

children churches & daddies

Published since 1993 • Janet Kuypers, Editor

stupid, boring,
technical **crap:**

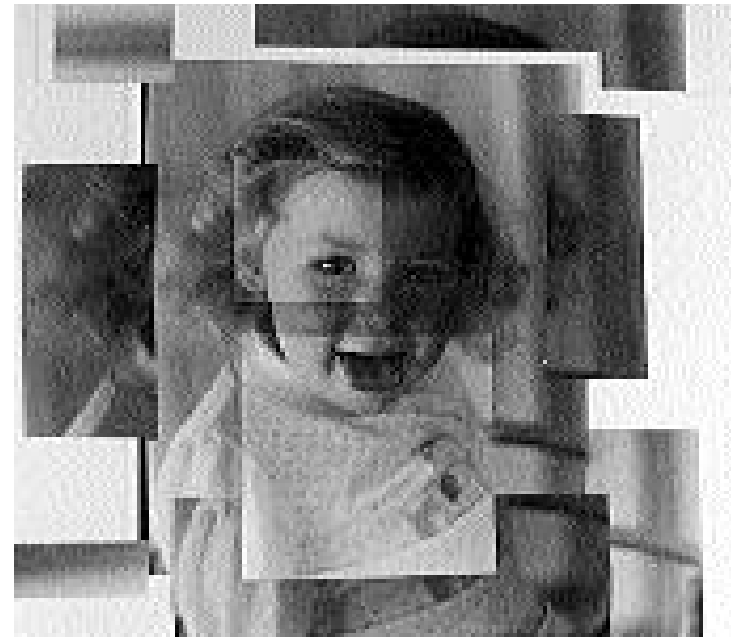


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Children, Churches and Daddies
Scars Publications and Design, Janet Kuypers
3255 W Belden, 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559
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children churches & daddies

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



volume 68



edit
editorial

walking with you (2/18/94)

It's springtime again
and here we are,

picking flowers from neighbor's yards
at three a.m.

it's still a little cold
it's still only April
as the wind rushes through our clothes

hands clasped walking in stride

lily of the valley,
tulips, daffodils

it's a beautiful wind

think globally
act locally
change personally



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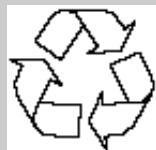
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publishers of
children, churches & daddies
reverb
aaa poetry
the burning
god eyes
poetry sampler
poetry boxes
the annual poetry wall calendar
down in the dirt
mom's favorite vase newsletters

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homophobic material. No
originals; include SASE & bio.
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remain with their authors.

and geez,
recycle this.
do i have
to tell you
everything?



letter to the editor

it's not funny the number of times i walked into a hospital to seen a battered child only to have the first words out of that child's mouth be, "when can i go home?"

admitted, only some of my work is about social issues only some of my work is about children some of my work is about my son (i raised him by myself, his mother got help, got better got visitation and then split with him for nine years - my son has never forgiven her for it, no matter how many times she said she did it for him...

this was years ago, back when no one knew what a manic depressive person was. they said she was everything from multiple personality to just plain crazy and the meds were poured into her.

it was a woman doctor who finally understood (a gender thing?) the problem is people with that disorder, on meds - begin to feel better than stop their meds - then they get worse

it's a happy ending. i work with children my ex has a husband and several children - he, at times, forces her to take her meds my son is twenty-two, at times acts like he's twelve the signs of manic-depression he was showing years ago turned out to be "learned behavior" and he is much better

he couldn't come for a visit for my last birthday, so he called to tell me not to worry. While i may be older than most trees; i am way younger than most rocks - what a sweet child!

he was nice enough to explain MY problem to me. At twenty-two i was married, in the service and he was born; at twenty-two he is single, free, therefore i am jealous of him!

i didn't bother to explain that i've been single longer then he's been around and that while i was fourteen and on my own, he lived with mom and step-dad (step-dad has money!) until he was twenty-one. i just gave him a mental hug and dropped a check in the mail.

dail chaffin

cc@d



Independence Day

Ken Sieben

The moment Walter Martin slammed the door, he felt surprised he had not let it close by force of its own weight. That would have been more like Walter, for he was a quiet, logical person, a computer programmer, who normally did not indulge in demonstrations of temper. In seventeen years he'd never even shouted at Joan.

