

children
churches
& daddies

v159
April 22 '06



ISSN 1555-1555
9 791555 155002

the **UN**religious, **NON**family-oriented literary & art mag

table of contents

the boss lady's editorial

Losing Her Chance at the
Presidency2

eye on the sky
Stealing Pluto's Thunder6

poetry the passionate stuff

Michael Ceraolo9

Nicole Aimiee Macaluso *art*9

Calvin Becker9

Mason Tate10

Frank Anthony10

Molly Wendtland10

Eric bonholtzer *poem & art*11

Christopher Fog12

Cheryl Townsend *art*12

Carol Mikoda13

Edward Michael O'durr

Supranowicz *art*13

Joshua Gray14

Emily Griskavich15

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal ..15

Mather Schneider.....16

Rose E. Grier *art*.....16

Janet Kuypers17

Nick Brazinsky *art*18

Amber May18

Adriana DeCastro *art*19

Kathryn Alison Graves19

Tyler Joseph Wiseman20

Aaron Wilder *art*20

Tracy M. Rogers *art*20

Eriol Fox20

Jessica Bechtold21

Robert Lee Brewer22

Mark Graham *art*22

Rangzen Shanti23

Thomas Rucker24

Donal Finn24

Chris Major25

Stephen Mead *art*25

Anne Heide25

Heather Dorn26

Angela Little27

prose the meat & potatoes stuff

Mark Passero.....28

John Sweet29

Mike Hovancsek *art*30

performance art

A Night of Firsts, 06/22/0431

Scars Art

15, 21, 23, 27, 31, 33-36, 38-40.

Cover art of the Picasso Statue,
downtown Chicago.

Should the federal government be compelled to pay proterty taxes to local municipalities in which the federal government owns land?

- Question asked to Ayn Rand after the lecture "the Moratorium on Brains" (Boston, Ford Hall Museum, 1971). This question also appears in the book *Ayn Rand Answers*, Centennial Edition.

the boss lady's editorial

Losing Her Chance at the Presidency

Wasn't sleeping in the White house
for eight years enough for her?

When popular opinion seems to hold that Clinton was a Godsend (because this presidency coincided with the stock market boom with the computer technology decade, so the economy was good), and every news media outlet proudly proclaims that Bush is bad after “robbing” Gore from the presidency. People have wondered that after the Clintons moved to New York and since Hillary Rodham Clinton has become a senator, people have wondered if Hillary would be a shoe-in for the presidency after W's eight years are up.

By definition, I'm a feminist — and that doesn't mean when should have special rights, that means women should have **equal** rights. But as a “classic” feminist, I believe it would be a good move if a talented woman was elected president. Now, Hillary was only the first lady in the 90s, but she was *involved* enough with knowing about what business Bill was involved with (Presidential business, apparently not all personal business), and she was involved with health care reform, so I'd think she would know how to step into those presidential shoes. She kept a good face for the public when Bill Clinton was going through his personal “cigar” ordeal, and both Hillary and her husband Bill are even lawyers (just proving that she's not just some dumb cookie). But I know there are a lot of people out there who wouldn't want a woman as their President, so any woman who



RE-DEFEAT COMMUNISM



2008

runs for office will really have an uphill battle. So... going on her lawyer schooling, and her eight years of semi-experience in the White house (even if it's only as the first lady, she probably knew more about the business of the Presidency than first ladies thirty years ago), and her position as a senator in New York now... People wonder if she has the experience. But then the question then arises: does Hillary Rodham Clinton deserve it?

Some Democrats love Hillary Clinton (but then again, they lost the Presidential election when they wanted anyone and anything to get rid of Bush), but Republicans will quickly point out that as Senator, Hillary Clinton has introduced tons of relatively useless legislation that hasn't gone anywhere in the Senate (if she actually spearheaded something of value, it would show initiative, and the desire to make positive changes and the ability to lead). A writer has even released a book hoping for an all-female Presidential battle, pitting Hillary Rodham Clinton against the Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice (who has stated she didn't want to run for President), where race could also play a serious role in electing a new President. So where does that leave us?

It leaves me seeing television shows highlight her talking to a black group on Martin Luther King, Jr. day, saying the current government was run like a Plantation. "When you look at the way the House of Representatives has been run, it has been run like a plantation, and you know what I'm talking about," is what this Democrat Senator of New York told the crowd at the Canaan Baptist Church of Christ in Harlem.

Yes, she said that. You know, to relate to the black people she was talking to. And well, I'm not black, but I *don't* know what she was talking about with that remark. Did she mean that the House of Representatives owns a plantation and the rest of the government works like slaves for the House of Representatives? Or is it that because the government is so Republican right now, did she mean that it allows the House of Representatives to act like Plantation owners, and all American civilians



are slaves? Her statement is confusing, and probably offensive to black people, and I *still* don't even get what she means. When I heard about her comment, and when I even heard the liberal media comment on it on television, *they* even thought she was off her rocker with that line.

All I could think was, 'doesn't she have someone to bounce off speeches to? Wouldn't someone have pointed out that this might not be an appropriate thing to say?' But I was told that she probably *did* confer with a writing staff to pull that line off, and staff writers could have even suggested that line to her. So I thought, 'And they *let* her say *that*.'

So then I wondered that if she couldn't figure out how to use decorum talking to a group on Martin Luther King, Jr. day, maybe she *would - n't* be appropriate for the Presidency.

