

# children CHURCHES & daddies

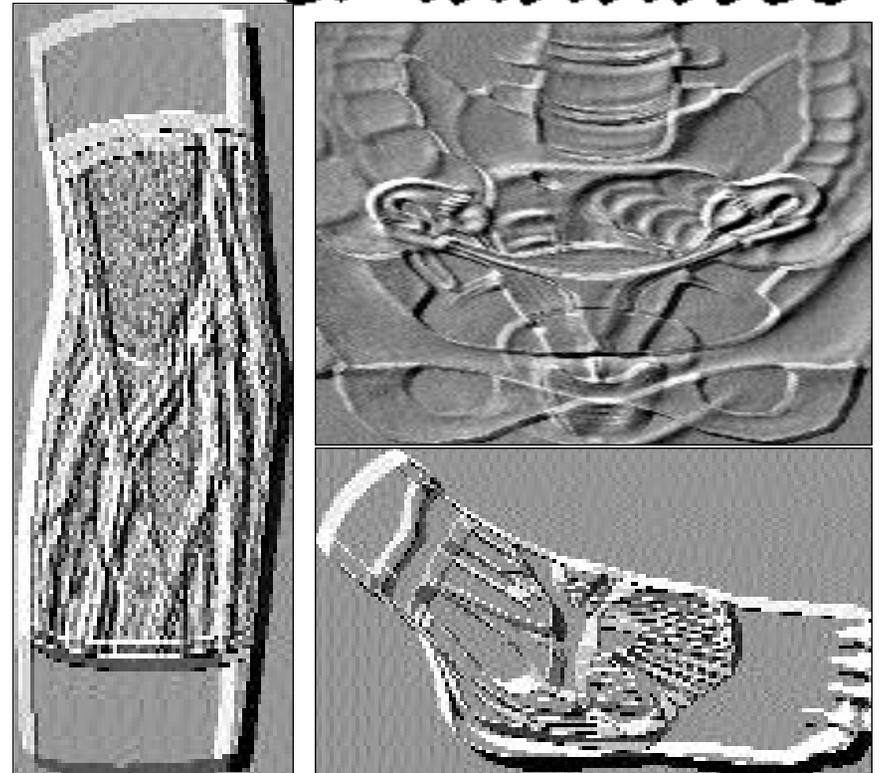
Children, Churches and Daddies is a magazine published as often as we have enough material, so submit early and submit often. The current rate of printing is one every three weeks to a month. • While no racist or sexist material is allowed, we do accept work of almost any genre of poetry, prose or artwork. • 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. •

featured  
writers:

Larry Blazek  
Lida Broadhurst  
John Alan Douglas  
Ora Wilbert Eads  
Thomas Kretz  
Janet Kuypers  
Lyn Lifshin  
Landa Ann Loschiavo  
C Ra McGuirt  
Kurt Nimmo  
Sara Venkus

# children CHURCHES & daddies

ISSN 1068-5154



volume 10: human  
behavior

without you (1.6.94)

i look out at the evening sky

trees laced with snow  
on the delicate branches

glistening in the whiteness

the darkened sky                      the powdered streets

the trees aren't as beautiful anymore

Janet Kuypers

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CHURCHES  
& daddies

# biographies

Larry Blazek, who has yet to be moved from the depths of Indiana, is boasting the publication of a few new chapbooks (as if cc and d wasn't enough). "Composite Dreams" is available for 6 stamps, and he's looking for submissions for "Opossum Holler Tarot", which is available for 4 stamps. Contact cc and d for more information.

John Alan Douglas (whoa, there are so many first names there, that's so cool) is a first timer here at Children, Churches and Daddies, residing north up there in Vancouver.

And I quote from a letter from Ora Wilbert Eads: "I am a man 79 years old. I'm legally blind in one eye and totally blind in the other. I didn't submit any material to a literary periodical until 1990 was well under way. I've been quite fortunate. Various literary periodicals in Canada and throughout the United States have published 1610 of my poems."

Janet Kuypers has just lost it, ladies and gentlemen. She's trying to do too many things at once. A full time job, a magazine, freelance work... oops, she forgot to write in her spare time.

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.