Walter had walked out the door in quiet anger many times over the three years he'd known their marriage was disintegrating, so the instinctive, unintended act of slamming the door signaled to him a finality, like driving a nail through the surface of wet lumber. This time he would not go back.

The problem was not that Joan denied him sex but that she showed the same attitude as when doing dishes or laundry. To her, his erection was like a torn sock or an uncleared table—something that required her to perform a duty. And she always did her duty. Her life was one continuous duty.

Walter had once loved Joan and felt sorry for her now, but he no longer felt responsible; he had not done it to her. For three years he had failed to find a cause for Joan's inability to derive any pleasure, satisfaction, or enjoyment from life.

At first he thought it was the fault of her older sister who never married or even dated and, Walter figured, had apparently never experimented with or had any curiosity about the sexual act. Some people were just like that and there was no precise cause. It was just the way things happened. But no one, Walter realized, not even Joan, could be influenced by Catherine.

Two summers ago, Walter had concluded the problem was related to their daughter, who, then twelve, seemed suddenly aware of her own sexuality. Carolyn had inherited from him both her height and her skin that tanned so easily, and would spend every Saturday and Sunday afternoon either playing volleyball on the beach with the high school kids or waterskiing behind some older boy's speedboat as it raced around the bay.

One of the reasons Walter enjoyed living by the water was the opportunity to see people having fun. After his own daily morning swim he would linger just to watch the little kids build castles in the sand and the men cast lures from the beach. He owned a small outboard runabout which he docked right at their bayfront condo. Carolyn had been skiing since she was eight and still went crabbing with him, though not as often as when she was younger. She was comfortable on the boat. She seemed naturally comfortable on the water. She could handle a small sailboat by herself and wanted a windsurfer for Christmas.

The Fourth of July when Carolyn was thirteen was the first time Joan did not go

men to hire his ex-wife so he would have lower alimony payments and that he altered his personal diaries that were later subpoenaed by Senate investigators.

The Oregonian, the state's largest newspaper, renewed its call for Packwood to resign. "His honorable course in the face of public dishonor is to resign, allow Oregonians to elect a successor and permit the Senate to move past the distraction of his peculiar and expanding case," it said. "He can help this state, and perhaps himself, by departing now."

In a statement Monday, Packwood again denied the latest rumors that he plans to step down.



with them to watch the fireworks. She said that she had a headache and the noise would make it worse. They had always gone by boat because it seemed more exciting than sitting in packed bleachers. Aunt Catherine would accompany them and Carolyn would usually invite her best friend of that summer.

Fourth of July was Walter's favorite holiday. He'd taught Carolyn that it was good for a family to enjoy themselves when in the midst of other people also enjoying themselves. They could have an evening swim, a picnic supper and a moonlight boat ride on any night, but to do these things in the sight and presence of other American families on the national holiday gave Walter a very special feeling. It was one of the deliberate steps he took to connect himself with the world. Joan never made connections. She could perceive only the noise, the expense, the drinking; she could not comprehend the human need for shared spectacle.

Carolyn did not show any disappointment that her mother wasn't coming. When Walter told her, she immediately—and correctly—assumed Catherine would likewise not come and asked permission to bring three friends. Walter agreed, not realizing two of them would be muscular sixteen-year-old boys. He didn't really mind; the idea had simply surprised him at first. On consideration, he knew his daughter was beginning a new phase of her life. She had always been a fun-loving kid, and now the range of her fun was going to expand. That was certainly nothing to fret about.

Joan would fret, he knew as soon as the boys arrived, and he was right. She raised no objections, only her eyebrows, but when he returned late that night to find her asleep over her knitting, he could still see the furrows in her forehead.

So the next Fourth of July when Joan said, "You know I don't go to the fireworks anymore," Walter declared his independence.

packwood packs a juicy one

PORTLAND, Ore. (Reuter) - One of two new sexual misconduct charges against Sen. Bob Packwood was filed by a woman who was 17 when the senator allegedly forced a kiss on her, the Oregonian newspaper reported Tuesday.

"He laid a juicy kiss on my lips. I could feel the tongue coming," the woman said in recounting the 1983 incident.

The newspaper, which also repeated its call for Packwood to resign, did not reveal the woman's name but identified her as one of 23 women who originally told their stories to the Washington Post in February 1993.

On May 17, the Senate Ethics Committee charged that Packwood had made unwanted sexual advances toward 17 women over the past three decades. Two additional complaints by women have been filed since then, including one by a woman who said she was an intern on Packwood's staff when he attempted to force himself on her in 1983.

