

A woman with dark hair and dark lipstick stands in the center of the frame, wearing a white, off-the-shoulder, long-sleeved dress. She is surrounded by numerous balloons in shades of purple and white. The background is slightly blurred, showing more balloons and what appears to be a doorway or window. The overall lighting is soft and somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

THE GEM

2004 YEARBOOK

JANET KUYPERS

SPRINGTIME

(with c.m.)

i feel the cool breeze as the condensation of night falls on my lips
as the days grow longer and i feel the excitement of your eternal kiss
my senses are heightened. is it this night? is it your touch? is it your
voice that shouts reason in the face of love for a question of lust by
the tree on the hill?

i know what follows springtime; the heat of winter, the cooling of fall,
the desolation of winter. is this forbidden isolation all that is left amidst
the terror of loss? does the tulip get tired of dying when the seasons change?
are we meant to die too? is this meant to die too? the changing tides of reason
forbid us to see the true path of destiny. we are blindfolded by what we think
is truth, and follow our own path to destruction.

if things don't grow, they die. this is the lesson we learn as children,
this is the lesson of the daffodils and the lillies of the valley and the
jonquils. and so it is with you and i. the true path of learning comes after
death, when you and i are together again.

THE KITCHEN

Today I cleaned the kitchen
I prepared dinner for you
and while I could I worked
on my work, on my time

Some would ask if I was
giving things up to you
and yes, I am giving things
but I'm giving nothing up

I used to be the President
I used to be the King
I used to be Jesus Christ
and in a way I still am

I have everything now
and it makes me happy
to clean the kitchen
and prepare dinner for you



PRESENT AND PAST

In such a short time
I have lost both my past and my future.
Familiar memories that one looks back on and smiles from
have vanished like the rolling waves of burning heat from death.
And hope, hope is something one can have
only when there is a chance for happiness.
This is not me.
Now I sit here, at this table,
look at the plant with leaves dry and crumbling
look at the dust settled
and think: this is all there is.
The present. Study the dying. Study the dust.
And after this moment, tackle the next.

PANTHER

I've been waiting here

the hunter
who has always caught their prey

now I am the hunted
my gun is gone
my blade is gone
my defenses are gone

the blindfold
presses my eyes
into my skull

I hear you in the darkness
the panther
I just sense your presence

the fear is exciting
waiting for the moment
when you pounce and consume

it's all I can think of

all I can do
is wait for you to strike

my eyes are closed
but I can almost see you

and I'm waiting



WILL BE JUST FINE

July 6, 1998

there's a pot on my window sill
terra-cotta, i think
and it used to have a spider plant in it
once

now there's just a pile of dirt
shaped like a terra cotta pot
with a few dried stems
coming out of the top

i could never take care
of anything, you know

and i wonder what i've done
to you

could I find you again
hold you in my arms
rock you like a baby
stroke your hair
and tell you everything
will be just fine



MIXING METAPHORS

a heart is supposed to mean romance
but the deep dark red suggests lust

the cupid suggests true love anew
but a child knows only dependency

love hits you like a ton of bricks
and you only hurt the ones you love

I keep hearing of all these conflicts
and I'm trying to make sense of it all

and I'm mixing my metaphors now
I'm mixing my cocktails on a saturday night

throw love in with vodka and lime
and a little cointreau and you have

an absolutely perfect martini, well
that's what I hear so I keep drinking

and mixing and drinking and trying
you know, I've heard that for an added kick,

keep in the love but add just a splash of lust
the way that deep red heart of romance

suggests so much more than candy and flowers
because really, when it comes down

to it, when you get all those metaphors
together even though they seem to mean



so many different things, well,
when you get the right martini recipe,

well, every ingredient is so necessary
lust and love and all that other good-

tasting stuff that goes down so easy
well, every ingredient is necessary

in that perfect drink because everything
seems to come together so well

and everything suddenly means
so much even if it's only a drink and

even if it's only a cheesy metaphor
and suddenly that's okay



LET THE WAR BEGIN

My silence is my only choice. My silence
is my weapon. As it is with you. As it is
with all of us.