And yeah, it's not fair of me to make a judgment about a potential Presidential candidate from one bad quote, but there are a *lot* of people — including Democrats — talking about her potential - and the potential demise for a Democrat as president, if Hillary is their front runner. Everyone seems to agree that she would be a shoe-in for the Primaries, but she wouldn't stand a chance in a general election. That she's too liberal, she's polarizing, that people aren't ready to vote for a woman President. And if people think she's too polarizing, consider a nationwide Quinnipiac University poll conducted on December 16, George Bush's negatives are even worse than hers—by six points. Or consider Ronald Reagan, who in 1978 was only some b movie actor, who even played second fiddle to a *monkey* in a movie. But he strutted around like he *knew* he was good to be the President, and said the right things - and this cheesy actor managed to win two elections. In 1980, Democrats were praying Reagan would run in the Republican primary, believing he was too conservative, and he won. In this case, people say Hillary is too liberal, so she would never win. So who's right?



And there are both sides to *every* story told. Because if people think she's too liberal, well, since working in the Senate, she has done everything to look like a centrist, from supporting the death penalty to supporting the war in Iraq. She's even sitting on the Armed Services Committee... And although she appears to have become more centrist, according to the National Journal, Hillary's voting record has gotten increasingly liberal, as



(Photo: Getty Images)

She's got a lot of uphill battles, and... And saying things like she said

Jennifer Senior of *The New York Metro* noted that if this were to actually happen, we'd see two strange alternating political dynasties, one composed of husband and wife, the other of father and son. She also noted in her article *The Once and Future President Clinton* (<http://newyorkmetro.com/nymetro/news/politics/national/features/11082/>): "Unlike Bush, though, who never seemed to wrestle with his political eligibility—that's the marvelous thing about family wealth, how it lends the illusion you've earned your privileges—Hillary would be dogged by the same questions that dogged a whole generation of feminists about power and how it's acquired. Sure, her candidacy would be the ultimate suffragette triumph, but it'd also send a complicated message: *So this is how we get to the White House? On a flagstone path laid by our husbands?* And what would Bill be, if she won? Co-president? Just as her husband promised to end welfare, as we knew it, Hillary, by definition, would have to end the office of the First Lady, as we know it. Unless Bill was content to spend the next four years selecting china patterns."

So yea, there are a lot of questions on both sides. But a Quinnipiac polls even show she'd beat Rudolph Giuliani if he ran against her for Senate in 2006. And I don't even know if she actually *could* stand a chance. All the things we're sure would be her downfall, are things others have used to actually *win* the Presidency.

But then again, I read on BBC News that Hillary Rodham Clinton said to ABC's Barbara Walters she has no intention of running for the White House herself in 2008. At this point in the game, I don't know her intentions, or her chances.




Janet Kuypers
Editor in Chief

eye on the sky

Stealing Pluto's thunder

by Catherine E. Borsché

It looks as if the schoolteachers may be redoing their solar system charts.

A new planet has been discovered in the solar system. And, if you were to craft this planet out of foam for a school science project, it would be roughly 20 to 30 percent larger than Pluto.

On July 29, 2005, Dr. Mike Brown of the California Institute of Technology (Caltech) announced the discovery of the new planet in the outer region of our solar system. The planet, which hasn't been officially named yet, is about 97 times farther from the sun than Earth, or 97 Astronomical Units (AU).

In comparison, Pluto is 30 AU from the sun.

The planet cataloged as 2003UB313, at the lonely outer fringes of our solar system. Our sun can be seen in the distance. The new planet, which is yet to be formally named, is at least as big as Pluto and about three times farther away from the sun than Pluto. It is very cold and dark. The planet was discovered by the Samuel Oschin Telescope at the Palomar Observatory near San Diego, Calif., on Jan. 8.

This places the new planet in the Kuiper Belt, a dark realm beyond Neptune where thousands of small icy bodies orbit the sun. The planet appears to be typical of Kuiper Belt objects, only much bigger. Its sheer size in relation to the nine known planets means that it can only be classified as a planet, Brown said.



Backyard astronomers with modern detectors mounted on large telescopes can find the new planet, which looks like a dim speck of light moving very slowly against the starry background.

...keep an eye
on the sky
with NASA, at
<http://www.nasa.gov/>



The planet was discovered by Brown, Chad Trujillo of the Gemini Observatory in Mauna Kea, Hawaii, and David Rabinowitz of Yale University in New Haven, Conn. They first photographed the new planet with Caltech's 48-inch Samuel Oschin Telescope on Oct. 31, 2003. The object was so far away, however, that its motion was not detected until they reanalyzed the data in January of this year.

"We are 100 percent confident that this is the first object bigger than Pluto ever found in the outer solar system," Brown said.

The planet's temporary name is 2003 UB313. A permanent name has been proposed by the discoverers to the International Astronomical Union (IAU), and they are awaiting a decision before announcing the name. However, scientists have nicknamed the planet Xena after the fictional warrior princess.

And, to add even more wonder to the discovery itself, this planet has company out in the recesses of the solar system.

"Since the day we discovered Xena, the big question has been whether or not it has a moon," Brown said. "Having a moon is just inherently cool – and it is something that most self-respecting planets have, so it is good to see that this one does too."

Brown estimates that the moon, dubbed Gabrielle after Xena's sidekick, is at least one-tenth the size of Xena.

"Pluto once seemed a unique oddball at the fringe of the solar system," Brown said. "But we now see that Xena, Pluto and the others are part of a diverse family of large objects with similar characteristics, histories and even moons, which together will teach us more about the solar system than any single oddball ever would."

To be or not to be...a planet

Not everyone in the astronomy community agrees with Xena's, or for that matter Pluto's, planetary distinction.

"There's been a big debate going on for some time, even before the tenth planet Xena was discovered," Dr. Ed Barker, planetary astronomer in the Astromaterials Research and Exploration Science (ARES) Directorate

at JSC, said. “I’m really on the side that it’s not a planet.”

The debate heated up as astronomers learned more about our solar system and found that Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune were not alone. Scientists began discovering objects that did not fit neatly into the planet category, but were still significant nonetheless. It became

clear these objects were not planets, but “little planetoids,” Dr. Mark Matney, JSC ARES planetary scientist, said.

As a result of these findings, a separate “minor planets” category was designated. Ten years ago, there were about 28,000 minor planets, also known as asteroids. Now close to 300,000 have been discovered.

“It’s clear that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are a family, the gas giants. But Pluto we’ve known for a long time is different from the others. Then, with the discovery of Kuiper Belt objects, people began talking about Pluto maybe being a big Kuiper Belt object,” Matney said. “And here you find an object [Xena] that’s clearly bigger than Pluto...”

To complicate matters, Xena has a moon. “And that’s where the parallels really are. In fact, there are two or three other Kuiper Belt objects that have moons also,” Barker said.

So, is Xena just really a Kuiper Belt object with a moon – or a planet?

Unfortunately, it’s more in the eye of the beholder than anything else. The IAU has not officially ruled on whether or not Xena is a planet, or even how they plan on defining a planet in general.

There are probably more cultural reasons to classify Xena as a planet than anything else. If Pluto stays categorized as a planet because it has long been considered one, then Xena too must be a planet. Xena clearly has more heft than Pluto, and has a moon to boot.

“Whatever happens to Pluto, it sounds like Xena will be in the same category,” Matney said.

One thing is for sure. “There’s just a lot of leftover building blocks out in the outer solar system,” Barker said.

Which means, as Matney said, “There may be some more Xenas before we’re done.”

“Having a moon is inherently cool – and it’s something most self-respecting planets have...”



poetry
the passionate stuff

©inεmā \$°nnε+ α|v:Ba6y Faφε
Cinema Sonnet XIV:Baby Face

Michael Ceraolo

It was a showing of a re-discovered original print
Barbara Stanwyck sleeps her way to the top,
still transgressive, even taboo today,
with unintentional humor along the way,
proving yet again nothing is deader than yesterday's slang
After the movie was over,
there was a showing of two altered scenes
from the censored release,

plus

the false (in many ways) ending of the altered version,
provoking laughter from many in the audience,
smugly secure that such censorship
couldn't happen today



Adventual,
art by Nicole
Aimie
Macaluso

†Λε ©ε11
The Cell

Will I ever get out of this cell?

The walls have been greased
With insect repellent
And the fire alarm no longer works

Calvin Becker

All there is left to do
Is fly

@E+ΛEΓ M^orning
Aether Morning

Mason Tate

In the gauzy moments of waking
missing you is comparable to breathing
tacit and more difficult in the cold

I count morningtime in thirds
waltz with your reminiscence
steep my tea in the waters of the Lethe

\$φ^o+φλ □ \$^oδa On @^oφk\$
Scotch & Soda On Rocks

@+ †λa+ Bir+λδay Par+y
At That Birthday Party

It could be this quest
or an ever last desire
that spells me go west
stimulate here is fire
Or the 10 jumbo shrimp
Taking off like my jet
Down to that Caribbean
which shall get us yet
Favored birthday party
of the odd man the out
could be one the three
of them could be about
to begin a family tree

| Wait

Molly
Wendtland

I wait for a bus
where there is no stop,
but it's not frequent that
public transportation traverses
this country-roded dead end.

I hear distantly
dogs barking,
22 shots firing,
and an occasional
rooster's crow.

I take in leaves –
examples of every
lobe and venation type,
colors from at least
seven of the eight
in the crayon box –

I smell the chlorophyll,
the sand made mud
by last night's rain,
feel the earth
at my fingertips,
and yet I wait.
Here, I wait.

© 2005 Frank Anthony

Perspective

I see through the dragon's eye.
Timeless viewed scales.
Alleyways with muted hymns of joy
Verandas of profound sorrow
Another stone upon the ageless back.

In another time a woman cries
As a baby laughs.
Dust chokes back mottled tears,
Settling, swirling, bodies of lies.
Clink as the stones clang together among good company

I saw a flower once
As it grew between boards bent in disagreement.
Inside the window an old man tries to scrub his face young,
And now you wash and try to become clean.
A belt of Scripture holds me straight.

All the answers are out there
But sometimes looking at the puzzle too close
Seems to be solving a riddle with cracked glasses.
One that only looks complete when it is turned upside down,
Or at a slant or a distance.
Never right before one's face.
It's simply too close.

this appears
in the book
**Remnants
& Shadows**

Eric Bonholtzer



∟ | F£

Christopher Fog

Peace, when the air is cool
sleeping is full of pitter-patter
soft
little raindrops, easing you into the
sublime
but then the fucking phone
rings, and it doesn't stop

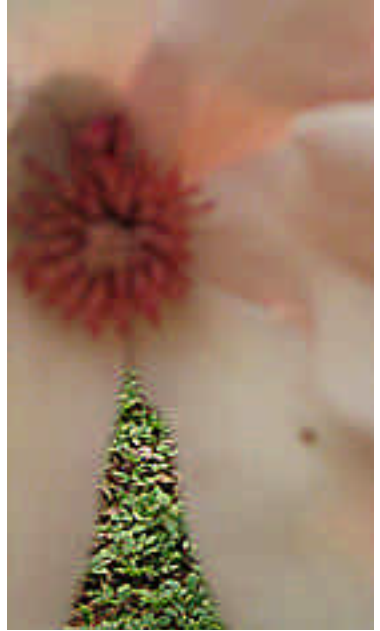
Until it does, and your eyes flutter
in a deep world, gentle whispers of
waves, splashing softly against the shore

But then your four year old comes
crashing into your room, crying, with
shit all over the carpet

Easy, he leaves, and you turn over
to your lover, and kiss her
smooth
and you glide into the rhythm of
passion

Then that asshole neighbor
starts up the lawn mover at 6:00am, and
mows, and
mows

But the smell of freshly cut grass is nice
and when the sun slants into the room
warming your face with sleepy rays, you
glide



Delta, art by
Cheryl Townsend

Until that piece of shit fire alarm
goes off because your teenage daughter burnt her toast
and the wailing gives you a bastard headache

Slipping quietly away
into a slumber, at last
birds chirping outside

Then one hits your window, and
he lies there, flapping
dying
and you have to go outside in your towel
and break its neck

Finally you scream
FUCK

\$λαρρ |η+ακε °f βρεα+λ
Sharp Intake of Breath

Carol Mikoda

Scream in the darkness
but make no sound.
Flash all the lights,
but the bulbs are broken.
Clang the bell
that has no tongue.
Clap your hands,
whose skin has unraveled
in shreds.
Walk to the farthest end
of the road only to find
that there is no one there
to cry for you.
Who will sing
at your funeral?



Entry to the World,
art by Edward Michael
O'durr Supranowicz

Øðε +^o a ©^offεε Mμg
Ode to a Coffee Mug

Joshua Gray

I have found no better companion
To drink my morning cup-o-joe with than the man
On the brown mug in which my coffee sits.

The man is but a face, a bas relief
That sticks out of the side of the clay cup
Like a joke. Like fattened lamb thighs

His white crossed eyes meet each other.
His big snout sits compromised above
The massive moustache that almost makes the look,

Like he had been hit over the head by a ten-pound bag
Of whole coffee beans. An elaborate handle,
Thumb rest and all, provides the macaroni

Hair style. Coffee mug,
You put a smile on my face every morning
When I open my office door, right when I remember

My college fish friends. Before I killed them all,
Even the big orange one I dubbed Poseidon,
I was too poor to buy an entire obstacle course

For the little gillies, so I put you inside the tank
In place of a plastic mini cave, and watched
The ghoti stare wide-eyed before diving

Deep into your darkened innards.

∫ Ø \$ £ Π #
JOSEPH

Emily Griskavich

Joseph has apparently gone off his medication.

Two years ago, he used to glide past me
in the staff section of the homeless shelter,
his intense gaze dressed in black
(a throwback to his monastery days),
too taciturn to say hello.

Now, he leans in close to tell me
the government is experimenting on twins
in locked rooms in the basement of the Pentagon.

And by the way, ten years ago
on Good Friday, he and the other monks
saw Jesus materialize in the incense smoke
while they were prostrate in the service.

His once-dark beard has gone grey,
and I can see pink-red scabs at its roots
like neon signs through a dirty bar window.
His intense silence has been replaced
by a flurry of blinking, grinning,
gesticulating, I-tell-you-whats.

W | ® £ £

Luis
Cuauhtemoc
Berriozabal



I've got wires
like a television.
Through my eyes
I can be seen
by government agents.
When I'm asleep
I get my privacy.

I like to write
mystery stories
when I have time to myself.
I have special
skills and powers,
which the government
wants for itself.

This is why I'm on constant
surveillance.
I cannot rest.
The demand on
my time is damn
near overwhelming at times.
It makes me crazy.

†#£ M£@† ®@©K
THE MEAT RACK

Mather Schneider

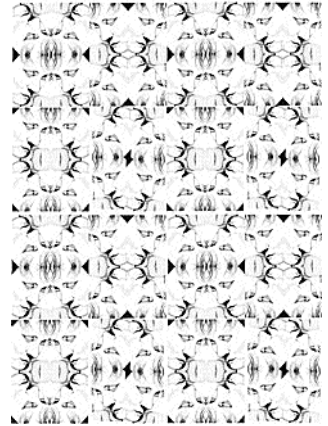
I know a man
who owns a bar
and it is really more of a
shrine to himself

framed photographs of himself
along side famous boxers
and actors and politicians
all over the walls
with newspaper clippings
of when he ran for mayor
and photos of himself crossing the finish line
of the New York Marathon

I'm not sure how this guy happened
to have a camera at every
moment of his life
but
there it is

and he's apparently know a lot of
artists
because several portraits of himself also
adorn the place

he has this special deal:
if you get a brand of his face
on your arm
you will get a twenty percent
discount on drinks for
life



K D Lang, art by
Rose E. Grier

not free but
a twenty percent discount

the brand is the size of a
half dollar

this is what we have to be
proud of
in our
great civilization

a Great @merican a Great American

Janet Kuypers

and when listening to Sean Hannity,
one of the Republican's icons in punditry,
I hear him say to all veterans,
"you're a great American."
then other people
later on his show
would say that he is a great American

and it becomes like a contest sometimes
where everyone who supports
Sean Hannity on his show
is calling each other a great American

and I'm thinking:
he thanks veterans
because they fought in a war
and protected our country.
and I'm thinking,
we thank people
for finding a loophole to legally kill people,
we thank people for going through hell
in a current war that we don't support

a war not defending our country
but killing our people nonetheless

Hell, people now aren't even in a war
only Congress can declare a war
and we haven't been in an actual war
since World War Two

but I'm sure they're great Americans
because they fought
in these President-proclaimed wars

yeah, Sean Hannity thanks veterans
because they fought in a war
and protected our country
but he also calls anyone a great American
only because they agree with him

you can elevate anyone to that tall pedestal
idolize them, call them a great American
as long as they support the Bush kakistocracy

hey, we're Americans,
we've proclaimed ourselves to be the best
we don't idolize anyone
I think it's time we all start thinking
the Sean Hannity way
and be great Americans again



Survival of
the Fittest,
art by Nick
Brazinsky

Identity Theft

Amber May

Girl: gaping cavern of need, octopus arms flaying out
desperately for affection.

Boy: pure void, mimicking mocking mirror, moldable clay chameleon.

The parallel lines of Girl and Boy intersect arbitrarily.
Electric sparks fly as the two seeking substances collide.
Separate entities meld into a single identity.

Intertwining vine-limbs and alignment of internal ideologies,
Soul caressing, synchronize heartbeats, interwoven mind links.

Identity theft.

Boy caught stealing Girl from herself.

The embrace becomes a death grip.

With the mask of love-giver,

Leech Boy sucks greedily on his prey.

The idyllic lovers emulate Munch's "Death and the Maiden."

Gluttonous Girl is forced to see the hatefulness of her Need
As mirror lover mimics her affection starved cries, amplified.

Boy choked Girl with her own rope.

But she tore away, leaving behind her Need.

\$€1f-#€1p Self-Help

Kathryn Alison
Graves

If you want to know my opinion
women should be worshiped
for God sake
think about it

Men sit and think about us
or should I say about it
and they continue to thrive
and we know it

We can sip wine
or take shots
carry the brat until term
and then sign the rest of our lives away
to everyone else's service

We join the corporate pool
not to think about production
but to keep the suits off our back
to become successful
and don't forget the money, honey

Meanwhile we pump our breasts
in the office ladies room
staining the new silk blouse
acrylic nails clicking on the buttons
and then we stop for a moment
to think about the small pink flowers
on a seersucker dress
that we wore when we were little girls



Blue Face, art by
Adriana DeCastro

Fir§+ M° √ ΕΜΕη+
First Movement

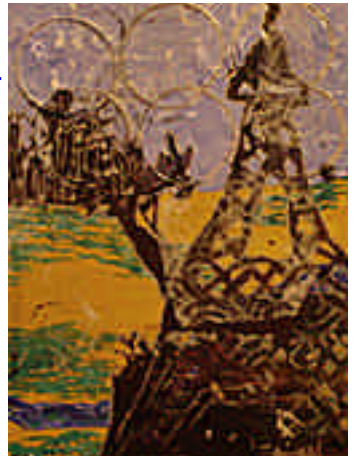
Tyler Joseph Wiseman

Migration,
I'm taking my wooly words worth
and moving on home

Diggin the concrete, time to break my teeth
upon the ample edge of indifference

I'm sitting with my pretty self
in the Santa Cruz Diner
where I was told in so many words
"Hippies use side door"
Just ordered a Jack Kerouac,
side of fries
twenty five and some scratch in my pocket

Menu, it says "life is unpredictable,
eat dessert first"
and I do



Les Cirques dans
la Ciel, art by
Aaron Wilder



Clouds 14, art by
Tracy M. Rogers

£M°+i°η§
Emotions

Eriol Fox

A fine line exists
Between love and hate.
A tenuous thread,
Delicate as a spider web,
These two emotions separates.
And when this fragile string is pluck'd
The strength of the former love
Fuels the fire of the burning hate.



tāpɛ nāilʂ Tape Nails

Jessica Bechtold



My mom used to get her nails done,
long acrylic, hard for endurance,
painted Washington Red,
standing out against the standard,
Chevy-gray dashboard backdrop.
On turns she'd tippy-tap
on the steering wheel,
and she'd click like African tongues
on the radio dial.
I decided I needed nails too.



I took Scotch tape
from the drawer in the kitchen
where lost pennies,
crooked paper-clips,
and bread-fresh twisty ties go,
and wrapped a piece around
each bitten fingertip,
and pinched the end into a thin tip,
hard enough to tippy-tap.
On the dashboard
I'd imitate the clicks,
attempting to learn
the tongue of tape nails.



No Repeating

Past Mistakes

Robert Lee Brewer

No matter where you travel in Atlanta, there's a Peachtree Street around the corner with a Chic-Fil-A and a Starbucks and another damn division title for the Bobby Cox brigade.

Just give me 10 minutes to find you alone in a room with no windows naked, turning over past mistakes in your head as you move closer to another with me.

It's not a cycle, this feeling, because it's different every time but similar to a spiral through history or a track that falls back and works its way up.



Deer Hunter, art by Mark Graham

Wār °n Πεαφε

Rangzen Shanti

I have seen the war against my people
Telling the world what we believe
Cops with semi-automatics
Pointed ever at me
I have seen the tear gas clouds fill the streets
The screams of an innocent child
In pain
The black and blue brigades beat us
Till we look like them
Even when we are naked
The fires hoses pounding our skin
Every drop, like a rock
Up against the wall mother
It's all we can do
I have seen the gross fines
For those who pine
To be free
I have seen the spies
Inspecting every speck of dirt
To ascertain its worth
I have seen soldiers atop the White House
With rifles ready to snipe
Fingers ever itching
To pick off a hippie
I have seen the expulsions
For possessions of an herb
The narcs smashing down doors
I have seen cigarette corporations
Swimming in green
Their money and the lungs they've ruined
I have seen the apathy towards them
The addictions, five packs a day
The villains left untouched
The victims left to rot
And the far lesser evil
Beaten into submission



-Washington D.C., fall, 2005

Fire Over Castle Mountains
Fire Over Castle Mountains

Thomas Rucker

The tall mountains stand like castles,
in the red west,
The Sun gallops across the sky,
In it's firey flight, on scarlet
wings, like a floating splendor
of burning hell.
Casting it's volley of destruction.
The rushing bronze torch, fall behind
the mountains of tall castles.

I SCRAPPED A WALL
I SCRAPPED A WALL

Donal Finn

I scraped a wall at work today, chipping nails and such.
No world event did circumvent my humble tools nudge.
The televisions death ray vision spoke of terror
bombing missions,
Rapist's guilty plea admissions-motto of our times.
The world it went to shit today.
But my wall turned out just fine.

P | © | + | U | R | £ † | # | \$
 PICTURE THIS

Chris Major

You looked no more
 than 16 or 17,
 and initially we
 thought you'd pissed yourself,
 were just another drunk
 staggering to ask for change,
 as a damp patch
 on your jeans spread.
 But the outstretched
 hand was begging help,
 as you suddenly fell,
 dropped 6 foot 12 years
 to mumble for "Mum".



from State of Desire
 State of Being,
 art by Stephen Mead

Touch 'n' go the paramedics said;
 all other veins collapsed
 you'd stuck you're groin,
 dug a little too deep.

We watched them
 stretcher your dead body,
 as that siren's whirrrrrr
 swept all thoughts
 all comfortable plans
 to minds periphery,
 where they occasionally,
 still,
 frame the incident.....

Ⓜ ⓔ ⓔ η + γ υ 16
 Reentry 16

Anne Heide

make a byword of
 egested matter

a cup from which an egg
 is eaten an egg ingested

attempt to convince
 supporting streetlights (hooded bulbs)

incite numbers (of sparrows) to walk
 into you

Getting a Ride

Heather Dorn

for a while
it was easy
to hitch a ride home
with Matt and his mom

he shared my locker
but he had no
floor or shelf, only
one hook
to balance his books
it was a fair trade

we would laugh
in the backseat
about Rosencrantz
& Guildenstern Are Dead
and pretend to flip
a coin
“heads...heads...heads...”

but one day
I started having
play practice
and quit going
home at three o'clock

I caught a ride
with my friend
Kortney, who had
a convertible
and smoked Marlboro Lights
as we pulled out
of the parking lot
she never offered me
one, I didn't smoke, but
she didn't know that

one day
as I watched her puff,
tossing her sun-baked hair
over her tan shoulder
I caught a look,
a mixture of boredom,
obligation and pity
and I decided
not to ask her again
and she never offered

for a few days
the drama teacher shuttled
me home, but
not wanting to see
that look in her eyes
I started saying I didn't
need a ride
and I walked the long way
so nobody would see me
cutting through fields
of dirt and mosquitoes
grasshoppers and feral flowers

I decided
I would rather walk
from now on



† ΛΕ Π ρ ϕ Ε θ μ ρ Ε The Procedure

Angela Little

Would his hair have been black?
Would his eyes have been dark?
Or would they have been blue, like the sky?
Would blonde wisps have tickled his ears?

I listen to the machines, feel the cold metal on the bottoms of my feet.

Would his feet have run like the wind?
Would his legs have been long?
Or would they have been short, and sturdy, like his father's?
Would his strong hands have worked hard?

I am nauseated, the room spins as I stare up at the ceiling.

Would he have been persistent?
Would he have overcome obstacles?
Or would he have tried to fade away, unseen, like his mother?
Would he have caved to the expectations?

I feel the tissue paper against my back.
I see the masked faces around me.
I swim in a sea of white and blue and sterilized instruments....

I cry and begin to mourn as my unborn son is torn from my body.

prose
the meat and potatoes stuff

∟ ° § + | √ 4
Lost Ivy

Mark Passero

Ivy was warned to leave the Hindu Valley. She was a lost Christian mystic. She hid behind her sabbatical habit, Christian cross and priestly gown. Her age is unknown. Many Indians said she was 25 or 30 years of age. She was pretty as lotus flower with a slender Kali frame and shiny jet black milky silk hair. They claim she was a Greek or Turk, but nobody knows. My grandfather Ben met her one day back in June of 1962. She was buying candles from a hindu priest. She purchased a dozen of so. The hindu priest gave her the candles and refused her money. He shouted at her, "Blessed spirit go away, may peace be with you." He threw white rice at her hair and face. She replied, "Back, you are a pagan and a fool, I came for my holy tools, I will pray for you soul in the light of the true God comes to you." She walked out the door not paying any attention were she was going. Bingo, she bumped in to my grandfather Ben. She was sacred like a white rabbit ready to run. She dropped her candles on the poor poverty road. Ben replied "I am so sorry, I did not see you coming." Ivy replied "It is my fault, I must be going crazy with the heat." "Ben replies "Let's go for a drink at Adrimal Nelson Pub." He grabs her by her right slender hand and off they go. She walks in silent shock. He grabs a table and sits her down around the table. He orders a large gin and tonic pitcher. The elder bartender walks over and smiles at them. He pours them in two large slender glasses. He wipes his fore head and says "If you need anything else I will be reading my race track paper inside the store room, where it is cool." Ben replies, "Okay." Ivy grabs the class like a lost infant child, drinks it down in a flash. She stares at Ben and says "Thank You." Ben replies "You are welcome." Ivy replies back, "You are kind gentlemen, I must leave know, my spirit is wanted in another room." Ben replies "Another room"? You must be going crazy with the heat, it can make you feel uneasy. Let me get you a wash cloth from behind the bar to wipe your sweatie forehead." Ben walks to the bar. A cold wind passes behind him. He feels dizzy. He turns to look back at the table. Ivy is gone. He walks towards the bar door. The Hindu Priest pushes him inside and smiles at him. They walk over to the table. A flower and a gold coin has been left behind with a napkin letter saying "Thank You for your gentle kindness, I pray for you." The Hindu priest takes the coin, bows to Ben and Under The Sea

† r ā j ε φ + ° r y
Trajectory

john sweet

Three bald tires leaning up against the side of a trailer, which is not the same as the Holy Trinity. Which is not the same as this woman tied up with packing tape then raped three times, then another piece over her mouth, then another sealing her nose.

The truth, which is only a weapon. The weapon, which is always something small and innocuous. Is always something bought at Wal-Mart, paid for with a credit card and, next to the tires, a hole punched through the skirting. A child hiding underneath, but always found. A child not hiding, but hidden.

Give him a name. Give the woman a setting. An alley, a doorway, a dead end street by the railroad tracks. A city, but not the one she's found in. A second story apartment filled with sunlight, almost warm. A girl sitting naked on the couch, says she's sixteen, says she told me this the night before but I don't remember, or I don't want to remember, or I just don't believe her.

And I was in bed with her, yes, and at some point I woke up alone. Found her on the living room floor with my roommate's brother, the two of them wrapped up in a blanket, and she looked at me and smiled. Pulled the blanket back to invite me in, but I was tired. My head was pounding.

And of course the boy is found eventually, and then the mother, and the boyfriend has disappeared.

And her stepfather calls me on a Tuesday night, asks if she's with me, and I have no idea what he knows. I have no idea how the hell he got my number. And I tell him that I haven't seen her for weeks, which is the truth, and then I hang up and, when the phone rings again, it's the police. A sergeant whose name I don't catch, and she asks the same questions as the stepfather, and I give the same answers.

And my roommate's brother is gone again, back down to North Carolina to stay with his parents, and a fetus is found trapped in one of the grates in one of the tanks at the water treatment plant. I can't remember how she came to be here that night. I can't remember if we're still at war.

And she shows up at my door three days later, asks if she can come in, if I have a beer. She sits on my bed, flipping through a stack of CDs. I tell her that her stepfather called, that the cops called, and she nods.

What the hell is all over your arms? I ask, and she pushes the sleeves up, says *Magic marker*. I see smiley faces, frowny faces, a cross, an anarchy sign,

Smoke,
art by
Mike
Hovancsek



and she stands up and takes her shirt off, isn't wearing a bra, and I see that someone has drawn targets on her tits, has used her nipples for the bullseyes. I see WHORE written across her stomach, doodles all over her back as she spins around slowly. Words and pictures disappear into the waistband of her pants and I ask *How far down does it go?* and she takes them off, no panties, and I say *Jesus Christ*.

The writing is everywhere. Stubble has been drawn on her legs, hands have been drawn on her ass, FUCK ME written up the inside of one thigh, SLUT up the other. Eyes look at me from her pubic hair.

I was staying with some guys, she says. They kept giving me booze. Kept giving me pills. I passed out last night, and she raises her arms out like she's being crucified, stands naked in front of me. I woke up this morning like this. Everyone was gone.

You had clothes on last night, and you woke up naked? I ask, and she nods.

I'm pretty sure they took turns fucking me. She gestures with her hands. *It hurts.*

And I look at her. I look away. It's the end of May, dusk, the bedroom windows open. Kids are laughing in the street. A car passes by with its stereo up loud, Zeppelin, *The Song Remains the Same*, and the boyfriend is still on the run. The trailer has been roped off with police tape. The windows have all been broken. The father has asked to be left alone.

And she stands in front of me, naked, near tears, and I pick up her shirt and hand it to her. Can think of nothing to say but *Get dressed*, and what happens is that a man has been brought in for questioning, but it won't change anything. It won't remove the tape, or the sock that was found stuffed in the woman's mouth, and it sure as fuck won't bring her back to life, but it's all any of us have and so we embrace it. We act like justice exists. It's such a simple form of blindness.

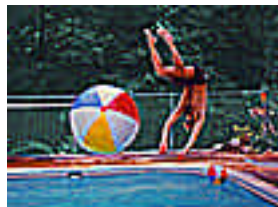
performance art

A Night of Firsts, 06/22/04



υηδερ +λε \$εα

I'd like to be
Under the sea
To see the fish go swim,
I'd like to squish
A jelly fish
And then let go of him.
I'd like to grab
A soft-shelled crab
And take him for a walk
I'd like to hurdle
Over a turtle
And teach dolphins to talk.
I'd like to see
A manatee
And then go play by him,
I'd like to do
All of these things
If only I could swim!



| n L^o √ ε | @6 i ð ε

(a song)

well you started a commotion when you walked in the place
I was flooded with emotion when I first saw your face
So I had to find out if there was a chance we could be
But I couldn't understand how you could only want me

and as time went by my love grew stronger than before
but I never dreamt I'd get what I was wishing for

so don't be afraid
to let your feelings show
because our love has stayed
and I won't let you go

in love I abide
for to love I am bound
and I'll stay by your side
with this love that I've found

well you parted all the people when you walked in the room
when i saw your ice blue eyes i knew you would be mine soon
but i couldn't understand how i fell for you so fast
and i only hoped our feelings for each other would last

well do you believe that fate could make us feel this way
because i know that a love like this is gonna stay

so don't be afraid
to let your feelings show
because our love has stayed
and I won't let you go



in love I abide
for to love I am bound
and I'll stay by your side
with this love that I've found

and as time went by my love grew stronger than before
but I never dreamt I'd get what I was wishing for

so don't be afraid
to let your feelings show
because our love has stayed
and I won't let you go

in love I abide
for to love I am bound
and I'll stay by your side
with this love that I've found





I know things are really different in China, but Shanghai and Beijing are urban areas, so a lot of things seems really similar.

I mean, you saw signs on the walls and in the streets in Chinese, but you understood how to get around and what to do.

I swear, what I remember most are the little differences,

like McDonalds, I got an egg McMuffin because I've seen signs in French for "Oeuf McMuffins."

So when I ordered one in Beijing, I got a hamburger bun for a muffin (egg McHamburger?), and it was covered in ketchup and mayo,

I swear to God it was fucking drowning in the shit; I wiped some of it off with my index finger and chalked it up to knowing the little differences.

Like in Shanghai we went to Starbucks (because even in China, there's still one on every corner,

& John said I liked white chocolate frappucinos, so Jim asked if they had white chocolate. The woman behind the counter said,

"No, we only have **black** chocolate."
(You'd never hear that in the United States...)





Knowing that a good part of China lives in squalor, we saw that everyone hung their clothing to dry. Jim said China'd have to build a ton of new plants just to supply power to these dryers that people can't afford, so clothing dryers don't exist.

China has no Medicare or government health care plans (don't say the United States is free of government intervention...) so people save their money for accidents. It's a good thing,

because we saw rickety bamboo stalks used for ladders & scaffolding for Chinamen for repairing & cleaning high rises.

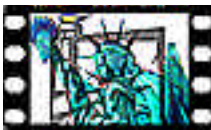


But you have to remember these differences, I mean, a stop sign is still a red octagon even if you don't know the language it's in,

even Coke cans print both languages on them,



But you know, the funny thing about China are the little differences.



+ i g λ + r ° p ε ā f f ā i r

i know all the moves
i play the game
and it gets to you



you can't say a word
you can't move an inch
cause you can't break the rules

i know what to say
i know what to do

and it sets you on fire

i have to play
on what you like
to see what you can take

and i walk out on to that tight rope
to watch you move and shake

and now you're stuck there
but here is where you quake

but you can't fall from this wire

we walk a thin line
 in our tight rope affair
there's no net when you're high
 so you better beware

do you know your way down
when you're in making your moves
and balanced in
your tight rope affair

when you're up on the wire
you feel the fire
and you feel the fear

but you're filled with desire
you want to go higher
whenever we're near

what will transpire
now that we're here

what can we do to make us right

when we gracefully step
on the paper-thin wire
we're balancing high

we look to the ground
see a circus of clowns
as we're touching the sky

now we both tightrope walk
and I wonder why

why we can't bring it all into the light

we're walking a fine line
in our tight rope affair
yeah, you try to act sly
when I know a part of you's scared

but you know you'll will try
only if you can bear
what might happen
in our tight rope affair

you balance on this twine
in our tight rope affair
cause I know you'll be mine
yeah, be with me if you'd dare

this love is divine
but it cannot compare
to this rush
from this tight rope affair

you know how it feels
in our tight rope affair
our time is surreal
and our bond is rare

we sense this appeal
and it makes us aware
of the risks
in our tight rope affair

ωλὰ+ ωε ηεεð in lifε

(a song)



I don't know where this highway's taking me anymore and
I don't know the right lines to say
I don't feel the things that you're feeling
down deep inside of you but
I know this ain't the way

nothing ventured
nothing gained
nothing changes
nothing stays the same

but you go your way
I go mine
maybe one day
we will find

what we need in life

I watch the ashes from your cigarette
fall to the ground and
I think this fire will die down
I think I now see what is happening here
between us and
I have to say good bye



nothing ventured
nothing gained
nothing changes
nothing stays the same

so you go your way
I go mine
maybe one day
we will find

what we need in life

I can't stay bitter and lonely and restless anymore and
I can't be here with you
I see the red in your eyes and it scares me half to death and
I'll take this road alone

nothing ventured
nothing gained
nothing changes
nothing stays the same

you go your way
and I go mine
maybe one day
we will find

what we need in life

+^o ^o f a r



When he met me
he told me
I looked like
Kim Basinger
long blonde locks
but as time
wore on I knew
I wasn't her
and I could never
be her and I was
never good enough
thin enough
pretty enough
I got a perm
straightened my
teeth
bought a wonder
bra but it wasn't
doing the trick
I bought slimfast
used the stair
stepper ate rice
cakes and wheat
germ but I wasn't
thin enough I
only dropped
twenty pounds
so I went to the

spa got my skin
peeled soaked
myself in mud
wrapped myself
in cellophane
bought the amino
acid facial creams
but I knew they
didn't really
work so I went to
the doctor got my
nose slimmed
my tummy stapled
my thighs sucked

thought about
getting a rib or two
removed
like Cher
but I figured
they've got to
be there for
something
and hey, that's
just going
too far



children
churches & daddies
children
churches
& daddies
children
churches
& daddies
children
churches
& daddies

children churches & daddies

ISSN 1068-5154



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; Scars Internet Radio (SIR); 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

Sponsors Of

past editions; Poetry Chapbook Contest; Poetry Book Contest; Prose Chapbook Contest; Prose Book Contest; Poetry Calendar Contest; Editor's Choice Award (writing and web sites); Collection Volumes

• **Children, Churches and Daddies** (founded 1993) has been written and researched by political groups and writers from the United States, Canada, Australia, Belgium, England, India, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Malta, Norway, Pakistan, Russia and Turkey (as well as input from both Japan and Slovenia). Regular features provide coverage of environmental, political and social issues (via news and philosophy) as well as fiction and poetry, and act as an information and education source. **Children, Churches and Daddies** is the leading magazine for this combination of information, education and entertainment.

• **Children, Churches and Daddies** (ISSN 1068-5154) is published monthly by **Scars Publications and Design**, attn: Janet Kuypers. Contact us via snail-mail or e-mail (ccandd96@scars.tv) for subscription rates or prices for annual collection books.

• To contributors: No racist, sexist or blatantly homophobic material. No originals; if mailed, include SASE & bio. Work sent on disks or through e-mail preferred. Previously published work accepted. Authors always retain rights to their own work. All magazine rights reserved. Reproduction of **cc&d** without publisher permission is forbidden. Copyright © 1993-2006 **Scars Publications and Design, Children, Churches and Daddies**, Janet Kuypers. U.S. Government copyright © 2004 Janet Kuypers on the logos for **Children, Churches and Daddies** and **Scars Publications**. All rights of pieces for written pieces and artwork remain with their authors.