

Children, Churches and Daddies is a magazine highlighting poetry, prose and artwork. While no racist or sexist material is allowed (Yuck!), work of almost any medium is accepted, as long as the length is under five pages and a SASE is enclosed. If sending artwork, please do not send originals. Feel free to include work that has been previously published (and let CC & D know where), and include a bio, if possible, with submissions.

Children, Churches and Daddies

Janet Kuypers, Editor

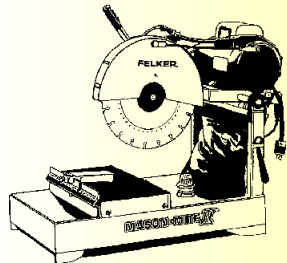
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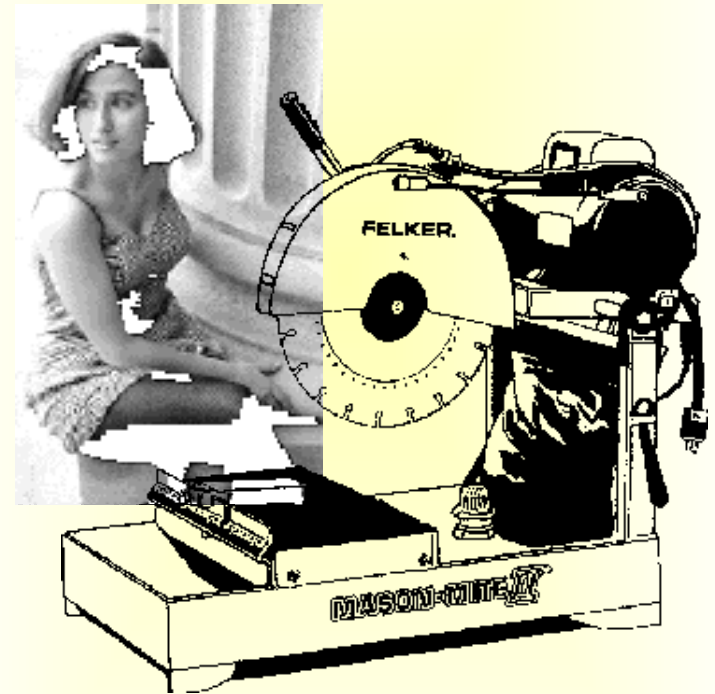
Children, Churches and Daddies, Janet Kuypers.

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This Month's Contributors:

D. Phillip Caron
Jack Harrison
Debra Purdy Kong
Janet Kuypers
Lyn Lifshin
C Ra McGuirt
Pearl Marl Wilshaw



Volume Four: Construction Time Again



Editor's Note

As I start to compile volume four of cc&d, I find myself looking at this publication, and the people that are in it, and smiling. I have met some very talented people: editors of other magazines, established writers as well as people who have never been published before, women and men from their early twenties to their late seventies.

I started this magazine because I saw a need for it - writers like us, if no one else (is poetry really dead?), enjoy seeing the others' work. What I never anticipated in doing this magazine is the wonderful responses I have received from the writers. I have received letters of such encouragement, such kindness. I feel I've developed actual relationships (even if only through the postal service) with some people out there, because they've been considerate to a fellow writer. They've told me about their problems, asked for tips, offered their own tips, and showed gratitude and admiration.

This is my way of not only thanking everyone for their encouraging words, but also of letting you know that I admire all of you, too.

Publishing poetry is tough today. You're all trying, the way I try, and I think that is wonderful. If we support each other the way you have been supporting me, we can accomplish anything we want to. I thank you for your support. And I want you to know that you will always have mine.

Janet Kuypers, Editor

c C & D

Biographies



D. Phillip Caron was an Army captain from 1966 to 1985, and has been published in periodicals in Minnesota, California, Tennessee and Virginia. Caron authored "Eagles and Other Prey", a book of poetry on Viet Nam, which received a Pulitzer nomination. Caron describes himself now as "Just getting older and cranky."

Jack Harrison lives near Washington D.C., has lived in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, & Kentucky. He worked as a newspaper editor, a university professor, and now he edits agricultural economics publications for the federal government. Harrison has been published in Potpourri, Metropolitan, Journeys, ESC!, Aberations, Ignus Fatuus, Cynical Beetnik, Lucidity, Pinehurst Journal, and S.L.U.G.fest.

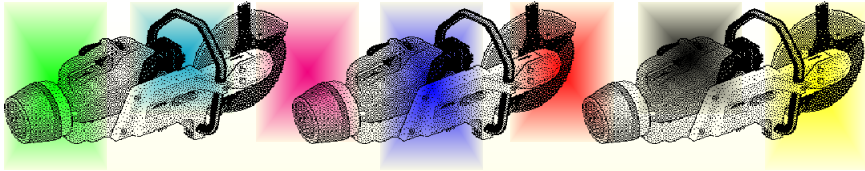
Our first writer from Canada, **Debra Purdy Kong** is a criminology graduate. Born in Toronto and Raised in British Columbia, Purdy Kong has been writing since 1980. She has completed two mystery novels and has been published in magazines in Canada and the United States.

Janet Kuypers, from Chicago, has been published in a number of different magazines, has published scads of her own chapbooks and recently published the 200 page collection book "hope chest in the attic." She wants everyone to buy a copy.

Lyn Lifshin, Washington D.C., has also had scads of chapbooks published, and her many appearances at cc&d are a testimonial to that - she has appeared in every issue published so far.

C Ra McGuirt, who wins the contest for the most fascinating name, resides in Nashville, Tennessee, and has been sponsoring poetry readings for the longest time. This is the third issue McGuirt has been published in.

Pearl Mary Wilshaw resides in New York, is a teacher and a new writer. This is the first time her work has appeared in cc&d.

