

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
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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

STALKER

EXCERPT FOM "THE FINAL PAGES OF FEAR" STORIES

And she got out of her car, walked across her driveway, and walked up the stairs to her porch, trying to enjoy her solitude, trying not to remember that he had followed her once again. She thought she was free of him; she thought he moved on with his life and that she would not have to see his face again.

Why did he have to call her, on this one particular day, years later, while she was at work? Maybe if she could have been suspecting it, she might have been braced for it. But then again, she was happy that she stopped thinking about it; that she wasn't bracing herself anymore. She was finally starting to feel as if she had control of her life again.

It had been so many years, why would she have expected him to follow her again? Didn't she make it clear years ago that she didn't want him waiting outside her house in his car anymore, that she didn't want to receive the hang-up calls at three in the morning anymore? Or the calls in the middle of the night, when he'd stay on the line, when she could tell that he was high, where he'd profess his love to her? Or the letters, or the threats? No, the police couldn't do anything until he took action, when it was too late. Why did he come back? Why couldn't he leave her alone? Why couldn't it be illegal for someone to fill her with fear for years, to make her dread being in her house alone, to make her wonder if her feeling that she was being followed wasn't real?

All these thoughts rushed through her head as she sat on her front porch swing, opening her mail. One bill, one piece of junk mail, one survey.

It was only a phone call, she had to keep thinking to herself. He may never call again. She had no idea where he was even calling from. For all she knew, he could have been on the other side of the country. It was only a phone call.

(continued)

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

And then everything started to go wrong in her mind again, the bushes around the corner of her house were rustling a little too loud, there were too many cars that sounded like they were stopping near her house. Her own breathing even scared her.

I could go into the house, she thought, but she knew that she could be filled with fear there, too. Would the phone ring? Would there be a knock on the door? Or would he even bother with a knock, would he just break a window, let himself in, cut the phone lines so she wouldn't stand a chance?

No, she knew better. She knew she had to stay outside, that she couldn't let this fear take a hold of her again. And so she sat.

She looked at her phone bill again.

She heard the creak of the porch swing.

She swore she heard someone else breathing.

No, she wouldn't look up from her bill, because she knew no one was there.

Then he spoke.

"Hi."

She looked up. He was standing right at the base of her stairs, not six feet away from her.

"What are you doing on my property?"

"Oh, come on, you used to not hate me so much." He lit a cigarette, a marlboro red, with a match. "So, why wouldn't you take my call today?"

"Why would I? What do I have to say to you?"

"You're really making a bigger deal out of this than it is," he said, then took a drag. She watched the smoke come out of his mouth as he spoke. "We used to have it good."

She got up, and walked toward him. She was surprised; in her own mind she never thought she'd actually be able to walk closer to him, she always thought she'd be running away. She stood at the top of the stairs.

"Can I have a smoke?"

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children
CHURCHES
& daddies

“Sure,” he said, and he reached up to hand her the fire stick. She reached out for the matches.

“I’ll light it.”

She put the match to the end of the paper and leaves, watched it turn orange. She didn’t want this cigarette. She needed to look more calm. Calm. Just be calm.

She remained at the top of the stairs, and he stood only six stairs below her. She sat at the top stair.

“You really think we ever got along?”

“Sure. I mean, I don’t know how you got in your head -”

“Do you think I enjoyed finding your car outside my house? Did I enjoy seeing you at the same bars I was at, watching my and my friends, like you were recording their faces into your memory forever? Do you think I liked you coming to bother me when I was working at the store? Do you -”

“I was.”

She paused. “You were what?”

“I was logging everyone you were with into my head.”

She sat silent.

“I remember every face. I remember every one of them. I had to, you see, I had to know who was trying to take you away. I needed to know who they were.”

She sat still, she couldn’t blink, she stared at him, it was just as she was afraid it would be.

And all these years she begged him to stop, but nothing changed.

She put out her right hand, not knowing exactly what she’d do if she held his hand. He put his left hand in hers.

“You know,” she said, then paused for a drag of the red fire, “This state would consider what you did to me years ago stalking.”

She held his hand tighter, holding his fingers together. She could feel her lungs moving her up and down. He was fixated on looking at his hand in hers, until she caught his eyes with her own and then they stared, past the iris, the pupil, until they burned holes into each

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other’s heads with their stare.

“And you know,” she said, as she lifted her cigarette, “I do too.”

Then she quickly moved the cigarette toward their hands together, and put it out in the top of his hand.

He screamed. Grabbed his hand. Bent over. Pressed harder. Swore. Yelled.

She stood. Her voice suddenly changed.

“Now, I’m going to say this once, and I won’t say it again. I want you off my property. I want you out of my life. I swear to God, if you come within fifty feet of me or anything related to me or anything that belongs to me, I’ll get a court order, or a gun, or whatever it takes to keep you away forever. Now go.”

He held his left hand with his right, the fingers on his right hand purple from the pressure he was using on the open sore. He moaned while she spoke. She stood at the top of the stairs looking down on him. He slowly walked away.

