

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 three weeks to a month. • While no racist or sexist material is allowed, we do accept work of almost any genre of poetry, prose or artwork. • Do not send originals; include a SASE and 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 it credit in the issue the work is printed in. • 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, or in our year-end poetry datebook and wall calendar. • Send all submissions, praises, questions and comments 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 (chapbook and book), 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. •

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wri+εr§:

Bruce Curley
kathy
Janet Kuypers
Lyn Lifshin
Jay Marvin
Aggie O'Shay
Carol Raftery
Levanah Sciple
Paul Weinman
Pearl Mary Wilshaw

children

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CHURCHES

& daddies

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he is a brilliant man
a brilliant man who sweeps for a living
chasing away the dustbunnies with the swoop, swoop
of his big fluffy broom,
"i got straight A's in high school," he drawls
a cloudy film creeps over his fading brown eyes,
eyes once so dark people called them black,
so black the iris was not discernable from the pupil
"i didn't have to take my final exams and i graduated with the
highest honors," he said
"and i won the state championship for long-distance running,
set the school record i did," he says, his voice rising, straining to validate the point,
as if to reinforce this memory for storage in his own brain
he pokes his broom into the corner behind the soda machine, stirring up a cloud of dust that drifts lazily
up, up, catching the sunlight that pours through the cafeteria windows and stops to hover
around the old man's nostrils
"Ack, ack, ack"
he coughs into the ratty gray hankerchief he has pulled from his left front trouser pocket
he wipes his mouth and nose, and stuffs it back, all the while, looking thoughtfully
into the dustpile at his feet
he turns his back, picks up his broom, and once more begins to sweep

Bruce Curley, a Washington D. C. resident, has recently completed his second book of poems, "On What the Future of Civilization Depends." He has also recently been featured in "Festival" and "Mad Poets' Review."

kathy made me swear that I couldn't tell you anything about her; we'd both have to be killed if you found out. Sorry.

Janet Kuypers, editor of anything she can get her hands on, is working on the chapbook "Rendering Us", cooperative venture with Paul Weinman. Contact Children, Churches and Daddies for more information.

Lyn Lifshin resides in Washington D.C. She has been published on many occasions here at Children, Churches and Daddies.

Jay Marvin, a twenty year veteran of radio, currently has a nightly talk show on WLS radio in Chicago (I think I'm going to listen to it tonight). He has been published in scads of magazines (and if I really liked to type, I'd list them all, but alas...), and he has two chapbooks out: one called "Angel Wings" and one (a joint venture) called "Two brothers under the same blood soaked cover."

This is the first time work from Aggie O'Shay has appeared in cc+d.

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.

Ms. Levanah Sciple made her debut by reading the poem "Poets From Hell" in Nashville earlier this year. "The Path To Happiness" was read at a reading later, and their comments were, "When I hit those last three lines, I, & many others in the room, responded with goosebumps." Don't know if that reader went around the room after the poem feeling people's arms to verify this, but Children, Churches and Daddies is still pleased to include the poem here.

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.

Pearl Mary Wilshaw resides in New York, is a teacher and a new writer.

Do you remember when
it was 1:30 a.m. one rainy night
and you asked me what
I wanted to do?
I told you that I wanted
to take a bottle of champagne,
climb on to the roof of your house
and toast in the pouring rain.

+Λεϣ ϕα11εδ
i+ +rμs+

You asked me why I said that.
I shrugged my shoulders flippantly
and said that it was something to do.
But I was testing you.
I was afraid to ask
if you would follow me
when I told you to trust me.



And that is why I trusted you
when you poured the champagne
and kissed my wet skin

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

Remember when we dripped
coming in from night's rain
and you asked me what
this will do?
I thought my holding you
pulling our bodies together
would continue what my lips
had whispered to your skin.

i ϕα11εδ i+
ϕΛα11εηgε

You asked me why I said that.
I shrugged my shoulders flippantly
and said it was something to do.
I was afraid to ask
if you would follow me
when I told you to trust me.

Παμ1 weinman

And that is why I followed you
when you took my hand in yours
and led me downstairs.

wri+ing
υ^ομr
nāmε
janε+
Κμυπεrς

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

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ρεαδiηg
υ^ομr
ςεηςμδ1i+υ
Παμ1
weinman

I stood there
as you walked
in my mind
said nothing
it spun
with sensing
swelling in jeans
father says
the #1 mistake
is sex
then I am
mistaken
in love
for
I
want
you
and I
don't care
what
father says
for if
this erection
for you
goes limp
without you
tonight
I will
be back
tomorrow
to grow hard
again.

6aɾ6iɛ ɾɛaðʂ ʰf ɟμðɥ
+ʌɛ ɓɾɛɟnān+ ðʰ11

1ɥn 1ifʂʌin

with maternity
wardrobe and
sensible shoes,
a fashion doll
with a belly
that snaps off,
reveals a re-
movable baby
that a flat
tummy panel and
a baby carrier
comes along with.
Husband Charlie
is sold separately.
She pats her own
flat mid riff,
isn't sure about
another slit in
her skin. After
all, at least
one owner's jerked
her head off and
switched it with
Ken until her
mama howled. May
be its velcro,
won't be as

bad Barbie thinks
wondering if perhaps
she could give
birth not to a
howling baby but
a kitten, some
thing furry she
could curl up
against, not need
any Charlie or
Ken, to stick her
or suffocate, keep
her trapped as when
she had a rod up
inside her on
a pedastal her
feet were in too
high heels to
run from

māɾi1ɥn mʰnɾʰɛ ɾɛaðʂ
ʌʰw ʌikɛɾʂ finð a mān
6μɾiɛð ʂooo ɥɛaɾʂ

1ɥn 1ifʂʌin

wonders if maybe
she'd do better
if she could step
aside that long,
go to sleep as he
did on a hill and
be flash frozen,
not even a gun
or noose, just
lie down in deer
skin and woven
grass with some
berries maybe
a sip of sloe gin,
feel stars lick
her lashes a
drop in the night
temperature she'd
never feel and
then years under

ice maybe floating
or sandwiched under
ice or a frozen
river to be dis-
covered and prized
as treasure by
fingers that would
fight over her,
long to own her
go to court to
possess her, not in spite of but
because she was
so old

§n°w wλi+ε

lɥn lif§λin

for years, locked in a
development of ranches
forgetting how to drive
she went to bed and
rose up as a virgin
got all A's
passed her Italian exam
thighs pale soft as snow
not that anybody would
notice on Rapple
Roar of power motors like beasts
tumbleweed blown from the
mountains like the dream
she walks into suddenly
in rooms full of strange
stooped little men
all anxious to prove their
virility as shorter
men often do. She didn't
have anything else to
do and always had done
what was expected was
always anxious to please so
she let them see them
selves in her the way
they wanted tall and as

straight as a live oak
she cleaned the carpets
with ivory snow dreaming of
lost teeth, witches
order clothes from
the French Boot Shop
ordering books from a
catalogue so no evil
could slip in disguised as
an encyclopedia salesman
or a republican candidate
for city hall until having
a weakness for apples she
bites in deep falls in
to a blue daze is someone
in a bell jar until she
spits out what she swallowed,
rescues herself





soft white hands
no traces of physical labor
almost feminine
fingers long and tapered
even cuticles
nails glossy as though they'd been buffed
to make them shine
alabaster appendages on a statue of clay
no callouses
nothing to irritate
never abrasive or harsh or rough
gliding over me so smoothly
that
i never feel a thing.

ka+ly

6E1° √ E ð
√ i ϕ + i M

PEARL Mary
WILLOW

When did her
Gaze become the
Glassy stare of a
Blessed icon
Preserved
Beneath a
Plastic dome
Trapped in
Unknowing existence,
Content to
Observe without
Participating, on the
Edge of
Living, never
Venturing into the
Sea of
Life.
Present, yet
Unaware. Not
Comprehending, caring.
Forgetting
People, places, things
Long-life dreams
Talents.
Knowledge, abilities
Skills, coordination
Functions
Eroding in turn until
Infancy
Reclaimed body, mind,
Soul.
Heartbroken
Observers, overcome with
Remembering
Dissolved in sorrow.
Mother,
Beloved victim
Opened
Fetal eyes
Unseeing.

мү fä+лЭг

6гмФЭ Фгг1Эү

"One might say that any great creativity
bears within itself a tragedy.

And so this is mine ..."

Boris Pasternak

May 21, 1928

Moscow, USSR

My father,
always ran and ran and ran
to other people
constantly seeking from people
a pat on the back.

My father,
was eaten alive and spit out,
totally destroyed
by a world
he could not understand
and what would not understand him.

My father,
choked to death one night
and I
swallow and drink
ever since
once through the heart
and once through the head
before he reaches
my stomach.

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лäppinE\$\$

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Through the longest tunnel,
In the deepest wood,
Living on water from the runnel
And the shriveled apples of good
In the dragon's cave,
And out the other side.
Escaping the slave
of defeat's guide.

Over the twisted roots
Of jagged cliffs.
Sliding on frozen lakes,
Crashing into snowdrifts
Braving waterfalls
lions, ghosts, and Gauls,
Leaping over balls of fire
Crawling beneath the tangled brier
Running faster than the wind
On the road of sharks.
Leaving on the charred road, marks.
Then through the field of victory,
Into the castle of happiness
To live forever among other poets,
Who,
Like you,
Have won.

all men have secrets and here is mine.
 Strength is my weakness
 and now my shoulders don't stay in place.
 You ask me to open my eyes
 but they are. At least I think they are.
 Why don't you take me in your arms?
 Why don't you seduce me?
 Tear me in half. Rip me apart.
 Just don't cast me aside.
 I don't want to be strong. Be strong
 for me, so that I can adjust my chin
 and not have to worry about
 whether or not my eyes are open.

a11 mEn
 Λa~ε §ε ϕr ε+§

ƶanε+ kμyπεr§

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I throw back my shoulders
 and stand up straight
 just like my mom used of ask.
 But now, you're about to leave
 walk away with what held me together.
 How was I to know how to listen?
 How to hear words of feelings? Needs?
 I can press with the best
 stand in a storm for hours
 done three women in a day, twice.
 Come back, hold my bowed head.
 Weakness is my strength.
 All women have secrets and here is mine.

a11 w°mEn
 Λa~ε §ε ϕr ε+§

Ɔaμ1 wε i nman

you scared me. but i liked it.
 i remember sitting behind you
 on your motorcycle. i think
 my fingers shook as i held your waist.
 and i remember looking at my head
 on your shoulder in the rear-view
 mirror.
 and i smiled, because it was your
 shoulder.
 as i felt more comfortable with you,
 i moved my head closer
 to your neck, smelled your cologne,
 felt the warmth radiate from your skin.

M°+° r ϕy ϕ1ε

ƶanε+ kμyπεr§

you scared me. i clenched
 your waist every time
 i thought you should have used the brakes.
 but i still sat behind you. besides,
 it was a good excuse
 to hold on to you.

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

You scared me. But I liked it.
 i remember sitting in front
 on my motorcycle. i think
 my gut clenched as you held my waist
 and i felt the pulling of our bodies
 together in our leathered heat
 and i gasped with the touching
 knowing i couldn't have done it
 with words, with ways of saying
 and it felt good, my knees
 squeezing my machine

M°+° r ϕy ϕ1ε

you scared me. i clenched
 my throttle to control
 this speeding into the dark
 that frightening area
 where my wants to roar
 but leaves me speechless.

$$1 \leq \delta + \varepsilon n$$

$$1 \leq \eta \quad 1 \leq f \leq \chi \leq n$$

There was a comforting sameness to their days. Diane rose early and worked throughout the day as

She worked in the garage. Her weights and bench were there also. After working for an hour or two, she would stop, turn on the radio, and lift weights. She lifted until her body was rid of the tension and tightness of the day, and she would shower then, and go to bed, and read cookbooks until she fell asleep.

Cat arrived on the day her father died.

The garage door was open to the cool breeze and morning light. The tom walked in, sat on his haunches, watched her work, and waited. When she noticed him, he meowed once. She brought him milk in a small bowl, and returned to work.

Wearing shorts and sneakers, her father came in, pulling up on his knees, stretching for his run. "Well, I'm off. Jesus. What on earth is that?"

She looked away from her work, at the animal lapping milk. He was a large creature. He was evidently missing his left eye as well as a good bit of his black and white fur. His left ear appeared as if it had been chewed for a time and spat out when found unappetizing.

Her father grinned. "I don't think I'll ever understand your taste in males, sweetheart." He shook his head and ran off.

The telephone call came a couple of hours later. The rest of the day and that night was a blur of speeding to the emergency room, shouting doctors and nurses, a glimpse of her father with a tube down his throat and things attached to his arms and legs, and a nurse taking her by the arm. "Wait out here, dear. We'll let you know. We'll let you know."

And the young intern, holding her hand and talking quietly. And the drive home at dawn. The telephone calls. Sitting on the living room couch, staring at the wall, not thinking, falling asleep unaware of Cat beside her.

After the funeral, she sat on the couch with Cat beside her. Her two sisters and brother sat in the living room with her.

"We have to talk about this now," said the doctor. "With all of us together."

"Okay," said Diane. "Fine." She had a good idea of what the conversation would consist of.

"Turn off the tv, Don," said the lawyer to the marketing VP.

"I just want to see the scores, that's all."

"Turn it off."

"You got the house, Diane. None of us mind that," said the doctor.

"We think you should sell it and use the money to go to school," said the lawyer. "Plenty of people your age begin second careers, or even -" she looked significantly at Diane "-begin careers."

"I admire your creativity, Diane," said the doctor. "I really do. But to survive, you have to have food, water, and shelter, and in a month or two you'll run out of money and you just won't have these things anymore."

"I don't think hardly anybody's made a living off sculpturing since the Renaissance," said the marketing VP. "There just ain't a market for that kind of thing."

"Poor Dad," said Diane.

"Poor Dad," said the doctor. "I remember waiting up so late, so many times. He always had so much time for all the kids in the world except his own. I'd just want to talk with him about this or that little problem, never anything big, you know. And then he would finally come home, so late, and stink of bourbon and sit on that damn couch and say he just had to rest his eyes. "I'm awake, I'm awake. I'm just resting my eyes," and then I'd hear the snores."

"I remember the snores too," said the lawyer. "God, how I hated him sometimes."

(continued)

"I remember the fights," said the marketing VP. "I remember when he and mom broke up. I remember when he hit her."

"He was the man who let me make my things," said Diane. She began to cry, and the three other stopped being their occupations for a while, and cried, too.

When Diane took a deep breath at last, and wiped her eyes, it was to notice a sharp pain in her thigh. "Ouch." She looked down to see Cat digging claws into her.

When Cat began to talk, she should of course have been surprised, but somehow she was not.

"Cat eat no more that awfulness in cans," he said. "You dig deep in sand and cover good. Cat no savage. Cat eat lobster, with butter and salt. You get Cat lobster now. Or Cat wait you sleep and bite you hard on place where tail should be."

"He sure does meow a lot," said the marketing VP.

"He might have distemper," said the doctor.

"He was talking to me," said Diane. She rose from the couch.

"Oh really?" said the lawyer. "What did he say?"

"Basically he said his catfood tastes like shit and he wants lobster and if he doesn't get lobster he's going to bite me on the butt. And I'm not selling this house. See you later."

Diane continued her work with a strength and focus greater than she had ever previously experienced. Cat talked, but rarely.

It was to say such things as, "I like this. It is big and mighty. It remind Cat of Cat." Or, "You pet Cat now," and after several minutes, "That enough." And the inevitable, "Lobster time. You go."

She was too busy, too possessed, to be particularly curious about his ability. His presence pleased her, though, and she was glad he seemed to enjoy her work.

A month passed, and another. Cat's hair grew thick and lustrous and her credit cards became exhausted. Collection agency people began to call, and Cat had not one but two eyes now, clear golden diamonds. As practical matters began to intrude through every crack and crevice of her life, Cat purred. And ate.

The day came when she had to say, "Cat, I'm sorry. There's no money left. Not for lobster or even shitty catfood. I'm going to sell this place, get a job. Maybe go to school. I love you, Cat. I'll take care of you, don't worry."

An artist's faith has little to do with belief in an omnipotent, paternal, "all for the best" being. She has faith (if one wishes to call it such) in her utility, in her worthiness as a tool The Muse may deign to use.

The artist does not pray for riches or eternal salvation. If she prays at all, it is to give thanks for the beauty that flows through her, and to beseech that it may continue.

Responsibility for another creates conflict for such a priestess. How does one so lost in song provide for, care for someone else?

Must the artist become, in a small way, a Muse herself?

She sat on the cool garage floor. Cat lay purring in her lap. He looked up with eyes so lovely she caught her breath.

"You sell den? Get job? Take care Cat? You foolishhest human in world."

She smiled down at him. "So I've been told."

Cat growled. "You make fun? Cat wait you sleep and -"

"No, no," said Diane. "I wouldn't presume ... I'm sorry, Cat. It's just -"

"Cat bit you anyway. Just for fun." He but her hand, lightly, with the ruthless tenderness of the feline.

(continued)

park 6Eh¢X

JanE+ kμyβEr\$

I saw you sit at the park bench. Every day you would go to that one bench, reading the paper, feeding the pigeons, minding your own business. Every day I would watch you. I knew how you adjusted your glasses. I knew how you crossed your legs.

I had to come out of hiding. I had to know you. I had to have a name for your face. So before you came to the park bench I sat down and pulled out a newspaper. I looked up when I heard your footsteps. I knew they were your footsteps. You walked to another bench. No— you couldn't sit there. That's not how the story goes. You have to sit here.

The next day I waited for you before I made my move. You walked back to your bench. I strolled up to the other side, trying to act aloof. I sat down, only three feet away from you. I pulled out my day-old paper. My eyes burned through the pages. I felt your breath streaming down my body. I heard your eyelids open and close. Your heat radiated toward me.

I casually looked away from my paper. You were gone.

"Ouch!"

He stood and stretched. He stepped off her lap and sat beside her. "Take care Cat? Cat great king. Cat many female. Make five hundred maybe thousand kittens. Name all Cat."

"You got job. Cat got job. He take care of foolishhest humans in world. You call Hashimoto now, good and foolish human. 4-8-6-4-0-1-1."

Diane rubbed her hand. "What?"

"4-8-5-0-4-1-1. You call. Cat hungry. Go get lobster somewhere else. Goodbye, good human."

She watched him leave. "Cat?" The cement floor was cold against her butt.

She could not work any further that day. The big house shimmered with aloneness. She felt she must make decisions - to clean this or that room, to cook for dinner this meal or that, to bathe or not, to live or not - and she could decide nothing, except to go to bed.

In the morning, she called the number on the telephone. "Hashimoto?"

"His secretary. May I help you?"

Diane chuckled. "Frankly, I don't know why you'd want to. I make things, and my cat, no, not my cat but this cat, you see, he um -"

The secretary returned her chuckle. He licked his tongue. "You artist people are such characters. You must be the sculptor. We've been expecting your call. Mr. Hashimoto will see you at 3 p.m., if that suits you. I'll send the men right over to help you load your samples."

Diane stared at the telephone. "Okay. Okay?"

Mr. Hashimoto was the CEO of a large multinational corporation. He believed that employee productivity could be enhanced through stimulation of their aesthetic sensibilities.

He liked Diane's work. "It makes me feel - how do you say in English - religious?"

He offered her a five-year contract, a sum of money too large to be meaningful, health insurance, and a profit-sharing plan she did not at all understand.

"Thank you." She could think of nothing else to say.

"Thank you," said Mr. Hashimoto.

In the garage that evening, she wondered about Cat. Had he been an alien from another planet? A symptom of her isolated existence? Some sort of reward?

She shrugged. "I'll miss you, Cat."

She would think about it more later on, maybe. Right now, she had a lot of work to do.