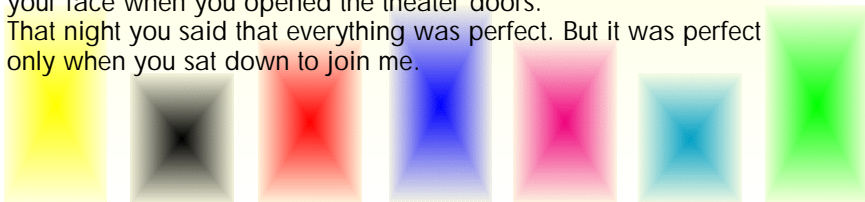


what you could make me do, by Janet

I
I remember when you and Brad and Joe and I decided to kill a bottle of champagne, Andre pink, two-for-five, on a building top in the December cold. I remember standing at the top of this building with this bottle of cheap champagne in my hand and not caring that it was cold, that I was breaking the law. I was young, and free. And I had friends. We stood in the shape of a triangle and made the person in the center drink. I said they had to spin while they drank, then belch when they were done. Brad and Joe were more than willing; the belching was a contest for them. And I became one of the boys for a night, to become closer to you. You didn't want to belch, or spin, or really even drink. I didn't make you. But you did. And I'd like to think that in your heart you did it because you wanted to follow me. I've always wanted to tell you that I wanted to follow you, too.

II
I got your watch engraved the day of my Christmas party. I didn't want to bother with wrapping the thing, besides, I didn't even have a box for it, so I just wore it. You never knew it was there. When you couldn't take the suspense any longer, I told you that I had it on me. It must have been quite a sight to see you walking in circles around me, trying to figure out what I was hiding from you. But I wasn't even hiding it. I was wearing it on my wrist, with my other watch, as plain as day.

III
So I made a full picnic and brought it to an empty theater. And I put on my best black dress, you know, the one that is off the shoulders, the one I wear to make heads turn. I set out the food, played slow music and put the champagne glasses you bought me on the center of the stage floor. When I sat down I was afraid splinters from the hard-wood floor would run my stockings. But I wanted you to see what you could make me do. I didn't want you to think I was some nobody. And I wanted to see the look on your face when you opened the theater doors. That night you said that everything was perfect. But it was perfect only when you sat down to join me.



David, by Janet Kuypers

When I know you're not going out anywhere in the morning, I get dressed, brew some flavored coffee, put it in a thermos, and bring my book to that hut on the corner of San Lu Rue Avenue. The coffee tastes good when the Florida air is just chilly enough to open your eyes. I sit there, and I write, usually about you, and I wait. I know you're a late riser, but within a half hour you're there. Empty mug in one hand, drawing book and pencils in the other. Cigarettes in pocket. You look tired. But I'm awake.

I used to fear for your life, you know, when you were messed up with the drugs, the gangs. I'd sit up nights wondering why you didn't call. I'd wonder if you were dead. I'd wonder if you were beaten up, bleeding on a subway, trying to hold your ribs in place. It hurt to care from five hundred miles away, for someone who couldn't care for himself. I'm glad that you straightened yourself out. Or I'm glad you almost did.

I remember being in your car, driving back from Tiger Tail beach. My skin felt itchy from the salt. My feet were sticking out the window, pressed against the rear-view mirror. I think you were holding my hand.

This was after you told me you wanted me to marry you. You never asked me to marry you, but you told me that's what you wanted. I should have expected that from you. But you always surprised me.

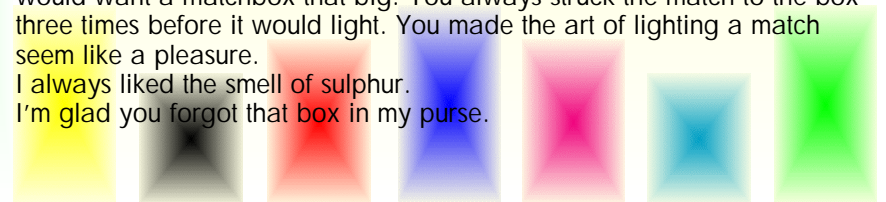
I remember thinking that we could never get along for any reasonable length of time. You didn't want to leave Canada; I didn't want to leave the States. You wanted to backpack around Europe; I wanted to get a job, an apartment, some security. Vacationing at the tip of this peninsula seemed to be the only way we could meet.

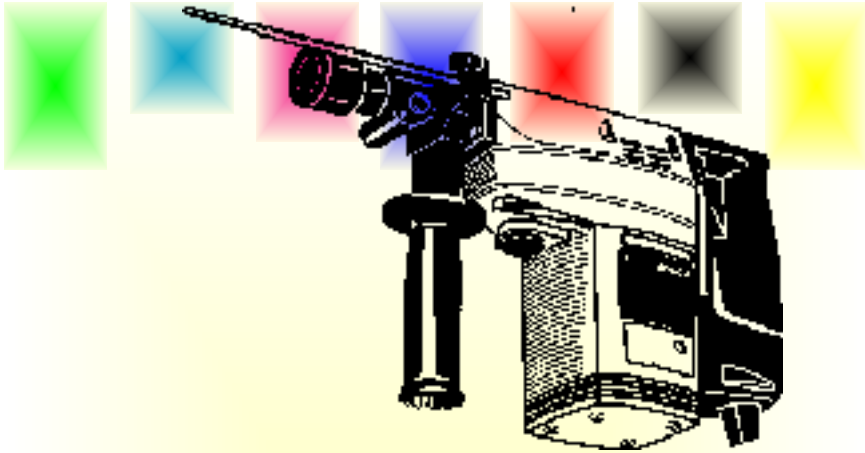
But even though my skin hissed from the salt and the sun, in that car with you I felt like we could go anywhere.

