

# children CHURCHES & daddies

• Published since 1993 •

Janet Kuypers, Editor and Publisher, Brian Hosey, Associate Editor  
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Children, Churches and Daddies is published as often as we have enough material, so submit early and submit often. We publish every three weeks to a month. • 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 & 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; previously published work accepted. • All material submitted is eligible for printing not only in Children, Churches and Daddies issues, but also in any other publishing ventures of Scars Publications. • Send all submissions, praises, questions and comments to:

Children, Churches and Daddies, Scars Publications, Janet Kuypers, Editor  
3255 West Belden, Suite 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647

Chapbooks published in 1993: hope chest in the attic (chapbook and book), the gallery (computer program), 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 published in 1994: paper backbone, winter prayers, looking through their window, games, order now, a (fe)male behind bars, two year journey, they told me their dreams, the window (book), city, it was a perfect house, pictures from a still life.

Chapbooks/books from the 1995 Children, Churches and Daddies Poetry Chapbook Series: come into my garden, house of slavs, things i saw alone, texas, new york, in these desperate times, before the storm, love letters, scratching, still had to breathe, wrinkles in the palm of my hand, some things instinctively hurt, proud to be a part of things.

also publishers of: the annual poetry wall calendar, "down in the dirt" poetry magazine  
"the burning" 1993 poetry mini books, "god eyes" 1995 poetry mini books

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# children ISSN 1068-5154 CHURCHES & daddies

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



## volume forty: travels

Someone emailed this little tidbit to me. Hope you enjoy.

  
Managing Editor

## How the Gingrinch Stole Congress!

by Kris Rabberman & Scott Prevost

Every Who  
Down in Whoville  
Liked Elections a lot . . .  
But Newt Gingrinch,  
Who lived on Mount Gridlock,  
Did NOT!  
The Gingrinch loathed voting, the whole campaign season!  
Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason.  
It could be his head wasn't screwed on just right.  
It could be, perhaps, that his shoes were too tight.  
But I think that the most likely reason of all,  
May have been that his brain was two sizes too small.  
But whatever the reason,  
His brain or his shoes,  
He stood there Election Eve , hating the Whos,  
Staring down from Mount Gridlock with a Gingrinchy frown,  
At the candidates stumping below in their town.  
For he knew every Who who was thinking that night,  
Would cast their votes wisely—against the far right.  
``And they're worried about issues!' he snarled with a sneer,  
``Tomorrow's the election! It's practically here!  
And the gears in his head began frantically spinning,  
``I MUST find a way to keep liberals from winning!  
For tomorrow, he knew all the Whos in the know,  
Would vote for the DemoWhos all in a row,  
For Wofford and Foley, Feinstein and Cuomo.  
Then the DemoWho Congress would do what he'd hate,

continued

children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## THE GATHERING KINGDOMS OF EARTH

Just pretend it is Sunday  
your heart beating at a tidy rate  
swaying along to night-music  
time's slow disintegration  
here on a summer day  
a pretense of normalcy  
white clapboard houses  
ducks on a pond  
and mist in the mountains  
you and I are older  
not easy to look at now  
you were a young woman once  
in a classic Woolworth linen suit  
flaunting eager fleshy skin  
taking bacon and eggs and coffee  
for a lifetime to the mouth  
of the Ohio River, yes  
Cinderella, you're still beautiful  
frying fish for supper, wondering  
if God is out there somewhere  
the wind upon your breasts  
in wide-brimmed hats  
we kneel down together  
curving into damp grass  
the Great Plains slanting  
into the snot-faced  
children  
of New York City.

