

Children, Churches and Daddies is a magazine published as often as we have enough material, so submit early and submit often. The current rate of printing is one every month or two. • While no racist or sexist material is allowed, we do accept work of almost any genre of poetry, prose or artwork. • Do not send us originals, and make sure to include a SASE and a bio with each submission. • There are no restrictions as to how many pieces you may submit at a time or whether or not the work can be previously published. In fact, if the work has been previously published, let us know where, and we'll give that credit in the issue the work is printed in. • Payment is one copy of the magazine. • All material submitted is eligible for printing not only in Children, Churches and Daddies issues, but also in "the burning" poetry mini-books, collection volumes such as this one, or in our year-end poetry datebook. • Send all submissions, praises, and large checks (just kidding) to: Children, Churches and Daddies, Scars Publications, Janet Kuypers, 5310 North Magnolia, lower level, Chicago, Illinois 60640. • Other chapbooks/books/computer programs printed by Scars Publications: hope chest in the attic, the gallery, knife, people today, dysfunctional family greeting cards, slate and marrow, dreaming of dandelions and ice cubes, addicted, new world order, gasoline and reason, the written word, the printed gallery. • Copyright © 1993, Scars Publications, Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual pieces remain with their authors. •

featured writers/artists

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 Kong, Janet Kuypers, Lyn Lifshin,
 C Ra McGuirt, Joanne Seltzer, Paul
 Weinman, Mary Winters.

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 CHILDREN
 & daddies

**Volume five:
 shades of gray**



Subtitle: "Nick: the Book."
 Note: cc&d isn't about being Nick, or being gray, for that matter.

children's art from the war zone
lyn lifshin

images of death
flight and
loss in lollipop
trees. Dark
lumpy clouds
rain down black
lightning bolts
and red tears.
Men cast into
skinny blue
streams, come
up with cheer
ful smiling
fish. Where
butterflies
flutter near a
drawing of
fires, bombs
in hair, Jasmin
draws doves, a
roof topped
with flames

dream of the harassers
lyn lifshin

They start off, after
I'd smiled or said,
"maybe," or wrote
"promising" on an essay

First the call, then
the gift, roses on the
stoop like some
abandoned baby. Some

times they even
slam against the door,
lulled by booze, are
there, like a Chevrolet

on a pillow camouflaged
by ivy. It takes time
to stumble past them.
I double lock every

car window but they
take that as a lure,
like one who sang 7
hours under a window

as tea steamed, fogged
the glass, howled,
"me thinks the lady
doth protest too much"

and for 12 years
send two to five
letters a day, never
with a return address,

porcelain dolls, mobiles
bad books. Then he squealed
for hours on my phone
mate. Police just

shrugged since he hadn't
actually shot me, except
on the canvas he kept
slashing with paint,

trailing globs thru the
Hilton lobby where I went
to speak on getting a
gallery. He hasn't

stabbed yet, we can't
the police sing, do anything
until. The more locks
I put up the quicker

he's there to try to
jump them unable, to
refuse a challenge,
I guess. Two men shove

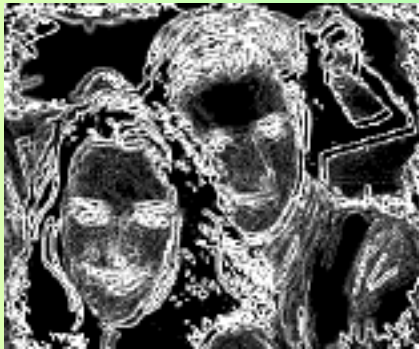
the door in, leave
dead bolts dangling.
I hustle people at my
cocktail party out,

the evidence ragged as
a dead elm in the moon.
Isn't this enough, isn't
it what I can use,

can't I get him and
the obscene phone callers
who know my license, my
favorite color shoes

like mud off me?