I looked in my purse today and found a box of Swan Vestas matches. You bought them at the tobacco shop in the mall in Naples. You asked me to hold the box for you. I couldn't understand why you bothered to buy matches

when you could get matchbooks anywhere, but I must admit that you looked good when you lit one of them. The box was so big. No American would want a matchbox that big. You always struck the match to the box three times before it would light. You made the art of lighting a match seem like a pleasure.

I always liked the smell of sulphur.
I'm glad you forgot that box in my purse.





Hearing the News, By Lyn Litshin

he was one of
God's greatest
creatures some
one says another says a
noticable serenity
in the past year
as he grew thinner
more deliberation
his movements he
seemed almost spiritual

there's a custom
in Judaism
that when they take
the holy book from
the ark, carry it
around you touch
it with your
prayer shawl

then kiss the fringes
of the shawl. I confess
when Ashe walked by
he says I was
sometimes
tempted to reach
out and touch
his hand or
clothing as
if he were holy

c C & D



Saturday Morning, by Jack Harrison

Maria Rodriguez pushed the vacuum cleaner rapidly back and forth over the maroon carpet in the conference room, taking care not to let it touch the stocky legs of the long, massive walnut table or the thin legs of the ornate chairs with needlepoint cushions.

She glanced nervously at the only door to the room. She knew there were a few people in the building on a Saturday morning.

A boy about twelve years old stuck his head in the door and she flipped the switch to turn off the machine. The shrill whine unwound to stillness.

"I'll take the trash downstairs now, Momma," the boy said.

"Okay, Willie, that's fine. I'm almost done in here."

A few minutes later, she placed the vacuum cleaner in a closet in the outer office and looked up at the clock on the wall. In about an hour her nine-year-old daughter would be arriving home after spending the morning at a friend's house.

A man walked into the room. He was carrying several folders and some loose papers.

"Maria," he said, "you had to come in on Saturday, huh?"

"Yes, Mr. Carlson."

"Those guys sure left a mess. I guess they were here late on the contract." He walked into a corner office with large windows overlooking the city.

Maria began straightening up the outer office. She scooted chairs into place at several desks. Two file cabinet drawers were open and she pushed them shut. She picked up a pair of shoes near a secretary's work station and placed them side by side under the desk.

The boy returned. "What should I do now?" he said.

"Help me finish up here," she said.

(continued)

c C & D



The man came out of his office and walked over to a file cabinet.

"Oh, Mr. Carlson," she said, "I'd like you to meet my son, William."

The man smiled and stepped toward the boy. "Hi," he said, shaking the boy's hand. "William, huh? That's MY name."

"Willies' in the sixth grade," the woman said. "He's going to be a lawyer, too." She smiled proudly.

The man chuckled. "Oh, yeah? Well, that's just fine. Helping out your mom today, huh?"

"Yes, sir," the boy said.

The man turned to the woman. "You look great in those jeans, Maria," he said. He bent over and patted her on the rear end. Grinning, he glanced at the boy, then walked back into his office and sat down.

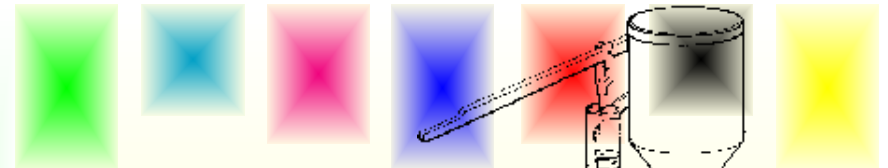
The woman's face reddened. She looked at the boy, then quickly away. "Check over there," she said, pointing across the hall. Her voice was barely audible. "Make sure we got all the trash."

The boy walked into the room that the woman had pointed out. It contained two photocopy machines. He kicked the side of one of the machines, then took a deep breath. Several packages of copier paper were scattered on a table. He stacked them in a pile. On the table lay a key ring with six keys on it, which he picked up and put in his pocket.

He thought about a recent night when he had been awakened and found his mother asleep in a chair in the living room, holding in her lap a pair of slacks she had been hemming. That was her other job - doing alterations for a clothing store.

He thought about how embarrassed and angry he had been when some kids at school had called him a "wetback" and "greaser." But it hadn't happened in several months and he had been hopeful that it wouldn't again.

He heard his mother call his name and walked out into the hall.



"Mr. Carlson can't find his keys," she said. "Would you help me look?"

"They wouldn't be out here," the man said, sounding angry. "Maybe they're on my desk."

He went into his office. The woman and the boy stood near the office door, not sure if they were supposed to go in.

"Well, hell," the man said. "I'll look in the men's room."

As he walked out of his office, he said, "That's the only key to the Mercedes. My wife lost the other one last month."

The woman and the boy went back to their work and soon finished. As they were putting on their jackets, the man returned.

"I couldn't find 'em," he said, and stalked into his office. The woman and the boy left.

Neither said anything until they had almost reached the end of their bus ride.

"Are you getting paid for working today?" the boy said finally.

"They told me I could probably take some time off later," she said.

