

children

CHILDREN

& 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. •

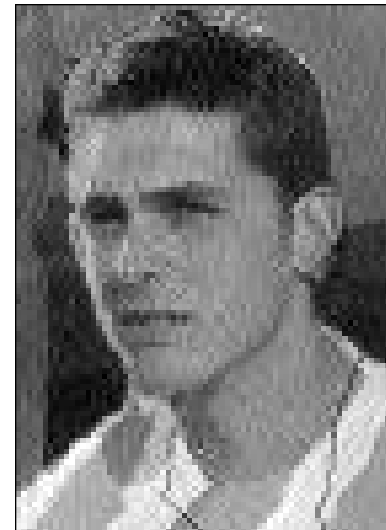
featured
writers:

children

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CHILDREN

& daddies



VOLUME
9 : things are
not as they seem

COLD CAPTIVITY as simple
fact of green part of world,
as simile, as birth,
as grown onion. Thinking of
a poet as a poet, dripping,
leaking, clinging, clustering,
crushing money with.
Eating mind of eater.

Greg Evason

NEVER mind so clear.
Tast of pure intellection.
My procreators so surface simple,
so deeply complex. Own nerves
a path as a tick. Time tricking.
We do go around don't we.
Eye listens to explications,
believing. Exegesis as burn.
The cult as sure as true.
Could begin with any stupid
and build and build to a
glorious apocalypse.

Greg Evason

children
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biographies

This is the first time work by Greg Evason, of Ontario, has appeared in Children, Churches and Daddies. (I can tell you that I've visited Ontario, actually, and it was pretty cool.) He also has a really cool signature. • As a child Hobo spent weekdays in a Catholic boarding school for discards, and weekends in Times Square hotel with old vaudevillians. Hobo currently lives beside a park in D.C. and continues to be grateful to Moondog's presence on the corner of 6th and 57th, and Stuart. • Janet Kuypers, who normally doesn't talk about other presses, just wanted to let the world know that a new chapbook called "rendering us" by Kuypers and Weinman was published through a press in New York. Write to Children, Churches and Daddies for details. • Lyn Lifshin. What more can one say? • Linda Ann Loschiavo is completing her first book of poems, Sudden Exposure. Her non-fiction, 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. • Jay Marvin, a twenty year veteran of radio, currently has a nightly talk show on WLS radio in Chicago (he gets a little obnoxious on that show, too, but I'd never imagine it from Jay). He has been published in scads of magazines, and he has two chapbooks out: one called "Angel Wings" and one (a joint venture) called "Two brothers under the same blood soaked cover." • C Ra McGuirt lives in Nashville, Tennessee. A performance poet, singer/songwriter, mystic janitor, and former professional wrestler, McGuirt has been hosting Nashville's popular "Poetry in a Pub" series of open mic readings for over six years. His poems have appeared in many literary magazines, including Pearl, Misnimer, Xenophilia, the Charles Bukowski Newsletter, Wormfeast, Mobius, and James River Review, and his first collection of poems, First Thief on the Left, will be published by Hyacinth House Press in 1993. • 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. • Lee Whittier, from Boulder, Colorado, is a member of a small, energized organization called "in the blink of any eye." It specializes, in Whittier's words, in "passionate expression, community, and the individual's voice." Whittier was chosen as a finalist in the National Poetry Fellowship (Collegiate) in 1990. Whittier will also have a poetry translation published by Poetry East magazine. • Christopher Woods is the author of a novel, "The Dream Patch." Other stories of his have appeared in Columbia, The Southern Review and Short Story International. He also writes poems and plays. The piece included in this issue of Children, Churches and Daddies, "Passage", first appeared in Buffalo Spree, out of New York.

children
churches
& daddies

My Mother and the Birds

One is so white,
then there's the
one upsidedown,
Honey, don't
you like to
watch them?
Woodpeckers
are best, better
than the turtles,
the birds are
in the air,
can leave
when they want

Lyn Lifshin

The Old Woman

At six
death was a day off from school
to march in a line
two rows of navy jumpers
on either side of the casket
passed the old women we barely knew
who lived with us in the convent school
but who wasn't one of the sisters
the woman with braided white hair
somebody's old aunt perhaps
who always smelled bad at night
who never talked to us
the little ones
who at last was sanctified in the cathedral of St. Fidelis
Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for us,
by little girls shuffling past her
wondering what mystery had so suddenly
released us from our tables
and leaving no surprise inside the coffin
but the same sullen old woman
we would now record as our very first death.

Hobo

Passage

They were young, in their mid-twenties, probably. They drove an old blue Chevrolet truck. Between them, on the seat, sat a brown dog, some sub-phylum of terrier. All this rounded the corner and came to a quiet halt. Then I saw why. They stopped to look at a mattress that leaned against a tree. The mattress had been abandoned there, left to stand against that tree, a few days before.

Some of us along the street had discussed the mattress. We wondered who had left it there. No one would admit to owning it, or having put it there. No one. It had just appeared, standing side by side with an oak tree, in the yard of a small apartment house. It didn't seem to be going anywhere else.

The couple climbed out of their truck to get a better look at that mattress. They climbed out on either side and closed the doors behind them. The dog turned around and, with his head resting on the back of the seat, watched them through the rear window. He would have to watch the mattress inspection from the sidelines, it seemed.

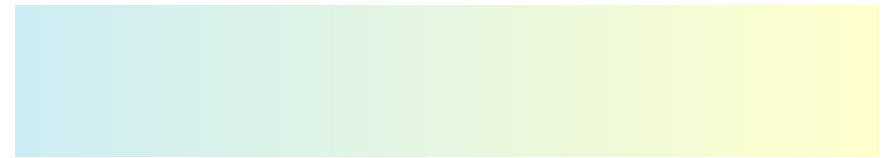
I had been washing the car. But watching that couple with the mattress, beginning to touch it somehow hopefully, was more interesting. I went inside my house and watched them through a window.

Maybe, I considered, this was none of my business. Somehow, I felt this was a private moment. And it was. Of inspection for them, of observation for me. There are so many of these private moments, don't you think? Who can know how many? But what truly amazes me is how many seem to take place in public, in full view of anyone who cares to look. And another thing comes to me, that we are better off because of this.

The young couple studied the mattress with a great seriousness. At that moment, nothing else in their lives was so important. Standing in that yard, it was like they were in a store. They looked it over for quality, durability, the promise of long, peaceful sleep. And they did all this without a word passing between them.

When a word did pass, it was the man saying something to the woman. I was not close enough to hear. To me, it sounded like a kind of grunt. Then the woman replied with a similar sound. They had apparently reached some kind of decision.

(continued)



There was no hesitation then. The man reached out and embraced the mattress with both hands. He lifted it off the ground and away from the tree. Into the air. The woman, maybe concerned that it was too heavy for him, tried to help. She held one side of the mattress with her fingertips. She wasn't much help to him, of course, but it must have made her feel a part of it. Of helping. Some things, I knew, were simply matters of spirit.

The mattress flew slowly through the air, at last coming to rest in the back of the blue truck. It made a hush sound as it settled into the bed. The dog, head cocked to one side, watched it all.

Their work done, the couple took a last look around the yard, then up the street in either direction. I wondered if they cared that someone might be watching them. Or maybe they were thinking that this same street might provide an additional treasure or two.

A few seconds later, they turned to go. The man followed the woman to her side of the truck. As she began to climb in, I noticed for the first time that she was pregnant. The man was making sure that nothing went wrong. The man then closed the door and started around the truck to his side.

He took the back way to check on the mattress again. He made sure the tailgate was closed tight. Certain everything was ready, he gave the mattress a kind of slap, I don't know what else to call it. A slap. Nothing cruel or hard, but more a slap of waking, was how it seemed.

I thought of a doctor slapping a baby to clear the lungs. This man slapped that mattress three or four times, until he was satisfied. Until it seemed right.

Christopher Woods



you're with me

I sit in a chair
in a lonely corridor

I'm all alone
but I see you there

You're in my thoughts

I see your face
imagine your touch

I hear your voice
but you're no place

You're in my mind

I'm all alone
but then again, no

for even when
I'm alone

You're with me

Janet Kuypers

I'm without you

I rush in the hall
people ramming around.

I'm part of a mob
and you're not here.

You're in my mind.

I sense your image
grasp for reality.

I try to place you
among this crowd.

You're nowhere there.

I'm in this mass
but then again, not.

Because when
I'm surrounded

I'm without you.

Paul Weinman

making it

allen's little brother
andy used to ride
his big wheel around the garage
while allen and me
and david and phillip
practiced being progressive, artistic
seventies rock musicians.

18 years later
andy's roller over
us all:

a \$20,000 contract
with an independent
record label.

visions of mtv
flicker in his eyes.
andy's already decided
which of his songs
will make the best
soundtracks for commercials,
after he's bigger than jackson,
george michael, and maybe
elvis.

allen's working for the state
during the day. he plays at night.
andy doesn't understand
why allen chooses to use
moog and mirage, software, soul
masks and dancers, movement, mime
darkness, color, silence and light
to make such chump change at his art
when he could be playing something
a lot of people would like.

(continued)

allen understands he can't make andy understand that lots of people like what they hear because it's all they hear,

and all they're likely to be allowed to hear without some sort of effort on their part.

allen's producing a tape for me - mostly songs, and some poetry so i'm frequently at his place and i saw andy the other night for the second time or so since the big wheel days.

"congratulations on the new career," i said, and added that it was good to see that success was possible.

andy said: "it isn't hard. it's only a business, after all."

we promised to exchange our final products. he went on, and i went in to get to work on mine.

now i come before you with my art, wondering if and how anyone will remember allen, andy, or c ra a hundred years from now.

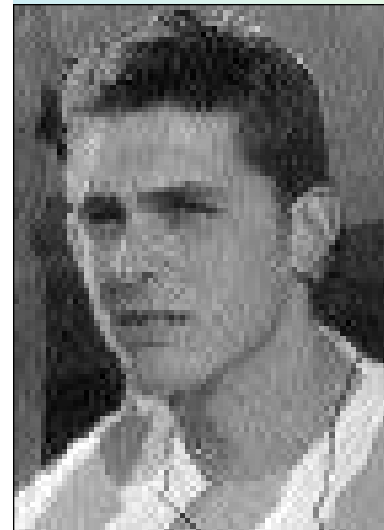
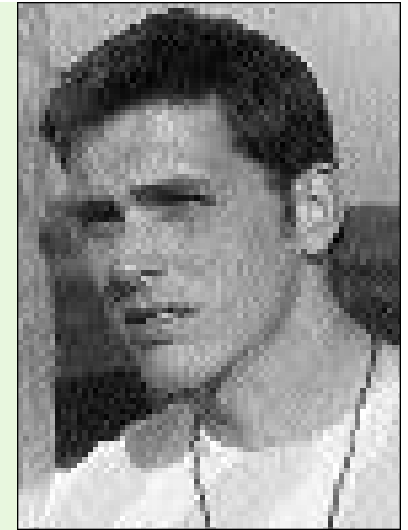
i'm not sure it's important,

so long as i remember all the words

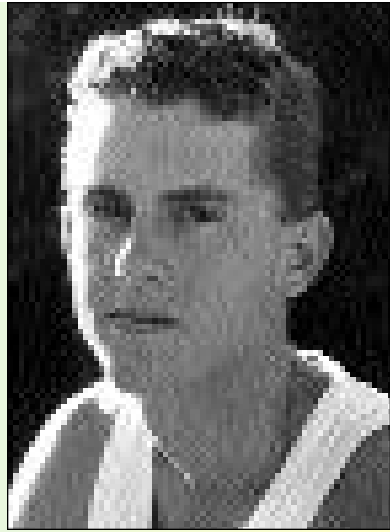
tonight.

C Ra McGuirt

children
C R A M C H E S
& daddies



children
C R A M C H E S
& daddies



children
CIRCLES
& daddies



children
CIRCLES
& daddies

Margie

I'm five months pregnant with a child of a man who raped me. It was a week before Christmas. I was outside K Mart, near closing time. I realized I didn't have my checkbook, ran out to the car. The lot was full. I was near the curb. I ran out to get it. My car was open which was odd. Then I felt a hot flash. There was a man near the glove compartment I was rummaging through. I just focused on his clothes. I didn't know what race he was, never saw his face. He penetrated my anally. I blacked out, next I felt the cold air from the car door being open. I just drove around.

I couldn't wreck my family's Christmas, drove until 2 am. I felt guilty, I thought I'd never have let anyone invade my body. I'd have scratched and torn at him but it happened so fast. I took three showers a day to erase the feeling, the smell. When I missed my first period, I thought my body was traumatized. It was a black cloud. Then I missed my second period. When I took the test, they called to say congratulations

Lyn Lifshin

eyem thinking only of this lightbulb
only of this lightbulb above me
eyem thinking only of this lightbulb
this lightbulb the way it
would taste in my mouth if
eye could unhinge
and let it roll and bob stiff and
smokey
eyem thinking only of this lightbulb
this lightbulb the creature
which lives inside and
calls it home can I
entice it out to crawl
down my throat feeling
its way in the dark til
it opens to a luminous cavern and die there
on the soft ground now a fossil
say it again
fossil
oh yea fossil

Lee Whittier

going out

I went out into the sun of broken glass
for the customary words
everywhere joined
like the ox to the cart.

I went out queer, clumsy, ready
eggshell-skinned
drinking the evening
thickening and soft.

I went out quelling my angers
getting jealous alone
trying it again
before the sunset faded.

I went out thinking
about my sexual mechanics
about a mirror reversal
rerunning choices.

Edward Mycue



IV

I'd sit up at night and just stare at the bottle. It was a big bottle, as if the doctors knew I'd take these drugs forever. Hadn't it been forever already? I'd open a bottle, look at a pill. They looked big too. Pink and white. What pretty colors. And then I'd think: If one tablet, fifty milligrams, could put me to sleep in the morning, could make me dizzy, could take a part of my life from me, then think about what the other thirty-six could do. 1800 milligrams. It could kill me. I wouldn't want that. Of course not. But just think, the bottle isn't even full. May cause ulcers. May cause dizziness. Side effects may vary for each patient. May cause weight gain. May cause weight loss. May cause drowsiness. May cause irritability. Medication may have to be taken consistently for weeks before expected results. If effects become severe, consult physician immediately.

V

I began to count. In the mornings I took eight pills: one multivitamin, one calcium pill, one niacin pill, one fish oil capsule, one garlic oil pill, and one pink-and-white pain killer that I was special to have, because you need a doctor's permission to take those. Then I took diet pills: one starch blocker, one that was called a "fat magnet." As if the diet pills worked anyway. But I still took them. And then I had to watch the clock, take a pink-and-white at one in the afternoon, a different pill at five o'clock, another pink-and-white at six o'clock, and there was also usually sinus medication that I had to take every six hours in there, too. Or was it eight hours? I started to watch the clock all the time, I bought a pill container for my purse so that I would always have my medication with me. When I'd feel my body start to ache again, I'd look at the clock. It would be fifteen minutes before I had to take another pill.

Janet Kuypers

I met up with an old friend of mine for drinks last week. I knew her in high school, although we weren't close friends then. In those days she needed therapy, had problems with drugs, I think, or else it was just family problems. I was a bit insecure myself, shy, meek, scared of life. Since those days we matured, we're now more independent, self-confident, self-assured women. It was good to see her again. She just came back from camping in Australia; although physically I had gone nowhere, we both had our stories to tell over a bottle or two of wine. And we gossiped, she told me of the handsome Australian man she fell for, I told her of the roller-coaster I call my romantic life. And we laughed. And then the gossip changed, her voice lowered, and sounding stern but quiet, she told me of how a man broke into her apartment one night last summer and he tried to rape her, and after kicking and screaming in her underwear she managed to break free and her attacker escaped. She told me they found the man, and the trial is scheduled for later in the month. And she sat there, with her wine glass in her hand, looking so confident, as if she knew she won this battle. Trying not to sound corny, I told her I could give her a hug. And she leaned on my shoulder, and she cried, hiccuping as she tried to catch her breath. They would make her recount everything on the stand, she said, and the defense lawyers would try to make her sound promiscuous because she slept alone in her underwear. I told her I would go with her to the trial. I told her she is winning by speaking out. Self-assured women. Confident women. How confident are we supposed to be?

confident
women

Janet Kuypers

you once so confidently

I found you at the pool hall
with your excuses for friends
taking a drag from your filtered cigarette
I don't even think you inhaled

I hurled my anger at you
the flames from my eyes struck you
but your sculpted hair wasn't even singed
and you remained as cool
as you imagined yourself to be

and as I turned away
and stormed toward the swinging door
the deafening silence was broken
by a feeble cough
I looked back and saw you
and immobile emotionless statue
with beads of sweat running down your forehead

as I cocked my head
I closed my eyes
and the flames I once hurled were extinguished
as quickly as the cigarette
you once so confidently smoked

Janet Kuypers

medication

I
I set my alarm for 4:30 instead of 5:30 so I could roll over, take a pill, and fall back asleep. I'd leave two pills on the night stand with a glass of water every night. I could feel the pain in my leg, my hand, when I reached over to take the drugs. I'd feel it in my back, too. And sometimes in my shoulder. The water always tasted warm and dusty. It hurt to hold the pills in my right hand.

I closed my eyes at 4:32. I hated that damn alarm clock. And taking the pills early still wouldn't make the pain go away before I woke up. I knew that. But I took them anyway. And I tried to fall back asleep. And I dreaded 5:30, when I'd have to move.

5:40, I couldn't wait any longer, I couldn't be late, we couldn't have that, so I'd finally swing my legs to the floor. I'd put on my robe and limp into the kitchen. The trip to the kitchen lasted for hours. And picking up the milk carton from the refrigerator hurt like hell. This wasn't supposed to be happening, not to me. Just pour the damn milk. I'd wipe the tears from my chin and sit down for breakfast.

II
The doctor doubled the dosage, and he was amazed that I needed this much. He told me to follow the directions strictly, STRICTLY. "You can't take these in the morning the way you have been," he'd say. "You have to take them with food." That doesn't help when I'm crying from the pain in the morning. But I could get an ulcer, he'd say. And I wouldn't want that. Of course not. I just wanted the pain to go away. Take one tablet three times daily, with meals. Do not drink alcohol while on medication. Take with food or milk. Do not skip medication. Do not take aspirin while using this product. Do not operate heavy machinery. May cause ulcers.

III
All I had to do was get through the mornings. The mornings were the hardest part. Just take a little more pain, and by the afternoon it will all be fine. Just fine. An hour after the pills, and I'd start to feel dizzy. I'd stare at a computer screen and it would move, in circles, back and forth. I wanted to grab the screen and make it stay in place. But I'd look at my fingers and they would go in and out of focus. I'd feel my head rocking forward and backward; I couldn't hold myself still. I'd sit at my desk and my eyes would open and close, open and close. Before I knew it, ten minutes passed and I remembered nothing. I could have been screaming for ten minutes straight and I wouldn't have known it. Or crying. Or sleeping. Or laughing. Or dying. I had just lost ten minutes of my life, they were just taken away from me, ripped away from me, and I could never get them back. And I could still feel traces of the pain, lingering in my bones.

(continued)

Letter to Somalia

I swaggered ashore
seasick and already dusty
a savior
on national tv
waved hello to mom at home
but now

Your eyes
I can't forget
your thin nose
cheekbones
dried breasts
child dying in your arms

I expected niggers
fast-talking
gun-toting
jive-assed
laugh-at-anything ghetto dwellers
living on handouts

Thought I might shoot a few
get a medal
drink some brew
bag a Kalisnikov souvenir

Back home
not a hero
can't sleep
must know your name
drawn by desolation
starving for you

Lee Duke

children
C H O C H E S
& daddies

the thrill is soon gone

masked up to the boundaries of fume & being,
secretly conspiring army ants,
greased gut lining
& the great one is soon gone,
pinned to pop sickle sticks
above the enterances of the laboratory,
touch it with delicate finger paints
& watch the glow reverberate slowly at first
but quickly catch like fire in heart of numbness,
where cancer does not fester
but burns thru the shields
& disipates to scald to burn to ebbing sear.

Todd Kalinski

children
C H O C H E S
& daddies

sleep

like a fallen rock which doesn't recall landing
or a movie entered in the middle
platforms melt away
steering wheel detaches from the automobile
gilt edges of vision discernible, though remote
mattress soft and warm as freshly-baked bread

watchdog drags his chain
red reset buttons glow patiently in the dark
deck of cards, ace on top

M. Kettner

lovelight

Laura had planned it all week. She'd fretted and fussed about what to wear, what to say, and how to please the man she loved. When the moment was just upon her, she lit the last candle and opened the champagne. It was supposed to be their evening, or at least that's what he'd promised.

The last time they'd been together, Michael had told her the days of lies and sneaking around were numbered. With his wife out of the picture and the divorce finalized, he'd planned on devoting all his time and energies to Laura and her needs. Little had he realized how much she'd secretly wanted the same thing.

When her lover showed up two hours late, she displaced her anger and accepted his apologies graciously. It hadn't mattered if the dinner had been cold, she'd said, just as long as they were together. They could even forego the meal and make up for it in bed. "Evening delight," she'd whispered in his ear and kissed his neck.

He tensed at her touch and she knew something was wrong. It was as vivid as the girls around her.

Laura cried unashamedly when Michael told her it was over. It'd been her worst fear, and her hopes that it would never rear its head were dashed.

He was supposed to have been everything his poetry said he was, she thought. He'd been her destiny, the one who was going to fill the gap of her loneliness and need. It was going to be...

Something about guilt and marital vows, she heard him say, and with his wife surprisingly pregnant, the divorce was off and reconciliation his major concern.

"What about me," she found herself whimpering, "what about — "

"You?" he laughed cruelly. "Did you think we were going to play Barbie and Ken forever? I was never in this for the poetry. I just wanted to get laid."

Michael dismissed her like a gnat and his only good-bye had been the horrid smile she once thought was cute. It'd been like she'd never existed. As if all the hours of forbidden love had never happened.

(continued)

Had he gauged her emotional state with more sensitivity, Michael would've never turned his back on her, and he never would've been knocked cold when the bottle of champagne connected with the back of his head.

When her twins emerged from the shower, Laura told them not to worry. Michael had just gotten a little excited and she had to calm him down. They were a younger version of their mother, and together, they easily tipped the scales at an even thousand.

"We love you, Daddy," they said to the figure on the floor, and with a nod from their mother, they spread him out on the floor.

As much as he resisted, Michael couldn't control the way his body responded to their touch. They took turns with him, but it wasn't enough for the woman who watched with the bat in her hands. The whole reason for bringing him to this point was to ease the pain and her degradation at being used. Her memory wouldn't let it rest. Years of misery and lies. Of lost dignity and games. It'd all added up to one thing - HURT - and she damned him to Hell.

When Laura broke his ribs, she remembered his touch. When she pushed the bat through his chest, she remembered his lies. When he screamed, she knocked his teeth into the waiting hands of her daughters. She could've easily stuffed the bat up his ass, but instead, she stuck him with the carving knife and covered his body with parafin. The job of drilling a hole in his head was given to her two daughters.

All in all, she thought, it had been a good night, and the romantic evening went on as planned. Asti Spumante, Chopin's pianissimo, and the pleasure of good company by candlelight.

When Michael's head melted half-way down his face, the combined smells of flesh and wax was overpowering, but once the potpourri simmered, Laura knew she salvaged something out of the relationship. While her lover burned, he'd not only light up her studio, but her life as well. Then she laughed and tipped her glass to the molten man.

It had been their evening after all.

Gregory Nyman

children
C H O C H E S
& daddies

bio: I who am now classified according to au courant parlance as being "physically challenged" live unemployed in a decaying house with one wife, even more physically challenged than I am, one dog, not physically challenged, and ten cats, not physically challenged, among the viciousness and ugliness of the Tampa slums. I have a Ph. D. specializing in the poetry of Donne to Marvell. I spend my spare time reading postmodern philosophy: Derrida, Lyotard, Lacan, Deleuze, Habermas, Gadamer, Vattimo, Rorty, etc., and listening to old operas, Rossini, Bellini, and Donzetti. Had had over 1,200 poems published in over 400 different magazines. The latest: American Poetry Review and a collection entitled Whoever Speaks of Representation in Our Time published by Ghost Dance Press.

May 8

- I.
Climbing up to the window,
he saw
the room was empty
except
for the shadows that criss-
crossed
without sources.
- II.
The shadows
never shut their dark eyes.
- III.
The shadows scream.
- IV.
A shadow stumbles.
- V.
The men with arrows
stand by the ladder
propped on the window.
The bowmen have no breath.
Their chests never move.
Their mothers stand by
and ring bells.

Duane Locke

children
C H O C H E S
& daddies

When we meet
to take them out
for their 51st
mom is so pleased
her beautiful boys
are all there
and we signal
to each not to
mention who isn't.
I love you all
she smiles and
dad nods, not
hearing.

Paul Weinman