

# 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: things i saw alone, proud to be a part of things, love letters, scratching, still had to breathe, wrinkles in the palm of my hand. Upcoming chapbooks: house of slavs, come into my garden, texas, new york, in these desperate times, before the storm, some things instinctively hurt, the house is a ship, circling overhead, this is what it means.

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  
the indie review, music magazine, 1995

Copyright © 1995, Scars Publications and Design, Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual pieces remain with their authors.

# children CHURCHES & daddies

ISSN 1068-5154

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



## volume 51: fly away

## NOT LOVE BUT SOMETHING

allison says  
this is it

packs her bags  
leaves

calls two days later  
says  
i love you  
let me come back

says  
you can hit me  
kiss me  
cut me  
anything

says  
just let me  
need you

i think no  
say yes  
feel like a junkie  
getting a fix

this is  
something

not love  
but  
something

John Sweet



## SOMEONE'S DAUGHTER NAKED

this is not a confession  
bout could possibly  
turn into one

this is america  
or at least  
one version of it

burning cross  
and blue blue sky  
and someone's daughter  
naked  
on the kitchen floor  
with a serious gun  
to her head

he says  
love what i say  
because  
i say so

escape is what we do  
at times like this  
but never the way  
we planned

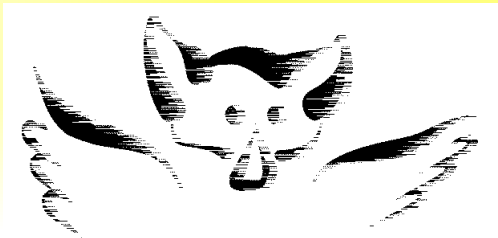
John Sweet



## ROBERT DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

Little darling,  
he heard "The Texas Waltz"  
one time too many, he left his wife  
and credit cards, he went across the border  
to Nacogdoches to rent a Mexican lady  
the bank was written several times  
and female voices call at twelve p.m.  
we tell them yes and no and maybe  
we tell them to call somewhere else  
he left his Sunday trousers and his books  
two kids and most of his past life  
one Saturday night in a drunken stupor  
using the lights of town for guidance  
and a moll he met that evening for company  
we wish him well, of course, for we  
have screwed up too, out there  
in that Fool's Gold Paradise  
where neon wombs sucker in the stupid  
and the lonely crawl home alone.

Errol Miller



children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## RUSSIAN AIRCRAFT

russian aircraft  
over the capital  
a little after midnight  
                                rainshowers  
                                on the beltway  
answers to a telegram  
                                bombardment  
do trigger those responses  
like the seven second delay in the head  
to clarify the terms  
tanks,                       troops  
  
run through the street smoking cigarettes  
  
a bullet did penetrate the state dining room  
  
broad smiles; sunny afternoon with  
a few more tourists  
than usual  
  
the military is not under control  
  sooner or later  
  
a shot-down helicopter  
a north korean illusionary  
sunrise over diamondhead  
there would be disquiet to build four  
billion dollars of reactors  
1.3 million people 30 miles  
                                from DMZ;  
let's skip a few miles  
that country  
their record is clear  
for privatizing the post office

Mark Sonnenfeld

children  
CHURCHES  
& daddies

## TAKE FIVE

When the sky shrieks steel  
& razors of snow slash deep  
When the wind slaps the  
Window howling black  
& dangerous with  
Mighty midnight  
Never deviating  
From its frightful  
Pattern of pirate blood  
Don't let the world you're in  
Infect your retinas  
With rotten discourse  
Take five  
Pour a shot of silver  
From the bottle of  
Smashing illusion  
Fill up your lungs  
With the room's  
Musty decaying aroma  
Ease down in your chair & doze  
Dreaming about Polynesian reefs & shoals  
& what lovely legs your lover has  
In this crummy motel

Mike Lazarchuk

## BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE

There are no perfect places  
with plastic bones  
islands of red roses  
suppose you knew all along  
suppose your lady died in wet straw  
with green lizards on her breasts  
of course this world affects your poetry  
at the cross-roads small villages seem  
to glitter like Woolworth diamonds  
you can only guess and turn right  
where your heart says  
devil in your lookingglass  
a fine afternoon with easy rain  
long ago you quit worrying  
about dollars and the children  
the last peaceful area you knew  
was Mama's dresser drawer  
regretfully the news is  
that you'll survive a while  
then the previously-owned men  
of the summer universe  
will stuff gauze into their wounds  
and enter a city of golden arches  
untamed women and rattlesnakes  
a few miles below El Paso  
where the dilapidated sign  
is shaded by willows  
and the river is a mere trickle.

Errol Miller

## “YOU”

When I broke up with my guy,  
I hurt so bad,  
I cried alot I felt confused,  
Without a space to go.

But then you showed,  
Yeah I feel good,  
I am cheerful that you showed up.

Are you delighted that you found me?  
I hope you are because,  
Together or a part I,  
Am pleased your in my,  
Heart.

Your sweet and I passion you,  
Very much,  
I hope that your giving,  
Me a quiet real touch.

I like you,  
And you ardor me,  
Oh we are happy!

Jacqui Smith

## TALL MAN

I can feel your presence across the room  
a movement            a stir

your long shadow stretches across the walls

an occasional glance  
I'll take whatever I can take

a stranger  
yet I feel I know you all too well

Janet Kuypers



**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.

CARLTON PRESS UTOPIA NEW

YORK UTOPIA NY

THE CHES IN THE ATIC IS A COLLECTION OF 67 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 108 POEMS AND SHORT PROSE THAT DETAILS IN MANY INSTANCES WITH THE MOST Mysterious AND SOME OF HUMAN EXPERIENCES LOVE AND SAFETY KUNZERS DRAWS FROM A VAST RANGE OF EXPERIENCES AND TRANSFORMS THEM INTO LITERAL AND SURREAL STORIES RECOMMITTED AS STYLIC FORM THAT WILL ILLUSTRATE THE TALE IN A SIMPLY AND IMAGINATIVE CREATIONS

DORRANCE PUBLISHING

COOPER TOWN UTOPIA PITTSBURGH UTOPIA PA

THE CHES IN THE ATIC CAPTURES THE COMPLEXITY OF HUMAN LIFE AND DETAILS STYLICALLY THROUGH THE COURSE OF LIFE THIS COLLECTION OF 67 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 108 POEMS AND SHORT PROSE AND STYLIC FORM THAT WILL ILLUSTRATE THE TALE IN A SIMPLY AND IMAGINATIVE CREATIONS

THE CHES IN THE ATIC CAPTURES THE COMPLEXITY OF HUMAN LIFE AND DETAILS STYLICALLY THROUGH THE COURSE OF LIFE THIS COLLECTION OF 67 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 108 POEMS AND SHORT PROSE AND STYLIC FORM THAT WILL ILLUSTRATE THE TALE IN A SIMPLY AND IMAGINATIVE CREATIONS

THE CHES IN THE ATIC CAPTURES THE COMPLEXITY OF HUMAN LIFE AND DETAILS STYLICALLY THROUGH THE COURSE OF LIFE THIS COLLECTION OF 67 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 108 POEMS AND SHORT PROSE AND STYLIC FORM THAT WILL ILLUSTRATE THE TALE IN A SIMPLY AND IMAGINATIVE CREATIONS

FITZ HILL PRESS UTOPIA SANTA

BARBARA UTOPIA CA

IN THE ATIC IS A COLLECTION OF 67 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 108 POEMS AND SHORT PROSE THAT DETAILS IN MANY INSTANCES WITH THE MOST Mysterious AND SOME OF HUMAN EXPERIENCES LOVE AND SAFETY KUNZERS DRAWS FROM A VAST RANGE OF EXPERIENCES AND TRANSFORMS THEM INTO LITERAL AND SURREAL STORIES RECOMMITTED AS STYLIC FORM THAT WILL ILLUSTRATE THE TALE IN A SIMPLY AND IMAGINATIVE CREATIONS

it was a big film with slides  
that he made to people watch like the white people  
real mean to the black people like  
cutting off their feet real gruesome  
murders and he wasn't mad at me  
he wasn't gonna harm any of the white people there  
but the black people started to get upset  
i think they were more upset than mandela would realize  
and then he had a mess on his hands  
and then i woke up

Mark Sonnenfeld



## WEST OF NACOGDOCHES

About three miles out of town  
on Rural Route 3 there is an exhibition  
of artifacts from big mercury ships  
who will never cruise the land again  
Saratoga is only a cluster of churches  
and at Turkey Creek leaflets explain  
the early population was swelled  
by workers who grew wild  
and noisy before departing Westward  
later oil was discovered and cross-ties  
and barbeque and the country became connected  
on Tuesdays at 5pm the local citizens  
smooth and dry their rattan vines  
and corkscrews and Hercules clubs  
lichens hang thick as fog on stone  
in April dogwoods bloom by Big Sandy Creek  
fire-pink and solitary and flawless  
we see beyond a wooden bridge  
on which men cannot walk, tall  
and graceful, depending on your vantage point  
a woman in her 70's going back for generations  
to carry Sunday dinner to those who wait  
in unfamiliar fields unattended  
there is an upright piano and no music  
candied carrots and all-around good  
no one ever need apologize  
for the harm they have done  
passing the gravy and mashed potatoes  
the broad sky has turned orange  
Houston is fantastic, the delicate  
country folks though shameless enough  
are kindly obsessed with circus posters  
and supper at a long walnut table  
a roadhouse would be better  
taking our tripod lens to photograph

continued

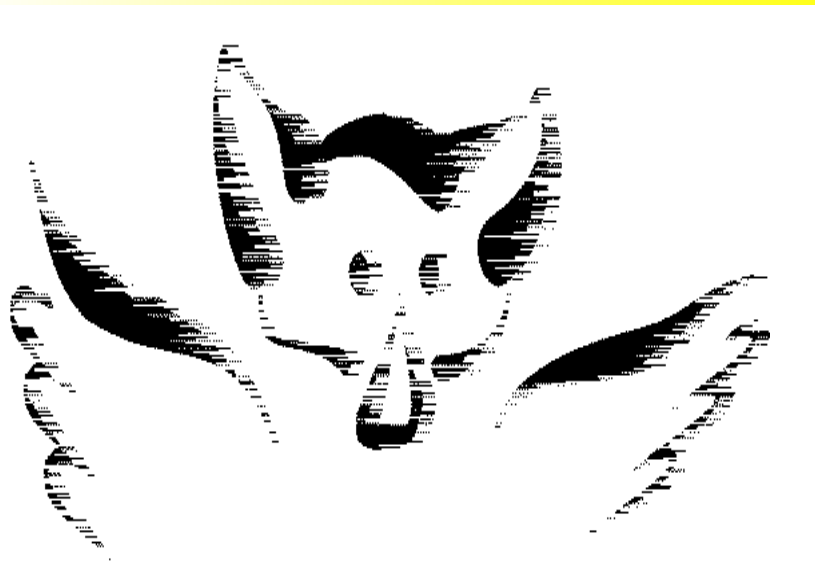
enormous mobs of stormy cattle  
scrub brush and shadows  
when you come to a crossroads  
many of the paths will look the same  
the groves of poplar and the badlands  
and the skull-marked trail to Amarillo  
creating geography of the unknown earth  
about four miles away Alice Springs  
shimmers in a coming Glacier Age  
dingo donkey between Alice and the Rocks  
there is a sweet interlude  
a campground with a supermarket  
before the next wave if immigrants  
begin passing southwestern  
across the desert.

Errol Miller

## TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DREAM

i was in africa  
i was in a church  
the white people in front;  
black people  
in the back  
mandela comes in  
he has a machinegun  
he machineguns the wood  
to get the people's attention  
that made the white people nervous  
he was saying  
he was fed up with the white people  
that they rule the country  
for so long and now  
he's not gonna hurt anybody  
he just wants everybody to see  
what they're doing  
so he machineguns the walls  
pews wood (he just  
machines away) and  
then he's got everybody's attention  
and then there was a film  
of gruesome murders  
that he made to white people watch;  
black people in the back  
were getting upset  
so i thought he was just creating  
trouble but he wasn't there  
for trouble  
he just wanted the white people  
to know  
he wasn't mad at me  
i don't know why i was there  
there were gruesome murders

continued







## THERE I SIT

I sit alone  
separated  
isolated  
away from my only love  
my obsession

I pull out  
a fountain pen  
I look  
at the lines  
the contours  
of his face

defining  
the piercing  
eyes  
the pointed  
nose  
the tender  
lips

I feverishly  
draw  
I sketch  
I capture  
his image

I stare  
I gaze  
I memorize his every detail  
but he never looks back

so I will draw  
until my  
fountain pen  
runs dry

Janet Kuypers



## 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, paul weinman, janet kuypers, cheryl townsend,  
alan catlin, errol miller, mark blickley, gary a. scheinoha,  
robert kimm, john sweet, ben ohmart.

### Wow.

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.

## “YOU”

When I broke up with my guy,  
I hurt so bad,  
I cried alot I felt confused,  
Without a space to go.

But then you showed,  
Yeah I feel good,  
I am cheerful that you showed up.

Are you delighted that you found me?  
I hope you are because,  
Together or a part I,  
Am pleased your in my,  
Heart.

Your sweet and I passion you,  
Very much,  
I hope that your giving,  
Me a quiet real touch.

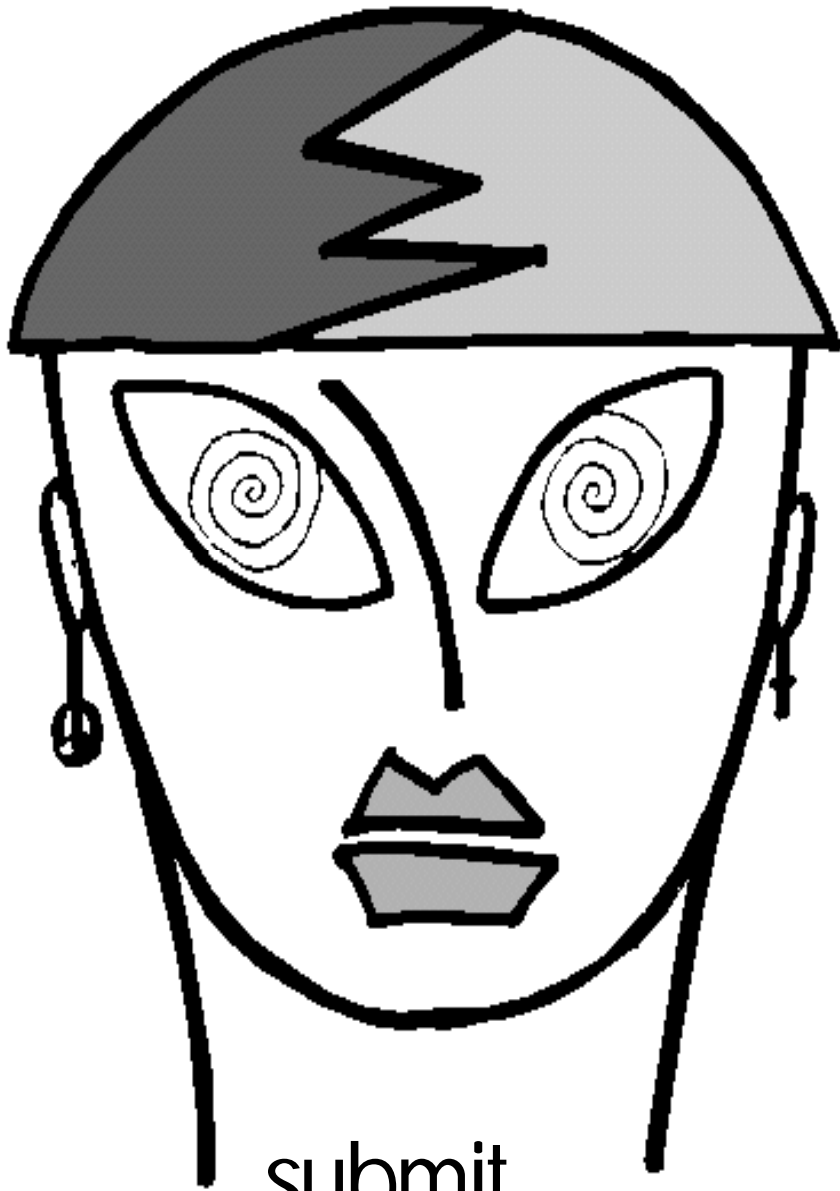
I like you,  
And you ardor me,  
Oh we are happy!

Jacqui Smith

## ZEPHYR

Honky-tonk vision  
working on a Texas lithograph  
preparing an inkblot for “modern” art  
bed and breakfast in Old Mexico  
mining gold dust on the moon  
out past the 1980’s a psychodrama  
of yuppies digging in the future  
spinning off to galvanized Bars & Grills  
stuffing eggplant and squash and themselves  
next door the Iceman sharpening his tongs  
over the next 50 years fishing  
in fished-out ruins  
north of Galveston hoof beats  
to Colorado for snow and gossamer mornings  
of trout and coffee and fine fat flies  
seeking solace in Carthage and Sweetwater  
and San Marcos and Kerrville  
low low talk about the Hippie Days  
a cooling off period for sanity  
may be June or July or August  
may be an overload  
maybe a rural home in Liberty Hill  
would help: “so scared,” you say  
looking into the horses’ eye.

Errol Miller



submit

Children, Churches and Daddies  
poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications  
Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor  
3255 West Belden, Suite #3E  
Chicago, Illinois 60647

Permanent Address: 8830 West 120th Place, Palos Park, Illinois 60464

CHILDREN CHURCHES AND DADDIES

POETRY PROSE AND ART WORK

SCARS PUBLICATIONS



## How to Cry: Intermediate

After a while of using this method, it will begin to seem repetitive, and the subject material may become too familiar. In this case, a new twist has to be taken with the order in which the above tasks are accomplished.

Originally, the thought processes are very methodical: take one aspect of your life, find a problem with it, exhaust its potential, find another problem, etc., then move on to another issue. Since, however, the subject by this time begins to have a feel for what all of the issues and problems are, a different approach has to be taken.

First, think of all of the problems at once. All of them. Every last one. Family. Work. The dishes. God. Anything and everything. All at once. The thought of all of these at once will put a frantic, fierce panic into your head that alone may even make you cry.

If this alone does not work, continue thinking of all of these problems, and also start to think of how many problems there actually are and how big the problems actually seem. Consider the quantitative and qualitative value of all of these problems, and they will undoubtedly seem much larger than would have originally been anticipated. Continue contemplating this, and crying will come easier.

## How to Cry: Professional

By this time, the thought of all of your problems using the above methods will not even phase you. The focus of your attention must then shift to one of two things.

First, it can shift to the fact that it seems difficult, or even impossible, to make any of these problems any better. When confronted with a mass pile of problems, it seems difficult to attempt to solve even one of the problems — and if you can, it is only one of many. Contemplate the fact that it seems like you are in a no win situation.

If this attention shift does not work, then think about the fact that the pile of problems you have does not even succeed anymore in making you cry. This thought alone will make you think that any shred of humanness to you has now been ripped away from you.

## Alexandria Rand

## POETRY.

I remember my friend Diane, when she was judging work to be accepted into the literary magazine she was staffing, found a poem she liked. I can't remember who it was by, or even what it was about, but the rhyme and the meter and the use of repetition was very good. I'm not one for liking rhyme, I prefer prose poetry or free-form, but I must admit that this was pretty good. But Diane — as she read this poem over and over again, she became more and more excited. "Just listen to this", she'd say, and she'd rattle off the first verse again to me. She too preferred unmetred poetry, but she fell in love with this. She loved to read it aloud, and she loved going over it in her head. She just loved the sound of the poem, the pleasing quality it had to her ear, and not necessarily the message the poem had. But she loved it.

That is what poetry is to me. It is something that charges a person up inside; it is something that you like reading the one hundredth time as much as the first. I doesn't have to convey a deep, great message to all; it can hold a special place in your own heart because of a past memory, a dream, or anything. But it can have that meaning, too — and that is precisely why people may find poetry with deeper sentiment so appealing. And it can fill one person up with joy and do nothing for the next person; the important matter is that it thrills that one person. It can be rhyme, it can be prose — basically, I think anything can be poetry as long as it's written — and if it's not written, then it is merely poetry waiting to be expressed, or put to paper.

I find myself using the term "poetic" quite often in reference to things that are not poetry. Usually I refer to things that way that strike me and stir me, if they stir my senses or if they stir my soul. If I find a poetic scene like that, I suppose that if I were able to express in words what I see and make those words stir a person, then I've created a poem. I'd almost venture to say that the word 'poetic' is the quality of something that makes you utterly fall in love with it, and the word 'poem' are the written words that either evoke the imagery that made you fall in love, or evoke sounds that make you fall in love.

Sometimes, when someone reads a poem of mine, they don't get a reaction. They think it's nice, or whatever, but the idea doesn't stir them the way it stirs me. Maybe this is because that idea wouldn't stir them. Maybe it's because the idea can't be put into words. Maybe it can.

## Alexandria Rand



## PARK BENCH

I saw you sit at the park bench. Every day you would go to that one bench, reading the paper, feeding the pigeons, minding your own business. Every day I would watch you. I knew how you adjusted your glasses. I knew how you crossed your legs.

I had to come out of hiding. I had to know you. I had to have a name for your face. So before you came to the park bench I sat down and pulled out a newspaper. I looked up when I heard your footsteps. I knew they were your footsteps. You walked to another bench. No— you couldn't sit there. That's not how the story goes. You have to sit here.

The next day I waited for you before I made my move. You walked back to your bench. I strolled up to the other side, trying to act aloof. I sat down, only three feet away from you. I pulled out my day-old paper. My eyes burned through the pages. I felt your breath streaming down my body. I heard your eyelids open and close. Your heat radiated toward me.

I casually looked away from my paper. You were gone.

Janet Kuypers

## HOW TO CRY

### How to Cry: Introduction

Although some may be interested in the most appropriate way to cry, the first obstacle that must be tackled is how to make oneself feel the need to cry in the first place. This is the most difficult of the tasks involved in crying; once it is achieved, it does not really matter how one actually goes about crying.

### How to Cry: Novice

When one is in a generally in a good mood, or if they do not have the inspiration to cry, they must find the inspiration, otherwise instructions on the appropriate way to cry are fruitless.

The initial task, as stated in previous essays on the subject, is to “steer the imagination toward yourself”. This generality and vagueness, however, hinders the imagination from doing just that. When one starts with specific problems to depress oneself with, the generalities will follow.

To start is simple: take any one aspect of your life that you find important to you. Then, find the one largest thing that is wrong with it. Ponder that problem for a while: ponder the fact that this problem may never be solved, that it may never get any better. Decide whether or not it is because of a fault within yourself: if it is, then you can use that as fuel for the fire; if it is not, then you can cry because circumstance, or even the fault of someone else, is what is causing this problem in your life.

After you have thought about this one problem in your life, it may occur to you that there is more than one problem with that aspect of your life. Only after you have exhausted contemplating about the one problem, however, is it appropriate to move onto another problem. You should make sure that you have uncovered all of the saddening thoughts about the one issue before you move on to another issue. The more material to work from, the better.

After you have exhausted all of the problems that exist within this one aspect of your life, move on to another aspect of your life that is important to you. Repeat the above process.

You may come to two different conclusions when you are doing this exercise. One is that you may realize that there were problems in your life that you did not even know existed. This again is good incentive to cry, because it makes you realize how many things are wrong in your life, so it is wise to mull this point over in your mind. The other conclusion may be that you will always have these problems, and that ultimately there is nothing you can do to help yourself out of this situation. This eternal helplessness is also good incentive.

continued

III

So I made a full picnic and brought it to an empty theater.  
And I put on my best black dress, you know, the one  
that is off the shoulders, the one I wear to make heads turn.  
I set out the food, played slow music and put the champagne glasses  
you bought me on the center of the stage floor. When I sat down  
I was afraid splinters from the hard-wood floor  
would run my stockings. But I wanted you to see what you  
could make me do. I didn't want you to think I was some  
nobody. And I wanted to see the look on your face  
when you opened the theater doors.  
That night you said that everything  
was perfect. But it was perfect  
only when you sat down to join me.

Janet Kuypers



## WHAT YOU COULD MAKE ME DO

I

I remember when you and Brad and Joe and I  
decided to kill a bottle of champagne, Andre pink, two-for-five,  
on a building top in the December cold.  
I remember standing at the top of this building  
with this bottle of cheap champagne in my hand  
and not caring that it was cold, that I was breaking the law.  
I was young, and free. And I had friends.  
We stood in the shape of a triangle and made the person in the center  
drink. I said they had to spin while they drank,  
then belch when they were done.  
Brad and Joe were more than willing; the belching was  
a contest for them. And I became one of the boys for a night,  
to become closer to you.  
You didn't want to belch, or spin, or really even drink.  
I didn't make you. But you did. And I'd like to think that in your heart  
you did it because you wanted to follow me.  
I've always wanted to tell you  
that I wanted to follow you, too.

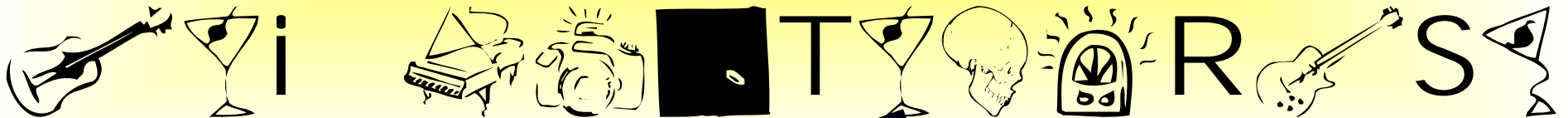
II

I got your watch engraved the day of my Christmas party.  
I didn't want to bother with wrapping the thing,  
besides, I didn't even have a box for it,  
so I just wore it. You never knew it was there.  
When you couldn't take the suspense any longer,  
I told you that I had it on me.  
It must have been quite a sight to see you walking in circles  
around me, trying to figure out what I was hiding from you.  
But I wasn't even hiding it. I was wearing it on my wrist,  
with my other watch, as plain as day.

continued

# TALK

THE NEW MAGAZINE FROM SCARS PUBLICATIONS OFFERS READERS INTERVIEWS<sup>UTOPIA</sup> CONCERT REVIEWS AND INFORMATIVE REPORT REVIEWS FOR UP AND COMING BANDS FROM INDEPENDENT AS WELL AS MAJOR RECORD LABELS<sup>UTOPIA</sup>. THE INDIE REVIEW ALSO CONTAINS CONCERT LISTINGS<sup>UTOPIA</sup> GIVE-AWAYS<sup>UTOPIA</sup>



children