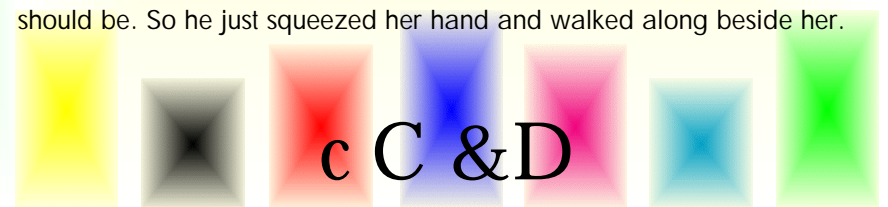
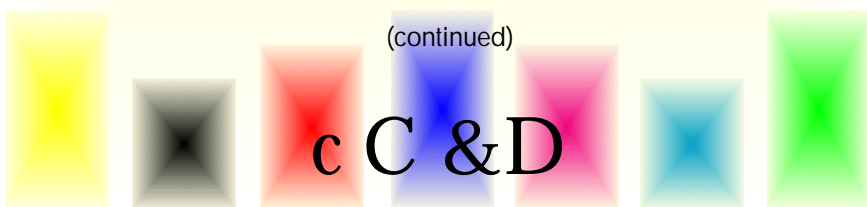
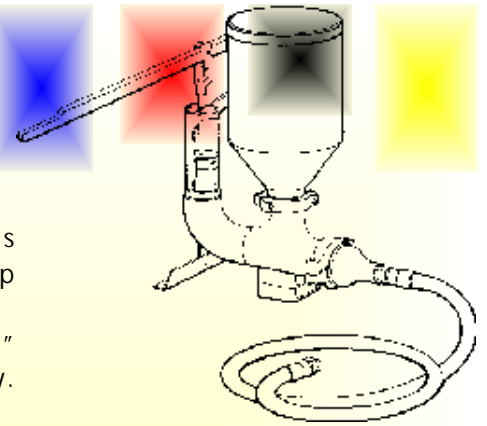
They were both silent for a moment.

"I don't mind," she said. "I need the job. We all have to try to get along in the world."

The boy looked out the window.

On the three-block walk from the bus stop to their apartment building, as they were crossing a bridge over a small stream, the boy slowed his pace and fell a few steps behind the woman. He took the keys out of his pocket and tossed them into the water. The woman didn't notice.

The boy ran to catch up and took hold of her hand. He felt a little better, but not much. He wanted to say something, but he wasn't sure what it should be. So he just squeezed her hand and walked along beside her.





Negative Perspiration, by C Ra McGuirt

the man on the
tv commercial
declares:

“when a woman
sweats,

she’s just,

not,

YOU know,

SEXY...”

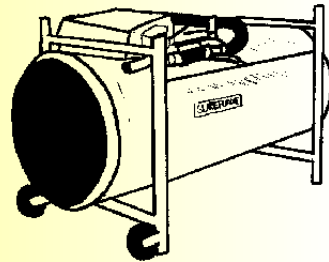
this man

(and i use
the term
loosely)


has obviously
never

MADE

a woman sweat.



c C & D



Janelle, by Lyn Lifshin

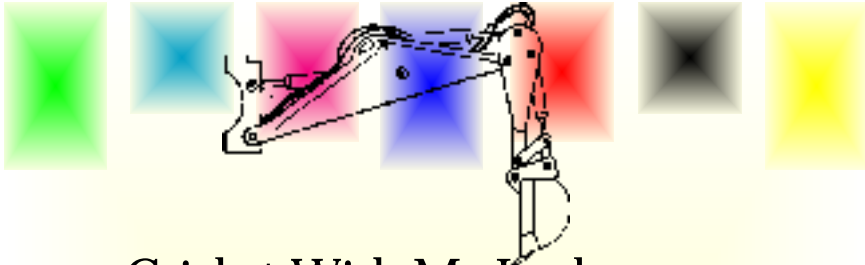


she’s been missing
five years snatched
we’re sure from the
house near Christmas
Janelle was at a
concert my wife
flying to LA to
surprise her sick
father the other
daughter had a
basketball game
there was a note
from a teacher
asking me to sub
the next day in
Hanelle’s hand
writing but when

I got back, no
thing she didn’t
run away wearing
my slippers she
was in her singing
outfit her shoes
and panty hose
were on the couch
she wouldn’t have
left — she was
12 — in her mama’s
slippers she’s
wearing my slippers
she’s not running



c C & D



Cricket Wish Me Luck, by C Ra McGuirt

i'm sorry
that you're asleep,
because i want you.

i'm glad
that you're asleep,
so i can write

about the ways
that i want you.

i want you
as you were tonight

in your nightgown
with your hair down

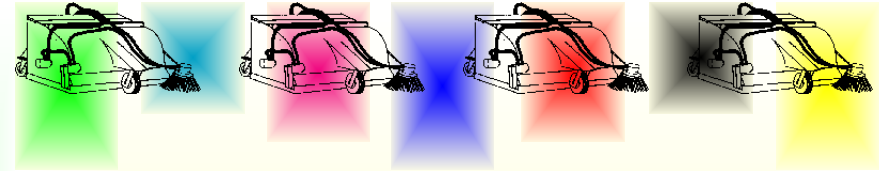
Holy Mother Russia
a girl again

frightened by a cricket
in the bathroom

you had never seen a cricket in the light,

(continued)

c C & D



Knowledge, by Janet Kuypers

I hated going into these Goddamn gas stations in the middle of nowhere, but we'd been driving for so damn long that I think I lost all feeling in my ass. Besides, I had to go to the bathroom. It couldn't wait. He said he'd pump the gas this time, so I got out of the car and began to stretch when I saw the attendant staring at me through the window from behind the counter. It was an eerie stare. A sex stare. I stopped stretching.

I walked around the side of the building, where the dingy arrows pointed to the washrooms. I really didn't need the signs, for the smell of shit that has been sitting around overpowered the smell of the dust in the air as I walked closer and closer to the bathrooms ... I walked past the men's room and up to the ladies room to find that the door was... gone. It was propped up on the inside of the bathroom wall. "A lot of fucking good it does me there," I mumbled in the stench.

