



# post- haste

*coming up with something quick*  
BY JANET KUYPERS  
*2004 scars publications chapbook*

# WORN OUT

*June 7, 2004*

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.

# OVERDOING IT

*June 16, 1999*

Oh, what am i supposed to wear  
I need to look just perfect for you  
I need to look just perfect for me  
I have to make sure everything is right

I don't know  
what the right impression is supposed to be  
there are so many things  
that I am unsure of now  
and all I know

is that I want everything to be right  
and I don't know how to get that point across to you  
without looking like

well,  
without looking like  
I am overdoing it

# SELF-CONFIDENCE

03-08-04

He hadn't seen me  
In five to ten years  
And we hugged each other hello  
And he asked me,  
"Have I gotten shorter?"  
And I was saying earlier  
That he was taller than me  
Back in the old days  
But I guess he DID seem shorter  
So I said,  
"I don't know."  
But I knew that I didn't get taller  
So he said,  
"Maybe you slouched a lot more  
When I saw you before."  
And I thought, "Well, maybe."  
I have a lot more self-confidence now.  
I stand up for myself now."



# WHITE PICKET FENCE

*June 28, 1999*

White picket fence  
that is what I wanted

did I expect to almost lose my life  
did I expect to find the right guy  
    at every corner turn  
did I expect to be alone  
    and feel alone

did I expect to live life this way

I wanted a dog  
and at another point in my life  
I was sure it was a cat I wanted

now I will settle for the fish tank

just drop some food  
into the damn aquarium  
and leave it at that

what am i supposed to do  
who am i supposed to be  
what am i supposed to get

am i even supposed to get anything?

where do I learn all of these characters from  
where do I learn all of these roles from

I think we all know the answers  
    to these questions  
if we care to think about it  
consciously



# CHANGE MY PERSPECTIVE

*july 3, 2000*

god, i do these favors for other people  
and they're not making me a ton of money  
and these people i do favors for complain so much  
and i was asked why i do it  
and it's not as if the work excites me any more  
so my answer was that i do it  
primarily so i could expand my own collection  
of what i have done  
but why am i doing it?  
is that my end goal?

and someone replied to me,  
saying they knew of a story  
where a bunch of bricklayers  
were laying brick to build a cathedral  
and someone asked a few people what they were doing  
and most of the men said that they were laying brick  
and one man said he was building a cathedral

and when they replied to me,  
when they told me this,  
they said that  
it is all a matter of perspective

so now i have to figure out how to change my perspective  
or be happy with it, and sometimes  
i don't know how

# SMART THING TO DO

*June 28, 1999*

There are so many things I have wanted  
So many things I have wanted from you

There are so many things  
That have scared me  
Are we being safe  
Is this the smart thing to do

And maybe the smart thing to do  
Is to just avoid you  
And get it over with  
And maybe the smart thing to do  
Is to get my arm around your neck  
And drag your sorry ass to me

Because I have wanted you at my lips  
And I have wanted that for a while  
And there is only so much I can do  
To stop myself from staying away from you

And maybe the smart thing to do  
Is to just sit here  
Until you come to me

And when you get here

Well, it is MINE, now,  
And that is when I let it all go  
The way I want it to be

It is at moments like this

When I want just about everything from you  
And I want to wrap my legs around you  
And I want to push you into me  
And I want to push your life into me

And for just a few moments  
I want to feel nothing else  
than this ME thing,  
And this YOU thing,  
And I keep thinking  
about this US thing

And that "just a moment" thing  
is lasting a lifetime

And for once, that does not scare me

And that makes me want  
So much more with you  
And so much more from you

And Hell, I do not know  
How this poem ends  
I guess it is called life  
And I will not be able to finish this  
Until my life is over

And Hell, I will not be writing then

You know

Just know that I want you  
And that I will want you

And that can last for now  
And that it will last a lifetime



# DAMNED GREEN

*July 5, 2000*

I see these images now  
of a bunch of men  
looking like sticks  
with eyes so big  
all in green  
because you ran out of paint  
and all you had  
was the DAMNED green

and these images  
what do they mean?  
I think I just learned them  
and did everyone else?  
where did they learn them from?  
same places I did?  
a television show  
some hot stud on tee vee  
that you're really not attracted to  
that you once wanted to be attracted to  
    maybe it was  
    maybe it was a high school friend  
that wrote these pictures  
    yes, you did, maybe, thank you  
    for doing that to me  
maybe  
maybe it is that

everyone knows these images  
and everyone knows them  
like the backs of their hands by now

is it that  
no one ever knows it  
or that everyone does  
which is it?

