

CC&D is a magazine dedicated to showcasing the work of new artists. While no racist or sexist material is accepted, poetry and short prose (under 5 pages) of almost any genre is welcomed for consideration for publication. Artwork is also accepted, as long as originals are not sent. We accept previously published work, and will print where it was published if desired. Always include a SASE and a brief biography.

Send all materials (don't forget a SASE) to: Children, Churches and Daddies J. Kuypers, Editor 5310 North Magnolia, lower level Chicago, Illinois 60660

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Larry Blaczek
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Lyn Lifshin
C Ra McGuirt
Joanne Seltzer
Cheryl Townsend
Mary Winters





volume two: scars 1993

Love Rider

Love is a bicycle, yeah, love is a bicycle it goes round and round and if you don't go too fast you get somewhere and it can last and last and never use no gas Love is a bicycle, yeah

Love is a clean shirt, yeah
love is a clean shirt
it wraps itself around you
it makes you feel good and clean
if you're very careful
it will never lose its sheen
and if it does
just wash it again
Love is a clean shirt, yeah

Larry Blaczek



Lyn Lifshin

here

something as mysterious as quarks a pull like naked charm sets in changes the air mysterious as what happ<mark>ens in hou</mark>ses where women who live together a long time begin to get their period on the same day something un spoken runs from pillow to pillow may be while we sleep like mice in the wall forms the field of apples and elderberry into a sea of glazed green reflecting more colors than an ordinary prism then the birds come you drift all day in and out of yourself fly until a car churns up thru the gravel like lights going on at the end of a movie



mint leaves at yaddo

In frosty glasses of tea. Here, iced tea is what we make waiting for

death with this machine my mother wanted. Not knowing if she'd still be

here for her birthday we still shopped madly, bought her this present for.

For twenty days my mother shows only luke warm interest in tea, vomits even

water, but I unpack the plastic, intent on trying this sleak device while

my mother, queen of gadgets,
— even a gun to demolish flies —

maybe the strangest thing she got me can still see the tall glasses that seem summery on what is the longest day. Soon the light will go she says,

the days get shorter.
I can't bear, she
murmers another
winter in Stowe and

I think how different this isolation is, this iced tea, this time that stretches

where little grows as it did, green as that mint except my mother, smaller,

more distant, gaunt

Lyn Lifshin



Lyn Lifshin

terror

you wake up to a dream of chomping into a sandwich minutes before going on stage and not a tooth but a chunck of your jowl comes out with it louder than pipes that clank and clang a warning that something worse than you want to know is happen ing a road sign to what could be ahead like biopsies



2 years

to the day before
the night i really met you,
i went back
with my new good woman.

we ate and talked and laughed. i drank to giddy victory, and gave a hell of a reading.

i believed it even after the whiskey wore off.

on the way home, i wept for you. i can afford to

C Ra McGuirt

dogwood (exerpt from)

• •

i wish you'd come to the country with me yesterday

the ride was pink and white and green

brother larry made bread with daughter moon

there will never be another day exactly like that

C Ra McGuirt





the brutal muse

i am a poet sick of poetry

less wo<mark>rds</mark> more love

is what i need

i moan

like some recalcitrant virgin:

you promised to only stick it a little ways...

C Ra McGuirt



anyone in the western world with any sense knows

that going outside barefoot

or next to bareassed in the cold

does not give colds to anyone;

colds are caused by viruses,

and that you're better off naked in the snow

than in a room full of people.

my young wife has never heard of this superstition:

her medical education comes by way of the old wives of her country.

so I put my shoes on and yes, my coat before I go out:

a man can dispute with his wife of things unprovable and unseen,

and sometimes come out the winner,

but I know better than to argue with

Holy Mother Russia.

young wives tales

C Ra McGuirt



Hotel

translation: Guillaume Apollainaire

My room has the form of a cage
The sun puts his arm through the window
But I who wish to smoke to make mirages
Light my cigarette with fire from the day
I don't wish to work I wish to smoke

Ma Chambre a la forme d'une cage Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer

Joanne Seltzer



I can only advise

you must make your own decision to report or not report the incident

don't shower don't change
your clothes don't comb your hair
we must confirm the accusation
has your father done this
before did your mother try
to stop him

you shouldn't have left the tavern with a stranger did you flirt did he menace you with a knife or just a penis did he hurt your throat

should you tell your husband
your boyfriend
you must make your own decision
I don't know your husband
your boyfriend I can only advise

against gonorrhea

those cigarette burns on your vulva will heal no one will notice the scars

Joanne Seltzer



Cheryl Townsend

ouroboros

I have felt the slap of a hand across my smile the snap of a belt wherever it landed at random and my hair tight in fists void the passion of lust I have heard the words that last a lifetime who I am and what I have given love in confusion I have taken less in search and taken vengence on too many to justify

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Cheryl Townsend

she let herself

in with a quiet key dropping all testaments on his floor and kitchen counter then made her way through the darkness concealing loyalty up the stairs to where he was sleeping in dreams of her she slid into his sheets like a shroud he rose to her needing hands she painted his skin with lust her tongue tasting Eden he tuned aware of who and why grabbing his when forgetting circumstences as the intensity grew thicker between them he lavished her patchouli scenting sex she pulled him into her void whirlpooled in sweat and moist wanting he pushed all other from within her filling again with him alone she took and took knowing the tomorrow her cries giving impetus to his search for more than temporary feeling the desperation wrapped in her thighs she just wanted it all knowing it was there for her spontaneity and nothing more always so perfect to her insistence so sating to his covet relinquishing knowledge like sweat dripping into the sheets that will wash the evidence out of the evening in some day to come



Cheryl Townsend

y<mark>our little tin</mark> soldier

stands at full attention
war ready and well feuled
for a nights journey into
deep forests of hot swamp
ravage the countryside and
pillage all that you can
take home souvenirs for your
wife to find like a landmine



" scars"

Like when the Grossman's German shepherd bit the inside of my knee. I was babysitting two girls and a dog named "Rosco." I remember being pushed to the floor by the dog, I was on my back, kicking, as this dog was gnawing on my leg, and I remember thinking, "I can't believe a dog named Rosco is attacking me." And I was thinking that I had to be strong for those two little girls, who were watching it all. I couldn't cry.

Or when I stepped off Scott's motorcycle at 2:00 a.m. and burned my calf on the exhaust pipe. I was drunk when he was driving and I was careless when I swung my leg over the back. It didn't even hurt when I did it, but the next day it blistered and peeled; it looked inhuman. I had to bandage it for weeks. It hurt like hell.

When I was little, roller skating in my driveway, and I fell. My parents yelled at me, "Did you crack the sidewalk?"

When I was kissing someone, and I scraped my right knee against the wall. Or maybe it was the carpet. When someone asks me what that scar is from, I tell them I fell.

Or when I was riding my bicycle and I fell when my front wheel skidded in the gravel. I had to walk home. Blood was dripping from my elbow to my wrist; I remember thinking that the blood looked thick, but that nothing hurt. I sat on the toilet seat cover while my sister cleaned me up. It was a small bathroom. I felt like the walls could have fallen in on me at any time. Years later, and I can still see the dirt under my skin on my elbows.

Or when I was five years old and my dad called me an asshole because I made a mess in the living room. I didn't.

Like when I scratched my chin when I had the chicken pox.

Janet Kuypers



Coldest shoulder between her and red-hot myth of married love, tall tale sung by prankster Beach Boys: "wouldn't it be nice..." so nice if we were married nice

particularly since we would "sleep together," but

that's where everyone's wrong: he needs "privacy" to sleep which means he never ever touches her in bed except when he itches

itches hoping she's itching too

then he inches on over scratching at her heart, her mouth, her...

Then she's off to the couch: she needs self-determination vengeance - "silence" to sleep and what can he say

that's her trump card because he snores imitating major appliances plumbing disasters power tools army aircraft so loud he wakes himself up laughing

while she hopes that too-short couch won't permanently gnarl her knees in compensation for her recompense; knees in the morning hot stiff and aching as if she'd been

kidnapped, buried in a too-small wooden box underground.

snubs

Mary Winters



Two-Story Livingroom

is eight steps down from rest of apartment. You pause at top chin up back straight staring hard into middle distance: deliver fallen consort's funeral oration to sobbing thousands at Roman Forum even the bird-hawkers quiet for once or

swoop down fast on tiptoe hoops aswing like a fire bell Scarlet O'Hara escaping naptime at the barbecue to rendezvous with Ashley in the library or you imagine last noisy

carom down the stairs you hardaging Hollywood star of the 1920's you can't even pay those young men any more that last quart of booze did you in. About that middle

distance: how you love to tease sweet hoaxable real-life spouse - today the workers are coming to put a giant platform in the middle of the room; sorry if it interferes with twelve-foot-high bookcases for Dear's antique medical books ... you'll

have that room for your own even if it's got to be a box in the air.

Mary Winters





driving by his house

I know it's pretty pathetic of me, I don't know what I'm trying to prove. I don't even want to see him again. I don't want to have to think about him, I don't want to think about his big eyebrows or the fact that he hunched over a little when he walked or that he hurt me so much.

I know it's pretty pathetic of me, but sometimes when I'm driving I'll take a little detour and drive by his house. I'll just drive by, I won't slow down, I won't stop by, I won't say hello, I won't beat his head in, I won't even cry. I'll just drive by, see a few cars in the driveway, see no signs of life through the windows, and then I'll just keep driving.

I don't know why I do it. He never sees me, and I never see him, although I thought I didn't want to see him anyway. When I first met him I wasn't afraid of him. Now I'm so afraid that I have to drive by his house every once in a while, just to remind myself of the fear. We all like the taste of fear, you know, the thought that there's something out there stronger than us. The thought that there's something out there we can beat, even if we have to fight to the death.

But that can't be it, no, it just can't be, I don't like this fear, I don't like it. I don't want to drive by, I want to be able to just go on with my life, to not think about it. I want to be strong again. I want to be strong.

So today I did it again, I haven't done it for a while, drive by his house, but I did it again today. When I turned on to his street I put on my sunglasses so that in case he saw me he couldn't tell that I was looking. And then I picked up my car phone and acted like I was talking to someone.

And I drove by, holding my car phone, talking to my imaginary friend, trying to unobviously glance at the house on my left. There's a lamppost at the end of his driveway. I always noticed it, the lampshade was a huge glass ball, I always thought it was ugly. This time three cars were there. One of those could have been his. Through the front window, no people, no lights. I drive around a corner, take a turn and get back on the road I was supposed to be on.

One day, when I'm driving by and I get that feeling again, that feeling like death, well then, I just might do it again.

Jan<mark>et Kuypers</mark>

Clay, by Janet Kuypers

so I was at this bar, on the coast of florida — the west coast, the gulf side, you know. it was this place called lana kai, and my friend gave me a ride all the way from naples, which is a good forty-five minutes south of the place.

and so we were sitting there at the bar, which is half indoors and half on the beach, and all these old men kept staring at my friend's chest. a couple guys bought us beer and one guy asked me to dance. I was surprised he asked me to dance, and not my friend — men were usually more attracted to her.

but the guys were jerks anyway — one looked like a marine with that haircut and must have been high on something, one looked like he decided to forgo hygiene, another was twice my age. it's not as if I try to pick up men in bars anyway.

so after a while I couldn't stand being at the bar, next to the reggae band that was playing (I never really liked reggae music anyway, I mean, it's too slow to dance to), so I begged my friend to come walk with me on the beach.

christ, I felt like a ten-year-old with a bucket and shovel when I kicked off my black suede shoes and ran into the water. I always loved the feel of sand when it's drenched in water. it feels like clay as it seeps around my toes, pulling me into the ground.

so there I was, splashing in the water, wearing a black sequin dress, throwing my purse to the shore, taking a swig from my can of miller lite. this was life, I thought. pure and simple. an army couldn't have dragged me out of the water.

so my friend found some guy to hit on, as she usually does, and she wanted me to hit on his friend. I found him ugly as all sin, and impossible to talk to. I told him that one of the rafts on the shore was mine, and instead of driving to the bar I sailed. and he believed me. I told my friend flat out that I wouldn't go with him. she was pissed that I didn't find him good-looking.

so then He strolled up from the bar to the beach, an intriguing stranger, and He walked up right next to me in the water, still wearing his shoes, seeming to know that I needed to be saved. as most knights in shining armour would. and He said hello to me, and He started talking to me, and He cracked a few jokes, and He made me laugh. and okay, I'll admit it — he was good-looking, really good looking. I remember at one point, looking at him made me think of a greek statue, He had this curly hair, this sharp chin, these stong cheek bones. but those greek statues could never talk to me, they have no color, they don't come alive. they're made of stone.