lorelei jones



in the backwater
lyn lifshin

the baseball diamond
slips, a few
feet each day
into dark water

like a secret,
mumbled, then
taped over, locked
away. What's

murky creeps
thru sand bags. The
Illinois bubbles
up from bathroom

pipes, finds a
way in like
depression

the page, to inspiration
janet kuypers

and you would still appear, appear in the paper I held in my hand,
rippling waves in the pages before me,
a dorsal fin of a shark circling my head,
watching its prey. I could touch
the page and still feel the rose I threw over the mahogany
box in the November cold
the grass covered with ice, cracking every time I took a step toward
you. I could feel the pain in the paper, and
I could still feel the cold marble, freezing my fingers. And the
etched message on the stone could still
took hold of me the way you did.
All I had to do was look at your
writing and feel the blood rush, feel
your breath on my neck, feel the fist jumping out from the page
and hitting me in the face. I could feel it.
I could feel a thousand wars fought
and won on your page, in your words. I could feel your hot
breath pushing up against
my neck, I could feel your hands taking
my shoulders, throwing me back in the chair.
I would look at your paper and see out the
window the masses rising, rioting in the streets. I can feel the tide
rising from your thoughts. What do you possess? What
have you been through, to give you
such a gift? I look back at the page,
and I begin to feel your hand from
under the page, from in the desk, razor in hand, shoving up through
the fiber, slicing at the air, trying desperately to get to me.
And I get up from my chair, walk over
to the bathroom, almost like memorization.
I feel nothing but the drive you felt.
In the mirror, there are cuts on my face.

there i sit
janet kuypers

there I sit

I sit alone
separated
isolated
away from my only love
my obsession

I pull out
a fountain pen
I look
at the lines
the contours
of his face

defining
the piercing
eyes
the pointed
nose
the tender
lips

I feverishly
draw
I sketch
I capture
his image

I stare
I gaze
I memorize his every detail
but he never looks back

so I will draw
until my
fountain pen
runs dry

writing your name
janet kuypers

I sat there
in the shade
I took
a stick
I wrote
your name
in the ground
preacher says
the #1 sin
is lust
then I am
condemned
to Hell
for
I
want
you
and I
don't care
what
preacher says
for if
the elements
wash away
your name
tonight
I will
be back
tomorrow
to write it
again

d. phillip caron (left)
and c ra mcguirt



tall man
janet kuypers

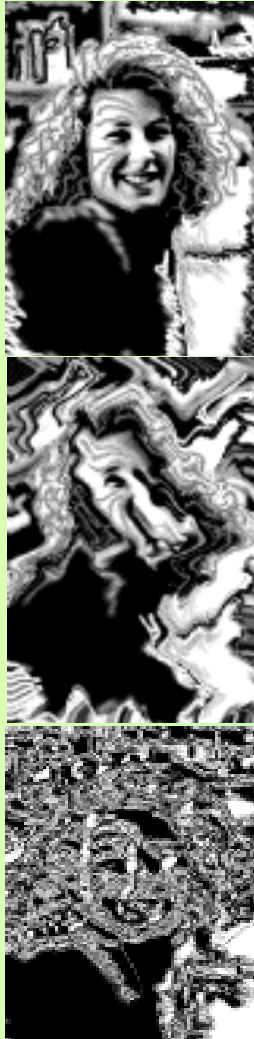
I can feel your presence across the room
a movement a stir

your long shadow stretches across the walls

an occasional glance
I'll take whatever I can take

a stranger
yet I feel I know you all too well

lorelei jones



the 200 millionth coming c ra mcguirt

(c93, v I-VII)



I. i. After passing the Night with Words, I turned off My Machine for a Coffee and the Paper. ii. I don't remember the Headline: Someone Somewhere was in Serious Trouble. iii. I made for the Editorial Page, because Opinions (however Stupid), are usually more Compelling than the Somewhat Objective Truth.

II. i. In letters to the Editor, They were still Bitching about jesus; Who he Was; Where was he From; the Color of his Skin and Eyes; Whether or not he'd had a Dog; & who he would Have Voted For in the Last Presedential Election. ii. All had a different jesus, but, in every Case, jesus was Their Boy.

III. i. I rolled My eyes, & as I knew the Actual Jesus would want Me to, decided to Straighten the Whole Thing Out. ii. so, without any Effort, I Scribed an Epistle to the Editor. iii. despite My blurry Eyes and bleary Brain, I felt It to be Good, especially the Line about 2000 Years being too long to Stay Fooled.

IV. i. I posted It, & to My surprise, They published It with Triple Stars, which Meant that, though They didn't necessarily Countenance such Old-Time Blasphemous Heresy, They felt My Words would stir some Shit, & that My Satanic Spewings were Reasonably Well Constructed. ii. the 3 Stars also ensured Me a Place at the 3-Star Letter-Writer's Banquet, & all the tough roast beef that I could chew, at Some Point, in Some Hotel, in the Vaguely Indefinite Future. iii. all told, It seemed a fine 5 Minute's Work, & so I Called It Cool, then Kicked Back to Anticipate a Mailbox full of Good Hate Mail, and maybe a Burning Cross or 2.

