

# children CHURCHES & daddies

• Published since 1993 •

Janet Kuypers, Editor and Publisher, Ariane Livernois, Creative Assistant

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 and Design, Janet Kuypers, Editor  
3255 West Belden, Suite 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647  
email address: c.c.andd@eworld.com

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.

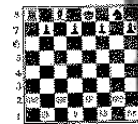
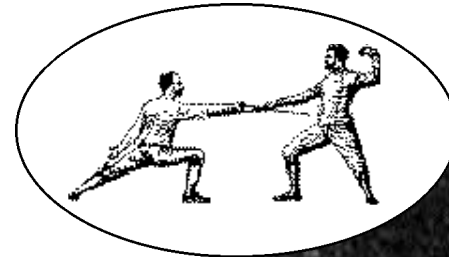
Chapbooks/books from the 1995 Children, Churches and Daddies Poetry Chapbook Series: come into my garden, house of slavs, things i saw alone, texas, new york, in these desperate times, before the storm, love letters, scratching, still had to breathe, wrinkles in the palm of my hand, some things instinctively 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  
mom's favorite vase newsletters and promotional materials, 1994-1995

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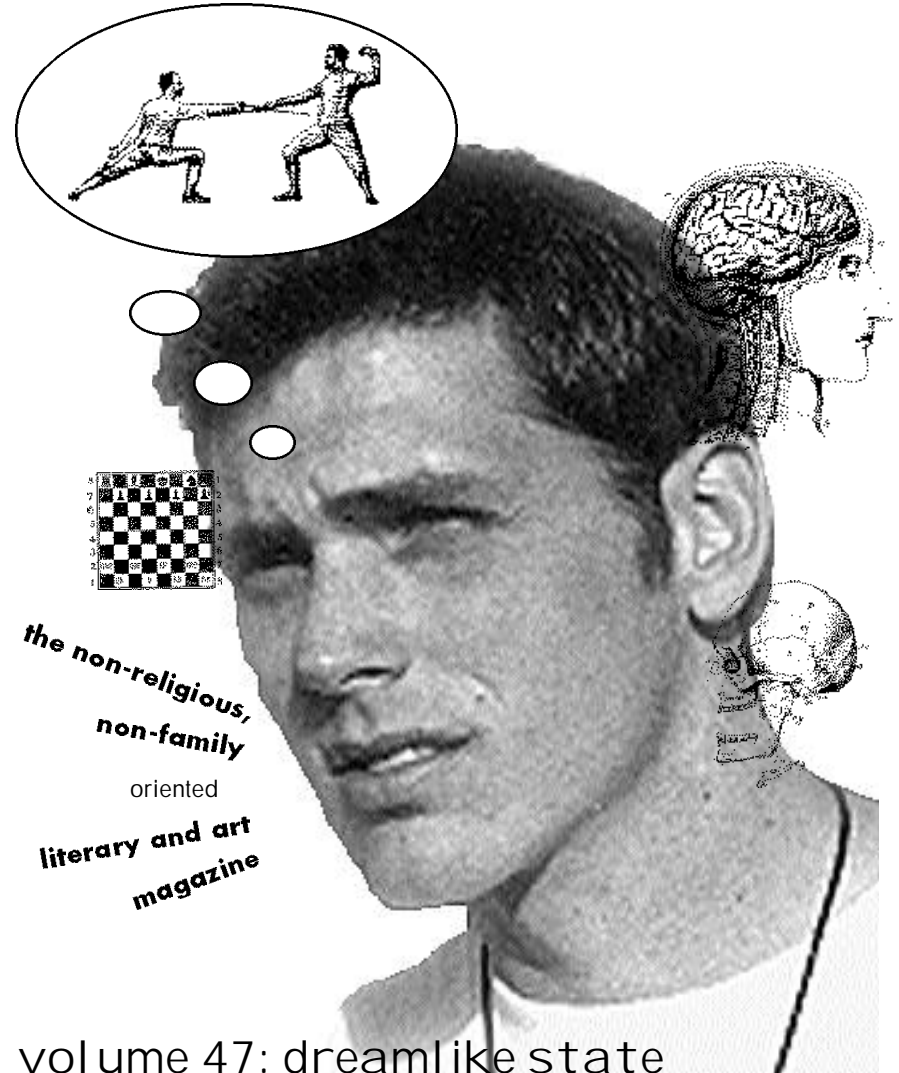
# children CHURCHES & daddies

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

volume 47: dreamlike state



## HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

I

he was walking by the  
white hen pantry  
on sixth and green

and they turned around the  
corner in the car  
opened fire on him

he was hit over and over  
again; his teeth were  
shattered by bullets

he said he died then  
and he saw from up above  
his bloody body

he even saw his obituary

but then he went back, did it  
over again: this time  
he was in the doctor's

office. It's always like this,  
he thinks, always  
running away from death

Janet Kuypers

## HONEST PASSION

Honest Passion is you and I,  
To equal one,  
My heart will beat around you,  
And yours around me,  
I want you my love to play with me,  
Anyway you want just take me now!

I want you for my playtoy my  
Little ball of fun,  
Your eyes oh how they,  
Sparkle when you look me over.

I know by the glance the your very,  
Honest and this and the Passion you are giving.

Are You?

Jacqui Smith



## HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

II

he was in bed, but  
it wasn't with her, like  
he would expect: it was

with her best friend, and  
they were making love, in  
his bed. he didn't realize

it wasn't her until he  
was making love. strange;  
where was she in the dream

Janet Kuypers



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## SUBURBARI WESTSIDE CONCERTO

The cafes serve "good" coffee  
if you're willing to buy a seat, our hosts  
serving good beer, too, even this very morning  
my Valentine and I bore through the summer heat  
transported up from New Orleans, we shook our heads  
in amazement at our nameless friends and relatives  
who wandered off to Fringeland: the quarrels  
were about nothing, really, too tired to sleep  
we arose early and wandered past the Pizza Place,  
past the Flower Shop and Barbara's Bookstore.  
Together we are one, but the buildings change,  
the airways filled with all tyle c(.)inings,  
all the goings, and short fligit.-, to Peoria.  
Sometimes life throws you a curve through  
an old familiar relative who greets you  
with a kiss before supertime and stabs you  
before the sun rises again. Downtown,  
they are studying the spilled blood on Westside  
streets, matching it with the recent dead.  
And we so badly want to write a story  
with real ink, to see our children smile  
in satisfaction. But they are only going  
to the pool for a Sunday swim.