To go against all instinct and not fight.
This is my weapon. To keep us alive and
bury the truth.

This is the way I keep our sanity, but
lose mine. Isn't this the way it always goes.
Me giving in first.

You say this isn't what you want but
your actions speak novels to me. I've read
this book before.

Nothing is pure when you destroy purity.
Nothing is sacred when there is no God
and no hope.

I've lost my battles and now I need new
defenses. I've thrown down the gauntlet.
Let the war begin.

BREAKING THEIR HEART

June 6, 1999

“A close friend announces an important decision - a career change, a sudden move across the country, a sudden engagement. You know this is a terrible mistake. How do you tell them without breaking their heart?”

Who has a heart that is broken sometimes
and what does it take to break a heart

just to master one change in life
well, you have to be a master at that skill

and that whole “juggling different issues”
thing, it is next to impossible

i’ve been through a lot lately
and some of it was bad and some of it was worse

and in the process i’ve lost my job,
i’ve lost my car, i’ve lost my home

come to think of it, for the most part i lost
my freedom, i’ve almost lost my life

and some of that could be terrible,
i’ll give you that

and some of it can be refreshing
if you decide to look at things that way

because with all that can happen
you can be liberated with it all

who has a heart that is broken sometimes
and what does it take to break a heart

MAGNUM OPUS *August 27, 1999*

You wanted my magnum opus
Well, here it is, baby

Here's the intro.

I had saved enough money for a while,
And I was fine with that
And then I was told I should become a model
So I applied to the first place I saw an ad for

And they wanted me

And I know, I know, this sounds like
A good story, so far

Then came the twists.

Then I was there for a photo shoot one day
And they needed someone to start working
In their ordering department
What am I saying, that person
WOULD be their ordering department
And I said I could do it and I was hired on the spot

This is where this story gets more interesting,
I swear, baby
And this is where the screwing over begins.

Because being on the inside
And seeing how things are run from the inside
Well, I got to see how much of a scam this place really was

The building, all the offices, the changing room and the runway
Were in one room
And the office was no larger than my living room

And the owner spent half of each day there
And the rest of the day working out
Or going to the country club or
Doing something else that none of his meager employees did

And he kept that air conditioning blasted
Like my father always would in our living room
When us kids watched television and were on the couch
With blankets covering our feet and legs
Well, the boss would have the air conditioning on,
And he would have no regard for whether his employees
Were freezing or not

My theory is that he kept it cold
So that when he took the pornographic pictures
The women would have hard nipples

And while he was at it
He would pay his employees
Next to nothing
 it might have been less than minimum wage...
And he would care more about the cables that he very unsafely left
Strewn about in the main room

(I'm sure O.S.H.A. would say that was a safety hazard,
I'm sure of it)

As I was saying, he would care more about his camera equipment
These inanimate objects
Than the people that chose to work for him

He once told me that there was a six hundred dollar cable on the floor
And I wanted to tell that sorry bastard
That I had the money saved to buy this whole building
And if O.S.H.A. came in they could snag his ass for this office
And that if someone was late, paying them two dollars
An hour was illegal,
 which he often claimed he would do,

and with what I've got on him
With all this evidence, I tell you
I could get a team of lawyers on him and take this whole scam -
I mean, excuse for a company - away from him

I'm sure he doesn't have any lawyers covering his sorry ass
in case a problem like that would occur
And the thing is, I do

and I would hear my coworker Chantene tell me she wanted to quit
And I would hear Joanne tell me she was going to quit
And I found out that the hired and fired Juanita in the
Two-week span I was working there
And everyone working there was unhappy
And Chantene talked about the idea of taking a magnum to his ass
She had thought of it, of shooting him on more than one occasion

And I made a decision then

I decided to keep my mouth shut
Because he could still keep money away from me as a model
Because I didn't want to deal with the hassle
And he could still choose not to use my photographs in their magazine
But I figured, Hell, this pointless
irritating inexcusable childless dehumanizing
humiliating backwards scam of an Innane
Insane job
Has to have some utility for me

In working here, I have lost my time
But didn't get enough money
Or any peace of mind
For it
When my near full-time job
Couldn't even cover my rent
I put in my two week notice
And I quit

Yeah, I quit
I think it's my record for the shortest time I have had a job

I got to learn a ton of things while I was there
And I learned more in my last two weeks

They are the most unorganized, disorganized bunch of clods
I have ever worked for
Because everyone has to do things by the boss' back-ass rules
That make no sense

They had no database for their orders or their models
So they had to make xerox copies in triplicate of every order that came in
And file them in different places
One by date ordered,
One by name (and yes,
 By the first letter of their LAST NAME, no more
 So "MADISON" could be after "MULROONEY")
And one in the back for their permanent filing

When they do interviews
They act like their video camera works
And it hasn't for a while
So someone there acts like they are using the camera
So the models feel like they are being video taped

The owner asks his employees
To act cordial and civil
And tells them in the same breath
That they are not allowed to talk to anyone trying to get a job there
And that employees should be taking care of the phone
When they have not even been told how to put people on hold
Or transfer calls
Or get people off of hold

I wonder how many people I have disconnected unintentionally

I wonder if there's anything else I can get out of this place

And what the Hell are you supposed to be doing
And I only have one day left
And I'll have to be putting on make-up
And curling my hair
As he is getting his glorious camera equipment
 (that is more valuable than the people that work for him)
As he is getting his glorious camera equipment
All set up

So consider this my magnum opus, baby
This is my change to say all the things that I couldn't
All the things that I really think
That everyone really thinks here

And, you know,
This isn't even beginning to scratch the fucking surface

And I hope on some level you know what I'm doing
And I hope you're enjoying your shit sandwich
And I hope you don't get too much stuck on your chin
And I hope you have to lick it up, baby, lick it up

So, go ahead
Go ahead and get all the glorious camera equipment
All set up

Well, set it up, baby
And take the glorious photographs
With your digital camera
And make me look just fabulous
Because after today
That is my job
That is your job
And then you can never ask any more of me

Remember THAT

ALMOST THE BEST PART

isn't that moment of expectation
almost the best part of it

when you think everything is over
and then they come back
they walk across the living room
when everyone else is sleeping

and you think you shouldn't be doing this
that this can't be happening
and you let their skin touch yours
when you're laying on the floor
on the carpet in the living room

well, that moment
right before you're on the floor
in the living room
isn't that moment of expectation
almost the best part of it

CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES

June 16, 1999

What am I supposed to wear
so that I fit in to
the right role

There is always a role
to be played with you
I've played so many roles

I'm getting quite good at it, actually

I've played so many roles
for the likes of you

I have dressed like a school marm
to impress your parents
so they don't think we fuck

I have worn a business suit
and the skirt always seemed a little
short
because I am so damned tall

but either way,
I would look professional
when playing that fucking female
card
for all it is worth
and showing off my legs

I have gone to a different bar
every night
and I have dressed like a whore

I get the button-down shirt
buttoned always too low
I wear the ripped shorts

ripped shorts
intentionally
ripped too short

Jesus, I've even worn simple dresses
with wide skirts
and those pricks think I'm sexy
wearing something like a wide skirt
which doesn't show any of my
curves
and they like me in it
because the skirt is wide enough
that they can crawl into it

and I don't even want to know
what they want to do with me
in that position
while they are under that dress

you're a fuck, you're a flower
you have the mania, you have the
power
you have the right, girl

all you have to do

is change your roles
and change your clothes

PSYCHIC

June 16, 1999

my sister told me
that a psychic was right
about that Linda girl
and then this psychic
has another vision

and I think
nothing is confirmed
about that girl and that affair
the psychic saw
well, that is all I can say
about what whole psychic thing

well, the psychica asked my sister
if she knew someone
who was getting married
in the spring

yes
my sister said

and the psychic said
don't buy a present

and I know you're thinking
that could mean
my wedding is doomed
and I have thought
of this before