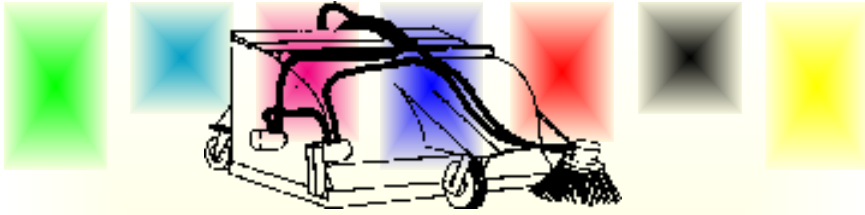
"How the Hell am I supposed to go to the bathroom when there isn't even a God damned door to the damn bathroom??" I thought as I stormed into the store where he was paying for the gas.

He was buying two bottles of Pepsi for the road, to keep us awake. "The door of the women's washroom is off," I whispered with exasperation. "Well, that's no problem, honey — just go into the men's room. I'll watch the door for you," he said back. The look in his eyes told me that he thought it was such a simple and obvious solution that anyone could figure it out. He thought he had the solution for everything. I wanted to tell him that the women's room frightened me enough for one day, and that I didn't want to risk my life by venturing into the men's room. Besides, men go in there. That attendant probably goes in there. I finally shrugged and waited for him to pay for his Pepsi and gasoline. I turned my head and followed him out. The attendant looked at me as I left. I could feel his stare burning into the back of my head.

We turned the building corner and followed the signs. My shoulders suddenly felt heavier and heavier as I walked. He checked the room to make sure it was empty for me. He even held the door open. What a gentleman.

(continued)

c C & D



Knowledge continued

I closed the door, but I really didn't want to be left alone with the smell. It smelled like shit. But I could also smell sweat, like the smell of dirty men. I wondered if this is what the attendant smelled like. I lined the toilet bowl seat with toilet paper. I had to use it sparingly — there wasn't much left. I got up as soon as I could and walked over to the dirty mirror, almost hitting my head on the hanging light bulb. There was light blue paint chipping next to the mirror.

I strained to see my image in the mirror. Instead, all I could focus on was the graffiti on the wall behind me. For a good time call.. So-and-so gives good head... Did that attendant ever call that number? I wondered if I was ever put on a bathroom wall. I wondered if I was ever reduced to a name and a phone number like that. I probably had been.

The floor was wet. I always wondered when the floors of bathrooms were wet if it was actually urine or just water from the sink. Or maybe it was from the sweat of all those men. I didn't know.

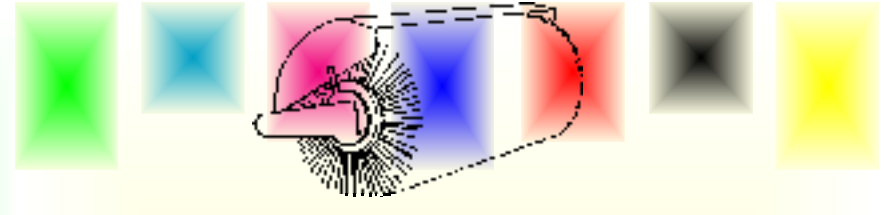
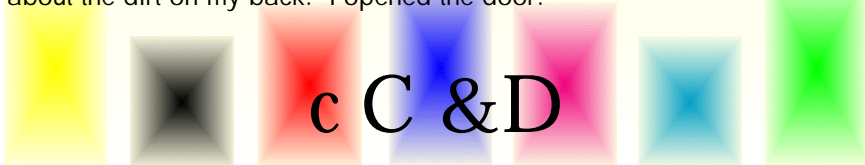
I stepped on something under the sink in front of the mirror. I looked down. It was an open porn magazine. I looked at it from where I was standing. I didn't move my foot. It was hard core shit, and it looked painful. Women with gags on their faces... I remember someone telling me that porn was okay because the women in it wanted to do it. But there was no smile on this woman's face. I pushed it back under the sink.

I stepped back. I wanted to hit something. I wanted to hit the graffiti on the wall, the porn on the floor. I wanted to smear the urine from the stall all over the place. I wanted to pull the light from right out of the fucking ceiling.

I put my hands up against the wall. I put the top of my head on the wall. I tried to breathe. It hurt. With my eyes closed, I knew what was there, behind me. It didn't scare me anymore.

When I walked into the bathroom, I was afraid to touch anything. But then I just leaned up against the door, feeling the dirt press into my back, into my hair. I wanted to soak it all in. All of it.

I shook my head and realized that he was waiting for me outside the door. I turned around and grabbed the door knob. I didn't worry about the dirt on my back. I opened the door.



just as you hadn't
seen fireflies
in the dark

before we walked the park
as summer waned.

now spring has come,
and I explained

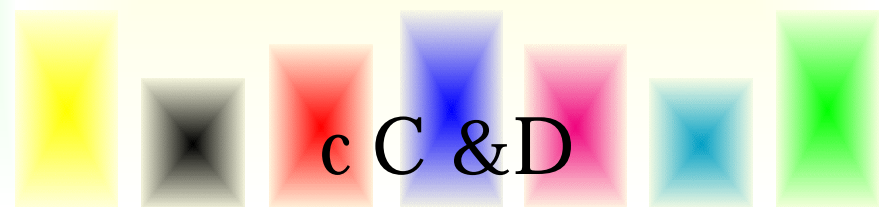
that crickets on the hearth
are lucky here.

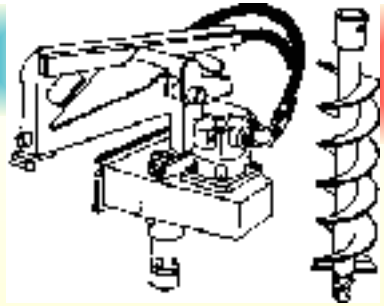
you chose to believe me,
just as i choose to believe

that it's bad luck for me to leave
my car keys on the table,
or whistle in the house

because it's bad luck
where you come from.

i love you as you lie asleep
in ways i still don't understand.





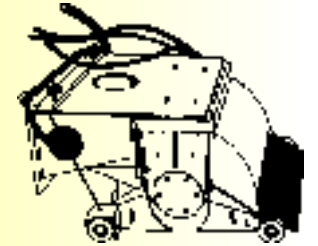
Payday, by D. Phillip Caron

In a pawn shop window
on East Main at sixteenth
there is a class ring
embossed Trojans sixty-nine.
Under it in scroll leaf
a dueling pistol with wooden case
from seventeen hundred France.
I put my television on the counter
and hope fifty is a good number.
There is an empty whiskey bottle
by the door
from 1905 Lewisville
with a tag that says sixteen dollars
beside a help wanted sign.
A Twenty-two in my pocket;
small, heavy and shiny
but its hard to go home
empty handed.

Raped, by C Ra McGuirt

I: Not A Good Tuesday

to Las Palmas in a storm, accused
of forcing an open portal.
the sword of the State over my head
for going on three days.
my Life on trial. my Religion.
my penchant for throwing drunk pizza.
my theatrical suicide nonattempts.
my choice to keep a room for God
in the house where she was welcome
before she ran away
for the final time, and i came to know
i had chosen ill
again.



in the Palmas, my place. the rain
now slowed to a drizzle. the storm remains.
my words on paper and through the air
sent her over the precipice.

i couldn't finish my taco salad.
i might be eating prison food
if her word enjoys belief
in the Office of Prosecution.

(continued)

c C & D

c C & D

i wonder if she truly believes
that i took her against her will.
she might. she once believed
that aliens were after her.

in the Palmas, and nothing to do.
the detective took my statement
and said that she would call
if and when the Powers
decide that i might be
what i despise.

in the Palmas. two pretty women
are sitting at the next table.
i wince and turn my eyes away.

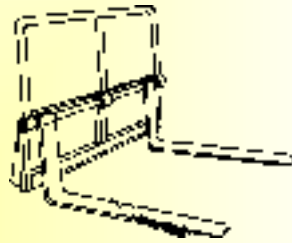
in the Palmas. my third margarita
is empty, and my cigarettes
are gone. i must go home and wait,
my fate in foreign hands.

oral rape is a terrible thing.
i speak as one who knows.

II. Partners

most poets don't know cops.
most cops have no use for poets.
now i belong at Sex Abuse.
dance with me, Detective.

(continued)



c C & D

III. Breaking Up

the most important
woman

in my life

this
week

called and left

a message

saying (in so many words)

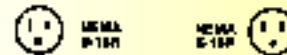
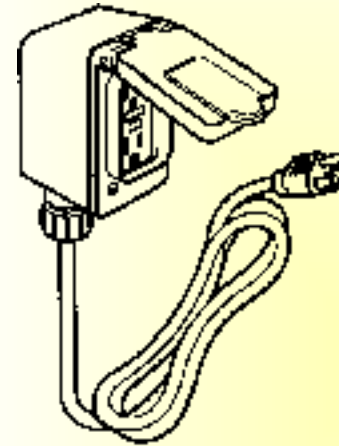
that she wouldn't
see me again:

"Mr. McGuirt,
this is Detective Donnegan.

that case has been dropped,
so forget it."

sometimes it's nice

not to be
wanted.



c C & D



A Room At The Beach, by Jack Harrison

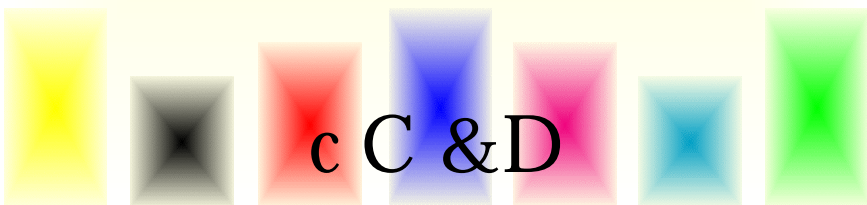
We laughed when we saw
the room, barely
larger than the bed.

Too little space to stand,
but enough to recline,
to touch, to whisper.

Weary from hours on the sand,
we drowsed beneath the
gently shimmering fan,

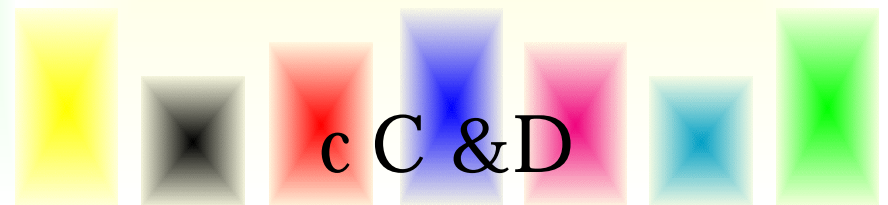
in no hurry for the
moment of reaching out,
giving, taking, sharing,

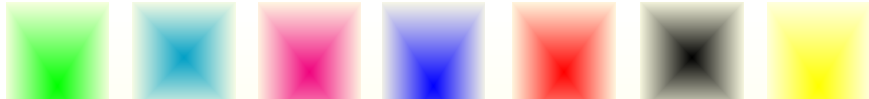
and exploding that elegant
tension, on the bed



Equal Time, by Pearl Mary Wilshaw

Changing diapers,
Scouring pots,
Doing laundry,
Bathing tots.
Making lunches,
Going shopping,
Washing, ironing,
Scrubbing, mopping.
Carpooling, cooking,
Mending, sewing,
Straightening, cleaning,
Weeding, mowing.
Endless chores
From sun to sun, a
Househusband's work
Is never done.