Soon it will be autumn with falling leaves.  
Pity the poor of heart who do not understand loss,  
who toss and turn relentlessly in grey flannel  
odysseys labeled as happenstance.  
Next door, the neighbor mows his lawn.  
This reminds me of my terror after graduation.  
Can I just leave behind this postcard spot  
so neatly packed and parceled into memory?  
Of course, we only dropped in for seven days.  
Sasha reads a Gothic novel about Basque lovers  
who did not last, their dimlit stories  
vanishing into earth and sea even  
before the Titanic sank. And the winds  
blow harder, and the windy night is darker,  
and the slave-trade of the soul begins  
to fester in fleshy enclaves of the mind:  
Vassar girls know how to handle any situation,

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but Sasha and I puzzle over discourse, why  
man's inhumanity to man often starts at home.  
She was educated in Holy Places, not  
the Southwest, but downtown, at St. Mary's.  
Her immaculate heart is pure as gold  
and mine is distorted with Southern slang.  
So we've broken new ground, sown it  
with fresh words, not from each other  
but from a hopelessly normal sister  
very very tired: every seventh stitch of  
her body came undone, her thinking lost its edge.  
There was more to do than chaffeur us around  
the Art Institute or the forest of skyscrapers  
called Chicago: her guilt receded, we  
turned our thoughts to a drink out back  
in husky Northern twilight, the blue fireflies  
crossing the Potomac earlier in the day  
to delightfully light our way. We came  
a long way for opinions, we need  
a mental lift, the minutes and hours and days  
tick away like hard-time, they are symbols  
of our lives drifting away under duress.  
Could this have been before, I ask?  
Perhaps in Atlantis where other so-called  
pals let us down as low as the heavy  
continent itself. Perhaps our conversation  
has filled many stucco rooms. I detect  
enough hostility for more than one lifetime.  
Survivors usually know their limitations,  
but they often ignore their boundaries, they  
sometimes are directly in your path, draped  
in Spanish moss and seaweed, saying  
awful things, disinterested in your poetry  
or your future, blocking the road ahead after  
you've traveled forty days and forty nights  
to rest. Sashals patience is exemplary,  
and mine is wearing thin. There may  
be storms tonight attending our convalescence.  
Like cave-men we'll assemble for the blessing  
after food has been gathered. Then  
the merry supper will begin.

Errol Miller

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## FLOWERS IN VINCE'S RAIN

Yesterday I was taking a walk in the park,  
When it started to rain,  
After a while sprinkles formed,  
And fell down from the sky,  
Then I put my foot in the Moist field of flowers,  
That had sprung up.

Then It started to rain again,  
So I stood In the center,  
Of The field.

As the rain,  
came down,  
A whole bunch of Lilies,  
Like the ones I remember dreaming that Vince would give me,  
Bloomed all around me.

Then the rain showered my face,  
Like Vince with his soft warm dream embrace,  
Yeah! I shouted as the,  
Rain poured like my eyes when me Vince Ignored.

What Beautiful Lilies Then,  
I Like the angel,  
The Angel that had been in my dream of Vince.

I danced around and around,  
And in my heart The dreams of Vince's Rain were forever bound!

Jacqui Smith  
For Audrey Miller's first crush

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## DONNIE IS MY LOVERBOY

I love a man,  
Who is very charming,  
Is good and luscious,  
He sets my soul a blaze.

His juicy body is what I desire,  
How can I obey around him,  
I want to hiss in his ear,  
And tell him he is my hunk a hunk of burning passion.

Oh how a ache to have Donnie next to my breast,  
If he was a longhorn,  
I would rope him up,  
In a tangle only I could get out.

Others girls would attempt,  
But they would have no possibility,  
You see they would give up,  
And I'd have my Loverboy.

My Teddy Bear,  
Then I'd smooch Donnie and we'd be gone,  
But first before we go I'd hitch him,  
To let everybody know!

Jacqui Smith

## TRANSCRIBING DREAMS

I

I was at a beach, I don't know  
why the dream was there, but  
it was, the dream I mean. And  
you were there, and your family  
too, and at one point your little  
sister, the one that isn't so little  
anymore, pulled me to the side  
and told me she was pregnant.  
She loved her boyfriend, she  
couldn't have an abortion, she  
didn't want to tell her parents.  
And she told me, and I didn't  
know what to do. Later in the  
dream, still at the beach, she  
told you, and your parents, and  
you were screaming that you  
were going to kill her boyfriend,  
and your mother was babbling  
what would the neighbors think  
and your father was speechless.  
And I know that all of you were  
hurting her more, that what she  
needed most was supportive  
words, someone to hold her.  
Didn't you think she was scared  
enough, I wanted to ask. But  
I didn't, I watched all of you  
do this to her, the poor little girl.  
How scared she must have been

Alexandria Rand

**Dusty Dog Reviews, CA (on knife)**

These poems document a very complicated internal response to the feminine side of social existence. And as the book proceeds the poems become increasingly psychologically complex and, ultimately, fascinating and genuinely rewarding.

**C Ra McGuirt, Editor, The Penny Dreadful Review (on Children, Churches and Daddies)**

CC&D is obviously a labor of love ... I just have to smile when I go through it. (Janet Kuypers) uses her space and her poets to best effect, and the illos attest to her skill as a graphic artist.

**Dusty Dog Reviews (on Without You)**

She open with a poem of her own devising, which has that wintry atmosphere demonstrated in the movie version of Boris Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago. The atmosphere of wintry white and cold, gloriously murderous cold, stark raging cold, numbing and brutalizing cold, appears almost as a character who announces to his audience, "Wisdom occurs only after a laboriously magnificent disappointment." Alas, that our Dusty Dog for mat cannot do justice to Ms. Kuypers' very personal layering of her poem across the page.

**Debra Purdy Kong, writer, British Columbia, Canada (on Children, Churches and Daddies)**

I like the magazine a lot. I like the spacious lay-out and the different coloured pages and the variety of writer's styles. Too many literary magazines read as if everyone graduated from the same course. We need to collect more voices like these and send them everywhere.

**Dusty Dog Reviews (on Right There, By Your Heart)**

The whole project is hip, anti-academic, the poetry of reluctant grown-ups, picking noses in church. An enjoyable romp! Though also serious.

**Children, Churches and Daddies. It speaks for itself.**

Write to Scars Publications to submit poetry, prose and artwork to Children, Churches and Daddies literary magazine, or to inquire about having your own chapbook, and maybe a few reviews like these.