I don't want to get
cold feet
and I don't want
anything to do wrong
and yes, I do want
to have a talk with John

then again, I do
want to have a future
with John

and I want you to know
that psychics aside
and Christians aside
and Satanists aside
well, beside all that
I'll do all I can
and I know you worry
and sometimes there's
no reason to worry
and sometimes there is
a reason to worry
and I'll keep it all in mind
and I'll keep it all in stride

I will, I tell you, I will

I MUST CONTINUE

March 17, 1999

I've seen what my sister does for a living
she makes people better than the way they were
she makes them stronger
she makes them more powerful

and she probably doesn't even get thanked for it

and she comes home from work
and she's got a full set of problems of her own
and she has got no teacher
to help her through the problems
the problems that she does not have an answer for

and who can she go to talk to
to make everything better?

i'm a repairman
it is my job
to take parts that people
think are broken
and it is my job to repair them
and make them better
so that the parts can work again
so that the customers are happy

I've seen a lot of broken objects,
broken like me
but you see, there is no job,
no place for people to help people like me

so I have to keep going
I must continue
that is what I do

THESE THEORIES WITH JOHN

June 16, 1999

there are so many things
I've wanted with you
and for you
and there are these images
these potential memories
and I think I want to share those with you

I heard a poem today
that made me think
of being on a beach with you
where I could pour an ice cold beer over myself

okay, so we would have to have a case of beer
to ourselves at that moment, on the beach,
but get back to the story now

I heard a poem today
that made me think
of being on a beach with you
where I could pour an ice cold beer over myself
and maybe you'd take the bottle away from me
and pour more over me

and yes, we have a case of beer
so we can pour our beer
and drink our beer too

but I keep having this memory
where you'd pour the top
of a bottle of beer over me
and I would roll my head back
feeling the cold of that liquid
run across my chest
and run down my arms

I'd like you to do something frivolous
like that

and I would like to see you reach
over
and bend down
to run your tongue
underneath my collar bone

and I don't know what I like more
the sun
the beer on my chest
the beach
you licking my skin
all of this together

or what may happen
after this
after these memories
after these ideas
after they become a reality

are we going to have these memories

TRYING TO MAKE THIS WORK

June 17, 1999

It has been going around in my head
trying to come up with different ways
to make thing better for you

for you
and me
and us

trying to make this whole thing work

I've been told to take down the pictures of
men
that would piss you off
so I have
even though of most of my friends
are male
and you know, I am a photographer
I'll give up on that fight too
without you asking

I've tried to come up with ways
to make eating vegetables
something other than
something your mother made you do
when you were a little lid

I've cleaned up after you
I haven't complained to you

oh god, I can think of a bunch of things
I have paid your bills for you
I have gone to seminars with you
I have planned things for you
and me
and us

and I am beginning to wonder
if in this whole future prosses
I have to just lose me altogether

because I don't want that

When I announced I was engaged
someone had to ask me, to whom
and I find myself forgetting
that this isn't just me me any longer
and I have been told
that you are supposed to be
the first concern here
and you know, this whole
committment thing
is new to me

but yes, this is all new to me
and I am still trying
I want to make sure that I
am making the right move
and that we
are making the right move

isn't there a guidebook somewhere
that gives you all the answers

because I've been looking for
all these answers
and I'm sure they've to to be
around here somewhere

WITHOUT YOU GETTING SOMETHING

May 6, 1999

Is that a silly way to put it?

Maybe it is

And I am getting so poor at the thing

This writing down ideas thing

And I know that this is what I think

And feel and hope and know

And you would think I would be good at it

Was just going over notes today

And it made me think of you

It made me wonder how you were with her

I think you're with her because she

Pays more of the rent bill that way

That's just my theory

And I'm sure you would think of being here with me instead

But I think that now that I am engaged

It would be harder for you

To get something from me

Maybe it would be harder

Without you getting something from me

I'm sure you have had to get used to that

Because I am sure I have had to get used to

Not getting what I want

This whole life thing

Really amounts to one big let-down after another sometimes

That's just my theory

And I hope I haven't let you down

Because I know you haven't let me down

And if I have, well,

I hope I don't continue to let you down

STAIRS (j.k. and j.y.)

I'm sick of these stairs
that I keep having to take
I keep having to climb up,
and I keep getting nowhere

twisting around in a spiral I rise
like the wrought iron balusters,
that need the rust cleaned off and
a fresh coat of paint

there are so many things that I need
and I'm wondering if scraping off the damage
is enough
or if trying to cover up what has been done
is enough
if this rising is enough
because I'm beginning to wonder
if anything from what I do is enough
won't somebody tell me
will anyone tell me

somebody somewhere
come please, and help me
the leaden weight keeps dragging me down

I've been looking for someone
and I don't think anyone has the answers for me anymore
because I think I know what I'm doing
and no one has been able to make it better so far

scraping and painting I've got to keep going
to keep these stairs in repair
I've found underneath the strength and the beauty
that put these stairs in here
with each stroke of the brush my load's getting lighter
the burden easier to bear
I look below and see that I've fixed
the broken down, the rusted-out tiers

it is beginning to become more amazing to me
all that I can see below
all that I have managed to overcome
all that I have gone through
and
and I know I have made it past a lot
and I wonder if I am going to be lucky enough
to make it to the top of these damn stairs
and I will have a great view
from the top
and no one else will get to see this view with me?

with me
and my paint scrapers
my buckets of paints and brushes
I look and I see others below me struggling with their own loads
some scraping
some painting
on the same stairwell

and I've got to tell them
it is hell to do it
it's not fun, I'll admit it
but when you count all the chips
at the end of the game of stairs
you'll have the most pieces
you'll be the winner
and if you have to stand there alone
at least you'll know that you made it
and you know,
I know it's hell
but you've got to keep telling yourself
that each step
each stair
is worth it

so I'll scrape and I'll climb
I'll paint
climb some more
I've been told there is happiness
happiness somewhere

if I only can make it
if only I can take it
take the pain of climbing these stairs

YOU KNOW IT

(FISH) *February 14, 1999*



so there are these fish in my apartment
and they're gold fish, they're not like tropical fish
or anything
and they just want to rush their little bodies
up to the sides of the glass
and stare at you
and you know, some people have no preference
about these fish



and for some people,
they try not to think about these things
and they try not to tell you much at all
and they try to keep themselves away
from all that
and they try to act aloof
and they try to say all the right things
and the whole time
well, the whole time those little fish
and gawking at you and it's like they are monitored



and when the night is over
you've still got those little fish
and you know they'll be there in the morning
and you know you'll have to feed them
and you know
they'll have to depend on you for something

they'll have to

you know it

GROUP THEMSELVES TOGETHER

March 17, 1999

deaths seem to come in threes.
I know that is a funny thing to say,
but whenever something bad happens,
it happens to someone else too,
and then you notice that it happened
to someone else
before this whole mess even started

and i know it is not fair to think of deaths
coming in threes
and i've got to admit, for some of the deaths
that have happened in my life
well, they were quite singular,
they did NOT come in threes,
but you have to think about it
all these deaths just kind of
group themselves together

HOPE AND TAXES

March 7, 1999

1

I went through my tax forms this year
and well, It should be one big compliment
because I didn't even work last year
and the federal government
understood this
and they told me
that I didn't owe them a penny

and the state government
well, try to put out of your mind the fact that
we are in the state with the
second largest city in the country, here

try to put that out of your mind

well, they told me this year
that I owed them more money In taxes
than I have ever owed them

even when I even had a job

and all I keep thinking here
is that it's just not fair, and well, I don't use
the cops ever and I never use the fire department
and well, I PAY health insurance, so I
don't use the hospitals unless I need to
and well, I paid for that for a few years of insurance anyway

but it is beginning to look
to me
but it is beginning to look

like I am paying for too much
and that I should just stop having to pay for it all

and I'm beginning to like the fact
that Montana has no speed limits
you're just supposed to use common sense when you drive

because the theory is,
you're supposed to be able to have
enough brains in your head
to decide for yourself
when you've had enough
and when you've had too much

