



# Convert This

1998  
Chapbook  
Janet  
Kuypers

Well, Convert This.  
Do it now.

This is the chapbook of poetry  
by Janet Kuypers translated  
into espanol, and t  
hen, well, back to english...

freedom  
& strength

# tears of the father

Really it never knew him. Workboots of the location of the work knew to the scent of his, Knew the scent of martinis waiting for it in the country. The sound of its long walk knew: its ankles that become broken, its keys that confuse.

Sternness of its voice knew, and knew to that around me he only smiled for the photographs.

The emotions had their place for him.  
It reserved the happiness for the friends, rage for the home. In all he it did and felt he showed to force and power.

I have seen it shout twice.

Once it cut his hand with a mountain range.  
I saw the fabric four inches of thickness soaked with blood around its hand. I saw the drops of the blood in the seat of the car.  
He conducted himself to the hospital. It was always in control. But I heard the pain in its voice. It was stopped in the road and I shouted.

# high roller

Is of length to see seating him cigarette to disposition  
walkman again  
in the vector

Desire to be able to cross for above behind you  
the hands  
in its shoulders inclines my head next to its face

I of length to have my cheek close so near yours touching but that it  
could immovable does not feel their heat  
their desire

our skin would not touch  
but immovable sensation the connections of his  
is present at

# loving desire

I am putting in bed and I am watching he above here  
he is slept healthy perfectly happy  
you know, I cannot remember the last time maintain to me  
it does not have any idea what I am thinking  
he perfectly is contained  
this way  
he decided to pass the rest of my life with him  
he is my better friend but I do not know if he loves to me  
damnit loving desire

# **Irons De Kurt (a girl is right)**

Irons De Kurt  
whereas it drinks lead  
robbed right car  
in other car  
and killed a woman

according to police  
information, Irons De Kurt  
were surprised  
by the halting  
by the fact  
that he was loaded  
with of vehicles homicide

Irons De Kurt  
was quoted as  
saying  
" types he is  
to right girl,  
man is a girl -  
nothing  
but to girl

# The Lover Has Tendrils

the lover has tendrils of length, liquid, forming  
arcs, stirring up itself, throwing but under the water I have slid far

one also often saved the pull  
hard to never throw enough of me inside you were

I keep looking for for those endless arms to become involved around me  
in order to strangle it stops me to kill to me

until I rise yet again jadeo for the air

# motorcycle

you scared to me but I had taste of her memory  
to seat to me behind you  
in its motorcycle I think my fingers  
I maintained  
its waist.

and memory to watch my head in its shoulder in the rear view  
mirror. and I smiled, because it was its shoulder as it felt me more  
comfortable with you, I moved my head nearer its neck, smelled its  
Colony, felt the heat to radiate of its skin.

you scared to me I tightened your waist every time I thought that you  
must have used the brakes but still I seated behind you in addition, was  
a good excuse to cling to you.

# packing

it also has often when I have this before  
it never thought that really it would leave him and now I feel here  
in this apartment bowl of source of the popcorn  
eleven the thirty at night television that plays parasitic atmospheric

they seem too clean inside here, not lived inside  
I so decide to take a trip leaves this place  
in the dormitory, it measures the time to begin packing: two aligned, two  
additional pairs of the short circuits, jackets, solitude, rage, socks  
it is surprising how much of your life you can fit in a single suitcase

# it photographs, nineteenth cen- tury

that woman who represent the images  
the beauty and smoothness of the  
something that does not have to be touched  
could not work that the sepia  
cannot work

oh how oh is old the dependency oh the  
degradation

my mind has been hindered a bastard of the society  
I cannot see the  
women I see the hat the pen the adornments  
of the beauty the absurd way have made  
him to be not heard and

it is only one image forced it with an image is that  
a shame is he a sin  
and now they have corrupted to me  
with the knowledge of the society with  
the knowledge of him are the reasons and now I cannot even see the  
beauty I can only see oppression

"oh, is not like that one" that says  
as I flicker and wonder that I am trying to make an impression

# enclosure four- teen

it was one night long for us, beginning towards outside in his apartment  
with his manufacture and fellow worker roommate who comes above

daisies up to two in the morning, but of course then we decided that the  
best thing to do would be to leave

and so to the blue note we extinguished ourselves, found some  
interesting people to speak to, closed the bar, I think that it was

first time I always did that, to closed takes bar at night, I mean, and  
in four-thirty you down lead the homemade avenue to me of milwaukee

and I know that he fishes with cane, and you can see the traffic light  
for the next traffic as you can see your own light so easily,

but I am safe that the light was green, and the red one does not have  
taste of polis sayings, when you threw confusion you you could have been  
in great

that night, no insurance worries, no city labels starchy of the  
registry

# resurrection of deads

I request too much story with too much  
I know that it will be equal as it is always  
something will go bad and you will come behind crawling  
you hope that you gather the pieces again?  
I am I supposed to watch it everything falls aside  
then it makes all the right again?  
you never give the advantage me of the doubt  
you think that some other is better good, I am perhaps vain but I know better  
and soon its world will crumble again  
and I will become, because I have  
resurrection of deads

# salesman

The timbre sounded  
"who could stop close in this hour? ", I thought,  
but I put my compartment down  
and I crossed to the door. A man in a game  
of plaid been stopped in the lobby with a portfolio spent in its hand.  
He has a tired smile, the style businesses. It almost looked  
like genuine. Like him rambled in and around... Well, really I do not  
know what he said. I does not even know what it wished  
"which is he who  
sells? ", I thought,  
and my the track arrived to be navigated with its  
confused words. It looked like everything like absurd. But it looked  
like everything to have sense. I did not have taste of which I heard.  
But I tried to listen. I wished to listen. I had to grasp me to the  
doorframe: I had to maintain to me constant whereas thoughts of this man  
tried to strike to me down. Finally I stopped  
"what you you are trying  
to sell to me? Which are you trying to do? ",  
I requested.

# statue

I think about the statues of the Greek Gods were what could inhale  
people to be were something to make an effort stops

and I have not had any inspiration with exception of my own mind and  
have created my own images to keep going

and I have been successful I have done it everything I have the fame,  
the fortune

and now I watch around and everything what I see is destruction I see  
the ruins of a fallen age

and as soon as desire to see that statue is so alive in my mind and I  
know that it must be towards outside there somewhere

but I have so hardly been working so of length that I forgot on the  
light in the end of the tunnel and now I do not know where to watch

# Tome the Pain

When I am placing in the sun I close the eyes only so slightly and the blows of the sun down and burns my face and penetrates my flickers and burns My eyes.

Filter to keep. I fight  
to keep right my closed from the eyes slightly to survive the burning light, burning themselves.  
You understand this fight, you you make this  
to see how long you can take the pain  
You know, when I fight as this under light I can feel like the lips beginning to part and she almost hopes that you reach above and who she kisses to me

There is a fine line between pleaseure and the pain

When I am placing in the sun I close the eyes only so slightly and volume the pain

# they called con- fidence

You remember when you

were rainy night

1:30 morning

one

and you asked to

me what I wished to do?

I said that it wished him to take a bottle from

champagne, raises ignition the roof of its toasted house

and in the rain

that spills.

You asked why I said that to me. I shrank my shoulders flippantly and  
this that was something to do. But it proved to him.

It was scared to

request if you would follow to me

when I said trust to him.

And that one is why trusted to him

when you spilled champagne and

kissed my wet skin

# this one is my dilemma

if they went to you this one you are my dilemma  
if just not taken care of more if as soon as the piece acts if just not  
taken care of more if hardly left

fuck him  
me  
if just not taken care of  
more if hardly be him to it  
who takes care of  
who takes care of  
what is around is acceptable  
have sent to Me  
around before

They use me to this  
use Me to this routine:  
forwards and backwards, and  
then forgetting

to forget the sensations to forget its name

forget me, if you wish

enjoyment goes next freely

I have felt it before I have lived before  
I have known It before I  
have lived before

and there is no new emotion to me

so if this one is my dilemma

# too much light

too much light does that the baby goes blind  
and too much  
light makes moth  
rush in the flame and dice in a final glorious  
brilliance of the glory and I have seen the light

and I have seen it

which is my option:

burn in the flame to distribute quickly  
to die young or to slide slowly  
far to die slowly day per day  
leaves people in the dark throws of me  
inside advance to little  
by inch until the light kills to me

# what you could do to me that she does

I

Memory when you and fodder plant  
and Joe and I it decided to kill to a  
bottle of champán,  
color of rose of Andre, two-for-five,  
in a cover of  
the building in the December cold. Memory  
to be unemployed in the cover  
of this building with this bottle of champán  
cheap in my hand and not to  
take care of that was cold,  
that that broke  
the law.  
He was young, and  
it frees.  
And it had friends.  
We were stopped in the dimension of a  
variable of a triangle  
and did to the person in the drunk center. I said  
that they had to rotate whereas they drank,  
then belch when they were  
done. The fodder plant and Joe were more than wanting;  
belching was a  
competition for them.  
And I did one of the boys  
by one night, to become  
closest to you.  
You did not wish belch,  
or to return, or really even to  
the drink.  
I did not do to him. But you.

And it wanted to think that  
about its heart you you did it  
because you wished to follow to me.

# where I belong

well, I have found that I must is enslaved  
to persecute  
causes my hands and my feet are limited the Earth  
and I fight to sing as soon as a sound

thanks so to sing this song to show to me  
incorrect  
is where I belong

I am in a haze fill with this rage  
encaged  
to me by the labyrinth  
confused in this stage yet and they dazzle to me  
as pagino through my wage in brilliance

and thanks to sing this song to show to me  
incorrect  
are where I belong

I smell macis I cover so my face  
in case  
that in my rapidity I can track  
the rough taste is my passage in this race is all a as soon as sweepings

yes, thanks to sing this song to show to me  
incorrect  
are where I belong

*in tribute to M. Gore*

# why never I will obtain married

the work we have been watching for a new employee we have sifted through curriculum we have met ourselves with some

and some were good some were very good and we took a certain time to decide and then we called our option #1

and they said that they wished more money than we offered we so this our good bye and we called ours second option

and they said that they could not work in a place so small so anybody in the work this we must be met with greater

and that one is when it knew in the tariff we never went we would find any person and nobody would wish us

chapbook by janetkuypers

freedom & strength press



# freedom & strength

**you can't be free and strong until you can speak up**

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