

CHRIS MCKINNON

(ON BOOK “BLISTER AND BURN”)

Thank you - (Kuypers has) really outdone herself with Blister and Burn. What a great volume, and Kuypers' work is quite compelling! Marvelous job.

FRED WHITEHEAD, FREETHOUGHT HISTORY

(ON “BLISTER AND BURN” AND JANET KUYPERS)

Blister and Burn (is a) collection the admitably fulfills the promise of its title. I'm amazed at how much (Kuypers) accomplishes and gets done. She is listening hard for the authentic voices of America.

CHRIS DUNCAN, WRITER

The whole sensibility of what you are doing is killer.

ANTHONY BOYD, EDITOR, WHISPER MAGAZINE

Her writing is well-done and she successfully avoids cliches and other lame things.

A. JACOB HASSLER

I visit the Poetry Exchange nearly every day. While several talented poets are featured therein, I personally enjoy (Kuypers') writings especially. I admire the pummeling truths about your subjects. Only real-life experiences could draw those analogies!

AMY (ABOUT THE WRITING OF JANET KUYPERS)

I found myself drawn into her “story” and, despite my crabby mood, I read it till the end. Kuypers conveyed the circular nature of life quite well; also the sense of resignation and fatalism of the narrator.

DONNA THOMPSON, EDITOR, CHALLENGES  
MAGAZINE (ON “BLISTER AND BURN”)

Blister and Burn arrived today. It's quite handsome, attractive format, clean and uncluttered. ...

THE REMAINS  
Blister and Burn

blister and  
burn



blister and  
burn

Scars Publications and Design

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Second (Stripped) Edition

# anyone good enough

i used to think that i was no good  
that i was worthless that i meant nothing  
and then i got a good job  
and then i got me a ton of money  
and then i looked in the mirror  
and i realized i was gorgeous  
and people laughed at my jokes  
and people thought i was talented and strong  
and now i look around me  
and i can't find anyone good enough  
and i wonder if i expect too much  
but i know for a fact that i deserve more

# burn through me

now that i've seen you  
i don't even care  
if you're with her  
because now that i've seen you  
i know you don't love her

and i know it for a fact  
because you look at me  
and burn through me  
that way we did at the start

and if after so many years  
we still feel that burn  
imagine how many years we have  
together  
to feel alive

before i learned  
better

you'd think that the people that are most like you  
are perfect for you  
but if you find someone like that  
and you're dating someone like that  
you'll see  
that they now have the same faults as you do  
except their faults seem so much worse  
and you want to kill them for the faults you have  
and you want to crack their head open  
and see their brains flowing out in the street

yeah, i know your mood swings, your hatred  
your love of life and truth and fairness and art  
and your anger  
are all as strong as mine  
but i'm still going to be hard on you  
i'm still going to be hard on you  
for being me  
before i learned better

# a woman talking about her rapist friend

He was my friend, and we had been  
through a lot together, our psychological  
ups and downs,

but he mixed drinks exceptionally well  
at his college frat parties, and his  
ice-blue eyes

always spoke the truth to me. It's amazing  
to think that the only reason we ever met  
was because one day

he wore a turtleneck that perfectly  
matched his eyes, and I had to tell him.  
I don't know why

he put up with my mood swings, with my  
self-destructive social life and man-hating,  
normally he didn't

care about women, never gave their opinions  
much thought, just tried to get them  
drunk at parties,

maybe he knew that and that's why he  
listened to me. Then for a few years  
our friendship

drifted, we didn't see each other much,  
I heard through the grapevine that he was  
failing in school.

Then one day, out of the blue, he comes  
over and he has two black eyes. And he  
says to me

that when he was in the parking garage  
two guys came and beat him up, and one  
of them said,

you raped my girlfriend. And then he looked  
at me and said, and you know, looking back,  
he was right.

I raped her. And I know he wanted sym-  
pathy, he wanted to hear me say something,  
but I couldn't.

And he said, I know this has to be hard for  
you to hear, but I wanted to tell you. I know  
it was wrong.

A part of me wanted to hate him. A part of  
me thought that if he was my friend I would  
be condoning

what he did. And a part of me thought that  
our friendship made him realize what he  
actually had done.

I tried to be there for him. I wasn't much  
good at it. Eventually, he moved away.  
I didn't try

to lose touch with him. But it's just that a  
part of me is still trying to figure out if I  
can be his friend.

Sometimes you just lose touch with some-  
one, sometimes that's all you can do.