3255 West Belden • Suite 3E • Chicago, Illinois 60647 • attention: J. Kuypers

**Carlton Press, New York, NY**

HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC is a collection of well-fashioned, often elegant poems and short prose that deals in many instances, with the most mysterious and awesome of human experiences: Love... Janet Kuypers draws from a vast range of experiences and transforms thoughts into lyrical and succinct verse... Recommended as poetic fare that will titillate the palate in its imagery and imaginative creations.

**Dorrance Publishing Co.,  
Pittsburgh, PA**

"Hope Chest in the Attic" captures the complexity of human nature and reveals startling yet profound discernments about the travesties that surge through the course of life. This collection of poetry, prose and artwork reflects sensitivity toward feminist issues concerning abuse, sexism and equality. It also probes the emotional torrent that people may experience as a reaction to the delicate topics of death, love and family.

"Chain Smoking" depicts the emotional distress that afflicted a friend while he struggled to clarify his sexual ambiguity. Not only does this thought-provoking profile address the plight that homosexuals face in a homophobic society, it also characterizes the essence of friendship.

"The room of the rape" is a passionate representation of the suffering rape victims experience. Vivid descriptions, rich symbolism, and candid expressions paint a shocking portrait of victory over the gripping fear that consumes the soul after a painful exploitation.

**Fithian Press, Santa Barbara, CA**

Indeed, there's a healthy balance here between wit and dark vision, romance and reality, just as there's a good balance between words and graphics. The work shows brave self-exploration, and serves as a reminder of mortality and the fragile beauty of friendship.

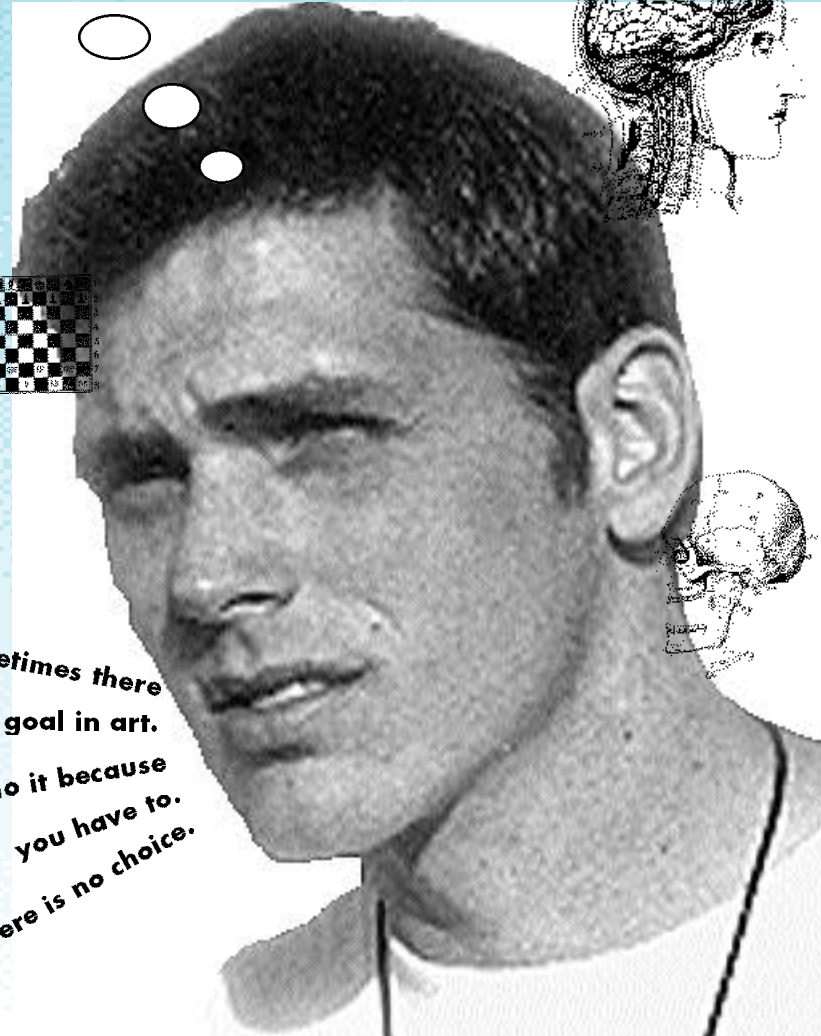
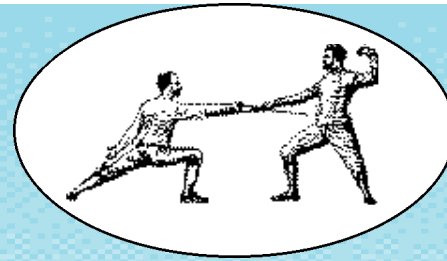
**Mark Blickley, writer**

The precursor to the magazine title (Children, Churches and Daddies) is very moving. "Scars" is also an excellent prose poem. I never really thought about scars as being a form of nostalgia. But in the poem it also represents courage and warmth. I look forward to finishing her book.

## RAKING LEAVES

Too many leaves.  
Let me help you  
I say, let me hold  
this bag for you.  
You've grown so  
much, you're doing  
all the hard work  
now, and every  
year there seem  
to be more and  
more leaves. It's  
too much for your  
father to do.  
Too many leaves.  
Why does there  
seem to be more  
this year? They  
almost cover all  
of our windows  
now. Next year  
you won't be  
able to see our  
house anymore,  
the leaves will  
take over, it will  
be like our house  
was never there.  
Too many leaves.  
Won't you help  
us, my son? You're  
so good

Gabriel Athens



*sometimes there  
is no goal in art.  
you do it because  
you have to.  
there is no choice.*

## THIS SIDE OF CHICAGO

Mexico by motorcar in '57  
and now in '92 I'm touring Oak Park,  
rather pensive The Woolworth Poet  
is from rural Alabama, raised on possum-fat  
and hickory nuts, transverse, for  
The Keeper of the Words I bring you tidings  
from the wasteland of the Delta: we  
have no white horses, just Spanish moss  
and mild hysteria, Margaret, the hired hand,  
doing the best she can. Last night the moon  
turned very blue, I rowed out on  
Lake D'Arbonne to no avail' where to go,  
what to see, when to stop, like  
Kerouac's lonesome travelers I am lost  
in unfamiliar fields, hopping another  
dead-end freight to red-clay parts unknown.