Kurt Nimmo was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1952. He lived in Georgia and Florida in the 1970s, and now makes Canton, Michigan his home. In the late 1970s he co-edited the successful literary magazine The Smudge. In the 1980s he edited Planet Detroit. Kurt Nimmo has been nominated for three Pushcart Prizes for fiction, and two of his books were selected as "Modern Classics" in 1992 by The Wormwood Review. A selection of poetry appeared in the anthology A New Geography Of Poets (The University of Arkansas Press) in 1992. His fiction, poetry, and reviews appear in periodicals in America, Canada, and England. Recent book titles include: All the Trees Are Dead (Zerk Press, 1991), Catholic Girls (Translucent Tendency Press, 1991), Susan Atkins (PNG Books, 1991), Stories From the Single Life (PNG Books, 1991), and Criminal Class (Translucent Tendency Press, 1993). His poetry manuscript, Shock Treatment, won the 1993 SLIPSTREAM poetry competition. Another poetry manuscript, The New Dark Ages, will be published by BLEEDING HEART PRESS later this year. His novella, Tioga Pass, was selected in September of 1993 as a SMALL PRESS REVIEW pick of the month.

children  
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& daddies

We know your writing's good.

And we at cc+d would love to make a chapbook of your work. But there's this little problem called money. Printing gets tough without it.

So where's my chapbook???

So here's the deal: send us your work. If we like it, we'll design the pages for a chapbook and send them to you for copying. Then we'll distribute as many as you want.

It'll have the tried-and-true cc+d logo, our ISSN number, the whole nine yards - and you can even choose how many copies you want to make and how many copies you want to keep for yourself.

What a country!  
Thanks, cc+d!!!

Glad we could help. Any time.

Submit, or I'll have to kill you.

So, you think you've got some talent, huh? Looking for a magazine to showcase it? Fine. Read all that nasty fine print over there, and if you're still actually interested, send poetry, short prose, black and white art work, praises or large checks (like poets even have money) to:

Children, Churches and Daddies Magazine  
Scars Publications, Janet Kuypers, Editor  
5310 North Magnolia, lower level  
Chicago, Illinois 60640

That wasn't so hard, was it?

technical (boring) stuff:

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So what's a poetry collection volume?

It's when you send 100 copies of an 11 x 8.5" page (that's a page turned sideways, like these) with 4 poems on them, so they could fold up to be a book like this one, to us here at cc+d. All you little kiddies out there have to do is send those pages in to us, and we'll put them into collection volumes. Make sure the work is tasteful (that means not bad), and include your name on each poem.

STILL FOR SALE  
(for all you poets with money to burn)

- Hope Chest in the Attic a 200 page collection of poems from our one and only Janet Kuypers. Perfect bound (not this staple crap), two color cover, and special two-color art section. So what are you waiting for?

## Imprints

She was crying when I picked her up from preschool

seems the teacher scolded her

i understood when I saw the little red handprint  
dripping down from the pale-yellow cinderblock wall

fingerpainting on paper gets boring after a while

she's only 4 years old  
already she's figured it out

you have to leave your mark on the world to make people notice

I think I'll try something in green

Sara Venkus

## Dead Junkies

A truckload  
of dead junkies  
overdosed on stash  
hauled off  
with the other trash  
stacks of blue  
smiling cordwood  
cerrobellic cesspool  
scorge of the neighborhood  
we'd shift responsibility  
of we could  
outcast from society  
dregs of humanity  
instead of helping  
these truly ill  
we shove them off  
into eternity

Larry Blazek



## Sports on the Evening News

Figures, numbered like prisoners,  
But allowed more colorful dress,  
Juggle balls, spread fingers in odd gestures  
like psychotic mimes.

Lida Broadhurst

## Her Story - He Story

The best possible chronicler of men  
over the ages would be women,  
for they have suffered men.

The best possible chronicler of women  
over the ages would be men,  
for they have suffered women.

Then let the scars sing.

John Alan Douglas

# WE WHO SUFFER

The concept of endless punishment  
In a future dimension  
Is a monstrous supposition  
Which lacks credibility;  
Justice requires judgment  
Proportionate to the offense:  
Nobody errs eternally;  
So it is correct  
To disavow cruel presumptions  
That misery never ends.

A substantial part  
Of organized religion  
Affirms vulgar notions  
Of torture for dissenters;  
But a small enlightened element  
Rejects ancient superstitions  
Sublime insights  
Allied with good conscience  
Remold many doctrines  
Which are spiritually infantile.

Misinformed preachers scare people  
With vivid descriptions  
Of encircling flames  
Which never are quenched  
According to superstitions  
Finite origins  
Cannot engender results  
Infinite in scope;  
Destructive fear sustains  
A shoddy ecclesiastic structure;  
But, as we continue  
Removal of the foundation,  
The obsolete system  
Will tumble in shambles.

## Proportion

Ora Wilbert Eads

It's raining.

I have the idea that it's been raining since the Mesolithic period. That we are tired of the rain, of the jobs and the bullshit, since before the Stone Age.

I drive my car through the rain.

Other people, all around me, drive their cars through the rain and they seem oblivious to it all.

I'm the only one who suffers.

I have an appointment with a psychiatrist. I drive through the rain and through the bullshit to get there. Some of the people, all around me, are probably also driving to their psychiatrists. Maybe some of them are just out for a newspaper or a box of sanitary napkins. We have things to do. We can never spend a whole day doing absolutely nothing whatever.

The receptionist is fat. I tell her that I'm here to see Doctor Blahza. This is my first visit. She tells me to have a seat over there and this she does without actually looking at me. I go over there and have a seat beside a normal enough looking fernthing. The fern-thing is probably intended to make me feel comfortable but actually I'm uncomfortable because this is my first visit to Doctor Blahza and I'm beginning to think I'm paranoid schizophrenic.

The fern-thing is dying.

We're all dying.

There's a magazine. I look at the magazine. The magazine tells me that Jesus will come back before the year 2000. I don't know why Jesus would want to come back. Didn't we treat him pretty shabbily the first time? The magazine will mail to me a tape describing the return of Jesus Christ. With this tape I will know what to look for. I will be saved. The tape costs \$19.95 plus postage and handling.

Nothing can save us now.

(continued)

Doctor Blahza walks through a white door. I know this is Doctor Blahza though I have never before seen Doctor Blahza. He walks over to me and his mouth opens and my name comes out. Doctor Blahza has mispronounced my last name. I shake Doctor Blahza's hand. Then I put the magazine down near the fern-thing plant which is dying like we are all dying.

We walk through the white door together. On the other side of the white door is a corridor with more white doors on either side. One of these white doors, I realize, is Doctor Blahza's private office.

White doors are made to put me at ease. I am ill at ease and my hands are sweaty. This is my condition.

The office of Doctor Blahza is a predictable office and is non-offensive in every way. Doctor Blahza sits behind his non-offensive desk and proceeds to ask me all manner of non-offensive questions.

There is, I'm assured, strict confidentiality.

This is what I tell Doctor Blahza:

- 1 ) I can't sleep.
- 2) They're out to get me.
- 3) Wind in the trees makes me uneasy.
- 4) I'm losing interest in sex and food.
- 5) I have an eating disorder.

Doctor Blahza is a helpful man.

Doctor Blahza has a nicely trimmed beard.

Doctor Blahza is approximately ten years younger than me. Doctor Blahza has meticulously trimmed fingernails. Doctor Blahza wears a mauve tie and brown pennyloafers. Doctor Blahza is a homosexual. Doctor Blahza says that I am depressed and that is why I have lost interest in food and sex. Doctor Blahza does not mention the people out there who want to get me. I think it's strange that Doctor Blahza doesn't have a fern-thing in his office. Fern-things in offices all over the world are dying. Fernthings need people to touch them so they

(continued)

**children**  
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## Doctor Paid But Overruled

when the unsalted cracker isn't even crisp  
the fake wine doesn't have a hint of France  
woman of phantasies flourishes without you  
your teams your dreams your screams crushed  
with drink and prayer and think and prayer  
with sink and prayer and hope for the best  
it's time to make pressure scatter mercury  
with one great effort of holding the breath  
exit sharply through unyielding walls of vein.

Thomas Kretz

**children**  
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shit, i said. thats rare for a woman;  
they usually go by pills...

she tried that before, said my ex.  
ellen wasn't playing this time...

i never knew ellen, and i'm too old  
to believe that if i had,  
ellen might yet be amongst us:  
hell, i can't even fix myself,  
and i couldn't have made ellen happy.

i never knew ellen. i wish she were here

laughing across the table,  
in my favorite mexican joint  
on this april afternoon.

C Ra McGuirt

can survive. People need people to touch them and Doctor Blahza does not touch me. This is called professionalism.

Outside it is raining.

I can see the rain through Doctor Blahza's window and the rain falls exactly straight as college-ruled paper turned sideways. The rain is older than the Paleolithic, Mesolithic, and Stone Ages combined. The rain will fall on the shoulders of Jesus when he returns. The rain of rains will wash away our sins.

Doctor Blahza asks me about my father. I tell Doctor Blahza that my father, my roommate, my girlfriend, and my boss are all alcoholics. Doctor Blahza writes this down with a blue pen on a yellow pad of college-ruled paper. Then Doctor Blahza tells me that I am an alcoholic. I am a paranoid depressed alcoholic who finds reassurance in the company of other paranoid depressed alcoholics.

And Jesus turned the water to wine.

Doctor Blahza provides each of his many patients with forty-five minute increments of his valuable time. My forty-five minute increment has come and gone.

Doctor Blahza suggests that I come back and see him again. Doctor Blahza fits me between two ruled lines in his schedule book. Doctor Blahza shakes my hand.

I am left alone to find my way down the corridor of identical white doors. In this way I am much like a trained white rodent which attempts to avoid an electric shock in search of food. I am to pay the receptionist on the way out.

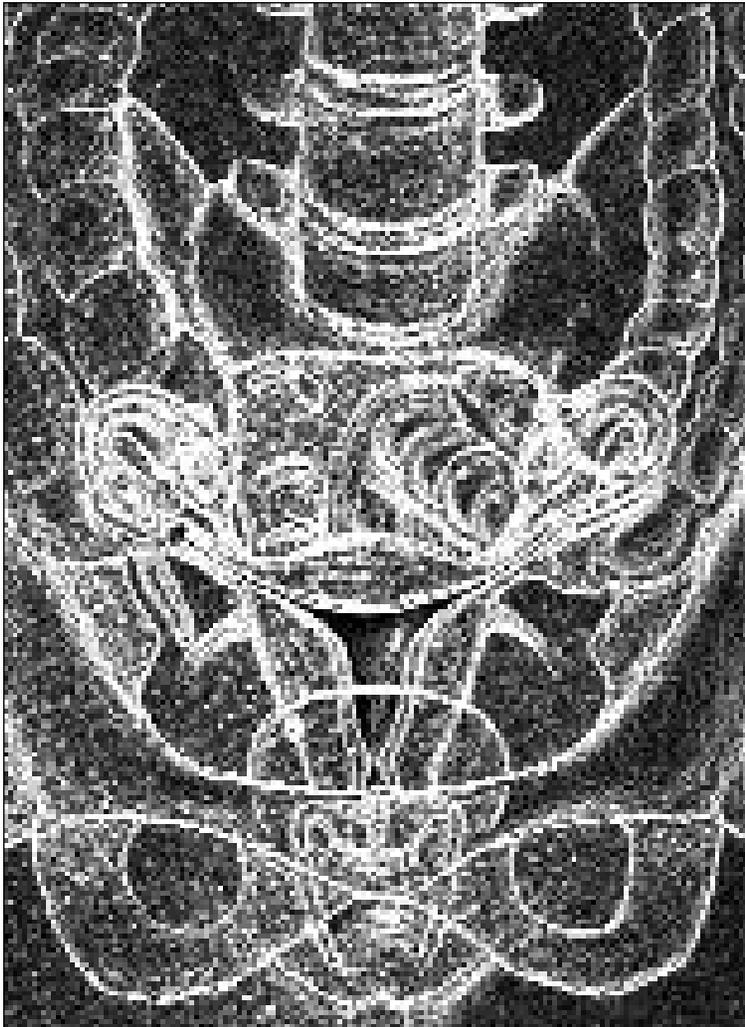
I pay the fat receptionist on the way out. She does not look at me. A computer tells her what to do. We all have alcoholic paranoid depressed anxiety-ridden computers for brains. These computers tell us to do the wrong things.

It's raining when I go outside. I have the idea that it's been raining like this for a very long time. That we are tired of the rain, of the jobs, of the bullshit, and the faulty neurochemical computers which sputter and short circuit our lives.

(continued)

I drive my car through the rain.  
Other people, some of them around me, drive their cars through the  
rain and the bullshit and they seem completely oblivious to it all.  
I'm the only one who suffers.

Kurt Nimmo



children  
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& daddies

## elegy for ellen

i didn't know ellen that well, although we partied  
together a time or 2. i didn't know ellen that well—  
girlfriend of my former wife. i didn't know ellen. her  
boyfriend french, her beauty and drinking extreme. i  
didn't know ellen. she was jewish. her eyes and hair  
were marvelous dark. of course, i wanted to fuck, or  
even kiss her. i never did either. although we laughed  
together, i never really knew ellen very well.

i never knew ellen; only her public persona,  
and couldn't fantasize myself  
much beyond touching her cheek.  
however, i knew her fond of me—  
ellen came with bright balloons  
when my gut went out behind bad love.

i never knew ellen, but my ex-wife  
kept me up on her whereabouts.  
i knew when she quit drinking  
and fucking around  
and france.

i never knew ellen. i knew  
she harbored desperation.  
but i didn't know ellen,  
so i couldn't guess  
why nothing much seemed to content her.

yesterday, my ex-wife called and told me:  
ellen shot herself.

(continued)

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## November

Somewhere the  
edges blur  
under leaves  
on a whiteness  
that could  
camouflage what  
was torn and  
ripped as the  
black ribbon,  
an omen of  
more that  
would be.  
My sister,  
a loaded gun.  
Mama, I write  
in the leaves  
going dust  
if you knew,  
if we knew,  
if we'd known

Lyn Lifshin

## Like Bone To The Ground

Not until he started to feel her  
first her wrist then suddenly  
under her coat ramming her against the  
wall starting to but she couldn't  
scream the knife in his hand  
groin up against her  
his thigh splitting her knees till  
she cracked like bone to the ground  
flesh ripped silk in his teeth  
then it was over

next day she didn't show up for work  
or any day after

Lyn Lifshin

"In a Few Words"

## In Brevi

How now or never to speak of words, phrases,

That steer us through love's phases, your voice tilts

Its riches like birds goldening above

In light-kissed blue, those restless aviators

I yearn for, to be carried far away

On, your soft throat close, vibrant, nestling promise.

Linda Ann Loschiavo

## backbone family act

I  
tried  
you  
actress  
part  
you  
cared  
damn  
you  
feelings  
emotions  
daughter

nothing  
motions  
think  
family

flashbacks  
kill  
forget  
told  
long  
cry  
leave

closing  
more  
part  
worry  
filled  
backbone  
family  
act

Janet Kuypers

stairs  
 worn  
 right  
 days  
 hall  
  
 hall  
 around  
 anymore  
 couch  
 facing  
 room  
  
 to  
 myself  
 today  
  
 snap  
  
 open  
 creak  
 drawn  
 light  
  
 fear  
 again  
 anger  
 kicked  
 again  
  
 sweat  
 couldn't  
 do  
 bedroom  
 fists  
 walls  
 rage  
  
 muscles  
 eyebrows  
 lips  
 sweat  
 bedroom  
  
 stomach  
 face  
 arms  
 hair  
 apart  
  
 again  
 face  
 sheets  
 screams  
 me  
 pain  
 light  
 bedroom  
  
 symbol  
 ethic  
 told  
 society  
  
 eyes  
  
 mine  
 Hell  
 dresser  
 pictures  
 me  
 frame  
 edges  
 floor  
 dresser  
 down  
  
 bedroom

## room

Janet Kuypers

## Desirous

the light from you  
 the flames leap up  
 licking my lips  
 touching my skin  
 the fire moving  
 in it's desirous dance  
 the smoke intoxicates me  
 as the remnants  
 from the desirous inferno  
 drum a rhythmic beat  
 and crackle as they burn  
 the ashes fall  
 sprinkling  
 tickling my face  
 sliding down my throat  
 coating my lungs  
 making every breath  
 a desirous pant  
 I chain myself  
 my body falls limp  
 I am intertwined  
 with the desirous world  
 the desire from you

Janet Kuypers

## Lustful

The touch of you  
 at first distant  
 in mounds of meat  
 my lips purse outward  
 to touch  
 suck in  
 as you grow closer  
 in this lust  
 of my body  
 to press against  
 to fill inward  
 curves with my  
 bulgings' pulse  
 throb  
 to enter flesh  
 with wetting  
 heat in gasps  
 grasping of hands  
 to enwrap legs  
 tongues and all  
 that I can  
 explode  
 inside you.

Paul Weinman