

# children CHURCHES & daddies

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Children, Churches and Daddies is a magazine published as often as we have enough material, so submit early and submit often. The current publishing rate is one every three weeks to a month. • While no racist, sexist or blatantly homophobic material is appreciated, 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. • Any work sent to Scars Publications on Macintosh disks, text format, will be given special attention. • There is no limit to how much you may submit at a time or whether the work can be previously published. • All material submitted is eligible for printing not only in Children, Churches and Daddies issues, but also in collection volumes or in our year-end poetry wall calendar. • Send all submissions, praises, questions and comments to:

Children, Churches and Daddies, Scars Publications  
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the non-religious, non-family oriented literary art magazine

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# disintegration

with a special insert:  
"down in the dirt" underground poetry mag

## poco the clown

Come, sit on the nice clown's lap  
Lets play a new game  
I'm sorry that I hurt you  
don't cry  
I've got a present for you  
see, It's a nice tie  
Let me put it on for you

## larry blazek

## African Insomnia

I'm tired and I hate the daylight. This strange sun reflecting off the white djellabas irritates me. It lights up a city of men tugging at their genitals, smiling toothless smiles. It shows dogs and children, bone pressing against skin, begging for relief. The sun releases the warm smell of urine and I hate its familiarity. Sunshine gives clear, ugly faces to the staccato voices echoing through the narrow and filthy streets. It is impossible to hide anything under that sweet burning Moroccan sun. I feel exposed.

Each day I amuse myself sketching until darkness frees me from an imaginary world that hides me from the sun. The thick violent sunset is my signal — a multi-colored alarm that assures me it's safe to leave the expensive hotel room.

The evenings are cool by the sea so I follow the salt scent for a quarter of a mile until I stand on the beach. The growing darkness makes the people handsome. Eyes dominate. They make me feel secure. As long as I don't have to squint at the sun, which impairs my reading of men's eyes, I feel safe. At night the only reflections are friendship or danger, not white djellabas.

I listen to the waves slapping the beach. Women in veiled burnouses file past me clutching their small sons and staring at their feet. I smile at the women. Their silhouettes against the horizon turns them into phantoms, insuring them of a most respected position within the night.

The ocean sounds and phantoms become too familiar so I walk up to the boulevard just as the night lamps snap on. I love the lamps because unlike the sunlight it throws everything into shadow.

The boulevard is stretched with brightly lit cafes housing lazy men and frightened tourists. I feel sick when I see a table of my tour

continued

# dad said he wanted to go up

to the cliffs again, to the top

of the cliffs again, go driving, go up  
there on top where the snakes were,

go driving around up there, go out + take  
a look, go driving for a while,

have a looksee, see if he could find  
anything of interest in his white

62, 63, 69, 74, 79 Chevy (full-sized)  
pickup with positraction + cap...

He said when he went up there the  
last time alls there were

were snakes, rattlesnakes, lying out  
in the sun sunning themselves

as snakes often do in late spring  
early summer, fall, lying

there almost like the corduroy road,  
bump, bump, bumpity bump, and

continued

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I spin around, pushed to the side by two male couples with their arms around each other's waist, giggling. It angers me and I'm tempted to stomp on their bare feet.

Two veiled women approach me but the crowds are so thick that as soon as I feel a tug on my sleeve I defensively cock my fist. When I see they are females it excites me and I lower my arm. Both women hold out a delicate bracelet of ivory and silver. I shake my head but the taller woman with dark circles under her eyes giggles, "Is present. Gift. Go. Gift. Go." They attach them to my wrists.

Flattered, I thank them and walk away. The women shriek, attracting the crowd's attention. "Two dirham each!" they cry.

"You said it was a gift!" I yell back — an explanation more to the crowd than to the women. The women raise their voices until I can feel the entire medina watching the transaction.

I take a five dirham bill out of my pocket that one of the women snatches out of my hand as the other pulls the gift off my wrists. They disappear into the crowd but I can hear their squeakish voices detailing their triumph. I laugh and am not ashamed of their skill.

I push through the crowd. I'm frightened and it excites me. My pace quickens as I squeeze past a decaying movie house featuring Charlie Chaplin, and rows of dilapidated cafes catering to men playing cards and rolling dice. The stench of excrement mingles with the sweet aroma of mint tea as my fear directs me to a cafe table.

The waiter is offended by my request for wine so I order a mint tea instead. The tea is hot; it burns my lip. Two card players from an adjoining table look over and laugh. I exaggerate my pain and soon the entire table joins in the laughter. A dark man in a frayed sweater signals me to join his table.

The other card players ignore me. I jump into the game after watching four rounds. They play a form of poker using a forty card deck and I lose twenty-three dirham in six hands. I leave without any acknowledgement from the players.