"Good." He pushed in the car lighter, then reached for the cigarette tucked behind his ear. "We live in a house about thirty miles from here. A friend gave us a good deal on the rent for looking after his property."

Adrianna was tempted to ask if he lived with the woman he'd dumped her mother for, or whether this was somebody new. On the other hand, why should she care?

"Do you still have the cats?" he asked, dangling the cigarette from his mouth.

Adrianna gripped her books. "The landlord wouldn't let us keep them."

The morning they took their three spoiled, old cats to the animal shelter, she'd hated her father for refusing to pay support. They had to sell the house and most of the furniture.

"We have a menagerie." Her father reached for the lighter. "Five cats, two dogs, several guinea pigs, and a chicken."

Adrianna wanted him to ask about mom; she wanted to tell him about the two jobs she worked to make ends meet.

"Do you know what you'll do after you graduate?"

"Get a job in an office."

"Sounds like a smart plan," he replied, then paused. "I've been doing some contracting work here and there, but the housing market's lousy these days."

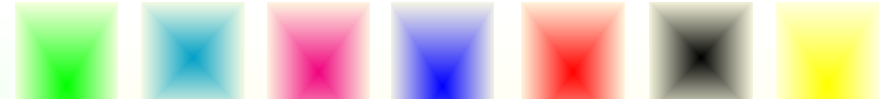
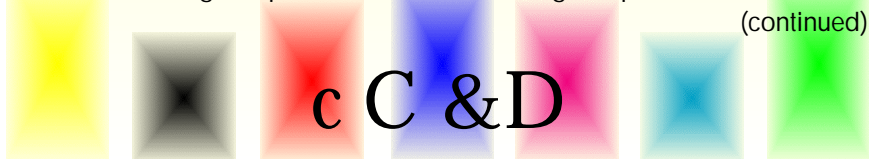
Every turn her father made brought them closer to her apartment building. She wouldn't be surprised if he knew which suite was theirs. He could have had a detective find them. As he pulled into the parking lot Adrianna thought about inviting him inside, just to show them how they lived; but her dad reeked of cigarette smoke and mom would notice the smell when she came home. Besides, a longer visit wouldn't change anything.

"Thanks for the ride," she mumbled.

"My pleasure."

Adrianna saw his anxiety, and something else; pain maybe, or a little guilt. She remembered good times as a child: picnics, amusement parks, and visits to her grandparents. She missed her grandparents so much.

(continued)



Scarcely a Whisper, by Debra Purdy Kong

Adrianna knew she was being followed. She'd noticed the car shortly after she left the schoolyard; a white Datsun with rust on the fenders and a dented driver's door. Since she baby-sat for half of the families on this street, help was nearby.

The car pulled up beside her. Adrianna glanced at a face surrounded by dark, curly hair and a greying beard. She stopped, then smiled with recognition, until reality swept a warm, cautious flame over her back.

"How are you, sweetheart?" he asked hesitantly.

She stared at her father's pouchy, anxious eyes. He'd walked out on her mom three years ago, and Adrianna hadn't seen him since. She and mom had moved into a small apartment, leaving no forwarding address with anyone who'd give it to him. She wondered how he knew which school she went to.

"Can I give you a lift home?" he asked.

Adrianna hugged her schoolbooks. She wasn't sure she wanted to talk to him; yet, she couldn't pretend he wasn't there. "I guess so."

In the car, she noticed how the wrinkles cut across his forehead and down his face. He was thinner than she remembered.

"How's school going?" he asked, his voice suddenly cheerful.

She cleared her throat. "Fine."

"You must be in grade eleven?"

"Yeah."

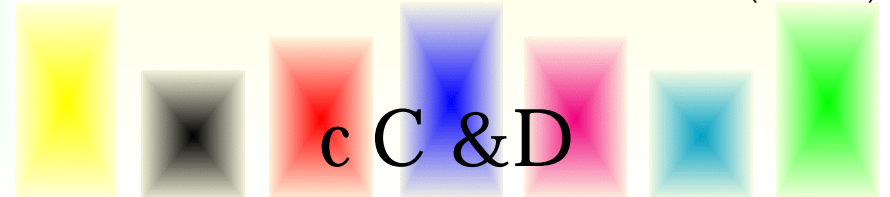
He paused for several seconds. "Are you still studying ballet?"

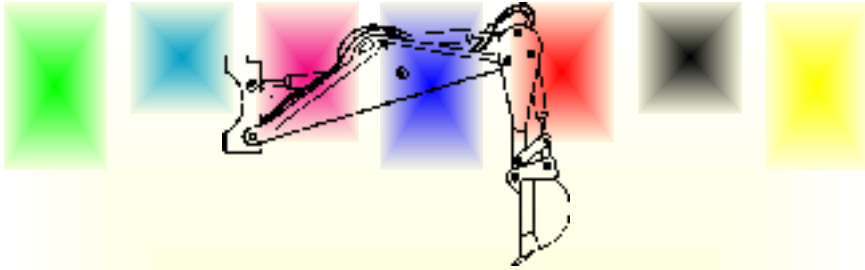
"I quit last year. Mom couldn't afford the lessons." She remembered how he would promise to attend her recitals, then never show up. She supposed he just wanted to make conversation.

"Are you involved with any sports or clubs at school?"

"No, I work at McDonalds. It keeps me busy."

(continued)





"How are Gram and Gramps?" she asked, hoping to sound casual.

"Just fine. They'd love to talk to you."

She sent them Christmas cards every year, with no return address, at her mother's insistence.

Her father jotted down an address and phone number on the back of a Visa receipt, then handed the paper to her. "Keep in touch, okay?"

