

# children CHURCHES & daddies

# children

ISSN 1068-5154

# CHURCHES

# & daddies

*the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine*

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

Chapbooks/books/computer programs printed in 1993 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, rendering us, gabriel, magnolia christmas, how you looked then, right there by your heart. • Chapbooks printed in the 1994 poetry chapbook series: paper backbone, winter prayers, looking through their window. • Copyright © 1994, Scars Publications, Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual pieces remain with their authors. •



# volume 13: art style

**To all people who have been previously published in cc&d:**

I was thinking the other night, I thought, "Hey, Janet, I think it's about time you started working on a larger project. Last year at about this time you were printing a 200 page, two color perfect bound book." (In case you people don't know, the book is "Hope Chest in the Attic", and it's only about \$10. Thank you.)

So okay, I'm thinking, another book for me is not in order yet. And besides, I don't have the money... geez, it would be really nice to do a good-quality compilation book of work that has been in past issues of cc+d and chapbooks...

Well, this is what I was thinking. This giving stuff away to contributors just wouldn't work for a large project like this, so if contributors would be willing to pay the printer costs for the number of pages of work they had in the paperback book, we would all pay a fair amount - and have a proportionate number of books.

I got a quote from a printer last year (granted, this is a quote from last year, and prices may change, but hopefully not much) for about \$2,000 for 500 books. Yes, that does sound like a lot, even though that only amounts to about \$4 per book. But listen: the book is 200 pages, perfect bound, with a 2 color cover, and possibly the use of those colors in the inside of the book. In other words, nice looking.

And, when you just have a few pages of work in the book, everyone takes a small share of the cost. For example, if you only have one page in the book (one small poem) you'd be paying for one page out of 200, times \$2,000 (the cost) - only \$10. And then, when it was done, I'd send you 2 books (well worth the cost).

Even for more pages it is pretty cheap. If you have 10 pages, then your cost is 1/20th of 2,000 or \$100. Sure that sounds like a lot, but then you get 25 good quality books to share (or sell). I know I had no problem selling the first 50 copies of my book, and I want to keep more than one copy of a book like this for myself, so I know everyone could at least break even if they had more pages in the book.

I figure this is the only way I can do it. Some people buy contributors copies anyway. I'd like to publish a lot of people a lot of the time in a high quality format, but we are all going through tough times, and for a good project like this, I can't handle the financial burden alone.

Anyone out there who is interested in being a part of a book like this, something more permanent, something that I donate copies of to libraries, blah, blah, blah, please let me know. We can work out a plan where we print the number of pages for you that you can afford - as long as I have enough people willing to share this burden with me.

A magazine is fun, but a book is a part of history. I want to make everyone who has been printed on these pages a part of history with me, but I can't do it alone. Please write and let me know if you're interested. Thanks so much.



Editor

# daggerman

“sacrifice cattle little & big;  
after a child.”

- the Book of the Law

commanded by my god  
in a ice garage 200 miles  
away from his warm bed and mine,

i have sacrificed a child.

no lion lives on this cold concrete.  
a weak wolf howls within its walls.

tears go to ice in my eyes,  
& there is no more wine

*C Ra McGuirt*



# frost-covered mountain

Up on  
Frost-Covered Mountain  
We can see  
for miles and miles  
oh yeah  
We could  
be there together  
and from there  
we'll see nothing  
but blue skies  
for miles and miles away

*Larry Blazek*

**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## graffiti, legend and folklore

I tired of fiction early,  
leaving behind Judy Blume like  
a cheap doll given by a  
dirty old uncle. Started  
picking up books more  
appropriately titled  
*Are you there, Master  
of the Universe? It's me,  
Moishe.*