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## Coney Island Beach People Still Life

On the beach, in the center of a ring of people looking down is a woman whose neck is bent back, eyes rolled all the way inside, thin blue lips touching the lips of the lifeguard, pinching her nose closed, breathing in, short deep breaths, unaware of everything around him but the woman turning cold beneath him. At the edge of the circle a young girl and her brother are tightly holding hands, tears in the corners of their eyes; they know what is happening and what it will mean.

alan catlin

## Dead Black Child with a Bicycle Before the Underpass

In the distance, the overweight woman is running, waving her arms in the air, no one can hear her desperation, the wailing, the hysterical cries, up the road, the small ones are riding their two wheelers as fast as they can, rumps high in the air, excited eyes, wide, fearful. Overhead, cars are crossing the overpass, are cresting the sloping humps of a Sunrise Highway, shooting down the Merrick Road spur where the Sunrise Bowl flashing neon sign is missing an R, is missing an L. Down below, by the side of the road, is the bent frame of the bicycle and the dead one lying as if asleep, his white eyes open, staring up into a cloudless sky.

alan catlin

# Okay, you silly little freak. Listen up and listen good.

## How to save your life.

Submit, or I'll have to kill you.

Okay, it's this simple: send me published or unpublished poetry, prose or art work (do not send originals), along with a SASE for response, to Children, Churches and Daddies, Scars Publications, 3255 West Belden, Suite #3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647. Then sit by your mailbox and wait. Pretty soon you'll get your SASE back with a note from the happy people at cc+d that says (a) Your work sucks, or (b) This is fancy crap, and we're gonna print it. It's that simple!

back issues: \$4; special issues: \$5

## How to get a chapbook.

Get in with the 1995 Poetry Chapbook Series.

Okay, it's this simple: we'd love to print a chapbook of your work under our label. But here's our little dilemma: if we printed everything we wanted to, a lot of forests would be gone, as well as our drinking money. We can't afford the printing, so if we accept your work, we can design a chapbook, emblazon the thing with the tried-and-true cc+d logo, give it our ISSN number, and send the originals to you. You decide what paper you want, how many copies you want done - then print it, and send us as many copies as you darn well please. We'll distribute. Voila!

{all checks payable to Janet Kuypers}

paper backbone, looking through their window, order now,  
a (fe)male behind bars, two year journey, they told me their dreams.

## Holy Shit.

Now this is an impressive chapbook list.  
mary winters: winter prayers, city, it was a perfect house  
paul weinman and janet kuypers: games  
alan catlin: pictures from a still life  
plus forthcoming chapbooks from  
errol miller, mark blickley, and others.

where can you get all this cool shit?  
write to cc+d for a complete list. it's all at your fingertips. amazing.

# Okay, sizzle-chest. Tough Guy. Listen up and listen good.

## How to win the editors over.

Hope Chest in the Attic is a 200 page, perfect-bound book of 13 years of poetry, prose and art by Janet Kuypers. It's a really classy thing, if you know what I mean. It's \$10.95 retail, but if you mention this ad it's only \$10 (aren't we so nice here?). An offer you can't refuse...

## How to read cutting-edge poetry...

You thought I'd say "read cc+d," but this is bigger. There's a new book out by Janet Kuypers. The Window is about 180 pages of her newest stuff. It's hand-bound, paperback, and she'll even sign it if you beg her enough. Man, it's groovy. And an even ten smackers. Wow! Bargain.

## and about ad pages...

yes, we do trades. send stuff to us and we'll send you a cool looking ad  
back! write to us for more information.

a perfect temptation”  
I wish that song would stop  
I wish everything would stop  
your touch scares me  
and your stare haunts me  
so I scratch  
and scream  
until the novelty is lost for you  
no  
I will not tell you I want you  
for I can't let you do this  
these are my rights  
and you just can't do this to me

janet kuypers

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## the irony

The wretched irony becomes apparent.  
You twitch and climb through the entangling web  
crawl through the intricate maze  
to learn that you will never reach the end  
but a terrifying minotaur  
only the center  
the heart  
where the most horrifying evil preys  
the towering walls grow arms  
an infinite sum of groping  
overpowering arms  
there is nowhere to run and hide  
as the walls stretch taller touching the sky  
they creak and move closer  
while the arms reach and pull you  
the tentacles grab you  
and try to destroy you  
the sky turns a deep dark black  
an infinite black  
there is no hope  
the solid ground begins to melt  
as the blades of grass become sharpened knives  
cutting  
slicing  
the treacherous teeth of the animal below  
suck you down  
and consume you  
there is nowhere to go but forward

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# Things I Saw Alone

for Becky

Crushing me a masterpiece  
begins and ends as I awaken  
and fly around the room  
of this stilted slant back bar  
we are all in love with platonic love  
adobe hearts pounding as Southwestern children  
become old and unimportant because they are here  
because greater need pushes us to sad hotels  
some nights I am at the window watching  
remembering their weeping, their joy, their fear  
and of course emotion brings us to prayer  
portraits of artists and drunken women  
resting pastel eyelids on stone walls  
making sure they are detached from formality  
and deep Jungian sleep in which the players  
nod occasionally as if mystic teachers  
were asking automatic questions  
this surrealistic parlor with tenants  
arranging their silent deaths on shelves  
you ask for property when there is none  
therapy on a dark sullen night  
where excited widows sweep the streets  
and grow fat and cry and mourn  
for a piece of the bizarre action  
over the rainbow.

**Errol Miller**

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# Maid of the Morning Mist

Before you came  
the hours were very small  
scented with lilac and elder  
perfume from an unknown  
source  
then you went out  
with a grey fisherman  
to gather rosebuds from the sea  
the last line I ever wrote  
eulogized your shrinking eyes  
you wail receding far past  
Des Moines on sleepless nights  
you carried peppermints  
in your purse  
I carry your memory  
into aromatic meadows  
where antelope play  
with our lost son, they  
are blowing out the candles  
along Atlantic's coastline  
wooden shutters bang together  
in the dark light of night

was it necessary to love  
I asked as men  
in trench coats escorted me  
to a plateau overlooking sanity  
to have lived alone  
a normal life I think  
would have made no sense  
and damaged my dusty  
metamorphic soul  
so I chose to stay  
close to you away at  
a bentwood sad cafe  
a deserted station  
with arrivals and departures  
and other lonely men  
with muddy cuffs  
dragging burned-out stars  
through Shantytown.

**Errol Miller**

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## Life begins on rural rt. 9

away back when, in sw arkansas  
she lived on  
one of the high, dark ridges  
near an old slave bone yard -  
and in winter even the good cars  
couldn't make it up  
the unpaved, unplowed hill.

so when it came time  
for the jr. high x-mas formal,  
she and her  
half twin step brother once removed  
hiked down the slope  
out to the main road  
carrying their all-occasion finest threads,  
and stood watch for each other  
as they changed behind rob's general store.

she remembers waiting  
at the edge of a white road  
in a hand-me-further-down dress,  
eyes straining to make out  
any car familiar in the dimming distance,  
and now she wonders  
why she can't seem to recall  
who she danced with that night  
or even  
if she danced at all.

Richard King Perkins II

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## on the creeping sadness

On the way home from rehab, I stopped at Thomas' Fine Drive-Thru Liquors and bought twelve light beers, determined as hell to keep off the hard stuff. I paid cash and pulled from the window, cracked the top from a can and painted myself back into traffic with the beer feeling cold and good as it went down and slowly to work. It was a half-hour drive home and I was already six beers closer so I decided to drive a few miles further to Edgy's Package Hut. I had to go inside this time and came out with another half-case of beers, got back inside the car and the college station was playing John Coltraine, who gave the traffic report, the weather, and a love supreme. When I finally got home, I stacked the beers into a pyramid in the refrigerator and took a warm shower, trying to wash off some of that twelve-step stink. Everything felt all right. I called Doris on the cordless and told her to go take a flying dive from a train wreck, hung up, called Emily and told her that I was free at last, free at last, to get her ass over quickly. She told me to take a flying dive, so I did, headfirst into the icebox where I found a bottle of red I had stashed. I took it out and found a corkscrew, the only screwing I'd be doing, but that was enough.

I slept a few hours but had the alarm clock set so I could wake up and get drunk again. Still inside that occluded area before the hang-over really kicks in, I got drunk fast and kept drinking until I passed out.

Doris showed up sometime, quite drunk herself, apparently having either forgiven me or forgotten our earlier conversation. She had a bottle of pseudo-Russian vodka, but I held firm, trusting my higher power to see me past the temptation of the hard stuff.

Though my supply of higher power wasn't low, the number of beers

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# the hand

the Hand  
the unknown Hand  
i'm frightened  
trembling  
shaking  
i move  
toward it  
the Hand  
the mystery  
entangles me  
spins my mind  
curiosity  
attraction  
undying  
i move  
closer  
shivering  
afraid  
i need  
the love  
i feel  
the lust  
the Hand  
i fear  
but i

must know  
i need  
to learn  
the pain  
the cry  
i scream  
i need  
i want  
i take  
a step  
emotion  
i'm wild  
i'm no longer  
human  
i need  
i want  
the Hand  
it reaches out  
for mine.

janet kuypers

I woke up in the hospital to a dull sense of grief and failure, not for what I had tried to do but that it hadn't worked. The doctors said that if I kept drinking, I could die. So I settled on suicide the slow way.

When I checked out, with my triglycerides high and my sand stoned heart, I had Doris pull up to the drive-thru at Thomas' and we bought a half-gallon of gin for medicinal purposes. Feeling sick... of myself, of her, of time and life and my dime store luck, I took the first pull straight from the bottle, knowing full well that the cliché held true: everybody has got to go sometime. I was just getting ready.

Raymond T. Smith

# down in the dirt

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## masquerade

You asked me to the masquerade  
and I willingly complied  
but I'm tired of wearing this dress  
for the feathers in my costume  
won't stop licking my face  
and you cannot see the tears  
falling behind my mask -

When you see the price they pay  
I'm sure you'll come and join  
the masquerade, you say  
but the price is too high  
for I don't want to wear a mask  
with you, and I would only hope  
that I don't have to.

alex rand

*down in the dirt*

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