

# children *churches* & daddies

issn #1068-5154



scarsuonp2ppnd

# Bloodwork.

amy key

They come with needles to take of my life,  
To pierce my pristine white flesh  
And make their lofty diagnoses.  
The hungry metallic mosquito pries, probes, searches  
In vain  
For my life force-  
The secret of my tortured existence  
Is unbeknownst to them  
And will remain so.  
My veins refuse to open.

# the christian (i,ii,iii).

## Aaron Smith.

i.

I once found a man whom I thought in need,  
So I clothed him in my good charity.  
I strumped around town to show what I've done  
With a big grin, I went "Look everyone!"  
See how "Christian" I am and see I am good.  
I gave him a box shelter and a can of dog food.

ii.

I once saw a man sunk in his chair and crying  
He informed me his son was dying.  
O' I felt so bad for him, but I had to be terse.  
So I threw a little Christ his way and gave him a verse.  
I knew my "feeling bad" for him would elevate his pain.  
I told him to go pray and I felt my gain.

iii.

There was a man hanging from a cross.  
I saw his face, he was so tortured and dross,  
so to cheer him up, I told him a verse,  
said, "Jesus loves you!" and skipped to chuch.

# dysfunctional

## de:en:

I was watching Oprah today and a woman said she came from a dysfunctional family, that she was beaten when she was little, that her mother wouldn't tell her who her father was. And I heard another woman on a talk show say that there are so many dysfunctional families that it seems to be becoming the norm - that dysfunctional is functional.

And then I see a commercial on t.v. from the Church of Latter-Day Saints that tells your family to communicate, showing a man teaching his son to ride a bicycle and I leave the room.

And then I watch a movie with a scene where the father hugs the daughter and tells her he loves her and I cry.

I was working in another room while my parents were watching t.v., they must have heard that said one in five kids are abused. It could be any kid.

Well, I heard my mother say to my father, gee, that would mean that one of the kids was abused. And then she said, I didn't abuse any of them, did you? And father said, no.

I think that's when he proceeded to say that that figure is probably for lower class families, and not families like ours.

And I just stopped my work for a moment. A moment of peace. A memorial, you could say.

He doesn't think I know. But I do. How about sexual abuse? Yes, I know what you did to your daughter. How about emotional abuse? Yeah, I'd call what you've done to me abuse. You still have to power to make me cry at the drop of a hat. There is a lot I'm sure I don't know, but according to my figures, we're above average.

**Brodie**

**Karl Koweski**

Chris insists we call him Brodie  
he calls us dude  
every one of us  
dude

he speaks with a Southern California  
surk bum accent  
even though he's never been  
west of Iowa  
and the closest he's ever come  
to "hanging ten"  
is glapping around on a boogie board  
at the local water park

and if that's not reason enough  
to hate his fucking guts  
his girlfriend is the exceedingly  
beautiful young woman by the  
name of Christina who is  
personable, successful, and  
possesses a tanned hard body

specifically sculpted for  
bikini wear

yet she's totally oblivious  
to his rampant stupidity  
she even calls him Brodie  
and her loyalty is as  
unwavering as his accent

I hope they both contract  
cancer and their deaths  
are drawn-out and painful

dude

# finally got a real job

## ray heinrich

Living a bit west of washington d.c.  
has nothing to do with my finally  
having gotten a real job though i  
guess it must have helped but it  
probably has more to do with shear  
luck, my dog, and just the right  
combination of prescription drugs  
but whatever the reasons here i am  
getting up every morning, grooming  
myself, dressing appropriately,  
and heading to a safe little cubical  
where the poor people around me  
have to listen to conversations  
with my computer, my file cabinet,  
and the angry blue wastebasket which  
really isn't mine (well, none of it is  
mine but the others weren't stolen  
late at night from another floor  
of the building except for a few  
small parts inside my computer which  
i'll never admit to so it's no use  
telling anybody) so now i have a  
real job and earn money and am a

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proper member of society doing my part  
to help somebody who's already rich  
get richer which is about as moral as  
you can get in america these days and  
i don't seem to have much time to do  
anything else anymore but i'm told this  
feeling will pass and that i'm a real  
wimp cause most people could do this  
and have kids and even find time to  
get abducted by starships while still  
raising their kids and holding down  
three jobs and since i'm not doing  
anywhere near this i'm a real wimp and  
the neighbor who's telling me this has  
two cars in his yard he's been working  
on for years while i only have one.



# Life is a Novel

Melissa

Dawson

As you flip through the pages of life,  
You uncover many mysteries.  
You uncover many secrets,  
Some may bring you sadness,  
Some, much happiness and excitement.

As you read the chapters of life,  
You may suddenly feel the words.  
They may remind you of your past,  
Or introduce you to your future.

As you look at the cover of life,  
You see many images.  
like looking through a crystal ball,  
You see life as it is,  
Not what you want it to be.  
Life is a Novel.

# Castle of Sand

## Heather White

The tiny pink burn forming on his shoulders,  
Tiny grains of sand covering his wave splashed feet,  
Sitting on a towel in the sand.

His anticipation grows each time the tide comes near,  
He places the last details carefully in their place,  
Patting down the sides to make it strong.

A huge splash crashes upon the beach,  
The water slowly slides down into the tiny moat,  
His tiny seashell lifts off the sand like a ship.

His arms still blanketed with sand,  
And his face exhausted with the afternoons-hard work,  
His complete creation stands untouched for a moment.

Another wave crashes on the shore,  
The castle sinks into a the sudden flood of water,  
The tiny ship thrown away by the crash.

The sand and rocks drift away with the tide,  
All that's left is a pool of water,  
And a single untouched moment.

# all men have secrets

## shannon peppers

all men have secrets and here is mine.  
Strength is my weakness  
and now my shoulders don't stay in place.  
You ask me to open my eyes  
but they are. At least I think they are.  
Why don't you take me in your arms?  
Why don't you seduce me?  
Tear me in half. Rip me apart.  
Just don't cast me aside.  
I don't want to be strong. Be strong  
for me, so that I can adjust my chin  
and not have to worry about  
whether or not my eyes are open.

# Thought

J. Cromwell

Finkes

What is a thought of yours and mine,  
described at best as anything.  
Who can say what it is  
or is not?

Is time a line or do we swim through it  
and brace ourselves for each oncoming wave?  
Passed by, is it only - after us?  
As it was - before us?

The lines sometimes do not meet  
and still it looks like truth.  
In dreams abstract is often clear,  
awake, all logic disappears.

Does thought discover reality?  
Or is it the other way?  
Try to keep your mind from thought.  
Do not think it.  
Just try.

# Jus' Say No

K J Hale

The president was asked by a reporter one day,  
in his lifetime had he ever smoked dope?  
You'd think he'd surely say "yes" if he had  
and if he hadn't he'd jus' say "no."  
After all the sixties were a long time ago  
and it's not like he's goin' to jail.  
You know I don't understand the answer he gave,  
what's up with, "but I didn't inhale."

FRAGILE  
FLOWERS

Shoshana  
Kurzweil

On the kelly carpet,  
fragile flowers lift their heads,  
catching summer warmth.

# GAMBIT'S

## Tom Kretz

As droll radio quiz games ramble  
from animal to vegetable to mineral  
centering on who does what to it  
women contestants divide first class,  
leave the oak cluster and the iron cross  
around slicked-down manes of supermen  
imperceptive enough to be called killers  
expected to relieve themselves on stars;  
ah, another race and another Reich,  
reverse of which buggers the savanna.

The opposite of a killer obvious  
but the lioness eats and drinks well  
because she does not tell lazy Leo  
everything she knows, often hunting  
while he sleeps in shag, birthing in  
drag while the forcer of liquids slinks  
away to mark outer limits of phantom  
kingdom from vegetable to mineral  
in hopes of conquering another cat,  
another country in which to sprawl.

# If I were Queen:

Diane Kruse:

In the back of class  
the sneer emits snide remarks  
that make the girls giggle.  
All it strives for  
are the necessary papers.

I sentence him  
to a lifetime  
of fast food jobs  
with no air conditioning.



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**scarsuonpaeppnd**

# 16 Shades of Gray

L.B. Sedlacek

Talentless life forms  
dangling,  
hanging,  
upon a precipice  
as if bound for glory.

Failing,  
flailing,  
screaming for help  
are the only events transpiring  
to make yours an interesting story.

There's no need  
for bullhorns,  
or microphones  
as your soft words echo  
off the sheer walls of the quarry.

Your rope chaffing,  
your grip slipping,  
hooks snapping,  
belts breaking,  
your mid-life crisis has just become gory.

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MAMMA'S

CINNAMON

STRIPS

David E. Cowen

scraps of dough;  
the unused cut of the rim of a pie;  
mamma would reroll them in her hardened hands,  
in the slight moment between the boiling of a pan  
and the ringing of a timed bell.  
she would flatten the new ball,  
cut long thin ribbons,  
lace them with butter, sugar and cinnamon,  
lay them on a bent, blackened cookie sheet,  
and let them rise in the heat of the oven.

katie and I would pace between the shuttling  
of steaming niblets, cracked plates, spotted glasses,  
a thick-coated frying pan sizzling with smells,  
and watch the flavored dough come to life;  
the butter bubbling on the crust.

scarsuonpaeppnd

mamma would shoo us away  
from the blast of hot air  
as the door creaked open.  
she'd reach in with her stained washcloth,  
lifting from the edge,  
and set the sheet on a small pile of crumpled cloths,  
waving off our naive fingers from the burning metal.

after the required time,  
after tending to a demanding roast,  
stirring a grumpy pot,  
and consoling a whining kettle,  
she would hand each of us two calico strips  
on a white napkin;  
her hands and brow soaked from the steam

we always ate too quickly;  
unaware of the meaning of the ticking  
of mamma's kitchen timer.

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