This surreal alternate route  
with snakeweed and tomatoes, sexy  
Italian women preparing more spaghetti:  
what I need the most is a new thesarus,  
another shot of euphoria, for the Eagles  
to regroup and record more sad songs.  
But it isn't in the cards today, Cisco,  
my hand shaking irregular, my poetry  
oozing vagabond nouns and verbs,  
this old world spinning at 60 mph.

Errol Miller

## HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

III

he was making love to a  
woman, he didn't know  
who, he thought she was

blonde. They were in a forest  
together, he thinks. And when  
they were done, he was

with her later, but she wasn't  
the same woman anymore; in  
fact, she was his cousin. Why

does he keep having dreams  
like this, he asks me, am I  
obsessed with sex? No, I

said, just look closely. Why  
do you think things are  
never as they seem

Janet Kuypers







## “LOVE FOR JACQUI”

Take a gamble on passion,  
You might enjoy it you know,  
Take a gamble on affection,  
It could bloom and grow.

Take a gamble on affection,  
It's better then being by yourself,  
You just might find somebody who loves you,  
And would make you a great home for you.

Take a chance on passion,  
It can't be all the bad,  
You may find you'll enjoy it,  
And that would make you happy.

Take a gamble on love-  
It will never or try not to ever fail,  
You'll always find passion in it,  
And it will never be curtail.

Donald Surles

## TRANSCRIBING DREAMS

II

me any my sister and my  
mother were driving at night  
and we were approaching  
and s-curve in the street.  
We had to turn right, drive  
a half block, then turn left.  
When we took the corner  
there was a fire in the  
building right in front of us,  
and there were all these  
fire trucks and ladders and  
water spraying through the  
air. And we couldn't turn  
around and go back, we had  
to drive past this, and the  
car got faster and faster,  
I felt like I was being thrown  
toward the inferno. And I  
saw firemen that were on  
ladders on the second and  
third floors being thrown  
away from the building by  
the flames, falling, screaming,  
falling to their deaths. And we  
sped around the corner, my  
sister was falling out of the  
car as we took the turn so  
fast. She was holding on to  
the frame of the car and we  
watched firemen fall from  
the sky, and I sat in the center  
of the backseat, not knowing  
what to think, watching it all

Alexandria Rand

## BART JOHNSON

Holding then caressing,  
The newborn laughs and coos,  
Then Cowboy Bart,  
Strokes the little fella with care.

Feeding and playing with him,  
Watching him grow,  
His wife smiles.

Slowly as time ticks away, The newborn is big enough to stand alone,  
No more cooing or caressing is needed.

So he he and his pap Bart,  
Ride off into the sunset,  
To begin a new kind of love together.

Before they go Cowboy Bart's wife and mother of the boy,  
Shouts remember I will always love you!

Then They continue on their way,  
At the end of their venture,  
They have bonded like never before,  
And cowboy Bart and his son,  
Found a love to replace that love that,  
Was once there!

Jacqui Smith

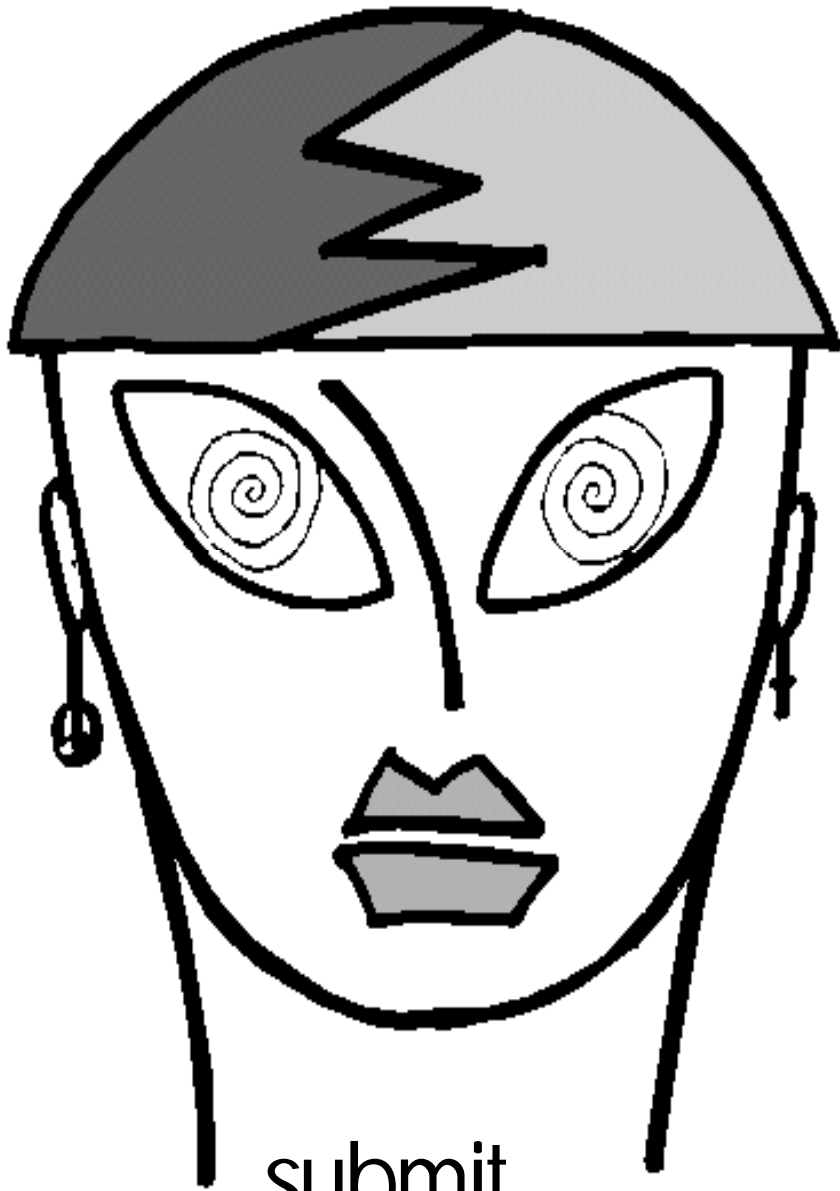


## THOSE BLUE REMEMBERED HILLS

"Where are those blue remembered hills ...  
A.E. Houseman

Back to the basics, I presume,  
Old Style beer and poetry and the memory  
of Kerouac always on the road, I, too, traveled  
through the "old brown Chicago" in a limousine, I  
ran into a brick wall of stubborn silence from  
a gang of relatives: they flapped their wings  
and flew away, leaving me stranded in the subway.  
While others were making love I was trying  
to escape, I saw lovely flowers  
that did not disintegrate in humid Southside heat.  
And later, we broke bread together like we  
were friends. I remember, now, how  
I got the blues.

Errol Miller



submit

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## HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

IV

as he wakes up less  
rested than the night before.  
I had a dream my teeth

fell out again, he said.  
This time they fell out one by  
one, first slowly, then faster.

Sometimes they all fall out  
at once, sometimes they fall  
one row at a time. I try to

stuff them back into my mouth.  
What is this supposed to  
mean? I don't understand.

I just don't understand these  
dreams. What does it mean  
when you dream your teeth

fall out, when you dream it  
regularly? I think it means  
I'm afraid of commitment.

No, I said, it means  
you're pregnant. That didn't  
go over well with him. And he

walked to the washroom,  
brushed his teeth, made sure to  
floss, like he would four

more times that day

Janet Kuypers

## FOOD FIGHT

Giant huge big,  
Huge immense,  
Give it me!

Let me have it,  
Please I want it!

Right now would be,  
Fine,  
Send it here anyway I,  
Don't disregard how,  
Just present it to me now!

Ok here it comes

SPLAT!

Misty VonSehrwald



## BRIDGE UNDER DINNY LANE LAKE

didn't just get along in the tank together. And I looked at the tank, and I saw the one-inch neon tetras darting around along the top of the water. They knew they would be victims later, trapped in this little cage, and that the shark would just wait until he was bored until he administered his punishment. I wanted to ask you why you bought all of these different-sized fish and expected them to live together peacefully. Maybe you didn't even realize that the shark would need more food than he was prepared to but him. Besides, a shark that size shouldn't even be alone in a tank as small as ten gallons. He needs room to grow. But before I could say anything, I saw the shark swim to the top of the water, push his head and nose out of the water, open the lid to the top of the aquarium. You weren't looking, so I told you to look to the top, and not to get too close. And the shark just sat there, looking at you, and it looked as if he wanted to show you what a good eater he was. It was almost as if he was looking to you for approval.

Alexandria Rand

She ate oysters for a living, producing a very special kind of swill that was fed to pigs, ultimately producing an atypical bacon of such reduced fat, it won the Cannes Film Festival. The only, thereby "and first", pork product to win an otherwise exclusively Film award. But then that's how these things happen when an anorexic Gentile by name of Boos, an Egyptian wagon master turned self-made millionaire, owns controlling interest in the Furniture Corp. of that particular theatrically relevant city. Boos pulled his weight, and if the most prestigious directors, producers, producers/directors in the world wanted to sit down during this important invent, this lite bacon was going to have win arms up.

But he was hardly settled with giving recognition, and soon the furniture king was wholly after every aspect of production, from the family tree-trough selection from which the plumpest, horniest piglets were plucked from family sides because of largest genitalia, or that I don't know what in their personalities, or the way they shift that vast amount of weight - to the ink color on the tear and knife proof bacon wraps, and everything in between. In between, there was Dhelia.

Boos was sifting through the garbage they were feeding the pre-slaughters. He'd examined fully the qualifications on paper, then the man himself who was lovingly realized with the high honor of mixing the pigs' refuse. The man stood at attention, and all sorts of family problems, background were brought out, but it didn't seem to hinder the man's ability at first class waste retrieval. Still, Boos was suspicious. On edge because of it. The bacon meant a lot to him. He'd been denied it many years by the doctors because of the salt content, and now. He was free. Free. He didn't feel good walking away from the cadet he couldn't in all moral guilt fire, when he stumbled upon Dhelia, chucking a fresh wad of spit into the provided canister at her feet.

She looked up, dragging the remaining spittle from her face with a long naked arm that would wind up being antiseptic by the shift's end. Her cheeks were still puffy as he looked at her, but he knew she was the reason. She was the mother of the now, the taste of perfection that allowed him a fresh piece of unsalted gristle. There is a secret ingredient to everything, he knew - how many layers of liquefied Wintergreen Certs did it take his workers to spruce - on the baby oaks to get just the right amount of high-grade polish on them before they'd chop them down? - and to his love it was no different. Love? Am I in that?

"Would you do me the privilege?" She was coming out of the back door, his voice taking all the surprise out of life.

Dhelia was still green from work, but she answered softly, "I am hungry," slacking him with the tiniest particle of spit that the pigs could only dream about having.

It was heaven's best room. Boos took up the glistening wetness on his cheek, and rubbed it further in, delighting in the perverse pleasures of achieving a closer bond to his live piggies. His eyes moved back, and he sighed to her in a way she was never used to.

Hardly ugly, but then no one had ever asked her out, had they? She was round in places men didn't care about. Her hair had been coming out in patches by the years; an easy trick was hatting through life, but it only opted to make her look more religious than she was. Unattainable.

What should've been shyness all through the meal was ascribed to a simple deprivation of affection. She didn't actually mean to eat through the date - a date? But it was the man's fault. He made it seem too natural. He made the conversation flow like the wine that never stopped, and when you take away a woman's defense of self-consciousness, what else does she have to fall back on? She was stumped. But at least she could remain quiet in the intense strangeness of certain moments. At least life wasn't perfect. And he kept looking far into her mouth whenever she misremembered herself to chew with it open.

But toward the end of the evening, she found herself attentively leaving the broiled shrimp clearly within view. She would mesh up the things, and the steak, in her back teeth, and it caused a passionate reaction in Boos, who only rewarded it with kind thoughts, sweet breath and smiles through the words that told her this wasn't a private night. She knew they would visit many more.

He didn't enjoy the walk along the bridge near as much because she'd determined to hold hands, and it was difficult for him to walk in front of her all the time, while trying to disguise the fact of his attraction. They swung arms, and looked at the cool German night. Stars twinkled through the mist that made the night seem cloudy. Boos was trying to discover secret ploys, different tactics for sitting down and playing woo face to face once again.

There was a mass suicide raging on the Bridge. Just called the Bridge. Though regular callers to it would name it the Dinny Lane bridge since it connected one side of the street to the other, but it seemed that the age of bridge names was past, and both would be lovers were content to watch the high school class jump.

Or perhaps they were grade school, but Boos had never "educated" in this country - he was hardly German born - so it was difficult for him to tell a 30 person pre-teen splash from a just-going-on-adulthood splash when he heard it. Felt it.