Trading the children's section  
for the cold spaciousness of  
the grown-up stacks -  
a miniature scholar  
crouching in the shadows  
of the towering shelves,  
gleaning and perusing  
black-and-white photos  
of People Who Had It  
Worse Than Me.  
Bored to death of being a kid,  
I changed my reading habits  
dramatically.  
In sixth grade my teacher called  
my mother to inform her that  
I was reading Stephen King  
novels in geography class.  
(They definitely would have  
sensed a problem had I been  
found reading *Escape from a  
Nazi Death Camp.*)

It is in bad taste to have  
thought, in my elementary  
understanding, that I could  
relate to their sad, dark eyes  
hollow with fear and lack of food,  
feeling deeply the hopelessness  
of their capacity and just  
beginning to notice my own?  
After all, I was just a ward  
of the state, a child of the  
system, a nameless, faceless  
receiver of public aid, a  
welfare leech too young to  
know my dependence on the  
spectres of the social workers who  
would visit my house to stuff  
me into their smelly little cars  
(do I smell gas?)  
and play AM radio  
(How can you tell and adult  
that "Sexual Healing"  
is not a song for kids?)  
on the way to therapy,  
feeling like a psychology experiment  
destined to self-destruct,  
threatening to vomit all over the  
Citation symbol on the dash.  
After I was released from the  
Department of Public Welfare  
files I ventured into the  
blinding sunlight of the wide  
wide world, and only  
sometimes read book like that,  
trading *Treblinka* for the  
*Song of Albion* and only  
occasionally flashing back to the  
horror of Nazi Germany and my own

(continued)

## the happy furnace cafe

The overweight heap in apple red overcoat stag-  
gered onto the cafe bench across me. His beard was  
brown with street slush black marks charred his  
elbows. His pock-marked face was flushed.

Ordering a cafe au lait, he pushed his fat map into  
mine. Even before he opened a Ustinov mouth, foul  
ice-cave breath engulfed the entire cafe, scnding  
early Xmas shoppers home early. Then he spoke.

"Son, I see you are that most unfortunate of  
mortals, a poet. Pardon me, career poet.  
I give you my entrails in sympathy.  
But you should try my line; inert,  
comatose 6 months of year, then  
each july (JULY mind you!) up  
early to start mass assembly  
of toys toys toys.  
Pah!!"

I looked at him with my best blankness,  
then started in "You agonise over so  
few work days along the rolling  
year -onlysix mere months of  
abusing children and even  
adults with promises of  
plunder - erecting  
false hopes. But  
I submit a pot  
of poetry to  
some editor  
five times  
a day

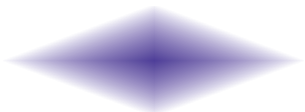
(continued)

EVERY day of the year!" To which the red  
roly poly givaholic fell down on his  
credit cards (only the best) and  
crawled on all pudgy fours  
out the cafe door  
to hell.  
And he could be heard all the way down  
the icesheet paved with bad intentions:  
"happy noel happy noel"  
a christmas card to  
awaiting furnace doors.  
I held out my cup composed of human skin  
and asked for more.

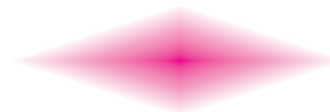
*John Alan Douglas*

childhood nightmare when I  
stand before *White Crucifixion*  
by Chagall and tremble for a  
moment picturing gestapo jerks  
trashing the room and poking a  
machine gun into my back  
whispering "Spit on it or die."  
Do I dare folloow the example of  
my adopted nacestors, raising  
my hands to the ceiling and praying,  
"Jehovah deliver me,"  
welcoming the spray  
of bullets, the working out  
of His deliverance and my redemption.