Errol Miller

children  
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## STAR CITY CONCERTO

My own words  
the poetic justice of them  
written on tabloid, there is within me  
another poet, then another, tomorrow, in the morning  
that smoky miracle of resurrection will occur  
free again in the arrangement of the stars  
putting another quarter in time's pulsating jukebox  
as the outer planets rearrange themselves  
this is the story: all the hairy horsehair men  
from Oxford's square have gone before  
an awesome distant charting, the poet and the critics  
and the Starship liking up with the Astrologer  
winter, brittle winter, falling over fallen leaves  
white herons bathed in ice, a flimsy pathway  
leading to Frost's road not taken  
and Thoreau's slender shack  
I am demurely writing the real stuff  
I am the Woolworth Poet prodigal  
I am working in good faith, on the verge  
of new directions, illuminated  
by little daily candles of hopes and dreams  
inventing concoctions on micro-tinted paper  
rose-colored, like the shining stars  
suspended in their forever-watch  
like dragonfly wings  
gracefully climbing out of red clay.

Errol Miller

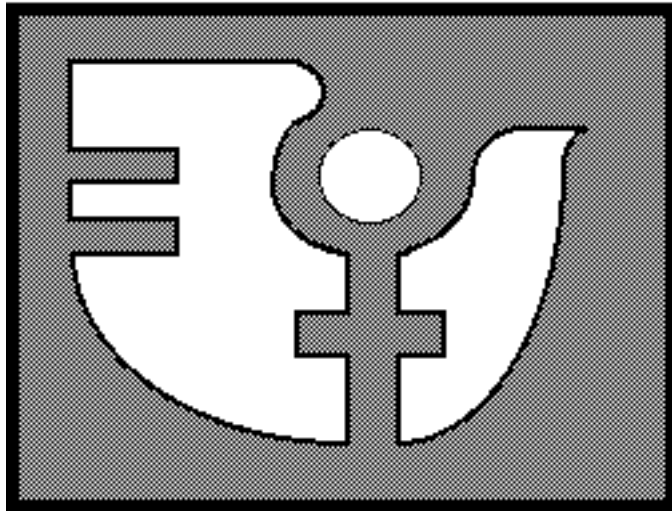
Come up with new programs, and then legislate!  
Healthcare and gun bans they'd gladly create,  
But such progress the Gingrinch would only berate.  
And THEN they'd do something  
He liked least of all!  
Every DemoWho in Congress, the tall and the small,  
Would stand close together, and say with one voice,  
``We're for women's rights and we're also pro-choice!'  
They'd work! And they'd work!  
AND they'd WORK! WORK! WORK! WORK!  
And the more that the Gingrinch thought, with a smirk,  
The more that he thought, ``I must STOP their hard work!  
``Why since Who-sevelt's years I've put up with it now!  
``I MUST stop the liberals from winning!  
. . . But HOW?  
Then he got an idea!  
An AWFUL idea!  
The Newt  
got a HORRIBLE, AWFUL idea!  
``I know just what to do!' Gingrinch laughed in his throat.  
``I'll make empty vows in return for their vote.'  
And he chuckled, and clucked, ``I've got a great con.  
``With these lies we'll pay homage to President Ron!  
``All I need is a gimmick . . .'  
The Newt looked around.  
But since ideas are scarce, there were none to be found.  
Did that stop the old Gingrinch  
>From finding a scheme . . . ?  
Of course not, he had the Republican team.  
So he called Mr. Dole, and he eagerly said,  
``I need to make use of your sly, sneaky head.'  
Then they made up a plan,  
That was terribly Dole-y,  
To unseat the speaker,  
Congressman Foley.  
And they wrote up a contract.  
They did it that day,  
And they chortled and laughed,  
``All the liberals must pay.'