The woman told the Post in 1993 that she worked as a summer intern for Packwood for two years when she was in high school and occasionally drove him to work since she lived with her parents in the same neighborhood where he lived in Bethesda, Maryland. During the drives, she said, Packwood told her he considered her a woman despite her age.

She said that during her senior year, she asked Packwood for a letter of recommendation to use for her college application and the senator insisted on personally delivering it to her home when no one else was there.

As she read the letter, she said, Packwood tried to give her a hug. She said she pushed him away and it was then that he tried to kiss her.

In Washington, Sen. Barbara Boxer, a California Democrat, said the new charges showed the need for public hearings on the complaints. "I am very disturbed about this," she told reporters.

Last week, Boxer forced the Senate to vote on whether to have public hearings into the allegations but her bid was rejected, 52-48. She said she would not seek a new vote unless she was sure she would win.

Sen. Alan Simpson, a Wyoming Republican, said the charges against Packwood should be dropped because they took place more than six years ago, the statute of limitations for sexual misconduct offenses everywhere in the country.

The second new complaint came from Celia Lighthill, 55, who claims Packwood grabbed and kissed her during a camping trip on the Snake River in 1971, the Oregonian said. It said she testified to Ethics Committee staff members last weekend.

The committee had planned to release all relevant documents in its investigation this week but it delayed the release while it looked into the latest charges.

The committee also has charged that Packwood asked lobbyists and business-

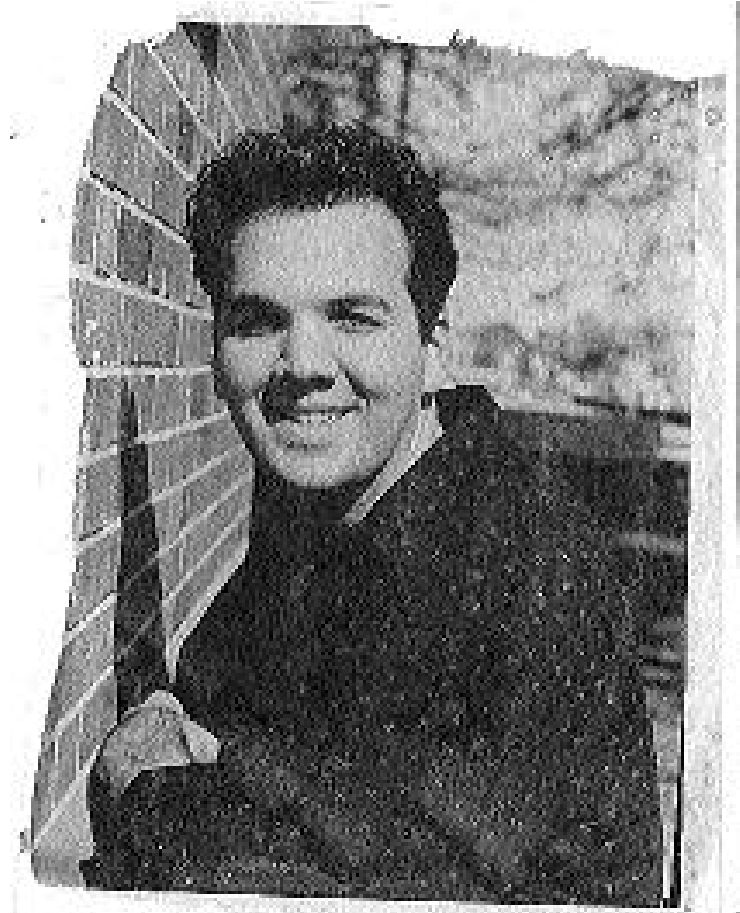
plush horse stories
ice cream parlor,
candy shop, bakery,
1986-1990
work stories

four syllables

tuesday nights were regular working nights for me, and in the winter time the ice cream parlor never had any business. so i worked with vince, a regular guy, like me, well, regular, like me, not like me because he's a guy, because i'm a woman, you know. wait, so anyway, i'd work with vince and john, and john was like a marine wanna-be, a real tough guy that obsessed over his body. not a real intellect. harmless, funny in his machismo, i guess. so once we were sitting around, i'm talking to john and john's got his back to vince, talking to me, and i must have made some sort of cut-down to john, and i knew he wouldn't understand what i said, but then he looked at me and he said, "elaborate." and vince and i just burst out laughing, and i said, "ooh, johnny learned a new word at school today," and vince was holding up four fingers and mouthing, "four! four syllables!" john never saw vince. vince and i were both so impressed, john had a fifty cent word. we were laughing so hard.

