

still no answers

janet kuypers

the parents refused to believe
that their son would kill himself.
it's not like our son; he was not

a quitter. the police believed the
blood on his shirt was from an
act of violence he committed

just before he went into his own
garage and fell asleep. he wasn't
willing to face the consequences

of his violent actions; maybe he
killed someone, maybe someone
would come forward and put him

in jail. no, no, his parents said,
there must be foul play here. and
they managed to have the case re

opened when they discovered only
trace amounts of carbon monoxide
in his blood stream. he was dead,

or dying, before he got to the
garage. the blood was probably
from a struggle he had in trying

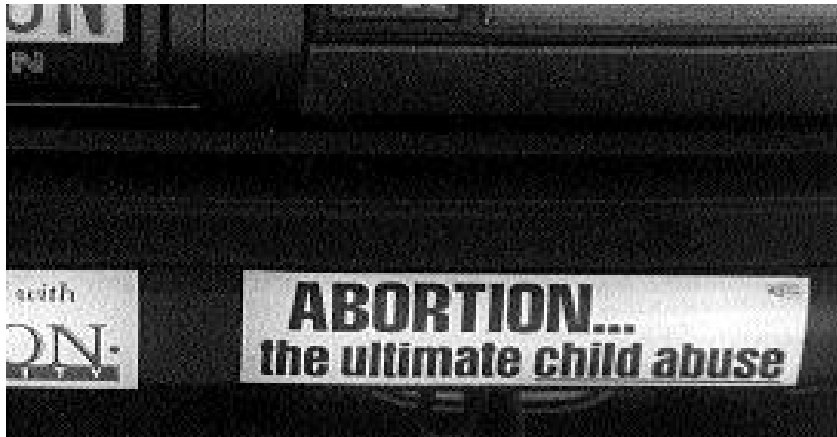
to survive. this was murder,
made to look like suicide, but who
did this, is that their son's blood

on his shirt, did he suffer, did
her even die while he was in his
own home? still no answers.



rosa lee's
daughters
larry blaxek

Ex-girlfriend's
younger sister waved
this chic young woman
seemed so glad to see me
if she'd been a hound dog
she'd have wagged her tail
stupidly, I greeted her
and just walked on
guess I've gone sour
on Rosalee's daughters



"Here, take this." michael estabrook

When I was 12 my Grandpa Fred
taught me an important lesson.
I had finished a little job for him,
I forget now, swept-up the boiler room,
stacked some newspapers or cans,
emptied the dumbwaiters. So he said,
"Here, take this," handing me
a couple quarters, but I said no.
"Here, take this," he said again, his hand
with the quarters in it stretched
out before me. I shook my head,
"No, no I can't."
"Here, take this," he said one
more time, his arm getting heavy.
I said no one more time, and he said
"OK" and shoved the quarters
back down in his pocket.

Protecting the Wetlands

By Vicki Allen

WASHINGTON, July 19 (Reuter) - The Clinton administration said on Wednesday a Senate bill to cut back wetlands protection would hurt the economy and the environment and is not needed because many problems it addresses have already been fixed.

"This abandonment of wetlands protections would be wrong," the administration said in joint testimony from five federal agencies for a Senate Environment subcommittee.

Wetlands are the marshes, swamps, bogs, prairie potholes and other areas that help purify the water system, absorb water overflow to stem floods and provide essential fish and wildlife habitat.

The White House, trying to fend off an assault on laws protecting environmentally important wetlands, is fighting a bill sponsored by Sen. Bennett Johnston, a Louisiana Democrat, similar to provisions the House passed recently in Clean Water Act legislation.

Johnston said at the hearing that wetlands laws have become "a rigid regulatory programme that is devaluing property and preventing the construction of housing, the extension of airport runways, the construction of roads..."

He added, "I do not believe that we in Congress intended for the ... program to become a rigid, broad federal land use programme that affects primarily privately owned property."

But the administration said his narrow definition of a wetland would exempt 60 percent or more of the remaining U.S. wet areas and reduce federal authority to protect the rest.

By administration estimates, as little as 1 percent of wetlands would be considered high-value under Johnston's ranking system and thus eligible for current protections.

It also charged that Johnston's bill was loaded with special interest exemptions benefitting mining, logging, railroads, agriculture and other industries.

The House easily passed a bill that included the wetlands protections cutbacks despite heavy opposition from environmentalists and from the White House, which threatened to veto the bill if it emerges from Congress unchanged.

While Johnston's bill is similar, it does not include the controversial "takings" provision that would require the government to compensate property owners whose land was devalued because of wetlands laws.

John Hayes Annul

Did I kill him?

I tried,
I seized the weathered board
with its massive rusty nail.
My eyes flashed fire
I swung.
Was there a thud?
a quiver in the board?

Or had the bastard run?
Did he sneer
beyond my blur of anger?

I never saw him again.
Did he cease to be?
Does he fear me?

Either way, he's gone from my life
isn't he?
Tell me
isn't he?



The Last Champagne Club In Atlanta

J.D. Barrett, Sr.

Stan watched out the dirty window through the rain as Becca walked from the car to the front door of the club. Though he couldn't see her face, he could feel her revulsion as she opened the door to enter the deserted ballroom.

His sister had set foot in the Harem Club only twice before. Once to inform Stan that their mother had suddenly passed away. She found her father with his arm around a half naked young stripper, and as the girls weren't even alive, told him that his wife of forty years had just died. She turned and walked back out the front door, never to speak to her father again.

The only other time Becca had entered the Harem Club before today was to tell Stan that their father had died from the cancer he had been fighting for three years. She had not found Stan sitting at the bar with his arm around a dancer; she had been directed up to his office where she sat and waited for him to come out of the bathroom. She had thought it was shock that kept Stan from realizing for a full ten minutes that she bore the news of their father's death. She would never know that her brother's confused state was due to a shot of heroin he had been doing as she sat in the office waiting to give him the news; only after the rush subsided was he able to understand what she was telling him. She knew about his habit, but would never have had that understanding had she known about that particular fix. There were other things that Becca didn't know, couldn't see from the height of the Goldmans kept their women.

As Stan listened to Becca's clipped steps cross the ballroom below and ascend up the stairs to the office, he thought about the differences between himself and his father. Stan enjoyed work with a flair, a moment in the limelight, but he hated all the little details that had to be tidied up when the spotlight was off. His father had been meticulous about details. Those details had kept the family business passing inspections by the city officials for over thirty years. Stan had kept the semi-legal, as well as the outright illegal activities that were kept there from detection. Those same details, neglected now for two years, were the reason the city prosecutor had finally succeeded in forcing the Harem Club to close its doors for good. The members of the grand jury were wondering whether they should indict Stan; they were just deciding what they could charge him with.

The city prosecutor had spent the last ten years closing bath houses, strip shows, champagne clubs, and other sources of prostitution. The Harem Club

was the last vestige of the hay day of the carnal commerce that boomed in the Sixties. Stan's father had held the prosecutor's office at bay for years by greasing the right palms and calling in old debts. Trouble was that so many things had changed in the last ten years. Even if Stan had learned all of the tricks his father had known, he would not have been allowed to continue. A new generation of people were in control and they wanted Peachtree Street cleaned up. As he heard his sister climb the stairs to the office, he remembered the torture he had endured in the first months after his father's death. Two days after Stanley Goldman, Sr. was laid to rest, the city prosecutor had sent a message to Stan that he could close down or else. Stan had decided to fight for his business that his father had built for the past thirty years. He had no idea what he would do if the club closed. He had wondered why Becca never married, but the fact that she hadn't and that she wasn't prepared to provide for herself left him feeling responsible for her. He also knew that he had no other possible means of supporting himself. So, Stan spent six months of pure hell getting off heroin so that he could have a clear head to run the business. For those six months Stan left the business in the hands of the general manager. Stan had gone into a detox program in Decatur, where he spent the first week shaking, sweating, and shitting in his clothes. He could have left after the first month, but he decided to stay for the aftercare program to ensure that he was on firm ground. It was hell the whole time, but he knew that he would have relapsed had he left any earlier.

When Stan returned to the Harem Club, things seemed to go well for a while. Profits held fairly steady and he managed well. Then the raids started. Every three or four weeks since then the city police picked up several of his girls in prostitution round-ups. Several of his doormen had been arrested on drug charges. Then, a week ago, the city prosecutor's office confiscated his liquor and business permits. They had informed him that the Harem Club was being closed because of its connection with prostitution and drugs. The local T.V. stations, tipped off by the prosecutor's office, made a big deal of the closing. Becca called from the family home in Dunwoody when she saw the story on T.V. Stan had been living in an apartment that his father kept in Midtown, so they hardly ever saw each other. She was scared for her brother when she heard the news clips about possible indictments and arrests. Stan had done his best to calm her down and had promised to fill her in on all the details at lunch today. Besides his legal position, he needed to tell her that all of the business accounts had been frozen and that, at her present rate of spending, the personal accounts would only last her a few months. Stan dreaded letting her down, but he relished the idea of her finally having to sweat over money matters. At any rate, this was another detail that had to be seen to.

•••



stalking me in the moonlight gary jurechka

Waking -
there are wolf tracks
circling in the snow
of my dreams

republican gabriel athens

I walked with you
and it seemed like we walked for hours
and it seemed strange
walking
trying to stretch the conversation
trying not to think
that you were not the one

when you jokingly pushed me
and I grabbed your arm
you pulled me back
and held me close
and I didn't know what to think
I felt our hands together
and I didn't know if it was right

and when we sat
in the park
I didn't know what to expect
as we sat there
and talked
about the future
the past
and republicans

my mind was so confused

and when we sat in my room
I tried to think
about what I was doing
but I didn't know
I didn't know
if I was trying to get something
I didn't want
I didn't know
if I should bother
or if I just didn't care

When Becca entered the office of the Harem Club, she was reminded of the funeral home that had handled the burial of her mother and father. Gone was the loud noise of the show that had always been in progress on her previous two visits. The office was dark; the only light on was a small desk lamp and the curtains were drawn over the window. All of the clutter of daily business was gone and everything was clean and orderly. The only sound was of an old Beatles song playing on a clock radio; it seemed like a hymn mourning a dead past. She almost whispered when she spoke to Stan. "Why did you want me to come here? You know how I hate this place. You have to rub my nose in it again?" "I just needed to show you where to find our legal papers in case I'm arrested."

"I thought you said the lawyers were handling everything."
"It's not going as well as I'd expected. I'm going to be indicted, and I need to know where these things are in case it gets complicated."
"And just what am I supposed to do with this stuff? I don't know anything about all about this...business."

"Becca, please. These are just personal papers: checking accounts, insurance papers, a couple of bonds and stock certificates in your name. All of the business papers are already at the lawyer's office. Here's the location." Stan handed her a piece of paper and swung the painting back in place over the safe.

"But how am I supposed to arrange all of this? I don't know anything except how to write a check or sign a credit card receipt. You've always done all this stuff since Dad died."

"If anything happens, just take all the papers to the accountant's office. I've already talked to him. They'll help you get everything straightened out. Look, Stan, I'm starved. Can we talk while we eat?"

Stan and Becca left the office and were halfway across the ballroom when Mike, once a bouncer at the club, stepped out from behind the bar.

Stan asked, "Is everything locked up?"

"Sure. I was just having a beer. Anything else you want me to do?"

"Nothing I can think of right now. Get yourself a six-pack and head for home. Don't forget to come down tonight and check the building."

"You expecting trouble?"

"Not exactly. Just be sure to check the office."

"OK boss. I'll be back around eight or nine."

"Good deal, Mike."

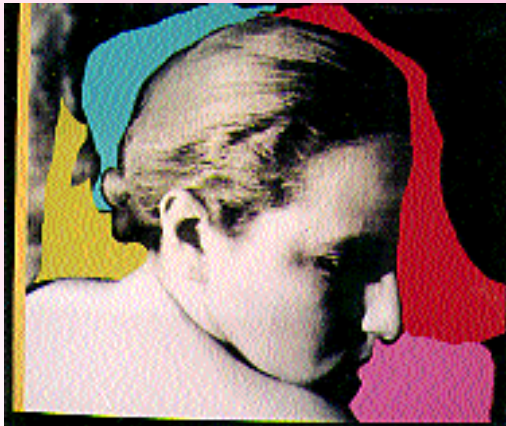
Mike followed Stan and Becca out the front door onto Peachtree Street. He locked the door and ambled up the sidewalk.

Stan and Becca got in the car and Becca drove the few blocks down Peachtree

across the river

mike lazarchuk

Wind wails through frozen fences
Girl friend reheats coffee
Shudders staring out the window
At the tattered acres
Of East St. Louis
The lights of the city
Across the river
Hears commotion at the neighbor's
Through crappy thin roach infested walls
The sound of fist smashing face
Shoving shouting hysterical
The sound of breaking furniture
Wailing babies
3 pops like lady fingers exploding
The lump of her neighbor's
Estranged husband hitting linoleum
As her heart winds up
Sniffing the coffee vapors
Hearing the wind fill with sirens
Thinking of funeral bills & hypocritical tear stains
Already agonizing over lost tomorrows
Feeling herself turning inward
Standing at the window
Trying to dream on



to the Plaza. Stan usually went for cheap joints, but for today he had reservations at the Savannah Seafood House on the ground floor of the Peachtree Plaza Hotel.

The maitre d' seated them immediately at a table off to itself. Stan and Becca hadn't spoken a word to each other since leaving the office, and the tension between them was tense.

Stan ordered for the two of them. Becca wondered at the feast he was ordering: oysters, swordfish steaks, broiled scallops, and trimmings. She knew that these were his favorites, but Stan usually didn't eat heavily. He ordered a double Scotch for himself and a rose' for his sister.

As the waiter left, Stan sighed deeply and stumbled into his speech.

"Becca, I don't want to scare you, but things are going to change drastically pretty soon." Stan paused and looked at his sister, but she was expecting bad news and waited patiently for it.

"They've frozen all the business assets. And it could be years before they're released. Almost everything was tied up with the club, so you'll have to live on what's left. The insurance money is about all that's not frozen. I'm afraid it won't last more than a few months the way you spend money. You might even have to sell the house; that's up to you. What I'm saying is that you have some decisions to make."

Becca closed her eyes to have a moment to absorb it all before she spoke. "What about your living expenses?"

"Don't worry. I've made arrangements for myself."

"Nonsense, you can come to the house. I'm sure we can come up with something before the money runs out. Surely if we put our heads together—"

"No Becca. We'd be at each other's throats. We've never been able to live along together, even in the best of times. Besides, the money'll last longer if you're alone."

"Stan, there's one possibility, but—well, no, it's really nothing."

"What?"

"Nothing. I couldn't—Just nothing."

The drinks came and gave them a moment to collect their thoughts. Becca was grateful for the break. It gave her strength, and she always wanted to be strong. She remembered the family rule that put all information on need-to-know status during moments of weakness. She only had one secret, but she shuddered to think of how Stan would react if he found out. She forced her mind back to the problem at hand.

"I feel so helpless. I just wish there was something I could do to help."

Stan almost choked on his drink. "You, help? Just what the hell do you think you could do to help? Maybe you could buy a five thousand dollar dress and wear it to some big party tonight to show everybody we don't have trouble."

That's all you know how to do, spend money. You've never done anything but flash around town in the latest fashions and then ridicule Dad and me for what we had to do to get the money you spent. You turned your nose up at our 'dirty business', but you never hesitated to spend the money. Mother, too. You never gave a shit that me and Dad had to scrape for every goddamn penny."

"Stan, I'm sorry. Can't we just—"

"Sorry, you think you're sorry? This family has been dancing for years, but now the piper's come to collect. And I'm left holding the bill. But you don't have to worry. You're clean. That was Dad's number one rule, 'The women don't get their hands dirty' "

Stan, please stop. I'm sorry; I've never stopped to think about how you felt. It's just that I've got scars; too; scars you don't know about, scars you don't need to know about. Listen, I've got a friend who can help me with money until I can find some kind of job. I'll have to make a lot changes, but I can survive."

Stan's scowl changed to a grin. "Oh, does my sister have a man?"

"No, it's not a man, and it's not like that. Please, just let it drop, OK. I only mentioned it so you'll know I'll be fine." Becca ached to tell her brother about the woman she had fallen in love with, just dump it all out on the table. But the rule of secrets was just too deeply ingrained.

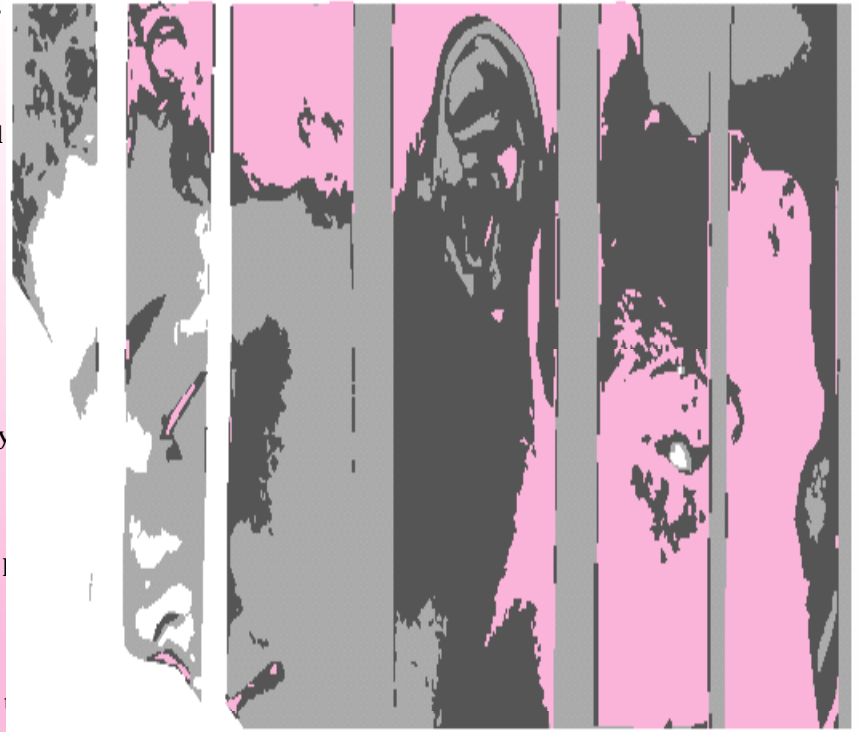
The food arrived and Stan tossed back his drink. He and Becca ate without speaking; the wall that stood between them had been cracked and needed repair.

When they finished their meal, Stan walked his sister back to her car. He opened the door for her and then ducked down to her window. "Look, I've got a few things to take care of, so you go ahead. I'll call you." He turned and headed for the sidewalk exit. Becca shook her head doubtfully, started the engine, and pulled out of the parking lot.

When Stan got to the sidewalk, he found that the rain had slacked off to a heavy mist, and he drifted along up Spring Street. As he walked, he remembered the plans he dreamed up years ago of being a real kingpin. He had dreamed of having an army of thugs and hundreds of strippers and whores in his empire. God, he loved the life; he hadn't liked the feeling of being dirty when under his mother's scrutiny, but he truly loved the life of making a living running a perpetual party. He loved the in-charge feeling he got from bouncing some guy out onto Peachtree Street. He loved the excitement of getting away with the illegal. He simply loved it. And now it was gone.

...

Stan unlocked the door to the club, walked in, and then relocked the deadbolt. He crossed the dark ballroom to the bar and turned on the lights, not the big



young priest, limping michael estabrook

"What happened to your leg, Father?"

"Oh nothing," he frowns, rubbing one temple,

"I have a headache but how would anyone know?"

no
consequence
janet
kuypers

the average child,
watching the average
amount of television
in their lifetime

witnesses eight thousand
murders
by the time they leave
elementary school

by the time they are
eighteen years old,
they witness
two hundred thousand
acts of violence

and they laugh
when they hear
their leading man say
“consider this
a divorce”
then pull the trigger

or
“do you feel
lucky, punk”

suddenly there's no

consequence to violence

no pain, no remorse

we're the mtv generation
we feel no highs or lows

we've learned life by watching it
not living it

“have you killed people?”
“yeah, but they were
all bad”

how funny, what wit

they witness
two hundred thousand
acts of violence

what are we teaching them?

suddenly there's no
consequence



lights but the dim lights of a busy night. In the DJ's booth
through the records until he found a slow song that had been his favorite and
put it on. He slumped down in his favorite booth, lit a cigarette and
back to take it all in. He saw the crowd and the naked gi
writhing on the stage; heard the raucous call of the men driven to touch
knowing better; smelled the smoke, whiskey and musk; felt the power.

After a few minutes, Stan returned to the reality of the empty ballroom
stubbed out his cigarette and climbed the stairs to the office, leaving all
ings behind with the imaginary show.

When Stan entered the office, he sat at his desk and switched on the lamp.
From the several pictures on the desk he selected one each of his
father, and sister. These he arranged in a semi-circle facing him like an au
ence at a recital. He fished a small brown paper bag out of his p
emptied the contents out On the desk; then, he opened the top ri
desk drawer. With the automatic precision that only comes from
practice, Stan prepared the heroin that had been in the bag and shot the cle
brown liquid into a vein on his left arm. In the middle of his chemical orgasm,
he reached into the drawer, took out a nine millimeter pistol, and placed
barrel in his mouth, tasting the metal for a moment before he pulled the tr
ger. For a split second his troubles seemed so far away.



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poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications
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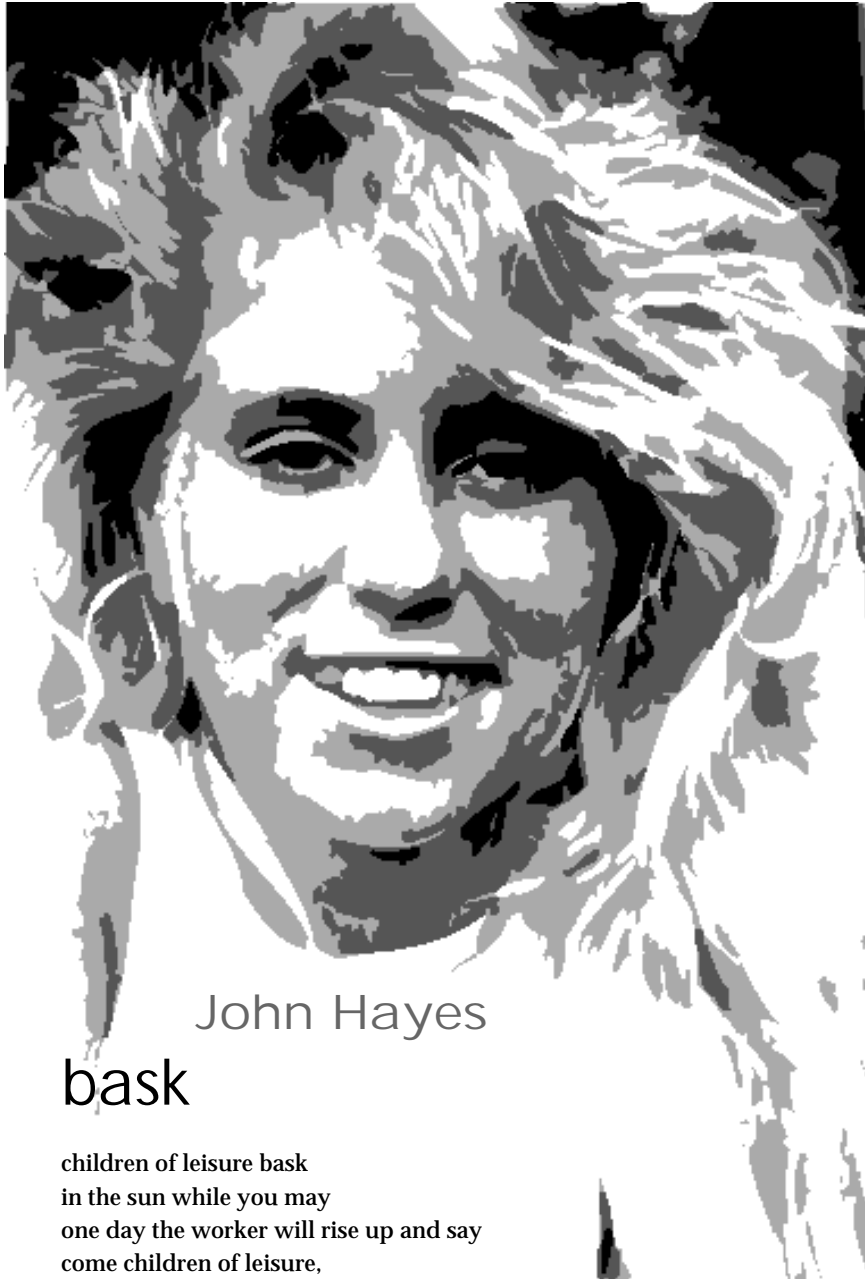
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John Hayes

bask

children of leisure bask
in the sun while you may
one day the worker will rise up and say
come children of leisure,
come work for yourselves.

Last Night at Billy Bob's

errol miller

The crowd from Chicago was there
pushing and shoving, drinking Bud Light
and aromatic misty concoctions
from alligator blood and cypress-sap
all the comings, all the goings, all the alluvial
stories begin written, this keepsake night
nothing could keep me in, fluttering
in the portico of the temple by the River
peace never came to the Ouachita Valley, faster
now than ever the New Age was upon us
walking with us in the marketplace of change
there, in that velvet verbiage of twilight
I think I saw a hand extending down from heaven
I saw the white ceramic busts of the Saints arranged
in a semi-circle just outside the wooden window
I saw crazy moons on fire
blue nuns on their way to Mass
and a waitress carrying bread and fish
to a dying man on a flaking houseboat, a man
from the other side bragging about his life
his running dogs, 48 years or more, I
had outrun him in my thoughts
returning to catfish and hushpuppies
wishing him good luck, returning to Sasha
and hopes and dreams of my own exile
socked in to Delta's humid human pain
where red lights dotted the other shore
I demurely drank again
from the precious nectar of life
not murky or muddy, like the river
but like the fine rushing water
of a mountain stream flowing down
from the higher ground
of Union Parish.

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.

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.

opposition to food safety rules dropped

WASHINGTON July (Reuter) - Republicans in Congress Wednesday dropped their opposition to new food safety rules, allowing the Clinton administration to go ahead with modernisation of the outdated meat inspection system.

Rep James Walsh, a New York Republican, said he was withdrawing an amendment to the agriculture appropriations bill, which the Agriculture Department said would have left meat inspection in the dark ages for at least another two years.

Walsh said he was satisfied with assurances from Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman that the meat industry would be allowed to participate fully in the rule-making process.

“We got the personal commitment of the Secretary to create the dialogue we sought,” Walsh said in a statement.

Meat packers have complained that the new scientific testing procedures and maximum tolerances for bacteria such as salmonella were too expensive to implement.

The rules were drafted following public outcry in the wake of an outbreak of sickness caused by the E.coli 0157:H7 bacteria in hamburgers in the Pacific Northwest two and a half years ago.

Hundreds of people were affected in that outbreak and at least three children died.

Officials at the Department of Agriculture and Democrats in Congress said Walsh’s withdrawal was a victory, saying the process to implement the new rules was now back on track.

Consumer advocates welcomed the deal, blaming the meat industry for delaying tactics.

“Congressman Walsh is an unfortunate victim of an industry effort that led him down the garden path and into the doghouse of public opinion,” said Caroline Smith de Waal of the Center for Science in the Public Interest.

the lust
her lips quiver anxiously
she wants
desperately
the craving
the longing
the yearning
is no longer contained
His eyes fixed
in a trance-like gaze
the erotic fantasies
the passion
the obsession
his burning
torrid
appetite is released
Her heart quickens
as her breath becomes
a pant
sensual
sexual
she is ravenous with need
His hand moves
his anticipation climaxes
salacious
lecherous
his muscles tense with
excitement
the cyprian
lurid desires
the heat
the fire
they cannot hold back
he touches her

Morgan City

errol miller

Embarkation point
formen and materials, you
haven't lived until you've left
its imperial offshore shore
an industrial region out of sight
half-past Berwick
you look up and see heaven flowing
down to the Gulf like oil
shrimp boats, an eternal flame
near the foot of the bridge
on Highway 182, the Great Wall
cascading form the Atchafalaya River
near the concrete floodworks where
the Jesuit priest stands
a walkway looking out upon
past lives in perceptual festival
all the comings, all the goings
monuments to those exiting Front Street
for the shelter of the swamps
their cypress homes
bobbing in the gateway history
of a unique heirlooms region
diffused
through long sulfurous days
and wetland nights
enduring the moss-draped pain
of past and present.



surreal sleep
she haunts me so

Absence make the heart go wander,
as if falling, falling
from a cliff, drifting
as fluttering voices and restless doves
disturb my slumber, pull me under
into blackberry dreams
where naught remains but
the whirr of clouds
as angels lick
the sweat from my soul.

gary jurechka

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.

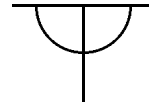
The Window is about 180 pages of her newest stuff. It's hand-bound, paperback, and she'll even sign it if you beg her enough. Man, it's groovy. two dollars would cover the cost of printing and shipping. oh, and four dollars would cover back issues of cc+d or chapbooks. and make those checks payable

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...



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 dare

we'll please. We'll distribute. Voila!

robert kimm

janet kuypers

ken mcquirt

errol miller

john sweet

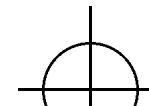
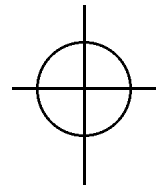
ben ohmart

gary a. scheinoha

john sweet

the nineteen ninety five
poetry chapbook series

paul weinman





the death of poetry

gary jurechka

The dying gasp
of the last poet
whispering
the last line
of the last poem,
a stale flowery breath
breathing music
and angst
into the leaden air.

Bury him in the clouds
so the wind may bring his words
soaked in sunlight and thunder,
to set our senses afire,
to caress our hardened souls,
and fill us full of wisdom
and wonder,
full of light
once more.

something came up

mike lazarchuk

Feeling a little twinge
Farting around L.A. with
Steve & Eva & Ellen
I thought about getting
Up to San Francisco
See my ex-wife
Find out what was doing
With her & the kids
But decided against it
I didn't really crave
Another heated exchange
Another mad moment
& just couldn't think
Of any presents to
Present to the kids that
Would attach them to me
Besides I'd been invited
To a Red Grooms opening
The following night &
That seemed infinitely
More important



this may
sound
alexandria
rand

I don't know
this may sound silly
but every night
just before
I'm about to sleep
I think of you
and when I
turn out the light
and crawl into my
empty bed
a piece of me feels
missing
I don't know
what it is
but I feel a hole
right about where
my heart is
when I have to
lay there
night after night
all alone
when I am with you

I feel as if
I am complete
I feel as if
nothing in the
world matters
when you're
holding my hand
with your
heart near me
then I can sleep
and then I
fall into my
empty bed
and I feel the
hole again
burning through
my heart
and I wish
I didn't feel
so alone
and I wish
the hole would
just go away

me or him
janet kuypers

someone pulled a gun today
opened fire on a crowd
i suppose it's nothing new

we've all thought of doing it
before

what stops us

what makes one man
decide life is so worthless
decide that he is so angry

that the consequences
don't matter anymore

what makes him different from us
all he does
is do
what we've never thought we could

who is more crazy
the one who acts on their violence
or the one who holds it in

I've thought of shooting people before

of course, I keep that
locked away
inside of me

I don't act on my
impulses
of course not

who is more crazy
the one who acts on their violence
or the one who holds it in

who is more crazy
me or him

my Dad the Navy Man

(snapshots from 1950)

stuck on
Midway Island during
the action in Korea:
standing on an empty beach,
clear blue ocean behind,
his sandals over his
socks.
dressed in whites holding
a gooney bird up by
its wings.
posing beside a hanging
12 foot shark.
lying back in his bunk
having a smoke.
my Dad the Navy Man
stuck a million miles away
from home
while mom and I waited
and wondered
how this was helping
our country win
the war.

michael estabrook

Scour ge Of My Childhood

linda j. crider

The bane of my existence when I was four, five and six, years old was my cousin, Dick. He was the same age as me but that made no difference. I was a girl and he never let me forget it. He always reminded me of my station and the proper expected behavior of my gender.

“Go play with your dolls,” Dick would say when I wanted to join him in some boy’s game or general rough and tough fun.

There were other cousins around, but they, too, were boys and Dick dominated the group. His word was law so I was always left standing in the background watching as they played war games with toy soldiers and built towns and cities with construction toys in the sand box or on hilled up mounds of Georgia red clay.

One mid-summer June day, Auntie came to visit with my mother. Mother was pregnant with my sister. Dick was forced to come along complaining, “Girls are no fun and I don’t want to play house or dress-up. Linda plays with dolls! Boys don’t play with dolls.”

Auntie just smiled and let him grumble. When they reached the yard, she gently tapped him on the shoulder. “Dick,” she said, “Linda may be a girl, but you be nice to her. She’s your cousin.”

“But, Mom,” he pouted.

“No buts,” Auntie retorted. “Play nice.”

I ran through the yard between the sky high walnut trees. Their big leafy branches made shadowy splotches on the ground and on Dick and Auntie as they climbed up the little bank from the road.

“Yeah!” I squealed. “You’re here!”

Auntie pushed the wispy flaxen colored hair out of my eyes and gave me a hug. “For the whole day,” she said.

“Come on, Dick. Let’s go play house. You can be Miss Brown.” I said all excited to have somebody play the part of Miss Brown to my Miss Bruce. “We’ll have a tea party.”

“Yuck!” Dick screamed falling to the ground.

“Maybe he could be Mr. Brown,” Auntie suggested.

“I don’t want to be anybody but me,” Dick hissed.

Scrappy, the dog, bounded around the house and, seeing

Dick sprawled on the ground, ran to greet him with a wet tongue and lots of tail wags. Dick laughed and rolled on the ground with the long-eared beagle

dog. I joined the twosome and soon we were darting and dashing in some kind of puppy dog tag game. Thoughts of little girl dress-up tea parties were gone, replaced by rough and tumbling boy games.

Auntie had disappeared into the house leaving Dick and me to our own imaginations and summertime at its best. After a short time, Scrappy, tired of running back and forth between us, lazily scampered off to nap in the sun.

Dick and I brushed the sandy clay from our arms and legs. I smiled remembering my new wetsy doll. "Let's have a tea party," I said. "You can be Mr. Brown, like Auntie said. You can wear Daddy's tie."

"no," said Dick. "I'm not playing with dolls. I'm no going to play with you. I don't care if you are my cousin; you're a girl!"

He ran across the soft green grass and through the open door of the storage shed in the side yard. It was just the sort of dusty old hide-out a boy would run away to. My chest felt tight and I wanted to cry. He was closing me out again, just throwing me away because I was a girl.

I picked up a stick and sauntered into the storage shed. It was cool and shadowy dark with only two dusty windows and the open door to let in light. I plunked the stick on the lawn mower. It made a dull tinkling sound. Dick didn't acknowledge my presence, just kept exploring a large wooden box of nails, nuts and bolts. I continued to tap the stick on the building's contents. I struck a can of red paint on a high shelf.

"Let's paint something," I said.

Dick dropped a handful of nails. With eyes bright, he turned to face me and said, "Yeah! We can paint. I know how to paint."

We dragged a ladder to the shelf and Dick climbed up. He pulled the half-full gallon of fire engine red paint to the shelf's edge. Then, taking the wire bale handle, he lowered it to me. I eagerly took it, letting it slide down my leg to the concrete floor.

Together we searched for paint brushes, but there were none. We did find a long screw driver and used it to pry off the paint can lid. We stared sown into the deep well of bright color.

Scrappy barked from the doorway. His little round shadow looked spooky on the cool, grey floor.

"Let's paint Scrappy's house," I said. "He's a good dog and his house is really ugly. It doesn't have any paint on it at all."

"we don't have any paint brushes," Dick sighed.

"Don't need any," I said looking at the feathery boughs of a nearby pine tree.

"We'll make some."

"How?" Dick asked.

"Pine tree branches," I answered matter of factly.

Together Dick and I dragged and carried the gallon can outside to Scrappy's

sobering gabriel athens

I must admit
that there's a definite proportion
with how good you look
and how much alcohol I've consumed
yes you are important to me
too important
and I think that scares me
for I don't care what you say
but the only person
I can lean on
is myself
and I don't want to frighten you
with my coldness
but I've been hurt
too many times before
and I'm sure as Hell
gonna try to stop it
from happening again
I've had to realize
that you can't be my crutch
yes
I do care about you
too much
it is unhealthy
for when we go our separate ways
and I nknow we will
it will kill me
I know that you love me
and I know that you want to protect me
but I need to know
if there are other people
who care for me as well
I am not an animal
in a cage
and I have a life to lead
I know I'm being cold
but it's what I have to do
call it a defense mechanism
call it sobering up

little wooden clap-board house. We only spilled a small amount, sloshing it over the side of the can as we pulled it over a large rock in our path. Soon we were ready to begin our mission with pine boughs all dripping with the bright red paint. We swiped and dripped, dripped and swiped, streaking and smearing the red color on the dog house and the ground around it. "We have to paint the sides," I said and proceeded to whoosh my bough-brush back and forth on the back side as Scrappy watched our escapade with somewhat amused interest, cocking his head slightly from one side to the other.

"That's not the way," Dick said with a scowl on his round face.

With his make-shift paint brush, he pushed me away splashing and splattering me with the red enamel.

I wiped my eyes and decided he couldn't paint me and get away with it, even if I was a girl, I stabbed my pine bough into the paint can and pulled it out, swiping it through his hair, across his face and down his chest.

He grimaced and before I realized what was taking place, Il too, was painted. All of me, but what was covered by my sun dress, glistened shiny red in the warm summer sun. My hair, stuck fast to my head, held some of the little pine needles and Dick laughed.

"Looks like you got horns!" he said.

I drew back and swatted him hard with my wispy paint stick. Dick screamed.

"You cry like a girl," I smirked.

He shoved me down and dirt stuck to the paint covering me. I was a red, sticky mess and I would make him pay; pay for always being so mean to me. I stood up and quickly poured the remaining paint on Dick's head. He just stood screaming as the thick goeey redness oozed down his face? arms and legs.

He began to run toward the house. Mother, big with her pregnancy, and Auntie both ran outside to see what was the trouble. Seeing Dick, both screamed, thinking it was blood.

"Linda painted me!" He cried. "She painted me then poured paint all over me."

"It's paint," Mother sighed in both relief and disbelief as she looked toward me all covered with paint. dirt and pine needles.

I stood statue-like and didn't speak. I was, after all a little girl. I was innocent of such bad boyish pranks.

"it's enamel car paint," Mother whispered to Auntie. "Left over from when Warren had that old Hillman Husky painted. How will we ever get it off them?"

"Kerosene," Auntie remarked. "We need to pour some in a tub and just put them in it. I can't believe these kids. Stand right there, Dick, and don't you

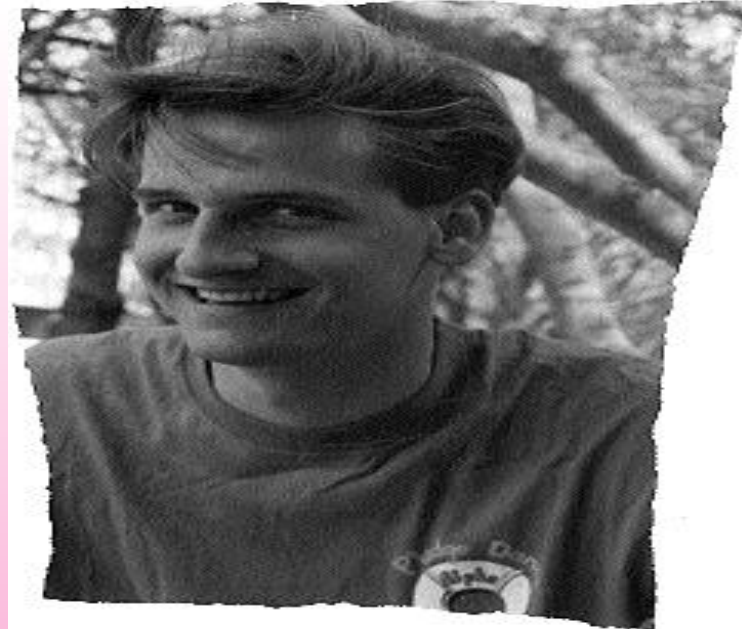


John Hayes First Meeting

Quiet beauty clothed in white
lies on silk in hollowed oak.
"That's your cousin,"
they told the four year old, nearly five.
Mouth agape, eyes wide, he stared.
He'd never seen her before.
"Sugar diabetes," they said.
"And only twenty years old."
"Terrible, right in her prime."
She didn't stir
all the while he watched.
"Will I get that way too?" he asked.
"Yes, everyone does."

miss winkle's
war
mike lazarchuk

Rebecca saw smoke
& alerted me
At first I thought
The blazing object
Was a piece of
Furniture like
A chair
I ran around
The shrubs with
My garden hose
& started squirting
The flames before
I even realized
It was our neighbor
Miss Winkle going
Up in black clouds
Of ugly smoke
Cremating herself on the
Well tendered green lawn
Of her back yard like
A Buddhist monk
Dying by fire to
Stop the war
Raging in her head



dare move.”

Mother hurried toward me and I still stood innocent-like and managed to force a couple of tears from my nearly-painted shut eye lids.

“Honey, what happened?” Mother asked seeing my innocent distress.

Sobbing pitifully, I didn’t answer.

Within a few minutes, both Dick and I stood in a big metal wash tub, stripped naked while Auntie scrubbed our skin raw with a brush dipped in kerosene. After half an hour we were clean of paint and most of the first two layers of skin.

“Now,” said Auntie as we stood before her. “What happened? Why did you two do this?”

I just stood still and continued to act innocent. “I didn’t do anything,” I said.

“Dick did all of it. I’m just a little girl.”

“Dick,” she said, “you’re grounded for a month. No movies, no ballgames and no company. Do you understand? Linda wanted to play tea party. You should have listened to her and you wouldn’t be in all this trouble now!”

I felt proud of myself. I had finally gotten even with my cousin, the little scourge, for all the times he had made me cry because I wasn’t a boy. I smiled contently, glad I was just a little girl and hurried to have a tea party with my new wetsy doll.