She thought for a moment she had truly taken her life back. She looked down. Clenched in the fist in her left hand was the cigarette she just put out.

Janet Kuypers

SAD SPRING OF THE SUPERIOR

They are without hope — they have come to terms with that;
they find it a reason for their own kind of thriving.
spring is hateful, pressuring them to enthusiasm;
it is unfairly coercive, tactless.
Spring eschews discernment, it is unsubtle,
it is too fecund, it is gross, they often say.
Anyone can enjoy spring; therefore, it is worthless.

When the stunted tree in a dark courtyard
sprouts three new leaves which immediately shrivel:
here, perhaps, spring is moving, deliciously sad —
perhaps, a delicate symbol for fleeting love.
Otherwise, spring is thoughtless, unnuanced.

Spring is barbaric; it cannot be shut up
like the screamiest opera these elite ever heard.
It is spiteful, loading trees with white blossoms
which look like snow — they so much wish it were.

Its scale is anti-human; it is simply too big
like a particularly daunting skyscraper.
Spring refuses mystery, it is about light,
when all that is interesting happens in darkness.
Nothing can really hold up in bright sunlight.

Mary Winters

WHY AIRPLANE TRAVEL DELIGHTS

It's the death (spectacular crashes) and it's the sex
(those ads, and your own naughty experiences aloft);
it's the big okay to drinking during the day
it's that glorious sense of forward momentum
you never feel at home; it's the cheerful
wolfish knowing of airline staff: what goes up
must come down, and probably in one piece — hey, ho
it's either the baggage claim area for you or
that nondemoninational chapel for your family.

It's the lore overheard, it's a tight-fitting uniform
it's that oh-so-juicy temptation: you're never coming back.
It's get there or die — and what a death, a death to dream
about, to hope for, to pray for: twenty seconds foreknowl-
edge
at 35,000 feet, and then, so quick, it's over...
heaven, of course, being reading alone in first class
with just the right amount of Chardonnay..

Mary Winters

A SURVIVOR SAID

she caught just a glimpse
of the knife reflecting
the full moon's glow
before it was against her
throat and pressing hard
like his hand already
upon her breast day-long
alcohol smelled like death
as he dictated his intentions

Cheryl Townsend

AGAIN AND AGAIN

again and again
it's not as easy as it seems

She listened
to the never agains
with a distance
unmeasured
his hollowed promises
falling in that void
somewhere in between

Cheryl Townsend

DOWNED

A dark-feathered grebe floats low
in the water watching my cautious
movement along the shore.
I look down as my foot steps
brittle into beach leaves
brown and she has dived down.
I wait but cannot see
where she reappears
- the trees rim the lake
and there is no picking
her neck from the gray.
Waking a slight path someone
has made from the road
I remember myself sitting
in the corner of our being
together. When I wouldn't
talk or try to find.
The pine needles are wet
and soft under feet.
They lead to rocks slapped
with waves of early winter.
I look in water at a dark
face - a jagged reflection
and I know I have dived down, too.

Paul Weinman

DIVE

The water has always called
to me. I had to go, I know
you don't understand, but
it was the end for me.
You stand on the edges
of the cliff, waiting, hoping,
but I'm gone. I left.
I was gone before I dove into the
murky water.
The pain that was inside
me is now in the water. The
tides are now stronger. They
will pull the next one in with
even more power. It may be you.
The birds are chirping in the
trees. A car will soon drive
by on the road not far from
your path. Life will go on,
even without me. My spirit was
here, in the water, before I left.
I had to go. Try to understand.

Janet Kuypers

Mom puts her hand
of splotch-marked sticks
to her face, tries
adjusting the streaks
of rosy paste that
stripe slow rivulets
of thickness as she
fumbles to remember my
name.

Paul Weinman

J'REVIENS

It's harder to find the
eye shadow I have
always used. And my
favorite cologne -
J'Reviens - was that it?
Yes, it was. I wish I was
as beautiful now as
I was then. Son, you
don't understand.

Janet Kuypers

THE MOUND KNOWN AS THE MIND

Archibald learned late but learned well,
Heaven and Hell, he found, were in the mound
Known as the mind and kind
Is he who has the wherewithal,
the rest must sink.

John Binns

TZARA & BLAKE

Tristan Tzara & William Blake
converse on a park bench. They watch
many individuals pass by. One after
another people march by... their lives
framed... portraits of logic.

A child skips by.
Already the bars of womanhood are
beginning to cover her face. She stamps
her foot at a mysterious bug... then
delights at the green and purple wings
of a dragonfly. The dragonfly's eyes
revolve like planets.

Tzara & Blake continue
to discuss the ironies of Swedenborg,
angels & dragonflies. Briefly into
the sunshine steps a man with a
distorted face. "Another marked face,"
says Blake. "That which destroyed
his face created Dada," adds Tzara.

Their conversation
continues. Among their subjects Rene
Char & Miguel Hernandez. Other plans
are made. After lunch they intend
to study the undersides of various
leaves that have fallen into a nearby
pond.

Alan Britt

A J.B. SCOTT'S DREAM

It was is if I had been here before,
the closed-in airless feeling of hot,
sweating bodies, smoking each other's
cigarettes, recycling all the dead still air
and the waitress is wearing a T-shirt
that says lover boy and she has the look
in her eye that says don't even try,
wise guy and there's a Stones tape on
the closed circuit tv which brings me
back all the way to a college bar and I'm drinking
double Vodka Sours in the dark corner
of the bar where the bowling machines
cling and clang all night and none
of my friends ever come here because
they can't stand the noise and she's
saying: "I don't care, I'm into
the silent spaces between the notes."
which is really kind of weird for her
but also kind of all right too, she likes it
weird, lays her hand on my knee,
leans forward in the dark barroom,
so close I can see the thin white scars
on her forehead beneath the thick blonde
hair and she's saying: "It's All Over Now Baby Blue."
but she can't find it on the juke box
all selector so I settle for Too Much
of Nothing because it's by Dylan too
and it's how I feel most of the time
these days and that's why I don't care
that I'm drinking Double Vodka because
pretty soon, I'll be sick and drunk
and nothing will matter and if I'm lucky
I might even pass out and I'm singing
along with the words and she says:
"I thought you were into silences?"
and I'm saying: "Oh, that's true, I am but
sometimes I like to fool myself into

(continued)

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

thinking I might be alive." and now she's
saying that she had to make love to me because
she'd never met anyone so intensely bizarre
as I was and I must be Oh, wow, like
surreal in bed and I'm telling her that
it was true, all my lady friends call me
the Mad Russian and some even say there
oughta be a law against my coming around
and in some places I hear maybe there is.
I order one more double Smirnoff Silver
neat while she's powdering her nose or
whatever it is a woman does in the bathroom
when she wants a man to wait and I'm
punching in All Along the Watchtower
on the selector and I'm losing control
because I really don't like hard whiskey
or fast women but the two run in pairs and
I'm always in bars, on one side or the other,
and she's got these long, thin fingernails
that leave scars on your back and it'll
hurt all night whenever I look at her staring out
into the long, dead silences between love
screams and I wonder what spaces there are
in her I was supposed to fill but I get no
answers and then, there I was again in
Scott's and everyone is sitting on the bar
as if they are squeezed into the back room of
the courthouse for The Trial and they are
stamping their feet on the bar stools
looking out into the smoke and the haze and
Jim Carroll is singing about All Those People
Who Died and no one can remember the words
to this song except a crazy blonde with
razor fine hair and I wonder if she still
kisses like a snake, if she still loves
to draw blood from your bones and if she's
always gone in the morning whenever I wake up.

Alan Catlin

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

SHELLEY'S LOVE SONG

Why didn't you scream? Instead you let his dark
fingers develop rings around your neck,
strings of affection that you knew were not
somebody wanting you; yet, desire
held to you all that week. You were not
someone pulled on by a mother's apron.
Love me, love me, cried the Hungarian musicbox
you always felt you could turn on or off.
Piano outside your bedroom black reminder.
Bathroom off your hallway, white reminder.
No contest: body for five nights wild
now moved on wobbly footsteps of a child.
Meanwhile, the pressure on your throat increased.
Fingers bit flesh, and nails held on like teeth.

Harold Fleming

PERFORMANCE POET

She was a performance
poet. She carried a white
rooster on her left shoulder
and recited the Gettysburg
Address from large cue cards
held just off stage. The rooster
would tighten its grip ever so
slightly to let the poet know
when she was through, then
the rooster would flap down onto
the floor. The rooster would
leave grip-marks on the
poet's left shoulder.

Wayne Hogan

SOUTHERN BAPTIST

Jensen had 1 moss green tooth
Off left top of his mouth
Could spit tobacco juice
2 neat bullets flying out
A few yards claimed he could land
Each brown slug on a quarter
Put 50 cents out in his
Chicken shit yard stand on the
Porch & land his drool right
On those damn yankee Washingtons

Jensen grew 5 acres of sad peanuts
Okra & greens in south Georgia
The last holdout against the
Corporation's industrial obsession

Got caught in a court order filed by
a couple of smooth from Atlanta
Lost it all signing over those acres
His bib overall pride beginning to wither
Watching that stark black car
From the city hauling his life away

72 years worth of nothing left standing on
That rickety rocking chair porch swaying
Back & forth like a ratty Georgia pine
Bellowing & blabbering to his Baptist Jesus

Jensen's clod-hoppers splattered with guts
Red-Boy Jensen's faithful to the end hound dog
Blown apart red blood mixing
With red Georgia blood

Jensen cradling the old squirrel killing shotgun
Eyes to the sky barrel under his chin babbling
Jesus O Jesus we's comin' home

Mike Lazarchuk

