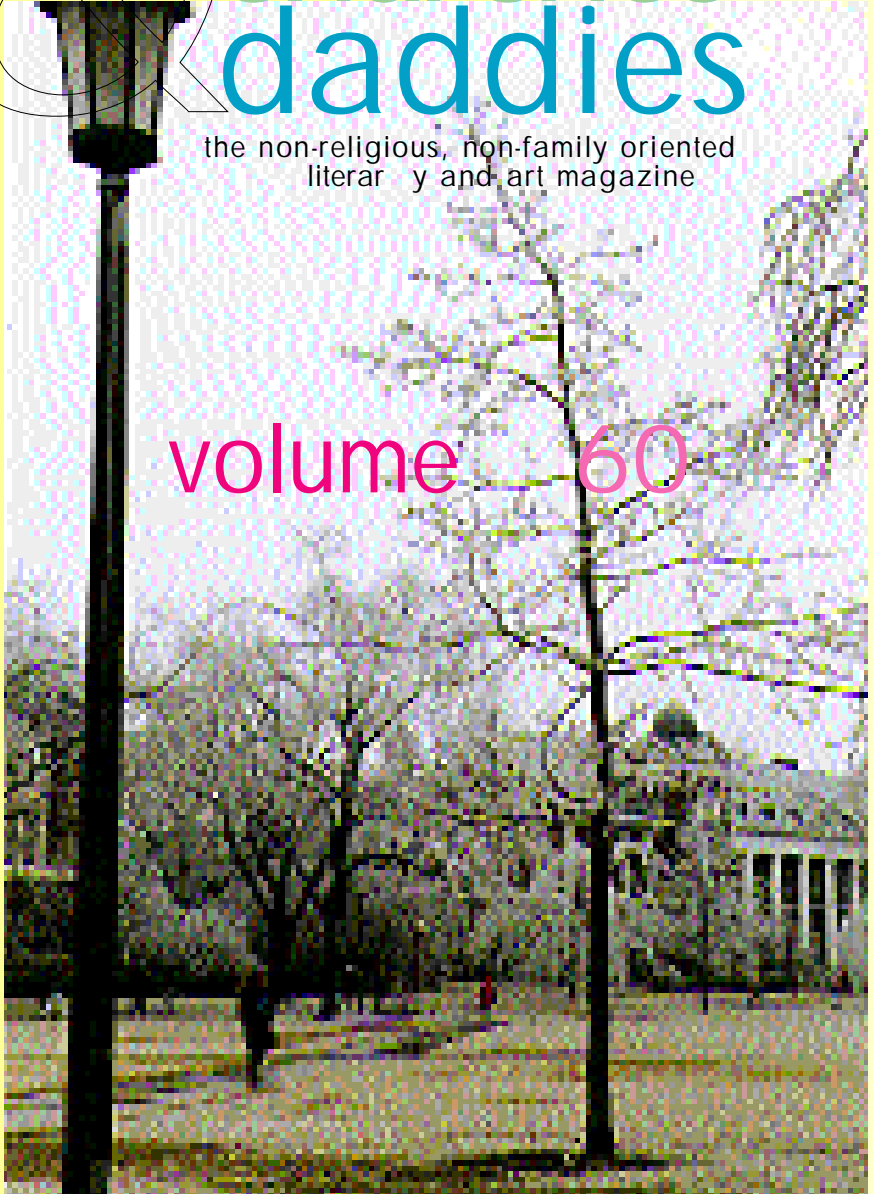


ISSN 1068-5154

# children & churches daddies

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

volume 60





edit  
editorial

Our regular readers have probably noticed not only the recent redesign but also the fact that recent issues have had different logos on the front cover. We had many different ideas when we were coming up with our new logo (see back cover), and some of the runners-up are appearing on our front covers now. If you have any input for us on our redesign, if you like it, what you would like to see change, please drop us a line and let us know (email and mail addresses are on the back cover). This is your magazine - we need your feedback.

*Janet Kuypers*

think globally  
act locally  
change personally



## children, churches & daddies

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the non-religious, non-family  
oriented literary/art magazine  
published since 1993

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publishers of  
children, churches & daddies  
reverb  
aaa poetry  
the burning  
god eyes  
poetry sampler  
poetry boxes  
the annual poetry wall calendar  
down in the dirt  
mom's favorite vase newsletters

No racist, sexist or blatantly  
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nals; include SASE & bio. Work  
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and geez,  
recycle this.  
do i have  
to tell you  
everything?



# psychiatric terms

are generally abused  
by people

too lonely  
too selfish  
too hateful  
too jealous  
too empty

to lead giving loving lives  
with glad husband or proud wife

so they find a happy couple  
almost any happy couple  
to infect with their disease  
of terminally ill jargon

and the muck is raked  
on most generously  
until two, once warm  
and full of good cheer  
become plagued  
by the superfluous reek  
of overwrought analysis

soon one of the two, the weakest  
unwittingly adopts this rancid tongue

and thus the two are torn apart  
and so does end the heart

this is how the lonely squalid  
many add to their mirthless crew  
and daily run the world through

john alan douglas



# lady and the tramp

for mary

I am just  
one of the strays  
she takes in every  
now and then,  
like a hurt child, a wet kitten,  
or a hungry dog,  
she offers compassion and understanding  
and she feeds me and nurses me and  
makes me feel good for a while,  
basking in the warmth of her eyes  
and when I'm strong enough to leave,  
she opens the door and  
lets me out into the world  
until once more,  
alone and lost and dark,  
I'm scratching at her door,  
longing for her shelter,  
silent eyes pleading, take me in

