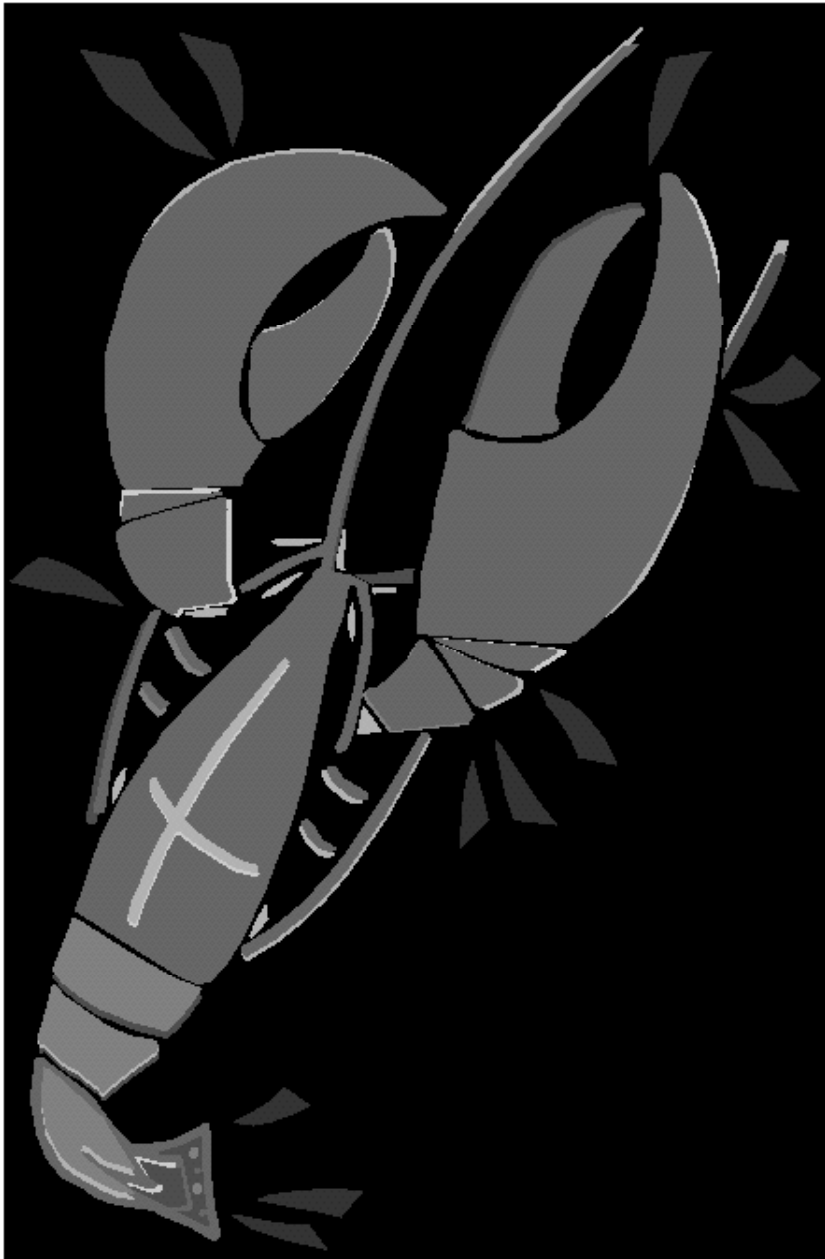


# children CHURCHES & daddies

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, rendering us, gabriel, magnolia christmas, how you looked then. • Chapbooks from the 1994 Children, Churches and Daddies Poetry Chapbook Series: paper backbone, winter prayers, looking through their window, games, order now, a (fe)male behind bars. • Copyright © 1994, Scars Publications, Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual pieces remain with their authors. •



