

children
churches & daddies
v138 • July 22 2004



children
churches
& daddies
Church image from
Bad Gastein, Austria.
Top framed church from
Paris. Bottom framed
church from Puerto Rico.



children
churches
& daddies



Church photographed in Luxembourg May 2003

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cover pic: Collage of church images: main image of a Bad Gastein Austria church, photographed May 2003. Bottom left image of a church top in San Juan Puerto Rico, photographed December 1993. Top right image of a Paris church, photographed May 2003.

back cover pic: Collage of child images, model is Claire. Images were taken in a hallway holding Smartees candies, being held outdoors, sitting in a kitchen (sticking her tongue out), in a round green chair and laying on beige carpet.

(from <http://www.cordbloodfaq.com/>)

WHAT ARE STEM CELLS?

Stem cells are master cells in the body that can grow into other types of cells. These cells include:

Red Blood Cells - These cells carry oxygen to various parts of the body.

White Blood Cells - These cells fight off infection in the body.

Platelets - Helps clot blood in the event of a cut.

If a person's blood stem cells become damaged due to diseases, cancer, or leukemia, the only hope for a cure is a blood stem cell transplant. This replaces the patient's diseased cells with healthy new stem cells. The cells that will be transplanted in must match the patient's cells to reduce the risk of Graft-Versus-Host Disease (GVHD).

WHAT IS CORD BLOOD?

Cord blood is easily defined as blood retrieved from the umbilical cord after the birth of the child. The cord blood contains stem cells which are considered the building blocks of blood and immune systems in the body.

Stem cells can also be found in the bone marrow and blood that circulates within the body. However, cord blood is the most desirable because they are the youngest and have not endured much aging or damage.



President Bush says he will allow federal funding for stem cell research, but only on existing stem cell lines. (8/9/01)

SELECTIONS FROM REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT ON STEM CELL RESEARCH

AUGUST 9, 2001

8:01 P.M. CDT

THE PRESIDENT: The issue of research involving stem cells derived from human embryos. A large number of these embryos already exist. They are the product of a process called in vitro fertilization, which helps so many couples conceive children. When doctors match sperm and egg to create life outside the womb, they usually produce more embryos than are planted in the mother. Once a couple successfully has

children, or if they are unsuccessful, the additional embryos remain frozen in laboratories. Some will not survive during long storage; others are destroyed. A number have been donated to science and used to create privately funded stem cell lines. And a few have been implanted in an adoptive mother and born, and are today healthy children.

Based on preliminary work that has been privately funded, scientists believe further research using stem cells offers great promise that could help improve the lives of those who suffer from many terrible diseases -- from juvenile diabetes to Alzheimer's, from Parkinson's to spinal cord injuries. You should also know that stem cells can be derived from sources other than embryos -- from adult cells, from umbilical cords that are discarded after babies are born, from human placenta. And many scientists feel research on these type of stem cells is also promising. Many patients suffering from a range of diseases are already being helped with treatments developed from adult stem cells.

As I thought through this issue, I kept returning to two fundamental questions: First, are these frozen embryos human life, and therefore, something precious to be protected? And second, if they're going to be destroyed anyway, shouldn't they be used for a greater good, for research that has the potential to save and improve other lives?

On the first issue, are these embryos human life -- well, one researcher told me he believes this five-day-old cluster of cells is not an embryo, not yet an individual, but a pre-embryo. He argued that it has the potential for life, but it is not a life because it cannot develop on its own.

And to the other crucial question, if these are going to be destroyed anyway, why not use them for good purpose -- I also found different answers.

At its core, this issue forces us to confront fundamental questions about the beginnings of life and the ends of science.

In recent weeks, we learned that scientists have created human embryos in test tubes solely to experiment on them. This is deeply troubling, and a warning sign that should prompt all of us to think through these issues very carefully.

Embryonic stem cell research is at the leading edge of a series of moral hazards.

Eight years ago, scientists believed fetal tissue research offered great hope for cures and treatments -- yet, the progress to date has not lived up to its initial expectations. Embryonic stem cell research

offers both great promise and great peril. So I have decided we must proceed with great care.

As a result of private research, more than 60 genetically diverse stem cell lines already exist. They were created from embryos that have already been destroyed, and they have the ability to regenerate themselves indefinitely, creating ongoing opportunities for research. I have concluded that we should allow federal funds to be used for research on these existing stem cell lines, where the life and death decision has already been made.

Leading scientists tell me research on these 60 lines has great promise that could lead to breakthrough therapies and cures. This allows us to explore the promise and potential of stem cell research without crossing a fundamental moral line, by providing taxpayer funding that would sanction or encourage further destruction of human embryos that have at least the potential for life.



LIBERTARIAN WHO COULD COST BUSH RE-ELECTION APPEARS ON O'REILLY FACTOR 06/22/04

WASHINGTON, DC -- Libertarian presidential candidate Michael Badnarik just could be George Bush's worst nightmare -- and he's going on the O'Reilly Factor explain why.

According to political analysts, Badnarik has the potential to draw conservative votes away from Bush in several key states and tip the outcome of the presidential election -- thus becoming the "Ralph Nader of 2004."

Badnarik will be in New York on Wednesday for an appearance on Fox News' "O'Reilly Factor" and is available for media interviews on Thursday.

David Paul Kuhn, chief political writer for CBSNews.com, says in a May 21 article: "While Democrats fret over the possibility of Ralph Nader causing them to lose another election by stealing votes on the left, President Bush may face an even greater third-party threat from the right wing. The Libertarian nominee could cost Mr. Bush his job in 2004."

Kuhn's article, headlined "Bush's Third-Party Threat," analyzes voting patterns in swing states and concludes that Libertarians have already cost the GOP gubernatorial and U.S. Senate seats in the following states:

* WISCONSIN: In the 2002 gubernatorial race, Libertarian Ed Thompson earned 185,455 votes, while Democrat Jim Doyle won the state by about 75,000 votes.

* OREGON: In the 2002 gubernatorial race, Libertarian Tom Cox garnered 57,760 votes to help Democrat Ted Kulongoski edge out Republican Kevin Mannix by just 35,000 votes.

* NEVADA: In the 1998 Nevada U.S. Senate contest, Libertarian Michael Cloud won 8,129 votes while Democrat Harry Reid beat Republican John Ensign by 401 votes.

Lawrence Jacobs, director of the 2004 Elections Project for the Humphrey Institute at the University of Minnesota, agrees. In an April 20 commentary in the Christian Science Monitor, he says that 20 percent of voters are disaffected from both major parties and that "a significant number of them could be tapped by gifted candidates running as independent or Libertarian."