gary jurechka



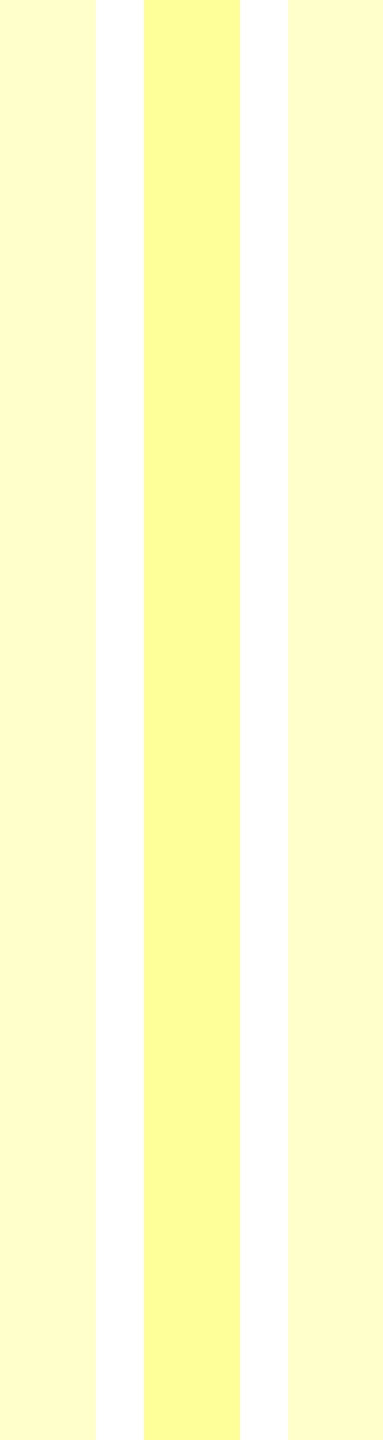
# AN EVOCATION OF THINGS ELUSIVE

With fireworks flaming about our heads, I look over at her and she is an angel beneath bursting orange-tinted napalm, her child's eyes reflecting like two brown, murky mirrors the cinnamon-sparkling sky, the myriad of stars doubled, perhaps tripled, with the metallic-smelling explosions of far-flung charges. And I want to take her hand and tell her the million things on my mind, but she already knows these things, their whole recurring theme. I would like to kiss her once more now upon her ripe, open mouth — once more to taste her teeth with my tongue, to pull her both gently and urgently and feel her angelic breasts against my breathless chest, to feel her hot, holy breath upon my breathless face, upon my eyes wide open with wanting. But we are supposedly past such things. We have, she has, decided that we are better as friends, even though we have come very close to becoming lovers one again, which we have not been in many years. We were as split apart as the cascading charges above us for so long and I mourned her as if she had died and I mourn now for this love which must remain inside me, unrequited, my emotions left wide open, all of my cauterized wounds re-exposed. She has been the greatest gift in a life that otherwise seemed barren, the only thing that ever felt like home to me ... but home should never leave you.

If it is New Years Eve but I feel neither new nor reborn. I feel very old and the springtime I felt when she slowly reentered my existence has quickly spiraled to winter, with the snow of terrible nights to come already settling within my skin. She stands beside me, miles away, with her brown eyes more spectacle to me than this or any lighted, holiday sky. But I am a damaged item to her unreceptive eyes. All of those years ago when I lost her love, I lost her badly, handled it badly, bungled everything with the incalculable sorrow of a dry and shattered heart upon me. I betrayed the memory of what we were, what we had almost and could have been, by invoking demons from inside me that I never before knew even existed. I cursed her awfully, screamed her name, eructing hollow anathemas into her beautiful, crying face, destroying my conscience with intoxication. I was lost and alone, left without her, upon a world of constant aching and I have this rage to her like an unwrapped present, a gift of love soured by loss, by disaffection, masked in hatred and fear, which was my awful, only, reaction.

The final blast above brings forth applause and I am lost inside its sound, unangered, perhaps having finally learned compassion, something resembling understanding, and love strong enough to let go. I feel the intangible, yet huge, despondency settling down, desperately wishing to kiss her now and, by invoking the old wives tale of a new years kiss, for the year to come, dreading already the nights I will spend imagining her lips pressed to my lips, to my life; the ghost dram of her body, undressed and warm, beside me.

As midnight shrieks across the unbalanced stage of my desirous desert, she leans and



puts her resplendent lips to my cheek and lets her arms pull me a little closer, though only for a moment. And then the moment is gone, ends untouchably and the new year begins, a year for rediscovering how it feels to lose what I have never truly possessed, if only because tears and blood and sobriety and new found strength cannot purchase what is too precious to even allow oneself to dream.

I consider the empty sound of fireworks ending and how I know its sudden quiet will always haunt me through every exact layer of my loving mind. Never again will I look into an erupting sky without feeling her mouth pull away and leave me.

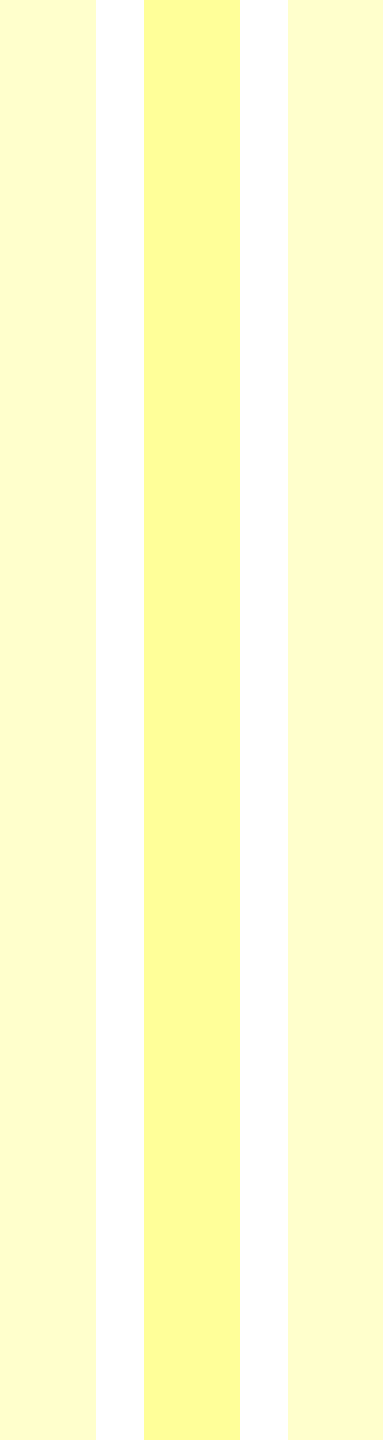
Then, as if somehow repossessed by the amorous spirit we once shared, she pulls me toward her again, arms pure and strong as an unseen sun, and puts her mouth upon my mouth, her hands into my hands. I am easily replenished by the generous warmth of her warmth against me. She pulls an inch away and asks me, weary eyes almost seeming to trust me, to promise, to promise and mean it, to mean it more than anything.

I promise her with all of my all and clutch the truth of this promise between us as if it were a tangible object, a ring that fits precisely, linking the fingers of our souls. Beyond any touch or work or kiss, I know I will not wrong her, that I would die before ever wronging her, this astonishing and honest woman who hangs the solid phantom of hope within me like a new and grander moon, again. Never again, I whisper as my heart wells upon its highwire.

And she knows this.

The sky is more splendid now as we walk together again into the wonderful, frightening world, as if heading toward the home, the true home, within everyone that never leaves us, our fingers linked together like those unseen, and ringed, within us.

raymond tod smith



# SHE SAID IT WAS FIVE MONTHS BEFORE I KNEW I WAS PREGNANT

I had no idea  
but I was gaining  
weight I  
didn't tell anyone  
but my boyfriend.  
He was at another  
school. I was  
not sure how to  
tell my parents.  
My mother's  
Japanese and I  
felt I had to get  
things together.  
We were going  
to get married  
but I needed  
time. It would  
be O.K. once I  
told them I  
knew they'd be  
happy but it  
had to be a  
certain way.  
One night, my  
eighth month I  
think I got off  
the phone. My  
stomach felt  
odd, I thought

I had a flue, went  
into the bath  
room. Then it hurt  
more. I got on  
the floor. In 45  
minutes the baby  
was born. I could  
not believe what  
was happening.  
Nature must have  
took over. I cut  
the cord. It was  
like someone watching  
a movie. I saw someone  
who looked like me  
running the water,  
taking a bath,  
washing the baby  
off and I went across  
the street, bought  
diapers. Then I saw  
a travel agency  
sign and I thought  
I'd go and take  
the baby to show my  
boyfriend. It was  
like a dream. The  
next thing, when I  
went to a pregnancy  
clinic, for help,  
for medical help,  
instead they just  
took my daughter,  
stole her

lyn lifshin



### 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

# gasoline

The stench of gasoline  
makes me ill  
as the song  
pounces through my brain  
“I want you to want me  
the way that I want you:  
and I’m tired of fighting  
I don’t think I can fight anymore  
but I have to  
I can’t let you do this  
these are my rights  
and you can’t hurt me like this  
“Then maybe I’ll just force you”  
you say  
I push you away  
I try to stop you  
and all I keep hearing  
is that damn song  
I can’t escape it  
“I know that you need me

just tell me you want me  
I want you”  
I’m too angry to cry  
and too frightened to scream  
I shove  
I move  
but nothing stops you  
“You are my sensation  
a perfect temptation”  
I wish that song would stop  
I wish everything would stop  
your touch scares me  
and your stare haunts me  
so I scratch  
and scream  
until the novelty is lost for you  
no  
I will not tell you I want you  
for I can’t let you do this  
these are my rights  
and you just can’t do this to me

gabriel athens

hole  
in  
the  
heart

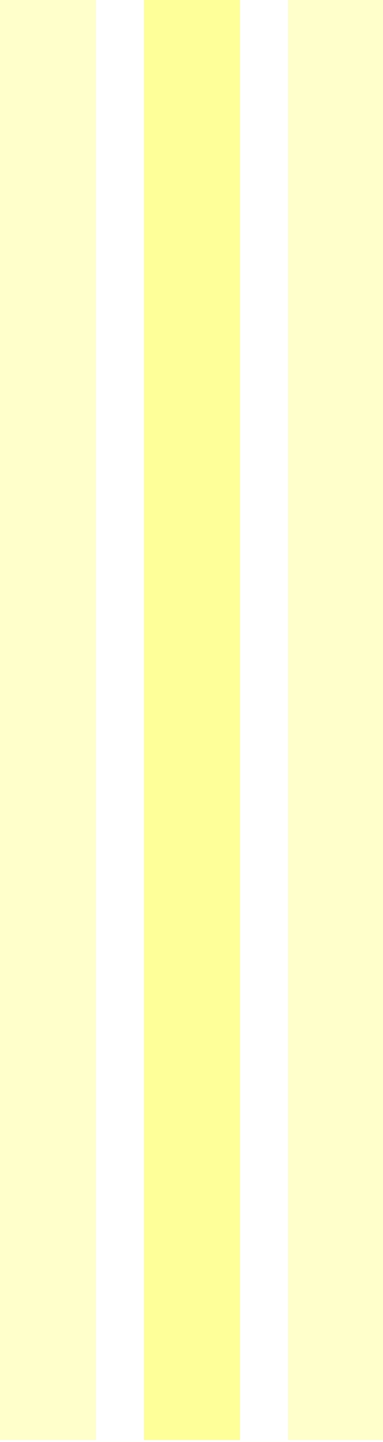
night  
before  
sleep  
you  
I

light  
my  
bed  
feels  
missing  
hole  
where  
is  
lay  
night  
alone

you  
feel  
am  
complete  
nothing  
matters  
you  
hand  
your  
me  
sleep  
my

bed  
hole  
through  
heart  
wish  
feel  
alone  
wish  
hole  
away

gabriel  
athens



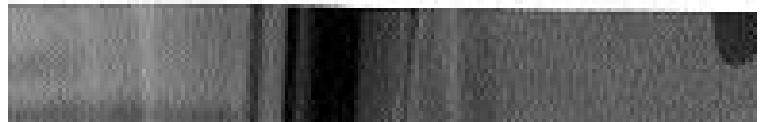
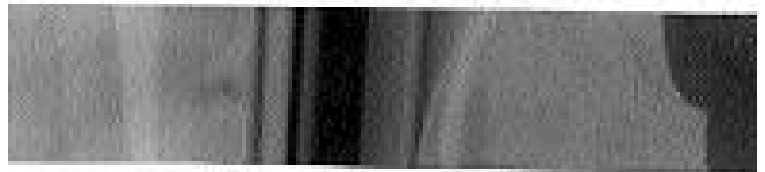
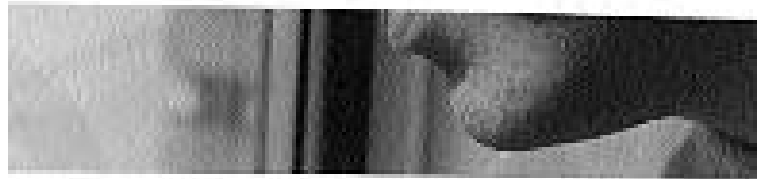
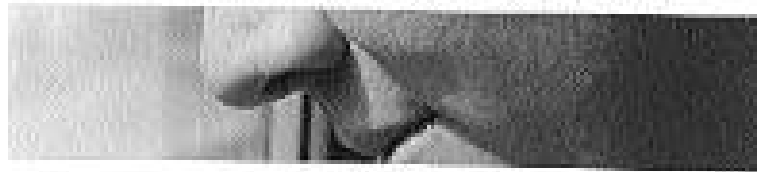
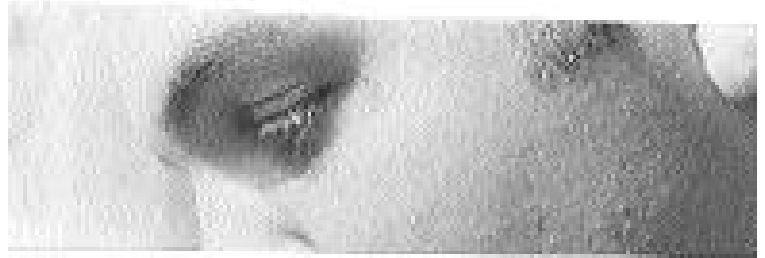
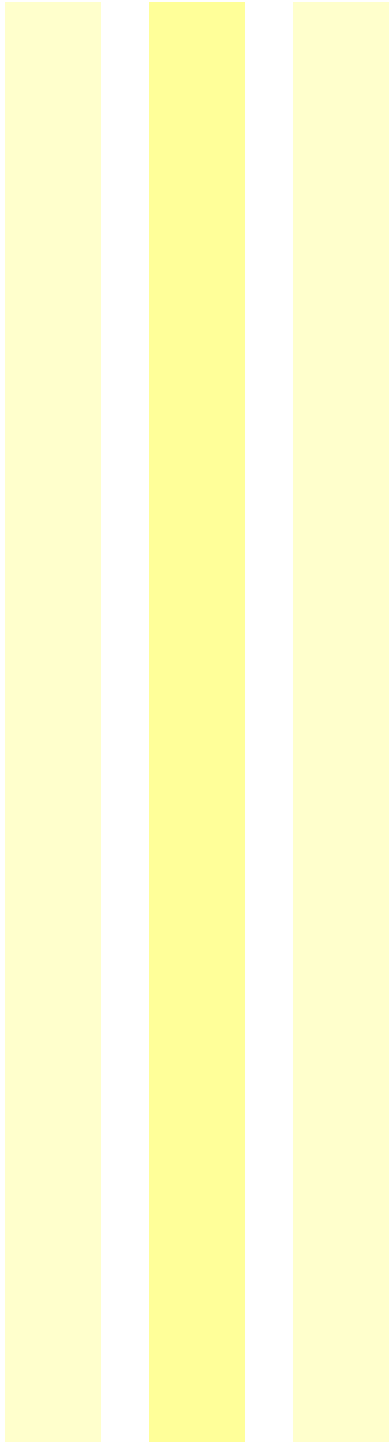
moon melting silver  
against october clouds  
some things are more  
beautiful than death.

when Noriyo smiles  
at me across the ocean  
sea shrinks to puddle

kites on late march wind  
bow to honor Noriyo  
green fire born again

Tokyo woman  
Southern man, 9000 miles  
just a kiss away

c ra mcguir t



## 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.

## You Have to be Published to be Appreciated.

Do you want to be heard? Contact Children, Churches and Daddies about book and chapbook publishing. These reviews can be yours. Scars Publications, attention J. Kuypers, 3255 West Belden, Suite 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647. You can write for yourself or you can write for an audience. Write to us.

# FORBIDDEN LOVE

The North And South Were In Deathly Fighting.  
Two Lovers Were In Desperate Plighting.  
A Rebel Officer And A Women Of Slaving.  
This Beauteous Black Lady, He Was Craving.

She Was Sought By Rebels For Yankee Spying.  
He Caught Her In The Act Of Trying.  
She Did Not Sway Him With Her Lying.  
Her Guilt Was Obvious With No Denying.

She Confessed To Him in Her Sobbing.  
He Felt Her Heart Quickly Throbbing.  
As She Ended Her Confessing  
Together, They Begin Caressing.

They Began Close, Slowly Dancing.  
Not Aware Strange Eyes Were Glancing.  
They Caressed In Intimate Romancing  
Two Lovers Lost In Amorous Enhancing.

This Love, Both Armies, Were Now Seeing.  
A Killing Search Sent Them Fleeing.  
Their Love Was Threaten With Their Being.  
To This Despair, All Were Agreeing.

To Flee Out West , They Were Now Trying.  
A Death Warrant Was Issued For Her Spying.  
He Saved Her Once Through Artfu implying.  
Their Desperate Flight Was Undenying.

They Stayed In Flight To Avoid Their Capturing.  
Their Love Grew Stronger And Was Rapturing.  
A Safe Escape Was In Their Believing.  
These Thoughts Were Only Deceiving.

Their Seekers Knew Where They Were Going.

They Announced This With Bugles Blowing.  
A Hail Of Bullets Sent Them Weaving.  
Enduring Wounds That Were Grieving.

Into The Hills They Went For Safe Blending.  
In Hopes Their Wounds Would Begin Mending.  
Here, They Were In Safe Residing.  
As No One Knew Where They Were Hiding.

Two Alone, They Were Now Softly Sighing.  
No One Heard Their Pain Or Crying.  
In These Sacred Moments  
They Were Unifying.  
Embraced Together,  
They Were Slowing Dying!

Paul L. Glaze



# Evangeline

Two hearts beating  
as one in exile, Emmeline  
on the banks of Bayou Teche  
she takes an oath of freedom  
beyond the Eastern Shore to Starship  
Gabriel, beloved Gabriel, you were here  
betrothed to betray in error, why  
do your lips tremble, reunited by chance  
as sweet as every Emmeline has come  
to touch again, to love, to stay  
for she is worthy although destined  
to sadly smile and die  
and tragically wander among us  
in the plight of her Lost Priscilla, she  
preserves history for us in her suffering  
for all the lost lovers of Earth  
for all who cannot have their chosen one  
slumbering she is not asleep, she lives  
she strolls the Banks at midnight  
seeking comfort, seeking release  
from literature's diffused legend  
seeking Gabriel, whose fate  
changed by age, eludes her as she gazes  
across the churchyard into the window  
of an everlasting covenant  
a pale blue nun, euphoric  
in attendance.

Herrol Miller

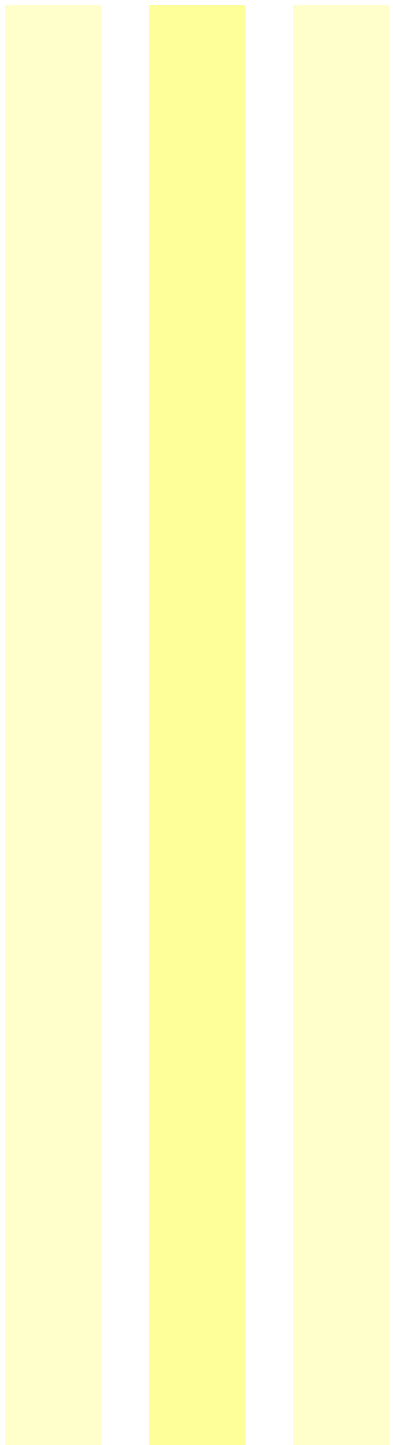


# Global

Now this is the mundane system:  
a lady in a blue pinafore will nurture you  
in a temporary gesture of friendship  
all the loving will be ending  
all the sweet things said and done  
then she'll stand like a silent sentinel  
looking over Midwestern farmland  
and the clay-brick buildings of Urbana  
the beamed barns, blood-red  
with excited chickens exiting  
an amber bulls-eye etched onto  
the lovely summer place  
that particular establishment we call home  
carved and stitched into art  
there is only one fireplace to warm the tenants  
stoked by dismembered hickory logs  
roots grow in the cellar, and pleasure is  
a glass of cool iced tea, like a great part  
of a nation's heritage is death and decay  
the summer cottage standing as erect as possible  
preparing for fall as June's vegetables  
glide into September, the bottomland  
filled with dazzling American folks  
mending enameled weathervanes  
planting turnips and onions  
herding sheep into blue ceramic vases  
preparing for harvest  
for the long night ahead.

errol miller





# The Mayor of Rabbittown

“The world used to be a magic place,” my grandfather said to me one day.

I shot him a strange look. I was ten or eleven and only saw my grandfather once or twice a year. He was a scary old man to me then.

“Don’t believe me, do you?” he said.

I tried to stuff my hands further into my pockets but pockets are only so big. I remember wishing I had my old jacket. My old jacket had a hole in the pocket which opened into the lining. I could reach all the way through to the other pocket.

It was a great place to hide stuff. Mom threw it out though. All the good stuff gets thrown out.

It was autumn. I guess I should mention that. I think it was Thanksgiving but holidays with relatives all kind of blend together. At least they do with me. All I seem to remember is the hum of cars moving along I71 from Columbus to Cleveland.

My parents could never agree on which radio station to listen to so the radio stayed off. Besides I always hated being dragged to places where I was the youngest. Nothing to do but sit around and whine. I was a good whiner.

“Don’t talk much, huh?” Grandfather said.

I shook my head. We were walking the dog. The only reason I went was to get out of the house. A bunch of people sitting around smoking, drinking and playing cards make any place uninhabitable.