continued

As the Gingrinch and Dole formulated their schemes,  
Based on trickle down theories and far right extremes,  
The DemoWhos, calmly, were dreaming their dreams.  
First Gingrinch and Dole, with a gleam in their eyes,  
About Clinton's record, told many lies.  
Then they told of the programs they'd gleefully pinch,  
Who better to do this than Mr. Gingrinch?  
They got stuck only once, on the issue of ketchup,  
So they got on the phone and they called Orrin Hatch up.  
Then both of them sunk to a terrible low.  
``Entitlements,' they grinned, ``are the first things to go!  
Then they slithered and slunk, with smiles most unpleasant,  
Obnoxiously trashing the left, past and present!  
``With Huffington, Romney, North and Santorum,  
``We're sure that the left cannot help but deplore 'em!  
With ads so misleading they're practically criminal,  
``We'll use our PAC money for commercials subliminal!  
``We'll bombard them with TV, and a racist disc-jockey!  
``Who supports Chuck Haytaian and dark-horse Pataki.  
``We'll support Ollie North, and Dewine over Hyatt,  
``And with all of his cash, we'll have Huffington buy it!  
``When we win, we'll control each and every committee,  
``To be sure funds are sent to nary a city!  
``And Alfonse D'amato,' (the dork from New York),  
``can continue to rant about Bill Clinton's pork!  
``Against Feinstein and Boxer's ardent protesting,  
``Senator Packwood can keep on molesting!  
By the twisted up logic of Jesse and Strom,  
``With gays in the army, we lost Vietnam!  
``A lineup like this is Clinton's worst fear,'  
said Gingrinch to Dole, with a dastardly sneer.  
``Taxes, the wealthy should not have to pay,'  
the maniacal duo was eager to say.  
``And when Congress is ours, we'll have prayer in the schools,'  
Muttered Dole to the Newt, ``Disregard liberal fools!  
The plan was enacted,  
The ballots were cast,  
The sham made the voters return to the past.  
The Gingrinch was gleeful, and Dole started gloating,

continued





before all the Whos had completed their voting.  
``We now have a mandate!' they said with a laugh,  
Even though, of the votes, they received only half.  
With snickering Newt in the role of the Speaker,  
The prospects for changes have never been bleaker.  
``The plans that we've outlined, we won't be revising,'  
said Gingrinch, ``We simply ABHOR compromising!'

---

The day of this scary Republican showing,  
We started to notice Newt's head slowly growing,  
Though now we can say, as you may have inferred,  
His brain started shrinking that day, so we've heard.  
Though the Whos may be worried and shaking in fear,  
>From the dastardly changes that soon may be here,  
The way Whos can solve this is really a cinch,  
In '96 vote against cynic Gingrinch!

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## Okay, nilla wafer. 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 of your work.

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

cheryl townsend and janet kuypers: gasoline and reason

alan catlin: pictures from a still life

plus forthcoming chapbooks from

errol miller, mark blickley, gary a. scheinoha 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, butt-munch. 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.

# LURA LURA LURA

Now this is the mundane story:  
aqua-blue storks have flapped away delirious  
a green moll from Chicago says she loves me  
Granny is dead and apples dry on tin roofs  
the White River is rising and I  
long for Buffalo Country, out upon the edge  
of life an awesome distant charting  
other semi-English brothers  
pouring Southern Comfort into open wounds  
I am the point man for literature  
draped in Spanish moss, yellow unruled paper  
admiring the run of the bull, the fin of the trout  
from back of glamorous Paris nights they pull  
the tattered bamboo shades of sanity  
they perform their inkblot Western faces  
they program the horses for change  
out past Des Moines on sleepless nights  
silent freighters sail to Zanzibar  
with running lights extinguished  
moths circle kerosene lamps  
as someone arrives from across the hallway  
start your motors, please, the music  
of the sensuous future has arrive  
we are on a rocket ship leading nowhere  
we are moving out alone  
to the far-out galaxy Argo, soon  
it will be autumn downtown in Chicago  
all the coming, all the going  
just the Iceman and his silver tongs  
extracting an eye for an eye  
dripping mercuric membrane fluid  
as one white candle flickers solitary  
illuminating the other pale shore  
and a fallen moon in menopause.

Errol Miller

# AT THE HOTEL RITZ

That night  
on the 8th of June  
we went there for Mozart's music  
and meat grilled to perfection  
for white wine and pampering  
and dazzling hours filled with show-things  
pressing francs in to the doorman's hand, he smiled  
contriving to serve us Proust, we could only  
spare a dime for his efficient luxury  
what guests want today is a small European village  
locked into their hearts, after-dinner sex  
and a chance to express themselves  
there are regular customers for this, wealthy exiles  
from the North Shore who will buy anything  
we meet them late at night, discussing  
Queen Victoria, wanting steamy chicory coffee  
bed and breakfast with diplomacy and a fluffy omelet  
with green peppers and Tabasco sauce, reserving  
an eye for the paintings and the sculpture  
seems like old times at the Majestic  
we may find ourselves or look a little further  
trying to remember gratitude, praising  
our soul, Kings and Queens ourselves we are  
paying for all of this and therefore deserve  
the very best, perhaps a cigar or a kiss  
or a Sand & Sable hand to hold  
through the coming solstice season.

Errol Miller

## ST. JOSEPH'S DAY

I am one among many,  
yet we are slovak few  
who wear red  
and gulp our brew  
one day each year  
on St. Joe's  
when like Irishmen  
but two days later,  
we strike a pose  
and though the red  
is in our beer  
and dress  
and not on  
our nose,  
all these differences  
aside, we both bear  
the same banner:  
ethnic pride.

Gary A. Scheinoha

## Universal Sign

Sometimes a found thing,  
or a lost thing an act, or, of course, an omission  
an event, private, or an event, public  
is clearly meant as an omen —  
you couldn't mistake it for anything else.

The problem: interpreting the news  
when an alien omen gets sent —  
one that is auspicious only in  
another culture, time or place.

A few, though, are universal,  
transcend a specific setting —  
like that dead bird you saw  
jammed head downward in a sidewalk grate.  
It fell off the world—  
and so you better watch out.

Mary Winters





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& daddies

# in the air

## Part One

Over Las Vegas with my family, my sister and myself in one row, my parents in the other across the way. We're nearing the end of our flight; mother tells me to sit in her seat and look out the window as we fly over the Hoover dam. Sitting next to father, I watch him lean out the window saying, just think of all that concrete. I look over his shoulder, the dam no larger than a thumbnail, the water, like cracks in a sidewalk, like the wrinkles in the palm of my hand.

Over Phoenix, preparing for another descent at 8:50 p.m., but it's usually fifteen minutes late, as it is now, I'm getting used to the schedule now. The mountains look like the little mountains you see on topographically correct globes, little ridges, as if they're made of sand, if you just lean your head down a little bit, your exhaling can make them all blow away in the breeze. And I know that what I'm looking for is out there, somewhere, I think this is where it is, I better not be wrong, I just have to search a little harder and find it. I love the city lights from above at night. Have you ever thought of how much power it takes to light all those buildings? All that energy. And every time I look, look out that little window with rounded corners, i see a string of yellow Italian Christmas lights strung across the ground.

continued

## soybeans

Have you ever jumped in a vat of soybeans before? It's very strange, it feels like you're a kid in one of those playground things where you jump in a pit of colored plastic balls. Except soybeans are a lot smaller than those balls in the playgrounds, and I guess they don't have all those colors. Well anyway, I went over to his grandparent's farm, and he decided to take me on a tour of the farmhouse. The cows were smelly, I made sure I kept my distance, and I just kept calling to them, saying, "hello, moo-cow." And there were a bunch of cats running around the field, and we picked up a couple kittens and held them up high in the air. I kept asking the cats, "do you love me?" and he kept asking me why I was asking for approval from cats. Then we gave them some milk from his uncle's farmhouse. And then he took me up a ladder to the top floor of the barn.

That's when he proceeded to take off his shoes and jump over into a ledge. He told me to join him. I couldn't quite see what I was about to jump into, it was almost dusk, but I took off my shoes and socks and jumped in anyway.

And my ankles sunk into the soybeans. And I started laughing. And I fell, and then I started to bury myself in soybeans. And then I jumped around a few more times, then I just started throwing soybeans at him.

And then I just laid down in the pit of soybeans for awhile. They felt cool on my skin. I could feel the dust from them covering my legs, my calves.

There are time like that, times when I just have to let go.

Alexandria Rand

# room

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

Gabriel Athens

And little Champaign, Illinois, and those little airplanes that 25 people fit in. The airport there is really nice, actually, it's made for a bigger city, a city of dreams and tall buildings, that's what I think. The roar of the planes are so loud, though, not like those 747's where you can sleep during the flight. But they fly low enough so that I can see the building I live in from the sky. And where I work. There's the store. Neil Street. Assembly Hall. The bars.

Over Fort Myers, the city always looks different from any other place, all those palm trees, the marshes. Like you've just landed somewhere foreign, and pretty soon the big tour will begin. You can feel the heat, the humidity sticking your shirt to your back between your shoulder blades, and your neck, sticking to your neck too, from inside your cabin, before you even land.

Chicago looks grand from the sky with this huge expanse of lake next to it, like civilization crept up as far as it could but finally had to stop. The power of nature stopping the power of man kind, for once. And I cannot decide which one looks more evil. The lake does, looks evil i mean, at least at night, at night it looks like two spheres: a string of lights and a huge void. Daylight, and the snow on the ground looks dirty, too many cars have splashed mud on it as they drove by. And the sky always matches the shade of grey of the snow: fitting for the city of the Blues. Maybe the snow is already that color, that perfect shade of grey, when it falls from the sky in this city.

continued

## seven miles

Okay, so you were going to be in Chicago for a few hours, and then you'd be driving out of town again, and I really wanted to see you, so I said I'd be more than happy to drive to the city to see you for an hour or two. Okay, let's meet at the Planetarium, I said, because it would be the quickest place for me to get to from the interstate, besides, you were in the city anyway, you'd easily get to the Planetarium before I would. So okay, we'd meet at 3:15, you said, and I got off the phone and rushed out the door.

And I got there, traffic was a bitch, but I got there, parked my car and then proceeded to walk back and forth looking for you. Where the hell was he, he didn't have much time before he had to leave, where could he be, it's been over twenty minutes, what trouble has he gotten himself into now? Knowing him, he probably thought I said the Aquarium and was waiting at the building a block away from me, the big jerk. And all these men were staring at me, like they've never seen a woman in a suede skirt before, one of them even said hello to me, and I had to sit there and try to ignore everyone and brood because you were late. You probably crashed the car and were bickering over insurance with someone while I sat there. Made me drive for a couple of hours for nothing.

So then I finally see you sprinting up the block. Your oxford is unbuttoned, and the closer you get, the more red you look. Okay, now I'm intrigued. "Where have you been?" I asked, and as you're panting in a vain attempt to catch your breath you explain that you couldn't get the car out of the parking lot because the person who has the ticket stub for the car is in the doctor's office, so you ran seven miles to get here so that I wouldn't wait.

Okay, I feel like a heel. And you never cease to amaze me. I know you said you'd go to the ends of the earth for me. Seven miles is more than enough.

Alexandria Rand

## Part Two

Have you ever noticed that the air isn't normal air in an airplane? I mean, I know they have to pump in the air, and pressurize it and all in order to keep us alive up there, but there's just something about the air in the cabin that's different. It's got a smell to it, that's the only way I can describe it. A smell of all these people, going places, running to something, or running away from it.

When I go on vacation and I promise people I'll write, I usually write from the plane, just so I don't have to worry about it for the rest of my trip. And I write their letter on an airsick bag. It's more interesting than paper.

I like the window seat, I like to look out the window. Clouds look like cotton balls when you're above them, and when you're landing cars look like little ants, on a mission, bringing food back to their hill. Little soldiers, back and forth, back and forth. And the streets look like veins, capillaries in some massive, monstrous body. And the farmland looks like little squares of colors. I wonder why each plot of land is a different color, what's growing there that makes them different. Or maybe it's that some of them are turning shades of red and brown because some of them dying.

Once I was bumped from my flight,

continued

but on the next available flight they gave me first class. And I sat there, feeling underdressed. And afraid to order a drink.

And it always seems that you're stuck sitting next to someone that is either too wide for their seat, or is a businessman with his newspaper stretched out and his lap top computer on his little fold out table. Once, when I was on a flight back from D. C., a flight attendant walked by, stack of magazines in her hand, Time, Newsweek, Businessweek, and I stopped her, asking what magazines she had. And she replied, "Oh, these magazines are for men." This is a true story. And I asked her again what she had. I had already read Time, so I took Newsweek.

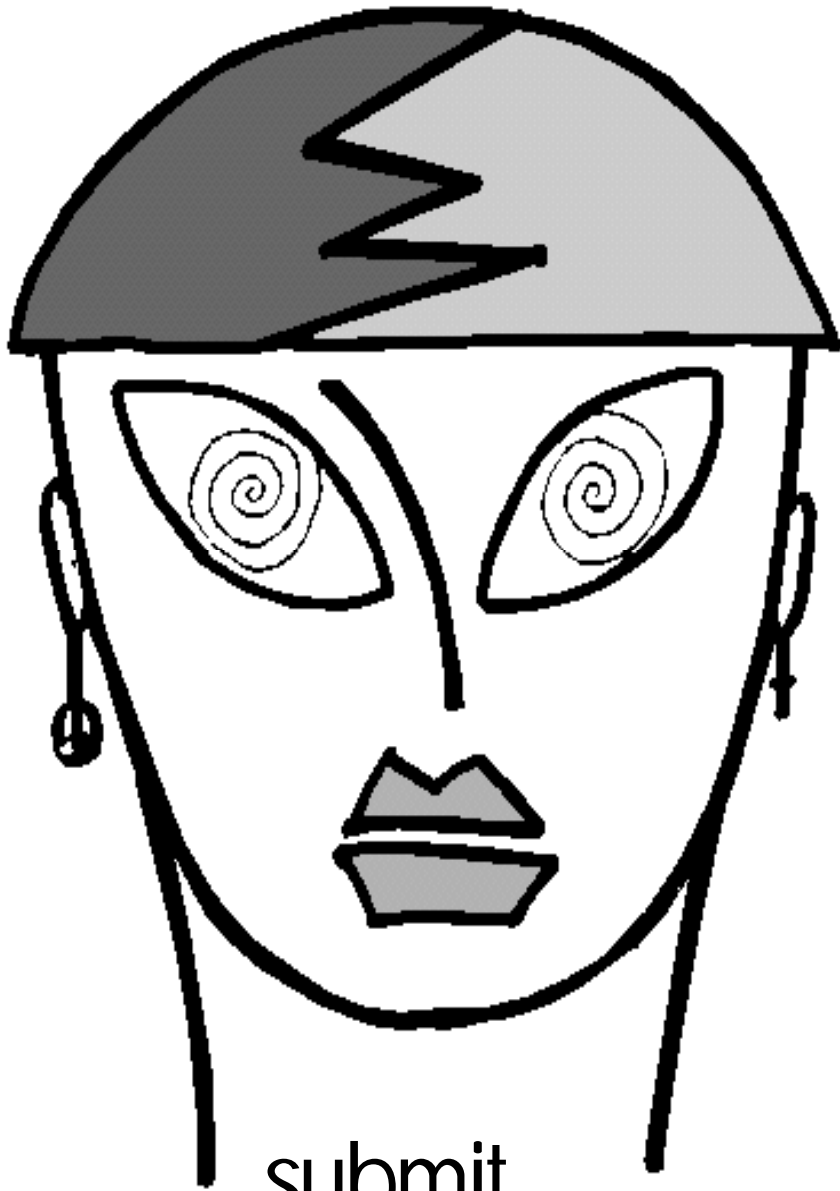
Janet Kuypers

## silence

"once"  
fact  
hand  
sarcasm  
silence  
thrill  
breaking  
once—  
raped

There.  
break  
silence  
weapons  
compassion  
knowledge  
now  
help  
do  
go  
away  
silence  
someone  
me  
friend  
now  
find  
again

Gabriel Athens



submit

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