# CRUSH/ BUT I WON'T

*July 5, 2000*

I had a crush on you  
oh, what am I saying  
I have a crush on you  
and I think I've had it for a while  
but I know  
there is not a thing I can do  
and I can wish  
for something to change in my life  
but it won't

# FOR NOW I'LL THINK

*July 5, 2000*

Jesus Christ,  
there are so many things  
that I have wanted  
and that there is a part of me  
that wants you to take me  
and get naked with me  
and do things I shouldn't write  
about  
so  
so I won't  
so I guess I'll sit here  
and be with someone else  
but for now  
for now I'll think

# I CAN HEAR

*July 2, 2000*

I can hear the cars below and  
I can hear the birds chirping above  
    in their nests  
    in the tree tops  
    on the side of this mountain  
I can hear the cars roar by  
    but it only sounds like a faint hum  
    from the road a thousand feet below  
I can hear the rushing water  
    of the river next to the street below  
I can hear the the occasional airplane  
I can hear the occasional fly  
I can hear the wind against my ear

I look at the cars  
    and the road  
    and the trees  
    and the river  
    and the sky  
and I think that I can hear them all  
calling out to me  
and sometimes that is enough



## FROM THE DEAD

*July 5, 2000*

And he rose  
from what you think was from the dead  
and could he come  
and throw his beloved juices,  
i mean, beauty,  
all over the planet

did it sound religious?  
did it sound sexual?  
sometimes  
they can be one and the same

sometimes  
which is which?

# CHANGE

*September 2, 1999*

Change is supposed to be a good thing  
And I think I just have to  
Think about it contrelely  
And consider the good and the bad

I mean, what could potentially be wrong?  
That I may not know people  
And I know people here  
But they never call  
And they never write  
And they probably never think of me

So what difference would that make

So what could potentailly be wrong?  
There might not be the same culture there  
And it might not be easy for me to get what I need  
From the grocery store  
And there might not be a restaurant I want

And he tells me that winters that aren't freezing cold  
And summers that aren't unpleasantly warm

I remember loving summers  
Because, I think, I didn't have to be in class then

But I think I like springs and falls now  
Because it's not too hot or too cold then  
It's just right

And maybe this change would be just right  
And maybe the summers won't be so hot  
And maybe the winters won't be so cold  
And maybe change is good

# UNDERSTOOD

*November 1, 1999*

Isn't it funny  
how irony can grab a hold of you  
and turn you upside-down

Actually, irony doesn't do that to you  
it does everything else to you  
and everone else  
sees the irony

A father owned a bungee-jumping company  
And one day he had his family with him  
and they wanted him to jump

Because, I mean, it's a safe thing, you know

And it was his wedding anniversary  
and he said Okay  
I Can Do It

And he got up there  
and he got strapped in  
and the kids turned the video camera on

And yes, he was strapped to the rope  
and the rope wasn't strapped to the crane

The rope was strapped to nothing

And his own children  
got to videotape their own father  
struggling for the end of the rope  
or the end of the ledge  
or safety  
or anything

And this is a true story, I tell you

And he had nothing like this happen before  
and this is the irony that everyone else saw

Because it wasn't irony  
that got a hold of him and turned him upside-down  
it was gravity  
and mistakes  
and everything that could go wrong

which did

It was something that got a hold of you  
something, I tell you  
and everyone else  
after the fact  
understood

## BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL

*September 19, 1999*

This is how they kill me  
this is how they do it to me  
this is how i die

I'm tired of being so much like you  
and I'm tired of having  
so many differences with you

which part of me has to die



to keep things alive with us

you should know me by now  
and you should know what I'm asking  
when I ask a question

don't you know me by now?

so thank you for pointing out  
that the answer is always "no"  
and thank you for killing just another little part of me

people do that to me all the time anyway

you wonder what is wrong  
when I seem unhappy  
and I tell you "nothing"  
and I don't mean "nothing"  
but I tell you nothing  
because there's nothing to tell  
because I'm almost dead anyway

I was just getting used to this "me" thing  
and now there's this "us" thing  
which really boils down to this "you" thing  
because, Hell, there's no "me" anymore

isn't that what you wanted anyway

people have been killing me all this time  
and maybe they won

# DO I STILL

*June 14, 2000*

it is so easy to be filled with spite  
it is so easy to hold grudges  
and if your memory isn't shot to Hell  
it is so easy to remember the details

it's funny to think about how you convolute the world  
how your brain's preceptions  
are different from everyone else's

i swear to god, woman  
i didn't want to go to princeton  
and i don't remember wanting to apply

and you swore i wanted that  
to show i was smart  
to show i was good

and i swear to god i'm not that materialistic  
i swear

did i want to show everyone  
that being smart was easy for me  
did i want to show everyone  
that i was better than everyone else  
did i want to prove it all  
without putting the work in

do i still

# GENEOLOGICALLY

*June 14, 2000*

do i have images  
of hank rearden  
floating through my head  
when i think of how  
she depicts a tall thin man  
set in his ways  
and unflinching  
and quiet

no, i don't think you're him  
i've never felt that way toward you

but maybe i want to think  
that these ideas  
can exist  
                  somehow  
in my family

and maybe i'm geneologically related  
to these ideas

# START ALL OVER

*June 25, 2000*

I want to be rinsed of all of this, I tell you, and  
I want to be a newborn all over again and  
I want to have your blood dripping all over me and  
I want someone to come along and  
                  clean me off and  
                  smack me on the butt and  
I want to start all over again

Is it your blood that I want?  
Do I want someone to guide me through the birth?  
Do I want to even start all over again?

# EVERYTHING IS NEW

*June 14, 2000*

“I don’t know what you want, woman,  
and I don’t know how to ask  
and you have to tell me.  
If you want to keep it different,  
let me do what I can,  
but what do you want from me?”

“I’m sorry. I probably ramble too much.”

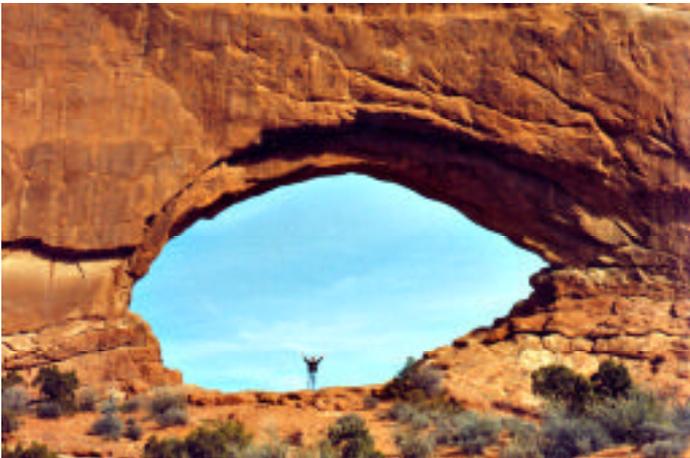
“I don’t talk enough, so we  
balance each other out.”

“But I just want to feel  
like I’m not getting old  
and I want to feel like everything is new.”

“Is that what you want?”

“I think so. What more can I say? I talk too much.”

“So should it be my turn?”



