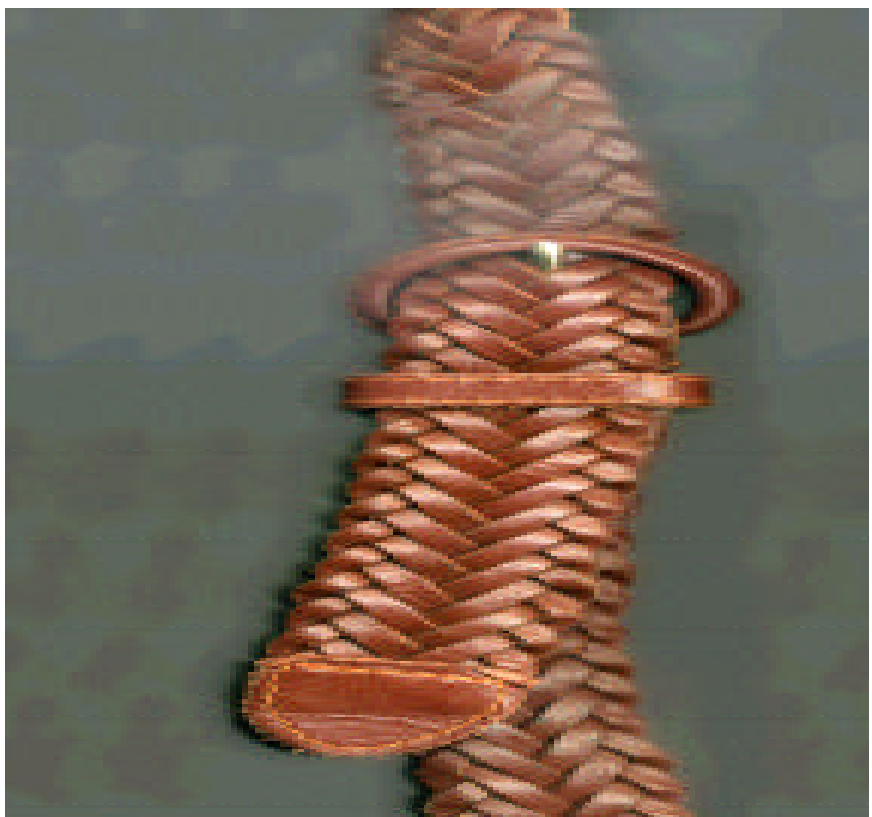


children *churches* & daddies

issn #1068-5154



scarsuonpgeand

untitled

michael

your beauty is like a field of wild flowers .
at first light when only gods eyes can see the
beauty he has created. and as he looks upoun your face
he smiles at his most beautifull creation .

ENDS

(after an Aztec myth)

Michael H. Brownstein

They gave me five wives for a year
and asked me to walk to the stone knife.
I did this willingly, not like the tales of history,
but because I had to.
I was god,
the closest one to the sun,
the owner of the heart that grows larger.
Without me the sun will stop in the sky.
I alone walk the steps.
I alone meet the knife.
I alone give my heart to the sun.

chimes

Javier Mora

Chimes that winds invigorate,
Clang with the brass of fellowship
Mingle all for music sake,
Although gales may change the tonal peels.

Yet ring as one, come gust or breeze,
A bond that shaped by the welder's hand,
Crafts a single melody
From metals that transcend us all.

Another Shipment

Jon Mathewson

Just more strangers
to block streets like cattle,
willfully oblivious of history,
part of a panorama propelled
past these streets and structures
accept us, watch us.

Listen closely
and feel vibrations
turbulent, unending energy.
Dive into frozen streams,
sled down lush hills.
Crickets, cicadas sing.

Last Innocence

Melissa Denman

Climbing up in my tree house,
trying to catch a butterfly that couldn't seem to stand still.
Going up further, (but not far enough).
Innocent eyes reaching to grab the butterfly that flew away earlier.
Not noticing until it was too late, that something was catching me instead,
and was pulling me down with it's weight.

A sweaty hand clamped over my mouth,
and another hand up my shirt.
A man's voice whispering in my ear, " Don't worry it's not going to hurt".
I looked up and saw the butterfly spread it's wings.
The man climbed on top of me and told me it was good to try new things.

Heart was beating faster, but not fast enough.
I couldn't think of anything, but wondered what was going on.
Then something bit me, so I tried to get free.
But the man grabbed me and slapped me to my knees.
He kept injecting his poison inbetween my legs.
He told me to be quiet or I would die.
I tried looking up and when I did, I thought I saw the butterfly cry.
The butterfly was free,
and I wanted to fly away.
Man got off of me and told me if I told anyone, he'd come back the next
day.

My cocoon was opened up,
and I was still asleep in my shell.
Man took away my innocence,
and left me trapped in this hell.

fader.

bryan scott covar

superficial dreams
i am here
though
realizing this,
the music fades
and i am ten years
older
knowing i know nothing
not knowing
me...

dreaming superficially
the sun sets and the years first
cool wind
blows. breath i breath
i dig deep

uncover that lie
that is me

tired of running
around bare cheeked

no overnight fix

fame
never a
cure

at

best.

Vets

Walter Kuchinsky

Mr. B lives in here,
Building Six. He's pretty fat—
always on a diet—
walks kind of funny, too—
a World War Two wound.
He'll never see eighty again,
but he doesn't show it.

When he sees Mr. C—
Mr. C lives in here
too—
Mr. B grins at him
and asks,
“You think I LIKE diet drinks?”
then he winks at Mr. C.

SECLUSION

Jennifer Miller

To touch you in seclusion
When no body could know
Sneaking a lustful stare
Dreaming in secret
Wanting to being alone with you
Is my personal sin?
You are the water
That can put out this fire within me
But only in seclusion

chocolates for the fat lady

Normal

she loves you for your chocolates
she hates you for your sweets.
the lady on the welfare line
fakes. she is good
at what she does
& what she does
what she does is
convince the world she is a fish
beached out of the water
in desperate need of those
who truly care
cares about the environment
enough to get her
off the beach
& back to her element
until, of course
the next time
the tide
brings her
in. she
loves you for your chocolates
she hates you for your
sweets.

what if

Anthony Lucero

what if tears
are really just
drops of blood
that have lost their
color
tired of being
red tired
of being blue
want out?

Royalty

Li Min Hua

Marie Laveau, voodoo queen,
 bless us with your sharp wit.
An hundred red X's in tribute
 we have scrawled
on your crumbling stone.

Marie Laveau.
 embrace Manman Brigitte
around her slender waist
 and roll your eyes.

Hear us, Marie Laveau.
 Touch us this hot night
lest our fever burn us cold.
Rest not. Rest not, oh queen.
Your subjects kneel
 in expectation.

xanax

jeana bonacci

tiny x
x-ed out my eyes
led me to away to some
sleepy time asylum
scribble out those anxiety slayers
doctor
forget addiction
and let me creep off into a
lazy eyed, quiet
pacifist ideal

SPARK

Joshua Meadows

She burns down his house as the clock strikes midnight, with him still tied to the bed. “It was an accident,” she’ll say, when the cops arrest her for arson. “And rape!” he adds from the upstairs room, narrowing his eyes in concentration. He sighs, and lays the cards down on the mattress. “Hit me.” She lovingly obliges, slapping his face off and onto the bed, then handing him an ace. “I never much liked that chin anyway,” he declares matter of factly. “Snake eyes,” she sneers, throwing the poker chips out the window.

Now she runs away, her feet slapping the concrete. She looks down to her palms; red-handed, but by god, they won’t catch her. “He’s stolen your seed, girl,” the Buddhist priest calls from the median, pointing to her naked stomach. She stops. The stars crash into each other as they try to watch. Her face is a constellation of smoke. She kneels down in the road, pulls the lighter from under her tongue, and runs her thumb down the igniter. The universe explodes.

Reality

Tiffany H.

Pleading screams penetrate the stagnate air. No. Arms forcefully grab, shaking violently, throwing it to the ground like a sack of potatoes. No. Idle threats are now spoken creating a fearful atmosphere. No. clenched fists are drawn ready to rectify an already tense situation. No. You get what you deserve, tease. no. I know that you want me, everyone me. No. Pain is becoming increasingly present, as are the mixture of warm tears and blood. No. Frozen with paralysis there is a zone of consciousness and unconsciousness that is being visited. No. Crack, thud, blackness. As the haze clears it enters a new reality. is life the same here? No. Does life here mean isolation from those living in parallel realities? no. How will it ever get back to its old reality? Time.

Her kitchen has a smell

It smells like bombs
bursting in air

It smells like rock 'n roll

It smells like a wound
that doesn't heal

He often daydreams

He dreams of ninety-degree angles
and genetic equations

Memphis Poem

He fantasizes
about downsizing
without seeming uppity

She often refers
to calculators
as "computers"

Chad

Her feet become one
with the ground
when she walks

Weatherford

They both believe
that God had only one purpose
in mind
for Adam's erection

They both have brown eyes

But her eyes are,
perhaps,
a little browner.

The Thief

Benjamin McCabe

She strolls the savage winter dawn;
Her aged hair falls in hand-made curls,
Withered lips lay pursed and icy,
About her neck a string of pearls.

Her hands are creased as time worn stone;
They tell a tale of one life had;
And in the tiny steps she takes
There lies something that makes me sad.

untitled

Daryl Ajaz Nielsen

[parole officer
squinting at my paperwork
so nearsighted

asking for an autographed
copy of my book]

between jury
and defense attorney
a year of my life

Gothic poet
thru his earlobe
a black pen

the ones watching
orangeyellowpurple sunset
most colorful of all

the bestest
of all desserts
laughter

PAPER CUP POKER

J. Force

In a crowded little waiting room,
(with ten chairs lined up against the wall
and every other chair being occupied
because there are those who choose to stand
instead of sit next to someone,)
I find myself face to face with the
Fresh Brewed Coffee machine.

Several choices confront me.

Black or white
with or without artificial sweetener
(not that this helps the taste any,)
cream or sugar
stronger or weaker
or just plain hot water,
(what I do with this
I haven't figured out,)
all for just fifty cents

Plus I get a poker hand
printed on the side of the paper cup
and one secret card on the bottom,
(in case I'd like to trade a card in
to make my hand better.)
I wonder if anyone else
would buy a cup of coffee if I did
just to see if they could beat my hand

**children
churches
& daddies**

Since I can't make up my mind,
(on whether or not to play poker by myself,
I just sit and stare at the machine
and wish they would hurry up
and fix my car
before someone else buys a cup
and I feel obligated to play.

children
churches
& daddies

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