

children

CHURCHES & daddies

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, right there by your heart. • Copyright © 1993, Scars Publications, Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual pieces remain with their authors.

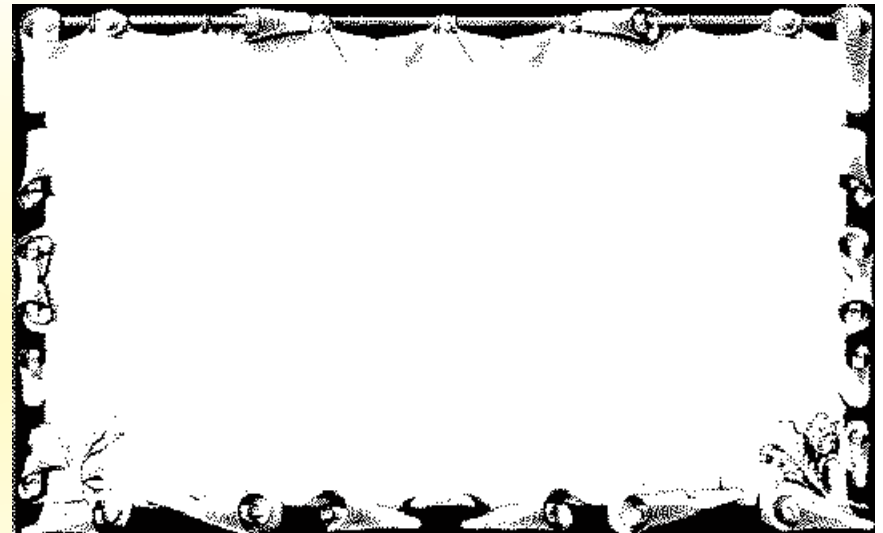
featured
writers/artists:

D. Phillip Caron
Lorelei Jones
Janet Kuypers
Lyn Lifshin
Linda Ann Loschiavo
C Ra McGuirt
Lisa Newkirk
Carol Raftery
Cheryl Townsend
Paul Weinman
Mary Winters

ISSN 1068-5154

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volume six:
“art is not
meant to be
touched”



Editor's Note

Of the five senses we possess, which is the one we use the least? We use sight and sound constantly, we smell and taste our food three times a day. But we seldom pay attention to the sense of touch, unless during intimacy, for the most part. There are things around us everywhere that we touch, that we physically feel, but we never pay attention to. Try walking through your day looking for different textures, maybe in the chair you're sitting on, or when passing through a marble hallway. Feel those surfaces. Understand objects in your environment for how they feel as well as how they look.

Once I was in an art gallery with two friends of mine, and I gave this speech to them. We then proceeded to walk into a room with a bronze statue of the Crucifix against the wall. An interesting surface, my friend thought, so she walked up to it and began to feel the cold, smooth metal.

Of course, that's when the guard from the other room ran in, yelling, "Hey! Don't touch that!", but the deed was done. And he's probably still fearing that the bronze sculpture will crumble to pieces because she grazed it with her bare hand.

There are reasons for some pieces of artwork to be kept away from human hands - delicate, old materials can be kept longer. But to understand the beauty in touch can be as important as the beauty in sound and sight, even if it is in the most simple objects.

In writing and art, the author/artist tries to verbally/visually pull you in, so you physically feel every mood they are trying to portray. Another way this can be accomplished is through actual physical touch. And to interact with art can also make it that much stronger to the reader/viewer. Enclosed are some different textures, different surfaces, for you to physically sense, and some written work for you to emotionally react to. But remember that the purpose is to react - and to feel.

Janet Kuypers, Editor

biographies

An Army captain from 1966 to 1985, D. Phillip Caron 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."

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.

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.

Linda Ann Loschiavo is completing her first book of poems, Sudden Exposure. Her nonfiction, columns and essays have appeared internationally in over 500 journals, magazines, newspapers and anthologies in 37 countries. Her poetry will appear soon in *poetry New York*, *Sistersong*, and *Athena*. She's also finishing a novel, Sex, When She Was.

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.

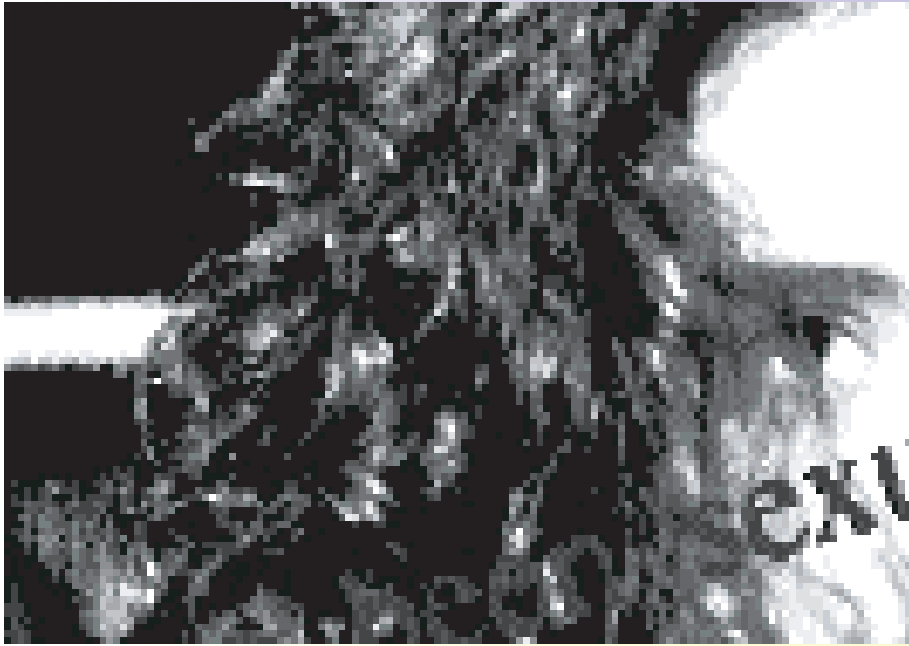
Lisa Newkirk is a freelancer for the Chicago Tribune. This is the second time her work has appeared in Children, Churches and Daddies.

Carol Raftery is a recent graduate from the University of Illinois in Champaign/Urbana, with a degree in News/Editorial Journalism. She currently works in Chicago, and this is the first time her work has appeared in Children, Churches and Daddies.

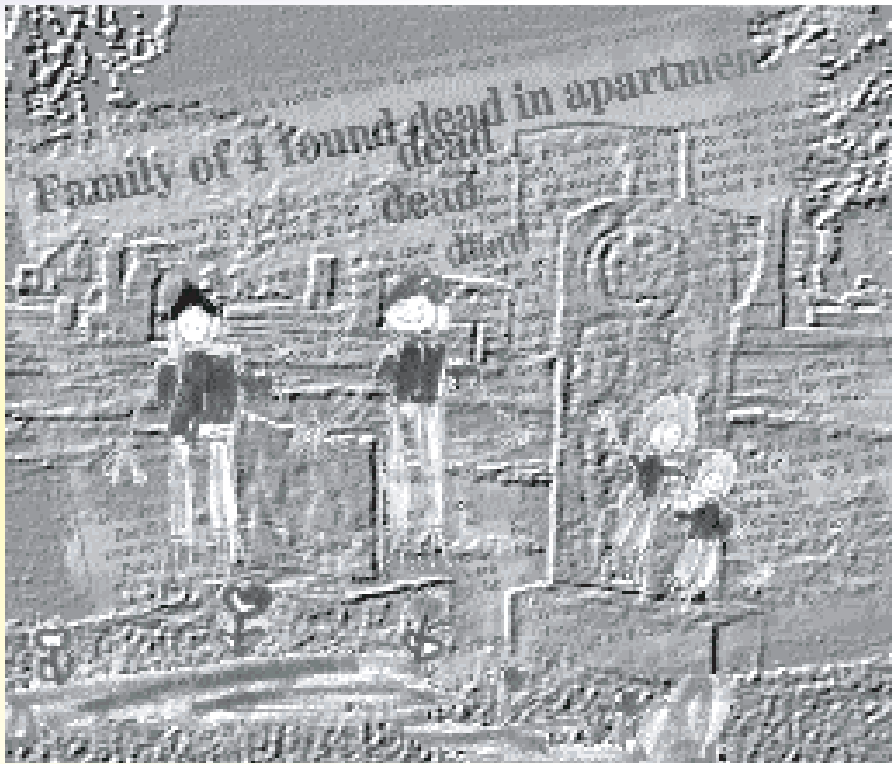
What can we say about Cheryl Townsend? The cat-woman is publisher of magazine Impetus, of Implosion press, based in Ohio. She is too cool to do justice to.