# HOW MUCH FOR YOUR POEM

*June 13, 2000*

I have been pricing these things out:  
going to the five and dime,  
searching for names  
searching for pieces of worth

and the only ones I can find  
are the ones by dead people  
do you have to be dead to be thought of as good?

and so I'm seeing these books  
and they're all expensive  
(for someone who's been dead)  
even at the five and dime  
and so I go to the counter  
and ask for them for something by someone new

and they give me that blank stare  
(that you usually get  
when you ask someone what seems to them  
like an impossible question,  
when to you it seems  
obvious and apparent)  
and they tell you they have none

and you ask them how much it would cost  
to get something different, something new  
and they give you that blank stare again  
and they say "that stuff doesn't sell"

well, of course not,  
when you never put it on the market,  
you think  
and you shrug your shoulders  
looking at the books by dead people  
that you don't want to but  
as you walk away



# MY STUFF TOO

*November 1, 1999*

I know that this isn't the end of the world  
In a way, I'm going home  
I know people there  
I've got a better job  
With better pay  
I mean, I know people there

This moving thing, it's no big deal  
I've done it before  
The first time my parents moved  
I was three or four

I've moved as an adult all over the place  
So I don't know what's up with her

She tells me she's been here all her life  
And this is all a big deal for her

And she's angry at her friends  
At not caring that she's leaving  
(well, she's always an isolationist,  
does she bring it on herself?)

But she's angry that she doesn't have a job  
(and why did she give up on looking?)

And no, I don't know what battles she's facing  
I won't claim to know  
But she wants me to take care of this move  
And she's got all this stuff

And I'm just waiting for the time  
When her stuff  
Becomes mine  
When it is my stuff too?

# BUT THESE PLEASURES

*November 1, 1999*

there are so many things I have wished for  
and most of them were metaphysical  
and some of them, like this one,  
are all about you  
and oh, the ideas I have had about you and I

I know you asked me point blank about this before  
and I know I turned it down in your presence  
because, well, I had to  
and you know, I didn't have the balls to say it then  
but these lurid, cyprian pleasures  
I can't help help but imagine it  
or stop imagining  
that you could be could be doing this me

do you know how long I've been looking for this?  
looking for a spine, a backbone, a man  
with some balls, someone who will grab me  
and tell me what's right  
and make me do things others are ashamed of  
and tell me to do what I really want anyway

I have no idea what you have had in your life  
I just want you to be missing something in your life  
and I want you to get some temporary satisfaction  
in me  
because, trust me, i'll be doing the same

# HOW WOMEN LOOK IN MEN'S CLOTHING

*June 13, 2000*

so where is the irony  
in having women look good when they cross dress  
and men look wrong

think of a woman  
in a man's oversized men's shirt  
and loose-fitting tie  
and hat tilted sideways

and think of a man  
in his little sister's dress

hell, think of the shoes, even

and explain the irony to me, please

## LIFE

*June 13, 2000*

I want you in me  
I want life inside me and  
I'll start to live then

# INSTEAD OF FEELING NERVOUS

*June 13, 2000*

I didn't know how many occasions would be obvious and apparent. I didn't know how nice it would be to have you around, even if I never made the effort to visit you. You know, my sister said that it would be nice if I moved to where I grew up, because even if we didn't see each other all that often, it was nice to know that I was close enough. I think of you now, after I had moved toward you and then I moved away. I think you're ingrained in my head now, you and your stories, you with the way you wanted to show yourself off to people who didn't like you, you who made fun of things instead of feeling nervous about them. That is what I like about you. I don't know how to explain it any other way.

I remember you coming by when I was at work and you said you were borrowing your dad's jaguar, and you wanted all of my coworkers to see it? and I thought, well, okay, if they have the time you this, and you wanted to point the car out to me and I saw it out the window and I thought, yeah, that's a car... Once you gave me a ride in the car and well sure, it's a nice car, but it doesn't win me over, that the theory here is that I'm supposed to like you for who you are and not for how much stuff you have, but... god, that makes me think of how you would get into a huge argument with one of your friends and you two would hate each other, and two weeks later you'd make up because she apologized and all would be well again and I knew in the back of my head that they got mad because they didn't like your attitude but they'd have to apologize because they liked the perks of being friends with a rich kid.

I digress... sorry...

Once when you and a girl you were on a date with met me at a fifties restaurant, and the waitress was insanely slow and we couldn't get her attention, so you took your paper napkin and your plastic tropical drink knife and stabbed the paper napkin into the straw and said you felt like macgyver because now you have

a rescue flag that we could use to flag down the waitress.

you see, these are my memories with you. they're all a little above and beyond the call of duty, but I guess that's who you are.

We went to post prom one year while we were in college, ganged up with friends we still had in college, and we ate at the top floor of the john hancock building for dinner, and one of the high school girl dates was afraid of heights... Well, they were all boyfriend and girlfriend, and this was their prom. and they were doing something extravagant and they didn't want to mess anything up and look too young. Versus you and I, of course, who knew everything at the ripe ol' age of nineteen, and we were feeding each other portions of our food and I think they were shocked with us but we weren't interrupting anyone, no one thought we were doing anything wrong, and lo and behold, we were having fun. Go figure.

I don't know, we had this habit of making fun of things that were unfair to us - one guy that liked me, well, you made so much fun of him that I'd be buckled over laughing, we'd comment on the rocks silently asking for food because they must be starved if they called the park "starved rock" park, and then there was this one guy you know that said you were an athiest, and instead of confronting him about it, you told me that no, you aren't an athiest because you praised that guy that said you were an athiest, and we would jokingly insert his name and pray, "Our Steve, who art in Heaven..."

But what I think I remember the most is when I flew across the country to see you and you were working, you got me a map and gave me a key and told me to just do what you want t do, so I shopped, and read in the sun, and toured the college and felt like someone assumed  
for once  
that I was entirely capable of making my own decisions  
and being in charge of my own life. Which was nice.

What is my point from all of this? Well, that maybe memories can seem poetic, but that it is nice when you don't feel nervous through life and you just make a point to live. How many people get a chance to do that?

## 2 MINUTES WITH A DECREPIT IDOL

*June 21, 2000*

Jesus Christ, woman  
I'd want you to tell me stuff  
And I want you to teach me lessons  
I should learn from my own mistakes  
Because I've made so many

But Christ, woman  
I'd want to tell you a thing or two  
myself  
Because hell, I've  
seen  
what you've gone through

And I can't help but think  
That your stoic statute can't be solid forever  
And all I know  
Is that I'd fall apart  
Long before you'd ever think about it  
And would you ever?  
Would you ever think about it and  
Would you wait,  
woman,  
see  
how much shit they could throw at you  
how much  
would take its toll on you  
how much  
should take its toll on you  
how much  
To see how your resilience let you still come bouncing back

And you're a real bitch that way, you know  
And I hate you for it  
And does everyone else think that too?  
And does everyone else think that you're just fine  
And you can take everything  
And you'll always bounce back?  
What does that to you?

Was it having to be strong  
When parents ignored you  
For all of your childhood

Was it being strong after the closest thing  
To your high-school sweetheart  
Raped you as soon as you were on your own

Was it that a man asked you to marry him,  
Him, the knife-wielding gang-banger  
Without a college education  
Was it that the little fucking bastard  
Tried to beat you up to win your love

Was it that they knew they couldn't destroy you  
So they tried to kill you  
And they'd fuck your chances for a future  
And they take away your home  
And they'd make you learn everything from scratch again

What, was it that?  
Was that too much?

You were supposed to be the woman of steel  
You're supposed to take it all in stride  
You're supposed to teach us lesson

Because hell, woman,  
I don't know what makes you you  
And I don't know what makes me me  
And I was hoping  
That we could figure it out together  
With more than two minutes  
Because I don't think I can do this on my own  
And I don't know if YOU need any help  
But maybe we don't                   each  
Have to be failing

# I HAVE TO EXPLAIN

*June 14, 2000*

Try to explain an artist  
when everyone else think he's insane  
well, try to explain him  
when YOU have the knowledge  
and THEY now a fraction of what you do

Christ, I think about artists I've known  
who created, who never told me  
what they meant

Why did you do that painting?  
Why did you die  
before explaining what you really meant  
for it?