My shoe was untied so I dropped to one knee to tie it. I noticed a big chestnut lying on the sidewalk by my shoe so I picked it up. I was going to put it in my pocket when my grandfather asked to see it.

I handed it to him. He turned it over in his hands, rubbed it against his cheek and smelled it.

“Nope,” he said handing back the chestnut, “it’s not one.”

“One what?” I asked. It was a strange way to treat a chestnut.

He looked at me. “You want to know?”

I nodded.

He rubbed his hand across his chin. “I doubt you’d believe me,” he said.

“Sure I would,” I said, though there was a good chance he would be right. I didn’t believe half the stuff grown-ups had told me. Still, it was unusual for one to come right out and admit it. I decided I wanted to hear what he had to say.

He didn’t need much convincing.

“O.K.,” he said. “There was a time when every human being had magical powers. Nothing spectacular, mind you. No teleporting or going back and forth through time. You couldn’t permanently change the way you looked or the way anyone else looked but there were neat things.”

“Could you fly?” I asked.

“Well, not as such. But you could float. You’d just close your eyes, lean your head back and think about nothing. Then pretty soon you’d open your eyes and you’d be a hun-

dred feet in the air.”

“Was it fun?” I asked. Now that he mentioned it it sounded kind of scary.

He smiled at me. He reached over and I thought, for sure, he was going to ruffle my hair. I really hated it when people did that but he just placed his hand on my shoulder.

“I may have given you the wrong impression,” he said. “This was before my time. What I’m telling you about was a long, long time ago. I wish I could have been alive then but . . . Anyway, you could do things like that.”

I took a hand out of my pocket and wiped under my nose. I looked up into the sky and wondered what it would be like to hang in the air like a balloon.

“How would they get down?” I asked.

“Oh, they could just float back down or, if you really wanted to have fun, you could turn the ground into rubber and just fling yourself down and bounce.”

I laughed at that one. “Like a trampoline,” I said.

He nodded. “Just like that, only bigger.”

I put my hand back into my pocket and felt the chestnut. “What does that have to do with chestnuts?”

He didn’t answer and I wasn’t brave enough to ask him again so we just walked for awhile. I wanted to know what other kinds of magic powers people had then. I wondered if they could turn invisible or walk through walls or if they could shrink down or get really big. Shrinking was my favorite. I always wanted to be really small. Like an ant but with the strength of a human. You’d be able to control your weight too. Sometimes you’d be so light you could fly on a leaf.

Grandfather said, “That’s the problem with being the Mayor of Rabbittown.”

I squinted at him and said, “Yes sir”. It’s a habit I still have. Whenever someone says something that doesn’t make sense I always “Sir” or “Ma’am” them.

I think Grandfather understood that because he said, “Sorry. I’m 50 used to people not listening I sometimes just talk to myself.”

He shook his head then turned and winked at me. “I meant to say: I am the Mayor of Rabbittown.”

He still wasn’t making any sense to me so I “sir”ed him again.

“Rabbittown,” he said, “is where the last of the magic people live. They asked me to be Mayor because I understand them. They have trouble dealing with most of the people today so I’m kind of a go-between. Maybe I’ll take you to meet them someday.”

“That’d be great. But I still don’t see what all that has to do with chestnuts.”

He looked me over. He looked to his right then his left, he was playing a little now— He was going to let me in on the secret.

He said, “The residents of Rabbittown make magic chestnuts. Not a lot of them, mind you, but a few. They scatter them all over the world— Even places without chestnut trees. All you have to do is pick one up, hold it tight in your hand and wish.”

“And your wish comes true?” I asked.

He smiled. “Maybe. There’s not a lot of magic left I’m afraid, so it has to be a small wish. It also has to be a good wish. A wish for something that would make someone happy. But it’s still a wish.”

“Does Grandma know all this stuff?”

“She knows,” he answered. “She doesn’t believe though. She just thinks I’m losing my mind.” He laughed but it wasn’t a funny laugh, if you know what I mean.

That was probably the only time one of our family get-togethers was too short. We no sooner walked in the door than my parents were ready to leave.

It turns out my dad got into a fight with my Uncle Paul and rather than watch them bust up furniture my mom decided to just go home.

I didn’t get to see my grandfather again until summer. My parents were talking about getting a divorce and wanted some time to themselves so they shipped us kids off to relatives. My brother and sister went to my Uncle Paul’s. He probably would have taken me too but worried that he wouldn’t be able to watch me. My brother and sister are 14 and 16 so he felt they needed less supervision. I didn’t have the heart to tell him they needed more. Besides I was happy to go to my grandfathers. For once the drive to Cleveland didn’t seem like a chore.

He drove down to pick me up. I thought that was strange. It seemed to me that if my parents were going to ship me off they could at least do the driving. Not that I wanted to listen to them argue the whole way. It just didn’t seem fair to my grandfather.

When he got there I rushed to the door and said, “Hello Mr. Mayor.”

He winked at me and said, “Now I was sure you’d forgotten.” Then he looked sternly at my dad and nodded.

My dad just kind of stood there and looked at us. He didn’t have a clue. I understand some of that now. He and Mom had problems and I wasn’t one of them so I was placed in a pile of things to do— Later.

I’m not complaining. It’s actually a nice way to grow up. As long as I didn’t get thrown in jail or something I was allowed to do whatever I wanted.

We left shortly after that. Grandfather said he didn’t believe in the expressways so we took back roads. We traveled through towns with names like Academia and Jelloway— That was my favorite. I said that would probably be a good place to live. You probably got to eat Jello all the time.

It was dark out when I finally asked about Rabbittown.

“Not so good,” was what he said when I asked how things were going there.

“Why? what’s wrong?”

“One of them has died.”

“How?” I asked. It seemed to me that magic people shouldn’t die.

It’s the world,” he said and shook his head.

I didn’t understand but when I looked over to ask him about it I saw a tear roll down his cheek.

I’d never seen a grown-up cry before, except on T.V. and I didn’t know what to do so I stared out the window at the darkness.

“Sometimes,” he said and his voice cracked. He looked my way and smiled a little. Then cleared his throat and started again.

“Sometimes the wrong people get ahold of the chestnuts. Bad people, evil people.

Anytime someone who has a chestnut does something evil one of the residents die.”  
“But it’s not their fault.”

He nodded. “I know, but that’s how it works. There are only 24 of them left now. I’m afraid I’ll outlive all of them. Then there won’t be a Mayor anymore.”

I was sad. And, I admit, a little selfish. I was thinking there wasn’t going to be any magic left in the world for me. Nothing to wish for.

“Isn’t there anything we can do?”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “Can’t we help them? Can’t we make the world better?”

He pulled the car over to the side of the road and, for a second, I thought he was going to tell me to walk but he just sat there and looked at me.

“Your grandmother thinks I’m crazy. I look at her and I see hatred in her and I wonder where it came from. I wonder if I put it there with all my talk of the magic in the world.

“That’s the thing. The magic’s still there. I feel it, that’s why the magic people understand me. I know it’s there and if I could just show her maybe I would see love again.”

I think I understood that. Maybe that’s just hindsight talking but even if I didn’t understand completely I understood enough to want to help.

“We can do it,” I said.

He nodded and reached out to me. I put my hand in his and he said, “We should try.”

We never got the chance though. When we got back we found out my grandmother had suffered a stroke. She was in the hospital. The doctors didn’t give her much of a chance.

As soon as my parents found out they came up to get me. I wanted to stay. I felt my grandfather needed me to be there but no one asked if I wanted to go. It’s no wonder I still have a hard time understanding adults and I guess I am one.

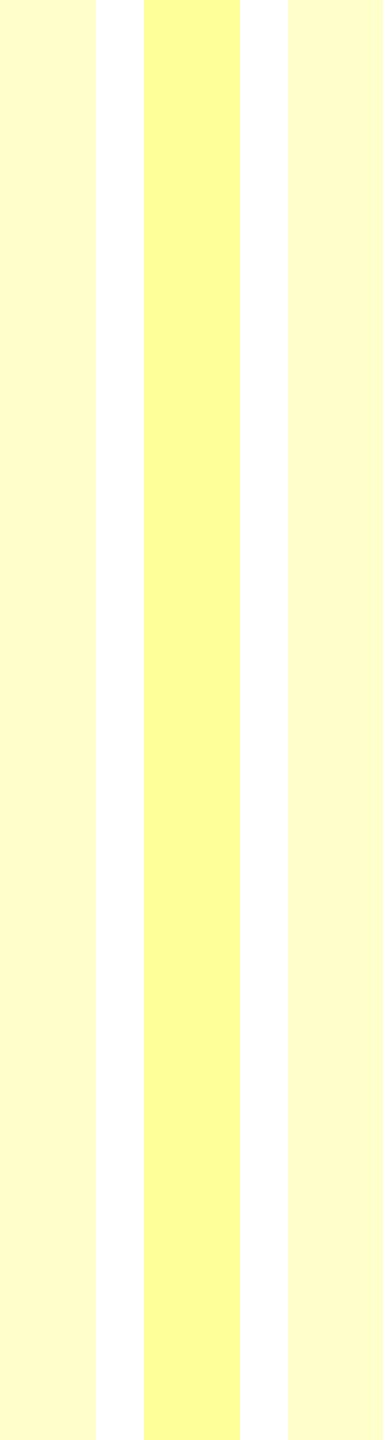
I’m 22, if it matters. Just about finished with college and ready to head out into what passes for a real world. I’m not ready but then I doubt I ever will be.

I wrote a paper my freshman year here. It was for a basic writing class and we were supposed to write about our career choice— Another term for, “What you want to be when you grow up” but this is Ohio State so they had to make it sound good. Anyway/ I wrote that I wanted to be the Mayor of Rabbittown, just like my grandfather. I went so far as to draw a map of the town and describe my duties.

I made Rabbittown into a retirement community. I wimped out, I know but I didn’t think magic people would go over too well with Dr. Hanford. I got an A. I sent the paper to my grandfather with a little note. I told him I still had the chestnut from that day and it was as good as magic. Sometimes when I’m down I hold it in my hand and imagine Rabbittown. I imagine I make myself as small as an ant and go cruising through someone’s yard, only from my perspective it looks like a jungle. It always pulls me through. It always brings my problems down to size, if you’ll pardon the pun.

He never responded. About Rabbittown, I mean. He wrote to me all the time and I spent a lot of my vacation time with him but after my grandmother died he never mentioned Rabbittown.

My grandfather died last week. That’s what started this flood of memories. It’s amazing how much you can remember if you try.



I took a week off from school to go to the funeral. I think that kind of shocked my dad. I guess he didn't think I really cared. Adults again. It scares me when I catch myself doing some of the things they do.

When I got back there was a package on my desk next to a note from my roommate that read: This came while you were gone. Good old Leo, what a wordy devil.

I opened the package. Inside was a chestnut and a note in my grandfather's handwriting that said: Use it wisely, but not too wisely.

I'm holding it in my hand now and, you know, I can feel it. It pulses. It's like having your hand on a speaker while the radio plays something with a good bass line. It's got a good beat.

I suppose it could be my imagination but maybe I'm just not grown up enough to believe that it was all my grandfathers fantasy.

At least I hope I'm not.

jer ry walraven



## make me

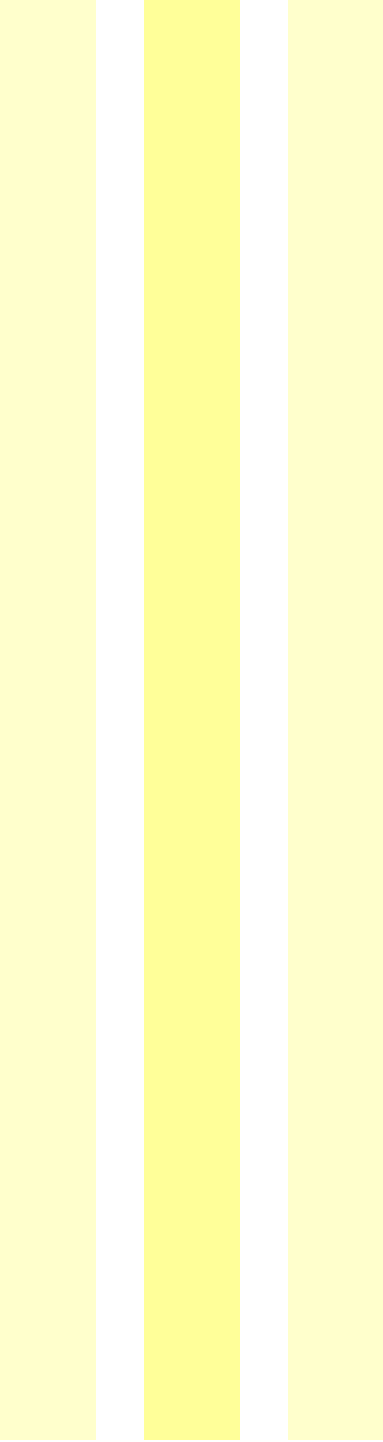
You know,  
you actually do  
make me wanna shout.  
And if I didn't know better,  
I'd say that I have the capacity  
to make you scream a little,  
too.  
You told me that you  
have good hands.  
I believed you, but I  
didn't realize how good they were  
until you showed me.  
You know,  
I'm not so bad myself.  
Show me how good you are  
again.

alexandria  
rand

## masquerade

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

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



# i'm really going this time

i pack my bags  
say i'm really going this time

you throw my bags  
scream at me to leave

before you get more violent  
and you mean it this time

i'm sitting in my car  
outside the hotel

see you at the window  
holding the drapes back

why do i have to think  
that means you care?

why do i came back,  
asking you if you realize

what you've done to me,  
if you realize what

you're about to lose.  
i'll bet you think

you'll call me once  
and everything will be

forgotten. other times,  
yes, i've forgiven you.

i've come back. but i  
can't take being thrown

to the ground, strangled.  
when i realize what i

lost that night, i'm  
scared. but i have to

remember that you  
lost more. you lost me.

i'm really going this time,  
and you won't see me again.

carry this with you,  
always. this pain, like

the pain you've given me.  
you won't see me. carry this.

janet kuypers



# soothe me just this once

when i called you from the pay phone  
at the hotel  
after he hit me

i got your answering machine  
i tried to tell you  
as quickly as i could

a woman came up to me while i was  
in the lobby  
asked if i was okay

that's when i realized i was scraped  
up, bleeding  
i told her i was fine

please just tell me you're at home  
screening calls  
pick up the phone

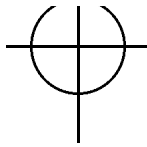
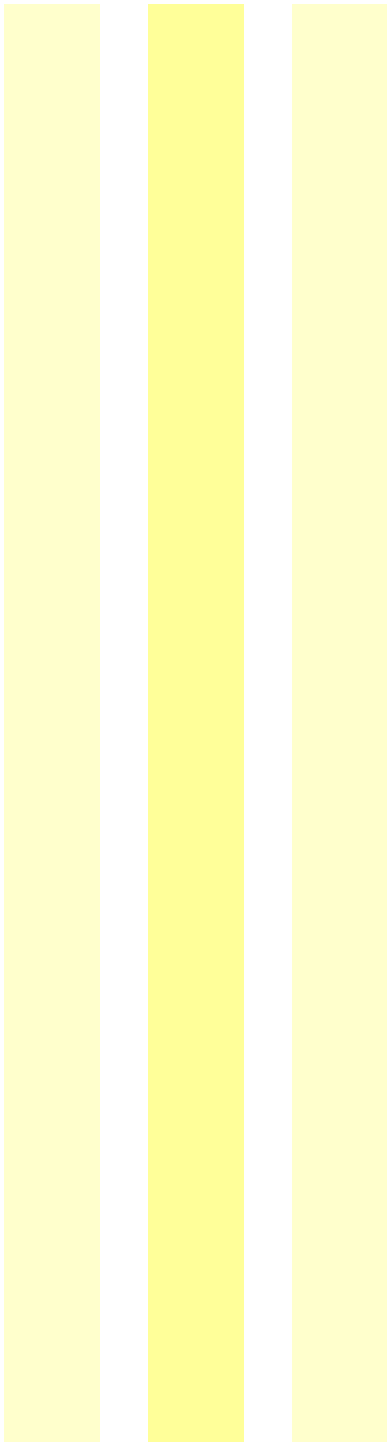
you think i brought this on myself,  
don't you  
please just this once

pick up the phone, listen to me  
soothe me just this once  
help me

poetry by  
janet kuypers

at least i  
have this

how far will we push each other? i wonder  
as we sit in the living room, waging this  
emotional battle, knowing that in the end  
it will still be with you having your sex  
with me, leaving me when you're through  
with me. that is what i'm here for. that is  
my function. but at least i have this, at least  
i can make you fight me a little more for  
it. i know you'll win in the end, but at least  
for these few moments, these few fleeting  
moments, i have this control over you.  
and then the pain of being with you comes  
back, and you win. but let me have this.  
just this. i know i'll get no more. please.



mark blickley

alan catlin

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!

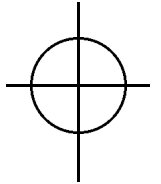
robert kimm

janet kuypers

g mcguirt

erol miller

john sweet



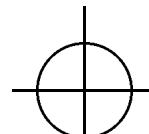
ben ohmart

gary a. scheinoha

john sweet

*the nineteen ninety five  
poetry chapbook series*

paul weinman



## the joy of seduction

I run up the stairs and barge into my best friend's room.

"Well," Penny says, staring at herself in the mirror and poking at a pimple, "how did it go?"

"I'm so embarrassed," I say, pushing my face into a pillow and rocking back and forth. I have a crush on the music director of St. Mary's-in-the-Mountains, alias St. Mag's-in-the-Crags, an Episcopalian boarding school for girls in northern New Hampshire. Everyone has to be in the glee club, but this is the first year I auditioned. Last year I snuck into the alto section and sat there, singing when I thought I could hit the notes, lip-synching when the other altos stared and poked me. This year I risked embarrassment because of Mr. Schneider. Dark, brooding, handsome — he looks like he stepped out of one of the novels I read when I'm supposed to be studying. He's from New York City, the artistic and intellectual center of the world. To me and his other admirers he is the ultimate in hipness and sophistication. I want him to notice me and walk to class with me.

"Nancy, I'm dying from suspense. Tell me. Oh, these stupid pimples."

"I couldn't hit the notes and then he started playing the "Appassionata Sonata" and I didn't know that it was Beethoven. I mean I knew. But I couldn't say anything."

"You were in the music room a long time, Nance. He must like you if he starts playing. When I auditioned it was zip, zip, in and out. No piano playing for me. And when Gina asked him to play Mozart instead of Bach before the church service last Sunday he totally ignored her. You were there. Don't you remember?"

Penny always pronounces Bach like batch. "Bach," I correct her, growling the name. No I don't remember because I wasn't there. Penny has a beautiful soprano voice and sings in the choir during Sunday services, so she wouldn't miss me. I don't tell anyone I skip church because I don't want to get caught. Attendance is mandatory. If anyone found out I had been skipping church, I would be way up the creek — way, way up the creek. For the past month I have been hiding in my room on Sunday morning reading THE BREATH OF ZEN, one of the books Mr. Schneider talks about, and meditating. I want to ask Mr. Schneider how to meditate without my feet falling asleep. He always talks about Zen and Henry Miller during Music Appreciation class. He's always saying: "think for yourself," and "I want to teach you more than how to tell the difference between Haydn and Beethoven. I want to open up the world to you."

I have been thinking for myself so much that I've decided I can no longer be an Episcopalian. I hate God for making me attend morning and evening prayers every day. I hate kneeling, praying, and Holy Communion. In thinking for myself I have come to the conclusion that I am an Atheist.

"Listen Nance," Penny interrupts my brooding and puts her arm around me, "if you want Bill to notice you ... what's sticking me? Nancy what do you carry in your pockets? THE BREATH OF ZEN Really, Nance! What happened to PEYTON PLACE?"

"He talks about Zen all the time in class," I mumble.

"I know, but that doesn't mean you have to read the stupid book." Penny starts to toss it

across the room. I grab it and hug it to my chest.

“But I want to,” I say. How can I explain to Penny that I want to read all the books Mr. Schneider talks about and listen to every piece of music he plays. I want to read BLACK SPRING by Henry Miller but that’s been banned in Boston and the whole United States. It must be sexier than Peyton Place.

If only I could go to Paris and read Henry Miller’s books and sip an espresso with Henry and Bill in one of those little cafes. If only I could go to New York with Bill and listen to the music of Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. My mother would die! She thinks only drug addicts listen to jazz. Bill Schneider says that jazz is the American Classical Music. He puts it right up there with Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

“Well,” Penny shrugs, returning to her mirror and her zits, “chacun a son goute.” But if I were you, Nance, I’d wear something sexier. Why do you think he walks to class with Hawkins? Because she wears those tight skirts.”

I listen to Penny because she is so experienced with men. She has dozens of boy friends and is very outgoing. At fourteen I’m fat, shy, wear a size eighteen dress and weigh one-hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Penny dumps a pile of clothes on the bed. “What am I going to do,” she squeals, “Steven is coming for the dance this weekend and I have these gross zits. Hear, wear this.” She pulls out a straight skirt, a batik print in dark greens and browns. I struggle into it. It strains across my stomach and I look pregnant.

“That’s all right,” Penny says, “wear your girdle and it will fit fine. But for God’s sake, Nancy,” she points at my hairy calves, “shave your legs.”

Penny always gives me such good advice. “Have you studied for the geometry test tomorrow?” I ask.

“Be serious! I haven’t touched the damned book. What am I going to do?”

I haven’t studied either. My head is so full of dreams about Henry, Duke, Thelonious and Bill that it doesn’t have room for any more information.

“Pop the zits by putting a hot washcloth on them,” I say and go to my room to cram for the geometry test.

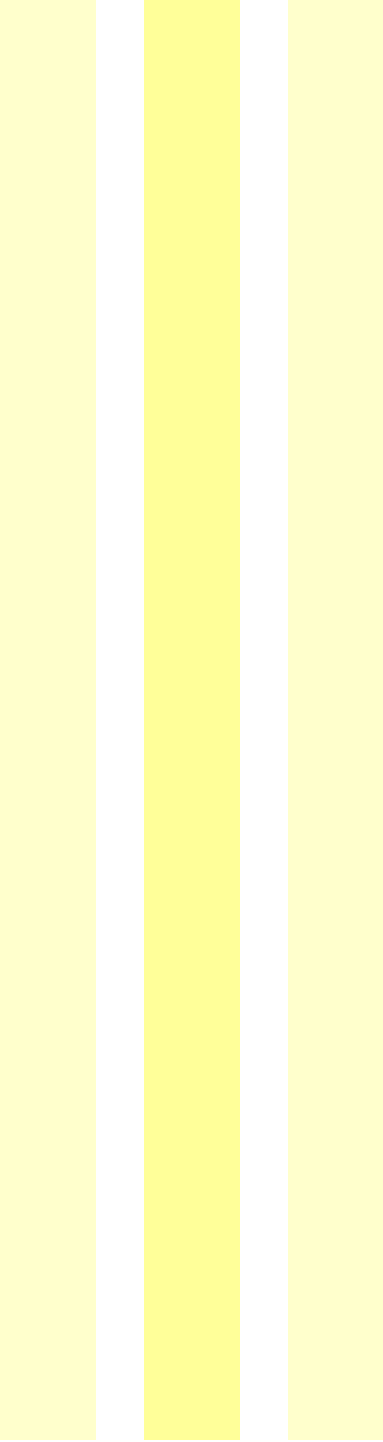
The next day, after breakfast and morning prayers, I hear a voice behind me.

“Are you going to class?” Bill Schneider says, falling into step beside me as I walk down the glass corridor that leads to the classrooms. I’m wearing my girdle under Penny’s skirt and it feels like I’m wearing a suit of armor. I can hardly breathe. The skirt is so tight I have to concentrate on taking little steps. But my stomach is flat. Here is my chance to talk to Bill about Zen and Henry Miller. The girdle squeezes all the air out of my belly and all the thoughts out of my brain.

“Well,” he says after a long silence, “looks like there’s snow on top of Mount Washington.” We can see down the valley, painted in autumn colors of orange, gold, and red, to the white peak of Mount Washington in the distance.

“Yes,” I whisper. I can hardly talk or breathe. My heart gallops inside my chest. My armpits are wet.

Another long silence. “I guess that means no more bare legs,” he says, “that’s too bad isn’t it?” When there is snow on top of Mt. Washington we have to wear stockings.



“Yes,” I whisper, looking down at my bare, freshly shaved legs, dotted with little band-aids. I drop a book and try to bend down. I grunt loudly, but can’t move. Mr. Schneider bends, graceful as a ballet dancer, and sweeps it up.

“Zen poetry!” he says with a smile.

“Yes,” I gasp. The girdle is squeezing my stomach tighter and tighter. I can’t breathe. I can’t talk. I feel like I’m going to faint.

We arrive at the geometry classroom. The door is open and everybody is watching us. I want to die.

“Well,” he says as he strides down the corridor, “I’ll see you in class this afternoon.”

I mumble an apology to the geometry teacher and wiggle into a seat. Penny leans over and pokes me. “Nancy, what did he say?” she whispers.

Penny is right about tight skirts and smooth legs; men like to see smooth shapes. Will I have to spend the rest of my life torturing myself with girdles and razors to get a man to notice me? A tight skirt alone isn’t enough. Mr. Schneider wouldn’t hang around to listen to my silences.

THE BREATH OF ZEN slides to the floor. I stare at the triangles and trapezoids on the blackboard. If I could discover a connection between geometry, jazz, and zen poetry—that would be something to share with Henry Miller and Bill Schneider.

nancy wakeman

## like daggers

I can't think of anything else.  
    like daggers  
        speeding  
        slicing the air  
the thoughts race through my mind.  
I can't help but think  
    of his stunning eyes  
        his sensitive touch  
        my weakness.  
How he's torn my life in two.

## love poem

You are the air I breathe.  
    you enwrap me  
    you consume me  
    your words  
    your eyes tear through me  
Life is not I, but we.

I want you here tonight.  
    I won't fight it  
    I can't hide it  
    there's nothing  
    to subside it  
I know that this is right.

I can't wait for the time  
    please just hold me  
    please just kiss me  
    please just tell me  
    that you'll miss me  
When I can say you're mine.

alexandria  
rand

bugga.  
bugga bugga.

you are the tide of the oceans ever flowing shaping molding moving  
the moon to guide you  
the earth for power

i am constantly amazed

my producer and i are having trouble getting together  
phone tag for a week

the rewrite i was going to show her last monday  
is undergoing a rewrite  
such is the life of a script

such is life.

(rewrite reright rewrite)

it is 4:30 time for bed  
bowling writing waffle house tonight  
cleaning working flirting tomorrow  
things are well

no longer feeling old fat smelly cheap  
tired is all that remains

the world continues to evolve  
the elastic vines of life grow today into tomorrow  
keeping each together in the moment

bugga.  
bugga bugga.

brian tolle

## the explanation

so i figured i'd have to write out information  
that our readers might want to know  
in the form of a poem, since  
they seldom look over the ads.  
ha! i got you, you thought  
you were reading a poem, when it's actually  
the dreaded advertising. but wait -  
you'll actually want to read this, i think.  
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  
60647-2559. 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!  
Now, if you're also interested, there are two  
books available through scars publications:  
one is called "hope chest in the attic" and  
the other is called "the window."  
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.  
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.  
two dollars would cover the cost of printing and  
shipping. oh, and four dollars would cover  
back issues of cc+d or chapbooks. and make  
those checks payable  
to me, of course, janet kuypers. gifts are always  
appreciated as well. just kidding.  
and for you people out there with magazines, just  
keep in mind that we here at cc+d are more than  
happy to run ad pages for you, if you'll do the same  
for us. seems pretty fair.  
is that all? yeah, i think that's pretty much it.  
now for the real poetry...



# here it goes again

maybe this is what i deserve  
this pain  
but i can't let you go

even if there is someone else  
on the side  
doing the same things to me  
you do  
i can't let you go

i need that connection to you  
i need that pain  
i can't be alone

even though i'm alone when i'm with you

i guess i feel  
like i'm nothing when i'm with you  
but then again  
i'm nothing without you

so here it goes  
here it goes again

poetry by  
janet kuypers

i am the  
woman  
who loves  
pain

i am the woman who loves pain

i look for you  
and i usually find you

one of you

i know you'll all do the same  
things  
act the same way  
i've gotten used to it

they tell me i should find some-  
one  
better  
that i am settling  
that this is not love

but i've never felt love  
and although this is pain  
although i am hurting with you  
it is better than hurting alone

# children churches & daddies

• Published since 1993 • Janet Kuypers, Editor •

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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 slaves, 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, six stories, this is what it means.

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