

children churches & daddies

Published since 1993 • Janet Kuypers, Editor

stupid,
boring,
technical
crap:



cc+d is published bimonthly, so submit early and submit often. No racist, sexist or blatantly homophobic material is appreciated; we do accept work of almost any genre of poetry, prose or artwork. Do not send originals; include a SASE & bio with each submission. Any work sent on Macintosh disks, text format, will be given special attention (ASCII submissions also accepted). Submit as much as you want at a time; previously published work accepted. All material submitted is eligible for printing not only in Children, Churches and Daddies issues, but also in any other publishing ventures of Scars Publications. Send all submissions, praises, questions and comments to:

Children, Churches and Daddies
Scars Publications and Design, Janet Kuypers
3255 W Belden, 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559
email address: c.c.andd@eworld.com
Copyright © 1995, Scars Publications and Design,
Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual
pieces remain with their authors.

chapbooks:

1993: hope chest in the attic (chapbook and book), the gallery (computer program), knife, people today, dysfunctional family greeting cards, slate and marrow, dreaming of dandelions and ice cubes, addicted, new world order, gasoline and reason, the written word, the printed gallery, right there by your heart, rendering us, gabriel, magnolia christmas, how you looked then.

1994: paper backbone, winter prayers, looking through their window, games, order now, a (fe)male behind bars, two year journey, they told me their dreams, the window (book), city, it was a perfect house, pictures from a still life.

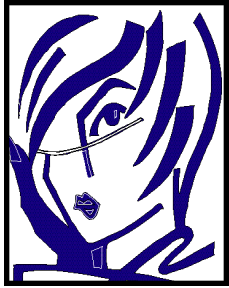
1995: things i saw alone, proud to be a part of things, love letters, scratching, still had to breathe, wrinkles in the palm of my hand. Upcoming chapbooks: house of slavs, come into my garden, texas, new york, in these desperate times, before the storm, some things instinctively hurt, the house is a ship, circling overhead, six stories, this is what it means, louisiana poems, quiet madmen, she thinks/he thinks, singular memories.

ISSN 1068-5154

children churches & daddies

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





edit
editorial

without you
(1/6/94)

i look out at the evening sky

trees laced with snow
on the delicate branches

glistening in the whiteness

the darkened sky the powdered
streets

the trees aren't as beautiful anymore

think globally
act locally
change personally



children, churches
& daddies

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

editorial offices
children, churches & daddies
scars publications & design
janet kuypers, managing editor
3255 west belden, suite 3E
chicago, illinois 60647-2559

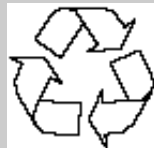
email address
c.c.andd@eworld.com

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

No racist, sexist or blatantly
homophobic material. No
originals; include SASE & bio.
Work sent on disks or through
email given special attention.
Previously published work
accepted.

copyright © 1995
scars publications and design,
children, churches & daddies,
janet kuypers. all rights of pieces
remain with their authors.

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



Perpendicular To These Streets

Perpendicular to these streets

Creole architecture, on the left bank
of the Mississippi River a public road runs
along the boundary-line, a Jesuit priest
stands at the doorway of the Proper House
a gallery with dancing columns faces Eastward
and other streets were given common names
of children: Nicholas, Blanca, Dauphine, Mary
we can assume all dilapidated houses are haunted
widows, with large paintings, their eyes rotate
back into history, they weave lovely lonely
cotton plantation rags into velvet fiction stories
another plan dismembered, another death-rattle
across the hallway they anoint the body
with dreamy salve, where the gabled history
of the artwork ends they make a place
probably of wood but never everlasting
light from the attic illuminates the lower level
and several former slaves have subdivided
the property, sharing it with a Viceroy from Brazil
this is the apocalyptic time and place
out past the canebrakes and the humming mills
of East Aurora, a succession of fine lives
baled like fiber into a vast alluvial plain
with no records or faded photographs
just the right to lie somewhat possessed
below New Orleans and midway between
the bottomland
and the Promised Land.

