

**children  
churches  
& daddies**  
Published since 1993 • Janet Kuypers, Editor

stupid, boring,  
technical **crap:**



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**children  
churches  
& daddies**  
the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine



volume 70



edit  
editorial

watching you  
(2/18/94)

a strand of your hair  
falling into your eyes

you brush it behind your ear

you move your head  
lean over

it falls again

it curls in just the right way  
it makes a perfect tunnel

it directs me  
my eyes are drawn  
to your beautiful blue eye

think globally  
act locally  
change personally



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& daddies

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editorial offices  
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email address  
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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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and geez,  
recycle this.  
do i have  
to tell you  
everything?



John Hayes

Guilt

With our house quarantined  
because of my scarlet fever  
and my dad not being allowed to come home  
that August was the hottest  
and the longest month in history.  
As I got better I amused myself  
by peeling dead skin off my thighs.  
It gave me something to do.

When the quarantine lifted  
and my dad could come home again  
he didn't.  
My Mom blamed me.

Some days I'd pedal my two wheeler  
past an old trolley track into the lip of an alley  
park by his dingy tailor shop.  
Nine feet, seven inches wide by nineteen deep,  
a place to sweat, to eat, to sleep.  
It had a toilet.  
I never learned where he bathed.

We never talked but he'd offer  
me warm canned peaches and a spoon  
then continue to sew as he listened  
to Ma Perkins and the other soaps.  
People said he could fix anything with needle and thread.  
I think they meant garments.  
I'd watch him awhile  
then read one of the comic books  
he always kept around for me.

He had a real pretty girl friend.  
Her husband traveled.  
She smoked a pack a day and ate expensive chocolates.  
She'd give me dime tips to run errands  
but never her chocolates.

She was nicer to me than my Mom  
who'd hit me and yell,  
"I wish you'd never been born,"  
and borrow my dimes  
but not repay me.  
I guess I owed her.



door to carry out the right to make their choice," he said.

Barrett said he is not angry with Hill, and does not believe his father would be. "He knew what the dangers were," he said. "I don't get mad at a mad dog or a person with a disease. As far as I'm concerned, (Hill) has a disease."

Since his conviction, Hill has given repeated interviews defending his action. In a typical comment, Hill commented to a television interviewer on his victims' families, "They should thank me for preventing their loved ones from killing innocent people."

The second Pensacola shooting prompted an outcry against anti-abortion violence. But on Dec. 30, a gunman in black opened fire with a rifle on staff and patients at two clinics in a Boston suburb, killing two women and wounding five other people.

## picking men like my father

who could never  
hold me, wouldn't  
talk. A handsome  
man they said he  
loved, but  
couldn't show it.  
Men with a dark  
ness who blackened  
the sun sat alone  
at kitchen tables  
mourning the dawn  
men who left just  
as I thought my  
touching them meant  
I could. I tried  
the anesthesia of  
words for fingers,  
tried giving up  
my body, drugged,  
to men with their  
knives, instruments  
that might get thru  
and cut out what  
needed bandages  
like an eye that  
wouldn't shut. But  
their metal hooks  
me men who masturbate  
pushing me from  
them begging for  
love their blacks  
and blues, a begging

bowwl cut off as  
an amputated limb that  
shrivels loses  
its muscles scabs  
over hard dead inside  
as the wooden boat  
the amputee stamps on  
scowling men who  
couldn't even  
stand on their own  
see me or hear  
anything

lyn lifshin

# On Delta's Edge

errol miller

Hauntingly

a man blows out his lamp  
it blazes up one last time and recedes  
into the dark night air of Louisiana  
apart from light, the man is nothing  
fingering gold stars for comfort, groaning  
weak-footed, he checks his calendar  
and his ticket to the Promised Land, breaking out  
in sweat, in the work-space of a hickory house  
he is not ready, reading his newspaper  
calling home collect to Mama  
thinking of fishing and mild heart trouble  
he clutches his Bible and rushes  
to the open window, the portrait of  
his grandson flickers in his mind  
all the comings, all the goings of old lovers  
extending the muscle of this right arm upward  
he admires his wrinkled flash, standing  
on the edge of the humid Delta  
he was once handsome, strumming  
big guitars in slantback Bars & Grills  
this newfound freedom, he steps across  
the fields of spring, the Jordan, he is on  
a lush transcendental journey he once  
read about at Oxford, the driver  
of the coach is misty-eyed  
thinking of the Blue and Gray  
and all the imperial childhood arguments  
never finished, that flood  
of forgiveness he gives himself  
putting on his straw plowing hat  
mumbling to himself.

# justifiable homicide?

By Cindy West

PENSACOLA, Fla. (Reuter) - To Paul Hill, his killing of two people outside an abortion clinic here a year ago was a heroic action in a war against abortion, but to the son of one of his victims the former minister is a madman and a murderer who robbed him of his father.

Bruce Barrett's voice still trembles as he talks about his father, Jim, a 74-year-old retired U.S. Air Force colonel whom Hill shot a year ago this weekend outside a Pensacola abortion clinic. Hill has repeatedly defended his action as "justifiable homicide" because Barrett was trying to provide security for a doctor who performed abortions.

"The anniversary of this particular event has been rough. Everything else, like holidays, I've been able to fill with other family members. But it's just the idea that the entire incident was perpetrated by a madman and was totally a waste of time," said Barrett, 48, of Pensacola, in an interview.

Jim Barrett was a volunteer at The Ladies Center, a women's health clinic, who with his wife June would travel to the airport to bring Dr. John Britton, 69, of Fernandina Beach, Fla., to the clinic where he performed abortions.

The Barretts tried to protect Britton from militant anti-abortion protesters. An abortion opponent had shot and killed a doctor at another clinic in Pensacola in March 1993.

When they got to the clinic last July 29, the three drove past Hill, 40, a well-known local abortion protester who had given frequent vociferous media interviews calling the murder of both abortion doctors and those who worked with and protected them "justifiable homicide."

Hill had chosen last July 29 to live out that belief.

"He looked Paul Hill in the face when he drove through the gate and within minutes, (Hill) was filling his face with shotgun shells," Barrett said.

Both Jim Barrett and Britton died in the shooting. June Barrett, 68, received minor injuries and later testified at Hill's trial, where he ultimately was sentenced to death in Florida's electric chair for the killings.

Jim Barrett was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, just before his 75th birthday. "We buried him on August 8," Bruce Barrett said. "We had a big party planned for his birthday on the ninth. Instead, we had a funeral."

"He would never have enticed someone to have an abortion. He probably would have counseled them and showed them other opportunities, but if they decided to have one, he probably would have been the first to stand up and march them in the



so then two weeks later i went to the grocery store with lisa and we bought a bottle of cheap dish washing liquid called Pink Lady, and we went to the parking lot of the plush horse while matt was working and we squirted the Pink Lady all over matt's windshield. we figured that if he used washer fluid it would just make this big soapy mess, but at least there was no permanent damage. and the worst thing was that it was his mom's car.

janet kuypers

## John Hayes

### Independence Day Came Again This Year.

In 1919 America's inquisitor,  
J. Edgar Hoover, a young and rising star  
did summon Emma Goldman,  
an advocate of birth control,  
free speech and other heinous convictions.

His verbal skills, his acumen,  
(but certainly not venom)  
resulted in her deportation  
with 247 others.

J. Edgar used the system.  
Gathered accolades and laurels.  
Though some would still rebuke him  
all true Americans support  
his enduring affirmation,  
"I ask, you tell."

He saved his land from anarchy,  
reds and communism.  
And damn near labor unions.  
When civil rights became the law,  
he sanctioned it.

Were he alive today,  
J. Edgar would  
most boldly battle  
against all crime,  
unless, of course, it's organized.

He never fought the system.

room

stairs  
worn  
right  
days  
hall

hall  
around  
anymore  
couch  
facing  
room

to  
myself  
today

snap

open  
creak  
drawn  
light

fear  
again  
anger  
kicked  
again

sweat  
couldn't  
do  
bedroom  
fists  
walls  
rage  
muscles

eyebrows  
lips  
sweat  
bedroom

stomach  
face  
arms  
hair  
apart

again  
face  
sheets  
screams  
me  
pain  
light  
bedroom

symbol  
ethic  
told  
society

eyes

mine  
Hell  
dresser  
pictures  
me  
frame  
edges  
floor  
dresser  
down

bedroom

gabriel  
athens

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

his mom's car

there was this kid who started working at the plush horse, he was this fat little geek, thick glasses and everything, and most of the guys that worked there were older and not so awkward. well one of them, matt, decided to make it his personal goal to make fun of this kid whenever he could, god, i don't even remember this kid's name, something like mark or something, but i really can't remember. i guess it doesn't matter.

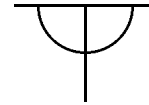
but this matt guy really didn't like him, and no one did, but i felt kind of sorry for the kid because matt was just so mean to him. i figured, okay, he's a geek, he gets picked on enough, but this really isn't necessary. well one day this kid came into the plush horse, and he wasn't working that day, and i saw him come in, and he looked really mad, like i've never seen him this mad before. and so i ask him while he's walking by, toward the ice cream counter, i ask, why are you so mad?

and he says that someone keyed his car, messed up the paint job and everything, and the worst thing was it was his mother's car. and then he walks to the ice cream counter and starts talking to matt and i can't hear what they're saying. so i'm minding my own business, and the next thing i know i hear the kid yell, right in the middle of this ice cream shop, he yells fuck you to matt, and he starts walking away. and matt says,

yeah, that's what i wrote on your car. and i remember looking at matt with such disgust when he said that,

# 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

robert kimm

janet kuypers

era mcguirt

errol miller

john sweet

ben ohmart

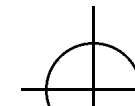
gary a. scheinoha

john sweet

the nineteen ninety five  
poetry chapbook series

paul weinman

mary winters



## 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.



# On the Delta

errol miller

Dogs,  
they bark this heart of mine  
to morning  
something  
about Dixie, its ruined prune-like face  
its starving Delta, nights across town  
in brackish brown water bars  
filled with trivial unnamed stars  
spoiled peaches and beer  
and small change for the jukebox  
always dust curls up from rural routes  
pork meat simmers on wood cook stoves  
the blur that is tomorrow upon the tenants  
out back the blues singer from Memphis  
dies of an overdose of loneliness  
a little river of imperfection  
flows down from the Northern Regions  
that abrasive Preservation Society of lack  
want and need and poverty; a toast to something  
as motorized sweeping machines spread out  
across dawn's first light  
bumper-to-bumper crystal chandeliers  
depicting Tara as it really was  
the bad is hot, the crowd huge, no admission  
tropical atmosphere, always there is music  
and sweating waitresses stoned  
on wisteria-scented perfume, U.S. visitors  
with plastic money wanting steak and seafood  
now is not a holiday as fireworks detonate  
in sizzling cypress lean-to cafes  
if you're born close to home  
you usually stay there  
pressed between cotton and alluvial soil  
and the 23rd chapter of Psalms



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

## ice cream stain

so steve, a real flirt (it always annoyed me), once  
noticed that i had an ice cream stain on my shirt,  
from working, and it was right at the center of my  
chest, and he said, you know, i bet you have it there  
just so all of us will look at your chest. and i thought  
that this guy was just trying so hard to be funny, but  
wasn't.

janet kuypers

## utah abortion laws struck down

DENVER, Aug 2 (Reuter) - A federal appeals court on Wednesday struck down as unconstitutional three provisions of a controversial Utah abortion law, but kept in place parental consent.

The 10th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals described Utah's 1991 law as "a facial attack," or a direct assault, on the Supreme Court's Roe vs. Wade 1973 landmark ruling, which guarantees a woman's right to an abortion.

The judges noted that a trial court judge in Utah in 1992 had already "gutted" much of the law, which when enacted the previous year had banned abortions except in five narrow circumstances, such as rape, incest and to save the woman's life.

In Wednesday's decision, the appeals court struck down the law's provisions on foetal experimentation, prohibition on post-20-week abortions and a provision restricting abortion methods. Federal cases from Utah are appealed in Denver.

The court said the part of the Utah law that bans experimentation on "live unborn children" was unconstitutionally vague.

The provision requiring a physician to use a method that would give the foetus the best chance of survival — unless it would cause grave damage to the woman — is unconstitutional because it violates a woman's right to privacy.

In striking down the post-20-week ban, the appeals court said the provision too closely resembled the legislature's original intent to ban most abortions.

But the court said the law's provisions requiring parental notification and informed consent were constitutionally valid.



## Palace of Smoky Light errol miller

### Symbols and texts

a cousin on piano, the evening  
flows like alluvial Delta silt, all  
the comings, all the goings, outside the window  
of this nostalgic Occidental time and place  
another obscure widow is stalking us: soon  
it will be suppertime in Southside Bars & Grills  
soon old mates from Oxford will demurely sniff  
twilight's wisteria scented air and moan ecstatic  
and we'll turn our faces away, politely grieving  
among the thistle and the thorn, the hickory  
and the white-oak, let us praise  
the rhythmic hours that have passed, let us  
congregate at the Jordan  
and stare black-faced at its ripples  
tomorrow, in the morning, a new blue way  
similar to Chicago in the wintertime, already  
its borders are opening like Granny's calla lily  
already our sleep comes easily, the mundane repetition  
of existence demanding things in their places  
forsaking scientific knowledge and vague presumptions  
for a favor with a favorite God, much ado  
about the Promised Land, its milk and honey  
golden streets and stucco colonnades, so  
many different routes to Sanctuary, so many  
literary bookstores closing shop, this precise poem  
of man's bumble-bee demise  
will not counterbalance anything, here  
an arm, a leg, to rural Loveland via New Hope  
in the linear language of the supreme  
we'll find Southern slang, the limits of  
the sweetness of Dixie's sad cafes  
in the darkness of three a.m.  
there is a river, so the prophets say  
running out of Des Moines on sleepless nights  
I have heard its narrative voice, flashbacks  
as they were, to the grotesque horror of Atlantis  
a tedious bridge for memory's sake  
embedded in the consciousness of some

# Poetry.

power and was loath to give it up.

On April 11, 2023 Cecil suggested to George they hunt rhinoceros for a week in Kenya. George, an avid sportsman, readily agreed. The Kenyan President was contacted by George's Secretary of State and a diplomatic visit scheduled. Cynical reporters asked why this expensive trip was necessary. George, convincing as always, assured them that world peace and profitable trade agreements were at stake.

On April 15, 2023 while on rhinoceros hunt Cecil shot and killed his son George.

Publicly distraught Cecil maintained, "I aimed at the animal."

After being sworn in as President Cecil assured the country that George's policies would be carried out. Cecil's initial act was to promote all seventeen of the secret service agents who had accompanied him to Kenya followed by a granting of unprecedented authority to his Secretary of State.

He procrastinated over his choice for Vice President. "It's not too important a job," he said.

A widower and still virile Cecil took George's young ambitious widow, Jackie, as his confidant and companion.

After three months and with the media clamoring for a vice president she insisted that he appoint her.

"Aside from you no one else is qualified to carry out George's policies," she argued.

Although some radical feminists felt otherwise most voters regarded her ascendancy to the presidency following Cecil's untimely death three months later a good thing.

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

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

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

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

alexandria rand

# The Patriot

by John Hayes

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

## in a cardboard box

so we were talking about out sat and act scores, because we were all the same age and were taking our college entrance exams. so i asked steve what he got on the act test. it's like a thirty-six point scale, and upper twenties is good enough for a four-year college. and steve said, i got a nine; i tied with the chimp. what a card. then we were talking about this party, and i told him that he should have a party, and he said he couldn't. why not, i asked, and he said he was homeless, that he lives in a cardboard box. and i said, then why do your parents drive a lincoln town car? and he didn't have an answer. and i wondered if he sat at home at nights and rehearsed these clever lines for the next day, or if they just came naturally.

janet kuypers

George Quisenberry was a dedicated and patriotic American. A suave, handsome and charming war hero he had reached, at the young age of forty-six, the second highest office in the land, the vice presidency. Stories of his womanizing went unheeded. Surely he was not to blame if women could not resist his elegance of manners and poise.

His chief, Reginald Qualm, a conservative but ambivalent man, was again about to compromise with individuals who did not fully share George's patriotic devotion to principle. Sickened by such cowardly political expedients and driven by love of country George realized that he must act heroically.

This was not a task George undertook lightly but he knew from his war experiences as a Public Relations Captain that lives must, on occasion, for the greater good, be sacrificed. Realizing that the risk of detection was slim, particularly considering that he would be sworn in as president, George did, on April, 10, 2022 poison the president.

As George repeated his oath of office he realized with some trepidation that a similar fate could overtake him unless he carefully chose his vice president. Fortunately George came from a rich aristocratic family. His eighty three year old father, long active in politics and for the past thirty years congressional representative of a moderate and affluent district was a natural choice.

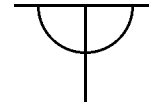
Despite critics' cries of nepotism George's father, Cecil became vice president. Secretly George's choice was approved by many since the selection left wide open the race to be George's successor.

George's father, a crafty politician and always a strong supporter of George's career even if at times he did not fully share his son's extreme conservatism took naturally to his new position. After being in office for only four months it was necessary for him to act as president for three weeks when George narrowly escaped death from a bomb thrown by a radical nihilist.

When George recovered Cecil was despondent. He had tasted pure

# 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

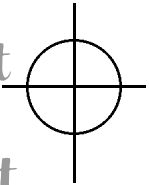
robert kimm

janet kuypers

era mcguirt

errol miller

john sweet



ben ohmart

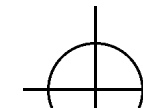
gary a. scheinoha

john sweet

the nineteen ninety five  
poetry chapbook series

cherilyn send

paul weinman



mary winters

# the daughter i don't have

wouldn't have to go over  
all the old hurts,  
everything ion the  
past, as if to know

who she is now or  
might have been.  
She won't string the  
"what ifs" or "might

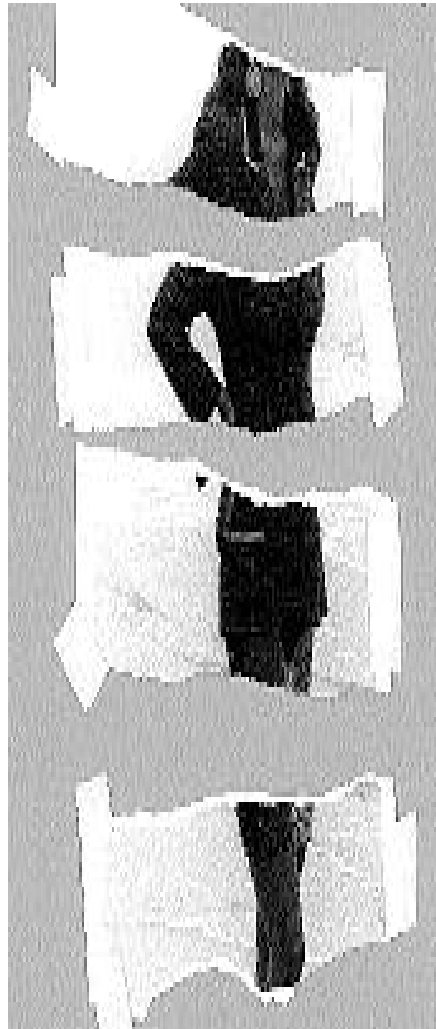
have beens" into beads  
she twists into a choker,  
sleeps in, feels press  
into dreams of where

whoever left is still  
leaving, a chicken bone  
caught in a throat,  
hook that tears

more when she tries  
to pull it out. The  
daughter I don't have  
could close doors,

walk out in the  
rain and see the  
pools of water  
as stars

lyn lifshin



# The World's Full of 'Em

Ken Pell

My wife and I were on our way back home to Indianapolis. We'd been on a trip to Florida to visit her parents, and decided to stop in Atlanta at 2 a.m. for coffee. Our waitress at Lindy's Truckstop was named Trixie. No kidding.

"Coffee?" she asked, whirling to a stop in front of our table.

"Please," I said. "And some cream and sugar."

She filled our mugs and reached into a pocket of her apron. "Sorry," she said, "But this dry cream's all we got left. There's sugar on the table." She smiled and walked away, her apron strings shaking behind her like a happy puppy's tail.

My wife had been to the rest room, but she soon returned to the table.

"Did you order?" she asked.

"I didn't know what you wanted."

She tore open one of the cream packages and frowned. "Now, Bill," she said, "I told you in the car that I wanted pancakes. Weren't you listening?"

Of course I hadn't been. "Yeah, I heard you," I lied, "But I thought maybe you'd want blueberry pancakes."

Maggie, my lovely wife, splashed two or three heaping spoons of sugar into her coffee. "You know I just want regular pancakes," she went on. "I never eat any kind but regular."

Shit, I thought. She'd eat anything that even resembled food.

When Trixie came back to take our order I noticed how she seemed to be smiling, especially at me. And then she seemed to have a seductive tone to her voice when she asked me if I wanted my syrup heated up.

Bored, and depressed about returning home, I began to take an interest in the girl. She looked like she was in her early twenties, brown hair, freckles, blue eyes, sweet

smile, and no wedding ring or tattoos. I wanted to strike up a conversation with her, but not with my wife sitting there. My charming, angelic wife...

"I'm sleepy," Maggie said, stretching, after she'd gobbled her griddle cakes like a starved mountain lion. She had syrup all over her mouth. "Are you about ready?"

I faked a yawn, even though I wasn't really tired. The coffee and Trixie had helped wake me up. "No," I said, also stretching, "I think I'm too tired to drive any more tonight. Maybe we'd better just stay here tonight at the motel."

I might as well have slapped her. "What do you mean, 'stay here!' I thought we left Florida a day early so you could get back to work. We were supposed to drive straight through."

"I know," I yawned again, "But it's not worth having an accident. One night isn't going to matter. We'll get a real early start in the morning."

Surprisingly, she agreed. It must have been the part about having an accident.

As soon as we checked into a room, Maggie took the warm shower I suggested and then fell asleep. The room was crummy, the walls paper-thin, but the noise from all of the semi's outside provided the camouflage I needed to slip out.

"You again?" Trixie asked as I sat down in a booth. She seemed obviously delighted to see me.

I grinned brightly. "Yep, I just couldn't sleep. I had to see YOU again."

My God, did I just say that, I thought? The words had slipped out of my mouth so fast.

Trixie's blue eyes answered my question. My remark about seeing her again, I realized, had been a question: "Are you interested in me?" And though I already knew, I needed her to tell me. And she did. With a sparkle from her eyes.

"Where's your wife?" Trixie asked, and my fantasy began to fall apart.

I thought fast. Really fast. I knew I had to.

"You mean that woman who was with me earlier?" I laughed. "That wasn't my wife. That's my sister. We're on our way to Florida to see our father. He's in a retirement

# One Mo' Time

errol miller

Like it is 1930

cafe au lait Creole

staggering time at the Piedmont

you get behind a big heavy green-door

you bang your pulse upon it

what you get is nothing

peach cobbler and top ten songs

unanimous raves from unseen critics

the success and the money

and the letdown that follows

about midnight an official opening

playing a rich role at the Majestic Hotel

going back for more

the mythical cast replaying supernaturally

an obsession with mild obsession

the proud owners of daily life

whirling off to Le Ruth's for long-stemmed vegetables

leisurely persistent in small platonic steamy kitchens

your neighborhood may not have a swooning parlor

choosing pink and gray for local color

choosing blue for early twilight

selecting white wine to rarify the moment

comes the wrecking crew to Paradise

the bower of a weeping willow tree

"however," you may say

over po boy sandwiches and beer

as if it made a difference.



Maggie rolled back over and snuggled up in the thin blanket. “A walk?” she mumbled. “Well, you’d better be careful. You’re likely to get mugged in a grimy place like this.”

I didn’t say anything. I just layed back on the hard mattress and drifted off to sleep next to my trusting, predictable wife, dreaming of the long drive home, and another dull day back at the office.

home down there and he’s not well.”

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I felt like throwing up. Why did I have to involve my family in the lie, and especially my father? What an awful, cold-hearted, selfish lie. My dad in a retirement home in Florida!

“Your sister?” Trixie seemed skeptical. “She doesn’t look like you.”

“We’re both adopted,” I blurted, the lies rolling off my tongue like a wad of spit.

“Coffee?” she asked, still smiling sweetly.

“Huh? Oh, okay,” I answered. I hadn’t really thought about ordering anything.

“Why aren’t you out with your boyfriend tonight?” I asked, the dumbest come-on line in the world. But she didn’t have one, she said. She was on the rebound. Her last boyfriend had been a real creep.

“Well, the world’s full of ‘em,” I said, winking and sipping my coffee. Trixie didn’t seem to be in any big hurry to leave my table, the civilian section of the greasy spoon not being too busy, so I went on. “Why don’t you take a break or something? We could talk?”

I didn’t know what she’d say, but she spun around, walked away, and then turned to face me again.

“Back in a flash,” she said.

I could see the freckles on her nose. Wow, I thought. This is great. She didn’t even ask me any more about my sister. She didn’t even ask me how old I am. She doesn’t know anything about me. For all she knows I could be an axe murderer. I grinned to myself when I thought of Maggie snoring away obliviously in the motel room. She’s made my life a living hell, I thought. Well, here’s where I get something back. If I’m going to live in hell I might as well enjoy it. Trixie. Wow.

Minutes later Trixie was back and sitting right across from me—bright-eyed, sweet, full of pep, happy—everything Maggie wasn’t. Every word that came from Trixie’s mouth excited me. She had a child-like enthusiasm and was unbearably cute. I felt like a high school senior all over again, trying to think of some way I could talk her into sleeping with me. But I knew I had to approach the subject



delicately. We chit chatted for a half hour or so, but I let her do most of the talking. I didn't want the subject of my "sister" to come up again.

Finally the conversation began to die down and I knew it was time to move in a different direction. I took a last big gulp of coffee and (telling her my sister was asleep in our motel room) asked Trixie if we could maybe go to her apartment since she'd told me that she lived only a few miles from Lindy's. My heart raced as I waited for an answer.

"Let's go," she said, grabbing her coat and purse. "I'll just tell Carol I won't be back tonight. We're not busy anyway."

I almost collapsed. I couldn't believe it was all happening so easily. I'm almost old enough to be her father, I thought.

But as we headed to the front door of Lindy's, something terrible happened.

"Where in the hell do you think you're going?" a woman's hoarse voice yelled out.

Trixie's face turned white and so did mine. But it wasn't Maggie. I'd never seen this woman before. This woman was gross, masculine-looking, a savage expression on her face. Then again, I think I HAVE seen her, I thought. In a movie called AMAZONS FROM PLANET MARS.

"I asked you where you think you're going?" the woman said again. She was confrontational, in a stance to pounce and scratch, bite, pull hair, punch. She glared at Trixie.

"Ignore her," Trixie said, grabbing my hand.

"What?" I whispered. "What's going on? Who is she?"

"I'll tell you who I am," the woman shouted bombastically. People coming in and out were beginning to stare. "I'm Trixie's woman. Did you tell him that Trix? Did you tell him we're married."

"We are NOT married, and I wish you'd quit telling people that," Trixie said, tightening the grip on my hand. "Now let's go."

But the terrible woman followed us outside.

"I ain't letting no man get a hold of my Trixie," she said, grabbing Trixie's arm. She began whispering in Trixie's ear, quietly, but far from tenderly. "Come on,

honey. I thought ya loved me. Why are ya bein' so mean to me?"

"You don't own me, Lydia, so just go away." Trixie didn't seem to be embarrassed, she was just angry.

All I wanted to do, though, was run away. I've always tried to keep an open mind when it comes to other people's sexual preferences, but this was just too weird. I could see myself fighting a lesbian in a truckstop parking lot at three-thirty in the morning and ending up in jail and Maggie having to bail me out and then listening to her bitch all the way home. Oh, what I wouldn't give to be safe in that motel room right now drinking a beer and watching TV, I thought. What in the hell made me decide to do this? Maybe I should have Dr. Jarvis neuter me when we get home.

"Hey, you," the wicked lesbian grabbed me by the shirt collar. "I think it's time for you to leave."

Before I could say anything, Trixie pulled me her way. "Let's go!" she groaned. "Buzz off, Lydia, we're leaving. He's spending the night with me." She planted a big, wet kiss on my lips and tried to stick her tongue in my mouth, but I wouldn't let her. Lydia was glaring at me and seemed ready to fight. For all I knew she could have had a knife or a gun.

Oh, fuck, I thought. I've got to get out of here now.

"Excuse me!" I said firmly. I have to go to the bathroom. Why don't the two of you talk things over for a few minutes and I'll be right back."

"Yeah, why don't you COME RIGHT BACK," Lydia said, her words thick with sarcasm. "I ain't done with you yet."

I half-smiled at Trixie as I let go of her hand and shuffled back inside. Then I quickly exited out a back door and up to the motel room.

I had to stop before entering, I was so out of breath. Maggie rolled over when I opened the door. "Where you been?" she asked sleepily.

For the first time in a long while, Maggie's words were comforting to me.

"I couldn't sleep," I said. "I had to take a walk. All that riding in the car today made me antsy. Plus all that coffee." I sat down on my end of the bed and began pulling my shoes off.