It's a dancing woman,  
I have to explain to them,  
you see, there's her shoulder,  
and her hip,  
and the thish and arm  
moving across the canvas

I'm still without a pinting  
that was of me, for me  
and no one still understands

I have to explain this to them  
and the thing is, that woman is me

that dancing woman is me  
the woman in motion  
the woman that never stops

and he finished that painting  
the day before he died

and what does it get me  
what does this knowledge get me  
what does anything get me



# THE REAL BITCH OF IT

You don't understand the real bitch of it  
And it's not that you had to work really hard  
To make it through school  
And not fail at what ever you tried  
Because, I suck this way  
But it always just came

Maybe I was the Bionic Woman  
And now they've taken that away From me  
And now I feel like something is missing  
and when I decided what it was  
It was when I thought of death as an option

Because hell  
If you don't have hope  
Why are you alive?

Why do you continue to function  
When your brain tells you there's no point  
What do you do  
When you want to spill everything you have  
Or ram glass into your head  
Just so you can see  
The blood dripping down  
From your own forehead

What do you do then?

What does it boil down to for you  
To get to that point  
When you have consciously  
When  
When you have to consciously justify your existence?

I guess that's a the real bitch of the  
All you can think of at that point is  
What do you do then?

# STOP DROP AND ROLL

*June 15, 2000*

what do you do in a moment  
where you want to panic  
and cross your fingers and close your eyes  
and hope that someone else  
will scoop you out of this mess?  
do we ever get that question?

do we remember the crap we learned in school  
to we take precautionary measures  
to we save ourselves  
from falling apart  
do we stop drop and roll  
do we duck and cover  
do we hold ourselves in  
do we protect ourselves  
do we turn our wheels too much  
when our car is about to spin  
out of control  
do we throw a blanket  
over the fire  
do we keep our head between our knees  
instead of keeping our head  
in our hands

do we know this all?

# MEMORIAL DAY

*May 29, 2000*

So here I sit  
a decade ago I wrote  
about my dad, I wrote  
about boyfriends,  
I had no idea  
of what life had in store for me  
and now I sit here with John  
and we're married  
and I live on the other side of the country  
and he has no idea what I think  
and I don't know how to tell him

Isn't communication  
supposed to get easier  
when you get older  
and when you're a  
communication major  
and when you have so much  
experience under your belt

isn't it supposed to get easier

# MY SECOND MARRIAGE

*June 16, 2000*

I know how my mother kept dental records for me  
when I was an infant  
and I know how she kept a file  
of all the shots I had, too

it's like that, I guess  
a scrapbook, or a photo album  
and I could do that for my marriages

my first marriage was one that I needed.  
but hindsight is twenty twenty,  
and maybe I needed a counselor  
more than I needed a husband.  
he was a great guy, don't get me wrong,  
and he wanted to learn from me,  
but I think he knew it wouldn't work out for us,  
and so he just waited  
until I came to that conclusion too.

I don't know why I went through  
my second marriage.  
people think I was crazy for putting up with him,  
for tolerating him, for including him,  
and I didn't care, because in my own little way,  
he was mine. it was a role reversal for me,  
I was used to being the weak one  
in a marriage,  
but this time, well, this time  
I learned my lesson.  
I decided when we went out of town,  
how much money we would spend,  
what bars we would go to,  
I think it all boiled down to



me deciding how much fun we would ever have.  
And he followed me,  
like a puppy dog  
who has just found his best friend,  
and his tongue would hang out with excitement  
when he could roll down the window of the car  
and we could just take off.  
I think my problem  
is that I wanted this marriage to work,  
but my puppy dog only  
accepted scraps from under my dinner table  
and never offered anything in return  
and I swear,  
I wanted something to work,  
I wanted this to work out for me,  
and it still pisses me off  
that everything didn't just  
fall into place.



okay, okay, by third marriage. it seems  
a bit more stable. I think he is a guy  
that balances out the first two marriages.  
and that almost scares me

# post-haste

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