2

I'm tired of having hope
that's all

there's always something
that is bothering me
there is always something
that is getting on my nerves
there is always something
that isn't fair to me, that is
ripping me off, that is screwing me over

there is always something
that is making me feel like
I haven't given enough
and that I have to give more
and when I have given enough
they want to take more from me

It's like
when you're trying to take blood
from a patient that has been dead
for a couple of weeks

and the blood has dried out
for a good week there

and you're thinkIng,
if I just turn the pressure
up a little bit on this
little electronic gauge here
maybe I can get
a little more blood here and
maybe we can conduct a few
more experiments

well, maybe it's like this

maybe It's like this for me

3

I worked for years
at a nice corporation
well, a company,
a nice company, with an owner that made
a cool million every year wIth
his glorious profits
and he gave nothing to the staff

In fact, he didn't want to give titles to the staff
because then they would have more reason to leave
and you know,
they knew they did the work
and they knew they deserved It
and they knew they did the work of more than one
and they knew they wouldn't get Christmas parties
and they wouldn't get Christmas bonuses
and they had to fight for raises
and they were always thought of
as less than what they were at work

and they were always thought of
as less than what they deserved

and I know I sound like I'm ranting here
but
but give me a break
I deserve it after all this time

I feel like I've been tied on to a trap here
like I've been tied to some sort of contraption here
that is supposed to make me feel better
and in the meantime hurts like hell
in the process

and this is how I'm getting to feel
all the time

and I'm tired of feeling this way

4

so this is my theory
and I don't have all the details worked out
so forgive me on this one
but
if everyone can sustain their own
can't we choose to be our OWN country?
I mean, forget this gun-banning thing,
forget this BANNING thing altogether,
and let's just let people in
on a first-come, first-serve
basis, just the people that earned it,
just the people that deserve it

well, why don't we just LET them in?
we need to just get an island here.
and well,
if we don't know what island to buy,

I suggest that we just use
all the yard waste that has collected over the years
in this country alone

I mean, I know of a guy
who decided to keep all the junk mail he got
in a given year
and I wonder if he's still doing that
if he has the space for all the junk mail
that is usually sent to your house
if nothing else, it would good to have all that stuff
for kindling a fire
and maybe he's doing it
to show how much junk we have to deal with
or to show what a waste it is
I don't know what his reasons are
but either way, you gotta think
that it makes a good point

we could use all of this trash
that we get in our lives
that we have to get rid of in our lives
to create our own
island, so to speak

well, maybe that would work

there's got to be a few
engineers
out there
that feel the same way I do
that are sick of some of the
same things that I am
and maybe they would be able to come up
with some of the answers here

I'm sure they'd be paid WELL for their services
I'm sure of It

HELLOP ME
JANET KUYPERS
scarsuooppeajjgnd

Editor@scars.tv

<http://scars.tv>

829 Brian Court, Gurnee, IL 60031-3155, USA, Northern Hemisphere,
Planet Earth, Solar System Milky Way Galaxy, the Universe

Freedom & Strength Press



the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author
Design Copyright © 2004 Scars Publications and Design

other publications from Scars:

Books: Sulphur and Sawdust , Slate and Mar row , Blister and Burn , Rinse and Repeat , Survive and Thrive, (not so)

Warm and Fuzzy, Torture and Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art , the Electronic Windmill , Changing Woman, the swan road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Málaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Hope Chest in the Attic , the Window, Close Cover Beofre Striking , (Woman.) , Autumn Reason , Contents Under Pressure , the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism) , Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte

Compact Discs: *MFV* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFVInclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tack, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears.