

B. JAN PEARCE, WRITER

I feel not only honored to have read (Kuypers') poetry, but as if I were looking into a mirror. We have relished the same music, experienced the same feelings, loved the same men. But then - that's the way it is supposed to be, isn't it - The poet making others feel as if we have survived the same pains and joys. I have been a writer/poet my entire life, probably much like Kuypers in that I never really had a choice about the matter. It is just something we must do; something we are called on to provide in this sometimes callous world of ours to make people "feel" and thereby learn from the emotion. Thank you for sharing it with the world!

CHRIS W., EDITOR, CAT MACHINE

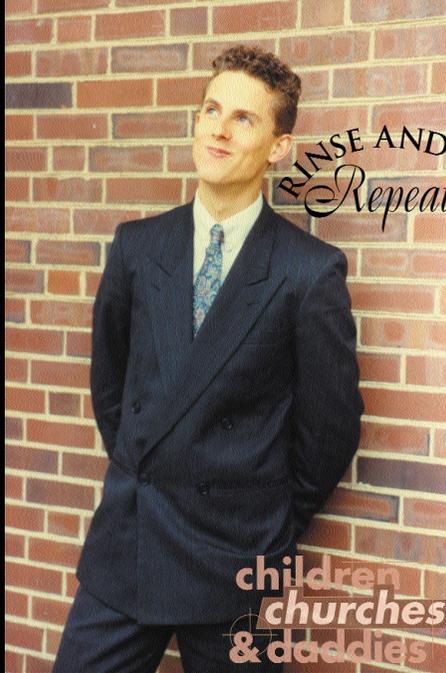
We loved Kuypers' stuff. We didn't get around to reading a lot of our submissions until the very last minute, but when we got to hers, we kind of forgot about the time pressures and everything.

CHRISTOPHER HERDT, EDITOR, OSRIC PUBLISHING

I enjoyed a great many... (pieces of Kuypers' work). Let me just say that I like (Kuypers') work, and am extremely pleased to include her with the other authors in White Crow.

THE REMAINS

Rinse and Repeat



RINSE & REPEAT
collection book
Scars Publications & Design
Second (Stripped) Edition
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rep-eee-tay see vous play

There have been so many times
Where I have been raped

Not that some man
Some quote unquote man
Had physically held me down
Has forced himself inside me
Against my will

AGAINST MY WILL That way is just to obvious

Not the “someone tried
To beat me up” thing
Because that is old news

If you have done the research I have
If you have gone through what I have
If you have lived the life that I have

Because
You know
I should be above this
I should be a feminist
With a capital fucking F

I guess with that in mind
I should not mind the cat calls
Or the whistles

Or the fact that the word “woman”
Is the word “man”
With a couple of letters tacked on

Like how “she is “he” with an “s”

Like we’re an extension of them

Or the fact that men
First look at me
By looking at my breasts
And not my eyes

* Note that “Feminist with a capital F” is from a poem by Joanna Marshall. Also note that “End of your family line” is reference to “The End of The Family Line” by Steven Morrissey.

I should be aware
That a woman with power
Instills fear
And a woman with power in a company
Can still be demoted outside of the company
Where she can still be down-played

I can handle the jokes
About being a blond
Or being dumb
Or being both
I can hear the line
Always said insultingly
That we HAVE to be irrational
Because we are so damn emotional

I mean
How can you trust something
That bleeds for five days every month
And doesn't die?

Fine
If they want to brush off
Everything that makes us strong
Fine
If they say we can not hold a job
Fine
We will just depend on you for money
And work on our OWN jobs
On our OWN time
And stash enough away for our OWN little nest-egg

And how much money
are you boys going to have
when it comes to the end of your family line?
How much of a life
are you boys going to have
when it comes to the end of your family line?
How much happiness?

I DON'T WANT TO

I don't want to make a million bucks
I don't want to worry about beauty first
I don't want to do everything myself
I don't want to let everyone do things for me
I don't want to help the poor
I don't want to give up what I have earned

But I don't think I earned this
I think I'm being punished
For a deed I did not commit

Who am I supposed to apologize to
Who am I supposed to accountable
Who am I supposed to forgive

I don't want to think about the bad stuff
But some things are bad and some things are worse
And it keeps coming back to haunt me
And I don't like it

I don't want to live this way, and
I don't want to keep paying for someone else's sins

people tell me I'm being pessimistic
when I say I don't want to
But at least it proves, at least,
That I am angry, and
That I live

HOW DO I EXPLAIN IT

I
there are so many times
when I have had so little
hope

and maybe that's MY problem, not yours
and maybe this is a bad way
to start a poem

so forgive me

but the thing is, people keep trying to tell me
that this is the hard part

and I have been through so much
haven't I gone through enough?

and I am beginning to think
that well, maybe I DON'T deserve it
and maybe bad things

are MEANT to happen to me

and how do I explain that
to the average person?
how do I explain
what I am going through
how do I explain
the way I feel

how do I explain it

II
I mean, I know I am a writer,
so explaining this all
should not be so hard

but it is

Describe the color blue to a blind man
and see how you are at a loss for words

How do you explain this all
with quick wit and a shark tongue?

III
so the key here for me
is that sometimes good things can happen
when you least expect it

and instead of my griping about it
or feeling sorry for myself

maybe I should just be happy with it

IV
and when people tell me
that the sky looks REALLY blue today
I just think,
well, that is called SCIENCE,
the sky is always blue

and that answer
that comment
is that supposed to make me feel better?

V
and maybe when people tell me
that every cloud has a silver lining
well, maybe I should enjoy the silver lining
every once in a while
and when people complain
that the grass is always greener on the other side

well, maybe at times like those
i should learn to like the view from this side
because at least I get to see the green grass

well, it's just a theory

cause maybe this ride ain't so bad
and maybe this SIDE ain't so bad
and maybe there is a chance

for that other side for me
and maybe i've had a taste

of all that good stuff

and you know, it occurred to me
that the good stuff ain't all that after all
and that maybe there is someone

out there like me
and that maybe someone cares about me
and maybe someone respects me
and thinks I'm intelligent
and beautiful

maybe

VI

a couple of days ago
john gave me some roses
an even half dozen, something that
didn't even need to be wrapped by the florist

well, that's just my thought

on the matter

but john had an answer for me

he told me that he gave me five roses
for the five days he had known me
and the sixth one
well, was just for me

because I deserved it

and those were the words he used
and that is what he said to me
and I have received flowers

from other men before
and for all of this it was different

because he said those words to me
because he thought of me
and that was almost worth more

than the flowers

maybe

VII

and yeah, I could go on and on and on
about the fact that he is taller than me

I can wear high heels in front of him
and I won't dwarf him

and when he holds me it feels like
I'm actually being held
and not that I'm about to break
the man I'm hugging into two pieces
and maybe he was a marine
and can hold his own
and maybe he has travelled
all over the place
and seen different things
and had different chances

and yeah, maybe he carries all my stuff
around in my apartment
because it might be too heavy for me

and yeah, I could get angry at that
 I could think that I can carry this myself
 that I'm not a
 poor
 helpless
 girl
 and that I don't need
 no
 man

VIII
 but for now
 for now I'm stuck in this happy mode
 remembering what it's like
 where the grass is greener
 and enjoying in that silver lining
 and well, being happy that
 I can almost touch that green grass now

'cause I'm sick of hearing
 about the four-leaf clovers
 and the rainbows
 and the pots of gold

and all that other crap
 that is supposed to make you happy

IX
 and maybe I am just happy that
 someone gave me attention

and gives me attention

and that that someone cares about me

I got that attention from someone
 who thought I was worth it
 from someone I thought was worth it

and when you finally get to this point,
 when you think no one else can
 understand this feeling

and all the references to growing grass
 an bubbles and sunsets

don't quite cut it

well, when you get to feel
 this way

the way I feel

well,
 how do you explain it