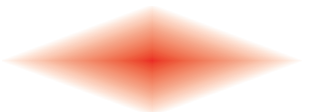
*Tammy Boyd*



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies



# like dogs left out near the crumbling adobe

old dogs people  
have dumped left  
out in the country  
the people soothe  
their minds with  
thoughts that the  
old dogs might  
catch a chicken  
and live. My  
husband and I  
would walk around  
at sunset the adobe  
rose in the last  
light rose and  
cantaloupe sand  
with the dogs  
howling the  
ones that still  
could. My husband  
would put his  
arms around me  
tight tighter  
I don't know how  
people could be  
so cruel he said  
how heartless was  
30 then my  
hair smelled of

pinon and I thought  
I'd gotten over  
things I was afraid  
of 30 years later  
and I could be  
those dogs I  
don't know where  
my next meal will  
come from  
abandoned like  
those old sick  
dogs my Junior  
League card in  
my wallet next  
to New Mexico  
food stamps

*Lyn Lifshin*

# Sub Rosa

Let us not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit daylight; rather let's loll behind  
Blind twilight, where lies lie smoother at starched sup-  
Pers, unwinding amateurs time wound up  
Wounding. Cornered by candles, undetectable:  
Fingering mousse in your hair, delectable  
To dream of just desserts. During these days of  
Whine and root canals and bygone love,  
Unfriendly sunshine ferrets out silver  
In my ponitail, singles out my shiver:  
Your hand, cosy in its gold band. No fairytale  
Regaling lunar lovers with lost nightingales,  
These seldom days wink soon enough: sneaky  
Squeezes easy, tangled tongues in a taxi,  
Creating history to be revised — wee,  
Wee, wee, all the way home, where you rehearse  
The dream behind a locked door, then flush your queen.  
Offer a favorite preservative: can-  
Dle gloom. Halve a heart and do mine good in  
Sultry sunsets, where clocks stand bewitched,  
Smiles veiled, and some little snitch will always twitch,  
Baring bold sailboats on bikinis and such  
As the forked tongue of greedy nightfall thrusts  
Out endless wicked possibilities  
Of crabbed and futile fantasies.

*Linda Ann Loschiavo*

## Kissing a mechanical ape

On the side street near the discount house, I saw  
a man of marriageable age kissing a mechanical ape.  
Then this same man began hugging himself.  
I asked, "What does this mean?"  
He replied, "I refuse to destroy my emblem by reasoned discourse,"  
and he continued to hug himself.  
This is a strange neighborhood, I thought,  
I am returning to main street where there are traditional stores.  
When I arrived each stoire was having a founder's day sale,  
and I saw a thousand men in silkish suits,  
each man hugging himself, and in silkish dresses  
a thousand women each hugging their children.

*Duane Locke*

## immolation

I saw burning tanks and personnel carriers  
while I did my time.  
At noight, through the thermal sight,  
they looked kind of funny,  
Like bad video game graphics through drunk eyes.  
In the day, they didn't look so funny anymore.  
I used to keep my wife's latest letter  
in my cargo pocket as a good luck charm,  
but it kept reminding me that there were people  
inside those burning vehicles  
and they might have had wives too.  
More than anything, I didn't want to go like that.  
Burning alive means no remains for mommy and wife.  
Now at night, when the orange streetlights  
outside my apartment whisper:  
"Fuck you" in my ear  
and keep me up after Letterman  
I tell them it wasn't me.  
"I didn't pull no god-damn trigger. I was just the driver.  
You're looking for Sgt. Chios." I say.  
When I finally get to sleep,  
I dream that I am looking through,  
a brand now pack of baseball cards  
with the pictures of dead Iraqi soldiers on the front  
with their complete major and minor league stats on the back.  
I wake up in the bloodbox apartment  
on warm April mornings  
late for work again,  
bitch slapped  
with war fever and tears burning behind my eyes.