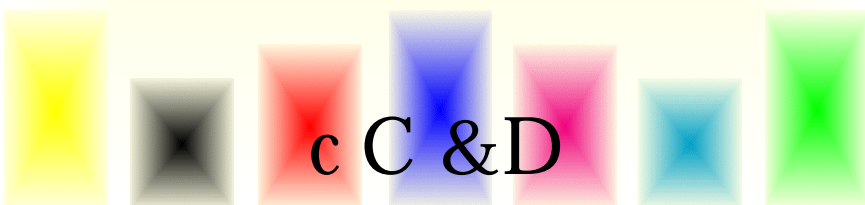
Adrianna opened the driver's door; her cheeks burned as she turned to him. "Why did you come here?"

His gaze was solemn. "Because I miss you." He started to reach for her hand, then stopped. "It was good seeing you again, sweetheart."

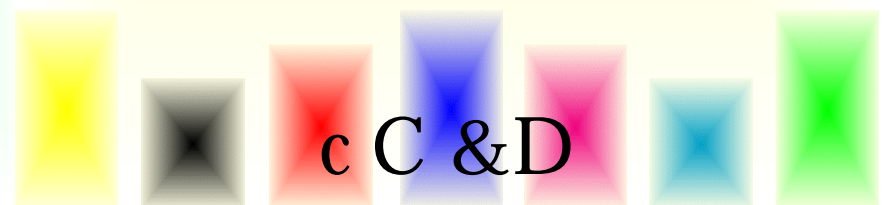
"Bye." Her voice was scarcely a whisper. She stepped into the cool, soggy leaf smell of autumn.

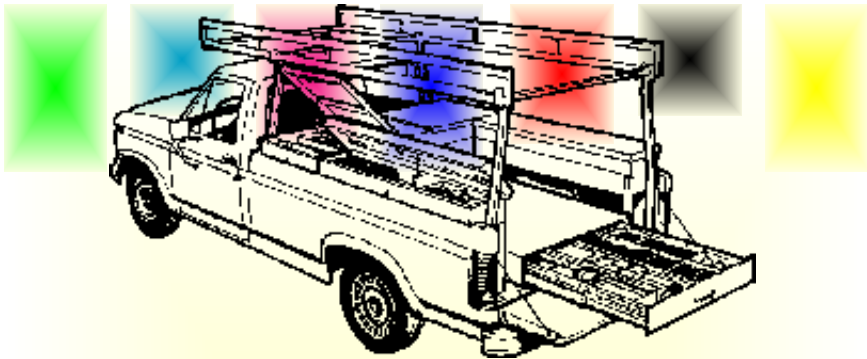
He backed the car out of the parking spot, then waved. Smiling pensively, Adrianna waved back, then slowly turned around, feeling as if she'd left all her energy in the car. The second she entered the apartment, the tears began to spill. She dropped her schoolbooks on the coffee table, then sat down.

Sometimes, just before drifting off to sleep, she could almost feel her favourite cat jump on her bed, the curl up by her legs. Her father would never know how much she missed her pets. Until his rusted white Datsun drove away, she'd never known how much she missed him too. She tucked the Visa receipt in her pocket.

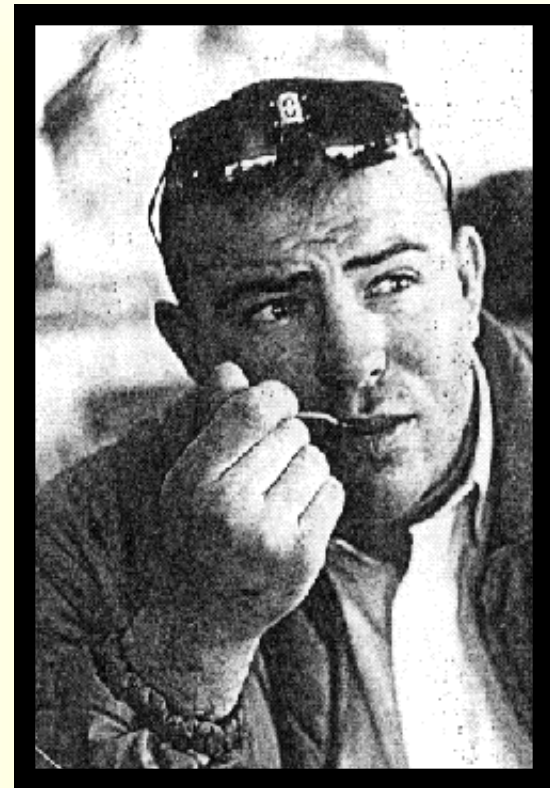
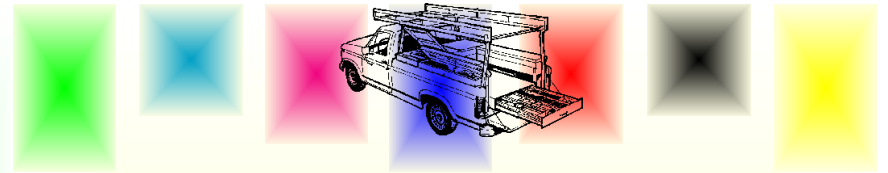


Untitled
Jack Harrison

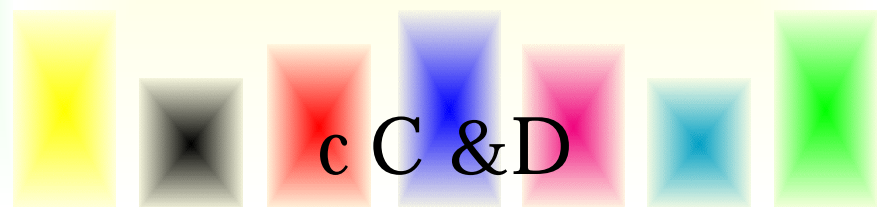




c C & D



Carl at A-Basin
Jack Harrison



c C & D