Recent chapbooks from Paul Weinman include He Brings the Blood and My Feet Are Tied. He is the education supervisor for the New York State Museum. And as modified-fast pitcher collected 42 wins and 18 losses for the Albany softball team.

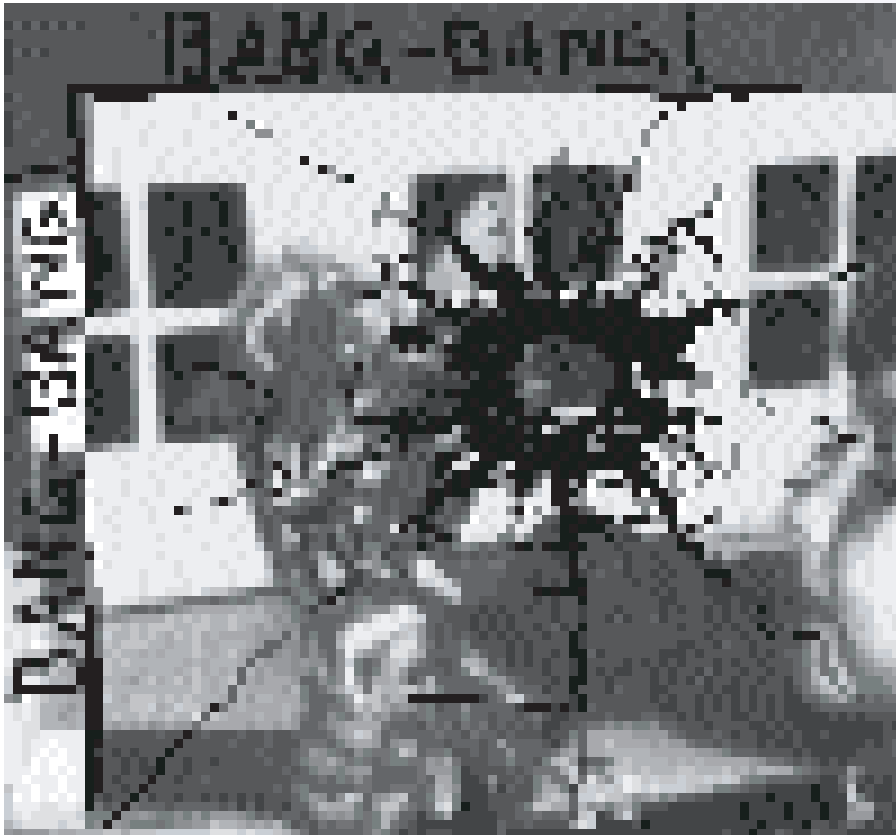
Mary Winters' work began to appear in publications such as Art:Mag, Black Buzzard Review, Ellipsis Magazine and Potpourri, among others. Winters works as an attorney in a civil legal aid office in Newark, New Jersey. Born in Pittsburgh and raised in Cincinnati, Winters now lives in New York City.



Lorelei Jones



Lorelei Jones



Lorelei Jones

afterward

it felt like
being a dishwasher
someone crams
what shouldn't
even be put in,
caked with what
ever had been
spread on them,
what was valuable
crammed and shoved
in along with
junk by some
one who couldn't
tell the difference
jammed and then
they slammed
the door and let
everything inside
crank and churn

Lyn Lifshin

leaving me at the campsite while you went off
to church. And I sat there for days,
watching us, watching us become bloodthirsty,
we were trying to hurt each other, we were
like animals, you starting your life with me in tow.
And I saw the redwood forests.

4.

Douglas. I never imagined how beautiful the
east coast could be, rolling hills curling one state
into another. We'd drive up a hill in your
truck and I would lift my head, my chin as high as I could
in anticipation to try to see the other side,
the sloping down of those hills. I remember walking along the beach
in Maine, restored buildings lining
the rocky shore, the fog so thick
you couldn't see fifty feet in front of you. And people
were suntanning. And I photographed the
lighthouse - how do they work in the fog
like this? It's so thick, thick like the cigarette smoke coming from
the inside of your truck when we would drive
to antique shoppes in New Hampshire. Thick, like a
powerful force overcoming someone, that
holds you there, that doesn't let go. Like us.

5.

A week before the smoke and the hills I was
in the Midwest and my father was screaming at me,
two weeks before I was thousands of miles away
dreaming of someone else. And it wasn't a month ago
when I was skipping past the old Kennedy house,
where movies were made, where this all began.
And now, in this truck with you,
I lean back, watching the scenery travelling past me
streamline into blurred lines of color,
and I think of marriage. Maybe with you,
if time wears on, but probably not, I just
think of marriage, to someone. Marriage,
streamlining life into a blur. Settling down.
Settling. It's funny how your surroundings change you.

And soon, I know, I will go back home,
carrying my possessions in a tweed bag
with duct tape on the handle, to get back to
something. Driving through the plains to go back to life,
it will all be the same again.

Janet Kuypers

White Knuckled

The hot air was sticking
to her skin almost pulling
tugging at her very
flesh as she walked
outside down the
stairs from the train
station. Just then a
breeze hot and
sticky hit her
in just the wrong
way, brushed against her
lower neck, and she
felt his breath again,
not his breath
when he raped
her, but his stench
hot rank
when he was
just close to her.
Her breath quickened,
like the catch of her
breath when she has
just stopped
crying. All the emotion
is still there not
going away. She
walks to the bottom
of the stairs, railing
white-knuckled by her
small tender hands,
the hands of a child,
and that ninety degree
breeze suddenly
gives her a
chill. They say when
you get a chill it means
a goose walked
over your grave.
She knows better. She knows
that it is him
walking, and that
he trapped that child in
that grave

Janet Kuypers

ugly house or how a place holds a feeling

This is an ugly house. I hate the wallpaper in the spare room. Those stupid miniature rooms on the shelves in the spare room, stupid ugly miniature rooms she made, why would anyone want a box of a miniature room anyway? She takes up all the space in there, gets mad at me when I put a flower arrangement in there. I'm sleeping in the room, let me at least put something in there so I don't feel like I'm sleeping in a hotel that chose a decorator with no taste. Why does she have so much stuff anyway?? She's got a third of her jewelry and half of her clothes there, and I'm the one who sleeps in the room.

I hate the multi-colored carpet in the living room, the barrel chairs with turquoise and melon vinyl coverings. The ugly statues mom is drawn to. A statue has to be inherently ugly for her to like it, I think. The lights hanging from above the bar, the lamp shades are Harvery's Bristol Cream canisters. That mural of the 5 kids above the couch. I'm at the bottom. I look ugly. It was when I was subordinate and meek and stupid and helpless. Like now.

I hate the stained glass hangings in the kitchen windowsill. And you can see the black paint chipping off the refrigerator door so you know mom tried to cover up the turquoise. Silk flowers that look really crappy. The kitchen flowers are the worst. I hate the wood-branch-tree she decorates for any pagan season she thinks of, even if it's not pagan, let's decorate the tree anyway, no one will know the wiser. Or the fact that there are nice things in the house, like two Dali prints, but they look ugly here. Art even looks like trash in this place.

I hate the lamps hanging in front of those ugly melon colored front doors. And that wind chime hanging from the lamp in the front hallway. That rock garden in the front hallway, it used to have a working fountain in it, but I was too little when it worked, but that's okay, because I think it would be even more frightening with water running down it.