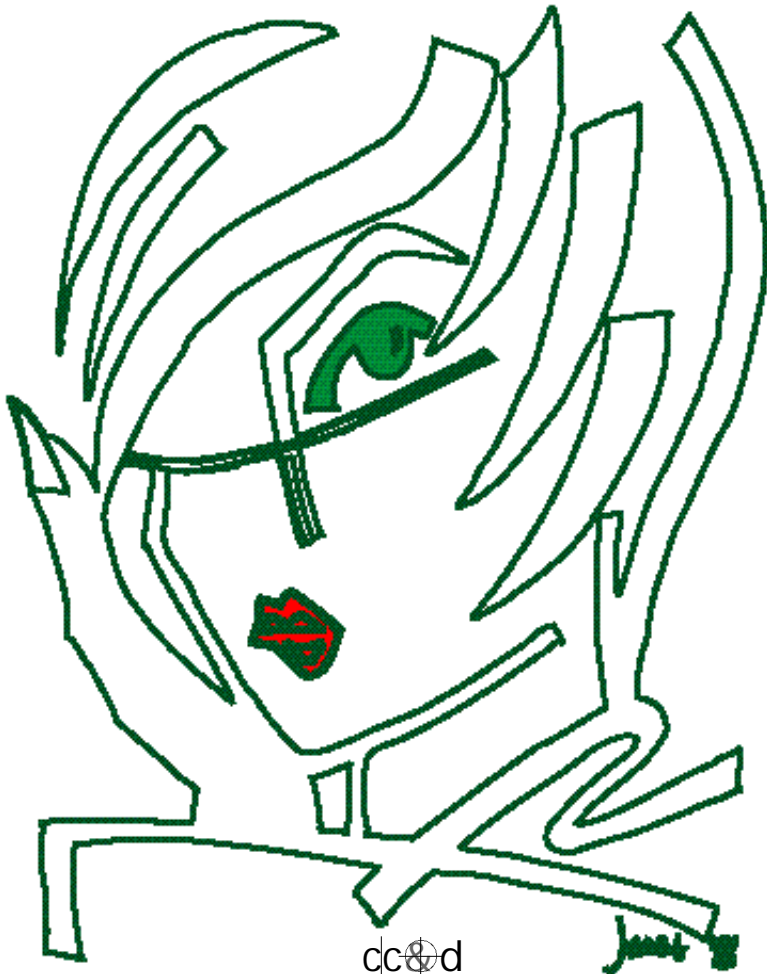
errol miller

cc@d|

JUST DESSERTS

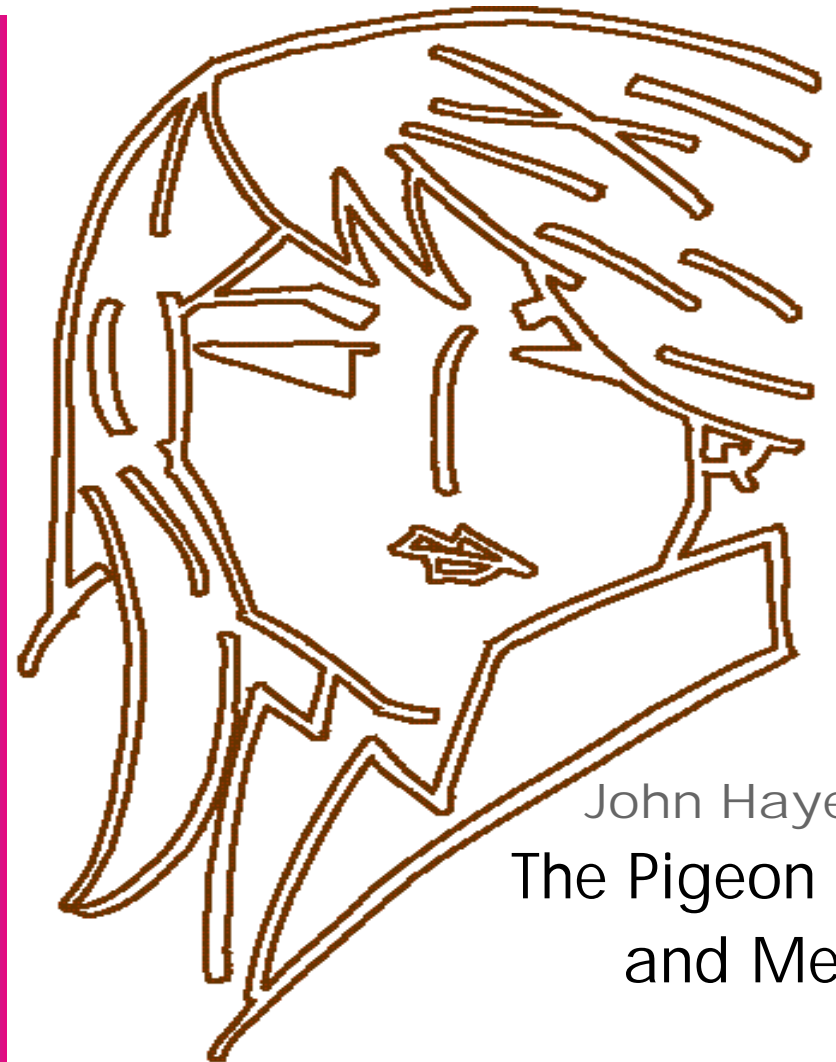
All my life
I have always gotten
everything that I wanted
Now
all I want
is forgiveness
for what I had

