

## PETE MCKINLEY, WRITER

I've read all of (Kuypers') short stories and poetry and now she is an enigma.

How can she picture herself in prison so graphically or a dual personality so realistically?

In Mexico, her work would be classified as 'Fantastico.' Maybe she really is a duality in reality. I'm crazy about both of her.

## PETER SCOTT, TWISTED TEEN PUBLISHING CO., SPIRAL CHAMBERS

I greatly enjoyed her poetry.

## RICHARD FEIN, WRITER

I have been reading many of her works, poetry, fiction, and prose all over the net and I must say I am very impressed. She is a very fine writer.

THE REMAINS

Warm and Fuzzy



**(not so)  
warm  
& fuzzy**

scars publications, edited edited edition

# What It Felt Like

i think i have felt it before  
i think i remember touching it, and it was  
well, it was soft, and *warm, and fuzzy*

that makes it sound like a blanket  
but a blanket can only be warm for so long  
and it never is long enough to cover you  
and the cold air is always getting in  
and you can feel the breeze  
    from where the blanket fails you

no, what i have felt before,  
what i am sure i have touched before  
is giving, and soft, and warm  
but it doesn't give too much  
or it would disappear

it is kind of like cat's fur  
have you ever felt cat's fur before?  
when you glide your hand along a cat with the fur  
it is like silk, it is very,  
well, how do you describe it

    don't rub that cat fur the wrong way, though  
    because that's when it fights against you

it does not hurt you or give way too easily  
it satiates you into feeling that life is good again  
and when nothing seems to do that for you  
sometimes all you've got is love,  
i mean, that feeling of warmth and softness

do you know what i am talking about  
i am sure i have felt that feeling before  
i must have

# Whether or Not It Is From Religion

A.

“Im ambidextrous. The nuns would hit my left hand  
when I wrote because I was supposed to use my right hand.  
When my right hand got tired when I  
wrote a paper at home, I would just switch hands.”

Things are supposed to be a certain way,  
aren't they?  
There can't be anything different from the norm  
you'll have to abide by our rules

“Whose rules?” ours.  
“I thought I was listening to God's rules.”  
We have interpreted God's rules. It is for your own good.  
“Doesn't the Bible state that YOUR behavior  
and your changing the Bible  
is wrong?”

That is when the child was shut up again.  
Quickly.

Sometimes rules are needed to be instilled  
They didn't care how the rules would be enforced  
even though they preferred swiftly  
cunningly  
and angrily.

B.

“She beat me because I spilled some milk.  
She was showing me what Jesus would do.”

It is strange how people choose to instill the word of Christ  
It is amazing how people get a “power trip”  
by putting a ruler to someone’s hands

when you let someone else tell you that you can’t be married  
when you let someone else tell you that you can’t have children  
when you let someone else tell you that you can’t have sex  
(well, isn’t that why they molest little boys?)  
when you let someone else tell you that you can’t drink  
when you let someone else tell you that you can’t have any fun  
when you let someone else tell you that you can’t have your life back

wouldn’t you do your damndest  
to take a little bit of life away from everyone else

well, that is probably what they did  
they will take every power trip they can get

C.

“But when they go to a private school  
they have better manners  
than kids who went through a public school.  
Kids just need that strict direction in their life.”

I knew a woman who went to a Catholic school  
and she wore a ton of make-up  
and she smoked and drank  
and she screwed anything she could

I knew a woman who went to a public high school  
and she was an honor student  
and she was in a sport  
and she never drank, and she never smoked  
and she never did anything wrong  
and she never went to church

maybe it is not religion  
that keeps them in line  
it could be that strictness  
coming from anyone, like the parents, religions, or friends

it could be being raised with rules  
or morals  
or values  
or standards

whether or not is is from religion  
is irrelevant

# praying to idols

every once in a while  
i question whether or not there is a god  
    but i changed my mind  
    i thought i have found him

he had dark hair  
    almost black  
    just like a god should  
and he had these blue eyes  
    not just blue  
    almost white  
    so light  
    they look like glass  
    and you could almost see right through them

and could i see right through you  
if you gave me the chance?

i'd clasp my rosary necklace  
and pray to the right gods  
    and wouldn't they be you  
and i'd let the necklace drape over my shoulders  
around my neck  
and i'd let the rosary fall between my breasts  
and you would forgive me that much more for my sins

how many hail marys  
would you want me to say  
i'd ask

i cannot believe i have seen you  
and i have talked to you  
and does everyone get to see their god like this  
and does everyone remember

why do you have to be my god  
why did i have to see you  
and talk to you  
and realize how young you are  
and realize how inexperienced you are  
    i mean, you're supposed to be the god  
    you're supposed to be teaching ME

is this what people think  
when their gods let them down  
    did you let me down  
    or did i just never know  
    what i was looking for?  
is this what people think  
when they realize  
they are only praying to idols  
what then?



# the Battle at Hand

wanted you to know  
that I was on a mission when I saw you  
and that I was a warrior  
and you were just a helpless victim  
that couldn't fight my weaponry

that wouldn't fight my weaponry

I would come in to town  
and pillage and rape  
and rape and pillage  
depending on how you put it

and rape is such a hard word, you know,  
entirely inappropriate for this  
because I made sure that you wanted me  
before it was all over  
because I have a knack for doing that  
    when I fight my battles

this is how I care to think of you.  
I was on a conquest  
and I came fully equipped with ammunition  
I had bayonets  
I had a rifle  
with rounds of bullets in a chain  
thrown over my shoulder  
I had a .22 caliber magazine loaded hand-gun

I didn't even need to use the hand-grenade  
or the tear gas

even before I started using my tongue as a weapon with a kiss  
I used it as a weapon with words  
and I knew I had won you won over from the start  
you looked at me when I spoke  
and I think you might have actually wanted to listen to me

and I would never have to resort to violence  
to get what I wanted from you

we seldom had opportunities before  
and there wasn't much of an opportunity here  
but we made one  
and we somehow made it work

I know I wasn't ready for a battle before  
but I want you to know  
that I came ready to fight  
and I didn't care the circumstance  
or whether or not we had to be quiet  
because we wouldn't want anyone to find out  
and no one did

and no, it was not a momentous moment in my life  
it was just a moment  
a conquest, a battle,  
and in my own mind,  
I won the war

you still thought I was beautiful  
and that I was horny  
did I create a little monster in you?  
now I'm going to have to re-arm myself  
and use my stockade of defenses to push you away

but that is the cost of winning battles all the time, I guess

you thought I would always want you  
and you know, I liked winning the battle,  
but I'll have to work again  
so that you don't come back to haunt me  
because we weren't meant to be anything to each other  
and you were just a conquest for me  
a battle won

people thought we would never get along.  
but I know better  
I know there is no such thing as NOT getting along with me  
and I know I can make anyone like me  
as I did with you

you were easy prey, you know.