And I hate the playroom, the room i'm sitting in now, look at how cluttered it is, all the jewelry she'll never get around to selling, all the fabric for clothes she'll never make, all the exercise equipment that collects dust because she feels she can WALK her way to a perfect body. You know, she doesn't like me using the treadmill because she thinks I'll wear out the motor. What difference does it make? Books she's collected because I collect books. She wants this of mine, I owe her this, I adopted this from her... She's so petty, and no subtle hint I make makes a difference. She slams on any idea I ever have. She makes me feel I can never be creative, because it won't work out. And she wonders why I'm insecure. Don't you get it? You made me this way, I hate what you've done to me, I hate what you've become, and now I have to sit here and live with you, in this ugly house. And when I move out I'm going to still have to live with myself, with all this insecurity, with all this anger. And I'll still have the memory of this house in my mind.

Janet Kuypers

one summer

1.
Kevin. You went off to work, I was alone in your apartment, an apartment on a street corner in Washington D.C., my first trip alone. You gave me your key, said you'd be home after work. And so I left, closing the iron gate door I was so fascinated with behind me. I walked through campus, stretched out in the sun. I tucked the map in my pocket, walked through M street, took the correct turns. I remember someone on the street complimented my shirt. I was almost sure I had been in this town before. And then I met this fellow, tall, unlike you, and we went out, and I knew I didn't have a care in the world, all my ties were almost broken, I was almost free. And I'd never see this man again. Maybe I'd let him kiss me. And as I walked down the street that night with him, I skipped. And he liked me that much more.

2.
Sheri. The heat of Arizona smelled like burning flesh. I met your roommate, your friends, drank at the Coffee Plantation, iced mocha coffees. And I met you-know-who, I still don't want to say his name. He kept me occupied, no, he made me feel alive, alive to someone who had never lived before, alive those long five days. I could still mark the day on my calendar, the day my life was supposed to change, the day I was supposed to be free. But it was supposed to be something good, I was supposed to start caring for myself. Then why does a part of me regret it? He bought me a rose the day I left. And you took pictures of us. I thought that morning that it would be justice to never hear from him again. To leave it at that. But then I had to call him from the airplane on the trip home. Why?

3.
Joe. You had to be cruel to me, just this once. I thought we had been through enough, went through our own little hells already because of each other. I know we had our differences, but I was looking forward to seeing you, to seeing southern California, the stores, the glamour, the beaches, the commercialism. And you, you had to cart me away with your religious troops to the wilderness,

(continued)

Invidia Adducti
(from the Seven Deadly Sins Series: Envy)

Wet, wet, the season of the fish, when she
First netted his fresh jealousy, wore it
Out, flapping helplessly against her like a
New winter coat, 'til it became a tight fit,
Constricted every move, watched and weighed
Her - cock-eyed, so misjudging - but still sold
Back to her for much, much more than it was worth.

Linda Ann Loschiavo

picking black caps

buckets clanging on suede
around your waist
like the quiet when
people make up their
minds not to fight
but really want to

we walk up the travel
road in baggy pants nothing
seems possible the bags
are so big and the thorns,
the poison ivy we get

stoned on the berries tho
kneeling in the sun then
in shade reach over
barbed wire as if that
purple was something

good inside us

Lyn Lifshin

spontaneous combustion

fire and fire

do you think
this can work?

how hard do
you want it

want it for real?

i can still feel
the back of your
neck

on my palm

can you still
feel my palm

on the back
of your neck,

camille?

C Ra McGuirt

untitled

being bad
to remind yourself
that you're not comfortable
with who you are.
you're stupidly frozen for some reason
paralyzed
you can't get moving or motivated to help yourself
you keep hoping one day
you'll stop taking afternoon naps
all afternoon,
you'll call back the people you promised you would
call back
you'll
send out resumès in next day's mail
to the people you promised to send them out to
last week,
you'll exercise
to keep up that healthy body
to get rid of that double chin
you see appearing in the mirror every time you look
you'll write up checks
for the bills
that are now months overdue
it's all too much to do
so
for now
you wind up relenting
and relying
on being bad to yourself
to take control of your life:
you eat the rest of the half gallon of
milk chocolate fudge ice cream from Dean's
and a cheddar cheese sandwich

(continued)

with thick slices of fake-colored orange
cheddar cheese
and mayonaise
lots
on both pieces of seven-grain wheat bread and
on top of each little bite
you take the knife and spread more mayonaise on after each bite
more fat
to clog your arteries,
purposefully
yet without any voluntary muscle movement,
this huge white eggy blob (mayonaise is made from eggs)
is on the next spot on which you're supposed to put your lips
and sink your teeth around,
that blob will be in your mouth
chewed and mushed up with that seven-grain wheat bread there is
(mostly mushed)
and swallowed
down to your stomach
and forever into your body
you can't take it back, even though
you haven't put your lips around it yet:
you chew
you think it's control
this deliberate badness
but it's not
it's being lazy
you're helpless

Lisa Newkirk

down queen street west

“you got to get in to get out” - genesis

Where the in are all out
with black and white and neon
the spare change seekers
are rolling up the sidewalks
oriental minis and french collage
conglomerate vegetable stew
art deco creativity into the macabre
ten speed travelers excel the tour
sing vagabond blues rat-a-tat-tat
street urchins color landscapes
just a block or two into the zone

Cheryl Townsend

a stand-off

As the Serbs and Croats
shoot each other, Fat Free
mayonnaise is shipped to Somalia.
The message from the other side
of my Sat. morning bed ...
deals with chronic unemployment.
“Why?” she writes on new tissue.
“Why is it that you can be so hard?”
So difficult to get to discuss
that we didn’t last night?
I think of the Pennant Race
Stock Market’s slow decline.

Paul Weinman

signs of the times

Long-forgotten friars stumble
onto the Interstate, try to dodge
run between trucks and cars
ramming past. Some are hit
others kneel to pray at roadside.
Some cars stop, drivers/passengers
draggin bodies - some still kicking
to highway’s shoulders. The Virgin
Mary is seen by some - Her face
just above the “Y” of cliff’s sign
HOLLYWOOD. Abortion clinics
across the Country offer 2 for 1
coupons - redeemable within one
year. Masterbation seminars
become coffee-break chatter.

Paul Weinman

people today care

a cup of tea

a cup of tea sits on a clean white saucer,
blowing steam at the chill morning air
its newspaper companion, yet unread, lies at its side
crisp, and crackly and new

the sunbeam crawls slowly over the windowsill,
down the sink, over the counter,
up onto the cabinets

Milly the cat leaps down from a chair
she picks at the blue and yellow throw rug,
each claw grabbing a tuft of material; she lies down,
her fur a ball of orange fire

she pushes her velvety front paws forward and her back paws back
long and lazy and bathed in sunshine
like the day that stretches out deliciously before us

Carol Raftery



"It kills me to think of all the people who have been so hurt by rape. Women who never wanted to tell their own families because they might be blamed for it, women who became afraid of intimacy or who became angry or cynical, women who didn't want to go to the authorities because they didn't want to be raped again. This isn't fair. It just shouldn't happen. What hurts me more is to think that people still think rape is a joke. You haven't hurt like these women. It's not a joke."

photograph, 1992, from "people today care" series.

on a moonless night in early spring
searching his song-seasoned gibbon for
a warm and wintersweet melody
to cuddle my partner's christmas words.

alone in my father's house,
the lights of nashville, tennessee
through sliding glass across the dark
beyond the backyard river.

alone in my father's house,
the women are waiting, the Great Work undone.
i came here to check on the place,
& do some laundry.

alone in my father's house,
stealing my father's fig newtons.
everything is sealed and in its place.

alone in my father's house,
my menial job is waiting,
but presently, the night & i
have more important things to do.

alone in my father's house

C Ra McGuiert

alone in my father's house.
my old man's guitar is always in tune,
& never in hock, unlike some i could name.
i blow smoke into his smokeless air,
sip beer, & wait for clothes to dry.

alone in my father's house,
my stepson's photo on the fridge
although i helped to bring him here
i have no picture of my vanya;
more of my sort-of-a-wife's
slavic superstition.

alone in my father's house.
i wonder if my father will
ever get to meet my new woman. i want her to meet him.
she digs his songs. yes, father; she's crazy
uncertain.

alone in my father's house.
nothing is sure. i have dry clothes to fold
a guitar to put back, an ashtray to wash
beercans to rinse & recycle,
trash to go out, & lights to turn off...

before i lock up, i need to make sure
that i leave this house as i found it.