(continued)

the 200 millionth coming
c ra mcguirt

(c93, v I-VII)

V. i. a few Days later, when I thought that I had been Forgotten, (no Promises of Hellfire for Me, or the Likes of Me, had shown up in the Paper, or My Box) I got 2 letters with Unfamiliar Markings, & Knew, by their Vibrations, They had Something to do with Jesus. ii. the First was from a Woman Who Wrote: "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR LETTER! & told Me She Knew What I Meant about Looking in the Mirror. She signed Herself proudly as an EX-CHURCH MEMBER. iii. I figured It had to be a Fluke, & opened the Next Envelope. iv. It was from Another Woman, Who Wrote on Recycled Paper, & enclosed a SASE, that I might Write & recommend Holy Books of Truth to Her. further, She spake, & said unto Me that She had Faith in My Faithlessness.

VI. i. I Wrote each a Reply, & tossed in some Pertinent Poetry: sufficient to hearten Sincerity, but much more than enough to discourage Lukewarm Curiosity.

VII. i. weeks have passed, & No One has offered to Crucify Me yet. ii. I think I confused Them. iii. I usually do, whenever I Come Back Again.

lorelei jones



other horizons
paul weinman

When he had a choice
he'd choose rooms with no view.
Wanted walls
wished for no vistas or mtns.
valleys, sunsets in the west.
Oceans beyond that glass
made him sad. He'd see dreams
of officework bustle
computer terminals setting
everything in order
calling up forms
to add the new data.
Yes, nods congratulations
from the boss. But no ...
same old grind, pigeonholed
- nighttime entertainer.

the farewell
joanne seltzer

translation: Guillaume Apollinaire

I picked this airy sprig of heather
Autumn is dead you must remember
On earth we'll see each other no more
Odor of time sprig of heather
And remember it's you I'm waiting for

L'Adieu

J'ai cueilli ce brin de bruyère
L'automne est morte souviens-t'en
Nous ne nous verrons plus sur terre
Odeur du temps brin de bruyère
Et souviens toi que je t'attends

dad's transition mary winters

At first - glad to see him
because she missed him:
why she opened up the coffin
to take a look at dad. Mom
looked too - made sure
he wore his wedding ring.

Funeral home helped raise the
lid - proud of its work:
eyelids sewed shut, neat;
hands symmetrically folded.

He looks so rested, so
relaxed, they said -
ten years younger.
Nice suit you picked, said
Aunt - wonder if he's got his
shoes on where we can't see.
Later - glad she didn't touch
his face; just poked his wig.
Dad's first night underground -

was it anything like the
first day home from the
hospital with a new baby:
sense of forever, a fate.

run away mary winters

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn
acted demise: hid on a
river island, snuck into
church for their wake -

saw Tom's aunt cry, the
Widow Douglas in tears -
before the lickings. To

pretend one's own death -
you want something
invisible to
do with your body:

trip to far South or
far North; head to toe a
new look if you want to

watch them drag the
river for your body or
hear your own eulogy
(the boy's final fillip).

Suicide goes too far.
What you'd like to
scream at a friend:

why didn't you
buy the gun,
write the note, then
run away.

vietnam veterans
lyn lifshin

I thought I'd be Florence
Nightingale in green
going through a tent
with a candle. The
day I got there,
another nurse was killed. We'd
worked on anesthesia,
shot-gun tracheotomies.
What I saw was nothing
as simple as that.

- I came out of a small
Catholic High School,
ROTC was necessary
in my college. I
was raised in Audie
Murphy in Walk on
Water. We saw
films of mutilation of
the enemy that made me
want to keep my grades
up. I got another
deferment, saw my
friends die, got
guilt feelings,
mabe because
I was Catholic

I grew up in a military
family. My grandfather
was killed in the
Civil War, an uncle
in Guam. I remember
my father's military
stars, the tattoo
on his arms. Strangers
came across the street
to shake his hand and
in restaurants, no
one would let us pay.
In a week I saw it
wasn't John Wayne
and Rambo, rosemary
and sweet wine. No
one I started with
lived. I came back to
two years in the
Philadelphia Naval
Hospital, drank
gallons of booze,
then decided to
stop and write
about it

vietnam veterans
lyn lifshin

We didn't remember right
away, it seemed like
fantasy. I wrote about
delivering a baby and
another nurse, John,
said I don't remember
that, you must have
been fantasizing. Then,
we saw a slide of him
holding the baby

- I started the book
because I had to give
up drinking. I'd seen
An Officer and a Gentleman,
I thought it was a good
movie but that I had a
lot more to say. Got a
Bic pen and a yellow pad,
thought I'd put on some
sixties music, write a
page a day. Some days
I didn't write at all
but when I got 120
pages I sent it to New
York, couldn't believe
that tho no one would
let me talk about Nam,
now I was getting paid
to write it down