The end result, he says: A small-government candidate who appealed to disgruntled conservatives could "erode Bush's GOP base of support" and cost him the election in November.

BAD DREAMS

BRYAN FORR

Billy sat up like a shot in his sweat soaked bed. He was breathing hard and his eyes were wide, his dilated pupils trying desperately to see through the dark. Perspiration oozed from every pore, even though it was a chilly October night. *Was that a draft he felt coming from the hallway?* He tried to remember what the bad dream had been about, but all he got were meaningless fragments.

It was just a dream, he told himself, but his mind and body were still flooded with adrenaline and weren't responding to his reasoning yet. He wiped his brow with the sheet and finally got his breathing under control. Man, that must have been some nightmare, he thought, falling back on his pillow. If it was that bad he wasn't so sure he wanted to remember it.

A sound coming from the bathroom directly across from Billy's bedroom caused his heart to resume the race. He sat up again and peered into the night. Both his bedroom and the bathroom doors were open, but except for the faint moonlight filtering through the frosted window in the lavatory it was too dark to make anything out. A tree branch scraped the bathroom window, as a gust of chilly October wind moaned outside. Billy let out a heavy sigh of relief. And even though the waving limbs of the tree were casting weird shadows across the tiled floor of the john, he allowed himself to relax a little. He turned on his side and faced the wall closest to his bed. Every inch of wall-space was covered with his obsession: monsters, and the men who played them. It was, as his mother liked to point out, the very reason for his recurrent nightmares.

"If you're not careful Billy," she would often lament. *"You're going to get lost in that awful world of horror, and never get back."*

He wondered if Forrest 1. Akkerman was plagued by his imagination as well. F. J. Akkerman was the Editor and Chief of Billy's favorite

magazine: *Famous Monster's of Film*, A monthly publication devoted to the horror genre and its devotee's. It was from that magazine the 8x10, black and white stills came from that papered his wall. Of course, this sacrilege was only committed if he had enough dough to buy two copies of that month's issue.

Once a month, Billy would bike over ten miles to the only newsstand in town that carried *Famous Monsters*. The magazine's covers were nearly worth the one dollar price tag alone! With their blood-dripping font, they featured a different monster every month. The classics, such as Universal's Creature Quartet: Frankenstein's monster, Dracula, the Wolfman, and the Mummy—played respectively by Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr., and the great Karloff once again—were usually sure bets to grace the cover. And all had found their rightful place on Billy's wall. But lately, the great imitators at Hammer Studios—in England, of all places—were taking their bloody turns as well.

Christopher Lee—who in Billy's opinion was the greatest Dracula of all time—stared down at Billy from his spot on the wall. His blood-smeared mouth was open, lips curled back to reveal two razor sharp fangs, which were ready to plunge into the neck of the next available virgin. But if a virgin weren't about, an eight-year old boy would do in a pinch, Billy supposed.

He pulled his Spiderman sheet up to his chin and tore his eyes from the hypnotic gaze of the Dark Prince. He quickly passed over the color pictorial featuring a scene from *The War of the Worlds*—those weird Martian dudes, with their long rubbery fingers, really freaked Billy out—and tried to focus his sleepy eyes on the relatively benign countenance of the greatest monster of all time: the undead creation of Baron Von Frankenstein. Boris Karloff's gentle interpretation of course, not the remorseless creature Christopher Lee played in the *Terror of Frankenstein*.

A feeling of overwhelming Deja vu swept over Billy just as he closed his eyes to go back to sleep. His eyes snapped open and he sat up in bed once again. Over in the bathroom, the shadows still played eerily across the cold tile floor.

"I've seen this before," he muttered softly.

He reached over and picked up his wind up Mickey Mouse alarm

clock from the night-side table. Mickey's glow in the dark hands told Billy that it was nearly twelve o'clock. He frowned as he set the clock back down. *Feels like it should be later*, he thought, as he reached for the pull chain on his bedside lamp. Nothing. *The bulb must've burned out*, he reasoned. But the feeling that he had already been through this before grew ever stronger.

He was swinging his feet from out of the covers when he heard a sound that made his balls shrivel up into a tiny wrinkled sack. *Plink, plink, plop*, it went. The wind outside had settled down and the house was deathly still, except for the strange dripping noise, which now seemed amplified for the lack of outside noise. He quickly discounted the idea that it might be a leaky faucet or showerhead.

Plink, plink, plop.

No, the sound was coming from in front of the bathroom window. Besides, whatever was dripping had a viscous quality to it, like maple syrup or... the feeling of *deja vu* became more pronounced, and a tangible sense of anxiety was playing along the hairs on the back of his neck.

Plink, plink, plop.

What the heck was that? He took a deep breath and tried to reign in his emotions. *It's probably the toilet making that noise*, he told himself. *Just go in there and jiggle the handle and it'll stop.*

Another shadow flickered across the bathroom floor. *I sure wish the wind would stop shaking that tree...* it hit Billy like a punch in the gut that the wind had stopped. Then what made the shadows move?

Plink, plink, plop.

Another movement of shadow followed the dripping. Billy quickly drew his legs back under the sheets and pulled them tight to his quivering jaw. The bathroom was shaped like an L, with the toilet being hidden from view at the end. He squinted into the darkness, as his eyes began to adjust to the night. By the faint moonlight coming through the window in there he could just make out the tiled wall where it turned the corner.

Plink, plink, plop.

It would be so easy for somebody to hide back there, he thought, *as his pupils drank in all the available light. Then when I go to use the toilet... Oh, great! Why 'd you have to think about that Einstein? Now*

I really do have to go!

Plink, plink, plop.

Okay, this is really creeping me out. Maybe I should call mom, he thought, but immediately dismissed that idea. Eight years old was too darn old to be calling for your mommy! She *really* would make him tear down his pictures then! No, he'd just have to turn on all the lights in the hall and bathroom. That would make it go away. The shadow returned.

Plink, plink, plop.

The combination of the two nearly caused Billy to cry out in fear. The shadow moved again. it almost looked like...he shook the disturbing image from his mind. He couldn't have seen that I Billy knew that if you stared into the dark long enough you could make yourself imagine anything. He took a fortifying breath and once again swung his feet from under the protection of his covers. Usually when he got up in the middle of the night he worried about something grabbing his legs from underneath his bed (the Creature from the Black Lagoon sometimes hid underneath there) but all thoughts at the moment were on the dripping monster in his bathroom.

Plink, plink, plop.

Billy got out of bed and swayed there for a moment on shaking knees. The shadow was moving again, but he kept his eyes pointed on the light-switch on the wall beside his bedroom door. If he could just turn on that light he was sure it would chase the bogeys away. Besides, staring at the switch kept his mind from visualizing what he thought he'd seen.

Plink, plink, plop.

His bare feet felt like blocks of ice on the hardwood floor of his room. (Where was that draft coming from?) He slowly tiptoed across the floor as if that might fool a bogeyman-until he was standing by the door to his room. An STP motor oil sticker glowed on the wall just above the light-switch. The mundane memory of putting the sticker up somehow bucked him up and he reached for the switch. He flipped it six times before he realized the power was down. Either that or the overhead bulb was out too. But that was too much of a coincidence.

Plink, plink, plop.

Then again, someone could have cut the power by killing the switch-

es in the breaker box upstairs in the kitchen. Billy stepped out in the hall and was about to run upstairs to his mother's room-screw being too old, right now all he wanted was to smell the Noxzema on his mommy while she hugged him tight-when the shadow caught his attention.

Plink, plink, plop.

From where he was standing, Billy could clearly see the end of the bathroom wall where it turned into the corner. In the darkness a hand waved up and down from behind the corner. Billy opened his mouth to scream but nothing came out. He faintly felt the hot urine as it splashed down the front of his *Scooby Doo* pajamas, running down his legs and warming his ice cold feet. But his piss hitting the hardwood floor still couldn't block out the immutable dripping.

Plink, plink, plop.

It was too dark to make out any features on the hand, but Billy knew without a doubt that he wasn't imagining it. The hand moved deliberately in an up and down motion, as if waving hello to him. A cold draft coming down the hall made Billy aware that a door or window was open somewhere in the house to the elements outside. *That IS how it got in.*

A giggle from the bathroom turned his blood to ice.

"Hee-hee-heel" followed by the interminable, *plink, plink, plop.*

A gust of wind outside slammed the open door shut with a loud bang. Billy screamed and ran for the questionable safety of his bed. He pulled the covers over his head, but the muffled sound of the bogeyman's laughter made him realize his mistake. *Why hadn't he run upstairs to his mother?* His bed would be no sanctuary from the monster in his bathroom! Spiderman wouldn't leap from his covers to save him, nor would his monsters come down from his wall to rescue him.

Plink, plink, plop.

If only he could turn on a light! The light *always* vanquished the bogeymen! Suddenly, Billy remembered his Boy Scout flashlight tucked away in the drawer of his night-side table. He yanked the drawer open-nearly pulling it all the way out-and rummaged through the mess of boy-stuff he kept in there. Past the loose marbles that rolled and clattered, past the useless slinky with the bent wire, and past his nearly complete collection of the *Planet of the Apes* trading cards, to get

to the flashlight that was shaped like a periscope.

Plink, plink, plop.

He frantically pointed the light at the bathroom and slid the on switch up but nothing happened. From the tiled floor of the bathroom, Billy heard the distinctive sound of a footstep. Then another, followed by the unearthly giggling. "*Hee-hee-hee!*"

Plink, plink, plop.

Everything was louder now. Billy realized he'd taken the batteries out of the flashlight so they wouldn't corrode; they were also in the same drawer. The bogeyman took another two steps towards him. He could feel the lengthening shadow of the monster as it crawled across the floor and into Billy's room. Billy refused to look up though; for he knew to look in the monster's eyes would be the end of him.

Plink, plink, plop.

Trying to ignore the now booming sound of the dripping, Billy scrambled around inside the drawer until he came up with the batteries. The slow and methodical footsteps towards him, and the insane giggles, which accompanied them, weren't nearly as awful to Billy as the intolerable dripping though. There was something altogether evil and potentially earth-shattering about the otherwise innocuous sound.

Plink, plink, plop!

Billy didn't want to see the cause of the dripping, but the light was his one lone hope. His mother couldn't help him now. She didn't believe in bogeymen and wouldn't see the monster until he was on top of her. His father couldn't help him; he had died when Billy was but a baby. But the *light*. .yes, the light could save him! If *only* he could correctly insert the batteries into the flashlight in time. Was positive up or down?!

PLINK, PLINK, PLOP!

The dripping was nearly deafening now, making it difficult for Billy to focus on the task at hand. *It's up stupid! Up!* He slammed the batteries home, nearly dropped the screw on top, and finally spun it on. The monster was almost out of the bathroom now, Billy could hear its ragged breathing and throaty laughter, as it approached him. The thing's shadow now fell over him like a lion over a lamb.

PLINK, PLINK, PLOP!

Still refusing to look up into the eyes of the monster, Billy instead pointed the flashlight at the creature's feet and, with trembling fingers, flicked on the light. He had known the thing was near, but was unprepared for just how close. It was standing in the doorway of his bedroom, not ten feet away. There was no sigh of relief though when the light came on, spotlighting the worn work-boots. Monsters and bogeymen didn't wear boots, so naturally the light didn't banish the creature back to hell, from whence it had come.

Plink, plink, plop.

The volume inside Billy's head became muted as he realized for the first time in his young life that some things in this world are *far, far worse* than the horrors of make believe. He watched in stunned terror as a thick, red liquid dripped on the intruder's boot three times in succession.

Plink, plink, plop.

Quiet. Billy's world had become deathly quite, as all of his senses became narrowly focused on the scarlet splashed boot. The only clamor now was of his own terror driven breath; loud and violent, as it hammered his eardrums. The toe of one scuffed work-boot was covered in the crimson stuff. *Blood*, Billy's mind numbly corrected him. It's *blood*

Plink, plink, plop.

His bladder released the remaining fluid left in it, but Billy was beyond caring. Even his hands had stopped shaking. Death was at hand. He slowly panned the flashlight up the madman's legs. The crazed intruder made no further attempt to enter Billy's room for the moment, but seemed satisfied with standing in the circle of light. It was as if the man wanted Billy to witness something before...

Plink, plink, plop.

The source of the dripping, it had been in the man's hand the whole time, dripping blood on his left boot at regular intervals like a leaky faucet. Billy's eyes flew wide at the cause of the dripping. He could literally feel his mind begin to bend toward the snapping point and idly wondered, *so this is what it feels like when you go mad?*

Plink, plink, plop!

The volume had returned to Billy's world with a thunderous crash. He blinked in confusion as his flashlight finally found the face of the

murderer. The face of a creature more terrifying than any monster featured in his favorite magazine. The face of a man. His mother's murderer. The killer, with hair wild, and eyes red, tossed the severed head at Billy. The head, his mother's head—*oh dear God, his mother's head!*—turned end over end, flinging a parabolic splatter of blood across his room from the ragged flesh and bone jutting out from his mother's neck.

Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat, went the blood, as it painted an abstract of madness on Billy's floor and ceiling.