Lunch

is the innocent meal; the
wholesome repast. You've been

awake out of bed crossing items
off your list long enough to

have eaten before; now time for
childhood picnic food a sandwich

you gripping it tight in both
hands. Add some soda or coffee

even some milk just taking on
fuel for an afternoon's

work. (Later the fun begins.)
Status revealed by where one

eats lunch you compassionate
wishing all secretaries out of the

communal kitchen and into their
own private office door with a

lock where you like lunching alone
reading the paper gentle unwitting

rehearsal for years at the end.

Mary Winters

Solitaire, by D. Phillip Caron

nine of clubs
The many men, so beautiful

One Marine,
six-six and two ten
with a rifle in one hand
an ax in the other;
two fifty caliber boxes
below his ruck
and he was shining black.
He smiled but never spoke -
smell of gunfire had him.

spade, queen
and they all dead did lie

Three days on an empty belly -
rain, mud, leeches and jungle
and rods of war and rainwater
and snakes.
Seven days of rain and choppers
don't fly for hunger
just blood and dead.
Hell of a rain.

beer cans empty across the floor
jack of hearts

William kicked that box,
a c-ration box
on a dirt road from to nowhere
One in two million
but one with a booby-trap -
on a dirt road.
An artillery round c-ration box
and there was only half a body,
half a William
and a whole red road dirt
from to going
and a piece of body,
a piece of a box
and me in the wind
on a sunny day
A helicopter came.

eight of diamonds
the great house of Tarquin
should suffer wrong no more

Hospital
underground
with roots, worms and leeches,
a hospital
through the dirt
with its own bloodbank.
Three dead and two alive

spade, king
by on call passion she paid the rent

o-positive starving bloodbank
in fear of the next wound -
a highway to dying
but they wanted water first.

diamond ten
a thousand thousand slimy things

His turn up and he laughed
hunkered in a hole like a worm
but next time he was below
and I laughed to cry.
Mortar, artillery what care
the metal burns when it bites
so we laugh at the other
over that spider hole
in the rain.

one streetlight at a time
queen of clubs

You guys hear any sniper fire?
A new lieutenant at the door.
Yes sir,
come from outside the wire;
Conception was Spanish, deadly
while Jerry sweated cold
and cleaned that Remington
between pieces of machine-gun
half a dozen poker faces
and disassembled rifles.

four of hearts
ashtray full to overflow

Thirty-five miles an hour
from a duce and a half
and he threw the ration can
but missed the kid.
I wanted to pop my cap
but he was in a truck
and I was in another
and sergeants in both
and no one was hurt -
but the killing
would have been easy
from the back of that truck.

The letter said don't care
but I already knew.
Mike don't care
and Slick don't care
or Bim or Jew or Stumpy,
Swish dead last week -

lived on: and so did I
diamonds again, four

She smiles, waves
Ace of hearts

Black three, spade
She flashes white

Well, a joker
stood a good handsbreath out
behind the Tuscan's head

me too.
Hurts that you had to write it.

The greatest stone
is the kids -
arms lopped
after medics vaccinated
but Charlie wanted fear.
A pile of arms
beside pregnant women
with their bellies split;
the fourteen year old
staked and raped
with a burned stick
left to plug the blood.
There ain't enough killin'
at night to pay it -
just the dark.

Word is, the dying goes to God -
gave seven one day
but kept my own;
would have give it back
but no one took it.
So I listen for the wire
and finger at my bandage.

The bush belly low
muzzle up to eyes
vines pull across ruck -
do quick release
to stop that distress;
eyes have freedom to move
naked tangle.
A blot, a black
rifle jumps
twenty gone, another magazine
and bust another pull.
The unmoving black
a dink, a body
dead.
And from below the bush
"Why the hell you shootin'!"