- I gave up punching out
people and started
punching a typewriter.
I gave it to my wife
to put on the word
processor. We'd been
married 18 years and I
never taked about it.
She said her fingers shook

- For me, the hardest
part is the traige. Who
I had to let die.
I see the name
on the wall and
don't know who
I might have
let go
- we used a can
opener for tracheotomies
Those that screamed
loudest my supervisor
said had superficial
wounds. The quietest
were often down to
the last pint of blood.
The worst part was
having to choose

(continued)

vietnam veterans lyn lifshin

- We'd practiced going out on operations as a grunt you don't know where you'll go or how long. Some will get maimed, some will die we were walking past and a friend of mine, Jeremy, got shot in the throat. There wasn't much blood. I carried him all night, I felt I had to. On my first day I'd fallen asleep and he woke me. I felt I had to carry him
- the last words from the first man I killed were "Oh mama"
-

How did I do it, write a book, not being a writer? Well I had a great rage. I could kick ass with the best of them and I could use that rage on paper

- I flunked English in college. But, I was confused, I had to know, did this happen or didn't it
- I was so angry I could barely breathe sometimes. They couldn't accept a woman exploding in rage so I had to find another way. I got out of nursing, went back to college. Bits and pieces of rage poured out, they found their own way
-

(continued)

vietnam veterans lyn lifshin

- Why, I asked did I come back, why could I be at the wall? Why could I be at my father's side when he died? How could I write when so many saw so much more and couldn't? I think it is to testify
- I was 18 flunked out of college. My girl friend told me she was pregnant. I came from a broken family with no job, no future, thought in the marines I'd get training. They'd taken care of the birth. Then, I come home be a hero, make it on the GI Bill
 -

I signed up out of my home town. I had no job, no future, joined Army Airborne. Little did I know Lyndon Johnson would make us the first division to go

- I came from a big Irish Catholic family and JFK spoke to me when I heard him say, "Ask not what your country can do for you." It meant everything tho he was dead by the time I graduated high school. Still I knew I'd be in Vista or Peace Corps. The Marine recruiting guy turned out to be someone I knew since nursery school and then I knew what I'd do
 -
- (continued)

the wading pool
debra purdy kong

seek comfort from her. Now that she thinks about it, Maureen hasn't seen Hayley talk to him since they arrived. Hayley sees her watching, and returns the stare until Maureen backs off, temporarily. She waits for Hayley to comfort her child; instead, she takes Nathan's diaper off while he turns his head away, as if bored. Again, Hayley looks at Maureen who suddenly watches Chelsea sweep her plastic tube along the water's surface. When a couple of parents call their kids out of the water, she studies the expressions on their faces. Behind the sunglasses, it's hard to tell what their reactions are to Nathan's accident.

Once the baby is dressed, Ellen helps Hayley pack her diaper bag. As they stroll behind her bench Maureen swiftly turns to them. "Is your little boy all right?"

"He's fine," Hayley answers bluntly.

"People have complained how slippery the pool is," she says. "It's supposed to be repainted soon."

"Maybe they should get off their butts and do it," Ellen remarks as one of the boys wraps his arms around her waist.

Watching Hayley lag behind Nathan on the gravel footpath, Maureen prays Ellen's relationship with her sons will rub off on her friend. Soon, Chelsea is the last child in the water, but she loses interest in her tube and steps out. Maureen stuffs the newspaper in her bag, then checks to see if the pool maintenance woman is close by.

"Come on, sweetheart," she says as she drapes a towel over Chelsea's shoulders. "I want to talk to the people who look after the pool."

Chelsea gazes at her. "Why?"

"Because it's one thing I can do to keep children from getting hurt," she says. Holding hands, they walk away, leaving the clear, turquoise water calm in the sunshine.

Won first place in [Housewife-Writer's Forum](#), 1992.
Previously published in [Women's Work](#), 1993.

dream girl
larry blazek

I need a woman as fine
as a motorbike
a hard, fast woman
like a motorbike
Won't quit on me
if I treat her right
if I had a woman
as fine
as a motorbike
that would be alright

black water lily
larry blazek

The flower of injustice
grows best
on the side of tyranny
that lapps the shore
of the isle
consisting of the defiled
and rotting remains of innocents
deceived, disarmed, shot in the back, and piled.
Americans, take no pride
What have you done to stem this tide?
The Nazi, dictator, and Communist
foul deeds turn our stomachs
in disgust
gaze upon
an Indian reservation
19th century massacre
present indignation
They came here
They learned from us

the wading pool
debra purdy kong

frail, white skin. The second his navy blue cap is plunked back on his head, off he goes again.

"Hayley," her friend calls, "did you put sunblock on him?"

