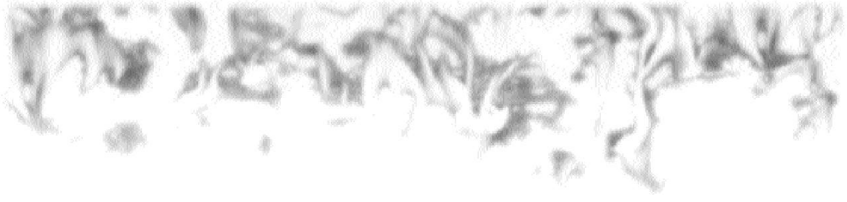


...from scars publications  
**matchbook  
insert**



**(Kuypers)**



## **the effects of nine one one**

It's strange when you think about the September 11 crashes, has everyone even thought about the fact that the terrorists decided to destroy greatness on nine one one?

It's strange, how close I came to losing friends and family: my friend didn't happen to go to the Trade Center on business that week, my brother-in-law lost a slew of contacts who died in New York, the Pennsylvania plane landed a mile from my sister-in-law's house, my friend in D.C. wasn't hurt but he talked about how different streets would be closed on different days and that there were so many military guards there you felt like you were in a war zone,

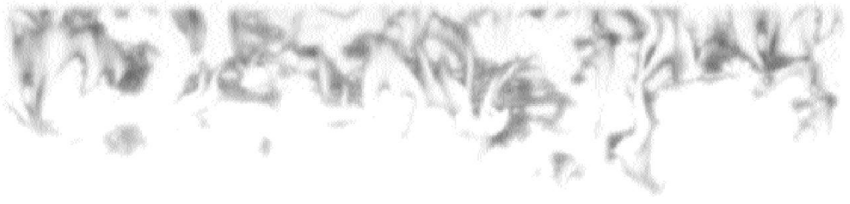
which in a way, you were.

And these terrorists, they had a masterful plan, they were stopped that day from starting at different flights, and one of them was slated, I think, to run into the Sears Tower.

I mean, think about the emotional effects of these disasters. I know different people had different reactions...

I know that for months afterward whenever we were driving toward the loop, taking the Kennedy where you could see the Chicago skyline get closer and closer, I know that every time we drove by, I would be sitting in the passenger seat and I would be imagining seeing a plane fly right into the side of the Sears Tower, toward the top, to the side, exactly like how it happened to the World





# 9-11

Trade Centers. Like how you saw it over and over again on television, when we were flooded with images of it on the news. I'd see a plane flying right into the tallest building, this landmark to Chicago.

I still see that sometimes, whenever we are driving into the city,

imagining witnessing the destruction,  
seeing it all,  
and thinking,  
what do you do then?





## **new to chicago**

I'm still new to this city  
I know, I know, I've been here for years  
but I haven't gone to the Sears Tower Observatory  
since my Junior Prom

but when I walk by the First Chicago building  
the beams along the north side  
sloping up, parabolic pillars curving up to the sky


when I walk by the First Chicago building  
I walk up along the side  
and lean up against one of the sloping pillars  
press my body against the cold concrete  
feel the cold against my chin, my breasts, by thighs

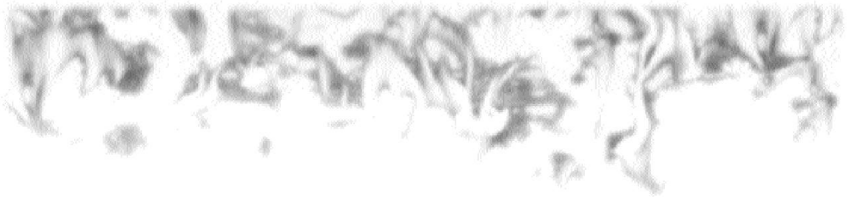
and look up along the curve, stretching up towards the sky

you know, these pillars look like race tracks  
and I could see something come rushing down that curve  
a matchbox car, a race car  
a marble, a bowling ball  
a two-ton weight

I see the seed, the power, and it  
almost makes me afraid to look up

and every time I walk by the First Chicago building  
I do the same thing, I do this little ritual  
and it feels like the first time





## **grab the other's neck**

I don't know where to start  
I don't know where all these feelings come from  
I don't know how to stop them

These feelings seem to come rushing up to me  
And I don't seem to have any control over them

And I hate myself for this  
And I'm not supposed to be having these urges  
And I hate myself for thinking that you may want me too