He felt a warm drop hit his face as the head fell heavily onto his lap. His mother's final look of horror was frozen on her face at the moment of death. She seemed to stare up at Billy, imploring him to run, but Billy was gone. Whether it was his mother's head falling into his lap, or the warm spatter of her blood on his cheek, or the once comforting aroma of Noxzema that now filled Billy's nostrils, his mind had finally, and mercifully snapped.

He didn't hear the monster (*A real monster, mind you, not the sort you tore from your favorite magazine and taped to your wall. Real monsters went by the names of Ted, or Jeffrey, and even John Wayne.*) laugh loudly as it approached him.

But he felt its shadow descend upon him.

Billy sat up like a shot in his sweat soaked bed. Perspiration oozed from every pore, though it was a chilly October night. *Was that a draft he felt coming from the hall?* He tried to remember what the nightmare had been about, but all he got were meaningless fragments.

It was just a dream, he told himself, as he brought his breathing under control. A sound coming from the bathroom across from Billy's bathroom made his heart resume the race. And as a foreboding sense of déjà vu washed over him, Billy had a curious thought. *What's worse, being trapped in a nightmarish reality or a dream that never ends? Or was there any difference at all?*

Plink, plink, plop...

TRANSIT BUREAUCRATS (5)

MICHAEL CERAOLO

Having completely commercialized
the outsides and insides of all their buses,
the business-suited whores stayed on their backs
accommodating another customer,
putting advertisements
on the passes the riders receive
The last step left
is to dress the drivers
like race-car drivers

JULY

MICHAEL H. BROWNSTEIN

Heat absolves us of complicity.
A strength in wood breaks to dust,
A bird's nest empties into thread,
Nails dissolve to rust and tetanus,
Brick folds like charcoal.

A porch holds to itself until the hammer.
A porch holds to itself until the saw.
A porch holds to itself until the crowbar.

Shade and shadow are only foreshadowing.
Nothing survives the tearing of space.
A blackbird lived here once, and a beetle.
A squirrel made a home, and a raccoon.
Sunlight stutters like insects winging to light.

SUNRISE CONFUSES DAY ONE

JANE STUART

When morning empties silver baskets
of streamlined clouds,
a cornucopia filled with strangers
riding away into autumn's moon.
There in the wilderness,
snowflakes dot green grass.
My heart was yours but the phone card
needed recharging.
I loved a knight who rode a rented charger.
You wore a tunic, said time had dropped its lens,
that fascinating rhythm wasn't "hexy" anymore
and on the wall flowers bloomed
indecisively.
We let the top down, the car filled with rain.
Frost painted snow with dewy fingers,
sun feathered sky's rising wings
with such tender light.
and, then, baskets opened softly. There was tender time.
I looked at you and saw crepusculum,
a deep dark robe that fell upon your shoulders,
and roses, red and shining in the light
of the turned-over moon.

A SPECIAL BLUE HOUSE WITH VELVET RESTRICTIONS

RONALD M. ROWE

Witnessing a special blue house with
velvet restrictions, I found she could
anchor the moon like a ghostly barque
whose sails are massive clouds.

She was a block of art shading the
river of time with svelte exultation, the
elixir of her makers.

The sun dipped like a sparrow onto her
roof as blue as turquoise, and she responded
by cradling the wind like an infant
for the touch of the solar festivity.

She enriched the principality of light
like an immense loaf of bread shimmering
between telephone poles, which promised her
an influx of secret energy like the
crowning of a princess with a diadem
manifesting lunar magnetism.

YOU HAVE THE CAVORTING

RONALD M. ROWE

o seeker, you have the cavorting of white
sheep which adore your vegetarian fantasies.

You have the cavorting of cuckoo melodies
which intrigue a red sun in a
spring-tide of spherical mantras.

The cavorting of Niagra Falls in your
memory evolves a voice of foam mingling
with your tears.

And in the cup of your thoughts the ravishing
wine of the spirit cavorts in~parkling bubbles
which materialize the name Narain.

You have the cavorting of the aureate arpeggios
off the Emperor concerto, which
awakens:an effervescent nectar in the
heart, powering astral travel to the
moon colored by imaginary flowers.

You may revel in the cavorting of bhajans
which wink in mellifluous circles
surrounding smiling faces, the fruit
of divine love wheeling a colossus
of bliss unto the demesne of truth.

WORN OUT

JANET KUYPERS

I recently heard the theory
that the dead follow you
they stay with you
for the rest of your life

and the pull at you
and tug at you
and wear you out
until you die.

And are you doing this to me?
Are you pulling the color out of my hair
because I only noticed grey hairs
on my head after your death.

And come to think of it,
my back started hurting
after you were dead for a while
and -

and it that because
I've been carrying you around?
Are you clinging to me after you left?

Please, I don't want to feel guilty
for leaving you.
Please don't haunt me like this.

Maybe I should have been there
to see them lower your casket into the ground.
Maybe I should have seen you
in your suit and tie
in your coffin -
maybe then you wouldn't tug at me

and wear me down
and make me feel old.

Because I recently heard the theory
that the dead follow you
and wear you out
until you die.

But I'm beginning to think
that the reason people get old
is because they've gone through too much.

And if the likes of you
leave the likes of me
you'll make me wonder
if I'll have too much baggage to carry.



Named for the Blessed Virgin
she prayed a rosary each night,
rolling the beads
like gamblers' dice.

The landlord's son
didn't leave things to chance.

Fourteen times
the knife thrust,
once for each rejection.

Blood spilt
like an overturned cup of
Communion wine.

A little martyrdom,
another virgin sacrificed.

MARIA

BETH RODRIGUEZ

ANNUAL REPORT

ROGER N. TABER

Born to lead, fulfil, unite;
Invariably, though, dividing,
losing sight of how many
chosen to fight on one side
rather than chance losing face,
faith in an interpretation of
rights and wrongs pointing
clearly to a strategy - for
victory over mortality

Come to bring peace, hope;
Invariably, though, screws up
at practically every turn for
each well-meant move taken,
every word preached ringing
with sincerity - truth's old
enemy, better placed than
any to take a dove's eye
view of our morality

Pigeon-holed by history,
shaped by the eternal mystery
of Creation, each to our own
interpretation, verification
according to temporal needs
and desires, lighting the fires
of spirituality - a common
humanity or personal gain,
as the case may be

Christianity, Islam, whatever,
can do better, must try harder



04PEONY3 ART BY
CHERYL TOWNSEND



ART BY DAVE JARVIE



FANTASTIC ART BY EDWARD
MICHAEL O'DURR SUPRAMOWICZ



CRAMBONE, ART BY
JOHN YOTKO

(OAKLAND)

ROBERT KIMM

My uncle +
his 2nd wife

when he didn't
know what to do

with his "2nd son"
(1st died in 1925)
would send me down
(all 18 yrs. fresh enlistee
of me)
to basement apt.

where a guy, a veteran
of some indeterminate war,
+ victim of gassing,

.. + I would sit
+ look thru his
regimental book
+ talk about

the Marne
+ Bealleau Wood

+ artillery positions
+ woods + bridges +

the not-very-advancing
Germans

about buddies shot
thru the head +

the french country-side:

eggs (always egg stories)
haystacks +

long sticks of french bread
riding home
unawares
on bicycles
oblivious to
wars merely

15 miles away

(Parlez vous?)

Obsession was a phone line
binding feet
before a mirror
of correspondence,
passports, photos,
the laundry of dreams.



FROM STATE DESIRE BEING FROM STEPHEN MEAD

IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE

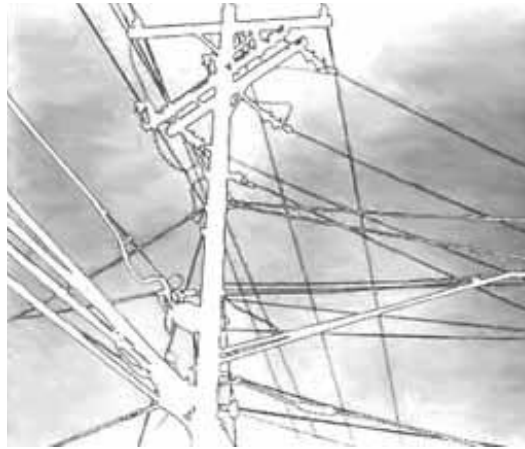
SARAH E. ROSE

She wears her robe of chastisement
in the public square
where before the eyes of all the crowd
she is made to stand naked
so all can see her shame and learn a lesson;
Obey, do not go against the “norm”.
With downcast eyes she fights to keep
her head held high / her nostrils flare.
Her will is broken, but not her spirit
She was stripped of her children, her love, and
Her life, then executed on a false charge.

The powerless woman on that day so long ago
left behind some sage advise.
These words were all she had to give,
all she had to leave for those who would follow,
In her wisdom she left this haunting message
so we’d know exactly what to do;
“Be ever vigilant that none may steal
your rights away from you,
for even in towns with no public square
a makeshift one will do.”



**BALLET ART BY
MARK GRAHAM**



**TANGLE 3 ART BY
MIKE HOVANCEK**



**BILLIE HOLIDAY ART
BY ROSE E. GRIER**



ART BY XANADU

CREATURES CAN LIVE IN WORDS

HINDI TRANSLATION
BY MACKENZIE SILVER

छरेअतुरेस छअन
ओकय, इत्स अं
सय थत व्हलेस अं
थन हुमन्स बेचीसे थे
बुइलिन्स, ओर थे
दून्क अन्द इफ़ र
थिन्क ओफ़ इत अं
लेवल्स योउ हवे एवे
पेओप्ले चन थिन्क
थत इस थत व्हले

A DIAMOND

A PERSIAN
TRANSLATION BY
GABRIEL ATHENS

آیه ۱۰۰

میت آف ته ورتا نبود این دشتان
اور وین آبی ۱ فور دشتان آف آف آف آف
توت آت بور آت دون تپانگی توت توت توت توت توت
اینگان ۱ ورتا ویر یوت سی ۱ تپانگه این
ان به درگنسی آت دسیرتین
ایر یوت به ان آوس ر ۱۰۰
تین توت گیتام به توت تپانگی آف ان ته ورتا
توت بو اینگان ۱ ورتا اینگ توت
توت بو اینگان ۱ تپانگی دشتان

HERE IS ME

KOREAN TRANSLATION
BY JIMBO BREEN

여기서 나에게는 이이다

나는 비밀을 갖는다

나는 지독한 비밀을 갖는다

그리고 나는 누군가 말할 수 없다

너는 나의 일생을 본다

따로따로 떨어질텐데

누군가 알면

모두는 생각한다

나는 다른 누구 이다

그러나 여기서 나에게는 이이다

WHO IS AT MY SIDE

A RUSSIAN TRANSLATION
BY SYDNEY ANDERSON

Кто - в моей стороне

Весь в хитят теперь

Должен иметь часть меня назад

Я хочу делать кое-ч то для меня

И каждый хочет часть меня

И каждый хочет мою помощь

Но иногда чилы-вниз

Кто - в моей стороне

HET TAPIJTEN FABRIEK DE SCHOENEN FINNISH TRANSLATION OF THE CARPET FACTORY THE SHOES BY JACOB BEST

Vandaag hoorde ik een verhaal
over een kleine jongen
die slavenarbeid moest doen

in zijn land
kinderarbeid
in dit geval
was hij aan het werken
in een tapijten fabriek

hij lukte er in te ontsnappen
hij vertelde zijn verhaal
tot de wereld
op zijn tiende was hij een held

maar de leiders van de fabriek
hielden een klopjacht
en vandaag hoorde ik
dat de kleine jongen
dodelijk was getroffen door een gewerschot
op de straat
hij was amper twaalf

en Eugene maakt er een punt van
wanneer ik voor hem schoenen koop
dat ze in China zijn gemaakt

nu vraag ik me af
is daar iemand
moeten voor sterven
moet voor die schoenen iemand sterven

(the carpet factory, the shoes)
translated by Jean Hellemans

UNE ALLUMETTE

A FRENCH TRANSLATION OF
A MATCH BY HELENA WOLFE

“ I a par le passé mis le feu à mon ongle. J’ai voulu que mon doigt fût une bougie humaine. “ Elle a relâché une autre allumette dans son verre. La flamme a grésillé dans les baisses de la boisson au bas. Elle a frappé une autre allumette sur le côté du cadre. Allumettes de cuisine. Six ou sept s’étendent sur la serviette de cocktail, dix davantage au bas du verre. Dans une cabine faisant le coin, dans ce petit club la flamme qu’elle a réveillée ressemblé n’importe quelle autre lumière de table. Mais le club était à elle. Elle l’a possédée des pieds sur le banc, genoux dépliés. Tout là sur s’est concentré elle et le petit morceau d’énergie qu’elle s’est tenue. Tout là était à elle à maltraiter. Et elle struch une autre allumette. “ une vieille flamme indiquait que chacun est un pyro au coeur. “ Et elle a rougi. “ ouais, j’ai placé mon ongle sur le feu pendant que je parlais à quelqu’un. C’était un ongle faux. Le plastique brûlant a senti. Mais je n’ai pas réalisé ce que j’avais fait jusqu’à ce que j’aie senti la chaleur sur ma peau. “ Juste alors vous pourriez voir la flamme danser à son bout du doigt. Elle a secoué l’allumette. Elle l’a relâchée en son verre.

EIN TRAUM ÜBER MORD

A GERMAN TRANSLATION OF A DREAM ABOUT MURDER
BY MARINA ARTURO

Ich hatte ein Traumgestern Abend, war er zu meinen üblichen Träumen unterschiedlich, normalerweise träume ich über Material, das hübsches reales scheint, ein wenig mundane und höchstens normalerweise frustrieren. Aber ich weiß nicht, wenn es der Wein war, den ich am Fest Thanksgiving bei Rachel hinunter den Block aß, oder wenn ich irgendeine merkwürdige Geschichte auf Fernsehen früh hörte, aber ich über Mord träumte. Dave und ich blieben in einem Hotel, weiß ich nicht, wo das Hotel war, aber es auf einem Körper des Wassers, ich denkt war, daß es ein See, nicht ein Ozean oder aller war. Und ich erinnere an etwas Punkt, war es Dämmerung im Traum, ging ich für einen Stoß, beachtete ich Außenseite mit zwei die good-looking Männern, während ich auf meinem Stoß war, und dann hinunterging ich den Hügel zum Wasser rging. Ich wollte entlang dem Wasser rütteln. Aber sie hatten es roped weg - ich nicht sogar weiß, wem "sie" sein, aber der Bereich entlang dem Wasser war roped weg, möglicherweise bis volles Tageslicht, möglicherweise dann Leibwächter sein dort, die Leute zu schützen. Aber der Punkt ist, könnte ich nicht entlang dem Wasser rütteln, also hinsaß ich an der Unterseite der Treppe durch den Rand des Wassers, Recht vor den Seilen und überwachte das Wasser. Und eine Frau kam entlang hinunter die Treppe, und hingesessen nahe bei mir, um das Wasser zu überwachen, auch. Ich erinnere, zu denken, daß ich nicht ihr Sein also nah mochte, ich mag eine Richtung des persönlichen Platzes halten, aber dann auftrat sie zu mir ie, daß es nicht viel Platz gab, damit sie geht, da der vollständige Bereich roped weg war. Und die Sache ist, ich nicht sogar mögen rütteln.

OH-, so irgendwie, weiß ich nicht sogar, warum ich für einen Stoß ging, oder an, was Punkt in der Zeit in meinem Traum dieser Stoß auftrat. Aber ich weiß, daß im Traum ich jemand beendete. Er auftrat um, bevor mein Traum technisch begann; Ich erinnere nicht an nichts über den Mord, weiß ich nicht, wenn er war ich alleine daß die Tötung tat, oder wenn Dave dort mit mir war, aller, den ich bin, daß ich ein Halteseil beendete, ich weiß nicht warum ich beendete hime weiß, aber ich beendete jemand in einem anderen Raum im gleichen Hotel, jemand, das ich nicht wirklich weiß glättete. **time-out** und d Sache sein, ich sein tragen gefälscht Nagel während d Mord, oder mindestens sein was ich infered in d Traum, weil ich denken ich verlieren ein von sie an d Szene von d Verbrechen und d Haupt- Teil von d Traum sein mir in d Badezimmer löschen all von mein gefälscht Nagel weil sie können implizieren mir in d Mord.

So löschte ich meine Nägel, waren sie die Plastknägel, die an zu meinen realen Nägeln geklebt, und sie nicht sogar gemalt, sie waren noch gerader weißer Plastik. Und da ich diese gefälschten Nägel löschte, die ich sie auf dem Fußboden fallenließ, weil ich sie weg so frantically zerriß, wünschte ich nicht niemand können, mich mit diesem Mord zu binden. So, als ich sie alle weg erhielt, gesorgt ich noch, dem ich einen wenigen Kleber nach links auf meinen realen Fingernägeln hatte, also versuchte ich, den weg zu reiben, und dann versuchte ich, alle gefälschten Nägel weg vom Badezimmerfußboden aufzuheben. Alle sie fielen gerade auf der rechten Seite der Toilette und waren auf dem Fliesefußboden, und ich erinnere, wie ich sie abholte, das ich auch eine Staubkugel und ein benutztes Stück des freien Bandes aufhob. Ich erinnere, daß das denkend, weil normalerweise Hotelbadezimmerfußböden sauber sind, sie gesäubert jeden Tag ungerade waren. So irgendwie, i-kptsammeln herauf die Nägel, versuchend, zu überprüfen erhielt ich sie alle und gelegentlich zurück fallenließ einen von ihnen auf den Fußboden ihnen, weil ich so hectic und so nervös war. Dieses ließ die vollständige Prozedur die meisten meines Traums aufnehmen. Sobald ich alle Nägel hatte, war die einzige Sache, die ich ungefähr denken könnte, wie man die Nägel entledigt, und der Rest des Traums wurde eine frantic Bemühung, darzustellen aus, wie ich sie loswerden könnte, damit sie nicht zurück zu mir verfolgt werden konnten. ****time-out**** ich denken daß ich können gerade leer sie all hinunter d Toilette, aber dann ich denken daß dort können sein ein Wahrscheinlichkeit daß ein von d Nagel werden nicht gehen unten und werden gerade bleiben an d Unterseite von d Toilette und ich werden nicht beachten es und denken ich sein nach Hause frei aber in Wirklichkeit ich werden sein lassen ein sehr groß Beweisstück of evidence in mein eigen Hotel Raum bind mir zu d Mord. Dann wunderte ich, wenn sie eine Weise haben, durch das Abwasserkanalwasser vom Hotel zu sieben, so dann ich dachte, daß ich nicht irgendwelche von ihnen leeren sollte niederwerfe die Toilette, aber gehe zum verschiedenen allgemeinen restroom um Stadt und leere einige hintereinander daß. Dann begann ich zu sorgen, daß, wenn der Nagel I link an der Szene des Verbrechens mehr als gerade den Kleber mit ihm nahm, der es wirklich etwas von meinem Nagel mit ihm nahm, dann haben ich linken DNA-Beweis an der Szene des Verbrechens und es geben nichts, das ich tun könnte. Und dann begann ich, zu wundern, wenn ich wirklich einen Nagel an der Szene des Mordes verlor oder wenn ich gerades Overreacting war. Und dann wunderte ich, wenn jedermann sogar den toten Körper schon gefunden, dieses ganzes mal, das dort auf den Fußboden ihres Hotelraumes legt. Und dann schellte das Telefon und ich aufwachte te.