"I didn't bring any," she answers.

Maureen pulls a newspaper from her bag, then scans the headlines. When she looks up she sees the baby head toward Chelsea in the middle of the water. Hayley sits on the bench on the west side of the pool and lights a cigarette. Maureen wants to tell her how slippery the surface is, but isn't sure she'd appreciate the advice. Besides, she'll probably jump in when she sees him.

At the center, the water is up to the baby's ribs. Maureen glances at Hayley who's dragging on her cigarette. Two feet from Chelsea, he slips and falls face down in the water. His bulky diapers and blue cap bob on the surface as he rolls back and forth. A panicky, inner voice orders Maureen to do something; yet his mom's sitting right there, surely she'll help him. Maureen watches his tiny body struggle to turn over. She wants to look at Hayley, but is afraid he'll go under if she turns away. His body squirms in the growing panic.

Maureen kicks off her sandals; she glances at Hayley who stands up and takes a last puff of her cigarette before tossing it on the ground. Suddenly her friend shouts "Nathan!" then rushes into the pool. She scoops up the baby who blinks and begins to cough. The woman examines him a moment, then pats his back.

"Ellen," Hayley calls, "is he all right?"

"I think so."

Maureen can't understand why Hayley doesn't run over to see for herself. If Chelsea had lost her footing she'd be comforting her with hugs and kisses. If Chelsea had fallen she would have been in the water in two seconds. She blushes because she didn't jump in for Nathan, and she'd assumed how another person would react to a sight so unexpected and alarming it had seemed almost unbelievable.

As she watches Nathan, Maureen wonders why he doesn't cry from fear or shock. He doesn't make a sound as Ellen carries him out of the water, then hands him to Hayley.

Hayley holds her baby, but doesn't talk to him, nor does he appear to

(continued)

the wading pool debra purdy kong

The wading pool's clear, turquoise water is calm in the sunshine at Rocky Point Park. Maureen watches her three year old daughter run toward the pool, carrying a plastic tube half her height.

"slow down, please, Chelsea," Maureen calls as she struggles with the picnic basket and the rest of her daughter's things. Chelsea wanted to bring all of her floatable toys, and Maureen was too tired to argue with her. Between her job downtown and work at home, she rarely feels rested, but there are bills to pay and Chelsea's education to consider. She still hasn't found the courage to ask her boss for time off to think about other financial priorities.

At the edge of the pool, Chelsea turns to her. "I want to go in the water."

"You'll need some sunscreen first."

Maureen plunks the basket on a nearby bench. Already hot and sticky, she glances at the cloudless sky. As she applies the lotion, Maureen cringes at the purple nail polish on Chelsea's fingers and toes. Last night they played dress-up, and this morning she forgot to remove the varnish.

"Be careful, honey, the pool's slippery," Maureen cautions. Last week, the pool maintenance woman told her people had complained about the surface, and that it would soon be repainted.

Minutes later, eight children are in the water while the adults sunbathe or read. Maureen doesn't see the baby until he's two feet from the pool. He can't be more than ten or eleven months old, but his stiff-legged steps are determined. Tiny fists are raised close to his chest and a slight frown wrinkles his brow. Two women, right behind him, chat with one another until three little boys try to pull the shorter woman into the pool.

"Come on in, mom."

"No way," she laughs.

"Nathan's mom is going in," one of the boys says.

"Nathan's too little to be in the water by himself." Maureen thinks the woman entering the water doesn't look old enough for motherhood. Light brown hair falls to her waist, a rose tattoo decorates her ankle. The young woman glances at her, then redirects the baby towards the pool's edge. When he climbs out of the water, she removes his wet t-shirt, exposing

(continued)

biographies

Larry Blazek, editor of "Opossum Holler Tarot", is generally a groovy guy (even though he's from Indiana). He's also sending chapbooks to people who send in the postage. Contact cc&d for more info.

Lorelei Jones is a high school art teacher, working on her eleventh masters degree, I think. Her art work stemmed from photography into computer generated collages. Her work will be appearing at the art exhibit "Women and Children First," starting December 3rd.

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, editor of anything she can get her hands on, has just had the chapbook "Slate and Marrow: a collection of poems" published through Bootleg Press. Contact cc&d for more information.

Lyn Lifshin resides in Washington D.C. She has been published on many occasions here at cc&d, and her latest series, Vietnam Veterans, was written after visiting veterans and listening to their stories.

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.

I don't know much about New Yorker Paul Weinman, other than the fact that he's the famed white boy. Cool.

Mary Winters' work began to appear in publications such as Art:Mag, Black Buzzard Review, Ellipsis Magazine and Potpourri, among others. 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.