

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT, EDITOR, POETRY IN PROGRESS

I must admit, her pieces were quite moving to both myself and my staff. A few had to stop reading because they were too overcome with emotion. (Kuypers should) give herself a pat on the back for that one.

CRAIG C. RUSSEL, EDITOR, THE OWEN WISTER REVIEW

I had never heard of (Janet Kuypers) or her magazine, but suffice it to say, (after reading some of her work) I now want to read everything she has ever written.

Kuypers' work sent a chill down my spine (that's a good thing) and it is easily the best poetry I have read since I started my stint as poetry editor there.

CRAIG VITTER, EDITOR, @EZINE

I'm impressed by her prolific work, she obviously is very devoted to her writing.

THE REMAINS
Contents Under Pressure



Journals from traveling through the United States
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from
one summer

seeing you, to seeing southern California, the stores, the glamour, the beaches, the commercialism. And you, you had to cart me away with your religious troops to the wilderness, leaving me at the campsite while you went off to church. And I sat there for days, watching us, watching us become bloodthirsty, we were trying to hurt each other, we were like animals, you starting your life with me in tow. And I saw the redwood forests.

4.

Douglas. I never imagined how beautiful the east coast could be, rolling hills curling one state into another. We'd drive up a hill in your truck and I would lift my head, my chin as high as I could in anticipation to try to see the other side, the sloping down of those hills. I remember walking along the beach in Maine, restored buildings lining the rocky shore, the fog so thick you couldn't see fifty feet in front of you. And people were suntanning. And I photographed the lighthouse - how do they work in the fog like this? It's so thick, thick like the cigarette smoke coming from the inside of your truck when we would drive to antique shops in New Hampshire. Thick, like a powerful force overcoming someone, that holds you there, that doesn't let go. Like us.

"Russians at a Garage Sale" was also published in the book Hope Chest in the Attic.

the bridge to new orleans

you have to pass the desolation
before you get there
long, long bridges
overlooking swamps, decaying trees
occasionally a home
foundation crumbling
wet wood peeling away

what do those people see
the people in those homes
crocodiles, snakes
bugs along the water
a ripple of the murky
water under the full moon
the vultures perched
along the treetops

they have the isolation
the beauty of the solitude
but it's a different kind of
decay they see
a different kind of decay
a different kind

*The poems on these two pages were from a series also published in the book *The Window*.*