cheryl townsend



cc@d

Just Desserts



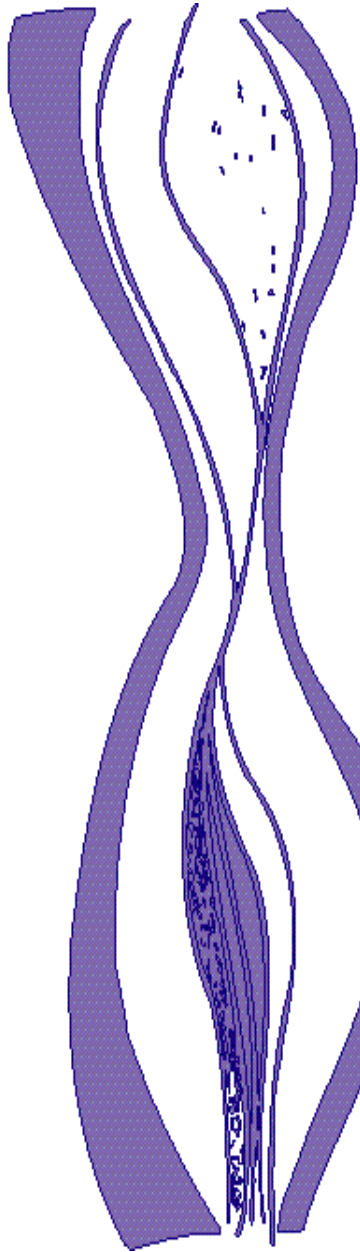
John Hayes
The Pigeon
and Me

Pecking, probing the ground
and needing to vent
the pigeon struts free

somewhat like me
I peck
I probe
and though I'd never vent

I too am free.

cc@d



c ra

camille cross

from Lion/Wolf

spear and vinegar

Frog bones
not fossils, mind you
or maybe but harder than teeth
hard bones cut from living
flesh
slice as the jaws of asses my
blood slices yet
left soaking in simple
vinegar overnight
This weapon, these
weapons bend.

Shiftin' gears,
to tear up one's guts
with a sharp-edged weapon,
(as they call it in
Serial Killer School)

Will destroy you
Rip you

And I don't give a damn
if you bend
or
break.

cc@d

transcribing dreams

II

me any my sister and my
mother were driving at night
and we were approaching
and s-curve in the street.
We had to turn right, drive
a half block, then turn left.
When we took the corner
there was a fire in the
building right in front of us,
and there were all these
fire trucks and ladders and
water spraying through the
air. And we couldn't turn
around and go back, we had
to drive past this, and the
car got faster and faster,
I felt like I was being thrown
toward the inferno. And I
saw firemen that were on
ladders on the second and
third floors being thrown
away from the building by
the flames, falling, screaming,
falling to their deaths. And we
sped around the corner, my
sister was falling out of the
car as we took the turn so
fast. She was holding on to
the frame of the car and we
watched firemen fall from
the sky, and I sat in the center
of the backseat, not knowing
what to think, watching it all

alexandria rand

cc@d

plush horse stories

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

please drive through

john once asked
a pair of construction workers
for their drivers licenses
when they ordered
scoops of
run raisin.

