



Janet
Kuypers

a Foot
Fantasia

poetry
chosen for the
A Foot Fantasia
live Chicago show

October
16 & 17,
2007

Yeah

Yeah. He can really move.
See him on a dance floor.
He swings hips like no other
white boy. Yeah.
But he refused to slow dance.
He was cool. Just ask him.
But he couldn't slow down.

Yeah. He knew how to dance.
He barely moved. But he moved.
And he looked so damn sexy.
He knew what to do.
But he smoked. And hated
the world. Yeah. And
no one could ever get close to him.

Yeah. He could hold his own
when the lights flashed and
the beat quickened.
But he didn't know when to stop.
Enough is enough, I said. Yeah.
But he didn't know when the
dance was over. And he crashed.

Yeah. He was a klutz.
Didn't like to dance. But he
loved music. And when he liked
a song, he never wanted it to end.
Yeah. And he never wanted to hear
a new song. But the songs he loved
wouldn't play for him anymore.
Songs don't last forever.

(“yeah” continued)

Yeah. On a Saturday night
he would hit the dance scene.
he was the best looking thing
on the floor.
His moves were almost awkward.
Do the California Twist.
Yeah. But he couldn't accept
the idea of a new step.

Yeah. He wasn't the best dancer.
He swayed back and forth.
And he snapped his fingers.
He danced like a child. Yeah.
But he had fun. No worries.
He danced in a group -
no partner, but many friends.

Yeah. He liked to party.
Mister cool. He'd dance to be
shocking. Yeah. Caught your eye.
Hunk-of-burning love.
Always laughing. Always joking.
And just when you got used to him,
he'd dance with someone else.

Yeah. He had a bad knee. He
limped. Old war wound, I suppose.
But he liked to move. Yeah.
As much as he liked to get wasted.
Or steal the show. Or flirt.
And it was a party mask he had
to wear. Too heavy.

This poems was chosen to be read at the live Chicago performance.

the carpet factory, the shoes

i heard a story today
about a little boy
one of many who was enslaved
by his country
in child labor

in this case
he was working
for a carpet factory

he managed to escape
he told his story
to the world
he was a hero at ten

put the people from the factory
held a grudge
and today i heard
that the little boy
was shot and killed
on the street
he was twelve

and eugene complains to me
when i buy shoes
that are made in china

now i have to think
did somebody
have to die for these

will somebody have to die
for these

This poems was chosen to be read at the live Chicago performance.

Desire

The light, the flames
from you leap up.
Licking my lips,
touching my skin.
The fire moving in its
dance of desire.

The smoke intoxicates me
as the remnants of the inferno
drum a rhythmic beat.

The ashes fall sprinkling,
tickling my face;
Sliding down my throat,
coating my lungs;
Making every breath
a desirous pant.

I chain myself. My body falls limp.
I am entwined with the desirous world.
The desire from you.

a child in the Park

this was no ordinary Park, mind you: there were no swings or children laughing; there were different children there, in this Florida Park.

In the afternoons, the women in the pool would wear hats and sunglasses, lean against the sides, swing legs in the warm water.

I remember the summer afternoons when it rained in Florida, and after the rain I would go out in the puddles in my roller skates, skate through them, feet soaking wet.

There was even a street named after me in the Park, and at the end of Jan Drive there was a pond. I spent hours there, playing imaginary games,

pretending I was grown-up, feeding the ducks, watching the fish swim around the rocks at my feet, looking for turtles, listening to the wind.

And there was Ira and Betty Wiggins, who lived on the next street, Sand Drive, with a sign in front of their house that said, "The Wiggins' Wigwam,"

and their Panamanian art so beautiful, so colorful. They lived in Panama for years, he used to be a doctor. They both knew so much, they both loved life.

I remember a man in the Park telling me that when I was younger he would watch me on Easter Sunday, me in my pastel dress,

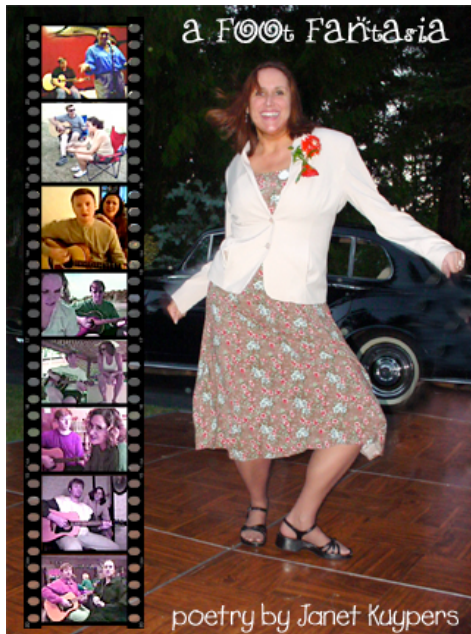
by myself, spinning, dancing in the streets. He remembered me dancing. This is how he thought of me, these are memories from the Park.

("a child in the park" continued)

This Park was filled with so much love,
so much life, and It's been a long time
since I gained all of these memories in the Park,

and these memories are slowly disappearing.
Where there are palm trees everywhere.
It was my other world, my other life, another

lifestyle, another everything. This was not an ordinary
Park, but the children were so much smarter, and
still so full of life. So much to teach. So little time.



Dreams 02/05/06 (Lip Synch)

I don't know what kind of show I was watching
it was like a mix between Solid Gold, or Soul Train, and Miss America
because people were competing for talent in some sort of contest

but I was watching this show, and it had to be on TV
but I wasn't watching it though the TV screen
it was like I was there, like I was one of the cameras

and these two black women came up next to the stage
relatively short, had some weight on them
and they started talking to the people, explaining

laughing, that they always were at one of their mom's places
and mom always bought this kind of soda
it wasn't a brand name, and it had a ton of sugar in it

and they were thanking mom, I suppose, I don't know why
they were talking about one of their mothers
and the cheap generic sugar-filled sodas she always hed

but they ended up saying that they were going to lip sync
and dance to a number, I think the some was by LaToya Jackson

now I don't know anything by LaToya Jackson
so I don't even know what the song was
and I couldn't tell you if this song was by her or not

and I was expecting a fast song, and I was epecting
they'd be dressed up, and working out a lot,
but they wore their tight jeans over their big legs

("lip synch" continued)

and zipper jackets over plain shirts, they were wearing normal clothes
and they didn't even match each other
and the music started up and one of them started to move

and the music was for a slow song, it was like
thy picked a slow song by LaToya Jackson to lip sync to
and remember, they weren't singing, but these two girls

were dancing to this slow song by LaToya Jackson
and lip synching

so the camera would come close to one of the women
when the voice started up to watch her lip synch to LaToya,
and at one point there was a line in the song,

I think it said something to the effect of "to be together,"
or "we'll be together," or something
and when they lip synched that line

the camera panned out to show the two of them, from head to toe,
now facing each other. palms touching and fingers interlocked,
each of them holding one leg bent at the knee, feet sticking out

and they each leaned in to each other, and turned their heads
to the camera, touching their faces cheek to cheek
to say this lip synch this line together, facing the camera

and I thought, this was the strangest thing I'd ever seen

Mesmerizing

the tapestry
intricate
elegant
alluding to
oriental pleasures

the curtains
hanging
draping
dripping in royal
shades of indigo

the candles
flickering
pulsing
causing the shadows
to do their sex dance

the jewels
shimmering
shining
drenched in golden splendor

incense
igniting the air
as garlands
of gilded chimes
echo a
mesmerizing melody

ascend the beauty
capture the moment
before the candles
burn out
and the light
is gone

Tribal Scream

I know what goes on in your head
I know all those characters you've created
I know all the Hell in your past
I know the mishmash of everything
 crammed into your head

& I know a part of that is killing you
& I want you to let it out
& I want you to just open your mouth
& let out a tribal
 never ending scream

because I know you
I know you've got too much life in you
I know you've got a carbonated soul
& I know that one good scream
would let you pop the top
of you,
 like a bottle of Coke-a-cola

bubbles of compressed air
would be coming out of your mouth
 in your tribal scream

I wonder what characters you would spill out
I wonder what you would do
when you saw what you rejected
 what you screamed out

I wonder if you'd see parts of your past

& I wonder if you'd know they were a part of you

& try to stuff them back in

Your Soul is Shaking

can you imagine a water glass
filled with crystal clear water
and

I don't know what an earthquake feels like
but imagine something you have no control over
starting to shake everything around you
and

and everything just starts shaking
and the water in that glass is rippling

and it's starting to splash in its glass
and you want to hold on to that damn glass
to make the water stays in place
but you're shaking with that glass
and

you don't want anything to fall apart
you see everything around
unexpectedly start shaking
like everything's about to tear in half
and

you watch the rippling of the water
and you realize
that your soul is shaking like that too



a FOOT FANTASIA

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