You know, I don't know much of anything about you  
    And I guess you don't know much about me  
But I like what I know  
Because in some respects you seem like me  
Yes, I like what I know  
    That you work too much  
    And have too much drive  
    And you have a wild side  
    And you do your best to keep your wild side in check

And I still want to  
Be able to straddle you  
Take off your glasses  
Mess up your hair





So you get strands falling around your eye  
touching your cheek  
And touching you  
To remind you of me  
And grab the hair at the back of your head  
And cock your head back  
Just so I can see your mouth starting to open  
Because God, I want to see that  
And it would make me know I'm right  
And it makes me know that you want me too  
And I'd let your hair go  
And you would stare at me  
And give me a look I just can't explain  
    And can't argue with  
    And have to submit to

And when I want this  
I would wonder  
Who would grab the other's neck  
For the kiss

I still don't know who would make that move  
    Or who could make that move  
So I'm begging you to start this cycle  
I'm pleading you  
I don't want to be the only one with these fantasies





Tell these stories to me  
Tell me you've thought these things too  
Tell me you know that we're both stuck  
Because you know there's nothing we can do

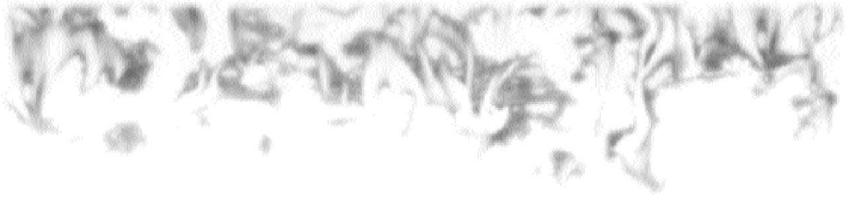
And I know this too

But I'd like to hear you say it  
To validate my fantasies, in a way,  
Because I'd love to hear you talk that way to me

I'm a sucker for that, you know

But tell me I'm not alone in this  
So I'm begging you  
I'm pleading you  
Tell me I'm not insane for thinking about you  
Tell me you have these fantasies too





## After 7/11

On seven eleven, I almost died in a car accident, unconscious for eleven days, had severe skull fractures.

After losing my car, my home and my health, all I could do was try to recover.

They even called me Elvira Doe in the hospital because they couldn't find any identification, which was buried under the seat of my totaled car.

But while in the hospital I kept imagining Dave coming to visit me, he came in through another hospital entrance

so no one saw him

and no one knew he was alive, and he was there for me.

And I wasn't alone.

I felt so alone in the hospital all those weeks, maybe it was my brain's way of trying to fill in all the unexplained gaps in my life.

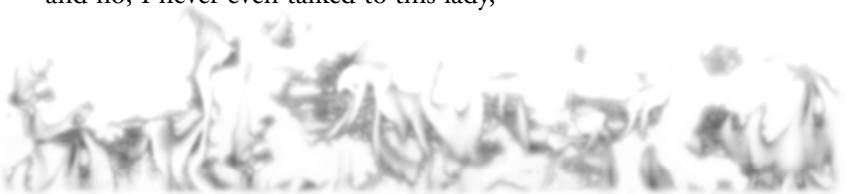
While recovering I even imagined my friend Brian, who now lives in San Francisco,

Dressing up in old woman's clothing and staying in the room like a patient with me so I wouldn't be alone.

And no, he was never in the hospital,

and yes, I shared my hospital room with an old woman who was a patient I had never met before,

and no, I never even talked to this lady,







# 7-11

While recovering I even hallucinated that I was in my apartment and not in a hospital bed

Because I REFUSED to believe that ANYTHING was wrong with me

I was in pain all the time, painkillers didn't help, my back was sore, my head ALWAYS hurt, my sinuses were terrible. I wanted the Hell out of the hospital but I couldn't take the first steps to do it. I could barely even stand. They strapped me in my bed at night,

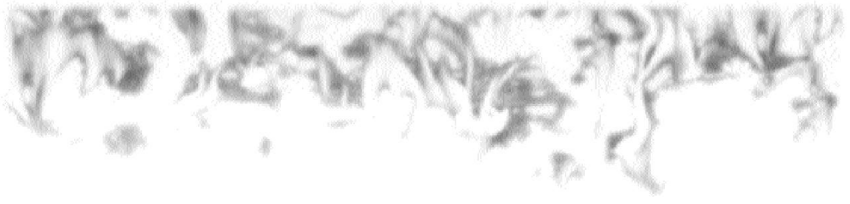
and once I contorted my way out of the harness, wrapped it up and set it on the nightstand; the nurses thought it was strange that the straps were next to my bed,

and when my mother saw how the harness was wrapped, she KNEW that I had to have done it.

I had to fight every step of the way in that hospital. Three different doctors viewing my records even nick named me "miracle girl", but learning to walk was no miracle to me,

I just had to work harder to prove everyone wrong and try to get my life back.





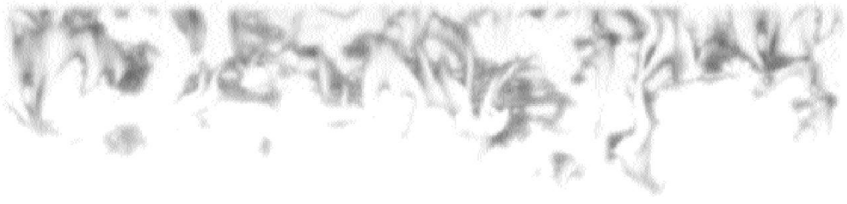
## changing garments

Agonies are one of my changes of garments

I do not ask the wounded person  
How  
He  
Feels  
Or  
Who  
He  
Is

I myself become the wounded person  
My hurts turn livid upon me  
As I lean on a cane and observe





After walking, I had to learn how to eat  
Because they kept a tube in me while I was unconscious  
And after a while it became time for me to eat again  
And I thought,

I don't need to eat

I haven't been eating this entire time in here

Eating is really overrated, what do I need it for

So when they told me I could eat

I didn't.

They offered breakfast and I told them no.

They offered lunch and I told them no.

And by the time dinner came along

my stomach was making more noise than I was

I think it started a language of its own

So being a vegetarian I got an egg sandwich

and then I was faced with this task I didn't know how to undertake.

I had to rationalize it to myself.

You've eaten before, I told myself, you can do it again.

I know it seems foreign to you, but you can do it.

Put some food on the fork, put it in your mouth, remove the fork,  
start chewing, and then just swallow it. You can do this. I had to talk  
myself through every step, the first bite was the strangest thing to me, I ate  
only half of the food,

But I did it.

I know that once I got used to eating I ate ravenously, but

The next morning they offered food and I ate an egg sandwich again  
and I had to tell myself,

You did this yesterday, Janet.

I had to goad myself into eating again.





## **death is a dog**

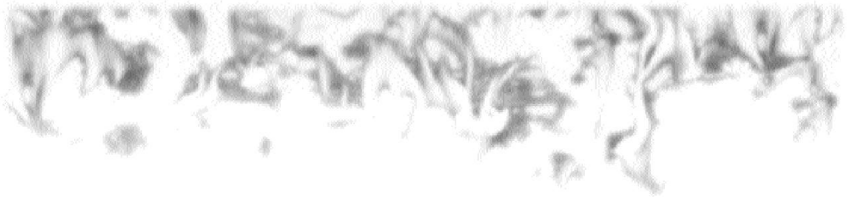
Death is an untrained little bitch  
it pees on the carpet and barks through the night  
and it's always begging  
for scraps at the table  
seeing what it can take from you  
when you've got your back turned  
when you're not looking

when you want it to heal,  
well, it never does  
and it never rolls over  
and it never plays dead

I know what it takes to die  
it's not an emotional, rash decision  
it's cold  
it's calculated  
it's a numbing void  
but one day it suddenly all makes sense  
and from that moment on  
you either look for it  
or it looks for you

Death is an untrained little bitch  
and I've been begging for it, I tell you  
but it doesn't come when you call





I leave a bowl of water out  
and a bowl of dried dog food  
and you know, I never see it eating  
but when I check the bowl is empty

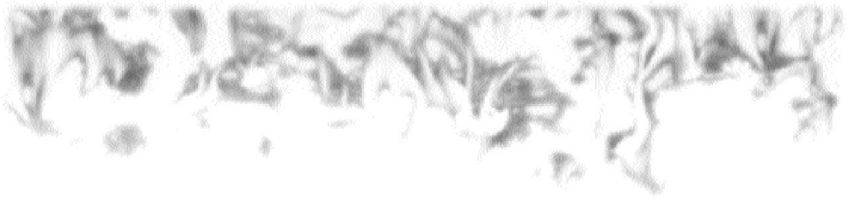
and I still refill the bowl

and vacuum the dog hair  
that sticks to the couch  
and spray air freshener  
in the living room  
because no matter how hard you try  
you can never get rid of the smell

Death is an untrained little bitch, I tell you  
and what it boils down to is this:  
you won't get along with her  
and she won't get along with you

she'll claim her territory  
under the bed,  
eating your slipper,  
while you try to sleep  
and remind yourself  
that there are no monsters  
waiting for you  
to shut your eyes





# 7-11

My sister started a journal while I was in the hospital for people to write in.  
My father, who never writes, wrote down while I was still unconscious,

I squeeze your hand  
But you don't squeeze back  
But I still love you

And my roommate, a man I dated and loved, was the first to write in the  
journal, and he wrote that he remembered me telling him just before the  
accident that I had written about a car accident, that he was a fantastic car  
crash,

And he wrote,  
But it was supposed to be ME.





## **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

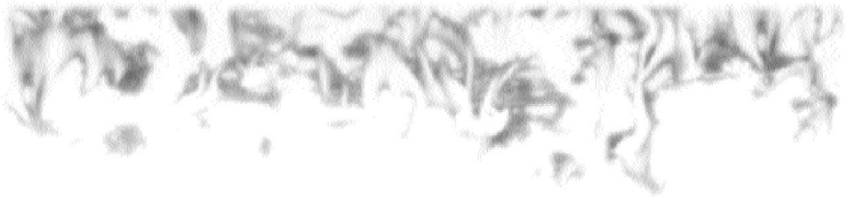
but I know what's inside you and I  
know what you're made of. I know  
there's no such thing as a calm with you

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








# **You Know It** **(fish)**

so there are these fish in my apartment  
and they're gold fish, they're not like tropical fish  
or anything  
and they just want to rush their little bodies  
up to the sides of the glass  
and stare at you  
and you know, some people have no preference  
about these fish

and for some people,  
they try not to think about these things  
and they try not to tell you much at all  
and they try to keep themselves away  
from all that  
and they try to act aloof  
and they try to say all the right things  
and the whole time  
well, the whole time those little fish  
and gawking at you and it's like they are monitoring you

and when the night is over  
you've still got those little fish  
and you know they'll be there in the morning  
and you know you'll have to feed them  
and you know  
they'll have to depend on you for something  
they'll have to  
you know it





# **'Til the Fear In Me Subsides**

I can't say I know what you've gone through  
That would only trivialize it  
and I wouldn't do that to us

But when a person goes through what you have  
Well, you seem to brush it off  
Until you come to me crying

They called you Elvira Doe in the hospital  
Because they couldn't find your identity  
And your belongings were stuck under the seat

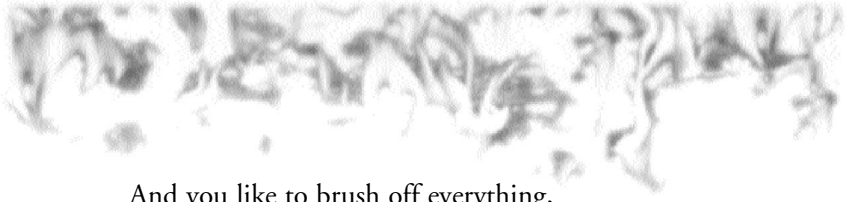
And your family wonders why when you were unconscious  
They had to remove your clothes  
That your family couldn't find a bra

Hell, I don't know if they took it or if  
You just weren't wearing one  
You can't remember, either

They called you miracle girl in the hospital  
Because no one thought you would live  
And just to spite them, you did

Other doctors examined your records  
Who didn't even know you  
Just to check on your progress





And you like to brush off everything,  
Say that you can do everything  
You never let people know when something hurts

You just got contacts for your eyes  
The doctors said they fit fine  
That is when you told me about your hospital time

Three skull fractures is worse than  
Having a broken leg  
I'll break every other bone first

Medical staff watched when your skull reset itself  
to make sure your one eye was okay  
because one eye could be damaged from it

And you know, I never wanted to tell you this,  
But that scared me  
And I wanted to know

That the eye doctors now  
thought that your eyes were fine

I don't want to scare you with these details  
Because I can't say I know what you've gone through  
but, for me, well,

It still scares me to hear the details  
And I still want to know when things are okay  
And you are that much closer to better



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