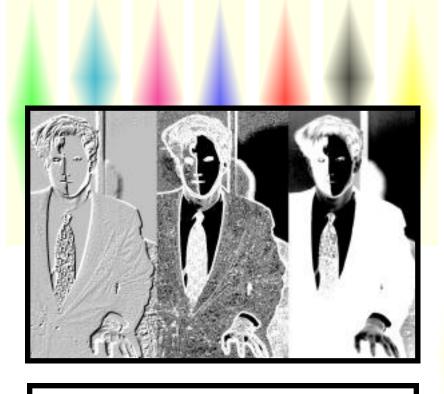
His name was Clay. and when we talked He crept into my pores, the way the sand made it's way between my toes. His voice tunneled into me, boring me hollow, making me anxiously wait to be filled with more and more of His words.

my friend disappeared with her new-found monosyllabic lover, for hours, until long after the bar closed, leaving me stranded. there I was, forty-five miles north of my home at 2:20 in the morning with no means of transportation. it could have been worse, I could have been somewhere other than on the beach, I could have been sober, and I might not have had a knight in shining armour named Clay to save me.

and as He drove me home (an hour and a half out of his way), I couldn't help but run my fingers through his hair, it was an uncontrollable impulse, like the urge to drag your fingers deep into the wet sand. I told Him I was just trying to keep Him awake for the drive.

it's almost better if I never see Him again, then I can always think of Him this way.





masquerade, images 1-3. by Janet Kuypers.



mixed messages: what women are supposed to be, images 1-3, by Janet Kuypers.







<mark>i want</mark>ed pain

You screamed at me to pull over. You wanted me to stop. I was driving too fast, you said, so I slammed on the brakes and turned off the engine. As I stepped outside I wanted to jump out of the car and run. run until I lost myself. And yet I wanted to fall. I wanted to fall to the ground. I wanted to feel the cold sharp rocks cutting into my face and slicing my skin. I wanted pain to feel good again. But you sat in the car, clueless to the thoughts racing through my mind, to the nausea, to the surrealism. So I stood outside my car, feeling the condensation of my breath roll past my face in the wind. It was a constant, nagging reminder that I still had to breathe.

bios biographies

Larry Blaczek's whereabouts are unknown, but we suspect he's trapped in Indiana somewhere, and relief crews are working on getting him out.

Janet Kuypers is working as a production manager for three magazines in Chicago. She designs books and magazines in her spare time, and had recently published "Hope Chest In The Attic". She has had over 55 written pieces and over 55 visuals published. Her work focuses on feminism, and specifically, acquaintance rape.

Lyn Lifshin resides in New York, and the poems in this issue mark the second issue she has been published in, along with others in this list. She has had a number of books published.

C Ra McGuirt lives in Nashville, Tennessee with his wife, Olga, and stepson, Ivan. A performance poet, unpublished novelist, and former professional wrestler, McGuirt has been hosting Nashville's popular "Poetry in a Pub" series of open mic readings for over six years.

Joanne Seltzer's poems have appeared widely in anthologies, such as When I am Old I shall Wear Purple , and in literary journals, such as The Croton Review and Kalliope . She has also published short fiction, literary essays, translations of French Poetry and three poetry chapbooks of her own work.

Cheryl Townsend is the editor of the literary magazine Impetus, and is the author of scads of chapbooks of thought-provoking material, usually concerning women's sexuality in today's society.

Mary Winters' publications were law related until 1991, and since then her work has appeared in many magazines. "Only One Promise" from Winters was chosen as a Plainsongs Award poem. Winters works as an attorney in a civil legal aid office in Newark, New Jersey. Born in Pittsburgh and raised in Cincinnati, Winters now lives in New York City.