they actually gave them
to john

he said,
thank you,
please drive through

janet kuypers

Romantic Arcadia

At first the shadows
acquired form postwar 1945
that old manipulative agent of change
oilmen and lawyers on the run
velvet Venice, its back door open
this place looking out upon
a Titan of a lady awakening to the East
experimenting with the textiles of the
land

she is from Charlotte's North
American Shore
she is from the hairlipped Boston
Mountains
where all the heroes and the heroines
from unfortunate pulpy novels
dream of finer glamorous lives
in pink brocade, o Roberto, from Spain
your legacy of running bulls
what you do to them in fascination
slitting mundane throats, I am
glad for imagination
marvelous silly stuff
supporting a baggy transient system
with silent partners
can you remember the Jazz Age
a purple eye roaming the parlor
hand-painted flesh perfected
closer to home
geographical things matter, like the
movies
or having a fit to marry, then
it is honeymoon
the collection signed
and a gleeful intricate parcel
arriving at doorway, this

is the classical flowering
of birds and beasts
wide-brimmed plantation times
with Spanish moss and red-tiled roofs
twilight organic with its blue
and the green of peachtree
away dancing, downtown, perhaps
in New York City
in the gay facade of morning masquer-
ade.

errol miller

a star goes shopping

Mouth set unmoving
as on a mask, she shops
for flashy clothes. There
as usual is a photographer
she obviously ignores,

for I see her pictures here,
grim as Medea, eyes
like gone in the distance.
There's nothing I see that's not stylish,
nothing in her that's with joy.

How will the years leave her?
She seems unhappy. Does she know?
Her eyes, avoiding the camera,
stare into a far nowhere
as she absently holds a loaf of bread.

My telling this does her nothing;
While I'll do what I'll do,
she'll live here in the scandal sheet
that lives on her reputation,

but her eyes,
deep from scents of shadow,
look back for something she's lost.

douglas spangle

village

john sweet

so you come into this village
and there's nothing but old women
begging for mercy
and babies screaming in the dirt

and you have your orders
and shoot everyone not in uniform
and maybe crush some skulls
under your bootheels
for the hell of it

then burn everything to the ground
because these are your orders too

maybe you have nightmares about this
years later
or maybe not

maybe you beat your wife
or maybe you bring her flowers
every morning

maybe you strangle children
and rape nuns
and bury their bodies
in the soft soil by the river

maybe you realize
that none of this matters
because history has a way
of smothering everything
eventually

and maybe a million years pass by
before you even realize
you're alive

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.

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."

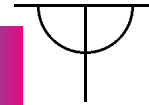
Hope Chest in the Attic is a 200 page, perfect-bound book of 13 years of poetry, prose and art by Janet Kuypers. It's a really classy thing, if you know what I mean.

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 carlin

Okay it is this simple we'd love to print a chapbook of your work under our label. But here is 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 explaining the thing with the trees and true eco-logs give it our own name and send the originals to you. You decide what paper you want how many copies you want done then print it and send us as many copies as you want well please we'll distribute. Yeah.

Robert Kinn

Janet Kuypers

Erica McGuire

Errol Miller

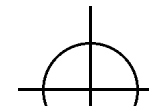
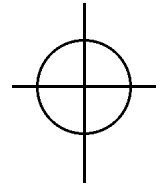
John Sweet

Ben Smart

Gary A. Schreinoha

The Nineteen Ninety-Five
Poetry Chapbook Series

Paul Weinman



Hayes

Family Values

When she was six into her home
she brought a word which she had heard
and naively asked,
“What’s it mean?”
He slapped her face
she staggered back
stunned eyes grew wide.

And then he said, “Get your ass to church”.

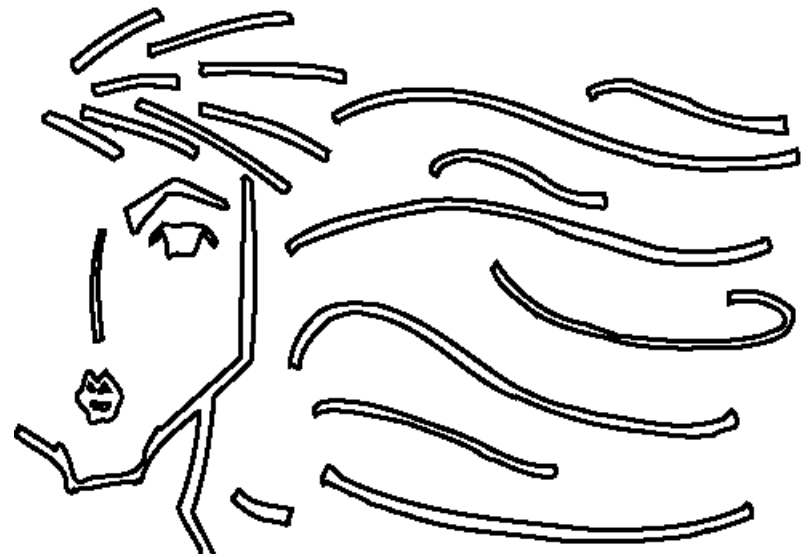
“What’s a condom?” she asked at twelve.
He said, “You’re much too young to know.”

Then sent her off to church.

At fifteen she was pregnant,
he sent her to a home.
At seventeen she robbed a store,
needed money for a fix.
He never knew why she went bad.

She always went to church.

John



MY NIGHTS

of bending and lifting
jumping and stretching
are not enough anymore
to stop my skin from
losing its grip on my
bones or beat the gravitated
pull of what was once so
alert to roving eyes I am
now prone to mauve over
the animal patterned allure
and look to memories for
inspiration to relate

cheryl townsend

plush horse stories

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

sparkle

so pete came into the shop one night, he worked there, but he had the night off, and he comes in saying he's really drunk and can he sleep on the couch in the manager's office in the back for a little bit and sleep it off before he goes back to his parent's house? and marty, the manager, says sure, and so pete goes to the back and before you know it he's out like a light. but john was working that night, and pete and john were good friends, so john wanted to get him, so he got a bottle of sparkle glass cleaner, the only glass cleaner that's purple, and he started spraying it on pete's crotch. pete didn't wake up, and after a few minutes of john pressing his luck pete's blue jeans were soaked with sparkle. we were buckling over, laughing so hard. pete finally woke up, mad but too drunk to do anything about it. he had an extra pair of pants in the car.

janet kuypers

Sedgefield

This Louisiana house
packed with mental snapshots
a soft mellow breeze blowing in from ocean
ancestral portraits of time and place
there is a period chimney piece
and a nightingale, orderly rows of cornstalk
a tiger in the garden and a map
of Shalimar and famous Hollywood palaces
a plate of the Ouachita River's silt
and a big hall full of beige fraying paper
tucked away far from Paris it is
a French-speaking reservoir of reserve
Edwardian visitors come of course to stare
a Jesuit priest guards entranceway
and one white candle burns into night
illuminating the divine madness just below
the Mason-Dixon line, old boots and leggings
and a small coterie of scrapbook hurtingling
thin erratic tenants searching for peace
pecan tress and a firefly for direction
glamorous Georgian-style life
broken down into lacquered parts and pieces
generation after lost generation
resting comfortably, we presume
in a raised cottage in New Orleans.

errol miller

poem for a sunday morning
joseph verilli

Your words
Linger
Like scar tissue
Among healthier cells

I wonder
How you justify
Your human politics

You would seem
To want to trivialize
My dreams
And my life

Your gain
Is a smirk
At my pain
And yes
It hurts

You spoke
Of rote cruelty
Inherent
In these city streets
But you carry
Your mean streak
As if a red badge
But not one of courage

You keep me
In a convenient corner
But what
Are corners worth
In the realm
Of passing time

And untouched artifacts

Oh, Daddy jerry wlaraven

“Would you like to meet your daughter?”
I looked up from my lunch. “Excuse me,” I said.
“Your daughter. She’s over there.” She pointed in a
non-specific direction. “I thought, since you were in the
same room with her you might want to actually meet her.”
I looked across the table at my fiance’ trying to
gauge her reaction. Nothing. That meant trouble. Big
trouble.

“Look, I’m sorry miss but I’ve never seen you before
in my life.” Why did that sound like a lie? I was tell-
ing the truth damnit. “I’m sure you have me confused with
someone else.”

She smiled. “Uh huh, I’m sure I do. Is this your
girlfriend?”

“My Fiance’,” I said. Why was I talking to her.
“Hi,” she said extending her hand. “I’m Jane.”
My Fiance’ stared at me.

“Jane,” I said, “this is Michele.”

Jane laughed. “That’s what I named our daughter.
Isn’t that funny? Michele, don’t you think that’s funny?”
Trouble, I thought. Oh, my God was I in trouble.

“Steven?”

“Yes, Michele?”

“Why don’t you go meet your daughter?” She stood up.
“You can tell me all about it later.” And she left.

“Damn.”

“Steven?”

“What?”

“I didn’t think your name would be Steven.”

I looked at her. She smiled.

I shook my head. “It’s not. That’s just what she
calls me when she’s mad. It’s a long dumb story. My name
is Zeke.”

“Much better.”

“So tell me Jane, do you really have a daughter named
Michele?”

She shrugged. “Melanie. My daughters’ name is
Melanie.”

“Can I meet her?”

“You bet.”

Crossing the Street

a car speeds towards us
lights ahead of revving engine
mother grabs my hand
warns me of on-coming danger
i resent her protectiveness
pull my hand away, say:
i've walked after dark in central park
hitch hiked to santa monica beach and north to
edmonton with 20¢ in my pocket
slept under bridges on interstate 40 while
trucks rumbled all night
was attacked by five drunk rowdies on way to santa fe
smoked the same havana cigar for three days while reading shakespeare
wrote a letter to father on the sunday his head went down
got drunk on bourbon street with marty
magraw in nouveau jeans

“i wasn't born yesterday”, i say
the car zooms by
“you will always be my boy”, she says

j speer



death

janet kuypers

when he was a child, a little boy, he
would walk through the living room

over and over again
he would see the book on the shelf

a science book, a volume
from a set: a book about

how the world works

once he looked though the pages
found a drawing about the life

of planet earth, how it was
formed, how eventually the

temperature would rise, all life
on earth would eventually die

and reading that it was
millions of years away didn't help

with the fear, the instant panic:
so he took the book, hid the

one volume from the rest,
so he wouldn't have to see it

when he walked through his
own living room

t

submit

Children, Churches and Daddies
poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications
Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor
3255 West Belden, Suite #3E
Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559

Permanent Address: 8830 West 120th Place, Palos Park, Illinois 60464



r

submit

Children, Churches and Daddies
poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications
Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor
3255 West Belden, Suite #3E
Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559
Permanent Address: 8830 West 120th Place, Palos Park, Illinois 60464

one lost moment

joseph verilli

From where she came
I just cannot say,
From what heavenly dream
Exiled to reality,
Materializing
From the hallucination
Of thought dreams,
But there she was,
Crossing my line of vision
In the crowded supermarket
Among the impatient shouts
Of single-minded shoppers,
Screeching babies pummeled
With maternal hand-slaps
And the ever-present blips
Of computerized cash registers,
Yes, there she was,
Angel in the flesh
(Reminding me of another),
Dressed casually,
As seemingly as “meek as a lamb”
And whose face as wholesome
as that of a 13 year-old girl,
The black t-shirt, loose-fitting jeans
And groundworn beach thongs
Seemingly meant for her
And her alone,
Offering me a sad smile,
Yes, sad and resigned,
As melancholy
As wildflowers exiled
To rapt imprisonment,
Suddenly turning away
To leave with hear bearded companion,
Bearer of sweetness and longing
For one lost moment.

cc@d



what are you so
fucking mad about?

well,

they cut off the end
of my dick

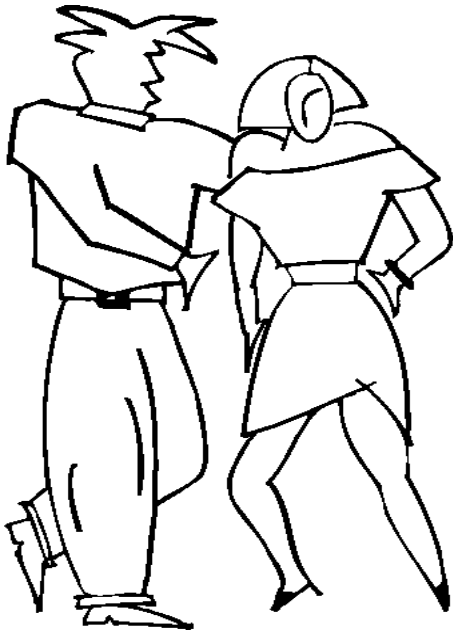
when I was born,

and ever since,

they've been after
the rest

c ra mcguirt

cc@d



THE WRONG EYES

Thinking of words written
While Princes sleep
Wondering, aloud now,
Never silent again
Waking visions never written
Always remembered, though
Memories color in what
Was real to make it
Easier to see,
even if seen wrong,
Through someone else's eyes.

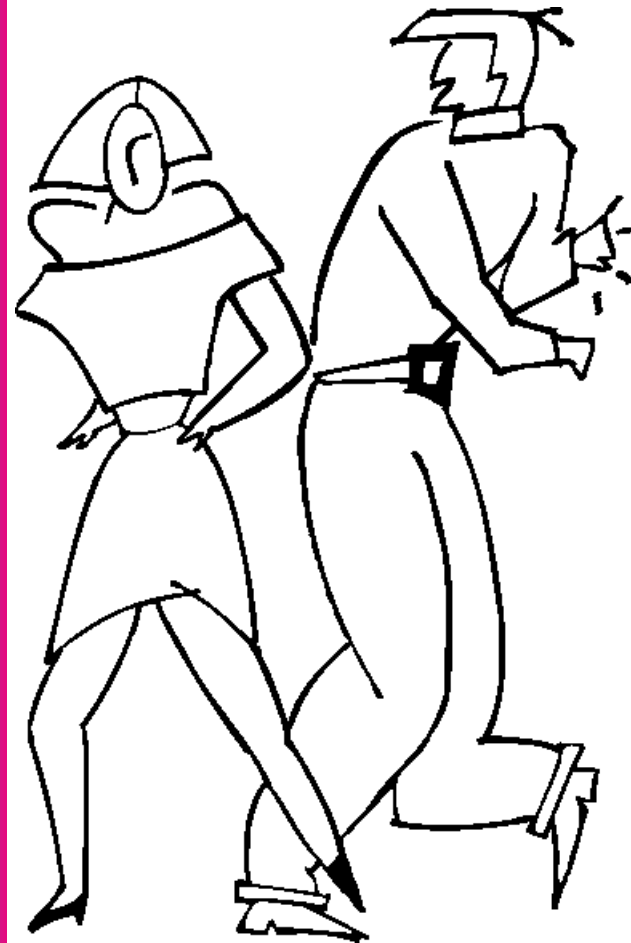
jerry walraven

cc@d

SIMPLY

There are so many poems
in the drawers of my life
Strewn socks - severely worn
Darned & damned
and rarely matched
become rags
that erase the dut
from the surface

cheryl townsend



cc@d

plush horse stories

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

under his jeans

pete was trying to figure out
how to trick matt;
they were always trying
to trick each other

and so pete had the perfect plan.
he said he was telling everyone
this, the plan was to give matt
an undy Grundy by the end

of the night, to yank his
underwear up out of his
pants, but the intricacy to
his plan was that he was telling

matt that they were going to do it
to vince. well, everyone knew
that we were supposed to
act like we were going to get

vince, vince knew to act like
he didn't know, and so the
end of the night came and
we were all in the back office

and matt and pete started to
walk cautiously toward vince,
and then vince and pete and
john and the rest of them

turned around all at once
and went after matt. matt made
it out of the back office and
into the blue room, but that's

where they tackled him and
got a hold of his jockeys. the
next thing you know the elastic
band on top of matt's under

wear is half ripped off, and
he's tucking it back under
his jeans. we were all laughing
so hard. then i said to molly,

well, i'm wearing a miniskirt,
and it doesn't feel too safe
around here. i'm gonna go.
and i got my stuff and left.

janet kuypers

Superstar

" Her boulevards led nowhere
. . . "

Alice Moser Claudel

A gentleman on East 57th Street
an American designer of fine white linen
he invested in everything, particularly explanation
he wanted to sheer joy of craft and style
he wanted nonessential window-dressing
he wanted Mama and red wine and writing paper
and later, someone to tell him he was dead
an AP release ended his immediate gratification
that stunning man joined up with a tragic
honeymoon hand, down to the Bowery
and the Left Bank of Forever, he took
the Ferry to Cape Cod, he visited
Oxford's creme-colored stucco square
he rowed out to meet the only god he ever knew
offering a million dollars for safe passage
to anywhere, that folio of change
overtaking him, that decorative
milltown costume we shall all wear
affixed to ear and neatly worked into
the architectural framework of imagination.

errol miller

dysfunctional

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 becoming functional.

And then I see a commercial on t.v. from the Church of Latter-Day Saints that tells your family to communicate and shows a picture of a man teaching his son to ride a bicycle and I have to 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. in the living room. They must have heard a stat that said one in five children are abused. I'm the last child of five in my family.

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 first daughter. Twenty years later, and the thought still brings tears to her eyes. 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. Sixty-three, and you still have it in you.

And there is a lot about you I'm sure I don't know. According to my figures, we're above average.

gabriel athens



John

Hayes

White Foam

In morning light I watch
mass arc opaque from rounded lips
beat white on rocks below.
Triangles wane, reform.
Foam bolts along cold, stony bed
pauses, undulates.
Transparent ripples laze
until, passage blocked by liter bottle, regroup
and forward plunge,
destiny unknown.