*This poem was also published in the book Contents UnderPressure.*

# content with inferior men

there are some theorists that say  
that women need to be able to look up to a man  
in order to feel complete. these theorists  
would say that a woman could not be president,  
at least not on a personal level.  
think of it - here is a woman, the most important  
person on earth, and she would never know of anyone  
who had more power than her. how could she  
look up to any man? how could she admire  
any man? how could she respect any man?  
and you know, i can kind of see that point,  
how can you love someone you don't respect,  
i mean, i want someone in my life that can teach  
me something, that can help me grow, and if  
i was the most powerful person on earth  
i would probably think that no one could teach  
me anything. but the only thing i could think of  
in response to this theory is, why don't men  
who are the presidents of the united states  
of america find themselves unhappy with their  
boring, unequal, supportive wives? why is it  
that men are content with inferior women  
but women aren't content with inferior men?

# the things warren says

I know about this guy,  
he sucked his eyeball out  
with a shop-vac

he went to the hospital  
brought the shop-vac  
with him

he was okay, but they  
couldn't put his eye  
back in:

it was all mangled, and  
besides, it was covered  
in potato chips

# infallible

i used to think that i would like to get into an accident to be injured, to see who would care about me: to see who would feel bad for not paying me any attention. now i think that if i were to be injured, that a few of you would revel in it, that a few of you would like to spoon-feed me, to take care of me, just to be able to prove to yourselves that i'm not infallible. but sooner or later you'd get bored with it, you'd need someone to take care of you again, and i'd be cast aside. so i'm never going to give you that chance, i'm never going to let my guard down, not even once, no matter how much i may need help from any one of you, because none of you are willing to think that i'm human and have real needs



chances two:  
here i am

you asked me if you have  
only so many loves in your life  
and the answer is yes

and it's not because of fate  
or religion, or chance  
but the chances are just so thin

that you can find someone  
that you can love, revere, respect  
someone that always keeps you guessing

and someone that makes you feel alive  
just by listening to the things they  
say, to the way they think

that only happens so often, you know  
so i guess you do only get so many  
loves, so if you need me, here i

am

*This poem was also published in the book Contents Under Pressure;  
this image & poem were used in the magazine Challenges.*

all of my life it  
has all been about you  
what do you need  
what do you want  
how can i help you  
what can i do for you  
and now for once  
i start to live  
and now you tell me  
that i'm thinking about  
myself too much  
and i think back to  
all the time i've  
spent with you  
and all the care  
i've given you  
and now you tell me  
that i'm thinking about  
myself too much  
and i've cooked for  
you and i've cleaned  
for you and i've made  
sure everything in  
your world made sense  
and now you tell me  
that i'm thinking about  
myself too much  
and all i can think  
is that you're  
only angry  
because i'm  
thinking  
about me at all

i'm thinking about  
myself  
too much

# why i'll never get married

at work we've been looking  
for a new employee  
we've sifted through resumes  
we've interviewed a few

and some were good  
some were very good  
and we took some time to decide  
and then we called our #1 choice

and they said they wanted  
more money than we offered  
so we said our goodbyes  
and we called our second choice

and they said they couldn't work  
at such a small place  
so someone at work said  
we should interview some more

and that's when i knew  
at the rate we were going  
we'd never find anyone  
and no one would want us

# who you tell your dreams to

we were driving down the freeway  
you and me in the pick-up truck  
and your girlfriend in between  
where you could move the gear shift  
and it would mean so much to you

and you saw something that you thought  
was beautiful, and you said, "look  
at the lines, look at how it was made"  
and you were inspired by the beauty  
of an everyday object no one else noticed

and your girlfriend, riding in the middle  
said "that's him, people think he's crazy"  
and i thought, "no, it just depends on who  
you tell your dreams to" but i couldn't  
say it in the truck i wouldn't say it

*"Why I'll Never Get Married" was published in the book Contents Under Pressure,  
and appeared in the compact disc and June 11 2003 performance art show Six One One.*

# can't answer that one

i have a better job than you  
i have more talent than you  
i've made more money than you

i'm attractive  
i'm funny  
i'm kind

i'm strong  
i'm intelligent  
i'm beautiful

and i look at what we had  
and i wonder why i ever tried  
and why i ever bothered

why did i ever put up with you  
why did i think i needed you  
why did i let you  
    make me unhappy

with all my talent, with all my  
brains  
i still can't answer that one

# russians at a garage sale

at our annual garage sale this year  
all these old couples came walking by

they were from the russian neighborhood  
they could barely speak english

they would pick up an iron. "how much?"  
"four dollars." "fifty cents?" "no."

it was a warm indian summer day  
we were all clad in shorts and sunglasses

they would point at the iron, a toaster,  
a blender. "all for a dollar?" "no."

and all the old couples wore raincoats  
and scarves wrapped around their heads

they would pick up a wine glass. "how much?"  
"twenty-five cents." "how about ten?"

*"Russians at a Garage Sale" was also published in the book Contents UnderPressure.*