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies



**children**  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## FRENCH QUARTER

blue dog  
red cat

painted faces  
shaping balloons

red dead crawfish  
staring from the plate

stumbling men  
streets filled with drink

painted women  
on display

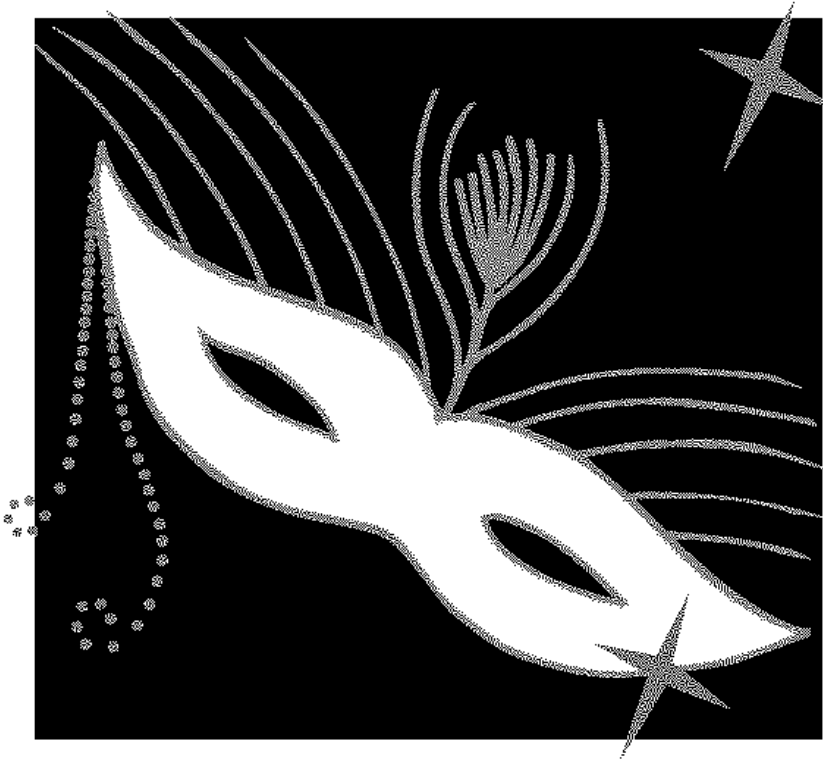
there is no sleep  
but there are the streets

wear the mask  
at night

there are two choices  
for pleasure

go out or  
go to bed

Janet Kuypers



# CALL FOR ENTRIES!

We're rapidly approaching our first anniversary issue (all of us sing now, "happy birthday to cc+d..."), so in order to do something special, I need your help. Send me your opinion of cc+d, how it has changed, comments, praises and criticisms. I'll include the best ones (fiction or not) in our first anniversary issue.

I'll also look for special pieces of poetry and prose that are about either children, churches or daddies (something that I don't normally do). Hey, if you can write something up about children, churches and daddies, there's probably a good chance it'll get in (or at least it will get a good laugh out of me).

So this is my challenge to you. Let's make this issue fun - the anniversary issue deserves a party, and this is the closest thing we'll get. I'm waiting to hear from you!!!

  
Editor

**children**  
**CHURCHES**  
& *daddies*

## 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

## JACKSON SQUARE/BOURBON STREET

we'll read your palm  
we'll sketch your face  
we'll take you for a carriage ride

we'll pipe you full of liquor  
we'll give you naked women  
we'll make you happy

aren't you happy, friend

Janet Kuypers

## THE BRIDGE TO NEW ORLEANS

you have to pass the desolation  
before you get there  
long, long bridges  
overlooking swamps, decaying trees  
occasionally a home  
foundation crumbling  
wet wood peeling away

what do those people see  
the people in those homes  
crocodiles, snakes  
bugs along the water  
a ripple of the murky  
water under the full moon  
the vultures perched  
along the treetops

they have the isolation  
the beauty of the solitude  
but it's a different kind of  
decay they see  
a different kind of decay  
a different kind

Janet Kuypers

## RENDERING ME

the heat  
the fire  
burning my skin  
red  
hot  
stripping me  
rendering me  
defenseless

Janet Kuypers

## MY EJACULATION

the heat  
the fire  
swelling my flesh  
red  
hot  
my exclamation  
my ejaculation  
conquest

Paul Weinman

## ICE CUBES

I wondered if you'd have the patience  
to wait for the ice cubes to melt  
in time they will

as you sat next to me  
head hanging down  
you swirled your cocktail glass  
the ice cubes crashed with one another  
and beads of sweat dripped from the  
rim  
all I could do was sit there  
shoulders back  
eyes fixed in the wall

I'm sorry

Did I give you too many ice cubes  
you asked for them

Janet Kuypers

## TOASTED MARSHMALLOWS

I'm hoping you have the patience  
to wait for the marshmallows to cool  
it won't take long

as you sit next to me  
pulling back your arm  
buttoning those top two  
shifting in your seat to ease  
away from the heat  
of my words  
that blaze  
in my eyes

can't help it

Let them cool just a bit  
you fire's got them too hot.

Paul Weinman

## THE IMPOSSIBLE ATTEMPT

Jackasses stand juggling  
With five-pound notes,  
But the breeze billows  
And balks the impossible attempt.

John Binns

## THE CULT OF HEROS

In the long house by the river  
out on the old highway  
a strange cult of people live  
the elder gods they pray  
courageous men live there as kings  
have every woman in the house  
cowardly men die young  
the river washes the bodies out

Larry Blazek

## GREEN BANANAS

You had the greenest bananas.  
They were unborn parrots  
or the skies  
of adolescent passion.

Alan Britt

## SOUL KITCHEN

Greasy fat fried foods, hot yellow was bubble, long handled porpous pins, black edged flat skinned potatoes, how do you want them? cooked

The black matted floors, the melting rubber edges, the scum and the muck that sticks to the skimming feet as they walk behind the food lines listening for orders, timing the cooking meat, watching the convector ovens, the steaming racks of meat, the flat hot trays, the boiling soups, the radar rays

The waitress leaning over the line: why isn't it ready why isn't this right  
whose dinners are these  
They're yours they're awful, they're undercooked, look at all that blood

The broiler heat, the raising bubbled skin, the long red scars, printed t-shirts, tattoos: skin never grows here because I'm a cook I like dark meat best I like it Hot I want it Now! My name is Mad Dog, what's yours? Never marry a waitress if you need it fast we're always out of it I'm a backdoor man

Outside she says let it bleed, I like it raw Inside she says I guess she wanted it dead, she wont eat it this way so kill it next time ok ok?

Deveining shrimp, boning the broiled fish, boiling lobsters live, the hot pots and pans, the spattered grills, the steam thick stove, three dozen welded cherrystone clams, left over butter burn it again, the waitresses won't care, what do they know?

Hey ass-hole, since when does medium rare sound like incinerate? This place isn't a restaurant, it's a crematorium

Slicing onion, garlic, ten tons of lettuce, chopping tomatoes, green peppers, cucumbers, radishes, anything that moves goes in the salad - if it's dead it doesn't belong here, we're not in business to serve the dead

Pulling out oven trays, the black caked grills, the clinging flame, the filet flame, the juice that spatters and drips and falls inside the heat

Sweating, always sweating, beer pitchers turn warm at the mouth, the rims are always chipped, the food is always hot, cut lips turn red, black and blue, cooked on the outside, rare inside

(continued)



She was going to throw up if she took another bite, what's wrong with you guys,  
don't you care?

And it wasn't even my order

Skillet grease, saute chef, ok cut em up, don't waste nothing maximum efficiency  
rats, I know there's a recipe for dead rats

I think you killed her It might be hard to prove but it's all your fault and I'll  
swear to it in court I don't know what could have made you do it

Percolating coffee, hot blue flames, tempered steel knives, the cross cutting scars on  
the cutting block top, the smell of the grease drain, the roar of the gas pilot jets

Man you'd better lay off that cooking sherry like I told you, you look just awful

Heat blistered skin, white headed open sores that never heal, deep purple finger-  
nails, blood oozing from the seams, red shot eyes

What's this?

It's a knife and I know how to use it

I know it's a knife, I mean what's this on my plate?

I'm serious about the knife

Very funny

The swinging kitchen doors, high stacked oval trays, plastic covered plates, the ten-  
tative balanced load, food services with a smile by our highly trained staff of profes-  
sionals direct from our spotlessly cleaned kitchen

The pale grey mop head, the grease thick floor, the after work mounds of blood  
covered white shirts and checkered pants

Hey Mad Dog do you know if the ovens are off?

Light a match See your face around town, you hear

It's always a

pleasure to serve you

Alan Catlin

## SHELLEY WALLED IN

... up early, with morning on the rise,  
a word down early like a certain bird  
I might chase later, if I want a worm.  
Now I'm satisfied with a clear sky.  
You have it, too - or are you looking elsewhere?  
Eyes that turn inward must seek something else.  
They're oval objects, too rare for a shelf -  
blue, and shine best when tears are coming through.  
I sense you lonely, squirming in a room  
you've made your own, but now inhabited  
by some rank odor from dried flesh and bone;  
and I would tear the walls down to get at it  
if I thought for one second you feared death  
and could do nothing there but hold your breath.

Harold Fleming

## GERMAN WOMEN GURING THE WAR

What did the  
German women do  
during the War, what  
did they think it was  
all about, what did  
the German women do when  
they were told to, what  
did they do when their names  
were called and they were asked  
to take one step forward  
for the Fatherland, what did  
the German women do when their  
turn came to be better than  
the men in moral terms, what  
did they do when they knew  
what was happening to the Jew,  
what did the German women do  
during the War?

Wayne Hogan

## PROPER ATTITUDE

Speaking of intentionality  
it wouldn't even take magic  
like in "The Sorceror's Apprentice"  
poor Mickey Mouse defeated by  
come-alive brooms flooding the  
castle with buckets of water —  
mouse left alone botched a spell —

to animate those instruments of  
torture, murder, mayhem that  
languish all around the house,  
to make them turn on you:  
nail scissors, staple gun,  
razor blades in the shower,  
everything in the kitchen...that

station wagon in your garage...

Little warning: your car is  
the only one with sun  
glinting o~f it, bright — glaring,  
grocery store parking lot:  
darn good sign it's got  
something on its mind.

Why every time lately you  
go for milk or the newspaper s  
ay good-bye, casual, to the kid  
you find yourself asking  
is this the last errand  
you will ever do. But

you and that omen stuff:  
why don't you give it a rest.  
Get detached from the horrible  
and admire the choreography.

Get that expression you saw  
on some duckling~' faces:  
dulled expectancy  
no matter what.

Mary Winters

## ICE AGE

Shaman lies clenched in a cave  
body paint starting to crack  
earth in her nostrils and itching of lice  
bone-weary frozen alone  
herbs too potent again  
blue spirals whirl in her head  
springtime will never return  
a glacier is on the way.

Later much later a city  
a woman high up in her flat  
braced in her bed with the flu  
petitions delirium  
she's praying hard to forestall  
like so very long ago  
more shortage more loss more privation.

They've both known terrible cold  
when all the seedlings turned black  
when young creatures died in the night  
when famine was in the air  
their plea is to stem the waning

— weave the glad green again.

Mary Winters

10:07 P.M. 11/9/92

He told her  
standing behind his cock  
He told her  
this is what it is  
this is all  
nothing more baby  
but maybe something less  
He stood there  
behind his cock  
and he told her  
She just cried  
because she believed him

Cheryl Townsend

## 5 BOYS INVOLVED IN RAPE OF AN 8 YEAR OLD GIRL

with two as young as 7  
they jumped her 8 years  
from her bicycle held down  
by four and invaded by one  
a piece of glass to her neck  
in the backyard on the near  
East side someone passed by  
too late she has the rest of  
her life now and the boys  
were released to their parents

Cheryl Townsend

## NORFOLK RHAPSODY

Resigned they seal their fate  
With a pledge of love &  
Eddie begins loading the gun  
1 for Vonnie 1 for him  
Holding hands in the dark  
Like ghosts in transition  
Eddie tenderly kisses Vonnie goodbye  
Lifts the gun nuzzling the barrel into  
Vonnies thich black wavy hair  
Feels the warmth coming off her soon cold body  
Holds her close and squeezes...  
After the police & coroner leave  
After the next of kin are notified  
After the reporters get their story  
Around 4 in the morning  
Mrs. Cantrelli Eddie's landlady  
Wrings bits of skull teeth hair brain all in a bucket  
Of disinfectant turns red with blood & likes  
What she sees  
Such a color she muses staring into the bucket  
Just like Papa's burgundy wine

Mike Lazarchuk