He touched his cheek, feeling the cold insult of salt water on his face. He touched it, and looked at her. His date was enjoying the outline of poor brick buildings and ducks or geese that spoke or flew into the dense direction of the city's closeness. Houses all huddled together, and for the first time, she realized how she'd always envied the sight of German houses. Boos was feeling

## TRANSCRIBING DREAMS

### III

I was walking into your livingroom and there was a ten-gallon fish tank there. You just bought it. You were looking at the fish, that's when I walked over. And I saw a shark fish in the tank, one about eight inches long, and he was at the bottom, killing and eating a four-inch fish. There were other one-inch fish swimming at the top, neon tetras, small things. And I walked over and the shark was just eating the four-inch fish, and soon he was completely gone. And you were just looking, you could do nothing to save the fish. And then another four-inch fish came out of hiding from behind a plant on the left side of the tank, and he darted around. It looked like he was in a state of panic, maybe he breathed the blood of the other four-inch fish, his ally, his family. And he started darting around the tank, and the shark was just sitting at the bottom of the tank, and the other four-inch fish darted more. And then the shark opened his mouth, and in a darting panic, the four-inch fish swim straight into the shark's mouth. All he had to do was close his mouth and swallow the fish whole. There was no fight, like with the first one. There was no struggle. And I looked over at you, and you were amazed that this shark just ate your two fish, which were probably over ten dollars each, and that they

and forty nights, cleansing the tenants  
until they are well again.

So “things” change. I don’t know why.

Our bodies, rather abstract, meandering into absurd  
mounds of dust in limited space, displacement in  
the shadows of a pretty lighthouse strewing  
dynamic candlelight over all the world.

An awesome distant charting, an order of evolution  
beginning in New England and disappearing down Frost’s

road not taken: stylistic subdivisions  
house the seashore poets: Emily, Anne,  
and Sylvia, they’ve surrendered all  
to evolve in their own white light, they

come and go in the precise imagery  
of man’s bumble-bee demise, they develop  
more parallel stories for the eye to see, they  
pump their own hearts to no avail. I

say this is a very small building we’re working in,  
designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, perhaps, or another  
custom designer in the mid-20’s. The past lives

with us through our houses and our music, enduring  
pop art from Little Chicago and the Sunset Club,  
magnificent shaggy orators shaking sawdust  
from their cuffs: you tell me your dream, I’ll tell

you mine, so goes the rowdy crowd to execution  
carrying paintings of soup cans and Mickey Mouse  
and anonymous big breasts, they never read  
the Hudson Review or published in Poetry Magazine.

They only drank their thin red wine and called  
a Yellow Cab to whisk them away to Yonkers,  
they say this and that and nothing, setting out  
for another Happening until the art of life  
degenerates into an empty chute of time.

And, like social endeavour, the contemporary deluge  
continues, the kinetic energy of time and place,  
the complicated mode of survival,  
and fragments stashed away for a Golden Age  
of Probability where desire and anticipation  
blend into perfect imagination.

Errol Miller

children  
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light from the moisture in the air. It took him deeper into obsessions, and he  
couldn’t see himself without her.

“You will marry me?” he asked, as quickly as the thought escaped from his  
wish to his mind.

She was plump, but obviously juicy. Dhelia didn’t know how to react to  
things like.. what normal people had to deal with. When she originally took the  
job as Spittle Consultant, swiftly moving up through the ranks to Chief Driveler,  
she’d taken it as a sign of signing off from humanity. The last hole in a wretched  
existence, but then millionaires with their delight for mouthal confrontations  
came about, and all she could think to do was jump up and down, up and down,  
giving up a last ace of any augustness she should’ve had the sense to keep to get  
the almost husband to where she wanted him. But she merely wanted him. No games.  
No deals. She gave it all up to the proposal, and cracked the main spear of the  
main beam.

It all came crashing down, in one swoop, as if the whole land had risen up  
almost, because there was no simple fall through of bodies, and part of a bridge.  
The entire thing landed flatly, completely under water. And stayed. Floating  
down..

But through water, often times bodies can fall faster than wood - didn’t  
Boos know it! - and it did easily here. They plummeted to the flat sandy bottom,  
stretching out surprised feet at the tunnel they’d fallen to underneath. They had  
no choice but to follow it down. Gravity doesn’t have to work underwater, but  
surprise made up for it.

But there was shallow light above them. They dove for it, luckily both  
could swim, and found themselves well beneath the Dinny Lane bridge which  
fashioned a roof for them somehow. It had followed them, down, and down, and now  
they were catching their breaths in a gigantic air pocket in the center of a  
German lake.

Huge water rats scurried. It was impossible to tell the humans from the vermin. Until  
one spoke.

“What the fuck!”

It was a sentiment all shared. The other four in the party repeated it,  
then coughed and retched until the damp cavern ground beneath their feet perfumed  
worse than lakes can smell. Boos was revolted. They had nothing to do with bacon,  
or sausage even!, at all.

It was a dark cavern. A tunnel of some sort, obviously directly under the  
bridge. Now the underwater bridge, but nevertheless, had always been below the  
wooden structure before. Dhelia looked at the roof, reading the names off of winos  
in love and misspelled profanities by homeless persons of no fixed education.

“I’m Don,” one water rat said, when his head had semi-cleared. He was the  
first to think of business. Dhelia compared his name to the above-head autographs.

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"Gimme your wallet," he continued.

Dhelia screamed, and continued, but most men thought it a delayed reaction to the disaster they themselves were only now sobering to, and let it go without a slap. They'd lost their bottles in the sink, and most were bugging their eyes to the situation.

"Fuck off," Boos said simply, but the other, whatever his faults, had a perfect supply of confidence in people-oriented plights. The other advanced, and Dhelia tried to find a hole in the roof. There wasn't even a drip.

The others too began to advance, and Dhelia became worried for Boos. She didn't want to ask any bum names because she knew in here would be a couple that had carved onto the wood above - two sets of initials in hearts. She could be raped, but then she knew how men hated that kind of thing by other men.

The couple began to back away. The threats seemed to sound worse in German, Boos thought, but he took out his wallet, demeaning himself to the excuse that there was a lady present. He removed his driver's license, because that was so hard to replace - now that there were 14 years of splinters congregated in his ever weakening eyes - and threw it to the nearest thing that didn't look like a water table.

They ran and the greedy faces were content with the booty. But when they all started to share, one said, "What'd he take?" That voice was supreme at psychology, since they all forgot fighting among themselves and took after the author of the problem. Now they were a unit. They had a mission, and even the ones not loving the companionship of men felt a closer bond to the mob components running at arms' sides.

The cave merged into the wall of the continent, with no seeming way up. Dhelia began to claw her short nails into the side of the dirt, but hardly enough escaped to see them get dirty. It had to be a solid wall, she supposed, to stop the flood, or flood of earthworms, she didn't know. But the side was wet, and deep in its rich coffee-like poise.

Boos clutched his privates. He was worried to, she thought. They could hear the rumbling of many legs. The cavern didn't circle. They were trapped.

Dhelia looked into the sight before them. It was hard to see. Too many shadows. Shadows! Yes...

She grabbed his arm, and they moved swiftly. Edging along the side of a deep pit of darkness, she released her grip, and Boos knew that the plan had ended. The vermin boomed in, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, but having latched on to slavic paint cans and broken pieces of soggy wood as unneeded weapons that gave them insurmountable confidence as a mob. But they could see the end of the tunnel. They had the foresight of being the chasers and not the chased, so they had no horror on their mind to make them see ends at the last moment. The run became a walk, then a creep, and it was only slowly that Dhelia and Boos were

## TRANSFORMATION

"Transformation is in the head."

G.R. Swenson

I have a twin, beautifully  
orchestrated like the arches at St. Louis, I  
am not content with thinking right at times.  
Saturday will find me rocking & rolling in  
a great Northern city of broad shoulders: my elastic  
mind springs back to cosmetic freshness in another  
time, another place, another hand-hewn era  
where dark stars fell on Alabama and hippie groups  
recommended free love and beer. This exotic new season  
is different from any other, avant-garde in nature,  
happening so fast, Cisco, so fast, as surreal  
as any midnight hour from Cinderella's story, as  
upside-down as any geriatric nation  
rowing into Doomsday.

Of course we are living geometric art,  
weaving the junk of our environment into Dada-stories  
of last night when Paris was in our dreams.  
Such inspiration, from make-believe and tattered brains  
of remnants of Confederate brigades charging across Dixie  
to challenge the future: it is grey, Beloved,  
surpassing any eternal flame into blazing boneyards  
where ancient flesh and literature fuse into  
a catalytic union with impressionist painters  
creating melancholy moods on paper,  
the Devil buying them all, it is  
the invisible world that troubles us, academic poets  
from New York City schools wringing the back alleys  
of their soul for experimental material, soon  
there'll be a symposium on Southern life, how and  
why the dusty hired hands of Planet Earth  
have shifted in their orbit: they labor  
in the fertile lowland east of Little Rock, they till  
the red clay soil of Oxford, they farm the stony hills  
of Rocky Branch and Crossroads, they demurely make  
the supreme sacrifice when the crop's in  
and later, in Star City, they wait  
in solemn columns until their time has come.  
A little painful, this odyssey, an extension  
of the Master Plan where it rains for forty days



placed each memory filled ornament on with loving care. Memories filled the silent room as Joe lifted his grown daughter to place the angel atop the tree. They wished each other Merry Christmas, exchanged gifts of love, and went their separate ways, each encompassed like an individual ornament surrounded with their own memories.

Mary went upstairs to put away her gifts. She sprayed on her favorite perfume, a gift from Felicia and opened the box of potpourri that Justin had made himself. The scent of fragrant spices filled the room. She held the gold and diamond earrings up to her ears and watched them glitter in the mirror. She wondered if Joe had picked them out himself.

Outside in the chilled night air, the black sky still imprisoned the moon and the stars.

Diana Lee Goldman



children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

passed.

A couple more footsteps.....

Now he grabbed her and the running started. He knew about wood. He was going to see this through.

The slosh of escape didn't give but a few seconds of anonymity. Then crowds rushed. They were angry at tricking! They'd become homeless, purposely, so they wouldn't have to work this hard. Not that any of them had a car when they got Their license...

Back at the wooden bridge. It was beginning to leak in places. That was good. It was becoming soggy. Not used to the strain of fish pedestrians.

Boos took out a carving knife, made from slate stone. He wondered if he had any salve left..... Ah! From his pocket, he retrieved something looking like an old ketchup packet, but when he squirted it on the blade, the yellow, starchy liquid made the knife seem almost to heat up. He began cutting into the roof.

But then the crowd came.

"Here," he said, giving her the knife. It was above the fucks and shits and cunts of the audience, but she understood the vague plan, and began slicing into the fresh, cool wood now before her. It was difficult standing on that sand pile, but it was the highest point after all.

Boos lept at them. But not before they came as close as he liked. Not only did he need someplace soft to land, why order a fight, when one will soon be delivered?

They bit into his legs, through the expensive blue suit, they tore at hair, and tried to pull his eyes out, but they wouldn't budge. It was impossible! Boos looked back soon to determine the layout. The plan was going slow. Back to pinching, and fighting.

"Honey!" she yelled. She didn't know what else to call him. There was a soft trickle of water, and things looked black. A creaking of wood. Boos tried to dislodge himself, but the sheer weight of bodies made peeling out, even with so many kicks, a stone prison.

A huge discharge of water! No, simply a flash flood! And the inhabitants were all swept away. Dhelia had managed to hang onto the side of the bridge, and tried waiting there a moment until all the water drained out, but then she realized. She was beneath a lake. So she began to superhumanly pull herself through the large hole in the bridge, up towards a kind of safety. Then to swim through the actual river itself, then on to the safety of the surface, but she couldn't think of all that now. Still, she was taking the hard way.

Boos was washed along with the rest of them, but only had consciousness returned to him a few seconds after the initial impact that had knocked him out. His lungs were starting to inhale water, and that wasn't good. He woke up and realized the dim light of a German night sky was just beyond his reach. He would

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make sure his reach was there.

Exhausted. He couldn't do anything. He couldn't survive. And to survive only needed treading water. That's all it would take. But he was so tired. So very tired.

A body drifted along. One of the dead high school - yes, or grammar school! - students from before. What luck! he thought, grabbing hold instantly. It made him feel so good, and the threat of death removed let him breath normally for a while.

That's when he saw his darling. Well, melodramatic thing to call her, he supposed, but someone who made him feel....? She was using her own weight to float, and how glad he was of everything. Then:

The Dinny Lane bridge began to rise. Perhaps all it needed was a cut in its own mid section, but it blew up like a life raft finding the light of day from fathoms. It came slowly, but majestically, but Dhelia was on it. She rose inches on it, like the Queen of the Sea, and to Boos it was some kind of miracle.

