns
with that worthy adversary —
but now every day is like Valentine's Day,
it's like candy and flowers and springtime
and hearts and cupids and sunshine
and these cliches are beginning to make sense

no longer locking horns,
and everthing making sense,
I stand here like a statue
after the performance of our lifetime
and wait for the reviews

as I wait for the reviews
I wonder what they'll say
though none of it matters

none of it matters
because I know what you are going to say
it's everything that I've always wanted to say

all I ever wanted to say
is now you, taking my thoughts again
and shoving them into your mouth again
and spitting them back at me again
so I will wait for you to come on stage again
where we have our happy ending
and you tell me what I already know

in Autumn, Love is in the Air

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