janet kuypers

cc@d



times are hard

i'm getting by

with basic
cable.

c ra mcguirt

cc@d

accounts for the
need of gun
control

January, 1995

One day a man decided to kill people.
A shooting spree. So he went into a
gun shop, picked up a pair of assault

rifles, a number of rounds, each of
one hundred bullets. And he bought
these things, he didn't need a

permit or a license. Just walked in
and out. And he went to an office
building to take out his revenge

on the world. My wife was there,
took five bullets in the back. I wonder
if she suffered before she died. We
went

on a ski trip together last Christmas.
She looked so beautiful with the
snow in her hair. This man didn't need

a license, and yet I needed a permit to
retrieve my wife's ashes from the
crematorium. He didn't just do this to

her, you know. Or to the other victims.
He's tortured me, and our baby girl.
Our
girl is darling. She's blond, like her

mommy. We have to live with
this trauma forever. This should not

be how we have to live.

As my girl's second birthday
approached
this year, I asked her what she
wanted. She said she wanted

to see mommy. Guess what
she is going to want for her
third

janet kuypers



your hour
c ra mcguirt

I know a poem ain't much
But i could be jerking off

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

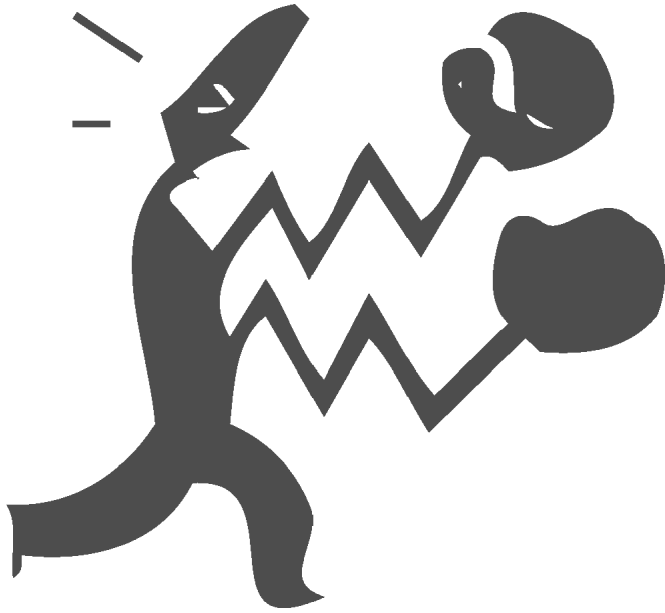
Indeed, there's a healthy balance here between wit and dark vision, romance and reality, just as there's a good balance between words and graphics. The work shows brave self-exploration, and serves as a reminder of mortality and the fragile beauty of friendship.

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.



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the nightmare alexandria rand

The chain lock snapped
as the voices poured out
that filled my brain with death.

the bespattered remains
of what could be called
my inflated ego
clung to the curtains
that were stained with rain
and dripped from the bedsheets
onto the champagne stained
carpet.

I only wanted to surprise you
as my tears dripped down ice
and my screams were only
blocked by a blank stare.

I never like that carpet anyway.

“ Drawing the Wrong Conclusions ” D. V. Aldrich

Ron had brought home a complete set of exercise equipment, including an exercise bench, for Brenda's birthday gift. While she thought this was a rather peculiar gift, Brenda decided she would give it a try in hopes of dispelling the sorrowful look Ron had given her when she had made her initial comments about his selection. Having promised a friend she would babysit her six year old daughter, Amy, Brenda decided to occupy Amy's time with some coloring books and crayons while she went upstairs and gave the exercise equipment a try.

With Amy busily occupied downstairs and Ron just finishing up a shower, Brenda began moving the exercise equipment around, which created some noise, and she was unaware someone had come to their front door and Amy had let them inside. Now, this person was not a stranger to Amy, but he was a stranger to both Ron and Brenda. His name was Mr. Potts, and he had been to Amy's house many times trying to get her parents to buy more insurance from him and, evidently, had stopped by Ron's and Brenda's house to solicit their business as well.

“Hello, Mr. Potts. Remember me?” Amy asked.

“Why, yes I do, Amy. What are you doing here?”

“Brenda and Ron are babysitting me. Do you want to see them?”

“Yes, if they're not too busy.”

“Okay, wait over there in that big chair, and I'll go get them for you.”

“Thank you.”

So, Mr. Potts sat down, while Amy went upstairs. Well, Ron had finished his shower and was wearing only a towel, which he had wrapped around his waist, when he noticed Brenda was taking an interest in the exercise equipment. He was so happy and had sneaked up behind her and was kissing her on the back of the neck, when Amy, un-noticed by them, got a glimpse of what they were doing. Amy quietly retreated and went back downstairs and began to assess the situation upstairs as only a six year old could.

“They're busy, Mr. Potts. Ron is naked, and they're making bees.”

“Do you mean like the birds and bees?”

“Of course, silly. You know about the birds and bees, don't you, Mr. Potts?”

“Well, I'm not sure.”

“I do. When I grow up, I'm going to make me a bee, but I'm not going to put a stinger on him. Stingers hurt, you know.”

“Yes, they can be very dangerous.”

“My daddy got stung, right on his balls.”

“Perhaps, I'd better come back some other time. Here, let me leave one of my

cards.”

“What’s in that box?”

“Oh, you mean my briefcase. Well, I just keep my important papers in there.”

“My mommy has a box like that. She keeps her papers in there, too. Her papers aren’t filled up, though. She tells her boss she is going to work at home, but she doesn’t.”

“I guess we all have our little secrets.”

“I know a secret. Do you want to hear it?”

“What is it?”

“My daddy can make teeth grow while he’s sleeping, nice ones, too.”

“How does he do that?”

“I don’t know but, every night when he goes to bed, there is a glass of water beside his bed and, when he wakes up, there are a bunch of pretty teeth in that-glass.”

About then, Brenda started lifting weights for the very first time in her life, while Ron was helping her but, unaware to them, their voices were carrying downstairs, where Amy had convinced Mr. Potts that he should stay a little longer, because it does not take very long to make bees. Well, you can guess what Mr. Potts was thinking as the sounds filtered down from above.

“Okay, honey, now crouch down and put one in each hand,” Ron instructed Brenda, who was about to lift two small dumb-bells.

“Okay, now straighten up your body and pull them up to your chin,” Ron continued.

“Like this?” Brenda asked.

“That’s fine. Now, just lower them slowly.”

“Hey, that was fun. Let me try that again.”

“Okay. Now, just bring them up to your thighs this time. We don’t want to hurt anything. Wait a minute, I’ll move over this way so you can get a better position.” Needless to say, Mr. Potts was feeling quite uncomfortable and wanted to leave, but Amy had gotten out her crayons and was making him a picture of a horse, so he couldn’t very well leave at that moment. All he could do was to sit there and listen and hope to God that Brenda and Ron would soon be over with their intimate rendezvous. Well, Brenda was ready to tackle the full size bar-bell with a minimum of weights, so Ron prepared it for her and began instructing her on the proper procedure to follow.

“Okay, honey, stand with your feet just slightly apart, lean forward, and get a good grip on it.”

“Okay, I’ve got it. What do I do with it now?”

“Be sure your knees are bent and your knuckles are forward, then ease it up to your chest. Be careful, now. I don’t want you to hurt yourself. If it’s more than you can handle, just let it drop on the floor.”

widow, Maureen, was feeling, but that he did not kill her husband.

“We are making a moral appeal not only for his life to be spared, but for a retrial,” he said. “He was very focused and spiritually very strong.”

Abu-Jamal’s petition for a new trial contends that the original conviction was tainted by inadequate representation, prosecutorial misconduct and court bias.

Prosecutors and state officials had said Abu-Jamal was convicted fairly on evidence, including his gun with five spent shells found moments after the shooting.

Weinglass said the retrial hearing would continue. On Thursday, the defense said, a new witness is to appear with eyewitness testimony that supports Abu-Jamal’s innocence. That witness is currently serving a prison sentence near Pittsburgh.

The slain policeman’s widow, Maureen Faulkner, who is leading a battle to counter pro-Abu-Jamal publicity, told reporters the stay was not unexpected and probably legally necessary.

She said she will only feel peace “when the death penalty is carried out and this man (Abu-Jamal) is silenced as my husband was silenced 14 years ago.”

Asked about Jackson’s statement that Abu-Jamal had expressed his innocence and regret for her pain, she said: “I don’t believe that. Mr. Jamal has never shown any remorse for what he had done.”

stay of execution won

By Randall Mikkelsen

PHILADELPHIA (Reuter) - Former Black Panther Mumia Abu-Jamal, whose efforts to win a new trial in the murder of a policeman sparked growing foreign protests to spare his life, Monday was granted an indefinite stay of execution.

“I am now not under an active death warrant, although I remain under an active death sentence, thus I still sojourn in Hell,” Abu-Jamal said in a note to civil rights leader Jesse Jackson.

Court of Common Pleas Judge Albert Sabo said at a retrial hearing that he was granting a stay of the Aug. 17 execution date for Abu-Jamal, a teen-age member of the militant Black Panther group and a respected radio journalist, to give him more time to complete appeals in his death penalty case.

“It is for that reason and that reason alone I am granting a stay,” he told a court hearing. He said his ruling was not an expression on his opinion on the merits of the case.

Abu-Jamal was convicted in 1982 of the 1981 killing of Philadelphia policeman Daniel Faulkner. His quest for a stay of execution and new trial had drawn worldwide attention to the increased use of the U.S. death penalty.

Calls by foreign political leaders and activist groups for his sentence to be commuted have grown in recent days. France, acting Monday, and Germany Friday, have both called to halt the execution.

“I am thankful to thousands and tens of thousands of people...who have battled on my behalf,” Abu-Jamal said in his note to Jackson, who attended Monday’s courts session and met Abu-Jamal as a spiritual adviser.

Lead defense attorney Leonard Weinglass said the decision marked a turning point in the case and represented Abu-Jamal’s first legal victory.

“It is a very heartening victory for the many thousands of people who have come out around the world in support of Mumia,” he said.

Jackson said after a 40-minute meeting that Abu-Jamal had told him a new trial would prove him innocent and that he regretted any pain Faulkner’s

The picture in Mr. Potts’ head of what was going on upstairs could only make him wonder why Ron was so concerned with Brenda and not himself. “Perhaps I did get the short end of the stick,” he thought and couldn’t wait to see how tall Ron was. Then, just as she had promised, Amy showed Mr. Potts the picture of the horse she had colored.

“Do you like my picture, Mr. Potts?”

“It’s a beautiful picture, Amy.”

“It’s a picture of Brenda’s horse, Diamond, but I didn’t put in his pee-pee.”

“That’s probably just as well.”

“Diamond can make his pee-pee disappear. Can you make your pee-pee disappear, Mr. Potts?”

“No, “The Man Upstairs” didn’t give me the ability to do that.”

“Well, if you asked him nicely, Ron would probably give it to you.”

“No, I didn’t mean upstairs here. I meant upstairs in heaven,” Mr. Potts replied and began to wonder if there was a love making marathon going on upstairs. Well, there really wasn’t, but Brenda had finished lifting weights and had moved on to the exercise bench, and Ron was telling her what to do by reading it out of the instruction book that had come with the exercise equipment.

“Okay, Brenda, now slide down to the end of it and bend forward.”

“Like this?”

“Try to keep your legs closer together. See, just like the picture in the book. Now, grip the sides with your hands and, keeping your elbows bent behind you, give a half lunge backwards with your butt just resting on its end. Yea, like that. Now, bring your knees up and into your chest and, at the same time, raise your upper body just a little.”

“Nothing to it. Sorry, I didn’t mean to kick you in the face. What’s next?”

“Well, let’s see what’s in the back of the book. There, that looks interesting. Hold on, you’ll need a yardstick for this one. I’ll buy you a wooden pole tomorrow. I’ll be right back. I’m going to get the yardstick, and, while I’m at it, I’ll grab the camera. This should make a good picture for our album.”

“Hand me the towel over there. I want to wipe some of the sweat off before we start again. Thank you.”

“Okay, are you ready now?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“Sit upright on the end and hold the yardstick between your shoulders. Now, breathe in and twist to the right, and then to the left. C’mon, honey, smile. You’re on Candid Camera.”

Within seconds of Ron’s taking Brenda’s picture, they both heard the front door slam shut. Thinking, maybe, Amy had gone outside, they both rushed downstairs to investigate. Well, Amy was standing inside the door, but they saw a man driving off and questioned Amy about the man.



“Who was that man, Amy?” Brenda asked.

“Oh, that was Mr. Potts.”

“What did he want?”

“I don’t know.”

“Why did he leave?”

“He said he had to get home to his wife.”

IT

dail chaffin

I told him to go get it. He told me he couldn’t find it; this child of mine with long, thick, curly, dark brown hair and big brown puppy-dog eyes. We both knew he hadn’t even looked.

I was his hero, being in the Navy and always coming and going. His mother was the disciplinarian. He would argue with her about anything. For me, he would do anything without question, yet here he sat on my lap insisting he could not find it.

I made a stern face telling him to go find it now; leaving no room for discussion. He crawled off my lap, head hanging and marched slowly toward his room. I smiled thinking what a wonderful actor he would make someday, but stopped when he turned to give me one last sad-eyed look. Seeing it was useless he continued his death march.

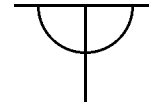
My curiosity got the better of me. I tip-toed to his room and peeked in. I found him standing in the middle of his room, head tilted back, staring at the point where the walls join the ceiling. He did this rocking heel-toe step, turning a complete circle never taking his eyes off of that point.

I got back to my chair in the kitchen just in time. He walked in with his head hanging. He crawled onto my lap, hugged my neck, kissed my cheek and said quite earnestly, “I look everywhere!” with a smile I couldn’t hide I said, “Come on...”

It has been many years and I’ve long forgotten what it was.

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 num-
ber, and send the originals to you. You

robert kimm

janet kuypers

era mcguirt

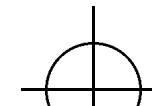
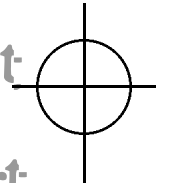
errol miller

john sweet

ben ohmart

gary a. scheinoha

the nineteen ninety send
poetry chapbook series
john sweet
paul weinman



turned the gun toward my stomach,
wrapped my finger around the trigger,
pressed my eyes shut, and fired twice.
But I opened my eyes
and stared at the waving weeds
as I felt the heat and the force radiate through me.
As I stood there, I began to hunch over
and all of my senses slowed down.
The weeds moved slowly, and as I started to walk,
my steps became shorter, yet longer to take.
Feeling dizzy, I couldn't even think.
But I knew it should hurt, and I waited for the pain,
but I just wasn't dying fast enough.
So I tried to keep walking,
but it felt like I was falling,
and I turned the revolver to my stomach again and fired.
I felt the jolt. I felt the force. I felt the heat.
But it just wasn't working.
I just wasn't dying.
So I moved the gun to the side of my head.
One shot rang out.
My ears were ringing — slowly but violently.
Why wasn't I dying?
I shot at the temple again, and once more.
Walking, slowly, now used to the heat
and only feeling tired.
Then a voice in my head told me to stop the dream
and I woke up.
Beads of sweat dripped down from my temple.
I tasted them
to make sure it wasn't blood.

I pushed myself away from the jungle gym
as I watched the girls on the swingset.
The brunette stared at the blonde in innocent amazement.
They're all just lies.
I turned around and walked away,
kicking the dead grass.

this is my burden

I managed to find a seat on the el
train, for once, I was going to work
early enough

so that it wasn't very crowded. And
the ride was the same as the el train
always is:

some people reading a paper, a
woman
putting on her make-up, most
just staring

out the window at the aging, rattling
tracks, the smattering of gang
graffiti on the

nearby buildings. Ordinary day in
Chicago, slightly overcast. I wear
my sunglasses

just to avoid eye contact with other
train members. We all know this
code: we know

we have to somehow keep our
sense of personal space, our
sense of selves.

I hear a bit of a scuffle behind me,
more the moving of people than
an argument;

nothing to ponder over. Then
a gunshot rings out. I turn around
and catch

a glimpse of two men struggling.
Instantly I duck down, as most
others do.

I crawl down to the floor in front
of my seat, trying to protect
myself, having

no idea who has the gun or which
direction the gun is pointing. I
don't even know

if this seat in front of me could
protect me from a bullet. There are
screams everywhere;

the gun occasionally going off.
I try to look to see if anyone
was shot, but

am afraid of being in the line
of fire. Another few men jump
in the fight,

in an effort to stop the gunman.
Why is this happening? Was it
an argument,

or just someone on a shooting
spree? The el comes to a screeching
halt at a stop,

and now comes the question: do we
make a run for it, and risk death,
or will the

gunman try to escape out the doors?
The train ride to here seemed an
eternity,

and now none of us even knows
if we should try to get off the train.
The doors

don't open. I hear a few gun-
shots; two men scream. The doors
finally open.

A barrage of policemen cover the
doorways. I could glance up and
see them.

Many more screams. They don't
seem to end. The policemen
rush the

gunman, shoot him before he could
shoot anybody else. It was over.
The next two

hours were spent on the train and
platform answering questions. I
had nothing

to offer them; I barely saw what
happened. They informed me that
it was not an

argument but a man trying to stop
a man about to go on a shooting
spree. Then

the man that survived the struggle
walked up to me, and when no one
was listenening

told me that the gunman walked
down the aisle, stopped four chairs
short of mine,

and aimed for my head. That was
when he jumped up to stop him.
That man

was out to kill me. But I've never
met him before, I said, and the man
said he didn't

need to know my reply, just wanted
to let me know why all this
happened.

This man's intentions were to kill
me. But why? Did he think I was
someone else?

And now I think of this every day,
the answers still not coming to me.
And I still

have this burden to carry with me,
that all these people died, all of these
people witnessed

this event, and in a way I couldn't
explain or justify, it was all because
of me.

And this is my burden. All this pain.
All this guilt. All these unanswered
questions.

janet kuypers

the dream

gabriel athens

I walked past the slide
almost stepping on the boulder in a children's marble game.
As I stopped at the swingset,
I heard two girls talking.
Slap bracelets, plastic purses, bows in their hair.
The blue-eyed blonde said to the brown-eyed brunette,
"If you dream that you die,
you will."
Those brown eyes exploded with fear.

As I walked away,
I stopped and leaned against the jungle gym.
The memories bombarded me—
Why did I have that dream?
Why did I stop myself?
Why didn't I die?

It was four years ago.
I was walking in a field
where the brown weeds stood a foot tall,
almost entirely covering the wretched, abandoned train tracks.
The pollution-grey sky
occasionally hurled its anger at the ground,
making rippling waves in the dead grass and straw.
I never asked why I was there.
Holding my denim jacket closed with one hand
I put my left hand in the coat pocket.
I felt the cold steel in my hands
and pulled the .22 pistol out into the light.
The polished silver-grey barrel
reflected my fingerprints.
I never asked why it was there.
I stopped walking,
switched off the safety,



december
lyn lifshin

night in
her wrists
the bluebranches,
road maps to
cities fog
blurs



we'll understand it all by & by

of course, God
watches the
movie,

but He can always
go out for a
smoke -

after all, God
already knows
everything,

except for the reason
why a large coke

costs two dollars
& fifty cents

at the movies.

c ra mcguirt

in the mirror
the woman
standing on a
towel sees
her bulges as
curves, her
grey hair a
rose amber

as I've chosen certain
mirrors at ballet,
in any new studio
found the ones I look
thin in, my thighs
in black leotards
like dark scissors.
I never use those scales
that glare at you, dare
you to put a coin in. I
don't stand dressed or
in shoes on any scale,
especially not the
ones with my reflection
staring back where anyone
in a Five and Dime or
Woolworth's could see the
numbers race up, jolt
past a hundred as they
would in 7th grade
when Mr. Dewey belted

out how many pounds we
were in front of the
whole class. I remember
my weight in each grade,
like Shirley Maclaine
seeing covers from
her past who says isn't it
horrid, all I remember
seeing my face in 1970 or
1962 is what man I was
in love with and how
much I weighed.

lyn lifshin

he'd rather
have a paper
doll she said

a porn woman. I'd
soak in a tub of bath
oil and hour come back
and drop the towel and
he'd roll over. Even
on our honeymoon he
was out getting skin
flicks he had Play
boy and Penthouse then
things in brown envelopes
stashed behind furniture,
films. I was in competition
even that week in Las
Vegas but I tried
8-1/2 years. I had my
breasts done, belly
but he'd lock himself
in the bathroom for
3 hours I could hear
paper turning he said it
had nothing to do with
me and he'd been such a
gentleman 5 dates before
he even kissed me my
father told his three girls
men just wanted one thing.
I'd wear teddies to bed,
eyelashes I tried suicide
twice never told anyone
thought if I just bought

the right nylon or lace
A real woman intimidates
him on paper he can have
as many, never with cellulite
or scars or hair where it
shouldn't be doing what
ever he could imagine

lyn lifshin