*Al Rogovin*



## celibacy

my wife and i haven't made love in two weeks  
and we sit here across from each other  
no television no radio no rent  
neither of us has a job  
and neither of us plans on getting one  
it's like a game of chicken  
with boths hands handcuffed behind our backs  
and a brick on the gas pedal  
and we sit here across from each other  
the only thing between us  
is a box of mexican jumping beans  
and it is so hot the beans are jumping  
like desperate men off the empire state building  
and my wife and i haven't made love in two weeks  
as my knee accidentally brushes her knee  
and she recoils in horror  
and we sit here across from each other  
as notes of eviction are slid under the door  
but still neither one of us will move  
and i ask myself as surely as she now asks herself  
how do two people come to a point like this  
well, anger is a knife in the kitchen  
and love a gun shot wound  
but we are far beyond all that now  
as we sit here across from each other  
not having made love in two weeks  
going on three

*James Valvis*

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*





## driving

In this dream I am twelve  
and not yet fatherless

Me & my dad in a car  
one of thoses beefy old Camaros  
before they got too slick

He zips through a couple trees -  
not a scratch, I can't believe it

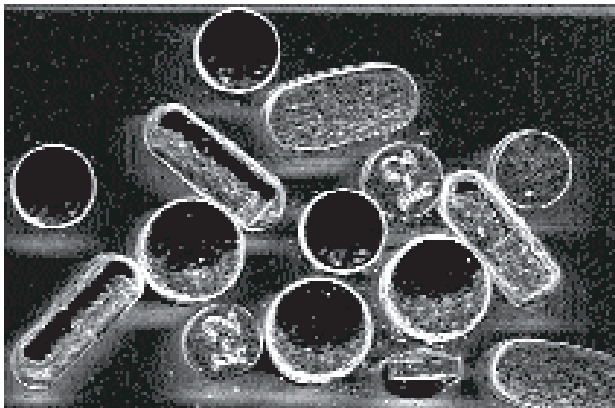
Then through a pile of brush  
and down

"Dad," I say "you're the greatest  
driver in the whole fucking world"  
He says "I try"

Then a beach, wild animals  
a jungle, a gorge

and I know he'll land just perfect  
on that rock  
that looks sharper the closer we get

*Steve Wingate*



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## Christmas

### Eve

we made dinner  
fetuccini alfredo  
with chicken and duck

vegetables  
bread

we ate  
couldn't finish everything

we were putting on our coats  
getting ready to go  
to midnight mass

i decided to pack up  
our leftovers  
give them  
to some homeless people  
on the main street

we got in the car  
and drove  
to broadway and berwyn

i got out of the car  
walked over to a man there

asked him if he was hungry

i got the bowl of noodles  
and the gallon of milk  
out of the car  
another man walked over to me

i told them to promise  
that they would share

i got in the car  
we were just driving

and all i could think of  
was these two men  
in the cold  
eating pasta with their fingers

on Christmas Eve

*Janet Kuypers*

**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## Coslow S

I am back  
at my old college  
hang-out

years later

sharing some beers  
with an old friend

then i remember  
being there  
with a friend  
who used to  
work there

she told me about the  
women's bathroom

in all my years  
I had never  
been there

she said  
women write on the wall  
at the left  
of the stall  
women write  
that they've been raped

they name names

there were arrows  
pointing  
to other women's  
messages  
saying  
"i've heard this before"

first names  
last names

when she told me  
of this  
years ago  
i walked in  
read the names  
and wrote down one  
of my own

i forgot about that wall  
until now  
and i am back  
just yards away  
from the  
bathroom door

i get up  
walk  
open the door  
years later

all the names are still there  
jake jay josh larry matt scott

i can even still see  
my own writing  
it didn't take long  
to find it

*Janet Kuypers*

## the martyr and the saint

they gave their daughter the name  
of the Patron Saint of television

and the television's always been  
one thing she hated about him

or was it the drinking that he needed  
more than her

the business has gone bad  
I'm a failure I'm not a man

he said he respected her  
then he'd call her

a twenty dollar whore from Vegas

and the mother would hold  
the child, the saint, the pure angel

hold her ears and hope she  
couldn't hear

*Janet Kuypers*

## twin

they tell me i was born  
two months premature

the first of twins

they tell me it was difficult  
my birth  
i still can't hear in one ear

i have an indentation in my chest  
on the right side  
where they had to run a tube  
in me  
to keep me alive

they tell me they kept Douglas alive  
for three weeks  
but he just couldn't survive

i wonder what it would have been like  
to have someone look just like me

we could switch places  
fool everyone

we'd be inseparable

my family doesn't talk about  
him much  
but sometimes  
i still think of him

maybe with the medical world  
today  
he would be alive

sometimes i feel  
like i'm not whole

*Janet Kuypers*



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

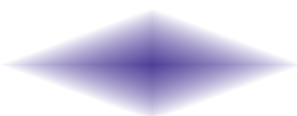
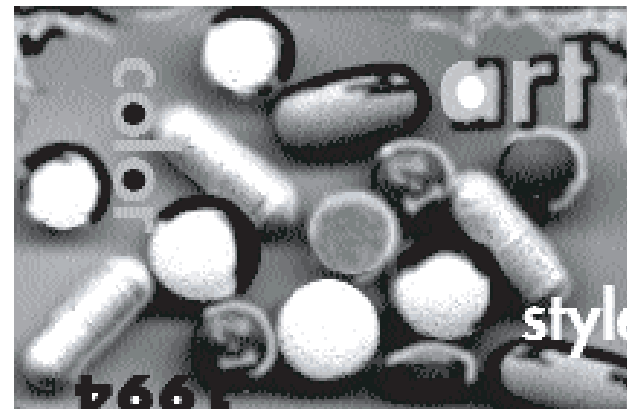
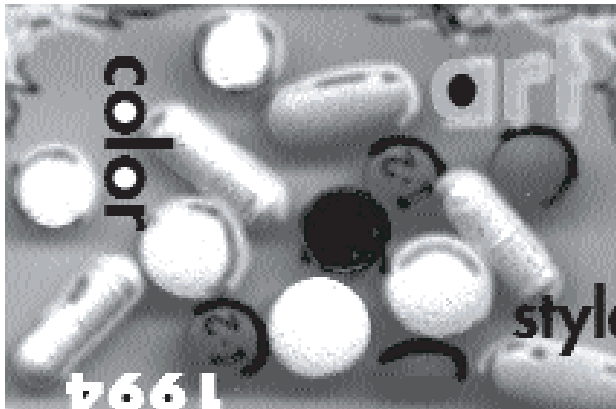
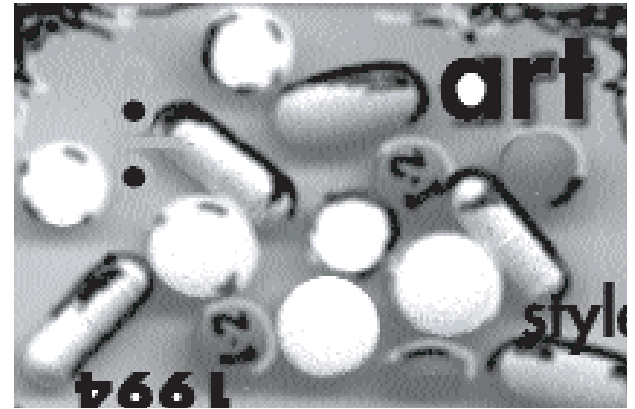
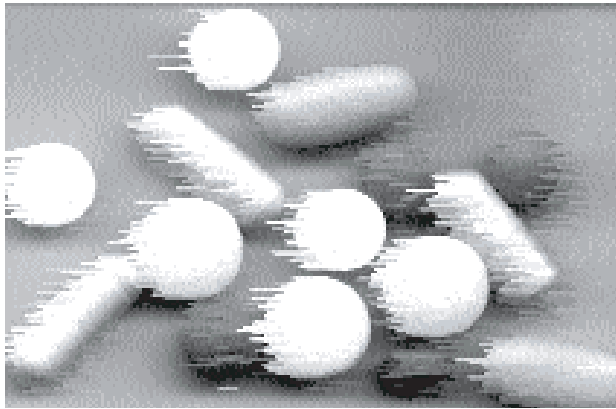
fossil

oh yea fossil

*Lee Whittier*

**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