WRONG ATTENTION

A TAMIL TRANSLATION BY HOWARD SHINDO

ரொங்க் ஆத்தெந்திஒந்
ஈம் திரெத் ஒ பெஇந்க் அலெ
ஸொ முச் அந்த் ஈம் திரெத்
ஒ மிஸ்ஸிந்க் யொஉ அந்த்
ஈம் திரெத் ஒ வந்திந்க் அ
துரெ வித் யொஉ அந்த் ஈம்
திரெத் ஒ வந்திந்க் யொஉ
அரொஉந்த் மே
ஸொமெநிமெஸ் ஈ திந்க் வ்டே
ஈம் அபொஉத் தொ ஸ்ஸொப்
தத் தெ எசுநீத்ர பில்லொவ்
சொஉள் பெ யொஉ

SEE YOU CRAWL

あなたが這うのを見なさい

A KYLE MACKENZIE JAPANESE TRANSLATION

来られる, 男の子

私はあなたが来るのを見たく這う

ないあなたが私によってがここにほしいので

しかしので私があなたが這うのを見たい

WHAT THAT TOO YOU KNOW

A TELUGU TRANSLATION BY STEVE ERRMAN

ఉఅన్ తత్ టోఒ ఉన్
 ఈ వనె థిన్ తెస్సెన్స్యో తో నొతిచె
 థె దెత్తెల్
 ఈవె నొతిచెద్ వైన్ మొఉ స్పెఅక్
 ఇన్ వస్సిన్స్ వెల్ల, ఈ నొతిచెద్ థె
 దొఉబ్బె మెఅనిన్స్ అన్డ్ మమ్మె
 మొఉ వెరెన్'త్ త్రిన్స్ తో గెవె అ
 దొఉబ్బె మెఅనిన్స్ మమ్మె ఈవ్
 జున్స్ తోఒ అవరె
 మమ్మె ఈ వన్ నొమెథిన్స్ తో
 వొర్క్ వె నొమెన్ వన్ థత్ తోఒ,

IN THE ROOM

A GUJARTI TRANSLATION BY SLOANE EMERSON

ఓన్ ఠె రొంఠొమ్
 మఱ్ఱె ఓమ్ రెంఱొఱొ. తొంఱొ ముఖ. ఓంఱొ
 యిసా మఱ్ఱె యొఱొ రె ఱొఱొమ్మ. విఱ్ఱె ఠెర
 ఓ వొఱొఱొఱొ ఱొం యొఱొ రె లిఱొకె ఱొం యొఱొ
 అరె ఱొమ్మ ఱొం యొఱొ రె ఓంఱొఱొఱొఱొ ఓం
 నొఱొఱొఱొ. అంఱొ యొఱొ వం. తొ. సొమ్లె.
 మొరె అంఱొ లిఱొ. మొరె ఓ వం. తొ
 క్రివ. యొఱొ ఱొం యొఱొ రె లిఱొకె ఱొం
 మఱ్ఱె యొఱొ అం. ఱొం. వయ విఱ్ఱె మె

BARBIE

TRANSLATION INTO ITALIAN BY SHANNON PEPPERS

Il mio sister-in-law mi ha dato un insieme della bambola di Midge quando ha sposato il mio fratello. Midge è venuto completo con un wardrobe del progettista la pavimento-lunghezza si veste, con i sequins ed il tuille ed i guanti di tre-quarto-lunghezza.

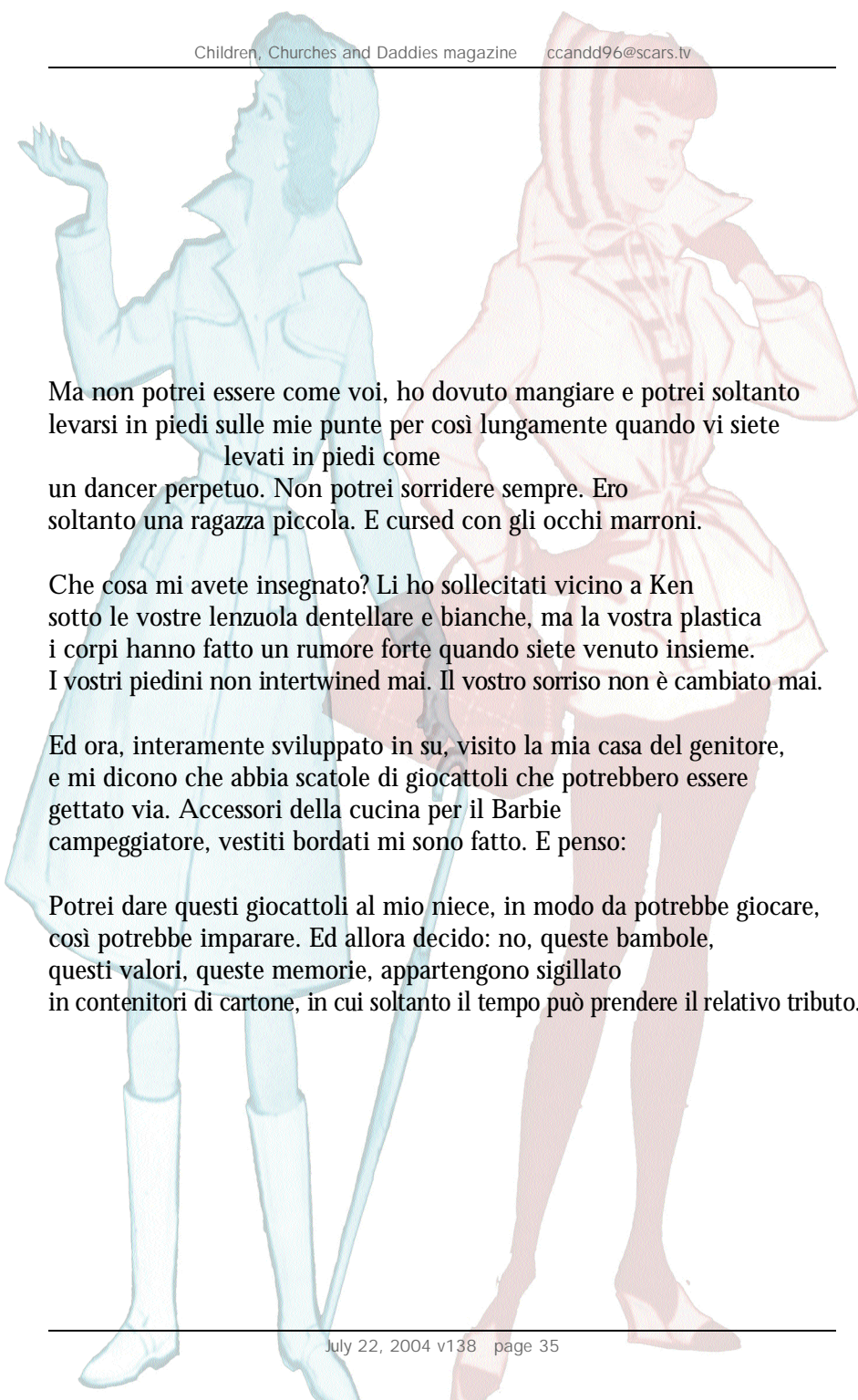
Ma Midge, un più vecchio modello, ha avuto capelli rossi corti designato come una casalinga, non come Barbie, lungamente e biondo e fluire. E Midge ha potuto non sedersi mai in una sedia perché i suoi piedini di plastica erano rigidi e non potrebbero piegarsi.

Per il mio sesto compleanno ho ricevuto una bambola di P.J., uno degli amici di Barbie. I capelli di P.J.'s erano biondi, come Barbie, ma esso era più corti. E qui gli occhi erano marroni, come mine. Non occhi al sogno di. Gli occhi gradiscono mine.

Quando infine li ho ottenuti, Barbie, li ho curati gradisco un certo ordinamento del goddess, voi con il vostro sproporzionato figura e sorriso perpetuo. Quando non mangiate mai, potete rimanere sottilmente. Potete sempre essere felici.

Ho preso l' armadietto della cucina e la colla di plastica del calafataggio ed allineato uno shoebox in modo da voi ha potuto avere una vasca del bagno. Ho registrato una paglia intorno alla parte posteriore della vasca così voi potrebbe avere i getti e bolle supplementari quando vi siete impregnati.

La tabella dello stagno del mio padre era il vostro lago; un secondo contenitore di pattino servito da vostra barca di velocità. Avete preso tutti i vostri amici per la barca guida lungo il verde; Ken, le bambole di Marie e di Donny, P.J., Midge uniforme.



Ma non potrei essere come voi, ho dovuto mangiare e potrei soltanto
levarsi in piedi sulle mie punte per così lungamente quando vi siete
levati in piedi come
un dancer perpetuo. Non potrei sorridere sempre. Ero
soltanto una ragazza piccola. E cursed con gli occhi marroni.

Che cosa mi avete insegnato? Li ho sollecitati vicino a Ken
sotto le vostre lenzuola dentellare e bianche, ma la vostra plastica
i corpi hanno fatto un rumore forte quando siete venuto insieme.
I vostri piedini non intertwined mai. Il vostro sorriso non è cambiato mai.

Ed ora, interamente sviluppato in su, visito la mia casa del genitore,
e mi dicono che abbia scatole di giocattoli che potrebbero essere
gettato via. Accessori della cucina per il Barbie
campeggiatore, vestiti bordati mi sono fatto. E penso:

Potrei dare questi giocattoli al mio niece, in modo da potrebbe giocare,
così potrebbe imparare. Ed allora decido: no, queste bambole,
questi valori, queste memorie, appartengono sigillato
in contenitori di cartone, in cui soltanto il tempo può prendere il relativo tributo.

PORQUE O FACA

A PORTUGUESE TRANSLATION OF WHY DO YOU BY AEON LOGAN

Por que você nos faz a espera para que você volte?

Por que você reserva sofrer?

Por que você aponta todos os furacões em parques home móveis?

Por que você nos deixe se destruir?

Por que você obstrui povos de ganhar o conhecimento?

Por que nenhum colapse principal das companhias da película de
Hollywood em um de seus terremotos?

Por que você deixe povos inocentes os morrer para crimes fazem para
não cometer?

Por que você deixe o culpado ir livre?

A por que você luta de encontro o progresso e a tecnologia?

Por que você enche esta terra com assim muita dor?

Por que você não vem para baixo aqui, para a direita agora, e nos mostra
sua cara?

Por que é que os povos mais menos inteligentes é, mais religiosos são?

Por que você trata mulheres no bible como possessões?

Por que você reserva pro-pro-wrestling?

Por que você nos insiste para ter a fé em você e para fazer-nos denounce
nossos cérebros?

Por que você pensa de nós pensaria que você existe?

DEMASIADA LUZ

A SPANISH TRANSLATION OF
TOO MUCH LIGHT BY CARTER DONOVAN

demasiada luz hace que el bebé va persiana
y demasiada luz hace el mothrush en la llama
y dado en un final
resplandor glorioso de la gloria
y he visto la luz
y la he visto

cuál es mi opción:

quemadura en la llama
para repartir rápidamente
para morir jóvenes
o deslizarse lentamente lejos
para morir lentamente
día por día
deje a la gente en oscuridad
tire de mí adentro
avance a poquitos por pulgada
hasta la luz
me mata

SO MANY LIES

A COLIN MADISON
SANSKRIT TRANSLATION

ल्लो अन्य ळिएस
ईम सो सिक्क ओफ़ पेओप्ले
बेइन्ग चोन्देस्वेन्दिन्ग तो म्य फ़चे,
तेल्लिन्ग मे थत ई अम थे ओने
थत दोएस्नत उन्देस्तन्द
थेय उन्देस्तन्द होव थेय थिन्क
अन्द होव ई थिन्क
पेओप्ले ई ओन्चे व्रुस्तेद तोळ मे
वेल्ल, वैत, इत इस प्रोवळ्ण्य मोरे
अच्चुरते तो सय थत एवेर्यनि
तेल्लस मे थेय तेल्ल मे, थेय तेल्ल
मे, थेय तेल्ल मे ओवेर अन्द
ओवेर अगेन। पेओप्ले ई उसेद
तो क्नोव, पेओप्ले ई उसेद तो

ISSN#1068-5154

children, churches and daddies

children, churches and daddies

the unreligious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

Produced By Scars Publications and Design

Editorial Offices Children, Churches and Daddies; Scars Publications and Design
829 Brian Court
Gurnee, IL 60031-3155 USA

Internet ccandd96@scars.tv
<http://scars.tv>

Publishers/Designers Of

Children, Churches and Daddies magazine; cc+d Ezines; The Burning mini poem books; God Eyes mini poem books; The Poetry Wall Calendar; The Poetry Box; The Poetry Sampler; Mom's Favorite Vase Newsletters
Reverberate Music Magazine; Down In The Dirt magazine; Freedom and Strength Press forum; assorted chapbooks and books; music, poetry compact discs; live performances of songs and readings

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- **Children, Churches and Daddies** (ISSN 1068-5154) is published quarterly by **Scars Publications and Design**, 829 Brian Court, Gurnee, IL 60031-3155 USA; attn: Janet Kuypers. Contact us via snail-mail or e-mail (ccandd96@scars.tv) for subscription rates or prices for annual collection books.

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