

JOYCE CARBONE, EDITOR, CER*BER*US

But especially, I like (Kuypers') ability for versatility. She had the rage, the tenderness, the humor.

KENNY WRIGHT, EDITOR, DARKWAVE SOCIETY

I think (Kuypers is) a very talented writer.

I really enjoy having her poetry in the magazine. I think she is a very talented writer.

R. R. POTTER, WRITER

I read some of (Kuypers') poetry in an e-mail anthology. Her work was outstanding.

JOHN DOLAN, DEEP SOUTH

I think (Kuypers is) an amazing writer. Her work is so straight, and that's so rare...how'd she get so brave?

THE REMAINS

Survive and Thrive



Survive & THRIVE
Collection Book containing
poetry, prose, philosophy, and art
Scars Publications and Design
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Morni ng Wi l l Be Ki nd

Kiss me, stoned and drunk
flesh is the answer

Listen
to the wisdom, moaning
in my foreign bed
and the scent and
smell of new skin

An apex of blinding
then close your eyes
wondering vaguely why

You let me enter,
 hoping
morning will be kind

After the wreckage

I can't leave this funeral that never seems to end
I can't leave this funeral that, in a way, never started
And all I know is that I have been doing all of the mourning

And is that the way it goes?
Is someone mourning for you for too long
And you, the deceased, didn't know anyone would care
And you, the deceased, didn't know they were dead
So

So was it just me
Do I feel this alone

Does your spirit rise after the wreckage
And you watch from above
And see how everyone reacts
And see how I cry
And see how I suffer

Is this what you're doing to me?

And now, after the funeral,
And I have to clean up the room
And I have to put away the flowers
And I have to escort the people out
Because they don't deserve to be here
Because they don't even clean up the mess

I should know by now
It's still me
It's only me
Isn't it?
Is that the way it goes?

Hol di ng My Ski n Together

is life pre-ordained?
i've been trying to remember
all the little details
that i'm supposed to take care of
and i know i'm not even getting
half of them done
and i wonder if you feel what i feel
is it just me
is the stuffing falling out
of my insides
through the stretched seams
holding my skin together
because i keep finding
bits of stuffing fallen out
and i try to put it back in
but damnit, i don't see the holes
and i just have to work faster
so that maybe
i'll have a better chance
of not losing my insides

is it just me?
probably
but i'll keep frantically trying
to hold myself together
so i can be a bit more normal,
no, wait,
so i can be a bit more like myself
and i won't have to be pre-ordained

Gears get caught in the mud

I've wanted to be so much for you
I've wanted to cook your meals
and clean your clothes
And even wanted it to surprise you
I've wanted to do things
To catch you off guard
To beat your intelligence

And once I want to start
My gears gets caught in the mud
And they start spinning
And I try to get them out
But I usually never learn
And I spin them and some more
And I get further buried in the ground
And it's like I'm digging my own grave
By spinning my own wheels
And trying so hard
To be everything to everyone,
No, wait, to you

I'm trying to be so much
And do so much
I'm trying to accomplish so much
But I'm spinning my wheels
And I'm burying myself
And I want you to know
(At least)
That I'm trying