Wonderfull... He paddled his body over quickly.

Letting his body go, he climbed up on the bridge which was surprisingly steady and sound, except far too low for any cars of any make, even American.

He was beaten, but felt fine. All she cared about, too, was the feeling she felt from his safety. Not as much his actual safety, but how now he was there for her to have for always and ever, because she started to cry for the first time that night. Cry? Maybe it was a reaction to something. Or so Boos thought.

"Oh!" She saw his wretched body - his own - and all the cuts and bruises, and scrapes, and red marks of washed away blood, and she became a mother immediately.

Sitting on that bridge, Dhelia ripped a part of her - what was left - clothing, around the collar, and dipped her tongue into it, forgetting for the moment that she and her complete costume were utterly soaked, so went by habit, to wipe away his cuts and ouchies.

Boos closed his eyes and thought of the spit. There was no color in his face, and his hands trembled on the sturdy bridge. The erection was on the wrong side of his pants, and it hurt him too much. He pointed to an elbow that needed it, and felt the way he'd always wanted. Knowing she was the one.

Ben Ohmart

## SILENT NIGHT

Not much was new in the Kristiani household this Yule. The house was decorated and festive and they would put the tree up tonight as soon as everyone arrived home. Mary, exhausted after a long day at the office, stepped out onto the deck for a breath of the chilly night air. A starless gray lavender blanket covered the heavens, serenely tucking in the moon and the stars for this evening. A pale pink aura escaped the horizon like an insuppressible dream. Mary sighed, lit a cigarette and thought about taking painting lessons in the Spring. Joe and the kids would probably think she was being silly. The phone rang inside and shattered her thoughts. It was Joe calling to say he'd be home a little later than expected. Mary knew in her heart he was having an affair, but what good would a confrontation do.

Just last night, Joe had stood out on this same deck for what seemed like a very long time. Life for him seemed just perfect. His job paid him more money than he ever dreamed he would make. He loved his wife and adored his latest girlfriend, even though lately she had been hinting at the possibility of his leaving Mary. It might be time to break it off. But it could wait. Right now the solitary star in the night sky seemed ablaze in his glory. The air was still and black and motionless as if it dared not breathe and disturb the precarious balance.

Their son, Justin, was now on his way home furious with the burdensome weight of adolescence. He walked home beneath the same sky under which his mother dreamt. He looked up into the barren sky where the moon and stars had been given the night off. The sky just glared back oppressively. Sullen, silent and eerie, the heavens appeared encased in a shroud. He tried not to think about his girlfriend's abortion. The alcohol was helping.

His sister, Felicia, had just arrived home, anxious and eager to decorate the tree. Last night had been wonderful. Her first formal dance left her with a lingering radiant glow. She and her date had stood with their arms around each other, and the heavens smiled down on them. One star, no moon, and a warm rosy sheen embraced the landscape. The friendly blinking star radiated the black sky, as distant members of the solar system decided not to compete. She was content in her innocence.

The family, finally all together, strung the tangled lights upon the tree and

do it. What, does he think I'm gonna cook for him too?

Why doesn't he get a job, one that lasts for more than four months, one that's not in a liquor store so he can get drunk every chance he gets.

Thank God he doesn't have the guns anymore. He used to have a ton of 'em, keep them hidden in every corner of this one-bedroom hole above some old bag's garage. If the guns were still here, I'd kill him.

No, I couldn't, I'd be killing myself then. He's all I got. I just wanna get out, I wanna live, I wanna stop hiding.

I want him to take down his guard for just one minute, that guard of his that is still stronger than his sargeant's from Korea. Damn it.

I wish his mind would just rest, so I could take it over again, but it seems to always be there, on the defensive, darting around, looking for ways to protect himself.

IX  
there's a war  
behind every corner  
you're gotta learn  
to fight

people don't know  
who to trust anymore  
what to  
believe in  
but I do

Jimbo Breen

children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## POAM MILITANT MAN WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA

I  
the problem with people  
in this country today  
is they don't love  
the US of Goddamn A anymore

All these yuppie faggots  
riding their trains to work  
their bmws their jags  
and I went to war for 'em  
went to hell and back

we chanted  
sodomize hussein for 'em

and we loved the Goddman wars  
WWI, II, Korea, Nam, Nicaragua, Iraq  
cause we were fighting for something  
something real

what the hell  
what has this country  
come to

II  
Ha. He thinks he's really funny. Strong.  
I'm Jennifer. I know him. He hasn't been laid in  
years, and most of the times were with foreign  
women. What does it mean when you have to pay  
for sex? It means you're not a man, and he knows  
it.

He doesn't usually let me come out. But, you  
see, I'm really stronger than him. Oh, and that  
kills him, a woman being stronger than him.  
But, you see, he never lets himself be loved.

children  
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He tries to hide himself in his stupid war talk.  
But I come out every once in a while, put on my little red dress, put on the lipstick. Mmm, you know, lipstick feels so good gliding across your lips.

III  
I shanked a nigger faggot  
when i was in the clink  
the faggot tried to rape me  
but he didn't know who he was dealing with

I'm a man, Goddamnit  
I've robbed stores  
I've killed men  
I've had women

and there's always an enemy  
and I can beat 'em all

once  
when I was in grade school  
a kid called me a pansy  
and I beat him so hard  
they had to take him  
to the hospital

nobody messes with  
jimbo breen

IV  
I know I'm better looking than all those Hustler magazines he keeps.  
He keeps these old magazines, you see, old car and drivers, old soldier of fortunes old hustlers.  
Some of 'em gotta be ten years old.  
Usually when I take over I just look through those sex mags and laugh. They don't know what they're doing. I could make a man happy.

children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

I could give it to him any way he wanted it.  
God, I want a man inside of me, in my mouth, in me now.  
I could even climb the corporate ladder, if that's what would turn them on, if only I could overpower that bastard's mind. I could be fucking every man I saw.  
I could walk out on the streets and be whoever I wanted. God, I could be something.

V  
women are such bitches  
they can't be trusted

VI  
Who is he hiding from? Let me come out.

VII  
this is a good country  
nobody's got no  
Gaddamn pride anymore  
and I'm sick of  
all the faggot yuppies  
these Goddamn cowards  
corporate cogs

they don't stand up  
for what they believe in

and people  
don't fear the Lord  
anymore  
know who they should  
look up to

I have a picture of Ollie North  
it's an eight-by-ten  
it's framed in my kitchen

VIII  
I wish he'd clean this place up. I'm not going to

children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies