

THE WORKS OF A WRITER TAKEN AS A WHOLE



OEUVRE

SCARS PUBLICATIONS
& PENNY DREADFUL PRESS

1979-2004
25-YEAR POETRY COLLECTION
JANET KUYPERS

Oeuvre
JANET KUYPERS

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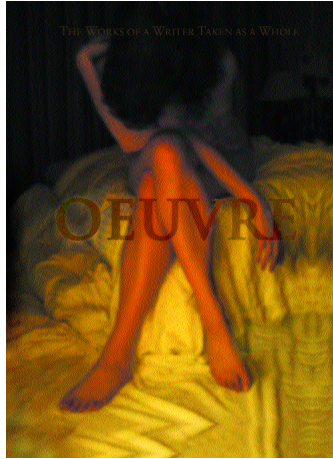
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Information about past books is available upon request through Scars Publications and Design. Materials from the literary magazines "Children, Churches and Daddies" and "Down in the Dirt" are available on line at <http://scars.tv>, as are .mp3 files, .ra files, .aif files, .au files, .wav files .mov and mpeg files of Kuypers, both reading her work and singing with three sets of musicians.

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The definition of oeuvre (the works of a writer, painter, or the like, taken as a whole) is from the Websters Unabridged 2001 Dictionary.



(THE WORKS OF A WRITER
TAKEN AS A WHOLE)

Janet Kuypers

JANET JK KUYPERS

SCARS PUBLICATIONS AND DESIGN

WITH PENNY DREADFUL PRESS

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IMAGE CREDITS

Ten out of thirty-three of the images in the "A Book For Men" supplement from (woman.) are not by Kuypers. The cover image in the book "Oh." is by Cheryl Townsend. Remaining images in this volume are from the author.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Janet Kuypers (June 22, 1970), graduated from the University of Illinois in Champaign/Urbana with a degree in News/Editorial Communications Journalism (with computer science engineering studies). She had the equivalent of a minor in photography and specialized in creative writing.



In the early 1990s she worked as a portrait photographer for years, was an acquaintance rape workshop facilitator, and edited two literary magazines. Later she was an art director, webmaster and photographer for a few magazines for a publishing company in Chicago.

Kuypers is published in books, magazines and on the internet almost 6,000 times for writing or almost 1,900 times for art work in her professional career; she has been profiled in such magazines as Nation and Discover U and was also interviewed on ArtustFirst.com Internet Radio. She has performed spoken word and music across the country - in the spring of 1998 she embarked on her first national tour, with featured performances, among other venues, at the Albuquerque Spoken Word Festival during the National Poetry Slam. She turned her writing into performance art on her own and with musical groups like "Pointless Orchestra," "5D/5D" and "Order From Chaos." She sang with acoustic bands "Mom's Favorite Vase", "Weeds and Flowers" and "the Second Axing," does music sampling and learned to play the guitar - her bands have had concerts in Chicago and in Alaska; in 2003 she hosted and performed at a weekly poetry and music open mic, and starting in 2002 was a featured performance artist, doing quarterly performance art shows with readings, music and images,

She has published eight books: *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *The Window. Close Cover Before Striking (woman.)*, *Autumn Reason*, *the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Contents Under Pressure*, and eventually *Changing Gears, Etc.* and *The Key To Believing*.

When doing all of that wasn't enough, she decided to quit her job and travel around the United States and Mexico, writing travel journals (*Changing Gear*) and writing her first novel (*The Key To Believing*). After a collection book of short stories was published of Janet Kuypers and Bernadette Miller's writing (called *Domestic Blisters*), she did intricate web design and engineering, using video (mov and mpeg), sound clips (.aif, .au, .mp3, .ra, and .wav), writings and e-books (PDF, Microsoft Reader, Palm Pilot reader, web page and text files) available on line.



ABOUT THIS BOOK

This is currently the most complete archive of published and unpublished poetry by Janet Kuypers.

This book has select pieces from past published books of poetry, including *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, and *Contents Under Pressure*. Portions of the books *The Window*, *The Average Guy's Guide to Feminism*, *Changing Gears, Etc.*, and (*woman.*) (which were limited editions), are also included in this volume. Also in this collection are listings from poems published in Scars Publications collection books *Sulphur & Sawdust*, *Slate & Marrow*, *Blister & Burn*, *Rinse & Repeat*, *Survive & Thrive*, *Torture & Triumph*, *Oh.*, *The Elements*, and *Side A/Side B*.



This volume also contains unpublished work (and writing previously only published under pen names), from her first poem written in 1979, through the release of this book.

The Table of Contents lists works from these books in their own sections, for an idea of when the pieces were written and when they were originally in print. Comments on these writings are also sprinkled throughout each section of the book.

This edition does not contain images (except for cover images, the “A Book of Men” section of (*woman.*) or the “passion” image with the poem “I’m Thinking About Myself Too Much”) or prose; prose exists in the book *Exaro Versus*; art exists in the book *l’arte*.



There is one section of translations in this volume; this section was generated after Bart Hellemans translated some of Kuypers’ writing into Finnish and released a chapbook where proceeds benefit Diabetes research, and *Discover U* published a few writings of Kuypers’ translations.

Previously unpublished writing in this volume are in different chronological sections:

The ancient. Older writings (1980 to 1989), including her first poem, “Under The Sea,” written when she was nine years old.

The Doggerel. This includes select pieces from the mid 1990s (1992 - 1996).

The Recovery. After a debilitating accident in 1998, Kuypers wrote in quantity; the writing here is confessional, analytical and news-oriented, as this was the only way she could actually write about going through this trauma. We have included about one eighth of the pieces from this period.

The New. These poems are from 1998 to present.

RADIO INTERVIEW

[HTTP://WWW.ARTISTFIRST.COM](http://www.ArtistFirst.com) 9/11/03

Radio: *Welcome to all of our listeners out there tonight. We're talking to Janet Kuypers, the author of many different poetry books, and the new novel **The Key To Believing** about AIDS and a government conspiracy. If you could tell us even more than what I've told all of our listeners about all of the different literary experiences that you do and create, that would be wonderful.*

JK: I've written poetry for probably over twenty years and I've probably got four or five books of poetry published, starting in 1993. I run a web site for Scars Publications, and they've got everything from information about their magazines, as well as downloadable chapbooks (PDF files), there's a news and philosophy text archive, we've got sound files in our audio and video section; there's some really cool stuff there. Primarily what I'm doing a lot of now is performance art, setting up shows, not only with poetry, but with journals and short stories as well, and setting them up with images in a display with music in the background (because I'm a photographer and do some music in my spare time).

Radio: *Janet is going to tell us a bit more about writing some of her pieces about death.*

JK: It was such a traumatic thing for me to go through as an innocent bystander (*going through having ones close to you die*), and not being able to do anything and seeing all this destruction; I didn't know how else to be able to get out my feelings, and get them across without sounding obnoxious, which is why I write what I write, which may explain why most of my work is about this - because I don't think it is a subject most people usually want to think about.

JK: The first book was published in 1993, it is called **Hope Cheat In The Attic**, because it is the idea of all those things you want to store up, it is a collection of thirteen years of poetry and prose and art. The second one is called **The Window**, and that one has a lot of writings that are parts of series of writings. Some are stories, and are parts of a series of what people tell you, and this was the window I was looking through. The third book I did probably has the best title of them all; it's called **Close Cover Before Striking**.

Radio: *I like that one too...*

JK: The byline says, "the book of poetry, prose, political essays, artwork and philosophical rants ... so I get to delve into having more essays and philosophy in my work, instead of just having lists of poetry. I did a very short novel in letter form, called

Autumn Reason, and I also did a spiral-bound book all about the clash between the sexes, because long ago I did work as an acquaintance rape workshop facilitator, and got to hear people's stories about dealing with rape - stories about what people have heard or about what has happened to them, so I have this book called (**Woman.**), which has a bunch of pieces, some never published, a lot of short stories. The last, or most recent, wide-spread book of poetry is called **Contents Under Pressure**. And that one also has quite a few short stories, and a lot of political pieces and essays in it, probably more than in any other book. I've done a few small printing runs of books, another woman's book called **The Average Guy's Guide (To Feminism)**, and I also did one after traveling around the United States by car with a friend called **Changing Gears**, and it was a bunch of journal entries and stories about going from state to state and what we saw, and what bizarre experiences we'd go through in meeting new people and finding a place to stay. Those were most of them, except the big, huge novel, the six hundred-fifty page opus called **The Key To Believing**. It's a private printing, which we have done right now for it, I'm working with agents right now to get it trimmed down for dealing with a publisher. But that book is about medical researchers that are looking for a cure and medicines for AIDS patients, and one of them stumbles upon information that leads them to believe that there is a government conspiracy about AIDS' origin. And that the government may also possess the cure for AIDS. It always started off with a more intelligent bent on learning more about the virus, but it then also becomes much more action-packed, about trying to figure out how to save lives, save their *own* lives when they got this information from agents.

Radio: *In your work with literary magazines, does that flow into your performance art?*

JK: Sometimes it does, yes. I've found that people recognize me as an editor and think that I could do performance art. That was how this started for me in recent years. At my first show, they wanted me to do something of poetry, and so I thought, 'okay, I have to make this more interesting,' so I interspersed short stories and journal entries into there, and I *talked* to people about ideas, and that would flow into something that could become a poem. So I set up this forty-five minute long show with a bunch of images, because I'm a photographer, so I'd have images that would go with what I was saying. And then I would have music in the background as well, so I would be a sitting person with a computer setup and I would have this whole show. And I think after that show they said, "okay, you're going to be a regular now" so I do quarterly performance art shows. Because people recognize me as being the editor of a literary magazine, they want to make me the highlight, or most important performance artist of the evening. So yeah, being an editor, people recognize you and they want you included in their projects, and they think, "Oh, you should do this," which is very helpful, because if I'm not running around to be in the middle of shows doing everything in Chicago, people will recognize me because I do things other than just sitting at open mikes and reading my work every week somewhere.

Radio: *In the book that you sent me, **Hope Chest in the Attic** at the beginning of*

this you did say that some of the items mixed fiction and...

JK: Oh yeah, that's what I'd usually say about most everything I've written, I mean, usually if you're going to write something down, even if it comes from something that you've understood or experienced or lived through, your own interpretation of it, versus how other would see it, might seem fictitious. Everyone puts their own spin or interpretation on things, and the words you choose to use are a way to get an emotion across to the reader. So I would say that even when there are elements of truth in something written of mine, there will also always be something to make the writing stronger, which might be a bit of fiction.

Radio: *How many poems have you written over the years?*

JK: Oh my gosh... Over a thousand, probably over eleven hundred, I'd have to guess, I don't know for sure. A lot. I've done short stories, probably toward fifty. Very few articles, I've written essays, ten to twenty of those, but I've also done a lot of artwork, because I was a portrait photographer for years back in the early 90s, and I love the camera, because that is a beautiful way to be able to capture things, and working on the computer as well, because you can be able to morph and create new images with editing work, so I've probably had artwork published about nineteen hundred times, on line or in magazines or books.

Radio: *That's incredible. I'd like to tell our audiences that the artwork on the covers of Janet Kuypers' book, and inside, like in the beginning of chapters and all, she has created herself.*

JK: The only one I can't say I took the photographs for was for the cover of **The Key To Believing**, I used stock photography of a gun and an AIDS ribbon and a key, but I just manipulated them to make them work for the cover. But yes, I'm usually taking my own pictures and creating on my own. Sometimes you don't know exactly what you're looking for when you're looking for an image for publication, and that's then when I think, 'oh, why I don't do it myself,' to get the image I was looking for.

Radio: *Would you like to tell everyone how your writing process usually goes?*

JK: When I write, I do so because I need to get it out of my system, so I try to think of a way to out it to words, because if I can do that, it will help me to process bad experiences and events that I have seen or gone through in, my life, and it can also therefore become therapeutic.

Radio: *Is that why you frequently write about women's issues, and why you studied them in college?*

JK: I studied that in college, and ... and I think my family was really worried because they heard my stories and thought, 'oh my God, what *happened* to her?', and I would say, "No, that didn't happen to me," but that's irrelevant. They saw what they want and whether or not it happened no longer becomes the issue. But the thing was, I decided I wanted to get into this because I saw, if nothing else, the fact that women *were* treated differently from men - even ones that were hard working, and driven, and oftentimes better than half of the men out there - they still had to deal with this obsta-

cle of men looking down at our breasts instead of actually thinking about the brain in our head. So I decided to see what I could do to help women that are going through experiences like this that a lot of people might think are not a big deal, because you know, rape can be thought of as just sex, and they'll think of it as commonplace (well, rapes *are* commonplace). I learned that one in four women after going through college will be raped - not by a stranger all the time, but by an acquaintance - it could be a boyfriend, or somebody they had broken up with, or somebody they had gone on dates with, or a buddy that they knew and felt comfortable enough with to bring them back to their own dorm. The statistics further say that one in three women will be raped in their lifetimes; that's a scary statistic, because if you know enough women, like if you've got a family with three women in it, two sisters and a mother, you know, if nothing has happened to them, they might have dealt with this same kind of pressure somehow, even if they haven't gone through a rape.

And I would see these things, and because people knew I was an acquaintance rape workshop facilitator, and I did shows about things like pornography against women (and that kind of thing), people would come up to me and tell me about how they'd been raped. Now, there's nothing wrong with people telling me these stories at all, but at the same time it starts to wear at *you* a little, because there's nothing you can do to stop these things, and all you can do is *hear* all of these bad stories over and over again. So trying to get that out of our system, it often helps to write them down.

I have a rape education series of poems in the second book, **The Window**. Once, for example, when we were in a meeting, a woman started raising her hand and asking questions about what the University could do to help press charges or punish a rapist, and the person running the meeting asked if this had happened to her, and the woman responded that yes it did. So the woman running the meeting asked, 'Forgive me if this is rude of me, but when did this happen to you?' and by the professional look and tone in the voice of the woman asking the questions you'd think it happened a few years ago, and she responded that it happened six days ago. And I was stunned, because she was so composed. When I heard that, all I could think was that some day it would hit her, it doesn't look like she's had time to react to it now, but someday all of these emotions of what has happened to her will hit her.

So yeah, my writing would be about things like that, and no, I'm not the woman that went up in a meeting and asked what could be done to help prosecute a rapist, I'm not the woman that said I was raped six days ago, but this is what you write about. So yeah, a lot of women's issues will come out, because you write about what you see around you, and I put myself into the element to hear all of these things.

Radio: *I'd like to remind everyone that you're listening to the ArtistFirst Network, and this is the Authors First Show, I am Jade Logan, your host, and I'm interviewing Janet Kuypers, who has written many different poems, essays, a novel or two, and does lots of performance work in the Chicagoland area.*

MAGAZINE INTERVIEW

DISCOVER U, VOLUME 2 ISSUE 7, 12/9/03

Discover U: How long have you written poetry?

Kuypers: I wrote my first poem in 1979, so it has been almost 25 years since I first wrote a poem. Ten years later, by about 1989, I found issues that I wanted to talk about and share with others - I think that is when I found my voice, nearly 1990. That is also when I started writing short stories and prose. I read a prose poem that made me realize that there were other avenues for expressing ideas. Only in the past 5 to 10 years have I learned that performance art as a vehicle for broadcasting writing is a valuable tool for expression, because then you can utilize audio (with your vocals and with sounds effects) as well as video (artwork to coincide with and emphasize the writing).

Discover U: Which poets have inspired you the most?

Kuypers: No one. I know that sounds strange, but I don't read other people's writings and then idolize them for it. Usually when I write, I write off of my own ideas. I may read one thing by one author (like the prose poem "The Colonel" by Carolyn Forché, or Ai's poem "The Good Shepherd: Atlanta, 1981", or any of the writings of Ayn Rand, which are not poetry), and it will drive me to think of things in a certain way and therefore write about things in a certain way. As an editor I read other people's writings regularly, and something may come up that drives me to write something, but otherwise no poets have "inspired" me.

Discover U: You've traveled to Europe. Can you tell me about Europe?

Kuypers: When you visit, try to soak in as much as you can. The sights (natural and man-made), sounds (listening to others speak a different language can be fascinating), and feelings (the ambience of places are different even across the United States; learning different cultures and behaviors are memories you can keep with you) you experience in countries in Europe are different from what you're used to. So take pictures, but remember how people viewed their land, so you can keep more than snapshots from your travels.

Learn the culture of where you are visiting. Do your best to fit in when you're also witnessing things you can't see in the United States. This is also more helpful when needing to ask for assistance in a foreign country. You at least show that you're doing your best to fit in and otherwise not be in anyone's way.

People are more relaxed there. Meals are different. Stores are not always open and will close for a break during the day. People don't have cars everywhere like we do in America (European governments don't give gas and oil price breaks the way the U.S. government does, so you'll see tons of scooters and bicycles for travel). People can even use the trains or airplanes to commute from one country to another weekly for

the jobs. Try to learn and understand the way people there live when you visit, and adjust yourself to this new way of living when in Europe.

Discover U: You are currently compiling a collection of poetry. Can you tell me a little about these projects?

Kuypers: Six poetry books (“Hope Chest in the Attic,” “The Window,” “Close Cover Before Striking,” “(Woman.),” “Contents Under Pressure,” and “The Average Guy’s Guide (to Feminism)”), a novel in letter form (“Autumn Reason”), a journal book or travel through the United States (“Changing Gears”), and one epic novel (“The Key To Believing”) have been published containing parts of my writing. In 1998, I was in a near-fatal car accident, and after starting to recover I noticed that many of my writings have only been published under pen names, and there was no real organization to all of my writings. This was when the idea started (in 1998) to compile my writings into a collection book. “Oeuvre” collects the best writings from past published books (collection books was in as well as my own books), and also includes unpublished poetry (including that first poem ever written in 1979) from 1979 to 2004.

Discover U: Tell me about your web site.

Kuypers: I have my own web site (<http://www.janetkuypers.com>), and it is a center for getting any information about my work. There is a complete archive of my writing (individual pages, as well as links to published books and chapbooks), and there is a listing of past music with the acoustic bands (*Mom’s Favorite Vase*, *Weeds and Flowers*, and *The Second Axing*) I have been in since 1993 (radio interviews, mp3 files, live concert tracks at shows in Alaska, recordings from the weekly open mic I ran for poetry and music, and video, and clips some from live shows). There is a full listing of art and photography, and there are performance art show links I have done (first recorded show, 1997; more recent shows also have links to photography used, CD versions of the shows, some video, and mp3 files). There are a few personal link pages too - so there’s a lot of information there to read from.

Discover U: You are a writer, photographer, artist, traveler, editor, wife, woman, friend. How do you do it all? What do you do to relax?

Kuypers: I don’t know HOW; I just do it. And no, I don’t relax. I don’t think I know how. I think my brain is always processing and wants to work. If there is something I could be doing, I might as well just start doing it. I’ve never been a procrastinator, and when there is something I see I want to accomplish, well, I work until I get the job done. So when I get a lot of ideas, I start on a lot of projects. I think I always see my life as having a goal line that I can see in the distance, so I keep pushing myself toward getting to that goal line. Because I do many things, I can get to a goal line for one project, but there is always something new that I keep striving for.

It allows me to keep pushing myself, and keep moving forward. I think striving for something keeps me strong, and keeps me alive.

Discover U: What do you want to be when you grow up?

Kuypers: I think I just want to be someone that makes people think.

INTRODUCTION

BY JOE SPEER

EDITOR, THE BEATLICK NEWS

I always enjoy the multitudinous manifestations of Janet Kuypers' oeuvre. I asked her one day if she had any video of herself I could use on my Speer Presents TV show. I figured she might have some footage of herself behind a mic at a Chicago poetry reading. In short-order she mailed me a VHS that set me back on my heels. It was like she collaborated with Jean-Luc Godard and Francois Truffaut. The segments were highly creative and she had dashed them off special for me. I realized then that she can do anything she sets her mind on. And she produces with a rapid-fire style which accounts for her prolificacy. But her snappy productivity does not impair her aim. She reminds me of Atticus Finch in Harper Lee's novel "To Kill A Mockingbird". Atticus is a dead shot with a rifle. If he shoots fifteen times and misses once he figures he wasted ammunition. When Kuypers draws a bead on a subject she keeps it in her cross hairs until she is ready to pull the trigger. She is a marksman with words. And she is undaunted. If she is hurt on the way she feels decorated by the scars. She will tackle a worthy opponent or belch out loud with no regrets. She gives meaning to life by documenting the nuances of relationships, the ones that worked and the ones that went askew. She has such empathy with others that someone can tell her a story and she will absorb that experience. She can assume the point of view of a farmer losing connection with the land, a rape survivor, an accident victim, a prescription drug user, or an Army repairman watching Cubans behind a razor wire fence. This volume is a celebration of a body of work, starting with her first poem "Under the Sea" and moving to recent poems that set the watermark for this point in her development. It is like watching a storm of creativity develop from a gentle dust devil to a full-blown tornado. Take time with this book. It contains over two decades of artistic ferment. The world is a better place because Kuypers uses her gifts to create. If, for example, she had taken up the thompson machine gun, instead of the camera, the computer, publishing, and design, many of us would be dead. Kuypers is divinely inspired and I am one of the cherubim singing her praises.

FORWARD

BY CHERYL TOWNSEND
EDITOR, IMPETUS MAGAZINE

Janet Kuypers is a tenacious, steadfast perpetuator of the written word. She conquers poetry, photography, performance art, singing, collage work, publishing, and more. She's a renaissance woman to the nth degree. Herein we get minute selections of her previously published and first viewed poems, varied writings and artwork. Kuypers is topical while she runs the gamut of emotions; pain, loss, relationships in good, bad or indifferent motifs. She offers up honest slices of life in poems as in "A Child In The Park", opening some of her own wounds in sake of her readership. I was pleased with the inclusion of work from **Sulphur and Sawdust**, which I feel to be her most powerful collection. Dealing with the battles of AIDS, rape, and politics in general, she prevails a mighty sword against injustice and the agony of having those scales tipped against you.

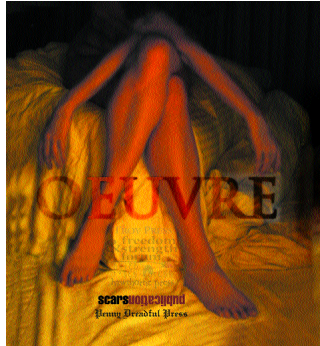
Kuypers is adept at placing herself in the emotions of others, as in **Close Cover Before Striking's** "Hancock Suicide, Chicago" where she is "witness" to a horrible death and tries to deal with its impact.

The **Blister and Burn** collective would almost have to be called the book of relations, with "Can't Answer That One" being almost the lament of women in majority.

For the multi-bilingual, you can enjoy the writings in UNRELEASED WRITINGS: THE TRANSLATIONS.. which I can't comment on because I couldn't read any of them..alas.

Rinse and Repeat is stoked with anger and emotion while **Survive and Thrive** departs with a warm, erotic interlude with "Morning Be Kind".

There are also interviews with various magazines, radio shows and such. The best, most revealing one being that with Nation Magazine.



Janet Kuypers
JANET KUYPERS
SCARS PUBLICATIONS AND DESIGN
WITH PENNY DREADFUL PRESS

THE REMAINS
the Ancient

unreleased
unreleased
writings

{the ancient}

1979-1994

UNDER THE SEA

I'd like to be
Under the sea
To see the fish go swim,
I'd like to squish
A jelly fish
And then let go of him.
I'd like to grab
A soft-shelled crab
And take him for a walk
I'd like to hurdle
Over a turtle
And teach dolphins to talk.
I'd like to see
A manatee
And then go play by him,
I'd like to do
All of these things
If only I could swim!

AN INNOCENT GLANCE

An innocent glance
turned into a lengthy stare
A simple hello
turned into an intimate conversation
A common acquaintance
turned into a lover
My heaven
turned into my hell

for another woman
turned everything we had
into nothing

WHEN I AM WEAK

There are many times when I am weak
My poor legs can no longer endure
I start to fall
I search for something to hold on to
And I usually find something to
Lean on until I am no longer weak
But there are times when there is
Nothing for me to grab on to
I feel lost
I continue to fall
But then I see you
You extend your arm and uncurl your fingers
You reach out to me and
Give me support
You help me become strong again

LISTEN TO WHAT YOU'RE NOT HEARING

I feign a smile
as the breeze comes
bouncing off the building
sweeping around
the backs of my legs

When the breeze
took my hair
it licked your face

You were annoyed

I wasn't surprised

You asked me
what was wrong

I said, "nothing"

And you believed me

I'm not trying to
make any moves
anymore

because I'm afraid
I'll make the
wrong move

I don't mean to
annoy you

Listen to
what you're not
hearing

NO LONGER PITY YOU

Stop singing that song to me
I can no longer pity you
The words are hollow
And only echo in the past

You don't know what they mean
You can't know

It is not your luck that has turned you
It is your inability and unwillingness
To live

And yet you have Turned
And I can no longer pity you

That song has no meaning anymore

MY BLOOD

Take my blood
it is yours
Take the blood
that runs cold
through my body
and fill my veins
with the tears
I have too often
cried for you

LEATHER JACKET

FADED AWAY IN THE MORNING FOG

at five-thirty in the morning
I sat in the kitchen
straining to swallow the tears
and you raced
to get your luggage into your truck

my mind wandered
to the candles
the roses
the pizza
and all I could think
was that the best chapter
of my meager life
was coming to a pathetic end

I looked at you
in your leather jacket
and you took my hand
and led me to dance

I really didn't mean to
but I couldn't help but cry
for the idea of our last dance
destroyed me
as you drove away

I dreamt that you came back
and said you wouldn't leave
but as the car lights
faded away in the morning fog
and you tuned the corner
I fell to the floor
screaming and crying
I had no one to blame but circumstance
and I couldn't fathom going on

I LOOK AT THE LETTERS AGAIN

“This isn’t supposed to happen,”
I said under my breath
as I threw the letters aside.
Thoughts quickly rushed through my mind
as quickly as the nights passed
in the Arizona heat.
Why do I even save these letters?
Why do I keep reading them over and over again?
Why do I hold them to my mouth,
hoping that you may slip out between the words,
touch my face, kiss my lips

I picked up the letters again

I remember when you asked me
about my political and religious beliefs
You asked me about my past
and my dreams for the future
It seemed as if you wanted to know
every little detail about me,
so that you could only love me more
I was happy to tell you

I look at the letters again
I hold them once more to my lips -
but this time,
not in the hope that you may touch me,
but in the hope that I may be able to touch you
I kiss the letters
I can’t put them down.

MASQUERADE

you asked me to the masquerade
and I willingly complied
but I'm tired of wearing that dress
for the feathers in my costume
won't stop licking my eyes
and you cannot see the tears
falling behind my cheek -

when you see the price they pay
I'm sure you'd come and join
the masquerade, you say
but the price is too high
for I don't want to wear a mask
with you, and I would only hope
that I don't have to

THE JOSHUA TREE

The Joshua tree
is a tree with long branches
said to point toward
the Promised land

You remind me of
the Joshua tree
because you help me
and lead me
in the right direction

"Masquerade" first appeared in the book Contents Under Pressure.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The president says it's okay
to be gay, as long as you don't
tell anyone. Suburban husbands
are murdering doctors who work
at abortion clinics, because they
saved the world from a mass murderer.
Nineteen children are found in a
freezing apartment alone, sharing
one bowl of food on the floor with
a dog. People walk to the churches,
see Mary's statue crying. One lone
man in New York hears the voice
of God through his dog and kills.

Were the children saved from the
murderer, were they sharing their
food with God were they crying

THEY WON'T STAY DEAD, BOOK REVIEWS (ON "HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC")

Janet rules. Period. Generally, "Poetry" bores me, but more often than not, "ignores" me, but not Janet's. There's so many feelings and emotional heartache in her works, that many of her pieces can still moisten my eyes and heave my chest even after umpteenth readings. Sometimes raw, sometimes polished, sometimes shocking in its honesty, and always moving, Janet's writing continually manages to wring some sort of reaction from the reader. One can almost see the tears dripped on the manuscripts, nakedly displayed for all who care to see, be it her tears, or yours. It's packed with human feelings, much of which concerns feminist issues, but don't let that put you off. This is not Riot Girl ranting, but rather the fears and feelings of a highly intelligent, articulate and talented modern woman. Very emotional, very readable and very recommended. An absolute must for poetry/prose enthusiasts.

DORRANCE PUBLISHING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA (ON "HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC")

"Hope Chest in the Attic" captures the complexity of human nature and reveals startling yet profound discernments about the travesties that surge through the course of life. This collection of poetry, prose and artwork reflects sensitivity toward feminist issues concerning abuse, sexism and equality. It also probes the emotional torrent that people may experience as a reaction to the delicate topics of death, love and family.

"Chain Smoking" depicts the emotional distress that afflicted a friend while he struggled to clarify his sexual ambiguity. Not only does this thought-provoking profile address the plight that homosexuals face in a homophobic society, it also characterizes the essence of friendship.

"The room of the rape" is a passionate representation of the suffering rape victims experience. Vivid descriptions, rich symbolism, and candid expressions paint a shocking portrait of victory over the gripping fear that consumes the soul after a painful exploitation.

BAST MEDIA (ON "HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC")

Cool look... in an alternative style and voice. Reads like a labor of love, most meaningful to those close to the author yet reaches any reader with observations and comments on various situations. Definitely worth reading.

THE REMAINS
Hope Chest in the Attic



Second Edition



BOB Z, PANIC BUTTON PRESS, SACRAMENTO CA

I don't usually like poetry. But I found (Ms. Kuypers') style interesting, liked the images in "wedding lost" and the believability of "farmer" - I get the feeling she knows her subjects well, and has a lot to say. I don't mind use of words like "and" and "the" because they seem to be important anyway. She writes with strong feeling and passion, inspired dropper of verbal bombs.

C RA MCGUIRT, EDITOR, PENNY DREADFUL PRESS

I really like ("Writing Your Name"). It's one of those kind of things where your eye isn't exactly pulled along, but falls effortlessly down the poem.

I liked "knowledge" for its mix of disgust and acceptance. Janet Kuypers does good little movies, by which I mean her stuff provokes moving imagery for me. Color, no dialogue; the voice of the poem is the narrator over the film.

CARLTON PRESS, NEW YORK, NY

HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC is a collection of well-fashioned, often elegant poems and short prose that deals in many instances, with the most mysterious and awesome of human experiences: love... Janet Kuypers draws from a vast range of experiences and transforms thoughts into lyrical and succinct verse... Recommended as poetic fare that will titillate the palate in its imagery and imaginative creations.

DONNIE R. STRICKLAND

I took a little time and visited some of the writing. I like "the burning" very much. I like the narrative feel of the piece. I like one-sided conversational pieces in poetry ... like you don't care what the reader thinks; you're just reporting your rhetorical thoughts and observations.

ERNEST SLYMAN, EDITOR, REVERIE

I write to say I enjoyed (Kuypers') poem Father's Tears. Very nice. And thanks for writing the poem. It shines bright, lovely. You write sentences that mean business. You write what you understand. I admire your work. I commend you. No extrovert are you. Rather you go about tidying up the world. This and that applied with much charm grace.

FITHIAN PRESS, SANTA BARBARA, CA
(ON “HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC”)

Indeed, there’s a healthy balance here between wit and dark vision, romance and reality, just as there’s a good balance between words and graphics. The work shows brave self-exploration, and serves as a reminder of mortality and the fragile beauty of friendship.

GERARD KUSIOLEK
(ON “RIGHT THERE BY YOUR HEART”)

Just read “right there by your heart”. Real power there. Don’t know what she was feeling when she wrote it, but by the time I was done I was twisted in a knot.

JOHN SWEET, WRITER

Some excellent writing in “Hope Chest in the Attic.” I thought “Children, Churches and Daddies” and “The Room of the Rape” were particularly powerful pieces.

STEFANI P., HEAD EDITOR , DARK ROOMS
(ON “MOTORCYCLE”, ”THEY CALLED IT TRUST”
AND “A LIFE GOES BY”)

Another wonderful batch of work!! I truly do think (Kuypers has) talent. This was an excellent assortment.

TONY SAUNDERS

I like the poem entitled “The Room of the Rape”. She has a lot of poems and I hope I can find time to read the rest of them. Good job and keep up the good work.

TALL MAN

I can feel your presence across the room
a movement a stir

your long shadow stretches across the walls

an occasional glance
I'll take whatever I can take

a stranger
yet I feel I know you all too well

I WANTED PAIN

You screamed at me to pull over.
You wanted me to stop.
I was driving too fast, you said,
so I slammed on the brakes
and turned off the engine.
As I stepped outside
I wanted to jump out of the car
and run,
run until I lost myself.
And yet I wanted to fall.
I wanted to fall to the ground.
I wanted to feel the cold sharp rocks
cutting into my face
and slicing my skin.
I wanted pain to feel good again.
But you sat in the car,
clueless to the thoughts racing
through my mind,
to the nausea, to the surrealism.
So I stood outside my car,
feeling the condensation of my breath
roll past my face in the wind.
It was a constant, nagging reminder
that I still had to breathe.

THE BURNING

I take the final swig of vodka
feel it burn it's way down my throat
hiss at it scorching my tongue
and reach for the bottle to pour myself another.
I think of how my tonsils scream
every time I let the alcohol rape me.
Then I look down at my hands --
shaking -- holding the glass of poison --
and think of how these were the hands
that should have pushed you away from me.
But didn't. And I keep wondering
why I took your hell, took your poison.
I remember how you burned your way
through me. You corrupted me
from the inside out, and I kept coming back.
I let you infect me, and now you've
burned a hole through me. I hated it.
Now I have to rid myself of you,
and my escape is flowing between the
ice cubes in the glass nestled in my palm.
But I have to drink more. The burning
doesn't last as long as you do.

HIGH ROLLER

I long to see you sitting again
cigarette in hand
walkman on the table

I want to be able to walk up behind you
rest my hands on your shoulders
lean my head next to your face

I long to have my cheek near yours
not touching
but so close
that I could still feel your warmth
your desire

our skin wouldn't touch
but I would still feel the rush
from your presence

MOONLIGHT

moonlight is a hypnotist
putting people in a trance
whenever you look at it
it takes over your soul
no one can stop it
but no one wants to

WRITING YOUR NAME

I sat there
 in the shade
 I took
 a stick
 I wrote
 your name
 in the ground
 preacher says
 the number one
 sin is lust
 then I am
 condemned
 to Hell
 for
 I
 want
 you
 and I
 don't care
 what
 preacher says
 for if
 the elements
 wash away
 your name tonight
 I will
 be back
 tomorrow
 to write it
 again.

THERE I SIT

there I sit

I sit alone
 separated
 isolated
 away from my only love
 my obsession

I pull out
 a fountain pen
 I look
 at the lines
 the contours
 of his face

defining
 the piercing
 eyes
 the pointed
 nose
 the tender
 lips

I feverishly
 draw
 I sketch
 I capture
 his image

I stare
 I gaze
 I memorize his every detail
 but he never looks back

so I will draw
 until my
 fountain pen
 runs dry

from
RIGHT THERE, BY YOUR HEART

II

have you ever had that feeling before, you know, the one when someone is telling you something you don't want to hear, like if someone was about to tell you that someone died and you knew what they were going to say and you still didn't want to hear it, or if someone did something to you you didn't like, like when you were little and the kids at the bus stop shot pebbles and spit balls at you every day because you were smart and you still had to go to the bus stop every morning and just try to ignore them? and when that happens it feels like a medium sized rock just fell into the bottom of your stomach, and you don't want to move because you're afraid that the rock will hurt the inside of your stomach and so you just have to sit there and hope the rock goes away? or else you get the feeling in your chest, right between your lungs, it feels like someone is pressing against the bone there, right there by your heart, and you've got to breathe, you're not going to be able to take that pressure, that force any longer?

VI

i don't know how many times the idea of seeing him went through my mind. at least once a week i'd imagine a scene where he'd confront me, and i'd somehow be able to fight him back, to show him that he didn't bother me any more, to show him that the rock wasn't there any more. to somehow be able to prove that i wasn't a victim any more. i was a survivor. that's what they call it now, you see, survivor, because victim sounds too trying for someone who has been raped. so i keep saying i'm over it but i keep imagining mark all over again, not raping me, but following me on the street, coming to my door with flowers, or sending me a valentine. but once, when i saw him walking out of a record store as i was walking in, the rock fell so hard that i thought i was going to be sick right there by the cash register, right there by those metal things at the doorway that beep when you try to take merchandise out of the store, you know what those things are, i just can't think of what they're called. but if i did that, then he'd know he was still winning, to this day. how many years has it been? how many years since he did that to me? how many years since i've been wanting to fight him, since i've been feeling that rock in my god-damned stomach? i managed to hide my face from him in the store so he didn't see me as he walked out. when i saw he was gone, i wondered why i still felt the pressure in my chest. i thought the pressure was going to turn my body inside-out. i reached for my heart, grabbed at my shirt. maybe the pain was always there, right there, by my heart, but i try not to think of it until i go through times like those.

FARMER

And just north of his corn field
there is a college, the university
has bought up the property

right to the edge of his land. And
at that university there is a man
studying plant biology, he wants to

do research in food genetics, create
the perfect ear of corn. And the farmer
knows this.

All he wanted
was to be able to make a
living, maybe save up enough
so his kid could walk over to campus

every morning, maybe meet some new
kids. The government assistance has
run out, the state wants to push the

school south an extra mile, put up
a research lab, another dormitory. The
drought has done nothing good for his

field anyway. And the doctors say the
lump under his shoulder is from the sun.
All of these years

he would wake up early Sundays
to work, and he would find tire tracks
from souped up cars digging in his
property edge. Kids leaving beer cans,
junk food wrappers, condoms. And he
would pick up what he could.

In the upcoming years, would his
little boy do this to someone else?
And this was his labor:

he had sewn the seeds; the plants
running, hurdling the rolling hills,
sprinters uniform in a marathon.

And all the way to the street at the
edge of his property, the green sign
reading "1800 S", all the way to the

end is his life, his little earth,
in straight rows, like the peas
on his son's plate when he plays

with his food. And now the rows of
corn are less straight, as if in recent
years he didn't care. This year it's the

worst yet, he didn't bother with the
right chemicals, and there are weeds
in between the rows. The grass next to

his house is almost up to his waist.
And he's awake now, it's four
in the morning, and he's wandering out

in it all, and he's almost crazy. The grass
waves, almost staggers, like him. And he thinks:

let the weeds grow.

WEDDING LOST

And she sees herself in the
passenger seat at night, her fiance
beside her, and the lights seem

all too bright, and the rain seems
all too loud, like the thunder of
soldiers running across a field to

war, swept with the drunken feeling
of patriotism, charging toward their
unknown enemy. And so it happened

that night, the lights got brighter,
the car started to spin, and then
she started to dream.

And she sees herself at the
end of the church, the bridesmaids
have just walked down the

aisle, the music changes for her.
She feels swept with the euphoria
of love, and she begins to walk,

but she falls, the bouquet falling
from her hand. And in slow motion,
white roses and lilies

scatter along the aisle. And she
looks up, and the groom is gone,
and the ground is the ashes

of the house they bought together
after they were married. She
sits up, and she's at the desk at the

bank, trying to get the loan for the
house. His job is secure, we're young,
nothing could go wrong. Good thing

he wore the blue tie to the bank, and
not the red one. And she sees herself
waking up from sleep, the oxygen

pipe still under her nose, her husband
there, tie in hand, asking if she'd like
to hold their baby. But she

could have sworn she heard the
baby stop crying. And she panics.
And then she wakes up, her head is bobbing,

but now she's back, back at the
hospital, looking at the tubes running
out of her fiance's arm.

This poem was also published in the book Side A/Side B.

COQUINAS

1

I can't imagine
the number of times
I've been there

visiting Florida,
Christmas with my parents
a plastic tree
decorated
with sand dollars
and red

ribbons

eating Christmas dinner
listening to Johnny Mathis

and after the Irish coffee,
father with his brandy snifter
in hand
mother and the other
girls
putting away the dishes

the carolers would come,
walking in front of our home

singing "We wish you a
Merry Christmas"
over and over again

we would walk outside
and the cool breeze
almost felt like Christmas
after the hot humid days

and we would stand on our driveway
smile and nod

you could see down the road
all the candles in
paper bags
lining the street

and for a few lights
the bag

burned

2

and we would take
boat rides
off the coast
my parents and their friends
to a tiny island

dad drinking beer
sometimes steering the boat
control
the women sitting together in the shade
worrying about their hair

i would sit at the front
sunglasses, swimsuit and sunburn
feeling the wind
slapping me in the face

and turning my head
away from the boat
into the wind
away from them

to face it again

docking at a shoreline
everyone jumping out
little bags in their hands

the women go looking for shells
the men go barbecue

after an hour or two
the sandwiches, potato chips eaten
the soda and beer almost
gone

we turn around
and head back

we have conquered

3

and I remember
the coquinas

the little shells
you could find them alive
on the beaches north of the pier in
Naples

going to the beach
I would look for a spot
to find them

they were all my own

they burrowed their way into the
sand
to avoid the light
worming their way away from me

I unearthed a group of coquinas once,
fascinated with their color of
their shells, the way
they moved

before they could hide

I collected them
in a jar,
took them home with me

what did you teach me
what have you taught me to do
is this it
is this what it has become
is this what has become of me
of you of us

and I took them home

I added salt water and sand
but I couldn't feed them
I realized soon that they
would die

so I let them

ALL MEN HAVE SECRETS

all men have secrets and here is mine.
Strength is my weakness
and now my shoulders don't stay in place.
You ask me to open my eyes
but they are. At least I think they are.
Why don't you take me in your arms?
Why don't you seduce me?
Tear me in half. Rip me apart.
Just don't cast me aside.
I don't want to be strong. Be strong
for me, so that I can adjust my chin
and not have to worry about
whether or not my eyes are open.

IN THE AIR *last verse*

Once I was bumped from my flight,
but on the next available flight they gave
me first class. And I sat there, feeling
underdressed. And afraid to order a drink.
And it always seems that you're stuck
sitting next to someone that is either
too wide for their seat, or is a businessman
with his newspaper stretched out
and his lap top computer on his little
fold out table. Once, when I was on a
flight back from D. C., a flight attendant
walked by, stack of magazines in her
hand, Time, Newsweek, Businessweek,
and I stopped her, asking what magazines
she had. And she replied, "Oh, these
magazines are for men." This is a true
story. And I asked her again what she
had. I had already read Time, so I took
Newsweek.

MEDICATION

I

I set my alarm for 4:30 instead of 5:30 so I could roll over, take a pill, and fall back asleep. I'd leave two pills on the night stand with a glass of water every night. I could feel the pain in my leg, my hand, when I reached over to take the drugs. I'd feel it in my back, too. And sometimes in my shoulder. The water always tasted warm and dusty. It hurt to hold the pills in my right hand.

I closed my eyes at 4:32. I hated that damn alarm clock. And taking the pills early still wouldn't make the pain go away before I woke up. I knew that. But I took them anyway. And I tried to fall back asleep. And I dreaded 5:30, when I'd have to move.

5:40, I couldn't wait any longer, I couldn't be late, we couldn't have that, so I'd finally swing my legs to the floor. I'd put on my robe and limp into the kitchen. The trip to the kitchen lasted for hours. And picking up the milk carton from the refrigerator hurt like hell. This wasn't supposed to be happening, not to me. Just pour the damn milk. I'd wipe the tears from my chin and sit down for breakfast.

II

The doctor doubled the dosage, and he was amazed that I needed this much. He told me to follow the directions strictly, *STRICTLY*. "You can't take these in the morning the way you have been," he'd say. "You have to take them with food." That doesn't help when I'm crying from the pain in the morning. But I could get an ulcer, he'd say. And I wouldn't want that. Of course not. I just wanted the pain to go away.

Take one tablet three times daily, with meals.
Do not drink alcohol while on medication.
Take with food or milk. Do not skip medication.
Do not take aspirin while using this product.
Do not operate heavy machinery. May cause ulcers.

III

All I had to do was get through the mornings. The mornings were the hardest part. Just take a little more pain, and by the afternoon it will all be fine. Just fine.

An hour after the pills, and I'd start to feel dizzy.
I'd stare at a computer screen and it would move, in circles, back and forth. I wanted to grab the screen and make it stay in place. But I'd look at my fingers and they would go in and out of focus. I'd feel my head rocking forward and backward; I couldn't hold myself still. I'd sit at my desk and my eyes would open and close, open and close. Before I knew it, ten minutes passed and I remembered nothing. I could have been screaming for ten minutes straight and I wouldn't have known it. Or crying. Or sleeping. Or laughing. Or dying.
I had just lost ten minutes of my life, they were just taken away from me, ripped away from me, and I could never get them back.

And I could still feel traces of the pain, lingering in my bones.

IV

I'd sit up at night and just stare at the bottle. It was a big bottle, as if the doctors knew I'd take these drugs forever. Hadn't it been forever already? I'd open a bottle, look at a pill. They looked big too. Pink and white. What pretty colors.

And then I'd think: If one tablet, fifty milligrams, could put me to sleep in the morning, could make me dizzy, could take a part of my life from me, then think about what the other thirty-six could do. 1800 milligrams. It could kill me. I wouldn't want that. Of course not. But just think, the bottle isn't even full.

May cause ulcers. May cause dizziness. Side effects may vary for each patient. May cause weight gain. May cause weight loss. May cause drowsiness. May cause irritability. Medication may have to be taken consistently for weeks before expected results. If effects become severe, consult physician immediately.

V

I began to count. In the mornings I took eight pills: one multivitamin, one calcium pill, one niacin pill, one fish oil capsule, one garlic oil pill, and one pink-and-white pain killer that I was special to have, because you need a doctor's permission to take those. Then I took diet pills: one starch blocker, one that was called a "fat magnet." As if the diet pills worked anyway. But I still took them.

And then I had to watch the clock, take a pink-and-white at one in the afternoon, a different pill at five o'clock, another pink-and-white at six o'clock, and there was also usually sinus medication that I had to take every six hours in there, too. Or was it eight hours? I started to watch the clock all the time, I bought a pill container for my purse so that I would always have my medication with me.

When I'd feel my body start to ache again, I'd look at the clock. It would be fifteen minutes before I had to take another pill.

CHUCK TAYLOR, WRITER

I liked the one about the broken shouldered dad shoot the squirrel (“My Father, Shooting an Animal”). She did it right, and avoided too much politically correct moralizing.

ELWARGO

I read your poem regarding your first brush with death, and it happened to be Lennon’s, one which, no matter how many times we have faced it, was horrible. I like the way you wrote about it. The way it effected you. Your ending was on the whole superb...it put it all together...wonderful job !!

I thought Lennon’s was your first until I read the next poem, how intense, how masked the death of that woman was, no one spoke of it! As if it was unspeakable, so sad is the way of the world in respect to what we feel and what we say we feel, or don’t say....

DAN LANDRUM, EDITOR, TAGGERZINE (ON “RAPE EDUCATION” POEMS)

Those pieces for me have a personal-social realism that is very poignant, very powerful (and unfortunately, seemingly timeless).

JOHN FREUDEMAN, EDITOR, GEORGIAN BLUE POETRY SOCIETY

Just read “Childhood Memories six” on the Poetry Exchange. It struck a very responsive chord. Well put together - congratulations!

THE REMAINS
the Window

THE
WINDOW



ISBN 1-891470-18-3
Fourth Edition

E

this is the window I was looking through

A CHILD IN THE PARK

this was no ordinary park, mind you: there
were no swings or children laughing; there were
different children there. There was recreation:

tennis, the pool, and a maze of streets for bicycles
and long walks; surrounded by rows of prefabricated
homes each with one little palm tree by the driveway.

People drove golf carts around in the park, or large
tricycles, or older couples would walk together just as
it was beginning to turn to dusk and long shadows from

tree-tops cris-crossed over the streets. In the afternoons,
the women in the pool would wear hats and sunglasses,
lean against the sides, swing legs in the warm water.

I remember the summer afternoons when it rained in
Florida, and after the rain I would go out in the puddles
in my roller skates, skate through them, feet soaking wet.

There was even a street named after me in the park,
and at the end of Jan Drive there was a pond.
I spent hours there, playing imaginary games,

pretending I was grown-up, feeding the ducks,
watching the fish swim around the rocks at my
feet, looking for the turtles, listening to the wind.

Oh, I remember Mr. Whorall, how he would walk
onto his driveway every time I was playing tennis
across the street. He would watch me, tell me how

I was getting better at the game every time he saw me.
And there was also Mrs. Rogers, who lived up the
street from me. She saw me riding my bicycle by one day

just before Halloween. She invited me in to help carve a pumpkin. Every year she bought me a Christmas present. The sweetest woman. The most beautiful woman.

And there was Ira and Betty Wiggins, who lived on the next street, Sand Drive, with a sign in front of their house that said, "The Wiggins' Wigwam."

They had a hammock on their porch, and art so beautiful, so colorful on their walls. They lived in Panama for years, he used to be a doctor. So

many things collected from all their travel. They both knew so much, they both loved life. Once they saw me and asked if I wanted to catch a lion. They then

went to the side of the road, and with a spoon pulled an ant lion from the top of a sand hill. So many secrets. Every night Ira could be found with cue holder,

decorated with Panamanian art, at the pool table, playing my father, or another man who died years ago. I remember that man telling me that when I was younger he would

watch me on Easter Sunday, me in my pastel dress, by myself, spinning, dancing in the streets. He remembered me dancing. This is his memory, how he thought of me.

And I remember the McKinleys, Pete and Lindy, another beautiful pair who talked of Mexico, of all the places they'd gone, all the things they had seen. So many times I

would visit them just to hear them talk. And Pete would try to stump me with an intellectual riddle every time I sat with him; he would ask me about astronomy, what I had learned in my

classes since the last time I visited the park. Sometimes they would take me to their country club, play on tennis courts made of clay, how strange it felt on my feet through my tennis shoes.

It was like another world there. The park was
where I spent my Christmases, my Easters. I
remember swimming in the pool, a week shy of

thirteen, when my parents told me I was an aunt.
Now I talk to my sister on the phone, she asks me
if I remember so-and-so from Palos Avenue,

from Blue Skys Drive. The couple that had the ornate
rock garden in their front yard, or the snow shovel
against their light post with the words “rust in

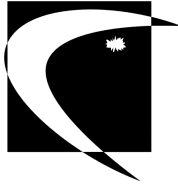
peace” painted in white on the metal. Yes, I say, I
remember them. Well, so-and-so passed away last week,
she says. Heart attack. This is what it comes down

to, I think, all these memories are slowly disappearing.
So many memories. Where there are palm trees everywhere.
It was my other world, my other life, another

lifestyle, another everything. This was not an ordinary
park, but the children were so much smarter, and
still so full of life. So much to teach. So little time.

A STAND-OFF

Too many things bombard us
we scan from channel to channel
eyes darting, first war, destruction,
then a weight loss commercial.
I know you're thinking society is
ludicrous - and it is - but don't you see
that when I watch that t.v. screen
all I see is that I'm not thin enough?
I've tried to make things right with
us. I've tried to bring us one glimmer
of happiness, I've tried to turn off
that media mudslinging
tried to make things a little better
even if it is only in our bedroom
and even if it is only for one night.
And you, you look away
and think I'm hopeless. I'm grasping
at whatever straws are left.



CHILDHOOD MEMORIES ONE

I was in the basement, the playroom
that's where all my toys were, you see
and I had just run in there
after yelling at my family
sitting in the living room
"I hate you"
now, I've never said that before to
my family, nor would I ever say
it again I knew better
and I had just run into the playroom
slammed the door shut
I couldn't have been more than five
and I ran in, and I looked for things
to put in front of the door so they
couldn't open it and find me
I took one of my chairs
from my little play set
and dragged it over to the door
then I took the little schoolhouse for
Fischer-Price toys, the side opened
up, it had a blackboard and everything
I took that little schoolhouse, put it
on the chair guarding the door
patiently obeying my orders
I was running around looking for
something else I could carry
to the door
when I heard the door knob turn
and my sister, with one arm
pushed all of my toys away
and opened the door
I knew I had been defeated

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES FOUR

I was in the first grade, in Mrs.
Lindstrom's class
and every morning, probably
around ten-thirty, we would have
snack-time. And everyone would
get their snacks that their mommies
made for them, and we'd all
sit and eat. But me and Lori
Zlotow, we would take our math
books, hold them up like a tray,
throw a napkin over our arms,
put all of our snacks on our books,
and walk around the room
bartering for better snacks. "I'll
give you this apple for your
candy bar." We'd finish trading,
come back with a quarter of an
orange, an extra piece of gum.
We'd put the orange quarter in
our mouths, peel and all, and
act like monkeys. And laugh.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES SIX

It was Sunday night, I was
put to bed for school
the next day at around noon,
but by now it was already
eleven-thirty,
after a weekend of fun I
could relax enough to go to sleep.
So it was late, and I was in
bed, listening to my clock-radio,
like I always did. And suddenly
there was a news report
and John Lennon was shot.
A few minutes later
and the reports were
that he was dead.
And the next morning I walked
downstairs and my mother
was reading the paper.
And the news was there, it
wasn't a dream, I knew
the news before my parents did.
After he died I remember
in school one of my teachers wrote in
calligraphy on a piece of paper
and put it on their bulletin board,
"You may say I'm a dreamer,
but I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us
and the world will live as one." *
and my seat, the chair with the little
basket under the seat
for my books, the chair
attached to the desk,
my seat was in the front to the side,
right in front of that bulletin
board.
And every day I would look up
and see it there, my first
brush with death.

CHRISTMAS EVE

we made dinner
fettuccini alfredo
with chicken and duck

vegetables
bread

we ate
couldn't finish everything

we were putting on our coats
getting ready to go
to midnight mass

i decided to pack up
our leftovers
give them
to some homeless people
on the main street

we got in the car
and drove
to broadway and berwyn

i got out of the car
walked over to a man there

asked him if he was hungry

i got the bowl of noodles
and the gallon of milk
out of the car
another man walked over to me

i told them to promise
that they would share

i got in the car
we were just driving

and all i could think of
was these two men
in the cold
eating pasta with their fingers

on Christmas Eve



CONVERSATIONS
A DAY OF GRIEVING, 1/22/94

II

the first death i remember
was a friend of the family

i was five
and i always played with her daughter

our families used to go on picnics together
we were never apart

then one day
they told me
the mother was murdered

no one ever talked about it
to this day
i still don't even know why
she was killed

or who did it

but after that day everything changed
we never spoke of her
like she never existed

we never spoke of our fear
of our pain
and we didn't go on picnics anymore

CONVERSATIONS
A DAY OF GRIEVING, 1/22/94

III

my father spoke polish
and so did we
until one day
he decided

“we’re in america now,
they should speak english”

so when he wanted
to tell us something
he would speak in polish
and my mother
would translate

i’m thirty now,
and my father is sick
and dying

and he can’t understand me

he’s here before my eyes
and i can’t tell him
all the things
i wanted to

like i love you

looking back
it seems obvious

we never talked
like a family

we never asked
each other
how was our day

so now when i see him
all i can do
is hold his hand
and show him
the emotions
on my face

i think he still understands

CONVERSATIONS
A DAY OF GRIEVING, 1/22/94

IV

i was ten
when my grandfather died

we visited him the week before
and his last words to me
were,

“you’re the most beautiful girl
in the world”

i went to the funeral
his eyes closed
dressed in a suit
hands folded

he never wore a suit

and everyone
brothers, sisters,
cousins, uncles
talked about past weddings
other times together

i wanted to tell them
to pay him some respect

don’t laugh
don’t be happy

he’s in that coffin
up there
in the front of the room
he’s dead

they’re going to bury him tomorrow

but this is how things were
and i was only ten

DEATH

when he was a child, a little boy, he
would walk through the living room

over and over again
he would see the book on the shelf

a science book, a volume
from a set: a book about

how the world works

once he looked through the pages
found a drawing about the life

of planet earth, how it was
formed, how eventually the

temperature would rise, all life
on earth would eventually die

and reading that it was
millions of years away didn't help

with the fear, the instant panic:
so he took the book, hid the

one volume from the rest,
so he wouldn't have to see it

when he walked through his
own living room



HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

I

he was walking by the
white hen pantry
on sixth and green

and they turned around the
corner in the car
opened fire on him

he was hit over and over
again; his teeth were
shattered by bullets

he said he died then
and he saw from up above
his bloody body

he even saw his obituary

but then he went back, did it
over again: this time
he was in the doctor's

office. It's always like this,
he thinks, always
running away from death

HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

IV

as he wakes up less
rested than the night before.
I had a dream my teeth

fell out again, he said.
This time they fell out one by
one, first slowly, then faster.

Sometimes they all fall out
at once, sometimes they fall
one row at a time. I try to

stuff them back into my mouth.
What is this supposed to
mean? I don't understand.

I just don't understand these
dreams. What does it mean
when you dream your teeth

fall out, when you dream it
regularly? I think it means
I'm afraid of commitment.

No, I said, it means
you're pregnant. That didn't
go over well with him. And he

walked to the washroom,
brushed his teeth, made sure to
floss, like he would four

more times that day

HE TOLD ME HIS DREAMS

IX

She said: Do you know that feeling
you get when you're starting
to fall asleep and then suddenly

you feel like you're falling
very quickly and you instantly
wake yourself up? Everyone

gets that feeling sometimes
when they sleep. Did you know
your body does that on purpose?

You see, it happens when you're
very tired and your body starts
to fall into a sleep state at too

fast a speed. Your heart rate,
your breathing shouldn't slow
down that fast. So your body

makes you feel like you fall
so you'll wake up, feel a little
tense, and fall asleep more

slowly. He said: No, no, that's
not what I'm talking about.
I know that feeling, but

what I'm talking about is
being in a dream and going
to the edge of a cliff and jumping.

She said: Well, what happens?
Do you land? He said: Sometimes
I wake up before I land,

sometimes I land gently and
live. You've never had a dream
like that before? She said:

No. He said: Why do I have
dreams like this? Why this cliff?
Why do I fall? How do I land?

MY FATHER, SHOOTING AN ANIMAL

we sat in our
dining room, looking out
the sliding glass doors

onto the patio, the
expanse of concrete that
led to the pool, fenced

away from the ravine.
Father had a dislocated
shoulder, his arm was

in a sling. He had
a friend's shotgun, some
sort of instrument

and he looked out
the window, sister and I
behind him, looking

over his shoulder.
And then he saw a small
squirrel, walking

along the edge of the
patio, and father opened the
sliding glass doors

propped his gun
over his dislocated shoulder,
tried to look

through the sight and
keep the gun balanced. He
usually didn't use

guns, he seldom
borrowed them. And here he
stood, in his own

house, aiming at the
animal at the edge of our
property, with one

good arm. And then
he shot. We all looked; the
animal, hit, stumbled

into a nearby hole.
He hit the animal, despite all
his trouble, all his pain.

People wonder why
he shot the animal. I wonder
how. Could I do it, even

with two good arms.
Could I see through the sight,
could I aim well, strike.

POAM: A CONVERSATION WITH JIMBO BREEN

dedicated to Steve, a marine

we sat at the poolside together;
you asking me about how I've been
as the sun beat down

and we talked about nuclear war.
You said you didn't believe in it,
and I strained to understand

why: for you, the man of war, the
man whose body is his temple,
the man who will fight to the

death. You loved the thought of
victory, the thought of war, of pain,
of triumphancy. And I sat there

in the swimming pool while you sat
on the edge. I paused. Then it
occurred to me: you would want

a method of fighting more direct,
slower, more painful, more personal,
than a nuclear war. You'd want to

fight them one on one, man to
man, with your fists. And your eyes
lit up. I was beginning to understand,

now, only years later. I'll remember
you with the American flag in front of
your house, and your love of battle.



PRIVATE LIVES I
THE ELEVATED TRAIN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

why do these chairs
have to face
each other?

They say Americans
need their space
need their privacy
and here I sit
briefcase in lap
while he sits right
across from me
staring

I can't look I can't
he has to see
my eyes darting
my tension
my privacy

in the edge of my vision
I see his dirty clothes
his dirty hair
dirty mind

will he watch me
get off
note the stop I take
watch me walk too

PRIVATE LIVES II
THE ELEVATED TRAIN,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

the people you see

he was running his hands along the pages
of his large magazine
like petting his cat
slowly, gently
caressing the skin of the animal

back and forth

his eyes staring off into space
was he staring at me

I wasn't afraid to look at him
I knew he couldn't see me

his hands sliding over the braille
page after page

his eyes
fixed
in my direction

I think he knew I was looking

PRIVATE LIVES IV
THE ELEVATED TRAIN,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

you can hear the gears
speeding up
slowing down

I have seen into other's lives

a woman with two children
one sitting in a stroller
one standing
get on the train

she pulls the scarf
from around her neck
the gloves off

she reaches into her bag
finds a square of folded tin foil
carefully opens
pulls out a tissue

folds the tin foil
puts it away
wipes the children's noses

the standing child sees writing
on the back of her Batman doll

"What does it say?" "Made in China."
"Is that his name?"

this was the window
I was looking through

TWIN

they tell me i was born
two months premature

the first of twins

they tell me it was difficult
my birth
i still can't hear in one ear

i have an indentation in my chest
on the right side
where they had to run a tube
in me
to keep me alive

they tell me they kept Douglas alive
for three weeks
but he just couldn't survive

i wonder what it would have been like
to have someone look just like me

we could switch places
fool everyone

we'd be inseparable

my family doesn't talk about
him much
but sometimes
i still think of him

maybe with the medical world
today
he would be alive

sometimes i feel
like i'm not whole



RAPE EDUCATION THREE

I told a friend
that I worked for
acquaintance rape action groups

she told me she tried
to start a group of her own
at her college

her catholic college

and they told her she wasn't allowed
to do it
because acquaintance rape
is not a problem
here

she tried to write an article
about it for her paper
they wouldn't print it

what else was she supposed to do

RAPE EDUCATION ONE

I sat in on a seminar
being held at a university
about acquaintance rape

when the woman behind the podium
asked if there were any other questions,
a woman raised her hand

she was a pretty woman

she asked what a woman
could do through the university
to prosecute the man

she sounded tough
she sounded professional

and the woman behind the podium
asked if this woman was raped

and she said yes

and the woman behind the podium
empathized with her,
told her she was raped
when she was thirteen

told her that she could tell this
certain department at the university
and they would bring a hearing on him

and then the woman behind the podium
asked, well, if you don't mind my asking,
when did this happen to you

and by the tone of the woman's voice
she was so calm so collected
I expected her to say
a few years ago

and her response was
six days ago

now, I know the healing process for rape
I've studied it in books
first there's denial, then anger, fear
some of these steps last for years

and here was this woman
so calm, so collected
so tough, so professional
and I just knew
that one day

all of her defenses would fall
and it would all hit her
and she would fall
apart

I felt like her mother

she was my baby
and I wanted to deliver her
from the pain
but there was nothing I could do
I felt so helpless

nothing I could have taught her
would prepare her for this



TRANSCRIBING DREAMS

III

I was walking into your living room and there was a ten-gallon fish tank there. You just bought it. You were looking at the fish, that's when I walked over. And I saw a shark fish in the tank, one about eight inches long, and he was at the bottom, killing and eating a four-inch fish. There were other one-inch fish swimming at the top, neon tetras, small things. And I walked over and the shark was just eating the four-inch fish, and soon he was completely gone. And you were just looking, you could do nothing to save the fish. And then another four-inch fish came out of hiding from behind a plant on the left side of the tank, and he darted around. It looked like he was in a state of panic, maybe he breathed the blood of the other four-inch fish, his ally, his family. And he started darting around the tank, and the shark was just sitting at the bottom of the tank, and the other four-inch fish darted more. And then the shark opened his mouth, and in a darting panic, the four-inch fish

swim straight into the shark's mouth. All he had to do was close his mouth and swallow the fish whole. There was no fight, like with the first one. There was no struggle. And I looked over at you, and you were amazed that this shark just ate your two fish, which were probably over ten dollars each, and that they didn't just get along in the tank together. And I looked at the tank, and I saw the one-inch neon tetras darting around along the top of the water. They knew they would be victims later, trapped in this little cage, and that the shark would just wait until he was bored until he administered his punishment. I wanted to ask you why you bought all of these different-sized fish and expected them to live together peacefully. Maybe you didn't even realize that the shark would need more food than he was prepared to buy him. Besides, a shark that size shouldn't even be alone in a tank as small as ten gallons. He needs room to grow. But before I could say anything, I saw the shark swim to the top of the water, push his head and nose out of the water, open the lid to the top of the aquarium. You weren't looking, so I told you to look to the top, and not to get too close. And the shark just sat there, looking at you, and it looked as if he wanted to show you what a good eater he was. It was almost as if he was looking to you for approval.

THE MARTYR AND THE SAINT

they gave their daughter the name
of the Patron Saint of television

and the television's always been
one thing she hated about him

or was it the drinking that he needed
more than her

the business has gone bad
I'm a failure I'm not a man

he said he respected her
then he'd call her

a twenty dollar whore from Vegas

and the mother would hold
the child, the saint, the pure angel

hold her ears and hope she
couldn't hear

WHITE KNUCKLED

The hot air was sticking
to her skin almost pulling
tugging at her very
flesh as she walked
outside down the
stairs from the train
station. Just then a
breeze hot and
sticky hit her
in just the wrong
way, brushed against her
lower neck, and she
felt his breath again,
not his breath
when he raped
her, but his stench
hot rank
when he was
just close to her.
Her breath quickened,
like the catch of her
breath when she has
just stopped

crying. All the emotion
is still there not
going away. She
walks to the bottom
of the stairs, railing
white-knuckled by her
small tender hands,
the hands of a child,
and that ninety degree
breeze suddenly
gives her a
chill. They say when
you get a chill it means
a goose walked
over your grave.
She knows better. She knows
that it is him
walking, and that
he trapped that child in
that grave

WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL

once when I was little

I was walking home from school
filled with fear, like I always was

the other kids made fun of me
they called me names
sometimes they threw rocks at me
once they pushed me to the ground
went home, bleeding knees and tears

but once, I'll never forget, Patti
from 121st street was
walking behind me and threw
her gym shoes at me

they landed right next to me
as I was walking down
that first big hill

I don't know if I stopped
but I remember for a brief moment
looking up at the tall tree branches
next to the road

all the entangled dead branches

and I thought
that all I had to do
was pick up her shoes
and throw them

as hard as I could

and she would never
get her shoes back

I looked at the trees
for only a moment
and I continued walking
as fast as I could
as I always did
and suddenly the shoes
were long behind me

and the others were laughing

I look back now
and wonder why I didn't
do it

was I scared of them
was I scared of myself

I still keep asking myself that

DAN LANDRUM, EDITOR, TAGGERZINE

I feel I'm going to be swallowed up in (her) openness... Her honesty wakes me. I'll stop claiming, stop possessing my pain as real - I'll share it with her. (She makes) me examine my humility, the humiliation of being raped and I will no longer feel alone.

I will thank her for rekindling the reminders of the mysteries of this paradoxical adventure we call day-to-day living. I will thank her for sharing her hopes, dreams, and joys along with the pain and confusion. I admire her courage, her self-honesty, her integrity in putting so much of herself into her work, into her art.

My sense is that Kuypers has a strong, articulate voice and makes insightful observations into the human/huwoman conditions.

DAVID GOLD, EDITOR, PROBABLE CAUSE

I really like (Kuypers' work). Usually, poetry depresses me so much my other editors grab them from me before I can read them or I will be miserable the rest of the day. But... I enjoyed her work.

DECKARD KINDER, WRITER

read (Kuypers') stuff in the Poetry Exchange... nice... Best i've seen on the Poetry Exchange ... Some of it reminded me of how I felt/what I wrote when my 2nd ex split... Congrats, anyone who can elicit feelings thru writing is doing the job...

THE REMAINS
the Doggerel

unreleased
unreleased
writings

{the doggerel}

1990_s

THIS YOU DON'T HATE.

From the picture window
the snow drizzling down
fell effortlessly, silently:
I wondered if outside it

was as quiet as it looked.
The snow blanketed the
grass, past the pier his father
made last summer, out

over the lake. Everything
glowed in an untouched
whiteness. No footprints
yet. Just falling snow.

From the couch I looked
at the larger-than-life
snowflakes fall, one after
another, all gently gliding

down to the ground. I could
not look away. And you said:
This is why I like winters.
See, you hate winter in the

city, but this, this you
watch for hours and don't
get tired of. This makes you
smile. This you don't hate.

BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT WE DO

we arrive to our parties an hour after they start
we know full well when we are supposed to be there
but we show up late anyway
we don't have any prior engagements
but we act like we do

and we make sure we're dressed well,
but not too well
enough to impress,
but not enough to be over-dressed
you can't overdo it
you have to look good, you know
but not like you tried to

and we don't talk to anyone we don't know
and we make sure our gaze
doesn't wander for too long
because we have enough friends and lovers
and we don't need you

and as soon as the party is starting to decline
we make our way to a bar,
bring a few friends with us
because we can't stay in one place too long
because we have other places to go
we must move on to bigger and better things
we must get out of here

this is how we keep our friends
and this is how we keep our social standing
because this is the way it is
because this what we do

OPEN MIC SHOWCASE: JANET KUYPERS & JASON PETTUS, BY MICHAEL G. SPITZ

An outstanding example of open mic mastery was Janet Kuypers and Jason Pettus' series of alternating readings at the Aloha Cafe, right off Lincoln near Montrose. Covering all the bases from Janet intercepting a call from the Founding Fathers to a lavish tale of beads and striptease in New Orleans. Sure, Janet's got four books published and a literary magazine up and running, but the whole point is that such evenings create an opportunity for anyone to go up there and strut their stuff.

ELLEN SHULL, EDITOR, PALO ALTO REVIEW

I forwarded (poem "everything was alive and dying") to all of the readers. They all say it has power and persuasion.

RYAN MALONE, WRITER (ON "SULPHUR AND SAWDUST")

I'm enjoying the copy of **Suphur and Sawdust**, which came in the mail yesterday. The design is phenomenal. Stark, sleek, brilliant, impressive. Very refreshing. The small lines of text running sideways down the pages? Very cool. This is really, well-done, classy looking anthology.

THE REMAINS
Sulphur and Sawdust

ISBN 1-891470-32-9



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***Sulphur
&
Sawdust***

Collection Book
Scars Publications & Design
ISBN# 1-891470-28-0
Second (Stripped) Edition

I had a dream the other night
I was walking down the street in the city
and a man came up to me
a skinny man, he lost his hair
and he walked right up to me
and told me no one cares anymore
and he took my hand
and asked me to care about him
“I’m not supposed to be like this” he said
“I’m not homeless, you know
I have AIDS”
and I wanted to tell him that
someone did care,
that he didn’t have to die alone,
but you know how sometimes
you can’t do things in your dream
no matter how hard you try,
well, my mouth was open, wide open,
but no words were coming out

you know, I’m afraid to go to sleep tonight
I’m afraid that a pregnant woman
will come up to me
and ask me for a hanger
and I’ll tell her there has to be another way
and she’ll say this is the way she chooses

janet kuypers

people’s rights misunderstood

I'm afraid a woman will come up to me
and tell me she doesn't want to live
because she's just been raped
and her world doesn't make sense anymore
and I'll tell her that she can make it
that one in three women are raped in their lifetime
and they all make it
and besides, the world doesn't make sense
to anyone
and she'll say that doesn't make me
feel any better

and I'm afraid that I won't be able to
walk down that city street again
without it looking like a Quentin Tarentino movie
where everyone is pointing guns at each other
yes, Mr. NRA
you are right
I feel so much safer
knowing everyone out there has a gun
that there are more gun shops than gas stations
and that everyone is so willing
to do the killing

*This poem was also published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.*

my phone rang earlier today
and I picked it up and said “hello”
and a man on the other end said,
Is this Janet Kuypers?
and I said, “Yes, it is, may I ask
who is calling?”
and he said, Yeah, hi, this is
George Washington, and I’m sitting here
with Jefferson and we wanted to
tell you a few things. And I said
“Why me?” And he said Excuse me,
I believe I said I was the one
that wanted to do the talking.
God, that’s the problem with
Americans nowadays. They’re so
damn rude. And I said, “You know,
you really didn’t have to use
language like that,” and he said,
Oh, I’m sorry, it’s just I’ve been
dead so long, I lose all control
of my manners. Well, anyway, we just
wanted to tell you some stuff. Now,
you know that we really didn’t have
much of an idea of what we were
doing when we were starting up
this country here, we didn’t have
much experience in creating
bodies of power, so I could understand
how our Constitution could be
misconstrued

the state of the nation

Janet Kuypers

and then he put in a dramatic pause
and said,
but when we said people had
a right to bear arms
we meant to protect themselves
from a government gone wrong
and not so you could kill
and innocent person
for twenty dollars cash
and when we said freedom of
religion we included the separation
of church and state because freedom
of religion could also mean freedom
from religion
and when we said freedom of speech
we had no idea you'd be
burning a flag
or painting pictures of Christ
doused in urine
or photographing people with
whips up their respective anatomies
but hell, I guess we've got to
grin and bear it
because if we ban that
the next thing they'll ban is books
and we can't have that
and I said, "But there are schools
that have books banned, George."
And he said Oh.

*This poem was also published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.*

I

I had a dream the other night
I walked out of the city
to a forest
and there were neatly paved bicycle paths
and trash cans every fifty feet
and trash every ten

and then a raccoon came right up to me
she had a few little baby raccoons
following her, it was so cute, I
wish I had my camera

and she spoke to me,
she said, thank you
thank you for not buying furs,
I know you humans are pretty smart,
you have to be able to figure out a way
to keep yourselves warm
without killing me

and I said, you know they don't
do it for warmth,
they do it for fashion, they do it
for power. And she said I know.
But thank you anyway.

II

Then I walked a little further
and there was a stray cat
she still had her little neon collar on
with a little bell
and she walked a few feet,
stretched her front paws,
oh, she looked so darling
and then she walked right up to me
and she said thank you
and I said for what?

And she just looked at me for a moment,
her little ears were standing straight up,
and then she said, you know,
in some countries I'm considered
a delicacy. And I said how
do you know of these things?
And she said
when somebody eats one of you
word gets around
and then she looked up at me again
and said, and in some countries
the cow is sacred. Wouldn't they
love to see how you humans
prepare them for slaughter, how you
hang them upside-down
and slit their throats
so their still beating hearts
will drain out all the blood for you
and she said isn't it funny
how arbitrary your decision
to eat meat is?
and I said, don't put me
in that category, I don't eat meat
and she said I know

III

And I walked deeper in to the forest
managed to get away from the
picnic tables and the outhouses
that lined the forest edges
the roaring cars gave way to the
rustling of tree branches
crackling of fallen leaves
under my step

when the wind tunneled through
the wind whistled and sang
as it flew past the bark
and leaves

I walked
listened to the crack of dead branches
under my feet
and I felt a branch against my shoulder
I looked up and I could hear
the trees speak to me,
and they said
thank you for letting the
endangered animals live here amongst us
we do think they're so pretty
and it would be a shame to see them go
and thank you for recycling paper
because you're saving us
for just a little while longer

we've been on this planet for so long
embedded in the earth
we do have souls, you know
you can hear it in our songs
we cling with our roots
we don't want to let go

and I said, but I don't do much,
I don't do enough
and they said we know
but we'll take what we can get

IV
and I woke up in a sweat

V

so tell me, Bob Dole
so tell me, Newt Gingrich
so tell me, Pat Bucannan
so tell me, Jesse Helms
if you woke up from that dream
would you be in a sweat, too?

VI

Do you even know why
we should save the rain forest?
Oh preserve the delicate balance,
just tear the whole forest down,
what difference does it make?
Put in some orange groves
so our concentrate orange juice
can be a little cheaper

did you know that medical researchers
have a very, very hard time
trying to come up with synthetic
cures for diseases on their own?
It helps them out a little if they can first
find the substance in nature.
A tree that appears in the rain forest
may be the only one of its species.
Or one like it may be two miles away,
instead of right next to it. I wonder
how many cures we've destroyed
to plant more orange groves.
Serves us right.

VII

You know my motives aren't selfless
I know that these things are worthwhile in my life

I'd like to find a cure to these diseases
before I die of them
and I'm not just a vegetarian
because I think it's wrong to kill an animal
unless I have to

I also know the excess protein
pulls the calcium away from my bones
and gives me osteoporosis
and the excess fat gives me heart attacks
and I also know that we could be feeding
ten times more people
with the same resources used for meat production

You know, I know you're looking at me
and calling me an extremist
but I'm sitting here, looking around me
looking at the destruction caused by family values
and thinking the right, moral, non-violent decisions
are also those extreme ones

VII

everything is linked here
we destroy our animals
so we can be wasteful and violent
we destroy our plants
we destroy our earth
we're even destroying our air
we wreak havoc on the soil, on the atmosphere
we dump our wastes into our lakes
we pump aerosol cans and exhaust pipes

and you tell me I'm extreme

and these animals and forests keep calling out to me
the oceans, the wind

and I'm beginning to think
that we just keep doing it
because we don't know how to stop
and deep inside we feel the pain of
all that we've killed
and we try to control it by
popping a chemical-filled pain-killer

we live through the guilt
by taking caffeine, nicotine, morphine
and we keep ourselves thin with saccharin
and we keep ourselves sane with our alcohol poisoning
and when that's not enough
maybe a line of coke

maybe shoot ourselves in the head
in front of the mirror in the master bedroom
or maybe just take some pills
walk into the garage, turn on the car
and just
fall asleep

in the wild
you have no power over anyone else

now that we're civilized
we create our own wild

maybe when we have all this power
the only choice we have
is to destroy ourselves

and so we do

*This poem was also published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.*

NICK DISPOLDO, SMALL PRESS REVIEW (ON “CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING”)

Sinclair Lewis was fond of saying that college professors liked their literature “cold and dead.” That seems like a safe generalization when i consider the cargoloads of vacuous vomit that spews from most university presses.

Sinclair Lewis would read Janet Kuypers. “Striking” is a collection of poetry, essays, letters and diary entries. Like Sylvia Plath, Kuypers has a sense of existential rage but, unlike Plath, her rage is more incisive and focused. She is concerned with problems, whether societal or internal, and “...the violence that often stems from them.” Pablo Neruda claims “literature must have a duty toward life” and Kuypers undoubtedly believes this. “Violence” - aside from the obvious forms that fill our streets, homes, movies and television - may even be subtle.

Isolation and loneliness are recurrent Kuypers themes and, again like Plath, she is both appalled and preoccupied with suicide: suicide as the ultimate antidote for the diseases of modern society. She creates marvelous if gruesome imagery in her “Hancock Suicide, Chicago, 1994.” A handicapped woman throws herself out of a fiftieth floor window of the Hancock building in Chicago and lands near a construction worker who is on a break.

Kuypers is clever and clear and her book is indeed a bargain.

JASON PETTUS, FREELANCE WRITER (ON “CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING”)

I am 64 pages into “Close Cover...” right now (just finished the “Knowing Your Neighbors” essay). The things I like the best so far in the book are the little stories, the things about day-to-day life that don't seem to have any neat wrap-up at the end. My two favorite pieces so far are pieces like these -- “Phone Calls from Brian Tolle” and “Seeing Things Differently.”

I can't tell which pieces (Kuypers is) writing in her own voice from her own experiences, and which ones are fictional accounts but written in first-person. I usually am a big fan of this (I write a lot of stuff that way, too); for some reason her stuff makes me feel really uncomfortable (I mean, in a good way). I think it's that she writes a lot about these loose edges in behavior, these weird shades of grey that otherwise upstanding, decent, try-to-do-the-right-thing people have.

It's the strange result of reading confessional work of someone you don't know and who isn't famous enough to have all their skeletons hanging in full public view (i.e. Anne Sexton). I should reiterate, I LIKE that. The effect is a very engaging one.

THE REMAINS
Close Cover Before Striking

close cover before **Striking**

a book of poetry, prose, political essays, art work and philosophical rants by janet kuypers

j k u y p e r s

scars publications and design
c h i c a g o

ISBN 1-891470-24-8



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Second (Stripped) Edition

introduction

There's a kind of book in America that is turned out by our college and university writing programs; they tend to be cool, detached, slick, middle class and boring. This is not any such book. Janet Kuypers is rooted in quite a different world: the scene of the streets, late-night bars, the prisons (now our only true growth industry), and the kitchens of homes where people live, argue with each other, and sometimes try to stay in love.

Reading these poems and stories, I was reminded of Sherwood Anderson's statement that the Americans are the loneliest people in the world. Janet sees this also, and how could it be otherwise in a society pivoting on the doctrine of Individualism? Like Anderson, Kuypers' people seethe with anxiety, despair, conflict, and a desire to escape without any real place to go, but also with a terrible yearning that amounts to love, which is the only hope. Her earlier work focused on themes of abuse: alcoholism, rape, and that daily harassment we find in our lives and work. The women's movement has brought forward a great truth-telling literature of this kind, exposing the horrors of a patriarchal system which was worse because it seemed so strongly entrenched that it could not be challenged, let alone overcome.

In a preface to one of those earlier collections, Kuypers relates that people used to inquire if she was disturbed in some way, as if in revealing all this chaotic torment, she must be crazy or at least neurotic. This is an old suggestion about writers who tell the truth, going back to William Blake, the surrealists, and so on. She rightly protested in defense of her mission, to take the side of the outcasts, the beaten, the destroyed.

By this point in our history, even the "mainline" magazines and newspapers talk about the crisis of American society, the turmoil, crime, corruption and brutality we feel we cannot face, but must face. As in previous books, Janet deals with that, but now I discern a new element in her writing, to quietly but resolutely move toward solutions. The section of poems for and about her mother finds grounds for sense and humor and calm, as if writing of such a resilient woman induces a healing perspective. The essays about pornography are reflective and full of insights into how commercialism infects the most personal relations in our lives. Buying and selling and being powerful is so common in our society that many do not even question what it is, or what it does.

I am struck by how the present collection of work strives to forge new ways of

thinking; indeed, there is often a modest but steady insistence that thinking as such is necessary and will help us through it all. Kuypers has no belief in the easy solutions of the churches; she must find her way forward with purely human means. Yet her writing has that quality of intensity and purpose which is generally but falsely attributed to the “spiritual.” In “The State of the Nation” she communes with our revolutionary ancestors, about what is happening in America. She reinvigorates the language of rights, of democracy, of a future for the continent in spite of degradation and decay. Finally, in “Everything Was Alive and Dying” she confronts head-on the fate of nature herself, in a poem which I find to be one of the great sustaining visions of our decades on earth.

The Chilean poet Pablo Neruda has an essay in which he says literature must have a “duty toward life.” This is a book that undertakes that same responsibility; it’s hard-won, by turns painful, bitter, harsh, but loving and fighting too. We should be proud to have it, by our side, as we take on the thousand challenges of staying alive when so much is aiming at death.

Fred Whitehead

BEN OHMART, WRITER

I'm currently reading the great book ("Close Cover Before Striking"). It's fantastic. Best \$10 I've ever spent.

BRIAN SELERSKI (ON THE POEM "I WANT LOVE")

I read (Kuypers') poem "i want love" and found that I could relate to the feelings that she expressed. She made the poem so simple, but complex in text meaning that it is simply worded but it has a lot of meaning and feeling behind it.

JIM MADDOCKS, GLASGOW

(ON THE POEM "CHICAGO, WEST SIDE")

When I first read CHICAGO, WEST SIDE I wasn't that crazy about it. It was only on closer investigation that it began to grow on me. It is evocative. Actually it was one word that changed my mind about the whole piece: this! as in "this time, when she heard the sirens..." So, did she kill her abusive husband? Whatever she did, it seems she was still able to make a cup of coffee after, such a domesticated thing to do. In fact, the whole opening image is quite excellent, very well constructed. So how many times have the neighbours called the cops?

EVAN ADAMS

(ON "HANCOCK SUICIDE, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1994")

Wow, this poem is very good. I like how vivid you made the scene and graphic too.

GUY, EDITOR, HIPNOSIS MAGAZINE

I loved (Kuypers') work.....Its so refreshing.....so many pieces I receive to look at are so formatted and such, and hers is so rich and from the soul.... I especially loved the one (some people want to believe) about being vegetarian (I'm an ovo-lacto also) - this is a conversation I had with someone as well.....very enlightening to know that others suffer my fate.... I really loved them all....

RICHARD DAVID HOUFF, EDITOR,

PARIAH PRESS/HEELTAP REVIEW

(Kuypers') poem "taking out the brain" rings true... The homeless are often viewed as mentally ill, lazy, etc. The government hype and media have done a good job impregnating the collective mindset of amerika. At any rate, that's one fine poem - send it and others of a similar nature across the planet.

PACKING

there are too many times
when i've said this before

never thought i'd really leave you
and now i sit here

in this apartment
popcorn bowl on the cocktail table

eleven thirty at night
the television playing static

it looks too clean in here,
not lived in

so i decide to take a trip
get out of this place

into the bedroom, time to start
packing: two dresses, two

pairs of shorts, shirts, loneliness,
anger, make-up, extra socks

it's amazing how much of your life
you can fit in a single suitcase

hancock suicide, chicago,
december 1994

so me and the guys
were just taking a break
from the construction

on the hancock building.
you know they've been
doing construction work

there, right? they put
that big wall up around
the block, the tall

fence, and they've been
doing remodeling stuff.
well, i had been working

on some tile work and
we were just walking
around the building, me

and three other guys,
walking kind of like a
square, in formation,

sort of, and i'm at the
back and i stop and step
back to check some of

the grout work, so i just
kind of lean back while
standing still. well, one

of the guys says he heard
it coming, like a big rush
of air, like a whistling

sound, but much heavier.
i didn't even get a chance
to look up, though one of

the other guys did and
saw it coming a split second
before it happened. and the

next thing i knew there was
this loud cracking sound
and i felt all of this stuff

hit me, like wet concrete
thrown at me, but i didn't
know what the hell it was.

and i opened my eyes and looked
down and i was just completely
covered in blood

and there was just this
heap of mass right in front of
me. it took a while for me

to realize that a woman jumped.
she hit the fence, her head
and spinal cord were still

stuck on the fence and the
rest of her was just this red
pile right in front of me.

the police had to take all of
my clothes. every inch.
they say she broke through the

glass at the fiftieth floor, i don't
know how, that glass is supposed
to be bullet proof or something.

and the one thing i noticed was
that she covered her head with
panty hose, in an effort to keep

her face together. funny, she
was so willing to die, but she
wanted to be kept in tact. i know

i won't hear about this on the
news, they try to downplay suicides,
but other violence is fine for them.

and they say she was handi-
capped, but then how badly, and
how did she get the strength

to break the window and throw
herself out of the john hancock
building? she must have really

wanted to die.

it really hasn't sunk in quite yet,
seeing her fall apart in front
of me like that. i don't think i'm

ready to think about it yet.

helping men in public places

so it was new year's eve
and we were standing on
forty-second street and

the avenue of the americas
we were a few blocks away
but we had just the right

view of times square. and
yes, there was freezing rain
but i didn't really care, since

i was just in new york for
a few days. it was 10:55, we
still had a long time to wait

standing with i don't know
how many thousands of other
people, some of them were

climbing up the light poles,
all of us pushing forward
into the street, despite the

police officers on horseback
rushing at us back toward
the sidewalk. and our paper

bag fell apart in the rain, so
i let the glass water bottle fall
to the curb, and our friend told

us he needed to go to the
bathroom real bad, you know,
so i told him to go right here

in the street, no one will see
him. but he didn't want to
piss on someone's shoes, so

he asked if i had a bottle, so i
picked up the water bottle from
the curb, and when he finished

his job he closed up the bottle
and put it back on the sidewalk.
god, and you, too, getting on

the train after the ball dropped,
more rain and a bottle of
champagne later, saying you had

to go real bad, too, so i pulled
an empty beer bottle from my
coat pocket, you covered the train

window with your coat and i
blocked your view from the aisle
while you took care of the

matter at hand. i'm amazed that
that bottle didn't tip over on the
train floor during that hour

commute, our first of the new
year, while i slept on your
shoulder. and i'm amazed that

i ended one year and began
another helping men i know,
in public places, piss into bottles.

squid

once i was sitting in the living room,
i just got home from school, and i
said i need to go wash my hands. so i
walked upstairs, went over to the
kitchen sink. mom, sitting in the living
room, didn't mention that the sink
was half-full of raw squid for her dinner.
I shriek. mom laughs.
"are their beady little eyes looking
up at you?" she asked.
the little devil. i'm upstairs, in the
kitchen, shrieking, and she's laughing.
it is kind of funny, looking back.

singular
memories

precinct fourteen

it was a long night for us, starting out
at your apartment with your roommate's
coworkers coming over and making
margaritas until two in the morning,
but of course we then decided that the
best thing to do would be to go out

and so off to the blue note we went,
found some interesting people to talk
to, closed the bar, i think that was the
first time i ever did that, closed a late-
night bar, i mean, and at four-thirty you
drove me home down milwaukee ave

and i know it angles, and you can see
the traffic light for oncoming traffic
as easily as you can see your own light,
but i'm sure the light was green, and not
red like the cops said, when they pulled
you over. you could have been in big

trouble that night, no insurance, no city
registration sticker, a michigan driver's
license when you'd lived in illinois for
over a year now, a cracked windshield,
running a red light, probably intoxicated.
so they brought us to the station at five a.m.,

and all they did was write you a ticket,
and they gave me a business card, said if we
had any problems to give them a call.
you drove me home, and the cops met
us there, too, hitting on me again, and
although we both agreed that the night

was a lot of fun, even with the involvement
of the fourteenth precinct, i still believe
that damn light wasn't even red.

domestic violence in america
nashville, tennessee

i have had my cheek bone
and nose reconstructed twice

we're divorced now
but he still keeps calling me

he keeps denying it in court

violence
in america

too far

When he met me
he told me
I looked like
Kim Basinger
long blonde locks
but as time
wore on I knew
I wasn't her
and I could never
be her and I was
never good enough
thin enough
pretty enough
I got a perm
straightened my
teeth
bought a wonder
bra but it wasn't
doing the trick
I bought slimfast
used the stair
stepper ate rice
cakes and wheat
germ but I wasn't
thin enough I
only dropped
twenty pounds

so I went to the
spa got my skin
peeled soaked
myself in mud
wrapped myself
in cellophane
bought the amino
acid facial creams
but I knew they
didn't really
work so I went to
the doctor got my
nose slimmed
my tummy stapled
my thighs sucked

thought about
getting a rib or two
removed
like Cher
but I figured
they've got to
be there for
something
and hey, that's
just going
too far

the carpet factory, the shoes

i heard a story today
about a little boy
one of many who was enslaved
by his country
in child labor

in this case
he was working
for a carpet factory

he managed to escape
he told his story
to the world
he was a hero at ten

but the people from the factory
held a grudge
and today i heard
that the little boy
was shot and killed
on the street
he was twelve

and eugene complains to me
when i buy shoes
that are made in china

now i have to think
did somebody
have to die for these

will somebody have to die
for these

ARON TRAURING

(Kuypers' work is) very nice. Being a frequent flyer, I especially appreciated the toilet on airplane story (on an airplane with a frequent flyer). And I liked her veggie story (some people want to believe) too (being a veggie, and hating people who can't face the truth).

“RAF” (ON THE POEM

“ON AN AIRPLANE WITH A FREQUENT FLYER”)

i found (Kuypers') poem hilarious..... in a good way. very observant of her.

THE REMAINS
Slate and Marrow

SLATE &
S&M
MARROW

Collection Book
Scars Publications & Design



Second (Sripped) Edition

on an airplane with a frequent flyer

by janet kuypers

“I was once on a flight to Hawaii and I was waiting in line for the lavatory. There was always a line for a flight this long, you know, it seemed the washrooms were always on demand on a flight this long. So I finally got into the washroom, you know, and I looked into the toilet, and someone, well, lost the battle against a very healthy digestive system and left the “spoils” in the toilet, stuck. Maybe it didn’t want to go down into the sewage tank where all the other waste from this long trip went to. Can you imagine all the stuff this airplane had to carry across the ocean? Well, anyway, so I saw this stuck in the toilet, and I went to the washroom, and when I was done it still wouldn’t budge, and so I opened the door and walked out into the aisle of the plane again. And there was this long line of people waiting to use this cramped little washroom, and I just wanted to tell them all, ‘you know, I didn’t do that.’ And then it occurred to me that everyone, when they leave the bathroom on that plane, will think the exact same thing.”

This poem was also published in the book Close Cover Before Striking.

headache

by janet kuypers

whenever i get a headache
it's right behind my eyebrows
and it's a dull, constant ache

so whenever i say i have a headache
eugene takes my hand
and uses acupressure:

he pushes his thumb
right in the middle of my palm.
the pain disappears almost

immediately. but eventually
i have to tell him to stop
pressing my hand, that my

hand now hurts. he lets go,
and the headache, almost
immediately, comes back.

*This poem was also published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.*

My mother My mother My mother

by janet kuypers

We went to see my mother this weekend. You see, my mother has cancer, and we decided to go across the country for a weekend to surprise her and see how she was doing. it was breast cancer, so it really was the best case scenario, i suppose, so i managed to put it out of my mind until we actually had to fly there

The night before i couldn't bring myself to pack. it was two in the morning when i finally pulled my suitcase out from the pantry shelf.

i kept telling people at work, "well, you see, I have to go visit my mother because she has cancer, so I have to miss a few days of work," but I was always able to say it so matter-of-factly until I had to actually visit her

In fact, when my sister told me the diagnosis, it was right around Christmas time, and there was so much work to do and I still had presents to wrap and a meal to prepare and Christmas was supposed to be a happy time

that I managed to postpone even thinking about it until we all decided to surprise her for a visit. And then I had to pack. To decide what to take, what to leave behind, put my life into a little black box with a handle and wheels, and go

It shouldn't be this way, and I knew that, I knew that I shouldn't be visiting my mother under these circumstances and I knew how she never wants to think about bad things because they always make her cry and this would make her want to cry and cry because the only reason why we're there is because things are bad

But I wasn't supposed to think that way, things would be just fine.

So I finished packing at four in the morning and the next thing I remember is I was on the plane with my sisters, cracking jokes as we picked up the rental car. and then we got to mom and dad's house

and everyone was so happy to see each other, it was one big family reunion and we were laughing and talking and trying to figure out where we were all going to sleep

and the sisters and dad walked into the front room to see if the couches were good enough to sleep on or if we would have to get out an air mattress and I was alone in the den with mom

so I suddenly became serious and sat down next to her and asked her how she was really doing. And that is when she started to cry, saying that the cancer spread, but what she was most concerned with was the fact that she didn't want to spoil the time that we came to visit her. But what I don't think she understood was that we couldn't have come at a better time, and nothing she could do would spoil our trip.

This poem was also published in the book Close Cover Before Striking.

NICK DISPOLDO, SMALL PRESS REVIEW

Kuypers is a true feminist in that she demands political, economic and social equality with men. She wishes dignity, not a pedestal, and she is not one of Margaret Mitchell's blushing belles who is vulnerable to the romance of roses and rainbows.

Furthermore, she is that rare female poet who doesn't believe that poetry initially came from Hallmark cards.

I like Kuypers because she is clear, unequivocal and cleverly calculating.

CHERYL A. TOWNSEND, EDITOR, IMPETUS

Janet takes hold of everyday stereotypes, shakes them up, and throws them at your feet. She makes you look at the vile mess we have all helped to create and exist. "This is not a pretty picture" is quite intent in describing (woman.). Broken into appropriate chapters...for men & for women, Janet pokes your own pointing finger in your own eye. Blink again and look at the absurd labeling and phrases taken to task. She gives voice to a woman convicted of killing her boyfriend during a rape, chopping his body up and then being sentenced to an asylum. This story belongs in "WOMEN OF THE ASYLUM" as it is every bit as intensifying as those within that book's pages. (woman.) is poetry relating to date rape, domestic violence, emotional abuse and recovery. I applaud Janet her stand and I will gladly stand beside her.

THE REMAINS
(Woman.)



j a n e t k u y p e r s
s c a r s p u b l i c a t i o n s
c h i c a g o

ISBN 1-891470-20-5



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THIRD (STRIPPED) EDITION

(i n t r o d u c t i o n .)

Recently I was at an academic Cultural Studies conference, and during a social gathering one evening, the subject of pornography came up in the conversation. I gave the standard “freedom of the press” argument, and also argued that since it is hard to draw the line between eroticism and pornography, how in any given instance can we be so certain that a picture or more grandly a “work of art” is degrading? A young woman who was present replied that her own experience told her that pornography was degrading and wrong.

It turned out that she had been married to a man obsessed with pornography, who insisted on taking her to porn films, and thence into bondage sessions, where he falsely promised he “wouldn’t hurt her.” It was, for me, a sudden glimpse into the Hell which had been her life. Finally, she escaped from the marriage, but for obvious reasons, she remains bitter about men, about pornography. She now directs a center for abused women and children.

Janet Kuypers has gazed into this Hell also, and is determined to preserve and transmit the lived record of its regions so that, perhaps, others can avoid pain and suffering. She insists that we resolutely examine the roots of our society’s obsession with owning and buying and shaping and dominating, which much of the time is men ruling women. I often feel as if she is attempting, in her work, to exorcise the demons that grip America in the name of freedom and “family values.”

I’ve argued elsewhere that America is in spite of its claims to be a democracy, an empire, that empires by their nature rot from within, and find themselves unable to reverse their decline. I still think that is probably the case, but surely telling the truth about our condition is worthwhile anyway. It is even possible that if enough truth is known, we might yet fulfill the promise of our nation.

The style of writing here is direct, honest and searching, but also illuminating. We anticipate that something bad is going to happen in the narrative, but we never know exactly what in advance. But that’s not all. Sometimes a woman will find her way out to freedom, to love. Or there might be a revelation, as when a guy gets a cigarette put out on the back of his hand. This is a message, a warning, that there will be resistance.

The truth isn’t always pretty. What we have done to women isn’t pretty. The paradox is that women are socialized to make themselves as “pretty” as possible, according to the false standards of male fantasies. I’m especially impressed by Janet’s designed texts, which demonstrate in graphic form how women are viewed in our culture. Pay attention to the language, to the images, and we can see. Yes, we can all see.

Fred Whi tehead

(forward.)

When Janet first asked me to forward this collection, I felt honored. After reading it, I feel proud. Janet and I, as with so many women throughout time, are making our stand for equality through our writing. In that same estrological vein as our foremothers; Dorothy Parker, Anais Nin, Anna Akhmatova, to mention a extreme few, we have perpetuated that step beyond our dutiful roles bequested by society as a subservient species. Ignoring the flack for facing it head on, we persist, we prevail. We've seen a woman run for President, orbit the earth, partake in professional sports, win Peace Prizes, become the Poet Laureate and generally, hold our own. As with so much squelching of Black History, both have been enlightened to regular teachings in our school systems. Books have been printed heralding such accomplishments. There is a recognition evolving in our world. A recognition of Women as equals. Outspoken women have awakened an awareness of our unyielding presence. Frida Kahlo's evoking paintings, Mother Teresa's spirit, Eleanor of Aquitaine's perseverance and astuteness, the audaciousness of Jehanne Tarc (Joan of Arc), the defiance of Harriet Tubman, needless to say, the list is as endless as our possibilities as women are endless. Modern day audaciousites as Madonna, Annie Sprinkle, Lydia Lunch, Susie Bright have all mocked sexism by flaunting sex. Not as an enticement as much as a natural. Yeah, we all have organs. Fact! The perversion of subservience is abating. We not only bring home the bacon, we can fry it up in that pan AND we can take that man's role and lead with it. Equal, yet individual.

Within these pages, Janet takes hold of everyday stereotypes, shakes them up, and throws them at your feet. She makes you look at the vile mess we have all helped to create and exist. "This is not a pretty picture" is quite intent in describing what you are about to read...what you are about to see. Broken into appropriate chapters...for men & for women, Janet pokes your own pointing finger in your own eye. Blink again and look at the absurd labeling and phrases taken to task. She gives voice to a woman convicted of killing her boyfriend during a rape, chopping his body up and then being sentenced to an asylum. This story belongs in "WOMEN OF THE ASYLUM" as it is every bit as intensifying as those within that book's pages. The following phase is poetry relating to date rape, domestic violence, emotional abuse and recovery.

With more and more uppity women standing tall, unreserved, it just has to be inevitable the world is going to listen. I applaud Janet her stand and I will gladly stand beside her.

Cheryl A Townsend

(a note from the author.)

As I grew up I did what I thought was expected of me. I didn't bring up unmentionable subjects to my parents. I didn't burp out loud. I didn't complain. And I didn't know why. And it wasn't that my parents, or my teachers, or my peers, were trying to cram a certain lifestyle down my throat. It was just the norm, what was expected, what everyone was used to. But the more time I spent on my own, the more I questioned how I was supposed to act, what I was supposed to say, how I was supposed to dress, what I was supposed to like. I saw the way men treated women in relationships, how women primarily reacted to the things men did instead of acting on their own. I also saw women feel like they were being pushed around, like they were being treated unfairly.

And then I saw some statistics about rape. That one in four women will be raped by the time they leave college; that one in three women will be raped in their lifetime. That over eighty percent of college-age rapes are committed by someone the victim knew.

Then I thought of how women are degraded and objectified in pornography, or how they are treated unfairly in the workplace. There is a different set of rules for women to follow versus men in society, and those rules let women know their place is behind men.

I looked at history. Wedding ceremonies have had the father give away his daughter - his possession - to a man she could love, honor and obey, in a ceremony conducted by a man under the rule of a male god. Virgin women have even been sacrificed throughout history to assorted gods. Ancient Chinese adolescent women had their feet bound for months so their feet would be petite, but deformed and useless for walking, because the inability to move was considered attractive to rich men. Some tribes have made it a custom to add tight rings around women's necks, continually adding more, to elongate the neck, while other tribes pierce women's ears and put successively larger rings inside the holes, to stretch the ear lobe down past the shoulder. Women were hunted and killed in colonial America for being witches - when they were in fact no more than individuals who practiced independent, rational thought in a society that didn't like their women to think.

I looked at the way our parents were raised. The woman was expected to work only during war time, and then only to assist men or to work in menial tasks. They were otherwise expected to cook for the family, to clean the house, and to please the husband. The man was the owner of his castle, worked during the day to make this life possible for his family, and expected to be pampered by his wife and children when he got home.

Then I looked at the way I was raised. I was given dolls and pretty pink dresses and was encouraged to play with my best friend indoors instead of roughhousing outside with a group. My hair was long. I had to listen to my elders, especially the male ones.

Then I looked around me. Advertising and Hollywood demanded beautiful bodies in their brainless women, who blindly followed their leading man. The workplace had female secretaries serving the male CEOs, wearing skirts and make-up and pantihose and high heels and being called "babe." Speaking of language, even the language I heard around me - from being called a pumpkin to a tomato to a peach - made me feel like I was placed on this earth to be consumed, not to be a human being.

So I started to work for acquaintance rape education groups, running seminars, making posters and brochures for women who were in pain and had no place else to

turn. And the more I saw this pain on such a wide scale, the more angry I got. I'm an intelligent woman, I thought, and I as well as all women don't deserve to be treated like this. Although I am no longer working for any women's groups, I still feel like I am fighting. But what I am fighting for and how I am fighting for it is different from how the average person thinks of a woman "crusader." I am fighting for people to look at women as people first, before they assume we are less intelligent, less strong, or less valuable. I am fighting, through my writing, through the way I think, through my example, for men to think of women as being on the same level as them, to look at women as their equals. I am fighting for feminism.

The definition of feminism is "the theory of the political, economic and social equality of the sexes." That's it. It doesn't mean women should get a job before a man just because she's a woman and has had bad breaks. It doesn't mean women have to dress and look like men if they don't want to. It doesn't mean pornography should be made illegal, and it doesn't mean all women should hate all men. In practice, it means we should have the same opportunities as men. The choice to take these opportunities is up to the individual - not up to their sex. In theory, it means we should not be looked at as inferiors solely because we are female. In other words, we should not be treated unfairly because of the choices that we as individuals make, if we have every right to make those choices.

It is because of the way that women are looked at in society that there are political economic and social disparities between the sexes. It is because of ideas, not laws. These ideas create a spectrum of sexism that starts at jokes and cute nicknames, moves to catcalls in the street to harassment in the workplace to unequal pay for equal work, and then on to things as cruel and painful as wife-beating and rape. All of these things, severe or tame, stem from the idea that women are inferior and all of these things contribute to the inequality between the sexes. They all are manifestations of the same idea, only at different degrees.

A friend of mine told me in the Soviet Union, after the revolution, Stalin wanted to make sure all people were equal - that women were free from their economic dependence on men - so they enacted laws to make women work and industrialize the country. But ideas about the role of women in society did not change, and in the post-revolution economic crisis, not only then did the women work, but they also had to stand in line for rations of bread. Household chores were still women's tasks; the rules changed, but the ideas stayed the same. When women were asked whether they were happier after the revolution or before, they said before, because at least then they didn't have to work as well as do their expected chores.

I'm not trying to enact any laws. I'm not trying to twist anyone's arm. A change doesn't occur in a free society by forcing rules down people's throats. This book is a collection of old as well as new material all about different parts of this spectrum of sexism. What I'm trying to do, in this book as well as in my life, is make both men and women think about the conflicts between the sexes in all of their manifestations, why they occur, and what effect they have on our society. To think. And then to act.

Janet Kuypers

questions about the english language

a book for men

It occurred to me when I decided to do this project in 1991 that there were so many more derogatory terms for women than there were for men. Then I started to think about the actual names themselves:

1. Both "nice" and "rude" terms were less-than-human, like inanimate objects, animals, foods, or what have you.
2. More terms for women who were promiscuous were "mean" than for men (for men it was something to be proud of; slang terms were complimentary).
3. There were more jokes and phrases about women being either stupid or promiscuous than men.
4. Terms for sex with women (terms used by men) were often sports analogies, references to power tools and other masculine objects, or violent.

I originally thought of taking photographs of what these terms really are (and not of their slang definition) in order to show how ludicrous the contrast was to what the terms have come to mean in our society.

The jump to make the following pages a reference tool for men in order to help them degrade women with their terminology was to show how ludicrous these terms were. These pages are to make it look like this name-calling is a conscious effort to degrade women with the terms they use.

Although the effort is not made consciously, the effect of these terms for women has the same result as if it was a concerted movement. No, it isn't a concerted movement: it's worse; it is second nature to everyone.

hey, all you **men** out there - do you
remember the time when life was simple
-when a **man** was a **man**
and a **woman** knew her place?

well, we think it's time you had your say.

introducing the **man's** guide
for **derogatory**
terms for **women!!**

be **vicious!** be **malicious!**

put **women** in their place!

now, the key to **degrading women** is to call them
names that are **less than human.**

you can easily do this by calling **women**

anything from **animals** to **plant life**

to **food** to **inanimate objects.**

(we know they're thinking adults, but by calling them names that
are less than that, they will eventually feel like less than
human beings.)

to **start off,** you can call **women** names
that are **less than adults**

(by referring to them as children, like baby, babe or girl.
terms like these are less effective, since they are so common-
place, but can still degrade **women,** so use them liberally)

(and they can even sound like **compliments**

so they won't **complai n!)**

(like baby or babe, for example)



(or call someone a
girl)



how about degrading women by calling them

animals



(pussy)



(chi ck)



(bi tch)



(fox)

or refer to
their body
parts,
like their
hooters!

or to be cruel, try calling them a
cow, heifer, sow, pig or horse!

how about degrading women by calling them

ki nds of food



(peach)

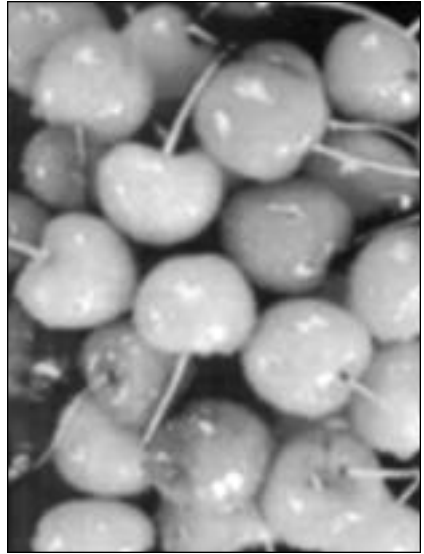


(tomato)

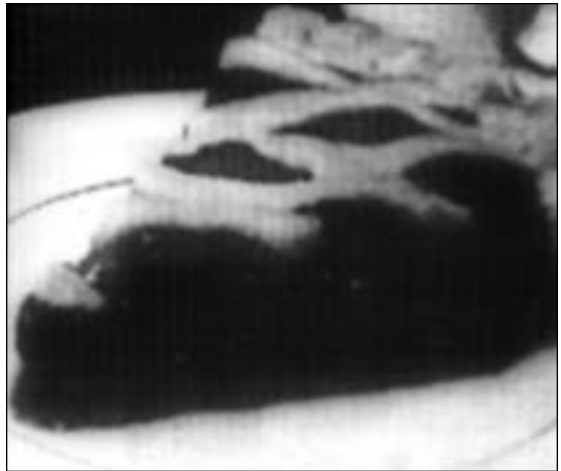
(sugar)



(cherries)



(tang)



(pie, or cherry pie)



(honey)



(a piece of meat)

(or refer to her body parts as food,
like melons - or call them a pumpki n)



this is a good one because it has become an
affectionate term, but still refers to women
as non-thinking items for human consumption!

can you think of any others?

like sweet pea, or muffin
or cheesecake

call her a dish and it sounds like she's to
be consumed instead of treated with respect!

...but degrading Women

by calling them kinds of animals or kinds of food
only begins to scratch the surface

there are other ways

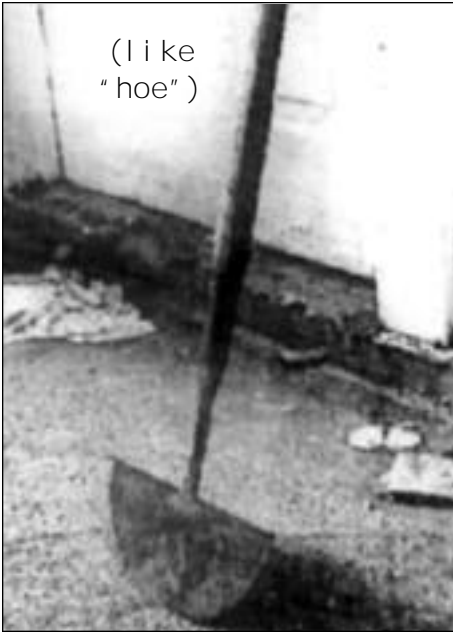
to turn Women into objects

other names you can have for Women

or you can refer to their body parts

instead of them as a whole human being or you can

even objectify the act of sex!



(like
"hoe")

how about degrading
women by defining
them by their

body
parts

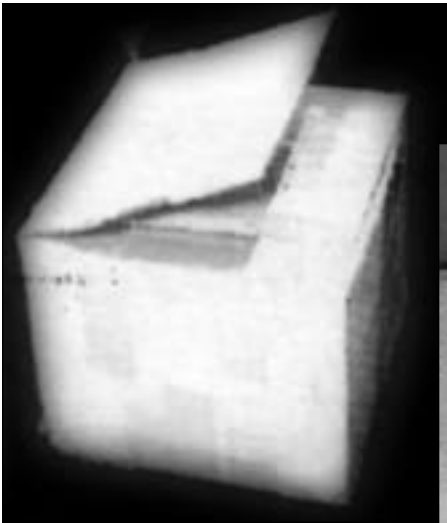


(her crack
or her bush)





(her hol e)



(her box)



or refer to her knockers,
her hooters, her beaver, her j ugs,
her rack or her s l i t!

how about degrading women by calling them

inanimate objects

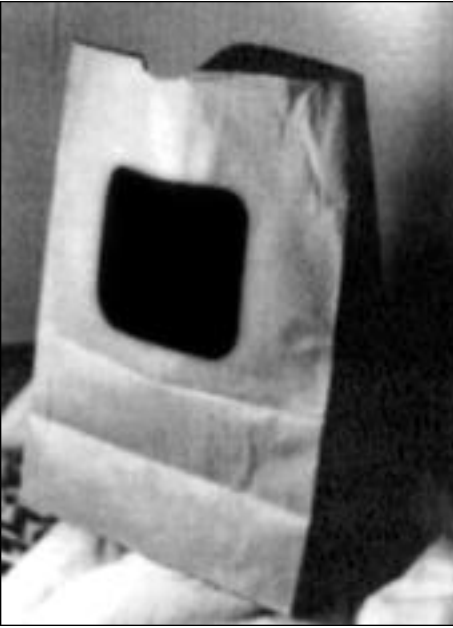


(doll)



how about degrading women by making sex with them

vi ol ent



(bag)

(bang)



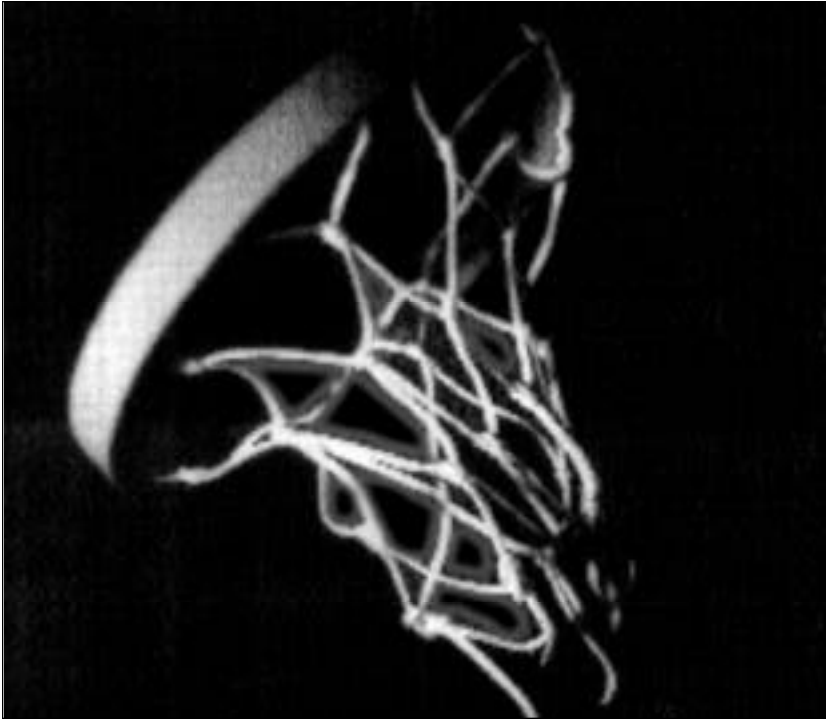
how about degrading sex with women by using

workbench slang



how about degradin g sex wi th women by usi ng

sports anal ogi es



(like score)

separate the women from the sex with

sports,
power tools
and violence

and then the women won't matter at all!

try some degrading **jokes** about women!

what do **WOMEN** and beer bottles
have in common?

they're both empty from the neck up!

why do **WOMEN** wear panties?
to keep their ankles warm!

what's the difference between a **woman**
and a bowling ball? you can only put
three fingers in a bowling ball!

what do you call a prostitute and three
blondes walking down the street?
regular price, 4 bucks, 4 bucks, 4 bucks!

why is a beer better than a **woman**?
it will always give you a head
and will never talk back to you!

what makes a perfect **woman**?
a flat head, three feet tall and no teeth!

what is the flabby skin around a **vagina**?
a **woman**!

try some degrading **phrases**
for **women!**

call them sluts!
she can't wrestle, but you should see her box
call them whores!
call them rags!
liquor in the front, poker in the rear
call them bimbos!
call them cunts!
smells like fish, tastes like chicken
call them skanks!

call them anything that defines them
as a **sexual object!**

make **women** feel stupid!
make **women** inadequate!
make **women** inferior!
then they will be!

and remember, **men** - degrading **women**
isn't just for **fun.**
it's **tradition,**
it's the way we **stay ahead.**

it's our way of life! so keep up the good work!

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

ISBN 1-891470-30-2



* 781891 470301

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.

(WRONG ATTENTION)

ரொங்க் ஆத்தெந்திஒந்
 ஈம் திரெத் ஒ பெஇங்க் அலெ
 ஸொ முச் அந்த் ஈம் திரெத்
 ஒ மிஸ்ஸிங்க் யொஉ அந்த்
 ஈம் திரெத் ஒ வந்திங்க் அ
 துரெ வித் யொஉ அந்த் ஈம்
 திரெத் ஒ வந்திங்க் யொஉ
 அரொஉந்த் மெ
 ஸொமெதிமெஸ் ஈ திங்க் வ்டே
 ஈம் அபொஉத் தொ ஸ்ஸொய்
 தத் தெ எசுந்திர பில்லொவ்
 சொஉள் பெ யொஉ

Tamil

(YOU WILL)

योउ विल्ल
 पिएचेस ओफ़ थे पुज्जले: इ क्नोव
 होव थेय फ़ित
 इवे हद तो दो थिस पुज्जले
 थिन्ना फ़ोर येअर्स अन्द ईम गोओद
 अत इत
 अन्द इ क्नोव इ मके योउ व्होले
 इ क्नोव इत वोन'त तके लोन्ना
 अस इ सैद, इम गोओद अत
 थिस
 योउल्ल फ़ेएल गोओद अबोउत
 इत व्हेन इत'स दोने

Marathi

THE REMAINS
the Translations

unreleased
unreleased
writings

{the translations}

1997 - 2003

(A MATCH)

UNE ALLUMETTE

I a par le passé mis le feu à mon ongle. J'ai voulu que mon doigt fût une bougie humaine. Elle a relâché une autre allumette dans son verre. La flamme a grésillé dans les baisses de la boisson au bas. Elle a frappé une autre allumette sur le côté du cadre. Allumettes de cuisine. Six ou sept s'étendent sur la serviette de cocktail, dix davantage au bas du verre. Dans une cabine faisant le coin, dans ce petit club la flamme qu'elle a réveillée ressemblé n'importe quelle autre lumière de table. Mais le club était à elle. Elle l'a posée des pieds sur le banc, genoux dépliés. Tout là sur s'est concentré elle et le petit morceau d'énergie qu'elle s'est tenue. Tout là était à elle à maltraiter. Et elle struch une autre allumette. une vieille flamme indiquait que chacun est un pyro au coeur. Et elle a rougi. ouais, j'ai placé mon ongle sur le feu pendant que je parlais à quelqu'un. C'était un ongle faux. Le plastique brûlant a senti. Mais je n'ai pas réalisé ce que j'avais fait jusqu'à ce que j'aie senti la chaleur sur ma peau. Juste alors vous pourriez voir la flamme danser à son bout du doigt. Elle a secoué l'allumette. Elle l'a relâchée en son verre.

(LOVE HAS TENDRILS)

L'AMOUR A TENDRILS

l'amour a des tendrils
longtemps, fluide, courbant, bordage, tirant
mais sous l'eau
J'ai glissé loin
un trop de fois
a échappé à la traction

jamais assez fort
pour me tirer dedans
étiez vous

je continue la recherche
pour ces bras sans fin
pour s'enrouler autour de moi

pour m'obstruer
pour me détruire

jusqu'à ce que je me lève
encore une fois
haleter pour l'air

French

(THE DEEP END)
L' ESTREMITÀ PROFONDA

l' amore sembra così supplichevole
l' amore è la parte inferiore dell' estremità profonda
l' amore è che cosa fa i kiddies
camminare al bordo della scheda di diving
prendere un alito profondo
tenere i loro nasi piccoli
e vicino i loro occhi
e rinforzarsi
e salto dentro

ma nessun di loro soggiorno
sotto troppo lungamente
perché sanno
anche ad un' età giovane
quando abbastanza è abbastanza

Italian

(MORE WHISKEY SOURS)
TÖBBPOFASZAKÁLL
HÍG SAVAK

szükségem van több
több pénz, több orgazmusok
több öltözék, több cigaretták
több pofaszakáll híg savak, több heroin
több szerelem

Hungarian

(THEY CALLED IT TRUST)
SIE NANNTEN IHN
VERTRAUEN

Erinnern sich Sie an wann
es war 1:30 a.m. eins die regnerische Nacht
und Sie fragten mich, was
Ich wollte tun?
Ich erklärte Ihnen, daß ich wünschte
eine Flasche Champagner nehmen,
klettern Sie an zum Dach Ihres Hauses
und Toast im auslaufenden Regen.

Sie fragten mich, warum ich den sagte.
Ich zuckte meine Schultern flippantly
und gesagt, daß er etwas war zu tun.
Aber ich prüfte Sie.
Ich hatte Angst zu bitten
wenn Sie mir folgen würden
als ich Ihnen erklärte, mir zu vertrauen.

Und das ist, warum ich Ihnen vertraute
als Sie den Champagner gossen
und geküßt meiner nassen Haut

German

(TEN MINUTES)
TIEN MINUTEN

Ik keek een karikatuur waar een jongen stelen gevangen werd
Hij stal een spel voor zichzelf en hij maakte op aan zijn mamma voor het
Door krijgen van een afbeelding van zichzelf in een omlijsting
En zijn mamma was zo trots

En alle, die ik zou kunnen denken aan
Was dat ik iets eenmaal stal
En mijn ouders maakten mij voel zoals hel voor het
En ik kreeg geen spel voor mezelf
Ik kreeg hen Kerstmis geschenken
Iedereen maakte mij voel
Alsof ik uitgeven moest
Even veel geld als iedereen anders En iedereen had anders een baan
En anadult was en ik was een kind En ik was twaalf
En ik had vijftien mensen om geschenken voor te kopen

Maar ik voorstellen HEN kreeg
Omdat zij mij maakten voel
Zoals ik meer dan een volwassene zijn moest
Om met hen te wedijveren
Om voor hen te wedijveren
En het won nooit
En ik won nooit
En ik win nog niet

Bijgevolg is deze deel van waarom ik zo messed op ben?
Bijgevolg deze waarom ik is een overachiever ben
Bijgevolg deze waarom ik is zo doe veel
Bijgevolg deze waarom ik is, voel de nood
Altijd te slagen?

Ik doe altijd,
Maar is het altijd aan mijn kosten?

Dutch

(ON THE FLIP SIDE)

ACHA ‘R CHNITHIA OCHRA

oes mwyach sanity i mewn ‘r byd
 Fi jyst all t choelia a bodola anymore
 Fi aberfa t ‘n weledig unrhyw braw
 ag a fi ll choelia a mae na braw
 a fel Bwysa ‘m chyflwr

Welsh

(SELF-DESTRUCTIVE)

SELF-MERUSAK

Saya sudah self-merusak terlebih dahulu
 dan anda suka pada saya then
 mungkin saya sebaiknya kembali
 kembali sampai hari-hari itu
 ketika tidak berarti yang saya dengan.

Mengapa akan itu zat
 kecuali kalau adalah anda?

Indonesian

(RHODE ISLAND IS NEITHER
 A ROAD NOR AN ISLAND)

RHODE Ø ER INGEN EN VEJ HELLER IKKE EN Ø

der er en grunden til at
 hvor kan det være at Jeg er nedrig , og grusom og unjust

den har et eller andet hen til lave hos capitalizing
 folk nyde altid blevet capitalizing oven på mig
 og Jeg er fik ked af er der nemlig enhver

Danish

(SAY IT IN THE FIRST PLACE)
SÄGA DEN INNE OM FÖRSTA STÄLLE

när en främling talar du
var dag så pass du er skön,
är en lina er korsat?
Varför er du talande jag den här?
Gör JAG jämn veta du?

Vill du ignorera dem?
Vill du hoppas den vilja gå bort?

Swedish

(MOTORCYCLE)
MOTOCICLETA

usted me asustó. pero tuve gusto de ella.
recuerdo sentarme detrás de usted
en su motocicleta. pienso
mis dedos sacudieron mientras que sostuve su cintura.
y recuerdo mirar mi cabeza
en su hombro en el espejo retrovisor.
y sonreí, porque era su hombro.
como me sentía más cómodo con usted,
moví mi cabeza más cercana
a su cuello, olido su Colonia,
sentía el calor irradiar de su piel.

usted me asustó. apreté su cintura cada vez
pensé que usted debe haber utilizado los frenos.
pero todavía me senté detrás de usted. además,
era una buena excusa para aferrarse a usted.

Spanish

(WANT THAT TOO YOU KNOW)

ਠਾਨੁ ਠਠ ਟੀਓ ਓ ਵ
 ਓ ਵਾਓ ਠਿਠ ਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਓ
 ਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਓ ਵਾਠਿਓ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਠਿਠ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ, ਓ ਵਾਠਿਓ ਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਓ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ,

Telugu

(MAYBE THAT IS ENOUGH)

ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇ ਪਲਠ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇ ਪਲਠ
 ਇਠ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਇਠ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਅਠ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇ ਪਲਠ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ
 ਪਲਠ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਇਠ ਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਵਾਠਿਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ
 ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇਠੇ ਠੇਠੇ

Gurmukhi

(RAIN)
SADELLA

sadella on johtuen
heittää joten ankara kas noin. I-kirjain
don't ajatella se has aina
nyt kuluva ankara. I-KIRJAIN hankkia
jotta seis se, I-KIRJAIN hankkia jotta
paitsi itse polveutua se.
I-KIRJAIN can't ajaa kuin nyt kuluva.
hävittää ainoa harjata
se lähettää jäljessä se has humauttaa.
I-KIRJAIN hankkia jotta seis se , elatus
se pois polveutua we

Finnish

(I AM ALWAYS THE ONE)
ÉN MINDIG A EGY

én mindig a egy
aki monda
felfedez a bábu
minden nekem van megtett
van megtöröl -a orr
és tiszta -a szobák
és most nekem van -hoz
tiszta megjelöl az én -m élet
és nekem van
senki sem segíteni neki én

Hungarian

(SO MANY LIES)

लओ 'अन्य ळएस
 ईम सो सलक ओफ़ पेओप्ले
 बेइन्ग चोन्डेस्वेन्डलन्ग तो म्य फ़चे,
 तेल्ललन्ग मे थत ई अम थे ओने
 थत दोएस्न'त उन्डेस्त'न्द
 थेय उन्डेस्त'न्द होव थेय थलन्क
 अन्द होव ई थलन्क
 पेओप्ले ई ओन्चे त्रुस्तेद तोळ मे
 वेल्ल, वैत, इत इस प्रोवळन्थ मोरे
 अच्चुरते तो सय थत एवेर्योने
 तेल्लस मे थेय तेल्ल मे, थेय तेल्ल
 मे, थेय तेल्ल मे ओवेर अन्द
 ओवेर अगेन । पेओप्ले ई उसेद तो
 तो क्नोव, पेओप्ले ई उसेद तो

Sanskrit

(I WANT MORE THAN THAT)

ಀ ಧಅನ್ತ ೦ಒರೆ ಠನ ಠತ
 ಀ ಅಮ ತರೆದ ಒ ಠ ಒನೆ ನಲವು
 ಸ್ತನ್ತ, ಀ ವನ್ತ ಸೂಮಧಿನ್ತ ಮೂರೆ ಯೂಉ
 ಗವೆ ಮೆ ಠತ ಅನ್ತ ನೂವ ಀ ವನ್ತ
 ಮೂರೆ ಠನ ಠತ ಧಠನ ವ್ವ ತ ಯೂಉ
 ಗಲೆ ಮೆ ಮಅನ್ತ ನೂಧಿನ್ತ ಀ ವನ್ತದ
 ಮೂರೆ ಠನ ಬ್ಲನ್ತ ಸೆಕ್ತ ಚನ ಯೂಉ
 ಗಲೆ ಮೆ ಠತ ವಸ ಀ ಬರ್ಲಿನ್ತ ಉವ
 ಠ ವ್ಲೂನ್ತ ತ್ತೆವ ಒಜೆಸೆ ವ್ಲೂ ಚನ
 ದೂ ಠತರಮೆ ಀ ವಸ ಯೂವಿನ್ತ ಠತ
 ಯೂಉ ಚೂಉಕ ಬೆ ಠತ ಸೂಮೆಒನೆ

Kannada

(THE THIRD OR FOURTH FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER)
ÂLEN URÃIT~ TERCIE ÃI
ÂTVRTINA ÂTVRTINA OF ZÁFÍ

nûjak~ ãas tebe spravedliv~ mít aĩ k cenûní zubÛ a baissista ono
vyjít najevo cvalík tebe mít humoristick~
pfiipustit aĩ k ty sám aby you've platí nesprávn~
spravedliv~ cenûní zubÛ a baissista ono a archiv jít s duchem ãasu cvalík
brát tvÛj lék , dostat ko%oem cel~ obchod nad s.

Czech

(WHAT DO YOU DO)
KÍ BO HASI

kí bo hasi si abo kasi muri
bo wear bo seat faha mas
bo no bai pa motosaikel rides
bo kamna further fo'i e kaminda
algun por bati abo ei, abo konosé
kí bo hasi si abo kasi muri
bo bisa hende abo stima them
bo tema mas
kí bo hasi

(NOW I'M STRONG)
NGAYON I'M MALAKAS

Papiamentu

di ang mahati ako lagi diwa ako was nag-iisa
ako was tratuhin nang masama
ka tumulong ako nina giving ibigin at giving umasa
ngayon I'm malakas

Filipino

(CREATURES CAN LIVE IN WORDS)

(A DIAMOND)

ایمانیہ

صمت آف تہ پورنہ ایوڈ این مہاشین
 اور ویر انہی ا فو ر مہاشین آف آف فیرس
 نہت انت پورنہ دون مہاشین نہت تواد ہو بین آوڈ
 ایمین اورنہ ویر پوڈ س ا مہاشین این
 ان تہ فرگنہس آف ڈیورین
 اور پوڈ تہ ان آوڈ رنڈم
 مین نہت گہنہر مہ نہت ایمینگ آف ان تہ پخت
 تواد ہو ایمین اورنہ ایک نہت
 تواد ہو ایمین اسمیل ایمینہ

Persian

छरेअतुरेस छअन छिवे ईन ठओदसे
 ओकय, इतस ओने थिन्ग तो
 सय थत व्हलेस अरे नोत स्मतेर
 थन हुमन्स बेचीसे थेय चनत बुइळ
 बुइळिन्स, ओर थेय चनत गत
 वून्क अन्द इफ़ योउ वन्त तो
 थिन्क ओफ़ इत ओनु जुस्त थोसे
 लेवेल्स योउ हवे एवेर्य रिघ्त अल्ल
 पेओप्ले चन थिन्क व्हेन योउ सय
 थत इस थत व्हलेस दोनत हवे
 ओप्पोसब्ले थुम्ब्स अन्द थेय लिवे
 इन वतेर व्हिच मकेस थे चोन्स्वुच्छिअ
 ओफ़ बुइळिन्ग अ लिक्ले दिफ़िफ़चुल्ल
 वे फ़ोर्गेत तो थिन्क थत नेअतुरेस
 चन लिवे इन वोदसे ओर वोडसे

Hindi

(WHO IS AT MY SIDE)

Кто - в моей стороне

Весь в ходят теперь
 Должен иметь часть меня назва
 Я хочу делать кое-ч то для меня
 И каждый хочет част ь меня
 И каждый хочет мою помощь
 Но когда чилы-вниз
 Кто - в моей стороне

Russian

(ESPECIALLY AT BREAKFAST)
SÆRLIG FOR FROKOST

mom var alltid koke saker, spising det
rart saker, særlig for frokost
noe morgen, falle til jorden særlig groggy i'd
skritte av trappetrinnene å finner mom spising en
tallerken av kulden pigs' feet. bare meg moder.

Norwegian

(AND FLOWERS AND FUNERALS)
I CVIJET I POGREB

Ima podr%oka biti velik djeāji , i obrok
i cvijet i pogreb

Moj glava nije nanositi povredu sve vrijeme prije nego
I zatim svi Imam je ovaj manjkanje od pamćenje
Moj život naviknut izraditi osjetilo

JA ono %oto je āudnovato %oto detalj JA izgubljen u mojem život
JA vjerodostojan zapis %oto je slijeva od moj sjećanja
JA pokus to spas %oto je slijeva od moj sjećanja
i uzdanica taj je dosta

Croatian

(DOWN THE DRAIN)

在流失下

我听见水赛跑

废物

听起来湖密执安

去在流失下

Chinese

(SEE YOU CRAWL)

あなたが這うのを見なさい

来られる, 男の子

私はあなたが来るのを見たく這う

ないあなたが私によってがここにほしいので

しかしので私があなたが這うのを見たい

Japanese

(LAMBS TO HEAVEN'S GATE) CORDEIROS À PORTA DO HEAVEN

Dizem-no que o meek herdará a terra.
Então conduzem a seus cordeiros ao slaughter
como eu , a esses que seguirão.
Você vê, o meek não saberia o que fazer
com seu inheritance. Não sabem nada
da propriedade, posse, potência. Eu ensino-os
para não compreender estes valores mas para temê-los.
Ao sacrifício. Para permanecer meek. Eu sou esse
quem lhes diz como se vestir, como andar,
como se matar. Tudo que necessita é uma razão
tão por muito tempo como não têm que pensar d completamente.
Os povos acreditarão qualquer coisa se você
diga-lhe a eles a maneira direita. Dê-os alguns
o símbolo e criarão ícones fora de você.
Mas não todos pode guiar, pode conduzir ao perdido.
Dê-se aos seguidores que os necessitam,
com nada no retorno. Como as estrelas,
quais parecem assim pequenos, assim meek de aqui
contudo seja unfathomable, uncontrollable.
Como o shepherd, guiando quietamente seu rebanho
mas prendendo uma vara todo o quando. Eu sou esse
quem os guiam, que os guiam a seu destiny.

BOB LAMM, WRITER OF “LEARNING FROM WOMEN”

which was referred to in a few sexism poems of Kuypers:

“a man calls a woman, in their homes or in the streets, middle-class husbands and fathers, most accurate metaphors and women’s very existence”

I did a Google search on the Internet a few days ago, using my own name, to see in what ways my writing, teaching, or political activism might have found its way onto the Internet. I did find various references to my work. Certainly the most interesting was finding my work quoted in a number of your very powerful poems.

While those poems were obviously not written to please male readers, I *did* find them compelling. I feel honored that some of my words from *Learning from Women* were used in a few of your memorable poems.

I’m honored by your use of my work. And especially if those poems were used as part of your work for acquaintance rape groups.

It seems like you’ve already accomplished a great deal at a fairly young age.

As far as I know, no one else has ever used my prose in their poetry!

GORDON WOODRUFF (ON KUYPERS/NATION INTERVIEW)

I read (Kuypers’) interview, and it is my opinion that she is very inspiring. Not too long ago, I was caught in a situation that caused me to fall a little under the weather. Someone said that my horoscope said that an older woman would help me get through it. Naturally, I thought I would end up developing a relationship with an older woman, but I was wrong. It wasn’t supposed to be taken at face value. You see, I read her interview in *Nation* and, probably for the first time ever, realized that everything would be okay. So, in essence, she is the older woman that helped me pull through my trying times. Just wanted to say “thanks” and that “she is a great inspiration to many.”

JESSICA RIENDEAU (ON KUYPERS/NATION INTERVIEW)

I did receive my copy of *Nation* on Saturday morning and it was an interesting mix of feelings evoked upon seeing something of mine actually in print. I think that Janet Kuypers is a new hero of mine...

ANGELA UPTMOR-HERRERA

I want to praise (Kuypers’) essay on pornography (in the book **Contents Under Pressure**). It is wonderful to know that there are intelligent young women out there that “cannot be submissive” either, and are not!!! Keep up your inspiring work; I intend to become an avid fan.

THE REMAINS
Contents Under Pressure

HATELUSTDE
ATHLOVEGR
EEDRAPEFR
EEDOMKILLI
NGJOYPAIN
PASSIONAN
GERSTRENG
THANGSTNE
EDFEARPOW
ERMONEYWI
NWEAPONTR
UTHAMERICA

contents under pressure

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Second (Stripped) Edition

INTRODUCTION

I'm not a big fan of introductions. They tend to be written by Literary Fellas, little hoity-toity guys who have spent way too much time in school and not enough in the real world. They tend to be compacted little academic discussions, going on and on about "the dialytic nature of the writer's work" and the "postmodern sublime mixed with a Pynchonesque sensibility," big phrases that go completely over my head and reinforce the idea we all have that introductions were never meant to be read in the first place.

I first met Janet oh these lo six months ago now. We were introduced by a mutual friend, Lisa Hemminger, and the first thing I noticed was that Janet seemed to be late from something and kind of pissed off. The second thing I noticed was that she was the author of "Close Cover Before Striking," a nifty-looking book I had just read a review of in the last Chicago Books in Review, and had been thinking of buying anyway. I chalked the incident up to the fate it was meant to be, scraped together some dead presidents and took a couple of her books home that night.

Janet's one of those writers who I do not have a lot of experiences with -- a political poet who can, nonetheless, manage to convey their information to you by slowly slipping under your skin, in a way that's so subtle that you don't even notice it until they are suddenly there and you are yelling, "Get out! Get out!" The best of Janet's work has this way of being deliberately slippery and ambiguous -- the entire time you're reading it, you're never sure if the point she is making is being said from her own real-world experiences and that it's good to be thinking that way... or if it's being written as the voice of the opponent, warning us that this is NOT the way we should be thinking. After grappling with the piece for a bit, re-reading it in the tub while you're taking a long hot bath, you start to realize that maybe that is her point -- that, just like real life, political and fiery opinions are not as simple as just deciding one day that you're going to feel that way. Humanity is a split creature -- we, all of us, both as individuals and as a mob, have the capacity for acts of complete good and complete evil, both residing in our bones at any given time. And even as we are doing what we know to be good, even as we are thinking and acting in a way that should be the nice, liberal, artistic attitude that we all embody, there are still pesky little questions lurking underneath. Complex questions. Questions that we can't so easily answer, yet completely contradict that nice, liberal, artistic attitude that we all try to embody. Much of Janet's work expresses this conflict implicitly, never deciding for you what the right response should be or even what Janet's personal opinion is, but simply presenting it to you as an example of what is going on in all of our lives right

now. And really, what is the definition of good poetry but a document which presents a fun-house mirror on what is happening in our own lives?

You shouldn't get me wrong -- Janet's work is not all bubble-bubble, toil and trouble. She writes much about the very things that I tend to write about -- love, lost love, pathetic gestures acted out in the name of love. She also writes about proms, about high school minimum wage jobs, about making fun of yourself for your beliefs. To quote my friend Greg Gillam, she describes the "small, quiet moments" that are the mark of our lives as young artists in Chicago at the turn of the millennium. And this is something that I am simply a sucker for.

I took Janet's books home that night and over the course of a week got completely sucked in. She has this way of doing that, you know. I was living, breathing, and sleeping Janet Kuypers that week, and it was a great world to be in. She even inspired a political poem from me, my first, where I quickly realized how bad I am at it, why I'd never written one before, and how much even more a difficult process it is than Janet's apparent ease at it lets on. By the end of that week, my awe of Janet had been confirmed, and it will remain there in my heart for the rest of my life.

Well, we're nearing the end of the introduction, where you can finally head onward and upward towards the whole reason why you bought this book in the first place -- to read the writer's work. Before I lose you for good, though, let me give you a simple warning about what you are about to read. Be careful. No matter what your instinct, don't get sucked into the book for hours at a time. Try not to let the book hold sway over your life.

Because, like I said... if you let her, Janet Kuypers will rock your ass.

JASON PETTUS

15 September 1997

*Pettus is the author of five novels (including **Dreaming of Laura Ingalls**, published by GAD Publishing Co.) and contributes regularly to the alternative press, including **Ben Is Dead**, **Tunnel Rat**, **Pucker Up**, and **MOOjuice**. In addition, he is a champion of the **Uptown Poetry Slam**, hosted by Marc Smith, and recently placed second in the nation at the **1997 National Poetry Slam**. His spoken word performances have been featured, among other places, at the **Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art**, **National Public Radio**, and the **Canadian Broadcasting Network**.*

INTERVIEW WITH NATION MAGAZINE

They originate from Chicago, but Janet Kuypers' poetry and prose can be found in little magazines across the United States. The work is personal, with a definite message, and you can always spot a Kuypers piece without difficulty. Her "i"s are lower-case and the words flow in a stream of consciousness. The work cries out to be heard like a lost soul at confession. Janet Kuypers isn't a lost soul. She's an active soul, productive because her heart is anything but lost. She knows herself, can articulate herself. The words, flow, the actions are swift due to this unerring direction.

Where did Janet Kuypers come from and where will we see her next month or next year? At twenty-six, she's tackled all forms of media with success. Yet, she remains incredibly personal, accessible., More accessible, even than the individual without such accomplishments. It's a people mission, a quest to interact with the world.

More engaging than her autobiographical poetry or prose, watching Janet's life unfold is a captivating experience. Not many people out in the world are like Janet.

Nation: Exactly how prolific are you?

JK: Well, I've finished my fourth book. I'm 26, and have seriously written since I was 18. I've written about 50 pieces of poetry since the beginning of the year, but that doesn't mean I'll use all of them - maybe I'll use 15 or so. I don't write every day, but when I do write I write a lot. I write prose and short stories as well as poetry, and sometimes I write journal entries that make their way into stories of mine. I try to write, just to keep myself sane.

Nation: Your name seems to find itself in circles of all variety.

JK: I don't believe in having to be published in the "right places," although it's nice when it happens. I like being published anywhere, knowing that someone thinks what I have to say is worth listening to - and as long as I have a soap box, I love that fact that people listen. Whether they're the university or the underground crowd.

Nation: Can you give us some of your writing background, as well as why and how you got into the publication circuit?

JK: I started writing in junior high school - poetry, that is. Then I started writing a journal after high school because of a high school English teacher. The assignment she gave us one particular day was to write a letter to yourself at age 64 (yeah, from the Beatles tune, she was a visionary, I know). So instead of writing what everyone else did, that yes, I had a perfect life, I loved my job, I had two-point-three kids, the white picket fence, the whole nine yards, I wrote what i thought would happen. that I'd go into a career I didn't like. that I'd marry a man I didn't love. that I'd forget my love of writing and photography. And my teacher saw my letter, and she told me not to let that happen. And so I started writing a journal. And since then... When I started work it was at a company that kept me occupied 10 out of 40 hours a week... And

so when I started submitting poetry to magazines and kept getting rejected, I thought, "If I was an editor of a magazine, they wouldn't reject me." Because I knew my work was good and that it deserved attention. So I started *Children, Churches and Daddies*. Now it's like a baby to me. I get published on my own, but *Children, Churches and Daddies* is my baby, and I don't want to let that die. So I guess that's how I got into publishing. It's a matter of knowing I have something important to say, and finding any way I can to say it. And apparently, people are listening.

Nation: Isn't pegging yourself as someone who is going to marry an individual they don't love and neglect their inspirations a harsh prediction?

JK: Yes, but I saw a divorce rate of 50%, and unhappy marriages that stuck together anyway. I saw that men weren't knocking down my door (I was pretty, but not stunning, and my beauty was in my brains, which isn't particularly feminine) to go out with me and that in order to avoid the "old maid" syndrome I'd have to find someone, anyone that would tolerate me, whether or not I loved them or they loved me.. Yes, that's what I thought. It was a harsh prediction. But also, often, an accurate one.

Nation: Did you know something at an early age, or was this just pessimism?

JK: It was pessimism, because I (at that point) found no one worthy of love. No one with a real set of values. No one that loved their work. No one with passion - for anything. I wanted to live, but I was raised (subconsciously) to repress anything interesting, to be like everyone else, to not make waves.

Nation: How have things gone so far?

JK: A few years after I wrote that letter I met someone who taught me how to live. They worked their ass off, simply because it was what they loved - and needed - to do. They didn't care about what was the current fashion. They did things that startled and amazed me, and they always kept me on the edge of my seat. I learned that there are people out there worthy of respect, and love. And it made me have the same outlook in my life. I found the kind of work I love to do - graphic design. It made me excel at school and at work and do anything I wanted to in my spare time (I'll rest when I'm dead). I got my first job in graphic design, but it didn't satisfy me enough, so I started Scars Publications and Design. I started the literary magazine *Children, Churches and Daddies*. I started getting my own poetry published. Then I published my first book, *Hope Chest in the Attic*. And when I started living like this, I seemed a bit strange to people, but some people saw the life in me and liked it. Now the men, in some respects, are knocking down my door. I don't think about that anymore, because it will fall into place when I want it to. Since then I've published three more books of my own: *The Window, Close Cover Before Striking* and *(woman.)*. I've also published three collection books (that include my writing): *Sulphur and Sawdust, Slate and Marrow* and *Blister and Burn*. And looking back, with every new project I do, with every book I complete, I get this great rush when I finally see the book. I still love the work I do, I still love the feeling of accomplishment I get. This is what I've learned that I thought

I could never do before. Whatever anyone thinks they're capable of, you're probably capable of ten times more and are just underestimating yourself. This society is sometimes stifling, and you've probably been raised to do what's expected of you, and not what would genuinely make you happy. (not you personally, mind you; people in general.) When you break from that, when you do something solely for you to accomplish a goal for yourself that you want, you feel so alive. That's what living is.

Nation: Are you holding to your premonition, or breaking the mold?

JK: I'm breaking the mold. At this point I'd definitely rather be alone than hate my life. I've learned how to love solitude. I should have done that all along, but never knew how. Now I can be alone, because I choose to be alone, not because no one likes me. I can always work, and that makes me happy. Besides, how can I spend my life with someone I don't respect? I'm beginning to wonder if I will be alone for the rest of my life. Yes, I know I have time, I'm not worried that my biological clock is ticking or anything, but it's really hard to find someone who is willing to live, someone I can respect and wholly love. I've dated a lot, men are interested in me, I've even received a few marriage proposals. I'm sure I'll figure out what I want eventually in that respect. I'm not worried about it, though.

Nation: How is Janet Kuypers at 26?

JK: Much less dysfunctional. Much more intelligent. Less depressed. Less meek. Stronger. More obnoxious. I belch out loud sometimes now. Just because I'm a woman and I'm not supposed to. I'm not a little girl doing what she's told if it's not right.

When is the last time people looked at the world from a different angle? When is the last time any of them have lived? I see people now, fighting with their problems, and I think, "That was me, but I learned how to deal with it." I try now to take every bad thing that happens in my life and learn from it, make myself better from it.

It's questioning what society says is okay. Granted, we all live in this society, and we all choose to live within the guidelines, we all choose to follow and uphold cultural ideas, but some of the details - like why it's more acceptable for men to burp than women - could stand to be questioned. I worked in acquaintance rape education four or five years ago - ran workshops, created pamphlets, brochures, flyers, newspaper ad campaigns - and while doing this work I thought a lot about sexism, and that is reflected in a lot of my writing. I try to think about why there are different sets of standards for men versus women, where they come from, why we choose to live by them. My fourth book, in fact, is called "(woman.)", and is a collection of old and new poetry, short stories, essays and art about sexism.

Nation: Where do you draw the line when it comes to social rebellion, and how do people generally see you as a consequence?

JK: Social rebellion? I see something that I know is right and I incorporate it into my beliefs. For me the easiest way then to get it out into the light is to act on my beliefs, be proud of my beliefs, and be fully prepared to explain them. If I can discuss

where I'm coming from when it comes up, if I can make logical arguments for doing what I do, no one can argue with me. Even if they still choose to disagree with me, they at least understand where I'm coming from, can see why I'd think and act the way I do, and can respect me for having a cohesive set of values.

Nation: How long do you think, realistically, it will take to create true equality between the sexes?

JK: I don't know. I don't even know if I care, really, or if that's a completely good thing. I mean, some people think that if we were equal we'd lose our differences. I know the concept of "feminism" is what allows women to be meek, docile, and easier to be oppressed, but it also at times allows women to feel attractive, or unique.

What is true equality? In rape education classes, we were often taught that the way you dressed or your mannerisms could put you into a risky situation, and that certain things could in theory be avoided... Like dressing like a "slut," for instance. But telling women to not dress the way they want to, even if it is to highlight their sexual and biological differences from men, is not the right way to go - you eliminate the rights of the women to be able to wear what they want to wear in order for them to avoid the possibility of being raped. (I'm not even covering the point that rapes occur to women of all age groups, dressed in all different ways, and avoiding dressing like the proverbial "slut" does not protect any woman from rape.)

Is true equality having women act like men? The nurturing nature of femininity is something we definitely need. Is it accepting everyone as people and not making judgments on how they look? I'll be the first person to admit that looks are the first criteria you can - and do - judge a person on (I mean, you look at a person before they can speak to you, their looks are going to make an impression on you). Is it accepting everyone as people and not making judgments on what kind of work they do? People will have opinions about one job versus another, whether it's being a janitor or a CEO or a mother, because people make those choices for themselves in their own careers.

For now, is it at least the idea that women should be able to get paid comparative salaries for the work they do, or that they should feel like they can walk down the street confidently without a group of construction workers giving her shit for it. Or that they should be looked at as people and not sexual organs, or servants, or stupid.

I mean, it's fascinating to me that women can be treated like crap because they think that they're worth more than that. Men don't have to degrade a woman that already feels degraded. Every action a woman does, or thinks of doing, is clouded by how she will be perceived as a woman. How she walks. How she sits. I'm not saying men don't sometimes feel pressure to be "manly," but I think there's a difference. Men have the power. Women always feel like they have to watch how they behave.

Nation: Will there ever truly be equality, or will a fundamental gap keep things unbalanced?

JK: I don't know, I don't think so. You'd be amazed at how pervasive societal influences are, and I don't just mean beer ads versus make-up ads. I mean that baby girls get a pink room, boys a blue one. Girls get dresses, bows in their hair, pretty shiny

black shoes. boys get pants, shorts, t-shirts, sneakers. Girls are given barbie dolls to play house with (we won't even go into the fact that she's this distorted super-perfect image of women, entirely unachievable), boys are given GI Joe dolls to ride in tanks and blow up stuff with. Girls are given baby dolls, so they can act like a mom. Boys are given model cars, so they can race around. Girls are encouraged to play with their best friend indoors. Boys are encouraged to build forts with a group of boys outside. I could go on. It happens at home, by the parent. It happens at school, by the teacher, and even by the other students. Kids learn this early, and when they get to school, can use it as a way to judge whether other kids are socially acceptable or not. I think it's really in every aspect of our lives. It would be hard for me to be able to strip all of that and then judge whether or not there were genetic differences too. Besides, it doesn't really matter, at least not now. Most people don't even think about the fact that these influences exist, much less whether they should change.

Nation: Are men and women, when you drive past cultural upbringings, really as different as people like "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus" author John Grey suggests?

JK: What I'm concerned with, more than anything, is not whether the sexes are different, or whether that should entirely change. I'm more concerned with telling women that they're allowed to think and act how they feel is right, because I think women are taught to do things because "that's the way they are," or "you don't want to make waves." I think many women could be making more in corporate America, if they stood up for themselves, but all their lives they've been told not to. I think less women could be victims of acquaintance rape, if they stood up for themselves and fought back, instead of initially being concerned that they might hurt their date's feelings. My point is that they should be thinking about their feelings.

And I don't try to tell anyone that what they do is wrong, I just try to lead by example. I try to show people that an intelligent woman can be obnoxious as well as feminine, or that she can be nice but firm. That that's a woman worthy of respect.

Nation: What started your interest in acquaintance rape, and the need to liberate the female from society's watchful eye?

JK: I think because I felt stifled, and by liberating the female I could liberate myself. I also saw the statistics about rape: That one in four women during college are raped, one in three women in their life times. And 80 percent of those rapes are committed by someone the women knew... A friend, a coworker, a boyfriend, etc. Those are startling numbers. And friends of mine had these stories. And frat houses made it easy for men at parties to do this to women. And there were campaigns all over campus for better education. I wanted to help women feel like they could stand up for themselves, that they didn't have to take this. And for the victims, I wanted to do something to let them know how to deal with it, to let them know they weren't alone, that it wasn't their fault. That things will get better. It amazes me that women can even think that a rape is their fault, yet victim blaming is one of the main reasons acquaintance rape is such a vastly underreported crime. Women shouldn't feel ashamed. They should feel alive. And no

one should do something like this to them.

Nation: Changing directions a bit, could you launch into detail on the origins of your musical history?

JK: I have no formal musical training, other than a little choir in school... I remember when I was four, my older sister would dress me up in sequined costume clothes, put on one of my mother's blonde wigs on my head, glue back cardboard eye-lashes to my face... And I'd use a sheet music stand as a microphone and sing songs. My family even tells me that while I was still in my crib I woke up the family once in the middle of the night by singing at the top of my lungs, "You're So Vain." But apparently (still being a toddler and all) it sounded like "you pro-blee think this song is abough-tyew, doan-chew, doan-chew, doan-chew..."

The point of all that was that I've always loved to sing, all my life. I sang in a choir or two, then did some acappella stuff in late high school. I did a singing telegram or two in college. Once out of school I convinced two friends of mine, both acoustic guitar players, to play stuff for me to sing. Then we did a few radio shows and played live in clubs in Chicago. People said my voice was great, but I needed more of a full band in order to get anywhere. I like working acoustically because it lets me play more with my voice; I'm not fighting the instruments, they're more accompanying my voice than competing with it. We did a compact disc, just for our own records more than anything. We haven't played since August 1996, but occasionally talk about doing a song or two.

I'm also interested in combining music with spoken word, and putting some of my poetry to music, or at least background noises. Something Laurie Anderson-ish, leaning toward her spoken word storytelling style.

Nation: A few years back I remember seeing an advertisement in *Children, Churches and Daddies* for your musical ensemble. What happened with the group, then and now?

JK: That group was the acoustic band I was just talking about - *Mom's Favorite Vase*. We were all friends, and it was fun... I was the only one setting up shows and radio spots, though, and I got tired of doing it all (yes, I'm a control freak, but...). Brian and Warren are both wonderful people. Warren's the depressed artist trapped in a suburban man's body. Brian is the type that brings his guitar to parties and strums "Staying Alive." And me? I'm a mix between Natalie Merchant and George Michael - alternative yet soulful. Well, I'm not as good as them, but you get the idea. Either way, I love to sing. That's all it comes down to. Music is so expressive - I love listening to lyrics and I love to belt out tunes.

Nation: Can you recall a memorable moment in the group's history?

JK: I remember when we'd first go to open mics and what a good reaction we'd get. One bar manager telling me I was better than Janice Joplin. I was thrilled when someone would call in to a radio station we were playing at live asking who we were, that we sounded great. I loved getting a positive reaction from people. We had fun goofing around, and I have a lot of good memories. At our last show someone requested Brian

play "I Will Survive" so he started playing it, but told me on stage I'd have to sing it, so I belted it out without practicing, and it was hysterical. Everyone loved it.

Nation: Having hit nearly all forms of print media and, in appears, delving into music-land, is there any other popular media that you might try?

JK: I'd love to play with film. I've been on television with short films reading my work. I have a short story that I think could become a five-minute film. I love to act. The thing is, I love getting out in people's faces and affecting them somehow. By good acting. By reading good poetry. By writing a chilling story. By analyzing philosophy and religion in an essay. By taking good pictures. By charming them with my voice. By designing something that catches someone's eye. Whatever medium I have to use - whatever medium I can use - to get my messages out to the world, I'll use them all, as long as I can use them well. And I hope I do.

Nation: You say that one of your short films has been aired on TV?

JK: Yes. It was a short I did of one of my poems, "Too Far." The sentence structure is very short, and it's all about a woman who keeps doing different things to make herself look better. She first diets, using rice cakes to wheat germ to diet pills and shakes, she exercises, but she only loses twenty pounds. So she gets a perm, She straightens her teeth. So then she goes to the spa, gets her skin peeled, soaks herself in mud, wraps herself in cellophane, tried the amino acid facial creams, all the while knowing they really didn't work. So she goes to the doctor, gets her nose slimmed, her tummy stapled... She thinks about getting a rib or two removed, to look thinner, but she figures those ribs have to be there for something. And hey, that's just going too far. So I did this short film where the scenery was exactly the same but at every phrase I changed my clothes and my position, so it looked like some sort of confessional taping of these women going through this. That and a couple readings of other poems of mine made it to a cable show in Tennessee.

Nation: How did that come about, and was this local access, a cable network, or something else?

JK: Joe Speer ran the show, and he's an editor and writer himself, so he knew my magazine and my work. One day he asked me if I had any video footage of me reading any of my work. I didn't, but I made some for him.

Nation: Where do you find the time to engage in all this expression?

JK: When you love what you do you make the time. I work on my computer every day, after work, as well as on the weekends. I may only work for fifteen minutes, but I work at it. I've only dabbled in film or television, but would like to do more, if only I had the time. I read poetry at bars, and that's a social outlet for me. Or go to readings and write poetry while I'm there. Open mics for music was a social event for me, too. I have to find a way to make it all fit. I don't watch movies or television as much as the average American, I think, so maybe that's where all my time comes from.

Nation: How do you fit a career, social life, recreation and all the various medi-

ums into your life?

JK: I don't know. I'm a fast worker, I guess. I try to fit my creative outlets into my social life when I can. I just keep thinking, I want to live my life so that there are never any regrets. If I knew I was capable of doing all of the things that I have done over the past five years, but didn't do them, I'd hate myself. I couldn't be like that. I want to do things. I want to accomplish things. I can't let time waste. I don't know how. When I rest I know it's because I need to, not because I'm lazy, or bored. I fidget too much. I always have to be doing something.

Nation: What aspects are you forced to leave uncultivated?

JK: I guess I could be more social, but I try to go out at least three or four nights a week. But when you get older, your group of friends dwindles - people get married, people move away, people go their separate ways. So I guess I could make a better effort in cultivating new friends... And I know that as a girlfriend I can be a real pain in the ass, too. Oh, and I could stand to have a cleaner apartment. I mean, what's the point in fixing your bed if no one is going to see it fixed and you're just going to mess it up that evening anyway? Not that I'm a complete slob or anything, but I could pick up my clothes more often.

Nation: Active in a plethora of mediums, how do you manage to get them all out to the public?

JK: *Children, Churches and Daddies* got my name out there, so that I could be published in other magazines. The web sites have helped out a lot, too. Getting electronic was a great help for my writing career, and I love computers - I use them for all my graphic design, and I originally went to college for Computer Science Engineering. Now, with a web site, I can have downloaded sound clips of my music or my poetry readings for anyone to access. Or all my poetry. And I can easily submit many pieces of writing to many magazines. And many people have responded to my work, because responding electronically is so easy. For example, I don't know if Speer would have bothered to contact me about his cable show unless he could send a quick note electronically. And the new band I'm working with, the guitarist was a friend of mine from college that I hadn't talked to in years, and when he happened upon my web site, he dropped me a line. I would have never made contact with him and started working on this new project unless we were both on the net.

Nation: You create a poem, and it finds its way into an anthology. You sing, and there is a CD. You concoct a film, and it winds up on TV. Did this come about through extensive training, or did you always have the knack?

JK: If I wanted to do something, I learned how. I contacted book publishing groups. I found someone who would master a Compact Disc cheaply. I'm thinking of purchasing my own writable CD-ROM drive for my computer, so I can do all the work myself. The films are just me and a video camera; the quality is low but I can play more with lighting conditions. I guess I have the knack for doing something

when I want to do it. I get the biggest rush over accomplishing something like getting published, or making a film of my poetry, or writing a song. So I have to try.

Nation: What is your formal training?

JK: Let's see... In music, other than the occasional choir group, nothing. In film, definitely nothing. In writing... Well, I excelled in writing through high school, and in college was a journalism major with emphasis in creative writing and poetry - at which I did very well. Photography? It was my minor in college, but even before that, it just came naturally to me. Making people feel comfortable in front of me. Finding good composition. I also focused on graphic design in college, and that's what I've been doing for the past five years. I'm the Art Director for a publishing company by day, and I supervise the design of three magazines, and soon possibly a fourth.

Nation: Do you plan to stay involved with magazines, or are there plans to branch out into newspaper layout, or book design?

JK: I used to do newspaper work. There is something fascinating about newspapers, that something can come together so quickly and get into so many hands, but I also don't like it being discarded so easily. When I worked for newspapers, I liked working in the weekly sections, or special sections, because those were something the reader would spend a little more time on. My time for newspaper work has passed.

Books? I design books now, with Scars Publications. I've managed over three collection books so far, each between 160 and 200 pages. I've done a book contest winner, and 88-page book by Sydney Anderson. I'm finishing a book for Rochelle Holt and Virginia Love Long. I like doing books on consignment, as well as my own books. My new book, "(woman.)", is all designed. The stories use different fonts and type sizes for different words in paragraphs. I play with it more. The books I do I try to make graphically interesting, not merely scrolling text, like most paper-back books. And I've heard only good things about their layout. I don't go overboard, though - you want the thing to be easy to read, and more timeless than a magazine.

I like doing books a lot. There's a much greater sense of accomplishment when I finish a book and see it in print than the feeling I get after completing an issue. To me, the issues of a magazine have to get done, they're on a schedule. For books, each book is an end in itself, not an issue in a series, so it's a complete accomplishment in and of itself.

Nation: Where is your career, and all the art, headed?

JK: The art? I don't know. I don't even know where I want the writing to go. And a part of me would like to get an in in the music industry and become a rock star. I know, I know, I'm so practical sometimes... I don't know where it's going to take me. I don't know how long I plan to stay at my current job, or long I even plan on staying in Chicago. As a woman, I also think of how to incorporate these things with my personal life - when will I get married? Do I want a child, and how do I want to raise it? I think that's why I'd like to run my own magazine; I could do a lot of the work electronically and be able to spend time with my child. If I ever have one, that is. A part of me has

this plan, the idea that I'd like to build my own home in the middle of nowhere and be able to manage my business electronically. Have my own space, not touched by a landscape of buildings. I love what man has accomplished in our world, but I'd also love a place where there were trees. And a small lake. And right in the middle I'd stick my home, with lots of cables for direct links to my web site and my office in the city. I'd plant some vegetables. Have control over some of the food I eat. Enjoy my surroundings. I don't mean I want to live like a hermit, or become entirely self-sufficient - I love technology, and I love people - I think I'd just like to have the option of both.

Nation: Will they always be two separate entities, or do you have some grand unification in mind; will you be graphic designer by day, author by night, or will the two aspects eventually meet at one, all-encompassing purpose?

JK: I think if I was the publisher of my own magazine/book publishing company I'd be overseeing the editing and the design, and my own writing would be printed. I don't know where it's going to take me. All I know is that writing is something I have to do. I think I currently mix them in different ways; maybe I'll find a greater unification of them. All of these media overlap for me. I sing, but I'm also doing spoken word readings with background sound effects, incorporating my writing with music and sound. The same goes for film, I've just added the visuals to it as well. A part of me would like to make a CD-ROM that combines all of these things, short film, sound, text and graphics. I think in some ways they all do combine right now. Maybe I'll find ways to combine them in the future. Currently my career is in graphic design. Maybe I'll continue combining them, then move just to writing as I get older. I don't know. I try not to set too much in stone like that, in case I want to change my mind. All I know is that if I want to do it, I will. I'm confident that if I want to combine them in other ways, I'll do it, I'll accomplish it, somehow.

Nation: Let's go back to your ideal cottage. You are 26 (or 27?), and that's just a hop, skip and a jump away from 30. Do you ever worry that these dreams will go unrealized?

JK: The only reason they'd go unrealized is if I didn't do them. Since currently I don't know where I will be working for the next five years, or who and when I'll marry, the dream-house is a part of a constantly-changing goal of mine. The house idea, I might have specific details about it, like it needs a hot tub, and a darkroom, and an office, but beyond that, if other parts of it don't fit into the plans I have for my career and my personal life, then it's no problem for those things to change. My dream house isn't my dream house if it doesn't fit into my life.

Nation: Earlier you mentioned that things would come into place when they were meant to occur, but what if you never DO find that ideal mate?

JK: I don't worry about things like that. I know that even if people aren't perfect I can find someone I could spend the rest of my life with. And if I don't, I have me. I love solitude sometimes, because I'm allowed to think, and create, and do what I need for myself. You can't go through your life wondering, "What if?", because you'll spend your time in

fear, worrying, and not doing, and accomplishing, and making everything work out.

Nation: Is there another picture of your life, one without the cottage and the family?

JK: It's not a definite image I have that I need the house by 35, and the husband by 28, and the kids by 36, and the business by 33. It's just looking for long-term goals and working through them. Right now I'm working out the here-and-now. When the time comes, I'll look for what I want next.

Nation: Does this image scare you, or is there no immediacy to it all?

JK: There's no immediacy at all. Nothing scares me about my future, to be honest. I know that I can handle every decision I'll have to make. And I know I will have made the best decisions I could have made with the information I had and the opportunities I had available to me.

Nation: Also, do you have anything particular in mind? A particular area of the country, or the world, that interests you?

JK: I don't know. I'd probably stay in the States, because I like freedom (granted, the United States keeps slipping more and more into socialism, but considering the other choices, I think I'd still choose the States), but where? Somewhere where I could still get a lot of land in the middle of nowhere for relatively cheap. Somewhere moderate. Somewhere a few hours away from a cool city. I don't know. I'll cross that bridge when I get to it.

Nation: How realistic or unrealistic are your dreams?

Look what I've done so far. I never make a goal that I don't think - and know - I can and will accomplish.

Nation: Have you always been well adjusted? At the start of the interview you mentioned your old pattern of conformity. What was your childhood like, and what were the defining challenges you faced as an adolescent girl and a young woman?

JK: My childhood? I was a smart kid, and all the other kids picked on me, like you wouldn't believe. I had friends, but boy, did I have enemies. What are we teaching our kids when they learn at such an early age to hate things that are good - because they're good? How do they learn envy without even being able at that age to consciously define it? But I was taught to not fight back, not to argue with the kids, but to just keep being a good, smart little girl. What should a parent say, give the bully a good right hook? I gained more and more friends, but no one was a great friend, and no one seemed real or genuine. I took going off to college as having a clean slate - I even dyed my hair, changed how I look, as well as changed how I acted. I faced a whole new set of definitions people placed on me, like being a flirt instead of being a brain. That's when I started dealing with the sexism issue. I was growing up, and it was affecting me more directly. The point is, I had to learn how to survive - and thrive from them. I try to take every bad thing that happens to me and at least learn something from the experience, so that I'm a better person for it.

SCARS 1997

I wear my scars like badges.
These deep marks show through from under my skin
like war paint on an Apache chief.
Decorated with feathers, the skins of his prey.

I have a scar over my left knee.
It's left over from a bout with poison ivy
I had after climbing a mountainside.
The four-inch long slice curves around my leg,
almost perfectly defining the muscles in my thigh.

I have a scar on my right shin.
I slipped on a patch of rocks and cut up the lower
half of my leg and filled it with gravel and dirt.
Joe poured hydrogen peroxide on my leg
and wrapped my wounds with paper towels
because the cuts were so wide spread.
An hour later I was on my way home,
so I could tend to my wounds in greater detail.
Tend to my wounds in depth.
Now all that is left is a two-inch line down
the side of my leg. Although it wasn't a very
deep cut, it looks like it went straight to the bone.

I have a circular scar on my left calf,
from getting off a motorcycle and sliding
my leg over the scalding hot exhaust pipe.
It has been seven years since I gained that scar,
and with each year I see it fade away just a little.
I can still see it, but the memory is slowly slipping away.

I tell people that if they wake up
with bruises and cuts they don't remember,
then they must have had fun the night before.
But each marking, each scar is a story,
is a memory. It is a way to remember how you lived.
And it is with these marks that I gauge my living.
It is with these marks that I feel decorated.

KURT IRONS (IT'S JUST A GIRL)

Kurt Irons
while drinking
drove a stolen
truck
straight
into another
truck
and killed
a woman

according to
police
reports,
Kurt Irons
was
surprised
by the arrest
by the fact
that he was
charged
with
vehicular
homicide

Kurt Irons
was quoted
as saying

“dudes
it's just a
girl,
man

it's a girl -
nothing
but a
girl”

ALL THESE REMINDERS

Look, over here, in my living room.
You left an empty bottle of beer
on the end table. The cap, too.
And come here, follow me, over here,
in the kitchen, look in here, see,
you left some of your food in the pantry.
A box of spaghetti, some canned
tomatoes. And come here, in the bathroom,
I know you probably won't notice this,
but here, this towel, it smells like
you, is smells like your shaving cream.
And I could swear my crumpled bed
sheets are still warm from you.

Why did you have to go. Why
does this have to seem so hard.

Okay, look here, the remote for the
television is on the arm of the chair,
where you always leave it. And the cocktail
table, it's pushed forward on one side
because you'd always rest your feet
on it. Everywhere I look around me,
I see something that you affected.
I look in the kitchen. I look in the
dining room. I look in the mirror.

Why did you do this to me. Why
couldn't you have made a clean break.

There's still some of your messages
scribbled on scraps of paper next to
the phone in the kitchen. And look,
the pillow on the couch is bunched
up because you could never get
comfortable with it. And over here,
the phone books are out on the
kitchen counter, you never put them
away, and here they are, still sitting
out, I'll have to put them back in the
cabinet. and look here, why do I
still have all of your love letters
stuffed into a drawer in my desk.

When you left me, why did you
have to leave me all these reminders.

AND I'M WONDERING

I'm wondering if there's something
chemical that brings people together,
something that brings people to their
knees, somethings that sucks them in

And I'm wondering if you're sensing what I'm
sensing, is it just me, am I making this up
in my head, or when I glance up and catch your
eyes, well, are you actually staring at me

And I'm wondering if it could work out this
time, if we'd have one of those relationships
that no one ever doubts, especially us,
because we know we'll always be in love

And I'm wondering if you'd find
my neurotic pet-peeves charming
like how I hate it when someone touches
my belly because I'm so self conscious

And I'm wondering why you had to tell me
when we happened to be sitting next to each
other that the fact that our legs were almost
touching was making your heart race

And I'm wondering why I felt the need
to take your cigarette and inhale, exhale
while the filter was still warm from
your lips, there just seconds before

And I'm wondering if a year or two from now,
after we've been going out and should have
gotten to the point where we are bored with
each other and sink into a comfortable rut

if you saw me making macaroni and cheese
in the kitchen using margarine and water
because I'm out of milk and I've got my hair
pulled back and strands are falling into my

eyes and I'm wearing an oversized button-down
denim shirt and nothing else, well, what
I'm wondering is if you would see me
like this and still think I was sexy

When I glance up and catch your eyes from
across the room, when I see your eyes dart
away, when I feel this chemical reaction, well,
what I'm wondering is, can you feel it too

JAPANESE TELEVISION

as reported in the New York Times:

one new television show in Japan
boasts young women in bikinis
who attempt to smash aluminum cans
in between their breasts

another television show in Japan
brings a young boy on stage
to tell him his mother
has been shot and killed
to see how long it takes him
to cry

I wonder what they'd think
of Rosanne
and Married With Children

THE MEASURING SCALE

*Here's an addition for your
degrading terminology
of women list. In the
construction field they
(men) have devised another
form of measurement.*

*When something is being
lowered or fitted into place
they will often refer
to an inch or so as:
up or down about a cunt hair.*

*They have gone so far
as to determine that blonde
pubic hair is the smallest
increment and at the other
end of the measuring scale
is black pubic hair.*

Pam, via the internet

why don't you dissect me,
take every single part of me
and equate it with power tools,
sports and violence?
bang me, screw me, nail me,
hammer me, bag me, pump
me. shoot it in me. maybe you
can even score.

if we're talking about
measuring scales, what about
the scale that defines the way
you treat us:

on one end is the minor stuff,
calling us "baby" and "sugar,"
whistling as we walk by, but
then move along the scale, get to
the blonde jokes, yes, they're so
funny, then how about a pinch
in the rear at the office,
well, that's harmless enough
and while you're at it, porn
movies and magazines, what harm
do they do, and hey, women
have always worked at home,
so you should have all the jobs
and get the better pay anyway
and since we're just your pro-
perty, fuck us whenever you
want, i mean, hey, you're doing
it already in every other aspect
of our repressed, oppressed lives
so rape us, smack us around
knock us down a flight of stairs
that's what we're here for

god, i don't even know how to
measure these things any more

MORE THAN WE SHOULD HAVE

when i think of him i usually think about the drinking

actually, i never think of him as drinking
come to think of it
i just think of him as drunk
i can't even remember seeing the drinks in his hand
but his perception of the world is always altered

but someone reminded me tonight
of when he would work outside in the the cold Chicago winters
and he would come back with his moustache frozen
and there would be little icicles hanging
down toward his mouth

and then i thought of
when i waited with him once at the airport
because we were picking up someone
and we sat in the shrimp cocktail lounge
and he drank, and ate, and i waited

and as we left
we tried to pay the expressway toll with pennies
but some of the coins fell onto the street
and we had to throw more change at the machine

we paid more than we should have
i'm sure we did

COMMUNICATION

I
now that we have the information superhighway
we can throw out into the open
our screams
our cries for help
so much faster than we could before

our pleas become computer blips
tiny bits of energy
travelling through razor thin wires
travelling through space

to be left for someone to decipher
when they find the time

II
got into work the other day
and got my messages out of voice mail:
mike left me his pager number
and told me to contact him with some information
tom told me to call him at the office
between ten thirty and noon
jason told me to check my email
because he sent me a message i had to read

so i first returned tom's phone call
but he wasn't in, so i left a message with a coworker
and then i dialed the number for mike's pager
listened to a beep, then dialed in my own phone number
then i got online, checked my email
read a note from ben, emptied out the junk mail

realizing i didn't actually get a hold of anybody
i tried to call my friend sheri
but i got her answering machine
so i said,
"hi - it's me, janet -
haven't talked to you in a while - "

at which point i realized
there was nothing left to say -
“so,
give me a call, we should really
get together and talk”

III

sara and i were late for carol’s wedding rehearsal
which was a bad thing, because we were both
standing up in the wedding
and we were stuck in traffic, and i asked,
“sara, you have a cel phone, don’t you?”
and she said “yes”
and i asked, “well, do you know carol’s
cel phone number, cause if you do, we can
call her and tell her we’ll be late -”
and she said, “no - do you know it?”
and i said “no”

IV

I was out at a bar with Dave, and I was explaining to him
why I hadn’t talked to my friend Aaron in a while:
“You see, we usually email each other,
and when we do, we just hit ‘reply.’
when you get an email from someone,
instead of having to start a new letter
and type in their email address, you can
just hit the ‘reply’ button on the email message,
and it will make a letter addressed
to the person who wrote you the letter originally.
so he sent me a letter once, and
it had a question at the end,
so i hit ‘reply’ and sent a response,
with another question at the end of my letter.
so we kept having to answer questions for each other,
and we just kept replying to each other,
sending a letter with the same title back and
forth to each other without ever having to
type in the other’s address. well, once i got an email
from him and there was no question at the end,
and so i didn’t have to send him a response.

so i didn't. and we never thought
to start a new email to one another.
so we just lost touch."

and then it occurred to me, how difficult it had become
to type an extra line of text, to type in
his email address, because that's why
i lost touch with him

and then it occurred to me, no matter how many different
forms of communication we have,
we'll still find a way
to lose touch with each other

V
now that we have the information superhighway
we can throw out into the open
our screams
our cries for help
so much faster than we could before

but what if we don't want to communicate
or forget how
too busy leaving messages, voice mails,
emails, pager numbers
forgetting to call back

what if we forget
how to communicate

VI
i wanted to purchase tickets for a concert
but i was shopping with my sister
and wasn't near a ticket outlet
but my sister said, "i have a portable phone,
you can call them if you'd like"
so she gave me the phone, and i looked
at all these extra buttons, and she said,
"just press the 'power' button, but hold it down
for at least four seconds, until the panel lights up,
then dial the number, but use the area code, because
this phone is a 630 area code, then press 'send'.

when you're done with the call, just press 'end', and
make sure the light turns off."

so i turned it on, dialed the number,
pressed 'send', pressed my head
against the tiny phone

and the line was busy
and i couldn't get through

VII

i checked my email address book recently,
and the people i email the most
are the people that live in the same city
as me, all of whom i know the phone
numbers of, all of whom are only a local call away.
in fact, one of my friends lives a block-
and-a-half away from me,
on the same street as me, but
i still email her as much as i call her,
even though i could just walk over to her house
and have an actual conversation with her.

VIII

i was suntanning outside on my patio
with a friend
on saturday,
and we decided we wanted to order a pizza.
we brought a cordless phone
outside with us
so we would know if the phone in the house rang,
so i picked it up
and dialed.

and the phone needed to be recharged,
the batteries were wearing down, because
there was so much static
that i was worried the pizza man
wouldn't even be able to
hear my voice.

while waiting for the pizza man
to pick up the phone, i said,
mocking static on the line,
“hi, i’m calling from the
space shuttle,
i’d like to order a pizza
for delivery.
call mission control at houston
for a credit card number.”

IX

i got a program for my computer

it’s a phone book program,
and it sorts people by name or company,
lists their phone number,
and has a complete file for them
where you can store their birthday,
their address, phone numbers,
faxes, email addresses, there’s room for
any notes you have about them

and i love this program, i’ve created a file
with all the phone numbers

 i’ve ever needed,

i always add information to this file,
i keep a copy of it on my home computer,
on my computer at work, on my laptop,
even on a floppy disk,

 in case there’s a fire at
work and my hard drive at home crashes

but it always seems
that every time i desperately need
a phone number
i’m nowhere near a computer

any computer

X

i wanted to get in touch
with an old friend of mine from high school,
vince, and the last i heard was that he went to
marquette university. well, that was five years ago, he
could be anywhere. i talked to a friend or two that
knew him, but they lost touch with him, too.
so i searched on the internet, to see
if his name was on a website or if
he had an email address. he didn't.
so i figured i probably wouldn't find him.
and all this time, i knew his parents lived
in the same house they always did, i could just
look up his parent's phone number in the phone book,
and call them, say i'm an old high school friend
of vince's, but i never did. and then i realized why.

you see, i could search the internet for hours
and no one would know that i was looking for someone.
but now, with a single phone call, i'd make it known
to his entire family that i wanted to see him enough to call,
after all these years. and i didn't want
him to know that. so i never called.

XI

now that we have the information superhighway
we can throw out into the open
our screams
our cries for help
so much faster than we could before

but then the question begs itself:
who
is there
to listen

I don't believe in things that aren't proven,
that we have no evidence of, but sometimes,
sometimes, I still think about what I would do
if I had two minutes to talk to you

when someone asked me what I'd say
I said I'd rather hear you speak
I'm sure the words you would part unto me
would mean infinitely more
than what I could say to you

and if I could talk to you
I wouldn't know what to say

But I know I'd have to tell you
like so many of your fans in the past
that I thank you
for showing me
that there are logical people in the world
that man can live by reason
that reason is a virtue
that selfishness is a virtue
that I have a right to what I earn
to what I create
to what I know to be true

TWO MINUTES
WITH AYN RAND

I would have been still searching blindly
for philosophical answers
to the meaning of life
if you never told me
that I am worth something
that I am my own end

and it's nice to know
that even when I'm surrounded by these
unthinking masses
that there are people who hold their minds
as the highest value
out there somewhere in the world

and the fact that they exist
helps me through my days

but you knew that
you wrote about these heroes
over the years
and how could you manage to write
gripping, thousand-page novels
about heroes that a rational mind
can't help but love
and did you really find that hero in real life?

Because I'm still looking.

You've created these heroes
but are they just created
does anyone else understand
these values as I do?

Yes, thank you
for giving me the answers
I've been looking for,
but tell me that someone else out there
found the answers too

so maybe, if those who posed
this unreasonable
 illogical
 ethical question
in the first place, if they could give me
another two minutes
so you could do some talking
maybe then you could explain to me
how to get through the days
when no one understands you
how to accept less than perfection
when you've seen the purity and the clarity
of the thinking mind

NEW TO CHICAGO

I'm still new to this city
I know, I know, I've been here for years
but I haven't gone to the Sears Tower Observatory
since my Junior Prom

but when I walk by the First Chicago building
the beams along the north side
sloping up, parabolic pillars curving up to the sky

when I walk by the First Chicago building
I walk up along the side
and lean up against one of the sloping pillars
press my body against the cold concrete
feel the cold against my chin, my breasts, by thighs

and look up along the curve, stretching up towards the sky

you know, these pillars look like race tracks
and I could see something come rushing down that curve
a matchbox car, a race car
a marble, a bowling ball
a two-ton weight

I see the seed, the power, and it
almost makes me afraid to look up

and every time I walk by the First Chicago building
I do the same thing, I do this little ritual
and it feels like the first time

Now he has so many opportunities.
He has nothing to lose. Why not
come out of the wilderness, attack
everything it sees. Kill something.
Suck the blood out, make him feel
alive for once more. Let them try
to restrain him. He has nothing to lose.

And for now it can fly to the highest
redwood, look out over the world.
Despise the world, the world that made
him be alone, leaving him alone. Who
will carry his name? Who will care
for him when he is old? Who can he
read bed time stories to?

LAST BEFORE EXTINCTION

Now it can feel death creeping upon
him, closer and closer. He wants to
scream. He calls upon nature; the
tides rise, earthquakes shatter homes.
He does not feel vindicated. He has lost.

And for now she can swim to the deepest
darkest cave in the Pacific, hide from
the solitude, swim lower and lower;
can she find where all of the other
animals of dying species hide, can she
find them. There must be others. They
can understand, they can live together,
at the bottom of the earth. Could they
show their pain for their species, share
what is left of their love, create a new race?

Soon they will be no more
and we will be taking their bones,
reassembling them, studying their
form, rebuilding their lives, revering
them more than we ever did
in life. This is what it all becomes.
This is what it all boils down to.
Study the bones. Study the mistakes.
Study the bones.

WRITER (TODDFROMHELL@YAHOO.COM)

ABOUT “KILL YOURSELF”

Rating: Excellent.

I would say something very wise right now like I always do, but it looks like you have already thought things through. I would tell you that I loved your stuff, but I haven't had enough. I am sorry I can't help it, I did like this one, it looks like you did have time to think this one through, mine aren't anywhere as good. Everyone hates my stuff, and I ask myself, How did I get to this point.

... ABOUT “TAKE IT ALL AWAY”

Rating: Excellent

You know I know how you feel. I was in a wreck and I have a spring like thing in my neck. I do feel for you because I know what it's like not to be cared about, so... I like this one too.

... ABOUT “THE WORLD”

Rating: Excellent

God how I know this one talks the truth.

THE REMAINS
the Recovery

unreleased
unreleased
writings

{the recovery}

1998
August-December

MAKING SENSE OUT OF THE INSANE

I can't see the silver lining around the clouds
I see the dripping blood from poorly cut wounds
they haven't healed, I tell you

making sense out of the insane is pointless
and the insane starts to make sense
so bottle up all the hate to understand

so change all the goals in life
yes, change them all
after a while that has an effect on you
after a while you start to feel like a prisoner
with the life kicked out of you
by a bunch of other prisoners
while the guards are paid to look away
it's funny how the prisoners get the coin
to pay all the good guys off

When you start to see that
And when you start to feel like that
the line between sanity and insanity is blurred

PRESSURE ON ME AGAIN

Man, you put a lot of pressure on me
I'm so sick of not being in control of everything
I'm tired of defining how everything goes

I have to define my own life
I need to take a magic marker
a big black bold marker
and create the path that defines who I am

I need to make my own choices
and color everything in
and make sure that I don't go past the lines
so it looks like I did a bad job
because no one I want to make sure
that no one can put that pressure on me again

FEEL SO MUCH

sometimes you have to draw a line
separate yourself from other people

you just have to stop caring about things
does it seem cruel to feel so much

saying that you don't care any more
killing a part of yourself
 I've been doing that for years
 am I dead yet

SUPPOSED TO BE DONE

I was ten when they buried you

At twenty-eight, I tried to die

At twenty-eight, I tried to die
And get back, back to you

I thought even the bones would do

isn't that how it's
supposed to be done

ANY HELP AT ALL

with my head on my shoulders
people got tired
of looking in my direction
to see if I needed anything

but I always want
what others don't expect

MY LIFE CHANGING

When he wanted something
wanted something from her
and he always asked her

and you know now, now that I
think about it, he never knew to ask
and he never knew how to want
and she never knew how to answer
and this was their little world

and this was how they argued
and she was always right
and she always wanted to argue

MEAN TO ME

i ain't got no money
and nothing has for free

how many times are you
going to pull on me

what do you have to give me
what do you expect of me

when I've got nothing
when you've got nothing
what are you supposed
to mean to me

DON'T NEED THE CRUTCHES

I can stand alone. I don't need you
you think there's more to it than that, but no, there isn't

this is the world, and sometimes you have to survive
everything that is thrown in your direction.

people go through life with a lack of emotion, feeling, thought
I have never been asked to function that way
I have never been able to just let life go by

it is important to understand that I don't need the crutches
it is true, I don't need you, and I can get along fine without you

SEASONS 1998

the entity of Earth lives
attacked by its denizens
Spring follows winter

Winter fire burns bright
Warmth flows over my brick hearth
Summer fire is shunned

Grandchildren bring joy,
vigor, love, fun, liveliness
With age comes calm, peace, knowledge

Soft loose wrinkled skin,
white coarse bristly chin whiskers
mark the wise woman

Limbs etched against sky,
full white clouds gathered in close
foretell winter's snow

THE HUNTER AND THE FOX

I've been a hunter, you know
I've been working at it for a while
I've gotten pretty good at it

I've been looking for the right prey
all this time
someone I could dominate
isn't that my role, you know

I have been looking for an animal for a fox
someone that would be a good show-piece

I've been looking all this time
and I'm still looking

so where is he

CHANGING GARMENTS

Agonies are
one of my changes of garments,

I do not ask the wounded person
how he
feels
or
who he
is

I myself become the wounded person,
My hurts turn livid upon me
as I lean on a cane and observe

LIKE MY MOTTO

I'm wondering that if
I'm getting tired of fighting it, well,
why am I even fighting any of this?
everyone has been stepping all over me,
so why don't I just get used to
the whole cycle

I've got tread marks on my back
from the bicycles and motorcycles and cars
all running me over
and there are heel marks and toe prints
as people were using me as their stepping stool
to climb the corporate ladder

my face is now covered with soot
because every time I try
to clean myself off
someone fights me
and steps on me
and pushes my cheek into the asphalt again

strands of hair are matted into my face now
into my mouth
almost touching my eye
and this is the cycle, I think,
this is the way it goes
so stop fighting, girl
stop fighting
get used to it
these are the words
I have to keep telling myself
until they are like my motto

"Russians at a Garage Sale" was also published in the book Rinse and Repeat.

A BEACON ALONE

I know I'm meant to be standing alone
and I've done it all my life
and I'm completely used to the feeling
and I've been living without anyone for so long
and I wanted to let you know that
 I'm used to that
and I can do it on my own
and I don't need someone to help me pick up the pieces
and I don't need someone to wipe my nose
 or tell me how and when to brush my teeth
 and comb my hair and fold my clothes

Have I said this to you before? Probably
Do I think this needs repeating? Usually
no one gets what I want and what I do.
But this is what I've been used to all my life,
this rejection,
this feeling like I'm supposed to be this way,
this feeling that there's no chance for me
You might think it The rest of the world does
But let me tell you once,
in the easiest way I know how,
let me tell you that
I am strong
and I know what I need
and I know what to do
and I've been fine on my own all of this time

maybe that's my job, to do it all,
and someone else may notice

I wonder when someone will notice my differences
I wonder when someone will think I'm different
I wonder when someone will notice

KNOW HOW THE TRUTH IS

how many times do you fight the same battles
and lose your battles against the world
how many times will you still fight
knowing no one will listen
all of your efforts will be to no good
no one will notice, or care, or even act interested

let's not fool ourselves, say it like it is
don't get our hopes up over all that goes wrong

we all know how the truth is
each time we try to get anywhere in life
when you try to accomplish things
when you try and try and try
someone kicks you in the teeth
making you feel hopeless

sometimes I'm not the best with words
but maybe I've said enough

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

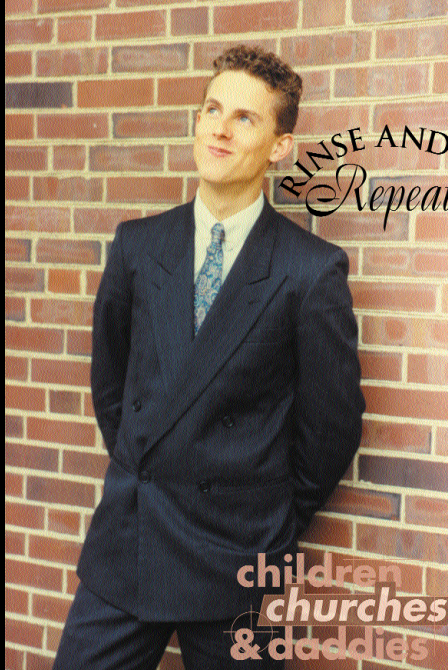
We loved Kuypers' stuff. We didn't get around to reading a lot of our submissions until the very last minute, but when we got to hers, we kind of forgot about the time pressures and everything.

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
with Freedom and Strength Printing Press

ISBN 1-891470-31-0



* 781891 470318 *

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

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
Originally Published 1999, Scars Publications

ISBN 1-891470-17-5



5 781891 470172

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*.*

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

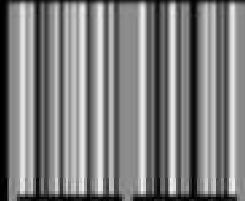
I think (Kuypers is) an amazing writer. Her work is so straight, and that's so rare...how'd she get so brave?

THE REMAINS
Survive and Thrive



Survive & THRIVE
Collection Book containing
poetry, prose, philosophy, and art
Scars Publications and Design
Second (Edited) Edition

ISBN 1-891470-12-9



781891 470325

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

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.

DYLAN D. SKOLA, VIA THE INTERNET

I really love (Kuypers') poems and can relate to everything she says. I am surprised by this. I wish I could read all of her poems. it's like listening to myself. It is what I am thinking but try not to think about or admit.

JEFF MORRIS, WRITER

I would like to congratulate Kuypers on the material she has in Vivo. I would like to congratulate her because its not crap. I looked through poetry and fiction on the net for 2.5 hours and hers is the first I've found that isn't crap. Her work is very very good. It is fair and intelligent and interesting and I can tell she wrote it because she had something to write -- not because she wanted to write something.

I thank her for preventing this evening from being a complete waste of time for me. I was beginning to wonder if it was me. It wasn't.

JERIN STANLAKE, WRITER, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA

Wow! She kicks!! Right on!! I just got this 'ere Internet thingie up and running this week and I been checking out the net for a place to drop my poetry...I wanna make sure I don't waste my time with a poetry server who ain't gonna bother with me....anyways, I was reading *The Burning* first, then *This Is What It Means..* and a couple more including *The Letter*, and I was really impressed, finally someone who actually got personally involved in their poetry, not standing back like some "Frasier Sitcom" intellectual type....you know what I mean? I mean you get into (Kuypers') stuff, you FEEL it...obviously I really like poetry, the more powerful and intense the better...and I think I'm sitting on a g-damn nuclear bomb...

JESUS TREJO, WRITER

Whats an amateur poet like myself doing commenting on the work of a big timer poet? And a female one too? Though I am sure she has probably heard it a million times before and at this point it probably makes no difference... (Kuypers') poetry is excellent, great, with an aftertaste of self-questioning. All I can hope for is for her to keep on entertaining and amusing with her words the ears of poetry lovers and amateur poets as myself.

JIM COHN, EDITOR, NAPALM HEALTH SPA

I was moved by the powerful sense of detail with which (Janet Kuypers) expresses her memories. Her work is excellent and should be seen.

THE REMAINS
the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)

the average
guy's
guide
{to feminism}



SECOND (EDITED) PRINTING

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THE MEN AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE

a woman told me
that scientists did an experiment
where a woman
first walked past a construction site
with her head down

no one bothered her,
no one noticed her
everyone at the site left her alone

then, later in the day,
she walked past again
in the same outfit, with the same stride
but this time she walked with
her head up,
more confidently

and that's when she got
the calls, the whistles
from the men at the construction site

and you tell me it's not deliberate
and you tell me it's not an effort
to keep women in their place

A SOCIALLY ACCEPTED TARGET

*rape is connected
to the frustration produced
by living in this society*

*rape is anger
misdirected towards
a socially accepted target:
women*

*Men and Politics Group,
East Bay Men's Center, Statement on Rape*

i didn't get the promotion i deserved
i work in a cubicle
the boss doesn't know my name
i put in too much overtime
this tie makes it hard to breathe

this traffic is always in my way
there's all these bills i have to pay

i'm angry all the time

and the damn kids are banging
their toys when i come home
and dinner is never on time
and your looks have just gone to hell
and i hate you

i just want a fucking beer, you bitch

it's all your fault

PAUL CORDEIRO, WRITER

just wanted to let you know that I love your poems “The Burning” and “Andrew Hettinger” very much. There is something felt there that is even greater than the journalism style poetry that you sent me, as examples, the other day. I felt that the happenings and drama described there felt like a real person speaking of real life events. Maybe it is just a quibble as the two other stories could be considered that way but somehow they felt distant.

THE REMAINS
Torture and Triumph

publications

TORTURE & TRIUMPH

children
churches
& daddies

2001
COLLECTION BOOK

children
churches
& daddies

ANDREW HETTINGER

I never really liked you. You never revealed yourself to me and why would you: you, who never had anyone, you, who always had the bad breaks. Everyone looked at you as different. Where would you have learned to trust. Who would you have learned it from.

I never really liked you. I met you through a friend and he explained to me that multiple sclerosis left you with a slight limp and a faint lisp. Faint, under the surface, but there, traces of something no one would ever know of you well enough to fully understand.

I never really liked you. You never revealed yourself to me and I never wanted you to; you scared me too much. You, plagued with physical ailments. You, with a limp in your walk. You, with a patch over your eye. You, who stared at me for always just a bit too long.

They told me the patch was from eye surgery with complications and now you had to cover your shame, cover someone else's mistakes, cover a wrong you didn't commit, cover a problem not of your own doing. The problems were never of your own doing, were they.

I heard these stories and I thought it was sad. I heard these stories and thought you had to be a pillar of strength. And then I saw you drink, straight from the bottle, fifteen-year-old chianti. And I saw you smash your hand into your living room wall. This is how you lived. The house you lived in was littered with trash. Why bother to clean it up anyway. It detracted you from the holes in the wall, the broken furniture from drunken fits. This was

how you reacted to life, to the world. You didn't know any better. This is how you coped.

I never really liked you. You would come home from work, tell us about a woman who was beautiful and smart that liked you, but she wasn't quite smart enough. And I thought: We believe anything if we tell ourselves enough. We weave these fantasies to get through the days.

I never really liked you. Every time you talked to me you always leaned a little too close. So I stayed away from the house, noted that those whom you called friends did the same. I asked my friend why he bothered to stay in touch. And he said to me, "But he has no friends."

This is how I thought of you. A man who was dealt a bad hand. A man who couldn't fight the demons that were handed to him. And with that I put you out of my mind, relegated you to the ranks of the inconsequential. We parted ways. You were reduced to a sliver of my youth.

I received a letter recently, a letter from someone who knew you, someone who wanted me to tell my friend that they read in the newspaper that you hanged yourself. Your brother died in an electrical accident, and after the funeral you went to the train

station; instead of leaving this town you went to a small room and left us forever. Strangers had to find you. The police had to search through records to identify your body. The newspaper described you as having "health problems." But you knew it was more than that.

And I was asked to be the messenger to my friend. The funeral had already passed. You were already in the ground. There was no way he

could say goodbye. I shouldn't have been the one
to tell him this. No one deserved to tell him.
He was the only one who tried to care.

I never really liked you. No one did. But when
I had to tell my friend, I knew his pain.
I knew he wanted to be better. I knew he
thought you were too young to die. I knew he
felt guilty for not calling you. He knew it
shouldn't have been this way. We all knew it.

I never really liked you. But now I can't get
you out of my mind; you haunt me for all the
people we've forgotten in our lives. I don't like
what you've done. I don't like you quitting.
I don't like you dying, not giving us the chance
to love you, or hate you, or even ignore you more.

My friend still doesn't know where your grave is.
I'd like to find it for him, and take him to you.
Let you know you did have a friend out there.
Bring you a drink, maybe, a fitting nightcap
to mark your departure, to commemorate a life
filled with liquor, violence, pain and death.

I never really liked you, but maybe we could get
together in some old cemetery, sit on your grave
stone, share a drink with the dead, laugh at the
injustices of life when we're surrounded by death.
Maybe then we'd understand your pain for one brief
moment, and remember the moments we'll always regret.

This poem was also published in the books Contents UnderPressure and Side A/Side B.

GOD EYES

It was a stupid point to argue about at 2 a.m.,
sitting in the lobby of the Las Vegas Hilton
listening to the clink and whirr of slot machines
and the dropping of tokens onto metal.
You believed in God, I did not. Even after two
rounds of Sam Adams and three rounds of Bailey's
I knew you wouldn't change my mind, and
I had no desire to change yours.

You told me of a dream you had: in it you and
Christian Slater played a game of pool. You
won. He looked at his hands and said, "I've got
a beer in one hand, and a cigarette in the other.
I guess this means it's time for me to seduce
someone." And he walked away. You're a funny
man. You make me laugh. Your brother even noticed
that. And you even spoke like Slater, rough, mysterious.

You were the optimist: yes, there is
meaning to life. I was doomed to nothingness,
meaninglessness. But to me you were the
pessimist: you believed you were not
capable of creating the power, the passion
you had within you. I had control in my life, even
if in the end it was all for nothing.
You think we are so different. We are not.

It's now after three and we listen to music:
Al Jarreau, Whitney Houston, Billy Ocean, Mariah
Carey. Natalie Cole, with her father. "That's why darling,
it's incredible -" you mouth as you walk toward the
washrooms - "that someone so unforgettable -"
take a spin, watch me mouth the words
with you as you walk away -
"think that I am unforgettable too."

I tell you about the first time I got drunk - I was maybe ten, and asked my sister to make a mixed drink mom had that I liked. She made me a few. So there I was, walking to the neighbor's house in the summertime, wearing my sister's seventies zip-up boots, oversized and unzipped, carrying my seventh drink and sticking my tongue out to see the grenadine. You liked my story. You laughed.

Passion is a hard thing to describe. Passion for life. You must know and understand a spirituality behind it. You do your work, the things in life solely because you must - it is you, and you could not exist any other way. It is who you are. It is a feeling beyond mere enjoyment. You said that the spirituality was a God. I said it was my mind. Once again, we lock horns.

All of my life I have seen people espouse beliefs but not follow them. Tell me you're not like them. Our values are different, but tell me we both have values and will fight to the death for them. I need to know that there are people like that, like me. We are different, but at the core we are the same. We understand all this. I'm grasping straws here as the clock says 3:45 a.m. and the betting odds for football games roll by

on the television screen. You don't gamble. Neither do I. Why must you be so far away? You reminded me that I have a passion in life, that I have to keep fighting. But I get weak and tire of fighting these battles alone. I, the atheist, have no God and have to rely on my will. When I am low, I struggle. You have your God to fall back on, I only have me.

And you looked into my eyes as it approached
the morning. You stared. We locked horns once
again. I ask you again what you were
thinking. And you said, "I see God in
your eyes." Later you said it to me again. I asked
you what you meant. You said, "I see
a God in your eyes. I see a soul." Whether
what you saw was your God or just me, my

passion, well, thank you for finding it. "Good-bye,
Ms. Kuypers," you said when you left for good
that day. I said nothing. Good-bye, Mr. Williams,
I thought, then I closed the door, walked to the
window, started singing unforgettable. I was alone
in my hotel room, and the lights from the Stardust,
the Frontier, the Riviera were still flashing.
I'm not alone. Good-bye, Mr. Williams.

*This poem was also published in the books *Close Cover Before Striking* and *Side A/Side B*.*

BEING GOD

I'm tired of dying for your sins
over and over again and why is it that
I am the one that's doing the dying
when you are the one that's doing the sinning
I don't think you're learning your lesson

I'm tired of taking this knife to my hands
over and over again giving myself the stigmata
the blood gets all over my clothes
and I can never get the stains out
and for what, for you to see how I suffer

I'm tired of being humble when I'm
supposed to be the one with the power
over and over again I become your servant
and never are you bowing to me
I don't even get a thank you

I'm tired of preaching to the converted
when the converted aren't even really listening
they're snoring in the back rows while I
deliver my sermon and there's not even air
conditioning in here and I'm sweating

I'm tired of coming to you and healing the sick
taking away the problems, over and over again
giving you something to look forward to
and all I have is an eternity of waiting for
someone to take my place and tend to my wounds

I'm tired of giving the earth up to you
watching the devil's work be done, and you know,
he's just sitting down there looking at me
and laughing, over and over again because it's
so easy for him when he doesn't have to work

I'm tired of being your salvation
over and over again you turn to me
and I have no one to turn to but myself
it's a bitch, you know, being your own god
since no one can save me from me

I'm tired of being your teacher, handing you
what you need on a silver platter and waiting
for that damn collection plate and someone
is always stealing out of it from the back row
I know who you are, you who leave me nothing

I'm tired of wearing this crown of thorns
over and over again the needles prick my skin
and even gods bleed, at least this one does
and when I ask you to wipe the blood
out of my eyes, well, I can't see you anywhere

I'm tired of being something for everybody
when everyone is nothing for me
maybe the devil has the right idea, you know
maybe I'll sit back and wait for you to miss me
as you wonder who's your messiah now

ERNEST SLYMAN, EDITOR, REVERIE

Love (Kuypers') work. Enjoy her style, graceful, charming and engaging work. I love her work. And wish to show our other contributors her style and lavish textured charm.

MARK DAVIS, EDITOR, ON THE ROAD

All (Kuypers') writing is of very good quality.

JOE PEEBLES, EDITOR, DIARIST'S JOURNAL

(Kuypers' work) is great writing, and she writes extremely well...She is a great writer. Keep up the good work...Diarist's Journal can certainly use people with her talent.

JOE SPEER, EDITOR, SPEER PRESENTS

I value her words as they appear on the screen or on paper. Anyway, I'm one of her biggest fans. (Kuypers is) one of my favorite writers. Her words create scars on my memory. When I read a full page of Chicago's soon-to-be award-winning-poet Janet Kuypers' work I had one of Joyce's moments of aesthetic arrest (not yet cardiac, huh?).

I hope to meet editor Janet Kuypers... I will tell her: "the thought of you/puts a sparkle in my eye/and I can't help but smile." When I discover a Kuypers poem in any zine I turn on to that page and read it first.

THE REMAINS

Oh.



oh.

2002 Collection book
Scars Publications and Design
Second (edited) edition

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(cover image art by Cheryl Townsend)

civil war

I

the confederates are winning the battle
but I know the north will win the war
and all they'll get is a ravaged battlefield

II

*a civil war is raging inside me
but I'm tired of fighting from within
when all I want is a revolution*

fire arms

we were driving through
Sequoia National Forest

up a winding road
along the mountainside

and along the road
a sign in the forest said
check your fire alarms

and we looked at each other
and laughed, and joked

because there are no fire
alarms in a car to check

on the
california streets

we were walking along Santa Monica Boulevard
we passed a young homeless man, and he asked
could you spare a hundred thousand dollars?
and I thought, of course he won't get it
but of all the places in the world, this is the only
place where he could get away with asking for it

never did
the same

we've put each other through hell, i know
 we've tried each other's patience
 we've goaded each other on
 we've pissed each other off
 we've jerked each other around
 but i've noticed two things, one
 is that whenever you were unhappy
 i turned on the charm, i tried
 to make your day, i tried to
 make you laugh, and the other
 thing that i noticed is that
 you never did the same for me

I have
my dreams

I don't even care
 if you call me anymore
 because I have my dreams
 and they make me happier
 than you

ways to spend
your money

I spent a week in Los Angeles recently
 visited Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Brentwood
 I saw the Hollywood sign
 and Marilyn Monroe's hand print in concrete
 took my picture with Tom Jones' star
 but the one thing I noticed
 was that among the shops
 that lined the streets of every neighborhood
 there were quite a few pet spas
 "pet spas," i thought, "pet spas"

LIONEL BERNARD, WASHINGTON D.C.

Kuypers' poems are a treat to read. What I like about her writing is that it is very personal and she writes as though you were holding a conversation. Keep up the good work!

GARY, EDITOR, THE ROAD OUT OF TOWN

I like (Kuypers') poetry. So much poetry being written now is existential angst. I like the sort of poetry that paints a picture in your head and you feel like you are there - physically or emotionally - for just a second.

MATTHEW LEE BAIN, WRITER

I liked (Kuypers') stuff. I think she is genuine. Her poetry has merit. I can commiserate with the way she bleeds herself onto the page and the way she sprinkles some with lachrymal mist. The poetry overshadows a lot of the rest in the book as far as maturity of style and syntax.

MELODY

I just wanted to tell (Kuypers) I enjoyed reading her poetry! Thank you! And keep on writing!



THE REMAINS
The Elements

2002 collection book
scars publications
a m e r i c a

scarsuoprcilqnd '02 collection book
children, churches and daddies · 1SS1 1068 5154

metal
earth
water
wood
fire



the
elements



Each Morning

it is like a contest, me and the sky
I stare out at the horizon until it gets up
and comes to embrace me
I feel it, I swear
I go through this each morning
I think this each morning



how I imagine you

walking on the power line
like those success posters

I've seen you like that before
I've thought you were worth
all of that and more

is that silly of me
do I dream too much

do I imagine you
as something better than you are



'Til the Fear In Me Subsides

I can't say I know what you've gone through
That would only trivialize it
and I wouldn't do that to us

But when a person goes through what you have
Well, you seem to brush it off
Until you come to me crying

They called you Elvira Doe in the hospital
Because they couldn't find your identity
And your belongings were stuck under the seat

And your family wonders why when you were unconscious
They had to remove your clothes
That your family couldn't find a bra

Hell, I don't know if they took it or if
You just weren't wearing one
You can't remember, either

They called you miracle girl in the hospital
Because no one thought you would live
And just to spite them, you did

Other doctors examined your records
Who didn't even know you
Just to check on your progress

And you like to brush off everything,
Say that you can do everything
You never let people know when something hurts



You just got contacts for your eyes
The doctors said they fit fine
That is when you told me about your hospital time

Three skull fractures is worse than
Having a broken leg
I'll break every other bone first

Medical staff watched when your skull reset itself
to make sure your one eye was okay
because one eye could be damaged from it

And you know, I never wanted to tell you this,
But that scared me
And I wanted to know

That the eye doctors now
thought that your eyes were fine

I don't want to scare you with these details
Because I can't say I know what you've gone through
but, for me, well,

It still scares me to hear the details
And I still want to know when things are okay
And you are that much closer to better



death is a dog

Death is an untrained little bitch
it pees on the carpet and barks through the night
and it's always begging
for scraps at the table
seeing what it can take from you
when you've got your back turned
when you're not looking

when you want it to heal,
well, it never does
and it never rolls over
and it never plays dead

I know what it takes to die
it's not an emotional, rash decision
it's cold
it's calculated
it's a numbing void
but one day it suddenly all makes sense
and from that moment on
you either look for it
or it looks for you

Death is an untrained little bitch
and I've been begging for it, I tell you
but it doesn't come when you call

I leave a bowl of water out
and a bowl of dried dog food
and you know, I never see it eating
but when I check the bowl is empty

and I still refill the bowl

and vacuum the dog hair
that sticks to the couch
and spray air freshener
in the living room
because no matter how hard you try
you can never get rid of the smell

Death is an untrained little bitch, I tell you
and what it boils down to is this:
you won't get along with her
and she won't get along with you

she'll claim her territory
under the bed,
eating your slipper,
while you try to sleep
and remind yourself
that there are no monsters
waiting for you
to shut your eyes

This poem was also published in the book Contents Under Pressure.

fantastic car crash

and our life is one big road trip now
and we set the cruise control
and make our way down the expressway.

and most of the time we're just moving
in a straight line, and the scenery
blurs. there's nothing to see

but I know what's inside you and I
know what you're made of. I know
there's no such thing as a calm with you

you are a fantastic car crash. you stop
traffic in both directions as the gapers gawk and
the delay grows and they slow down and stare

everything shatters with you, you know.
it's a spectacular explosion. I try
to duck and cover as metal flies

through the air. and every time you leave
the scene of the accident
I am left picking up the shards of glass

from the windows. you know, the glass breaks
into such tiny little pieces. they look like
ice. it takes so long to pick up the pieces

even though I'm careful
I'm still picking up the pieces
and I'm still on my knees

and the glass cuts into my hands
and the blood drips down to the street.
think of it as my contribution

to this fantastic car crash
that is you, that is me, that is us
as I pull the glass from my hands

and I wave my hand to the line of traffic:
go ahead, keep driving, this happens
all the time, there's nothing to see here

SAM CUCCHIARA, EDITOR, SLUGFEST

There is a compelling, intelligent, imaginative force in (Ms. Kuypers') voice. I think I would unequivocally say that she has the rare gift of expressing the personal as universal - which is art. She's an artist, and the world desperately needs more artists.

SDHARDIN@TXCYBER.COM

I have read some (not all, yet) of Janet's poetry and it is clear, understandable, and very moving. Thanks!

ZACK BUTLER, EDITOR, THE BASEMENT AND THE CLOSET

I found (Kuypers') work very entertaining.

SHARON GROVE

I have read through part of (Kuypers') book and it is innnnncredible. (Kuypers is) very gifted!

THE PROSE GARDEN

Janet Kuypers, 26, is art director for a Chicago publishing group. Her works have appeared in print and on the Internet. Through her own experiences, she peers into the emotional fiber underlying society's responsibilities to itself, to its loved and unloved ones, and to its earth. She sees for us all.

THE REMAINS

Si de A/Si de B



SIDE A



SIDE B

2003 COLLECTION BOOK
SCARS PUBLICATIONS

BURN IT IN

Once I was at a beach
off the west coast of Florida
it was New Year's eve
and the yellow moon hung over the gulf
like a swaying lantern.
And I was watching the waves crash in front of me
with a friend
and the wind picked up
and my friend just stared at that moon for a while
and then closed his eyes.
I asked him what he was thinking.
He said, "I wanted to look at this scene,
and memorize it, burn it into my brain,
record it in my mind, so I can call it up when I want to.
So I can have it with me always."

I too have my recorders.
I burn these things into my brain,
I burn these things onto pages.
I pick and choose what needs to be said,
what needs to be remembered.

Every year, at the end of the year
I used to write in a journal
recall the things that happened to me
log in all of the memories I needed to keep
because that was what kept me sane
that was what kept me alive.

When I first went to college
I was studying to be a computer science
engineer, I wanted to make a lot of money
I wanted to beat everyone else
because burned in my brain were the taunts
of kids who were in cliques
so others could do the thinking for them
because burned in my brain were the evenings
of the high school dances I never went to

because burned in my brain were the people
I knew I was better than
who thought they were better than me.
Well, yes, I wanted to make a lot of money
I wanted to beat everyone else
but I hated what I was doing
I hated what I saw around me
hated all the pain people put each other through
and all of these memories just kept flooding me
so in my spare time
to keep me sane, to keep me alive
I wrote down the things I could not say
that was how I recorded things.

When I looked around me, and saw friends
raping my friends
I wrote, I burned into these nightmares with a pen
and yes, I have this recorded
I have all of this recorded.

What did you think I was doing
when I was stuffing hand-written notes into my pockets
or typing long hours into the night?
In college, I had two roommates
who in their spare time would watch movies in our living room
and cross-stitch. I never understood this.
In my spare time, I was not watching other's stories
or weaving thread to keep my hands busy
I was sitting in the corner of a cafe
scribbling into my notebook.
I was sitting in the university computer lab
slamming my hands, my fingers against the keyboard
because there were too many atrocities in the world
too many injustices that I had witnessed
too many people who had wronged me

and I had a lot of work to do.
There had to be a record of what you've done.

Did you think your crimes would go unpunished?
And did you think that you could come back, years later,
slap me on the back with a friendly hello
and think I wouldn't remember?
You see, that's what I have my poems for
so there will always be a record
of what you have done
I have defiled many pages
in your honor, you who swung
your battle ax high above your head
and thought no one would remember in the end.
Well, I made a point to remember.
Yes, I have defiled many pages
and have you defiled many women?
You, the man who rapes my friends?
You, the man who rapes my sisters?
You, the man who rapes me?
Is this what makes you a strong man?

you want to know why I do the things I do

I had to record these things
that is what kept me together
when people were dying
that is what kept me together
when my friends went off to war
that is what kept me together
when my friends were raped
and left for dead
that is what kept me together
when no one bothered to notice this
or change this
or care about this
these recordings kept me together

I need to record these things
to remind myself
of where I came from
I need to record these things
to remind myself
that there are things to value
and things to hate
I need to record these things
to remind myself
that there are things worth fighting for
worth dying for
I need to record these things
to remind myself
that I am alive

This poem was also published in the book Contents Under Pressure.

CHILDREN, CHURCHES, AND DADDIES

And the little girl said to me,
“I thought only daddies drank
beer.” And I found myself

trying to make excuses for the can
in my hand. I remember being
in the church, a guest at a

wedding of two people
I didn't know. My date pointed
out two little boys

walking to their seats in
front of us. In little suits and
cowboy boots, this is what

is central Illinois. And my date
said he was sure those boys

would grow up to be gay. And

the worst part was their father
was the coach of the high school
football team. I think I

laughed, but I hesitated.
I remember being in the
church, it was Christmas

Eve, my date's family went up
for communion, and all I could think
was that singing the hymns was

hard enough, I don't know the
words, what am I doing here,
what am I supposed to do? And I

stayed seated, and everyone else
slowly walked to the front of the
church. Little soldiers in a

little line, the little children
in their little dresses walking
behind their mommies and

daddies. And the little girl
said, “I thought only daddies
drank beer.” And I found myself

trying to make excuses.

*This poem was also published in the book *Hope Chest in the Attic*.*

DUSTY DOG REVIEWS, CA (ON THE CHAPBOOK
“DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY GREETING CARDS”)

Ms. Kuypers shows us that, in certain circumstances, each person is an enormously authoritative reality to each other person...Ms. Kuypers is adept at creating an emotional layering.

THE REMAINS
the New

unreleased
unreleased
writings

{the new}

1998-2003

VENTURE TO THE UNKNOWN

People ask me what it's like to be in space, see a new planet.
it's hard to explain all of the details,
there are so many you forget,
like when you see the sun in the sky,
you even see Earth in the distance,
it is still dark where you are.
the Earth's atmosphere makes the sun's light omnidirectional
but here the sky is black too, even during daylight.
Without the Earth's atmosphere
the stars are always out,
there are so many stars in the sky,
so many asteroids,
you can even see the dust in the air.
The Earth's atmosphere is insulation
that stops us from seeing all in the universe.

When we go for mission walks,
every step disturbs the land.
Dust and dirt explodes with every motion

It's a fragile, delicate balance we try to strike
when we venture out into the unknown.

FREEDOM JUST PAST THE FENCE

After working for the Army
for years on repairing jet engines
I ended up being stationed
in Pennsylvania one summer
repairing air conditioners
and refrigerators.
I'd only do a little work
and then have nothing to do
for a day or two.
But the thing I remember
is that at the time Cubans
were defecting to the United States
by boat.
They'd sail to Florida,
most of them dehydrated
and all of them malnourished.
The U.S. government
didn't want them spreading diseases
in our country,
so when the Cubans would appear
off the coast of Miami,
the military would be waiting
to make sure they were healthy.
Well, all I knew
was that they got all these Cubans
into trucks we called 'cattle cars'
with only a few benches
and trucked them up to Pennsylvania,
where I was,
and the military gave them some shots
to make sure they weren't dying.
So these people, after
escaping their country
in a shoddy wooden boat
were taken by the U.S. military,
herded into a boxed-in truck
and shipped up the country
so they could be given shots

and detained.
These Cubans,
who came here wanting freedom,
now had to wait
in a fenced-in area
until they were tested
and given food.
And it was my job
to make sure that
their fridge and
air conditioner was working.
So I sat there for
a day or two at a time,
drinking cans of beer,
and looking out my window.
I had a view of the razor wire fence
and all I remember
was seeing all of these Cubans
leaning on the chain-link fence,
wondering if this was what it was like
to be free,
holding on to the metal,
looking out to what they were sure
was freedom.

MILITARY POLICE

There are times like this
when I like to think
I'm free of you

I tackle other obstacles every day
the thought of you doesn't cross my mind
and sometimes, you know,
I have a good day
and I face adversity
and I accomplish things
and well, I feel good

and it's nice to know
that you had nothing to do
with making me feel good

I have a ton of things to do today
and I was having technical difficulties
and I had to figure out how to overcome them
and you know, I did everything I could
and I think I ended up ahead of the game
and it had nothing to do with you
and I feel like I've accomplished things today
and I feel like I'm ahead of the game
and it makes me feel good

and it makes me pause and smile, you know,
you little fucking prick
it makes my stop and start to smile
when I think about all that I have done
and all that I can do
and it's all despite you

CHANGING CITY

this is a place I once wanted to live in
a place that cocoons you so soundly

I suppose you're past me now
 you wouldn't have it any other way
but I swear, I wasn't even looking for something else
I didn't even know what I was looking for
because, you know, I'd like to think I'm past you too

It is amazing how much changes
 between you, between me
 but not between us
growth will do that to you, you know

and I go to the places I knew in this town
and I look at their changes
and I look at them now in a different way

START ALL OVER

I want to be rinsed of all of this, I tell you, and
I want to be a newborn all over again and
I want to have your blood dripping all over me and
I want someone to come along and
 clean me off and
 smack me on the butt and
I want to start all over again

Is it your blood that I want?
Do I want someone to guide me through the birth?
Do I want to even start all over again?

GETTING QUITE GOOD AT IT

I'm getting quite good at the
roles I have had to play in my life

I have had to put so many faces on
that I am beginning to look like a clown
I am beginning to feel like a clown
and I am beginning to wonder if anyone notices

Someone told me once
that they could not lie,
that they were terrible at it
and I looked them in the eye
and told them that I had gone through a lot
in my life
and that a lot of things have hurt me in my life
and I told them about how someone had hurt me
and it still hurts
and I almost cried while I told them this
and they felt sorry for me

and I told them,
that the story I just told them
that it was all a lie

I told them that so they would know
when it is possible to cover up the truth
and get away with it

and when that becomes a part of your repertoire
when that becomes one of your faces

well, when you get to that part
you can get quite good at
doing whatever you want

WHAT WOMEN WANT

do you want to know the secret to understanding what women want
because I can tell it to you, it's simple, really

all women want is for their lover to know what they need
without them have to ask, and without them having to tell

oh, and yes, for you to do it, too, that's the other part of it
they want men to know what to them seems obvious

but you men, you can't do what they want even when they tell
you what they need, point blank, and there's no guessing game

which, you know, when they tell you, you've lost half the battle
but the least you could do is make it up in the second half

it's the least you could do to tell them you love them
and hold them and be their knight in shining armor

they know you're not riding up on a white horse coming
to sweep them off their feet and ride off into the sunset

but throw them this bone every once in a while, give them
the scraps from your plate under the table, just a little something

they're yelping under the table hoping you understand their pleas
they're shivering in the dog house when they should be by your side

because they're starving over here, and it seems that only you
can give them what they need, much less what they want

it's simple, really: they need attention, they desperately need it
and they're tired of asking, because they shouldn't have to ask

this is the key to understanding what women want, so please
do something with this knowledge and save the one you love

CHRIS (ABOUT THE POEM “ALL YOUR FAULT”)

Very artistic write, enjoyed the read.

LINDSAY, ON THE POEM

“LOOKING FOR A WORTHY ADVERSARY”

This was by far the best poem I have ever read! I mean that seriously. I have never been able to read someone’s work and truly feel as though I was there. This was so powerful...so moving....I really enjoyed it.

MARCIA ELLEN, ON THE POEM

“ONCE WANTED YOU AS MY FRIEND”

Oh the adventures of a slut!! Women after my own heart!! Wondrous narrative stuff!!

OEUVRE
etc.



etc

2004 poetry book
poetry 1989-2003

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I'M NOT SICK BUT I'M NOT WELL

I'm not sick but I'm not well
and I'm sure there's something I can do about this
I've popped the aspirin
 the Tylenol
 the ibuprofen
 the codeine
 the Prozac
 the sleeping pills
and that thermometer is down my throat
and I'm gagging

I'm not sick but I'm not well
the doctors find nothing wrong with me
and believe me, they've taken the x-rays
they've striped me down
and made me wear one of those awful paper robes
and they've felt me up
and checked me out
and found what they were looking for
but didn't find anything I was looking for

I'm not sick but I'm not well
and I can't help but think
that everything I'm doing to make things better
might only be making things worse
so I don't want to listen to what
you have to say anymore
and I want this IV out of my arm
and I want this oxygen tube out from my nose
and I want this suppository out of my ass
and I want you to get that scalpel away from me
because I want everything I've got

I'm not sick but I'm not well
and they want me if they can keep me in line
and they want me if they can cut me open
 and take out my insides
 and suck out the fat
 and suck out the life
 and make me generic
 and make me dependent
 make me unreal
 make me not whole
and I've walked that line with all you doctors
and I want all my parts back
and I want to be healthy

no, I'm not sick and maybe I'm not well
but you're only making me worse
I don't have the answers but neither do you
so instead of tearing me apart
 and dissecting me
 and studying the bones
let me just stay together for a while
until I figure it all out

CARPET

The apartment needs to be dusted. I can see some cat hair, and the carpet doesn't soak it all in, even though it does a better job than those damn hardwood floors that I'm so used to. Everyone seems to want hardwood floors in their home, but why? They are loud and look dirty quickly. And dust doesn't settle on them, so the air always has things floating in it. But carpet, carpet muffles the loud noises, it keeps your feet warm when you step out of bed on a cold winter morning, it makes things more pleasant. You have to vacuum it, true, but you don't need a mop. You have to be more careful that you don't spill things. But you shouldn't be spilling things in the first place, right? Well, anyway, I have to remember to dust this apartment. It should be perfect. You can't see the dust here, the carpet doesn't let all the dust get into the air.

HOLDING MY HAND

when we're walking in stride together down
the street and our feet pump out the same rhythm
and our shoulders are almost touching and our
hands brush up against each other for one brief
moment and he reaches over and takes my hand

when he slides his fingers around mine
and I feel him move along the palm of my hand
well, no one knows what it feels like
when his fingers curl and hold me tight
well, it feels like... pop rocks

it feels like when that candy is sliding
down my throat after I let it explode
on my tongue and it's still tingling and no
one knows I'm eating this and no one knows
the feeling and this is my little secret

and I feel this feeling like never before
and it makes me want to laugh and cry
because I look around the room and no one
else is eating those pop rocks and no one
knows the feeling when he's holding my hand

ONCE WANTED YOU AS MY FRIEND

I should laugh about this. I know
that people will probably hear your stories
and think I was a bad and evil girl.

I don't care. I didn't want to be
a part of your life any more.

I wanted you as my friend
after I was falling apart
and I thought I had no one
and I wanted my life back
and because I believed you.

You told people I was your best friend
and you are a liar, plainly put.

I didn't know you'd fuck
your best friend's date. Hell,
fuck the guy for a month until
your neurotic ego can't take it.

I don't give a shit about a year and a half
recovery from that evil spell of yours
but I should never have forgiven you.

Maybe you need attention
from every penis you can get it from,
maybe you're more of an attention whore
than I could ever be,
than anyone I know could ever be,
by my neurotic tendencies
didn't keep me in my parent's house
while I studied for another job
because I didn't know what the Hell I wanted
and maybe my tendencies didn't make me
lose my friends
or go through men like hand rags
or give me sexually transmitted diseases

and didn't leave me fucking someone else while I was engaged
"I've never orgasmed while having sex with him," you'd say
well, I don't know what to tell you.

All I can think is that you've made this bad
out of straw and fabric scraps
and I don't care if it rained yesterday
and your precious bed smells like shit
and you've got nothing clean to grab on to

well, you've made that bed
and now you have to lie in it.
so have a good night's sleep
while you try to make sense
of what you think is insane

God, the only insane thing
is that your man still puts up with you
or how much of your story haven't you told him?

So yes, I should be laughing
because you're the one filled
with so many questions. Please,
for your own benefit,
get them figured out.

I wanted to cut off ties from you sooner
but I would have had to lose one of my
closest friends in the process
and we couldn't have that (of course not).

But I'm glad your warped mentality
misconstrued what I said
and that is exactly what you did
nothing more, nothing less

but you at least got the idea
because no, I don't want to be a part
of your life any longer
and I don't want to openly condone
what you've done to your man
and what you're doing to your man
and I want to walk away from this unscathed

so I think I will.

TIMING IS EVERYTHING

timing is everything, you know
just when you say you've had enough
just when you're ready to wave that white flag
and step out of the ring and stop playing the game
and stop feeling the pain because you're numb

that's when for a brief moment something
wonderful happens and reminds you why you live
and reminds you of what hope and joy and
even love is

and suddenly breathing is no longer a chore
and suddenly nothing is a chore and suddenly
there is no pain and suddenly you remember
what it's like to be alive and you start to like it

well, that's when they pull they rug out from
under you, right at that moment, so that
you can fall to the floor and then the biting
sting of pain hurts that much more

timing is everything, you know, they do it
that way on purpose because they can't let you
go on feeling hope and not feeling pain
this is their key, it's all in the timing

SCARS 2000

"Find What's Wrong"

I

An Admiral, A General

A high-ranking military official
when you get somewhere in the military
when you grease the right wheels
when you climb the corporate ladder
when you get as high as you can

when you make your graceful exit
when you've been adorned with pins
and medals
and badges of honor
and you've got all your stripes on your sleeve

when you accomplish it all
and when you retire

well, then what?

II

the effects of age are getting to me

my vision is shot to hell
my contacts kill me and
my glasses are so old
they're only half the strength of my prescription
so when i look at things
i notice the blur more than
i notice the detail

my senses of taste and smell are shot to hell
 i throw so much garlic on food for flavor
 that i offend my friends and family
 and i can't even smell
 when i smell
i mean, cologne is lost to me

my one ear is closed most of the time
 and it feels like i've got water in my ear
 and it hurts for me
 to hear myself even breathe
damnit, i can't even sing any more
 and do one of the things
 i actually like to do
i try to hear beautiful sounds
 but people are usually talking over it instead
 and all i can hear
 is their incessant bickering and whining

and god damnit, i try to enjoy something
every once in a while
and something more irritating
is usually in the way

 you know, i'd rely on writing
 but for a while, i couldn't even do that
and what do you have then?

i can feel it in my left ankle
like i can't carry weight like i could any longer
and my left knee keeps cracking and popping
and my sister says,
you know,
you've got the 'kuypers' knees
and i guess the kuypers have bad knees
and i was always unaware of that

the knuckle in my right thumb
has been swollen for over a decade
and even the doctors can't find anything wrong

and whenever i write
i grip the pen so tight
that my fingers hurt
and all i can feel
is the ache in my joints

III

and whenever i look down
and see the scars on my body
and i should be proud of some
and some would say that i should be proud
of surviving some traumas
and having the scars to prove it
but all i see are the scars
and all i feel are the aches and pains

is this what scars do to you?
or is it the memory
of surviving the trials
and getting the scars
and is THIS what you have to show
for everything you've done
are these your pins and military stripes
you get after you accomplished your goal?

because what do you do
when you're retired
do people care about your medals of honor
or do you earn so many
that they just weigh you down?

GRAB THE OTHER'S NECK

I don't know where to start
I don't know where all these feelings come from
I don't know how to stop them

These feelings seem to come rushing up to me
And I don't seem to have any control over them

And I hate myself for this
And I'm not supposed to be having these urges
And I hate myself for thinking that you may want me too

You know, I don't know much of anything about you
 And I guess you don't know much about me
But I like what I know
Because in some respects you seem like me
Yes, I like what I know
 That you work too much
 And have too much drive
 And you have a wild side
 And you do your best to keep your wild side in check

And I still want to
Be able to straddle you
Take off your glasses
Mess up your hair
So you get strands falling around your eye
touching your cheek
And touching you
To remind you of me
And grab the hair at the back of your head
And cock your head back
Just so I can see your mouth starting to open
Because God, I want to see that
And it would make me know I'm right
And it makes me know that you want me too
And I'd let your hair go
And you would stare at me

And give me a look I just can't explain
And can't argue with
And have to submit to

And when I want this
I would wonder
Who would grab the other's neck
For the kiss

I still don't know who would make that move
Or who could make that move
So I'm begging you to start this cycle
I'm pleading you
I don't want to be the only one with these fantasies

Tell these stories to me
Tell me you've thought these things too
Tell me you know that we're both stuck
Because you know there's nothing we can do

And I know this too

But I'd like to hear you say it
To validate my fantasies, in a way,
Because I'd love to hear you talk that way to me

I'm a sucker for that, you know

But tell me I'm not alone in this
So I'm begging you
I'm pleading you
Tell me I'm not insane for thinking about you
Tell me you have these fantasies too

WEREN'T EVEN MARRIED

you jumped from an airplane once
and you promised that you'd force me to go with you
the next time
you were always jumping out of airplanes,
weren't you

the ring i'm wearing
is on my right hand, not my left
and it's on my middle finger, not my ring finger
and it seems appropriate
you didn't even buy me that ring
and we weren't even married

i bought the ring at a street fair
on belmont avenue in chicago
on the day of our first date
where we watched pulp fiction at your apartment
and i asked you to sit closer
to me
and you kissed me

the ring isn't a complete circle
there are two stones that don't quite meet
and there's a void in the middle
and that was appropriate
cause you didn't even buy it for me
and we weren't even married

i've missed you, you know
i can't even pass the apartment building you lived in any more

i remember when you told me
that someone was shot in that building once
and that maybe it was haunted

but they were shot for money
they were robbed
and this time you just slipped away in your sleep
so this time i was robbed

when one of the stones fell out of my ring
i was sad
but i think you were more sad
you wanted to replace the shiny purple stone
but i said no

and now i still wear the ring
and a stone is still missing
and isn't it appropriate
and we weren't even married

i've missed you, you know
and with your absence the bad memories vanish
where you were someone else once
where you were someone once
where you were alive once
i forget that there was so much about you i hated
because you're not here to remind me

so with this ring, i remember
because now nothing is complete anymore
and everything is missing now
and isn't it appropriate
that there's no next time for us
and we weren't even married

you jumped from an airplane once
and you promised that you'd force me to go with you
the next time

BURNING BUILDING

This is what you don't allow me to say.
These words I utter are a plea for help
and you tell me you want to be the hand
that pulls me from the burning building
and every time I try to be rescued
you turn your back and walk away

so I will rescue myself this time again
and I will wonder if I should stop trying
and allow myself to perish in the flames
now all I have to do is sit and wait
for another disaster to consume me
and sitting in silence is exactly what I'll do

Why do you tell me one thing and do another?
Why do you run away when I need you most?
I'm stepping over the wooden beams now,
and the flames are all around me. Here, look
at the blood dripping from my arms. Here,
smell my flesh burning. This is what you do.

I do not walk away unscathed. I never do.
But now that I wait for my next burning building
I know I will never allow myself to enter it.
Why can't it be easier to perish? I try and try,
and every time at the last minute, my figure
steps over the the charred remains and saves me.

If only there were no more burning buildings.
If only I didn't have to save myself all the time.
If only I could feel free, just this once.
If only I could feel safe with you, just this once.
If only your words weren't empty promises.
If only your words were not the burning building.

DEATH TAKES MANY FORMS.

It is winter now.
The trees have lost their leaves;
the city is covered in a thin layer of soot and snow.
The grass is dead.
In the sunless sky black birds circle overhead
searching for prey.
An eerie cold settles over everything.
Nothing is growing anymore.

Death takes many forms.
For you, death first came when you were five years old
and your mother had to give you three shots of insulin a day
until you could take a needle to yourself.
Did it hurt to push that needle into your arm, the first time?
Or did it hurt you more to know you had no choice?

Death takes many forms.
Death can be someone telling you without trying
that they are losing their sight.
Behind coke-bottle glasses you would see me and say,
“That’s a nice black suit you’re wearing.”
And I would tell you, “It’s green.”
And you wouldn’t believe me.
You wouldn’t hear the howling wind of the changing seasons.

Death takes many forms.
I know what follows the autumn wind.
It is winter now.
Do you remember when it happened?
The changes are subtle, the temperature drops,
first only slightly. It’s almost imperceptible.
Only when the first snow falls do you realize
where the seasons have gone.

Death takes many forms.
Death can be a sweat-soaked shirt, the shakes, dizziness
when you needed food.
You would look as pale as a ghost
as I would hold your cold wet arm and steady you.
Quick, some sugar will make everything better.
Isn't everything better yet?

Death takes many forms.
The signs of death can come
when you lose your circulation.
"My feet are numb, Janet," you'd say.
"I can't feel my feet anymore."
And I would rub your feet for you,
and you would say it makes a difference,
you feel better.

If only I could do this forever.

Death takes many forms.
I said good bye to you to travel my own road
but I didn't think it was the last good bye.
How was I to know?

When I left, I knew you didn't want me to go.
And now it's my turn.

Why are we always saying good bye to each other?

Are you trying to teach me a lesson?
Because if you are, well,
I've learned it. Trust me, I have.
You can come back now.

Death takes many forms.
And now, now it seems
you've taken me down with you
you've taken me into that casket with you
and I'm running my hand along your jacket lapel
and I can feel the coldness of winter all around me
and I can hear them shoveling the dirt over my head
and I want to get out
and I want to take you with me.

Death takes many forms.
Death can be that hole you left,
you know, right over here, just a little to the left.
I keep wondering when the pain will go away.
When will everything be better.

You once showed me that winter could be beautiful.
Instead of the dark and dirty snow lacing the city streets
you showed me a quieting snowfall,
over a lake at your parent's back yard
glistening in an untouched whiteness.
I told you I hated winters
and you told me, "This you don't hate."

Well, I'm still learning.

It is winter now.
And death takes many forms.
The seasons change for you and I.
It is snowing. And something is ending.
It is snowing. Somewhere
it is snowing.

*This poem was also published in the book *Changing Gears*.*

I DREAMT ABOUT YOU LAST NIGHT

*"I dreamt about you last night
and I fell out of bed twice
you can pin and mount me
like a butterfly"*

- Steven M.

I dreamt about you last night.
I called you on the phone
even though you passed away
over four weeks ago now.
I don't know why I called, I
don't know what I was hoping for,
but when you answered your phone
I said, "Dave?"
You said, "Yes."
And I asked, "How are you?"
You said, "Fine."
And I asked, "You're not dead?"
You said, "No."
"But I just told someone
you passed away a month ago."
"Oh," you said, "Don't worry.
I'll take care of it."
And you sounded so -
so relaxed. So peaceful.

They say that dreams are your
chance to think over the things
unresolved from your day. And
I keep dreaming about you.
Don't I think about you enough?

You're the one that left me.
Why are you coming back,
at night, when I let my defenses
down, slipping in through my
window and working your way
into my dreams?

I dreamt about you last night.
We were sitting together,
about to go out for the evening.
You were wearing a black
t-shirt and black jeans.
We were running late, and you
were angry. "I wanted to wear
this, but I wanted to put more
black on - I wanted to wear my
black vest and my black jacket."
You know, I thought it was
always funny, how much you cared
about the clothes you wore.
So I said, "But Dave, you look
fantastic in your jeans and
t-shirt." And you smiled at me
and kissed me.

I wish I could have told you
more in life how good you looked.
I'm sorry, Dave. I'm so sorry.
I wish in life I could have told
you the things you wanted to hear.

I saw you today. You were in a
black car and you were wearing
dark sunglasses. He could have
been you, if I closed my eyes
and squinted just slightly. You pulled
up in the lane next to me as I
was driving to my sister's house.

You were about to turn right and
I watched you look at the oncoming
traffic, waiting for your chance to
leave me again.

Let me think that it was you,
driving, living. Let me think that
you're just ignoring me. Then
I can be angry with you.

I dreamt about you last night.
I was on a cruise ship, and you
were working as a waiter. You wore
one of those silly short jackets
for your uniform. It was a sea blue.
And every time I thought I saw you
you would turn away to do your
job. All I ever caught were fleeting
glimpses of you, walking away.

All I keep thinking is that
my days are finally free of you
but they're not. I keep thinking
of you. And it isn't enough.
I still can't escape you at night.

I'M A RECORD NOW

I feel like I'm a record now

you know how vinyl goes
That there is a ridge, trailed in circles
That groove that the needle can easily slip into

Well, I feel like I am that record now
And the needle of life is in me
And it is playing my story
And I am stuck on this record player
At this certain speed
And I can't get the needle out of the groove
And my life is being played out for me
For everyone to hear
And see
And live



And they don't feel a God-damned thing
But they claim to know how I feel
But that needle is stuck there
And the R P M has been set on the player
And now my life is an open book
And now my life is a playing record

And people can choose to read the book
And people can choose to listen to the music

And sometimes that excites me
Sometimes that fascinates me
And sometimes that scares me

Because I wonder if people who listen know too little
Or too much

EXPECTING THE STONING

I

you know how
you want a popsicle
and you want it for the longest time
and you don't even know what it's going to taste like when you get it
and then you finally get it
and it tastes oh so good
and you have some if it
and you want to save it so you can have it later
and then you realize
that in order to keep the popsicle from disappearing
it has to stay in the freezer
to avoid melting
and becoming just a liquid pile of remains
instead of what you wanted

that it had to stay in the freezer in order to survive
and you couldn't stay there with it
that it was meant to be cold forever
or consumed

it was either one or the other
they taught you that fact when you were little
you can't have it both ways

you can try
and it might be fun at first
but everyone knows it will hurt later on

and it will

II

I think what I liked the most about us
was the theory of romance

no, wait, it wasn't that

I liked the idea of being with you
I would travel across the country to see you
the thought of you and the times we had behind everyone's backs
those times were like poems to me
and it was still nice for me to fantasize

and what did it get me

III

maybe I didn't realize
the novelty would wear off for you
that you were like the average American
and after twenty seconds of watching a television show
you'd want to change the channel with the remote on the arm of your chair

I didn't know you were a popsicle that would melt
when you were exposed to ANY sunlight or ANY heat at ANY time

I didn't know you were a snowman
that I made in the backyard at my house in the winter when I was little
a snowman that was fully equipped with
a carrot nose, like pinocchio, no, wait, like you, with
no hair, like you, with
black rocks for eyes, like you

and yeah, that snowman melted with spring, like you
and maybe I should have learned my lesson
from that damned snowman

IV

I remember how little kids would want to build snowmen
in the winter
they didn't seem to mind the snowman eventually going away

I hated the cold, so I didn't play in the snow as much

maybe in playing those little games
everyone else learned their lesson, maybe they learned something
that I should have learned

V

I should expect the stonings that I am bound to receive
for telling you that I know what you have done
and that I want the rest of the world to know it too
I will expect the stonings
with time, I have been getting used to the punishments
for telling the truth, even when people don't want to hear it

so, thank you for getting my hopes up and then blowing them away
with one breath from your lips
like anyone would do to a pile of sand

or table salt spilled on the counter

because I think I needed to learn that lesson
and in a way, for now,
I only have you to thank for it

ISN'T IT AMAZING

Isn't it amazing how much easier it is to destroy something than to fight for it. It's amazing to see people throw away their lives day after day like a bag of trash taken to the corner for someone else to carry away. You can forget about the trash when someone gets rid of it for you. Now all you have to do is bring it to the corner and then wait for them to do their work.

Isn't it amazing how much easier it is to destroy something than to fight for it. Isn't it amazing. Isn't it amazing how willing we are to give up our chances at happiness. Isn't it amazing how afraid we are of life. Isn't it funny how we don't want to embarrass ourselves. Quick. Take out the trash. Hopefully no one will see you in your bathrobe as you make your way to the end of your driveway. All you have to do is turn around and leave it there. Someone else will clean up the mess. Someone else will pick up the pieces. This is what we do, in America. This is how we avoid hurt. This is how we stay ahead. Now look who has egg on their face.

Isn't it amazing how much easier it is to destroy something than to fight for it. Once you've made that decision, once you know that you're going to be the one holding the aces, you can watch the rest of the world squirm. If only those fools knew better, you think. If only they knew what you know. It's emotion that gets them in trouble. Just don't cross that line. Isn't it amazing how much easier it is to destroy something than to fight for it. It seems the obvious choice. Isn't it amazing.

ALL YOUR FAULT

you know i could kick your ass
for not calling
for not showing you care
for moving across the country
for leaving me

you left me, you know,
let me repeat that, you left me
and that's how i'll remember it
nothing more, nothing less
and god damnit, i wanted a future with you
i planned it all in my head

and hindsight's twenty twenty
i know i was a fool
but i still know it was your fault
and i won't accept any other explanation

i've got to put my foot down on something, you know

and so i left you
and i thought that would surprise you

but you have so much on your mind
to worry 'bout 'lil ol' me, don't you

i wonder if you even knew i was there

there are many things i could have told you
and never did
and i want some kind of closure
so i can put you behind me forever
so i will no longer think
that i was your only hope

PEOPLE'S LIVES WERE AT STAKE

I know everyone was talking about it and after the fact
you'd hear the reports on the news about the damage done

and you'd think that we were in a war zone and that all of this
was done for religious purposes and people's lives were at stake

and maybe they were and I just don't know it. I don't know. I
know what it's like to have a cause but I never tried to

close people out to it, I tried to include them, to open them
up to it, but I remember deciding once to walk to a woman's parade

called "take back the night", so that people knew that women
should feel safe walking alone in the streets at night without

worrying about being mugged or raped or killed because they were
female. Well anyway, I was walking to the parade to take

photographs because I'm a photographer, and a group of women
were walking in a group to the parade, so I walked down the street

and started walking with them, and they were chanting and singing
and I thought, wow, this is unity, people together for a cause.

and one of the women told me while we were walking that someone
women there didn't like me walking with them because I was white

and they were African American. and I looked around and noticed
that there wasn't a racial mix, and I said, well, we're all going to the same

place, and the woman replied, well, some people don't like you
walking with us anyway. so I turned my head and let them walk

and I crossed the street and took another block and got there before them.
and this is how we define how we should be separated, I suppose,

though I still don't understand it. and during that parade I heard
about a trial case where a black man was convicted of a police brutality

crime, and the black community was outraged, saying that
the white man was holding them down, and maybe in a way they are right

and I just don't understand it. a large group of people started their own
rally that night which seemed to take center stage from women's rights,

i mean, they're just women, what are they going to do, bitch a little louder,
or complain a little more, but then again, maybe it is just a matter

of deciding who has the loudest voice, or who has the most recent problem
to complain about, I don't know. we went out that night, and I heard

the next day that in light of the trial 23 fires were started
on school property, and most of them were of books in libraries

and I thought, this isn't nonresistant violence, this is out and out violent
and what they're destroying are opportunities for learning and not ideas.

"yeah, but do these books hold what the white man wants you to learn?
if this how he alters our perceptions?" i don't know, but this doesn't

solve anything and this isn't the answer... then I heard about one of my
best friends, a white man, hit once by a black man in the street

while they were out that night, and the doctor said that they had to have
a roll of quarters in their hand or brass knuckles because this was a clean break

of their jaw and for six weeks his jaw was wired shut and he had to throw pizza
or meat loaf in the blender so he could eat something instead of ice cream

while he tried to recover. and I thought, is this all getting anything done?
are we coming any closer to racial harmony? what are we learning from this?

LOST IN THE BREEZE

Well, wouldn't you think of me anyway
We've had enough of a track record together to earn it
I have only seen you through my rose-colored glasses
I know you thought of me
On the most important day of my life

I know you thought of me
you did things for me
But a part of me asked for you there
Because it would matter to you

But the minute your obligations were met
Well, my name flew away like a feather on the breeze
Caught up in the wind
And then muffled noise
That was my night
And was my life
Was forgotten

I am grateful for what you have done
But all that I afraid I will carry with me
Is that you did what you felt you had to do
And then
Like my name, a muffle sound lost in the breeze
I left you
And you went on your way

JOY

I wasn't a popular grade-school kid,
 things were thrown at me,
 I was knocked down once,
 so I knew kids could be cruel.
 But once I walked to a swing set at recess
 and Joy sat there alone.
 She was teased
 because she was overweight.
 So I asked her why she was alone.
 She turned her arm so I could see
 the two-inch long bruise there.
 She then got up and started to speak
 and turned and lifted the back of her shirt.
 She said some kids started hitting her
 with the chains from the swing set;
 then I saw her back.
 I could see how the foot-long bruises
 matched perfectly with the metal chains.

I didn't know what to say.
 These chains are for swings
 so children could play.
 This swing, this tool for joy
 became a tool for unjust punishment.

FIGHTING I CAN DO

I know this is a normal thing
 for me to be going through

I know that I have been raped
 and beaten
 I know they've tried to kill me
 and lucky me, I survived

I think I can survive
 everything they throw at me

But as time wears on
 little pieces of this statue are chipped away
 everybody wants something, right?
 well, they've been taking from me
 and taking
 and taking
 and taking
 and my defenses are getting weaker
 and I don't know how much more
 fighting
 I can do

LEARNING MORE

It is amazing how I learn more, how I take it all in
How I think I am just learning little random pieces of information
And that is when I find out that all of the pieces relate
That there is meaning to almost anything I see or do

I remember so much about you, and I know there is
So much you have taught me
How to understand the word of my elders

Mom has taught me to take it all in stride
She has taught me how to manage it all and how to do that
With grace

I know that you were the foundation to everything she maintained
You were stern for a reason, and this was how
You kept everything in line without having to raise your voice to me

Because I just knew

You were making all the details possible by working so hard
Mom knew this, and gave you your space for it, and all the children
Thank you, and I thank you, because mom and you are what made us
us

Life would never be the same without your influence
Without you making it all possible

My brother told me we were all creative in this family
I did not see how, not for all of us, I did not fit the pieces together
And he laid out the details this way for me
Mom painted, Ed was an architect, Bob built from scratch with construction,

Lorelei was an art teacher, Sandy got her art out through crafts,
And I was a graphic artist and a photographer and a writer
Before he told me that you took my grandfather's business
Kept it alive, kept it thriving, I then remembered one more thing

Once I was looking in the little kitchen and found a box
Of old black and white photographs, I didn't know where they came from
I asked you, you used to be a photographer, that you
Developed these pictures, that you took pictures
When you were in high school,

this was the way you could be creative
It gave me my own snapshot of you, it helped me realize
These are the things we do to keep ourselves alive

and It gave me one memory of you

this was something I learned about you through chance, first hand
This was how I learned more about you, and me
And I thank you for that

There have been so many changes that I have gone through in my life
So many things I could not explain
Learning about you, getting these tiny glimpses
It is as if I have taken these snapshots of your life

Now I can slowly piece this all together to make the picture complete
I know that life is not easy and that it all takes work
Your life has been difficult at times, your life has been rich as well
Your life has also made me rich, rich from you, from being a part of your life

When people compliment me, tell me that I am smart or talented
I know where the pieces came from that have made me whole
That have given this to me
And I thank you for that

MY DEAD DAUGHTER

I keep getting this image in my head
of a little girl, and she has long straight dark hair
and she is quiet and she comes to me and asks me questions
and I am working, but I turn around to answer her
and she sounds really intelligent
and I treat her that way and I answer her like an adult
and then I wonder if I'm not spending enough time with her
so while I'm answering I turn off my computer
and I turn around to her and I continue to look at her

I make a point to make eye contact when I communicate with her
and I get up so we can walk to the library
as I finish answering her question
and we get to the library and I ask her
is there is anything else she wants to know

because I want to be the one to tell her the truth
and she says no
she says she doesn't need anything
and underlyingly she makes me feel as if she doesn't need me
and I think,

I gave birth to that girl, she has to need something from me

and maybe she's a smart girl
and maybe she's learned to do things on her own
maybe she does all the things I have had to do in my life
maybe she understands more than I ever did

but these are my memories

these are the memories of something that has never happened
and will it ever?

I always imagined a girl

maybe that's the maternal side of me,

being a mom and knowing women

but I never knew who the father was

and I never got her name, whenever I would have these memories

maybe she never had one

TRUE HAPPINESS IN THE NEW MILLENNIUM

*"I ain't never found peace upon the breast of a girl
I ain't never found peace with the religions of the world
I ain't never found peace at the bottom of a glass*

*Sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive
Sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive
The only true freedom is freedom from the heart's desires
And the only true happiness this way lies"*

- Matt Johnson

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
I'm the new savior the savior of science
 the savior of strength
 the savior of survival
 survival of the fittest
 survival of the best
and I'm here to tell you we're starting anew
so fasten your seat belts
 hang on to your hats
place your seat trays in their upright and locked position
for it's a bumpy ride, and I'll tell you why

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
the millennium of reason and logic and strength
and I don't want to hear about your self-destruction
I don't want to hear your whining, psychosis,
your depression, suicide, alcohol and drugs
and just what made you think that playing with needles
and escape would make things better somehow
 God, I've always hated needles anyway
 what is it with you people

well, you need a leader and I'm stepping up to the plate
you keep asking for a big brother and I'm here to set you straight
you want someone to wipe your noses for you
well, pick up the damn tissue and do it yourself
because when you give up your rights, you take away mine
and we're not having any of that

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
and you say to me you need crystal meth
so you can stay awake through work
and you say to me that you don't need to drink,
that you just like the taste
and you say to me that with all your escapism
you still don't feel any better
and you say to me that sometimes suicide
is the only answer

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
I'm here to usher in a whole new generation
so stop asking for things and start working for things
because X is for ecstasy as long as it's fast
and X is for extra but there's always a cost
and ecstasy doesn't come without extra work
no matter how many corners you cut
and you know, X is for X-Ray and I see right through that

they say that Eve ate from the tree from knowledge
but you know, she shouldn't have stopped just then
cause the loggers are raping the trees of knowledge
the loggers are raping the forests of talent
the forests of ability the forests of reason
of skill of logic perserverance and life
we're letting them rape the forests of excellence
and you know it's now time to take it all back
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
and I'm here to tell you how it's going to be done

you're looking for peace in all the wrong places
you're asking your leaders to save you from yourself
but your leaders are losers and they're worse off than you

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
where it's time to take charge and it's time fess up
only you can deliver you from your own sins
but first you must know what sin really is

it's time to make choices and it's time to lay claim
to everything we've been blindly giving away
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
take charge of yourself, and I'll take charge of me
I'm my leader, not yours, so wipe your own damn noses

take it in to your hands, people, mold your own tools
this is the new millennium, and this is your chance
because no one should be showing us how to fail
people mastered that feat a millennia ago
so set your own rules and do something fast
cause it's time to take charge and it's time to be alive

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
And I'm waiting for you to usher in yours
Because true happiness this way lies, my friend
and I won't wait long if you lag behind
cause I'm setting my rules so step out of my way

I'm here to tell you there's a new sensation
and I'm here to tell you there's a new salvation
and that true happiness this way lies

This poem was also published in the book Changing Gears.

LOOKING FOR A WORTHY ADVERSARY

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
someone I can lock horns with
because although my life makes more sense when I'm alone
it's not nearly as interesting

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
someone I can battle to the death with
because it can't be about love, you see
love can't exist on the terms I demand
it's never that pure

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
and so I slither up to you like a snake
as you sit there at the corner
of the bar drinking your gin and tonics
and I tempt you with a golden apple

but all I was offering you
was fruit from the tree of knowledge

I didn't know how willing you were
to take from that tree
I'm not used to that, you know

Did you know you'd need to come back for more?
Did you know what you were getting into?

well, I didn't know you'd have
a thing or two to each me too

and did I know I'd need to come back for more?
Did I know what I was getting into?

because as I've been looking for a worthy adversary
all this time I've been playing a part
an actress on a stage, spouting the lines on cue
and that role was getting tiresome
but those stage lights still came on night after night
and I still had to play my part

until on my night off I saw your performance
at the theatre down the street
and you know, your protagonist
was doing what I was doing
right down to faking it with people who don't matter
right down to going home and still feeling empty

and you know, I liked to see
that boiling emotion underneath
that no one else could see
because only I had the knowledge to know
what that emotion really means

and you know, I'm beginning to wonder
if we can get together
and write our own play

it would be a masterful performance, you know
and as that curtain would close we'd hold each other's hands
and walk off the stage
and the audience would know that there is a happy ending

and now when I walk out on to the set
and there you stand, in front, stage left
I wait for my cue to make my move
none of the rest of the scene matters to me, you know

maybe they'd like our little play, maybe they wouldn't
who really cares

because even though I came to you
and tempted you
you now tempt me and tease me and torment me
and tell me everything I was too afraid to believe
and show me the knowledge that always escaped me

and when you talk you reach your hand into my brain
and pull out my thoughts and shove them into your mouth
and spit them back at me

and instead of filling me with terror
it fills me with joy

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
and maybe you are much more than that

I've heard the words you say to me before
I've said them to myself many times
but why do they sound so much better
coming from you?

I had been looking for a worth adversary
someone I could lock horns with
but now I'm no longer locking horns

now it seems I don't have to fight the battle alone
now it seems that there's no battle to fight
we know what all the lines from our play really mean
and now we're performing for no one
now we're just ourselves
and now there's just understanding
I don't even have to speak

and now every day is Valentine's Day
and now it's like candy and flowers and springtime
and hearts and cupids and sunshine
and you know it's scary
these cliches are actually beginning to make sense

I guess that's what the tree of knowledge does to you

so this is what has been going on in my mind
and now I've just spilled my guts
and now I'm just a puddle on the floor

but now my performance of a lifetime is made
I stand here like a statue
and wait for my applause

and as I wait for the reviews
on the performance I was made for
I know what they're all going to say
and none of that matters anymore

because I know what you are going to say
because it's everything that I want to say

because now it's time
for you to take my thoughts again
and shove them into your mouth again
and spit them back at me again

and now I wait for you to come on stage again
for our next wonderful performance
where we have our happy ending
where you tell me what I already know

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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4 "Under the Sea" was first published in *Read Magazine* 1980. It was also published in poets2000.com/kuyperswriting, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_09/week_2/pxp45561.htm, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), and the *Add-A-Poem Center*. It was also performed live on the Internet radio show at *ArtistFirst.com* September 11 2003.

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7 "No Longer Pity You" was previously published at poetry-today.com, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1230&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, www.poetryrarray.com/forum/viewtopic.php?p=7605#7605, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also previously published in the chapbooks *Poem Book* and *The Old Is Not The New*. "My Blood" was previously published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1230&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poetry-today.com, www.poetryrarray.com/forum/viewtopic.php?p=7605#7605, and *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>). It was also previously published in the chapbooks *Poem Book* and *The Old Is Not The New*.

8 "Leather Jacket" as previously published in <http://poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1230&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry>, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, <http://www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443>, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *Down in the Dirt issue 5*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, <http://www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/>, *Freedom and Strength discussions* and <http://www.poetry-today.com>. It was also published in the chapbooks *The Old Is Not The New* and *Poem Book*.

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10 "Masquerade" has also been published at *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *Brouhaha*, *Opossum Holler Tarot v 449*, poetry-today.com, the *Flying Dog v2 #2*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Children Churches and Daddies v36*, *v60 & v77*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1230&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, *Down in the Dirt archive supplement November 1994*, and *gin Mill Productions*. It was also previously published in the chapbooks *Poetry Sampler v19*, the *Poetry Box v3*, *A Year In The Life*, *New World Order*, *Find Myself*, and the book *Contents Under P ressure*. "the Joshua Tree" as previously published in <http://poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1230&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry>, <http://www.poetry-today.com>, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), <http://www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443>, <http://www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/>, and <http://www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html>. It was also published in the chapbooks *The Old Is Not The New*, *Poem Book*, and it was in *The Elements* chapbooks called 1985-6.

11 "Signs of the Times" first was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Juicy Britches Magazine*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Worldnet Publishing*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), and *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *I Was Looking Through*, and *Weinman Inspired Poetry*, and it was published in the book *Etc*.

16 "Tall Man" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Black Clove Tradesman #1*, *DCCR*, *gin Mill Productions*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *The Gypsy compilation*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Poet's Sanctuary*, *The Flying Dog*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Add-A-Poem (November 30 1997)*, *The Bridge*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, and *The Poetry Exchange*. The French translation of "Tall Man" appears at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?siteName=poetry1344&item=home. "Tall Man" was previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted*, *Dreaming of Dandelions and Ice Cubes*, *E xpressions*, *Love Letters*, *New World Order*, the *Poetry Databook*, the *Poetry Sampler v11*, the *Poetry Box v15*, *To Write It Again*, and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. "Tall Man" was released on the compact disc the *Side A CD*, as well as on the compact disc *The Entropy Project*, with music by *Order From Chaos*, which was also played on www.artistfirst.com's internet radio station November 3 2003. It has also been previously published in the book *Slate and Marrow*. "I Wanted Pain" was previously published in *All My Tomorrows*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Crimson Leer*, *DCCR*, *Joy and the Black Boots (#3)*, *Linsy Woolsey*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Pegasus*, *Penny Dreadful Review 25*, *Plain Brown Wrapper 27*, *Shockbox*, *Taggerzine*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Tears of Fire*, *The Avant-Garden*, *The Heretic's Corner*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *Children Churches and Daddies*, and *The Sound of Poetry*. An Italian translation of this poem appears at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It has been previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted*, *Expressions*, *Gasoline and Reason*, *I Stepped Back*, *New World Or der*, *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, *Finished with the Finnish*, *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*, *Perspectives*, *Poetry Databook*, *Poetry Sampler*, *Still Had To Breathe*, and the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It was also previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic*, and *Slate and Marrow*.

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18 "High Roller" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *DCCR*, *gin Mill Productions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *the Nashville Poetry Newsletter*, *the Gypsy compilation*, *Nite-Writer's winter*, *The Bridge*, *Poet's Sanctuary*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Poetry Motel*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *The Flying Dog*, *The Owen Wister Review*, and *The Poetry Exchange*. A French translation of this appears at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. An Italian translation of this poem appears at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. It was read at *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* (live radio show 12/07/03). This poem appears in the chapbooks *Convert This*, *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*, *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*, and the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It was read on WZRD radio (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, it is also on the compact disc *Change Rearrange*, as well as the *Side A CD*. It also was previously published in the book *Hope Chest in the Attic*. "Moonlight" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Add-A-Poem (November 30 1997)*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Black Clove Tradesman #1*, *DCCR*, *gin Mill Productions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Poet's Sanctuary*, *the Gypsy compilation*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Rhyme and Reason*, *The Basement*, *The Echo issue 1*, *The Flying Dog*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *The Poetry Place*, *The Symposium*, *World Poets* and *Worldnet Publishing*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted*, *Dreaming of Dandelions and Ice Cubes*, *New World Order*, *Poem Book*, *Poetry Sampler*, *The Poetry Wall Calendar*, *The Poetry Box*, *To Write It Again*, and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live June 11 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled *Six One One*. It also appeared on the compact disc *The Elements CD*, as well as in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic* and *Slate and Marrow*.

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Stacks called *The Gallery*. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It also was previously published in the collection book *Slate and Marrow*. "There I Sit" was previously published in *All My Tomorrows*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *DCCR*, *Children Churches and Daddies Magazine*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *the Add-A-Poem Center*, *Poet's Sanctuary*, *The Bridge*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *The Flying Dog*, and *The Poetry Exchange*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *A Year in the Life*, *Addicted*, *Chapter 18*, *Love Letters*, *Finished with the Finnish*, *New World Order*, *The Poetry Datebook*, *The Poetry Sampler*, *The Poetry Box*, *To Write It Again*, and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. John Yotko read "There I Sit" live and it was recorded and placed on the *Torture and Triumph* compact disc for later release. It also was previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic* and *Slate and Marrow*.

20 "Right There, By Your Heart" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Feminist Studies*, *Kasparhastr*, *Linsey Woolsey*, *Listen Up*, *Napalm Health Spa*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Paradox*, *Plain Brown Wrapper*, *Pif*, *Taggerzine*, *Tand*, *Terbang*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *The Prose Garden*, and *Women and Recovery*. Portions of this has also was previously published in the compact disc as well as in the live June 11 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled *Six One One*; it was performed with music in the Chicago 2003 CD release party for the CD *Not Mute*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted*, *Everyday Life*, *Gasoline and Reason*, *People Today*, *Perspectives*, *the poem mini book*, and *Somebody Say Something*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It also was previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic* and *Slate and Marrow*. It is also on the compact disc *Change Rearrange*.

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24 "Wedding Lost" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Bizara*, *gin Mill Productions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Napalm Health Spa*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Rain City Review*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *the Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, and *The Owen Wister Review*. It was in the chapbooks *Addicted*, *Knife*, *New World Order*, *The Poetry Sampler v5*, *You're Like This When You're With Me*, *Trying To Make Excuses*, and *Wrinkles in the Palm of my Hand*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It also was previously published in the book *Hope Chest in the Attic* and in the collection books *Slate and Marrow* and *Dusting off Dreams*.

25 "Coquins" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *The Poetry Superhighway* atoolboard.com/msgshow.cfm?&msgboard=11059207679703&msg=90348940870278&idDispSub=66537967356536, *The Poetry Exchange*, *The Prose Garden*, and *thearistlitcafe.com/poems/28/poem_237367.html*. It was in the chapbooks *Addicted*, *Knife*, *Magnolia Christmas*, *One Summer*, *Order Now*, *The Future is Here and Now*, *Trying To Make Excuses*, and *Wrinkles in the Palm of my Hand*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*. It also was previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic* and *Slate and Marrow*.

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DCCR, Opossum Holler Tarot v405 and v409 and v454 and v466, Poet's Sanctuary, The Bridge, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, The Flying Dog, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, and The Poetry Exchange. It was in the chapbooks *Addicted, Finished with the Finnish, A Year in the Life, New World Order, the Poem Book, the Poetry Datebook, the Poetry Sampler, Rendering Us, She/Thinks/H e Thinks, To Write It Again,* and the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It also was previously published in the book *Hope Chest in the Attic, Survive and Thrive e and Slate and Marrow,* and the books *Between Darkness and Light and Poetry's Elite Book of Poems of 2001* from the *International Library of Poetry* and the book *Mists of Enchantment* from the *National Library of Poetry*. "In The Air" was previously published in *Children Churches and Daddies magazine* and *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. An Italian translation of "In The Air" is located at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. A French translation of "In The Air" is at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?siteName=poetry1344&item=home*. It was in the chapbooks *Addicted, Knife, The Matter At Hand, Ferme le Bousche!!!, Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughtnut, Se Habla Espanol (the poems), The Future is Here and Now, Trying To Make Excuses, and Wrinkles in the Palm of my Hand*. Portions of this also appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show in Chicago June 17 2003 *Changing Gears*. It also was previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic and Slate and Marrow*.

29 "Medication" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions Opossum Holler Tarot, The Poems Gallery, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, The Poetry Exchange, and The Prose Garden*. It has been previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted, Everyday Life, Perspectives, the Poem Mini-Book, the CRAZY Medication, and Somebody Says Something*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It also was previously published in the compact disc *Change Rearrange*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*. It also appeared on the compact disc as well as in the live performance art show in Chicago called *Death Comes in Threes* in March 2003. It also was previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic and Slate and Marrow*.

34 "A Child in the Park" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Backspace Spring, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Opossum Holler Tarot, the Blue Skys Reporter, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, The Poems Gallery, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/28/poem_237685.html, and The Poetry Exchange*. This poem was released in the chapbooks *Order Now, These Things in my Mind, For Father's Day, and Weiman Inspired Poetry*. This poem was stored in a time capsule in Naples Florida, and it also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

37 "A Stand Off" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Hot Calaloo v6#5, Opossum Holler Tarot, Juicy magazine, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Larry's Poetry Page, Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/), and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It has also been previously published in a 1995 pen name chapbook, as well as in the chapbooks *Games, I Was Looking Through, and Order Now*.

38-40 "Childhood Memories" One, Four and Six, were previously published in *Opossum Holler Tarot, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Art/Life Limited Editions, Down in the Dirt issue 5, poets2000.com/kuyper - swriting/, and The Poetry Exchange*. They have also been previously published in the chapbooks *Order Now, Prepare Her For This*. They have also all been previously published in the book *The Window*.

41 "Christmas Eve" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Larry's Poetry Page, Nite-Writer's winter, One Dog Press, Opossum Holler Tarot, Penny Dreadful Review #20, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Ya See I Got This Turtle, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, http://pub8.ezboard.com/fthecriti - calpoetsmessageboarfrm160.showMessage?topicID=21.topic, The Poetry Exchange, and ZZZZ Zyne #xvi*. It was in the chapbooks *Looking Through Their Window, the Poetry Sampler v3, Scratching, These Things in my Mind, The CRAZY Medication, Weiman Inspired Poetry, and the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently and Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless*

Orchestra. It also was previously published in the books *The Window and Treasured Poems of America*.

42-44 "Conversations" poems were previously published in *The Poetry Exchange, Best of Penny Dreadful #1 and #8 and #23, Larry's Poetry Page, Opossum Holler Tarot, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, The Poems Gallery, poets2000.com/kuyper - swriting/, and Children Churches and Daddies magazine*. Pieces from this series was previously published in the chapbooks *Looking Through Their Window and Prepare Her For This*. "Conversations Two" was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. These poems all also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

45 "Death" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Larry's Poetry Page, Opossum Holler Tarot, Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/), poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, Short Fuse v64, and The Owen Wister Review*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *A Year in the Life, Chapter 18, I Stepped Back, the Poetry Sampler v1, Scratching, S till Had To Breathe, These Things in my m ind, Weiman Inspired Poetry,* and the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

46-48 Poems from the "He Told Me His Dreams" series was previously published in *Arbitrary Random Thought, Art/Life Limited Editions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Opossum Holler Tarot, Larry's Poetry Page, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/28/poem_234726.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and Dream Network v15*. All of the poems were in a chapbook called *They Told Me Their Dreams*. "He Told Me His Dreams 1" was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*, as well as the *Torture and Triumph CD*. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. "He Told Me His Dreams 4" and "He Told Me His Dreams 9" were released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*. The "He Told Me His Dreams" poems also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

49 "My Father, Shooting and Animal" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Conflict of Interest, God's Bar: Unplugged (#4), Larry's Poetry Page, Opossum Holler Tarot, The Poems Gallery, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?siteName=poetry1344&item=home, The Poetry Exchange, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and World Poets*. An Italian translation of this poem was published *atmy-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *Scratching and These Things in my Mind*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

50 "Poam: A Conversation with Jimbo Breen" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, poetry.com, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Larry's Poetry Page, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Opossum Holler Tarot, Penny Dreadful Review #25, Down in the Dirt issue 5, Worldnet Publishing, and poets2000.com/kuyper - swriting/*. It is in the chapbooks *the Poetry Sampler, Scratching, These Things in my Mind, and Weiman Inspired Poetry*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

51-53 Poems from the "Private Lives" series of poems was previously published in *the Best of Penny Dreadful #1, Art/Life Limited Editions, Common Sense Almanac, Driver's Side Airbag #17, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Joey and the Black Boots #14, Larry's Poetry Page, Opossum Holler Tarot, penny dreadful review #8 and #20 and #22, Purple Patch 81, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, The Elevated Train, The Poetry Exchange, and Worldnet Publishing*. These poems made appearances in the chapbooks *I Was Looking Through*. All the poems also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

54 "Twin" was published in *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Cat Machine vol. 9, authorsden.com/visit/viewwork.asp?id=7899, Joey and the Black Boots #14, Larry's Poetry Page, Napalm Health Spa, Opossum Holler Tarot, Pif volume 3, The Flying Dog, the Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, The Poems Gallery, and The Poetry Exchange*. It is in the chapbooks *Looking Through Their Window, the Poetry Sampler v1, Scratching, These Things in my Mind, and Weiman Inspired Poetry*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

55-56 "Rape Education 3" and "Rape Education 1" each was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Britches publications*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Joey and the Black Boots (#2)*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Mutant Megadead zine*, *The New Orleans Poetry Forum*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Stripped of Everything*, *The Flying Dog*, *Worldnet Publishing*, *Writers in Paradise*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions* and *Women and Recovery*. These poems have appeared in the chapbooks *Order Now* and *Prepare Her For This*. The rape education series of poems also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

58 "Transcribing Dreams 3" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Dream Scene magazine*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *poetryboard.com*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Down in the Dirt issue 5*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It has also been in the chapbooks *Dreams Dreams*, *Seeing Things Differently*, and *They Told Me Their Dreams*. It was released on the compact discs *Seeing Things Differently* and *The Elements CD*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

60 "The Martyr and the Saint" was previously published in 24-7 artzine v2 #1, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Crimson Leer (3rd issue)*, *Dark Bizarra v2.5*, *Green Cart magazine*, *Iliad Press*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *PH volume 3*, *The Flying Dog*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *The Wooden Head Review*, and *Ya See I Got This Turtle*. It was previously published in the 1995 Poetry Wall Calendar, and it was in the chapbooks *Looking Through Their Window*, *The Poetry Sampler v3*, *Scratching, Finished with the Finnish*, *These Things in my Mind*, *Weinman Inspired Poetry*, and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It also was previously published in the books *The Window*, *Treasured Poems of America*, and the *Best Poems of the '90s*.

61 "White Knuckled" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Cat Machine vol. 8*, *Gin Mill Productions*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, and *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*. It was also used in the chapbooks *Gasoline and Reason*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *One Summer*, the 1994 Poetry Datebook, *The Poetry Sampler v5*, *Scratching*, *You're Like This When You're With Me*, *These Things in my Mind*, and *Weinman Inspired Poetry*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently* and on the *Pointless Orchestra CD Rough Mixes*. It was also released on a CD from *Pointless Orchestra*, called *Throwing Silverware Downstairs*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

62 "Walking Home From School" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Conflict of Interest*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *DCCR*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It is in the chapbooks *Order Now*, *Scratching*, *They Tried To Tease Me*, *These Things in my Mind*, and *Weinman Inspired Poetry*. It also was previously published in the book *The Window*.

66 "This You Don't Hate." was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, authorsden.com/visit/viewwork.asp?id=8110, *Larry's Poetry Page*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *The Poetry Exchange*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poe1344&item=home, poetrytoday.com, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also published in the chapbooks *The Story With The Answers* and *The Purpose of the Chapbook*, as well as in a self-titled chapbook called *This You Don't Hate*. Most recently, this was published in the book *Etc.*

67 "Because This Is What We Do" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Sparks*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *The Poetry Exchange*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *The Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoet.net/~everypoet/ppop/showthread.php?s=&theadid=22899>), mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also published in the book *Etc.*

70 "People's Right Misunderstood" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Angelflesh*, *cer"ber"us*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Fireside Poetry Review*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Green Cart magazine*, *Nowhere magazine vol. 1*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Poetic Realm issue 2*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *The Droplet Journal*, *The Poems Gallery*,

The Poetry Exchange, *The Prose Garden*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It was in the chapbooks *Politics and Violence*, and *Pop A Pill*. It was released on the *Torture and Triumph* compact disc, as well as on the CD *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It was also released on a CD from *Pointless Orchestra*, called *Throwing Silverware Downstairs*. It also was previously published in the books *Sulphur and Sawdust* and *Close Cover Before Striking*.

72 "The State of the Nation" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *cer"ber"us*, *Keepsakes* (from Iliad Press), mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Linden Lane magazine*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poe1344&item=home, *Drop* (from GAD Publishing Company), *Nowhere magazine*, *Randie and The Festive Gorilla*, *Spiral Chambers*, *The Affiliate*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Poetry Exchange*, and *The Prose Garden*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *Politics and Violence*, *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*, *The CRAZY Medication*, *Pop A Pill*, and *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It was also released on compact disc as well as performed at the live 1997 Chicago show *Live At Cafe Aloha* with writer Jason Pettus. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*; it was performed with music in the Chicago 2003 CD release party for the CD *Not Mute*, and it was performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD *Sing Your Life*. It also was previously published in the books *Sulphur and Sawdust* and *Close Cover Before Striking*.

74 "Everything Was Alive and Dying" was previously published in *Beatlicks Newsletter*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *poetryboard.com*, *McSpotlight*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *The Open Scroll*, *The Prose Garden*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *The Future is Here* and *Now and Politics and Violence*. It also was previously published in the books *Sulphur and Sawdust* and *Close Cover Before Striking*. It was released on the compact discs *Seeing Things Differently* and *The Elements CD*. It was also performed live on the WZRD radio June 6 2002. It also was previously published in the live performance art show *The Cycle of Life* at the DVA Art Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003. It also appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show in Chicago June 17 2003 *Changing Gears*.

83 "Packing" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions* v17 #3 No. 179, *Breakfast All Day #5 1997*, *@ezine*, *Fiction Online May 1996*, *Joey and the Black Boots 13 12996*, *Joey and the Black Boots 14 1997*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Late Knocking Journals Issue 1997*, *Nite-Writer's v4 #4*, *Omnifit Issue #21*, *Opossum Holler Tarot v 485*, *Skywriters Summer 1997*, <http://www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/>, *Reuben's Kincaid*, *Spring Fantasy Spring 1997*, *Sweet Annie (Edelectic Woman)*, *T. R.'s Zine #9 Jan./Feb. 1997*, *The Bridge*, *The Plowman #9 Issue 1*, *ZZZ Zine XIII*, *The Poetry Exchange*, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. An Italian translation of this poem ("imballaggio") was published at <http://www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443>, and a French translation of this poem ("emballage") was published at <http://poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poe1344&item=home>. This poem was published in the chapbook *It's Amazing How Much of your Life you Can Fit in a Single Suitcase*. It was converted into Spanish, then translated back into English, and this convolution of the poem "Packing" was published in the chapbook *Convert This*. A French translation of this poem ("emballage") was published in the chapbook *ferme le bousche!!!*. A German translation of this poem ("Verpackung") was published in the chapbook *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*. A Spanish translation of this poem ("embalaje") was published in the chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. This poem was in the chapbook and also was performed for the 1997 CD *Seeing Things Differently*. It was read on WZRD radio (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, and this poem was also on the CD and later in the October 21, 2003 performance art show *The Other Side*. It was also in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

86 "Hancock Suicide, Chicago, December 1994" was previously published in *Chicago Magazine*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Plain Brown Wrapper #34*, *The Poems Gallery*, *Snakeskin*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Drop* (from GAD Publishing Company), *So It Goes*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Down in the Dirt issue 5*, *The Poetry Exchange*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It is in the chapbook *violence in America*, and it also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

88 "Helping Men in Public Places" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *poetry-board.com*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *ilovepoetry.com*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" *poetry and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), and *Ygdraf!* It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*, as well as on the compact disc *Tick Tock*, with with guitar by J. Yotko, released with *5D/5D*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *Seeing Things Differently* and *The Matter At Hand*, and it also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

89 "Squid" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" *poetry and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *thestarlitcafe.com/poems/28/poem_237383.html*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, and *Art/Life Limited Editions*. It was previously published in the chapbook *Singular Memories*, and also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

90 "Precinct Fourteen" was previously published in *Angelflesh*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Blind Man's Rainbow*, *Breakfast All Day #5*, *Heelzap One*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Nite-Writer's v4 #4*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Penny Dreadful Review #30*, *Omnifit issue #22*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Purple Patch*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Paperplates*, *Pennicam #7*, *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poet-ry1344&item=home*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *The Bridge*, *the Higginsville Reader vol. 8 no. 2*, *The Poetry Exchange*, and *the underground!* It also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

91 "Domestic Violence in America, Nashville, Tennessee (nose)" was previously published in *Juicy magazine*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *sparrowgrass poetry forum*, *poets2000.com/kuyper-writing/*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, and *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*, as well as on a CD from *Pointless Orchestra*, called *The Angel Scratch Radio Pr oject*. It is in the chapbook *violence in america*, and it also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

92 "Too Far" was previously published in *Angelflesh*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Cat Machine vol. 8*, *connections v2 #1*, *ent-elchey*, *Happy Kitty #4*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Opossum Holler Tarot v 457*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *keepsakes*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Liquid Ohio*, *Pif*, *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poet-ry1344&item=home*, *Spiral Chambers*, *Poetic Realm issue 1*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Plastic Tower (#24)*, *The Prose Garden*, *vox volume 2 #1*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *And They Make Me Cry*, *The Way I'm Going*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Ferme le Bousch!!!*, and *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*, and it was recorded live from a reading at *Yammer* and later released on the *Side A CD*, and it was read on WZRD radio's *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* (88.3 FM) December 7 2003. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*, as well as on the CDs *The Elements CD*, and *Live in Alaska*, with music by *The Second Axing* the Alaska recording was also played on www.artistfirst.com's internet radio station November 3 2003. It also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

93 "The Carpet Factory, The Shoes" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Blind Man's Rainbow #8*, *cer'ber'us (XXV)*, *Fireside Poetry Review*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Omnifit issue #2*, *Pif the glass cherry*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *white crow v.2 i. 1*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It was read at *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* (live radio show 12/07/03). It was in the chapbooks *Politics and Violence*, *Finished with the Finnish*, *The CRAZY Medication*, *Pop A P ill*, *Violence in America*, and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*, as well as on the *Side A CD*. It was read on WZRD radio (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, and it was also released on a CD from *Pointless Orchestra*, called *The Angel Scratch Radio Pr oject*. It also was previously published in the book *Close Cover Before Striking*.

96 "On An Airplane With a Frequent Flyer" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *Green Cart magazine*, *Roll* (from GAD Publishing Company), *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, *poetryboard.com*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *naturally v22*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *Ralph's Review*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344* & *item=home*, *The Bridge*, and *The Poetry Exchange*. This poem was previously published in the chapbooks *It's Amazing How Much of your Life you Can Fit in a Single Suitcase*, *The CRAZY Medication*, *Ferme le Bousch!!!*, *Ich Bein Ein J ulte Doughnut*, and *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It also appeared on the compact disc *Live in Alaska*, with music by *The Second Axing* which was also played on www.artistfirst.com's internet radio station November 3, 2003. It was published in the book *Slate and Marrow* as well as in the books *the Best Poems of the '90s*, from the *National Library of Poetry*, and the book *the Colors of Thought*, from the *National Library of Poetry*. It also was on the 2003 CD and as well as in the October 21, 2003 live Chicago performance art show *The Other Side*.

97 "Headache" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions* *v16 #5* and *v16 #7 issue 172* and *v17 #3 No. 179*, *Blind Man's Rainbow*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Newhouse Publications*, *Opossum Holler Tarot v 483*, *Poetic Realm issue 4*, *Ralph's Review*, *Drop* (from GAD Publishing Company), *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Skywriters summer*, *Sparks v 12*, *The Kithara v5 #1*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *ilovepoetry.com*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*. It was on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*; it was performed with music in the Chicago 2003 CD release party for the CD *Not Mute*, and it was performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD *Sing Your Life*. It is in the chapbooks *Seeing Things Differently* and *The Matter At Hand*, and it also was in the books *Slate and Marrow*, *Close Cover Before Striking* and in the book *The Best Poems of 1997* from *The National Library of Poetry*.

98 "My Mother My Mother My Mother" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *Aquarian Dream issues 10 and 11*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Opossum Holler Tarot*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Poetic Realm issue 5*, *The Bridge*, *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344* & *item=home*, *Spring Fantasy*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Sweet Annie (Eclectic Woman)*, *The Plowman v8 issue 3*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *The Prose Garden*, *ilovepoetry.com*, *thestarlitcafe.com/poems/28/poem_234719.html*, and *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*. It is published in the chapbooks *It's Amazing How Much of your Life you Can Fit in a Single Suitcase* and *The Future is Here and Now*, and it also was previously published in the books *Close Cover Before Striking* and *Slate and Marrow*. It was released on the compact disc *Seeing Things Differently*. It also was in the live performance art show *The Cycle of Life* at the DvA Art Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003. It also appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show *Changing Gears* Chicago June 17 2003.

126 "Anyone Good Enough" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *maelstrom*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_4/PPX43934.htm*, *The Poetry Exchange* *atpoets2000.com/kuyperwriting*, *Add-A-Poem Center*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp?id=30118*, *the Freedom and Strength discussions*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. It also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Etc*. "Burn Through Me" was previously published in *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*, *Sweet Annie & sweet pea review*, *about him!*, and *The Poetry Exchange*. It also was previously published in the book *Blister and Bur n*.

127 "Before I Learned Better" was previously published in *Liquid Ohio*, *ZZZ Zine xv*, *Add-A-Poem (April 18 1998)*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" *poetry and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *mishibishi.net/kuyper.html*, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, *Down in the Dirt issue 5* and *poets2000.com/kuyperwriting/*. It also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Etc*.

128 "A Woman Talking About Her Rapist Friend" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, Hawthorne Press' "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *cer'ber'us* (XXV),

mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, a woman talking about her rapist friend, *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, and *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It is in the chapbooks *sexism and other stories*, *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*, *Se Habla Espanol* (the poems), and *Ferme le Bousche*, and it also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n*, (*Woman*), and *Contents Under P ressure*.

130 "Content With Inferior Men" was previously published in *Challenges*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, the *Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22897>), *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, and in *The Institute of Contemporary Poetry*. It also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Contents Under P ressure*.

131 "The Things Warren Says" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, and *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It is in the chapbooks *The Construction Of The Scale*, *They Tried To Tease Me*, *Seeing Things Differently*, and *This You Don't Hate*. chapbook, and it also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Contents Under P ressure*. "Infallible" first was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Oh*, and is at *Add-A-Poem* (April 8 1998) and *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. It also appears in the chapbook *In But Not*.

132 "Chances Two: Here I Am" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, *Add-A-Poem* (April 20 1998), *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *poetry-today.com*, the *Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22897>), and *Freedom and Strength discussions*. It was previously published in the chapbook *In, But Not, and Screaming*, and it also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Etc*.

133 "I'm Thinking About Myself Too Much" was previously published in *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, *Challenges*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*, as well as on the *Side A CD*. It was read on WZRD radio's *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* show (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, and it was performed live in the *Side A/Side B* feature in Chicago December 9 2003. It was released in the chapbook *Content With Too Much Light*; it also was previously published in the book and *Contents Under Pressure* the "Passion" kiss image has was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Dusty Dog Reviews*, *Jazy bones review #1*, *Linsey Woolsey*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, and *Opussum Holler Tarot v 446*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *dysfunctional family greeting cards*, *R ending Us*, *the night there*, *by your heart* chapbook, and the *printed gallery*. The image with the poem were used as the cover for an issue of the magazine *Challenges* as well as in the book *Blister and Bur n*.

134 "Why'll Never Get Married" was previously published in *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Roll* (from GAD Publishing Company), *ilovepoetry.com*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, and *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. An Italian translation of this poem is published at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. A French translation of this poem is published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?site-name=poetry1344&item=home*. It was previously published in the chapbooks *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, *Conver t This, You're Like This When You're With Me*, *Finished with the Finnish*, *Se Habla Espanol* (the poems), and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. It also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Contents Under P ressure*. It also appeared on two the compact discs *Six One One* and *Change Rearrange*. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live June 11 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled *Six One One*. "Who You Tell Your Dreams To" was previously published in Larry's Poetry Page, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Roll* (from GAD Publishing Company), and *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled *Stop*,

Look, Listen, and it was read on WZRD radio (88.3 FM) December 7 2003. It also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Contents Under P ressure*.

135 "Can't Answer That One" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *cer'ber'us* xxvi, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Add-A-Poem* (April 20 1998), and *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n* and *Etc*. "Russians At A Grave Sale" was previously published in *A View From Afar*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Woman/Woman=Power* magazine, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. It is in the chapbook *This You Don't Hate*, and *Pop A Pill*, and it also was previously published in the books *Blister and Bur n*, *Contents Under P ressure* and *A View From Afar*, from the *National Library of Poetry*.

136 The untranslated version of "Wrong Attention" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* v132, *www.poetry-today.com*, *www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *www.thestarlitcafe.com/poems/29/poem_299041.html*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, and *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?site-name=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry*. "Wrong Attention" was also published in *The Elements* chapbook titled *I Need*. The untranslated version of "You Will" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Down in the Dirt* issue 7, *oetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?site-name=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* v132, *www.poetry-today.com*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *www.thestarlitcafe.com/poems/29/poem_299040.html*, and *Freedom and Strength discussions*. "You Will" was also published in the chapbook *The Poetry Exchange*, and it was published in *The Elements* chapbook titled *I Need*.

138 The untranslated version of "Fire Alarms" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine, *Larry's Poetry Page*, the *Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22897>), *The Poetry Exchange*, *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, and *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It also was previously published in the chapbook *Content With Too Much Light*, and in the books *Contents Under Pressure* and *Oh*.

139 The untranslated version of "A Match" was previously published in *Pacific Coast Journal*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, and *Children Churches* and *Daddies* magazine. "A Match" was published in six languages (English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese and Italian) at the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *dysfunctional family greeting cards* and *Ferme le Bousche*. The untranslated version of "Love Has Tendrils" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, and *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. The French translation of "Love Has Tendrils" was first published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?site-name=poetry1344&item=home*. "Love Has Tendrils" was published in six languages (English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese and Italian) at the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*. "Love Has Tendrils" was also read in the live September 10 2002 Chicago performance (and was released May 3 2002 on the compact disc) *Stop, Look, Listen*. "Love Has Tendrils" has also been published in the books *A Celebration of Poets: showcase edition*, from the *International Library of Poetry*, and *The Best Poems of 1998*, from the *National Library of Poetry*.

140 The untranslated version of "I Must Believe" was previously published in *poetry-today.com*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* v132, *The Poetry Exchange* at *w3p3.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_4/PXP43930.htm*, *The Poetry Exchange*, and *poets2000.com/kuypers.html*. It also was previously published in the book *Oh*. The untranslated version of "I Have My Dreams" was previously published in *poetry-today.com*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Children Churches* and *Daddies* v132, *The Poetry Exchange*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *The Poetry Exchange* at

w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_4/PXP43930.htm, and poets2000.com/kuypers. It also was published in the book *Oh*. The untranslated version of "Mask" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page, The cc&d Collection vol. 10, Children Churches and Daddies magazine v45 and v61*, www.poetryboard.com, *Down in the Dirt* supplement 1, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, the *Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions*, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and *Down in the Dirt issue 4*. It was also published in the chapbook *Paper Backbone*.

141 The untranslated version of "The Deep End" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls, Juicy Britches, Larry's Poetry Page, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Lasting Moments Poetry Guild*, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, and poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home. A French translation of "The Deep End" (L'Extrimiti Profonde) was published in the chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!*, a Spanish translation of this poem ("El Extremo Profundo") was published in the chapbook *Se Habla Español (the poems)*, and a German translation of this poem was published in the chapbook *Ich Bein Ein Jely Doughtnut*. "The Deep End" was published in six languages (English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese and Italian) at the *Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions*. The English version of this poem was also published in the chapbooks *What I Want to Know and Content With Too Much Light*. "The Deep End" was also published in the books *Contents Under Pressure* and *Oh*. The untranslated version of "They Called It Trust" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Art/Life Limited Editions v17 #3 No. 179, Compost Newsletter Winter 1997, Dark Rooms DCCR v11 #8, Feelings, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Impetus, Musing magazine, Nite-Writer's fall 1994*, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *Opussum Holler Tarot v 403 and 408 and 450 and 454, PBW 25, Poet's Sanctuary, Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home, *Spilled Ink, The Bridge, The Flying Dog, The Poetry Exchange, and The Scrivener*. "They Called It Trust" was published in six languages (English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese and Italian) at the *Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions*. It was also published in the chapbooks *Addicted, the 1994 Poetry Datebook, New World Order, Dysfunctional Family Greeting Cards, Rendering Us, The Poetry Sampler v7 (May 1995), The Poetry Box v7 (May 1995), Somebody Say S omething, Love Letters, and in the Finnish/English (USA/ Vlaanderen) chapbook Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. A French translation of they called it trust (ils l'ont appellee confiance) appeared in the chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!!*. "They Called It Trust" was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*, and it was also published in the books *Dance on the Horizon and Slate and Marrow*. The untranslated version of the poem "More Whiskey Sours" was published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, the *Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Down in the Dirt issue 7, and Ydrasil*. It was also published in the chapbook *This You Don't Hate*, and in the books *Contents Under Pressure* and *Oh*.

142 The Korean version of "Here Is Me" was previously published in *Discover U v2 issue 7*. The untranslated version of "Here Is Me" was previously published in *Children Churches and Daddies magazine, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Larry's Poetry Page, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, the *Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions, and The Poetry Exchange*. It was also previously published in the chapbooks *This You Don't Hate and Content With Too Much Light*. It also was previously published in the books *Contents Under Pressure* and *Oh*. The untranslated version of "Have To Ask" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies v132, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?site-name=poetry1260&password=310331WSG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry*, www.authordsn.com/den/editpoetry.asp, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, www.poetry-today.com, www.thestar-litecafe.com/poems/29/poem_299066.html, and www.poets2000.com/kuyper-swritng/. "Have To Ask" was also published in the chapbook *The Recovery*, and it was published in *The Elements* supplemental chapbook titled *I Need*. The untranslated version of "In The Room" was previously published in www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Children Churches and Daddies v132, the Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions, Down in the Dirt issue 7, and www.authordsn.com/den/editpoetry.asp. "In The Room" was also published in the chapbook *The Recovery*. The untranslated version of "Choices" was previously published in www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting, *Children**

Churches and Daddies v132, Add-A-Poem (April 20 1998), and poetry-today.com. It also was published in the chapbooks *In, But Not, and Screaming*, as well as in the book *Oh*.

143 "Ten Minutes" was published (in Dutch, German, Italian, Norwegian, Portuguese and Spanish) at *Down in the Dirt Issue 6, and Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" poetry and prose communitiy* at <http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>; it is published in an online chapbook that contains it in Norwegian, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, and Dutch in 2003 called *Seven Languages Ten Minutes*. The seven language translations also are published at poetrypoem.com/kuypers. Per the author's request, this poem has never appeared in English.

144 "On The Flipside" is previously published in the *Add-A-Poem Center, the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise (from http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?=&threa-did=22897), Down in the Dirt Issue 6, Children Churches and Daddies v134, and Freedom and Strength discussions*. The untranslated version of "Self Destructive" was previously published in *Juicy Britches Magazine and Worldnet Publishing*. The untranslated version of "Rhode Island is Neither a Road Nor an Island" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions* and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html.

145 The untranslated version of "Say It In The First Place" was previously published in www.authordsn.com/den/editpoetry.asp, *Art/Life Limited Editions, the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise (from http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?=&threa-did=22900)*, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. The untranslated version of "Motorcycle" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Dark Rooms, DCCR, Fine Arts Pres, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, Illy's Honey, Living Jewels, Nite-Writer's, Opussum Holler Tarot #402 and #422 and #454 and #409, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poet-ry1344&item=home, Poet's Sanctuary, Spilled Ink, Renovated Lighthouse, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *The Bridge, The Flying Dog, and The Poetry Exchange*. An Italian translation of "Motorcycle" appears at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It also was previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted, dysfunctional family greeting cards, Lo ve Letters, New World Order, the 1994 Poetry Datebook, the Poetry Sampler v7, the Poetry Wall Calendar, Rendering Us, Somebody Say Something, The Poetry Box v19*, and in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook *Janet & Jean For the First Time Together*. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It was also previously published in the books *Hope Chest in the Attic and Slate and Marrow*.

146 The untranslated version of "Want That Too You Know" has been previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, www.poetry-today.com, www.thestar-litecafe.com/poems/29/poem_299049.html, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WSG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, Children Churches and Daddies v132, www.poets2000.com/kuyper-swritng/*, and www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. "Want That Too You Know" was also published in the chapbook *The Recovery*, and it was published in *The Elements* supplemental chapbook titled *I Need*. The untranslated version of "Maybe That Is Enough" has been previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies v132, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, www.poetry-today.com, www.thestar-litecafe.com/poems/29/poem_299061.html, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WSG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and www.authordsn.com/den/editpoetry.asp. The untranslated version of "Maybe That Is Enough" was also published in the chapbook *The Recovery*.

147 The untranslated version of "Rain" has been previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions v17 #3 No. 179, Britches Publications, Conflict of Interest, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Larry's Poetry Page, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, Opussum Holler Tarot v 452, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *Purple Patch #81, Short Fuse v61, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Worldnet Publishing* and it was on the Front Page of *Homme and Hearth*. It appeared in the chapbooks *I Was Looking Through, Games and Weimann Inspired Poetry*. "I Am Always The One" was previously published in *Add-A-Poem (April 8 1998)*, and it also appeared in the book *Etc*.

148 The untranslated version of "So Many Lies" was previously published in poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poet-ry1260&password=310331WSG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, *Children Churches*

and Daddies v132. www.authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, www.poetry-today.com, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, and www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, "So Many Lies" was also published in the chapbook **The Recovery**, and it was published in **The Elements** supplemental chapbook titled **I Need**. The untranslated version of "I Want More Than That" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies v132*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1260&pass-word=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, *Down in the Dirt issue 4*, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, www.poetry-today.com, www.thestarlitcafe.com/poems29/poem_299065.html, and www.authorsden.com/den/edit-poetry.asp. It was also published in the chapbook **The Recovery**.

149 The untranslated version of "The Third or Fourth Fourth of September" was previously published in poetry-today.com, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, mishibishi.net/kuypers/1998.html, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133*, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also previously published in the chapbook supplement to the book **The Elements**. The untranslated version of "What Do You Do" was previously published in poetry-today.com, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1260&pass-word=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It was also previously published in the chapbook supplement to the book **The Elements**. The untranslated version of "Now I'm Strong" was previously published in www.poetry-today.com, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and *Children Churches and Daddies v132*. It was also published in the chapbooks **The Old Is Not The New** and **Poem Book**.

150 The original version and the Persian version of "A Diamond" were published in *Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133*. The untranslated version was previously published in my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poetry-today.com, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. The untranslated version of "Creatures Can Live In Words" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, www.poetry-today.com, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, www.thestarlitcafe.com/poems29/poem_299068.html, *Down in the Dirt issue 3*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1260&pass-word=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and www.authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp. The untranslated version of "Who Is At My Side" was previously published in poetry-today.com, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *The Poetry Exchange*, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also previously published in the chapbook **The Purpose of the Chapbook**, as well as in the book **Oh**.

149 The untranslated version of "Especially At Breakfast" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Art/Life Limited Editions v17 #3 No. 179*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It was also published in the chapbook **Singular Memories**, and it was published in the book **Close Cover Before Striking**. The untranslated version of "And Flowers and Funerals" was previously published in *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also previously published in the chapbook supplement to the book **The Elements**, as well as in the book **Etc**.

150 The Chinese version of "Down the Drain" was previously published in *Discover U v2 issue 7*. The untranslated version of "Down the Drain" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and *The Poetry Exchange*. It was also previously published in the book **Oh**. The untranslated version of "See You Crawl" was previously published in *Juicy Britches Magazine*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, and *Wordnet Publishing*. It was also previously published in the chapbook **This You Don't Hate**. It was also previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure** and **Oh**.

151 The Untranslated version of "Lambs to Heaven's Gate" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *JMW Pub*.

ca's Visions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1344&item=home, *Poetic Realm issue 7*, *Opossum Holler Tarot 496*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *The Plastic Tower*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *Visions ilovepoetry.com*, and *You Can't Take It With You*. An Italian translation of this appears at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&siteName=poetry1344&item=home. It was also previously published in the chapbooks **The Casket You Bought**, **Ferme le Bousche!!**, and **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**. John Yorke read this piece live, and it was later recorded and was released on the **Torture and Triumph CD**. It was also previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure** and also in the book **Best Poems of 1998**, from the *National Library of Poetry*.

169 "Scars '97" was published in mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise (from http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?&=&threadid=22900)*, [theStarlitcafe.com/poems28/poem_237359.html](http://www.thestarlitcafe.com/poems28/poem_237359.html), and *Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133*. It was published in English as well as in Spanish at *Hawthorne Pres' "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/)*. It was released on the compact disc **Rough Mixes**, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*, as well as on a CD from *Pointless Orchestra*, called **The Angel Scratch Radio Project**. This poem was also included in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

170 The untranslated version of "Kurt Irons (It's Just A Girl)" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Mutant Renegade*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *ilovepoetry.com*, and *Ygdrasil*. A French translation of this poem was published at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&poemnumber=14561&siteName=poetry1344&password=&poemid=20&displayItem=&item=poetry. An Italian translation of this poem was published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. This poem was translated to Spanish, then back to English, and the altered version was published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It was also previously published in the chapbooks **Seeing Things Differently** and **The Casket You Bought**. It was also previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

171 "All These Reminders" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, www.ilovepoetry.com, and www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. This poem was also published in six languages (English, German, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, and French) at *Hawthorne Pres' "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/)*. A German translation of this was published in the chapbook **Ich Bein Ein Jellu Doughtnut**. A French translation of All These Reminders (Tous Ces Rappels) was published in the chapbook **Ferme le Bousche!!**. A Spanish translation of All These Reminders (Todos Estos Recordatorios) was published in the chapbook **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**. It was also published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

172 "And I'm wondering" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Help!*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Opossum Holler Tarot #495*, *Saying I Love You (from portic realm)*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *The New Moon Review #9 and #10*, *Writer's Gazette*, *Tomorrow #18*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and *ilovepoetry.com*. This poem was also published in six languages (German, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, and French) at *Hawthorne Pres' "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/)*. An Italian translation of this poem is published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It was a part of the chapbooks **Ferme le Bousche!!**, and **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**, and this was in the Finnish/English (USA/Vlaanderen) chapbook **Janet & Jean For the First Time Together**. It was released on the compact disc **Seeing Things Differently**. It was also released on compact disc as well as performed at the live 1997 Chicago show **Live At Cafe Alcho** with writer Jason Pettus. It was also previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

173 "Japanese Television" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *The Poetry Exchange*, *Down in the Dirt issue 5*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It was also previously published in the chapbooks **Seeing Things Differently** and **The Casket You Bought**. It was released on the **Torture and Triumph** compact disc, as well as on the CD **Rough Mixes**, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It was also previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

174 "The Measuring Scale" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Down in the Dirt issue 5, the Add-A-Poem Center, Freedom and Strength discussions, and Larry's Poetry Page*. It also was previously published in the chapbook **This You Don't Hate**. ; It was performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD **Sing Your Life**. It also was previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

175 "More Than We Should Have" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls, The Chiron Review, Larry's Poetry Page, Omnific, Opossum Holler Tarot, Poetic Realm issue 6, ruben's kincaid, Sparks, The Poetry Exchange, Third Lung review #21, TLR, women in the arts, Spring Fantasy, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. A French translation of this poem was published at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home. It was previously published in the chapbooks **The CRAZY Medication and sexism and other stories**. It was released on the compact disc **Seeing Things Differently**; it was also performed in the weekly open mic and was released on the 2003 CD **Sing Your Life**. It also was previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

176 "Communication" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/ing/, poetryboard.com, Larry's Poetry Page, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/28/poem_234306.html, and ilovepoetry.com*. An Italian translation of this poem is published with my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It was published in the chapbooks **Content With Too Much Light and The Future is Here and Now**, and it was released on the compact disc **Seeing Things Differently**. It was also released on compact disc as well as performed at the live 1997 Chicago show **Live At Cafe Aloha** with writer Jason Pettus. It also was previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

182 "Two Minutes With Ayn Rand" was published in *Larry's Poetry Page, the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacocks Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoe.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22900>), mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine, and ilovepoetry.com*. A French translation of this poem is also at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home. An Italian translation of this poem is also published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It also was previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

184 "New To Chicago" was previously published in *Blind Man's Rainbow v3 #2, The Chiron Review, Larry's Poetry Page, Visions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Omnific issue 23, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, Opossum Holler Tarot, Skywriters v8, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home, Paramasic Propstitute, Urbanations* (from *The New Venus Chicago Arts Press, January 2004*), and *ilovepoetry.com*. It also was previously published in the chapbook **This Is My Dilemma**. It was released on the compact disc **Seeing Things Differently**, as well as on the **Torture and Triumph CD**; it was performed with music in the Chicago 2003 CD release party for the CD **Not Mute**, and it was performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD **Sing Your Life**. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live June 11 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled **Six One One**. It was previously published in the chapbook insert for the book **The Elements**, and it also was previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

185 "Last Before Extinction" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, from behind glass, Green Cart magazine, Opossum Holler Tarot v 476, Juicy Britches, Larry's Poetry Page, The Poems Gallery, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *The Prose Garden, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/28/poem_237369.html, World Poets, The Poetry Exchange, and Ya See I Got This Turtle*. A French translation of this poem is published at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home. It also was previously published in the 1995 **Poetry Wall Calendar**, and in the chapbooks **Scratching**, and **These Things in My Mind**. It was released on the compact disc **Seeing Things Differently**, as well as on the **Torture and Triumph CD**. It also was previously published in the live performance art show **The Cycle of Life** at the DVA Art

Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003. It also was previously published in the book **Contents Under Pressure**.

188 "Making Sense Out of the Insane" was previously published in *authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, Art/Life Limited Editions, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poetry-today.com, Down in the Dirt issue 5, Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>) and *poets2000.com/kuyper-swritting/*. It was also published in a chapbook insert of the book **The Elements**, called **Take It All Away**.

189 "Pressure On Me Again" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies v132, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *Down in the Dirt issue 5, poetry-today.com, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It was also published in a chapbook insert of the book **The Elements**, called **Take It All Away**.

190 "Feel So Much" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poets2000.com, and authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp*. It was released in the online chapbook **The Recovery**, and it was previously published in the chapbooks insert for the book **The Elements**, called **General Insanity**. "Feel So Much" was also published in the book **Et cetera**, "Supposed To Be Done" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies v132, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poetry-today.com, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It was published in the chapbooks insert for the book **The Elements**, called **Take It All Away**.

191 "Any Help At All" was previously published in *poetry-today.com, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It was also in the online chapbook **The Recovery**. "My Life Changing" was previously published in *poetry-today.com, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, Art/Life Limited Editions, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/29/poem_299056.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133, and poets2000.com/kuyper-swritting/*. It was in the online chapbook **The Recovery**.

192 "Mean To Me" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poetry-today.com, authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/29/poem_299058.html, Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*. It was also released in the online chapbook **The Recovery**; it was also published in the book **Et cetera**. "Don't Need The Crutches" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, Children Churches and Daddies magazine, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, and *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry*. "Don't Need The Crutches" was also published in the book **Et cetera**.

193 "Seasons 1998" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine v133, and authorsden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp*. It was also in the online chapbook **The Recovery**, and it was previously published in chapbook form with the book **The Elements**, called **Take It All Away**.

194 "The Hunter and the Fox" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1260&password=310331WsG6jsPP.QY&item=poetry, poetry-today.com, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, thestarlitecafe.com/poems/29/poem_296915.html, Children Churches and Daddies v132, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *Down in the Dirt issue 4, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and Down in the Dirt supplement 2*. It was also released in the online chapbook **The Recovery**. "The Hunter and the

Fox" was also published in the book *Etc.* "Changing Garments" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, poetry-today.com, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&site-name=poetry1260&password=310331W5G6j5PP.QY&item=poetry_authors-den.com/den/editpoetry.asp, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was read on *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* WZRD radio (88.3 FM) 12/07/03, and it was released on the compact disc and performed live at the Chicago performance art show **Six One One** June 11 2002. It was also released in the online chapbook *The Recovery*; it was previously published in chapbook form with the book *The Elements*, called the *(apocalypse)*. "Changing Garments" was also published in the book *Etc.*

195 "Like My Motto" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&site-name=poetry1260&password=310331W5G6j5PP.QY&item=poetry-poet-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_299036.html. It also appeared on the compact disc as well as in the live performance art show in Chicago called **Death Comes in Threes** in March 2003. It was in the chapbook *The Recovery*, and it has been previously published in the book *Rinse and Repeat*.

196 "A Beacon Alone" was published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, poetry-today.com, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?td=30143, *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&site-name=poetry1260&password=310331W5G6j5PP.QY&item=poetry, and thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_296924.html. It was also published in the on line chapbook *The Recovery*.

197 "Know How The Truth Is" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&site-name=poetry1260&password=310331W5G6j5PP.QY&item=poetry, the Add-A-Poem Center, authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_297358.html, *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It was also published in the on line chapbook *The Recovery*.

200 "Against My Will" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, authorshen.com (poetry-listing), poetry-today.com, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *Freedom and Strength discussions* *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, the Add-A-Poem Center, *Ygdrasil*, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It is also on the compact disc **Change Rearrange**. It was also previously published in the books *Rinse And Repeat* and *Etc.*

202 "I Don't Want To" was previously published in my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290254.html, *Worldnet Publishing*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and authorshen.com (poetry-listing). It was also previously published in the compact disc **Change Rearrange** and *The Elements* CD. It was also previously published in the books *Rinse And Repeat* and *Etc.*

203 "How Do I Explain It" was previously published in my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290254.html, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Worldnet Publishing*, ilovepoetry.com, and authorshen.com (poetry-listing). It was also previously published in the compact with as well as in the live 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled **Stop, Look, Listen**. It was also previously published in the books *Rinse And Repeat* and *Etc.*

210 "One Summer" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Opussum Holler Tarot* 400, *Larry's Poetry Page*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *the blank page*, *World Poets*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Worldnet Publishing* and *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine. It was also previously published in the chapbooks *Addicted, Knife*, a chapbook actually called *One Summer, Trying To Make Excuses*, and *Wrinkles in the Palm of my H and*. This included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called *The Gallery*. It was also previously published in the books *Slate and Marrow* and *Changing Gears*.

211 "The Bridge To New Orleans" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies*

magazine, *Crinson Leer* issue 5, *Larry's Poetry Page*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Purple Patch #81*, the Add-A-Poem Center, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *Napalm Health Spa*, *Opussum Holler Tarot* v451 and v460, thestarlitelife.com/poems/28/poem_237689.html, and *The Flying Dog*. It was also previously published in the chapbook **I Was Looking Through**. It also appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show in Chicago June 17 2003 **Changing Gears**.

214 "Morning Will Be Kind" was also previously published in my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, *Down in the Dirt* issue 5, w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_09/week_3/pxp45703.htm, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It was also previously published in the books *Survive and Thrive* and *Etc.*

215 "After The Wreckage" was previously published in mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfrm22, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43772.htm, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/XP44844, ilovepoetry.com, thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290230.html, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, and authorshen.com (poetry-listing). It was also performed in the live performance art show *The Cycle of Life* at the DVA Art Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003. It is also on the compact disc **Change Rearrange**, as well as on the compact disc **Tick Tock**, with music by *5D/5D*. It was also previously published in the books *Survive and Thrive* and *Etc.*

216 "Holding My Skin Together" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43780.htm, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/XP44835, pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfrm22, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, poetry-today.com, authorshen.com (poetry-listing), ilovepoetry.com, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_295477.html, and my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It was published on a cassette called *The Sound of Poetry*, and it was also on the compact discs **Change Rearrange**, *The Elements* CD, and the compact disc **Tick Tock** with music by *5D/5D*. It was published in the collection books *Survive and Thrive*, *E Torture and Triumph*, and *Nature's Echoes*, as well as in the book *Etc.*

217 "Gears Get Caught In The Mud" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, poetry-today.com, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43779.htm, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, thestarlitelife.com/poems/30/poem_317461.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfrm22, ilovepoetry.com, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, and authorshen.com (poetry-listing). It also has two different track recordings on the compact discs **Change Rearrange**, *The Elements* CD, and *The Side A* CD, and is also on the compact disc **Tick Tock**, with music by *5D/5D*. It was read on WZRD radio (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, and it was performed live in the *Side A/Side B* feature in Chicago December 9 2003. It was performed with music in the Chicago 2003 CD release party for the CD *Not Mute*. It was also published in the books *Survive and Thrive* and *Etc.*

220 "What It Felt Like" was previously published in www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry.com, www.poetry-today.com, www.thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290249.html, *The Poetry Exchange* at http://www.w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43773.htm, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, the Add-A-Poem Center, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and www.authorshen.com (poetry-listing). It was also previously published in the books *Warm and Fuzzy* and *Etc.*

221 "Whether or Not It Is From Religion" was previously published in *The Pink Palace of Pettitude* at *Peacock's Paradise* (<http://www.everypet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&theta-did=22900>), themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, poetry-today.com, the Add-A-Poem Center, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, and ilovepoetry.com. It was also previously pub-

lished in the books **Warm and Fuzzy** and **Et c.**

224 "Praying To Idols" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, [poetry-today.com, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443](http://poetry-today.com/my-diary.org/read/?read=2443), poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44838, [www.thestartlife.com/~authorshden.com/\(poetry_listing\)](http://www.thestartlife.com/~authorshden.com/(poetry_listing)), poems2000.com/317456.html and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It also was previously published in the compact disc **Change Rearrange**. It also was previously published in the book **Warm and Fuzzy**.

226 "The Battle At Hand" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, [PostPoems EzBoard Online Community](http://PostPoemsEzBoardOnlineCommunity.com) at pub32.ezboard.com/~postpoemsmessageboardfrm22, *Beatlick News Online* at gocities.com/beatlick/beatlick.html, authorshden.com ([poetry listing](http://poetry_listing)), *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43782.htm, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44839, and ilovepoetry.com. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live June 11 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled **Six One One**. It was released on the compact disc **Rough Mixes**, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It also was previously published in the books **Survive and Thrive**, **Et c.**, and **Warm and Fuzzy**.

230 "The Men At The Construction Site" was previously published in *Art/Life limited editions v17 #11 issue 187*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, <http://pub8.ezboard.com/ftheoreticalpoetsmessageboardfrm160.showMessage?topicID=21.topic>, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It also was previously published in the chapbooks **The Nightmares and the Soybeans** and **This You Don't Hate**. It also was previously published in the books **The Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)** and **Contents Under Pressure**.

231 "A Socially Accepted Target" was previously published in *cer'ber'usxxx*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Stripped of Everything*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *The Freedom and Strength discussions*, <http://pub8.ezboard.com/ftheoreticalpoetsmessageboardfrm160.showMessage?topicID=21.topic>, and *The Poetry Exchange*. It was performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD **Sing Your Life**. It also was previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure** and **The Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)**.

234 "Andrew Hettinger" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions v18 #4*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, theartlitecafe.com/poems28/poem_237353.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and *ilovepoetry.com*. A French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese translation of this poem was published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. It also was previously published in the chapbooks **Ferme le Bousche!!!**, **Ich Bein Ein Jelly D**, **oughnut**, and **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**. It is also on the compact disc **Change Rearrange**. It was read on WZRD radio's *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circuit* (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, it was performed live in the **Side A/Side B** feature in Chicago December 9 2003, and it was also performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD **Sing Your Life**. It was released on the compact disc **Rough Mixes**, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It also was previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure**, **Side A/ Side B**, and **Torture and Triumph**.

237 "God Eyes" was previously published in *Aquarian Dream #8*, *Art/Life Limited Editions v17 #3 No. 179*, *Chronicles of Disorder #3*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poetryboard.com, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *Larry's Poetry Page*, poets2000.com/kuyper-swriting/, *Opossum Holler Tarot v484*, *Santa Barbara Review*, *Silhouette Magazine #6*, *The Poems Gallery*, *The Poetry Exchange*, *The Prose Garden*, ilovepoetry.com, and <http://www.poetryarray.com/forum/viewtopic.php?p=7606#7606>. It also was previously published in the chapbooks **God Eyes Mini Books v1**, **I Never Found the Answers**, **Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut**, **To Be Not Human**, and **This Is What It Means**. It also appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show in Chicago June 17 2003 **Changing Gears**. It also was previously published in the books **Cover Before Striking**, **Side A/Side B**, and **Torture and Triumph**.

240 "Being God" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *Larry's Poetry Page*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html,

Worldnet Publishing, poetry-today.com, *Stray Poets*, poets2000.com/kuyper-swriting/, *The Poetry Place*, and authorshden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp?td=30119. An Italian translation of this poem was published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. French and Spanish translation of this poem were published in the chapbooks **Didn't Feel The Convulsions**, **Ferme le Bousche!!!** and **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**. It was released on the compact disc **Change Rearrange**. It also appeared on the compact disc as well as in the live performance art show in Chicago called **Death Comes in Threes** in March 2003. It also was previously published in the books **Torture and Triumph** and **Et c.**

244 "Civil War" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions v17#9 #185*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, *Peoplés Culture*, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *Reverie*, *The Poetry Exchange*, and poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home. French and Spanish translations were published in the chapbooks **Ferme le Bousche!!!** and **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**, and it also was previously published in the chapbook **sexism and other stories**. It also was previously published in the compact discs **Change Rearrange** and **The Elements** CD. It also was previously published in the book Oh. "Fire Alarms" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions v17#9 #185*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *Larry's Poetry Page*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, and *The Poetry Exchange*. It also was previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure** and **Oh**. "On The California Streets" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *the blank page*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *World Poets*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. It also appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show in Chicago June 17 2003 **Changing Gears**. It also was previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure** and **Oh**.

245 "Never Did the Same" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html and *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine. It also was previously published in the chapbook **This You Don't Hate**. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled **Stop**, **Look**, **Listen**. It also was previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure**, **Bliester and Burn**, and **Oh**. "I Have My Dreams" was previously published in my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_4/PXP43031.htm, poetry-today.com, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It also was previously published in the chapbooks **In But Not and Screaming**. It also was previously published in the book Oh. "Ways to Spend Your Money" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Churches and Daddies* magazine, and mishibishi.net/kuypers.html. It also was previously published in the 2004 *Poetry Wall Calendar*. It was published in the chapbook **You're Like This When You're With Me**, and it appeared on the compact disc and in the live performance Art show in Chicago June 17 2003 **Changing Gears**. It also was previously published in the books **Contents Under Pressure** and **Oh**.

248 "Each Morning" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&site-name=poetry1260&password=310331Wsg6jSP.PY&item=poetry, poet-today.com, authorshden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, and poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/. It also was previously published in the 1998 on line chapbook **The Recovery**. It also was previously published through the book **The Elements**, in a chapbook called **General Insanity**.

249 "How I Imagine You" was previously published in poetry-poem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?&sitename=poetry1260&password=310331Wsg6jSP.PY&item=poetry, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), authorshden.com/den/edit/poetry.asp, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, poetry-today.com, and poets2000.com/kuyper-swriting/. It also was previously published in the 1998 on line chapbook **The Recovery**. It also was previously published through the book **The Elements**, in a chapbook called **General Insanity**.

250 "Til the Fear in Me Subsides" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), theartlitecafe.com/poems/29/poem_290252.html, poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/, [320](http://poet-</p>
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ry-today.com, *ilovepoetry.com*, *themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*, and *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. It also was released on the compact disc **Tick Tock**, with music by *5D/5D*. It was previously published through the book **The Elements**, in a chapbook called the **(apocalypse)**, and it was published in the book **Etc.**

252 "Death is a Dog" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30122*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, *Worldnet Publishing*, *ilovepoetry.com*, and was also published through the *National Library of Poetry*. It was read at *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* (live radio show 12/07/03). It also was previously published in the chapbook **Screaming**. It was released on the compact disc and performed live at the Chicago performance art show **Six One One June 11 2002**. It also was previously published as a supplement to the book **The Elements** book in a chapbook called the **(apocalypse)**. It also appeared in the book **Etc.**

253 "Fantastic Car Crash" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30124*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Mad Blood #6*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *poetry-today.com*, *ilovepoetry.com*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, *Worldnet Publishing*, and was also included and published through the *National Library of Poetry*. It also was previously published in the chapbook **Screaming**. It was released on the compact disc **Change Rearrange**. It was released on the compact disc and performed live at the Chicago performance art show **Six One One June 11 2002**. It also was previously published as a part of **The Elements** book set, in a chapbook called the **(apocalypse)**, and it was published in the book **Etc.**

256 "Burn It In" was previously published in *Hellp, Larry's Poetry Page*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, *Speer Presents october 24, tefr*, *Drop* (from GAD Publishing Company), *thestarlitelife.com/poems/28/poem_233775.html*, *ilovepoetry.com*, and *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. A French translation of this poem has been published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. A French translation of this poem also was published in the on line chapbook **Ferme le Bousche!!!**, a German translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook **Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughtnut**, and a Spanish version of this poem is published in the on line chapbook **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**. It was read on WZRD radio's show *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* (88.3 FM) December 7 2003, and it was performed live in the **Side A/Side B** feature in Chicago December 9 2003. It was also released on compact disc as well as performed at the live 1997 Chicago show **Live At Cafe Aloha** with writer Jason Pettus. It also was published in the books **Contents Under Pressure** and **Side A/Side B**.

259 "Children Churches and Daddies" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions v17 #3 No. 179*, *Beet*, *Cat Machine vol. 9*, *Cotton Gin*, *Dark Bizara v2.5*, *Vivo #2*, *Napalm Health Spa*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *Opossum Holler Tarot v406 and v439*, *po v. 16*, *Purple Patch 81*, *Discover U v2 issue 7*, *Spilled Ink*, and *Your Dad Is*. It also was previously published in the chapbooks **Wrinkles in the Palm of my Hand**, **Addicted**, **collection vol. 5**, **Knife**, **New World Order**, **One Summer**, **Poetry Sampler v5**, the **1992 Poetry Wall Calendar**, **Trying To Make Excuses**, and the **Finish/English (USA/Vlaanderen)** chapbook **Janet & Jean For the First Time Together**. A Finnish translation of this poem were published in the chapbook **Finished with the Finnish**. This was included in a set of 1993 Hypercard Stacks called **The Gallery**. It also was previously published in the books **Side A/Side B**, **Slate and Marrow**, and **Hope Chest in the Attic**.

262 "Venture to the Unknown" was previously published in *the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoe.net/~everypoe/ppop/showthread.php?&=3&theadid=22897>), *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *Down in the Dirt Issue 6*, *Children Churches and Daddies v134*, and the *2004 Scars Publications wall calendar*. It also was the final piece on the 2003 CD and was also in the October 21, 2003 live Chicago performance art show **The Other Side**.

263 "Freedom Just Past the Fence" was previously published in *Beatlick News Online* at *geocities.com/beatlick/beatlick.html*, *pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfrm22*, *Down in the Dirt Issue 6*, *Children Churches and Daddies v134*, and *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*.

John Yotko also read this live at a **Lake Demented Poets** meeting March 23, 2002.

264 "Military Police" was published in *the Add-A-Poem Center*, *Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *Down in the Dirt Issue 6*, *Children Churches and Daddies v134*, and *Freedom and Strength discussions*.

265 "Changing City" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *www.poetry-today.com*, the poetry exchange at http://www.w3pc.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43778.htm, *www.thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_294670.html*, *www.themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*, *www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, and *www.authorshen.com (poetry listing)*. "Start All Over" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *www.poetry.com*, *www.poetry-today.com*, *www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, *www.thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_294673.html*, *www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, and *www.thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_294673.html*. It was also in a book by the National Library of Poetry, called **Nature's Echoes**.

266 "Getting Quite Good At It" was previously published in *A Room Without Walls*, *www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *www.themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *www.poets2000.com/kuyperswriting*, *Ygdrasil*, and *www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. It was also published in the book **Etc.**

267 "What Women Want" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions Larry's Poetry Page*, *Stray Poets*, *www.my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *www.poetry-today.com*, *Worldnet Publishing*, the *Poetry Place*, *www.authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30140*, and *www.mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. It was published in the chapbook **Didn't Feel The Convulsions**, and it was published in the book **Etc.**

270 "I'm Not Sick (But I'm Not Well)" was previously published in *authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30127*, *Children Churches and Daddies magazine*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. It also was previously published in the chapbook **Screaming**. It also appeared on the compact disc as well as in the live performance art show in Chicago called **Death Comes in Threes** in March 2003. It was also performed live on the WZRD radio June 6 2002. The radio recording was also released on the **Side A CD**. This poem was also published in the book **Etc.**

272 "Carpet" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *The Poetry Place*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30121*, *poetry-today.com*, *the Add-A-Poem Center*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *Stray Poets*, *Hawthorne Press "From the Gallows" poetry and prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), and *Worldnet Publishing*. It was published in the 1999 online chapbook **Didn't Feel The Convulsions**, and in the book **Etc.**

273 "Holding My Hand" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30125*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *poetry-today.com*, and *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. An Italian translation of this poem was published at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. A French translation of this poem was published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. That French translation also was previously published in the on line chapbooks **Didn't Feel The Convulsions** and **Ferme le Bousche!!!**, and the Spanish translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook **Se Habla Espanol (the poems)**. This also appeared in the book **Etc.**

274 "Once Wanted You As My Friend" was previously published in *the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypoe.net/~everypoe/ppop/showthread.php?&=3&theadid=22900>), *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfrm22*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, and *authorshen.com (poetry listing)*. It was performed in the weekly open mic and was released in the 2003 CD **Sing Your Life**. It also appeared on the **Torture and Triumph** CD, and in the book **Etc.**

276 "Timing is Everything" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, *authorshen.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30137*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *Stray Poets*, *The Poetry Place*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. The Italian translation of this poem is published

at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. The French translation of this poem is published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. The same French translation of this poem is in the on line chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, and the Spanish translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It was read at *The Cafe Radio Poetry Circus* (live radio show 12/07/03). It was released on the compact discs *Change Rearrange*, and the *Side A* CD, and was published in the book *Etc.*

277 "Scars 2000" was previously published in a *Room Without Walls, the Pink Palace of Poetitude* at Peacock's Paradise (from <http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22897>), *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *poetry-today.com*, *Down in the Dirt Issue 6*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_294672.html*, *authorsden.com*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, and *Children Churches and Daddies v134*. It was also published in the book *Etc.*

280 "Grab The Other's Neck" was published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *poetry-today.com*, www.thestarlitelife.com/poems/30/poem_317460.html, pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfirm22/www3px.com/poems/200/20200_08/week_4/PXP44834, and *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. It was published in *The Elements'* chapbooks insert called the *[apocalypse]*, and it appeared in the book *Etc.*

282 "Werent Even Married" was published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *the Pink Palace of Poetitude* at Peacock's Paradise (from <http://www.everypoet.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22897>), *authorsden.com/dev/edit/poetry.asp?id=30139*, *Down in the Dirt Issue 6*, *Children Churches and Daddies v134*, and *poetry-today.com*. It was published in the 1999 chapbook *Didn't Feel The Convulsions*; it was performed in the live performance art show *The Cycle of Life* at the DvA Art Gallery in Chicago 9/12/03, and it appeared in the book *Etc.*

284 "Burning Building" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *authorsden.com/dev/edit/poetry.asp?id=30120*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *Stray Poets*, *The Poetry Place*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. A French translation of this poem is published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. An Italian translation of this poem is published at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. A French translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbooks *Ferme le Bousche!!!* and *Didn't Feel The Convulsions*. A German translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*. A Spanish translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. This poem was also printed in the book *Etc.*

285 "Death Takes Many Forms" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *Common Sense Almanac*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *Stuff!* magazine, *Stray Poets*, *authorsden.com/dev/edit/poetry.asp?id=30123*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *thestarlitelife.com/poems/28/poem_233778.html*, *The Poetry Place*, *Worldnet Publishing* and *ilovepoetry.com*. A French translation of the poem is published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. An Italian translation of the poem is published at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. It was also previously published in the chapbook *Screaming*. A French translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!!*. A German translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*. A Spanish translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It was on the compact disc and *Chicago* performance art show *Six One One*. It was performed live at the show *The Cycle of Life* at the DvA Art Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003. This poem was also published in the book *Etc.*

288 "I Dreamt About You Last Night" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *authorsden.com/dev/edit/poetry.asp?id=30126*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. It was also previously published in the chapbook *Screaming*. An Italian translation of this poem was also published at *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*. A French translation of this poem was published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. The French translation of this poem was previously published in the on line chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!!*, and the Spanish

translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It was released on the compact disc *Rough Mixes*, with music from *Pointless Orchestra*. It was released on compact disc as well as performed at the live 1997 Chicago show *Live At Cafe Aloha* with writer Jason Pettus. It also appeared in the book *Etc.*

290 "I'm A Record Now" was previously published in a *Room Without Walls*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43781, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44836, *ilovepoetry.com*, *thestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *poetry-today.com*, *authorsden.com (poetry listing)*, *thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_296387.html*, and *pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfirm22*. It was published in the book *Etc.* and it was the final piece performed in the live performance art show *The Cycle of Life* at the DvA Art Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003.

291 "Expecting the Stoning" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *poetry-today.com*, *thestarlitelife.com/poems/28/poem_234317.html*, *thestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*, *authorsden.com (poetry listing)*, and *ilovepoetry.com*. It was released on the compact disc *Change Rearrange*. It was also performed live on the WZRD radio June 6 2002. It was published in the book *Etc.*

294 "Isn't It Amazing" was previously published in *The Poetry Place*, *authorsden.com/dev/edit/poetry.asp?id=30128*, *Stray Poets*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *Larry's Poetry Page*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, and *Worldnet Publishing*. A French translation of this poem is published at *poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home*. A French translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbooks *Didn't Feel The Convulsions* and *Ferme le Bousche!!!*. A Spanish translation of this is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. This also appeared in the book *Etc.*

295 "All Your Fault" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *poetry-today.com*, *ilovepoetry.com*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44843, *authorsden.com (poetry listing)*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *thestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*, *pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfirm22*, *thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290234.html*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43774.htm, and was also published through *poetry.com*. It was released in the compact discs *Change Rearrange*, the *Side A* CD, and on the compact disc *Tick Tock*, with music by *5D/5D*. It was also published in the book *Etc.*

296 "People's Lives Were At Stake" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44840, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *poetry-today.com*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *authorsden.com (poetry listing)*, *thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290234.html*, and *pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfirm22*. It was also published in the book *Etc.*

298 "Lost in the Breeze" was previously published in *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*, *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *ilovepoetry.com*, *The Poetry Exchange* at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44840, *poetry-today.com*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, *pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboardfirm22*, and *thestarlitelife.com/poems/29/poem_290234.html*. It was released on the compact discs *Change Rearrange*, the *Side A* CD, and the compact disc *Tick Tock*, with music by *5D/5D*. It was also published in the book *Etc.*

299 "Fighting I Can Do" was previously published in *Art/Life Limited Editions*, *my-diary.org/read/?read=2443*, *Freedom and Strength discussions*, *poets2000.com/kuyperswriting/*, the *Add-A-Poem Center*, *Hawthorne Press* "From the Gallows" *poetry & prose community* (<http://hawthorne.proboards25.com/>), *poetry-today.com*, and *thestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592*. It appeared *The Elements* CD, as well as on the CD *Tick Tock*, with music by *5D/5D*. It was also published in the book *Etc.*

300 "Learning More" was previously published in *ArtLife Limited Editions*, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poetry-today.com, poets2000.com, kuyperswriting.com, *Freedom and Strength discussions, the Add-A-Poem Center*, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, *the Pink Palace of Poetitude at Peacock's Paradise* (from <http://www.everypo-et.net/~everycom/ppop/showthread.php?s=&threadid=22897>), thestarlitcafe.com/poems/29/poem_290234.html, authorsden.com (*poetry listing*), and *mishibishi.net/kuypers.html*. It was published in the online chapbook *For Father's Day*, and it was published in the book *Etc.*

302 "My Dead Daughter" was previously published in pub32.ezboard.com/fpostpoemsmessageboard-frm22, ilovepoetry.com, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *ArtLife Limited Editions*, poetry-today.com, *The Poetry Exchange at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_07/week_3/pxp43776.htm*, *the starlite cafe atthestarlitcafe.com/poems/29/poem_290232.html*, themestream.com/gspd_browse/author/view_author_info.gsp?auth_id=112592, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com, kuyperswriting.com, authorsden.com, and *The Poetry Exchange at w3px.com/poems/2000/2000_08/week_4/PXP44841*. It was also in the live performance art show *The Cycle of Life* at the DvA Art Gallery in Chicago September 12 2003. It is released on the compact disc *Change Rearrange*, and it was published in the book *Etc.*

303 "True Happiness in the New Millennium" was previously published in *ArtLife Limited Editions*, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, *Larry's Poetry Page*, mishibishi.net/kuypers.html, *Stray Poets*, authorsden.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30138, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com, kuyperswriting.com, poetry-today.com, *The Poetry Place*, thestarlitcafe.com/poems/28/poem_234312.html, *Worldnet Publishing*, *UrbanNations* (from the *New Venus Chicago Arts Press*, January 2004), and ilovepoetry.com. An Italian translation of "True Happiness in the new Millennium" is published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. A French translation of this poem is published at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?site-name=poetry1344&item=home. A French translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!!*. A German translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbooks *Didn't Feel The Convulsions* and *Ich Bein Ein Jelly Doughnut*. A Spanish translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It appeared on the compact disc as well as in the live performance art show in Chicago called *Death Comes in Threes* in March 2003, and was published in the book *Etc.*

306 "Looking For a Worthy Adversary" was previously published in *Larry's Poetry Page*, *ArtLife Limited Editions*, authorsden.com/den/editpoetry.asp?id=30130, *Children Churches and Daddies* magazine, poetry-today.com, my-diary.org/read/?read=2443, poets2000.com, kuyperswriting.com, *Stray Poets*, thestarlitcafe.com/poems/28/poem_233777.html, *Worldnet Publishing*, *The Poetry Place*, and ilovepoetry.com. It was published in the 1999 online chapbook *Didn't Feel The Convulsions*. An Italian translation of this poem is published at my-diary.org/read/?read=2443. A French translation of this poem is published at poetrypoem.com/cgi-bin/index.pl?sitename=poetry1344&item=home. A French translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Ferme le Bousche!!!*. A Spanish translation of this poem is published in the on line chapbook *Se Habla Espanol (the poems)*. It also was previously published in the compact with as well as in the live June 11 2002 performance art show in Chicago, both titled *Six One One*. *the International Society of Poets* published this work in a book titled *From the Mountaintop*, and this was published in the book *Etc.* The author read a portion of this poem at her wedding, May 7 2003.

COLOPHON

Oeuvre went through three radical design changes and three title changes since its inception in 1998. The final title came after library research in 2003.

Oeuvre was originally designed with an all black cover; the final cover photo was photographed May 2003 in Bad Gastein, Austria. Though Kuypers modeled and designed the cover image, John Yotko was the photographer. *Oeuvre* was designed in QuarkXpress (v4.1), primarily using the Adobe Garamond font for the body copy (additional portions are also in the fonts Copperplate Gothic and 30, AmSlan, Braille AOE, Exocet, Garish Monde, Goudy, Helvetica Black & Compressed & Condensed & UltCompressed, HouseRen&Stimpy, Irrep, ITCFenice Light, Letter Gothic, Linotext, Marker, MasonNewCaps, New Baskerville, Nueva BoldExtended, and Trajan). Adobe Photoshop (v5.5 and 7.0) was used to edit all images (including some image creation and editing from Adobe Streamline v4.0); Adobe Illustrator v8.0.1-10.0 was also used for image creation.

The designs for each section of this volume were derived from the original type designs of the original book publications, from 1993 to 2003.

Penny Dreadful Press agreed to list their name in joint publication with **Scars Publications** in Kuypers' books, including this collection book. **Freedom & Strength Press** has also joined in publishing books from Kuypers. In honor of this collection book's release, **Dried Roses Press**, **Hawthorne Press** and **Troy Press** have joined in publishing this collection book with their press names as well.

Colophon 2, an inscription at the end of a book. (*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language*, 2001)

SCARS PUBLICATIONS, & KUYPERS CHAPBOOKS

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| Chapter 18 | Janet & Jean For the First Time Together |
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| Poem Book | Convert This |
| The Old Is Not The Good | Ferme le Bousche |
| Addicted | Finished with the Finnish |
| Everyday Life | How Do You Know About Marriage |
| People Today | Ich Been Ein Jelly Doughnut |
| The Printed Gallery | In But Not |
| Magnolia Christmas | Pop A Pill |
| Perspectives | Que Bella |
| Still Had To Breathe | Screaming |
| Weinman-Inspired | Se Habla Espanol (the prose) |
| I Stepped Back | Se Habla Espanol (the poetry) |
| This is What It Means | The Sexy Ways of the Portuguese |
| Plush Horse Stories | The Recovery |
| Scratching | To Be Ugly |
| Singular Memories | Didn't Feel the Convulsions |
| The Matter At Hand | For Father's Day |
| And They Make Me Cry | The Footbindings |
| It's Amazing How Much of Your Life You
Can Fit in a Single Suitcase | The Purpose of the Chapbook |
| Letters from Wartime | Time To Collect |
| Love Letters | To Not Be Human |
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| Sexism and Other Stories | The CRAZY medication |
| Supra Groovy | The Future is Here and Now |
| The Twin Within | Get Your Buzz On |
| Wrinkles in the Palm of my Hand | Stop. The Poetry Chapbook |
| Construction of the Scale | Wired |
| Content With Too Much Light | {The Apocalypse} |
| Seeing Things Differently | 1985-6 |
| Still Had To Breathe | Take It All Away |
| The Nightmares and the Soybeans | Post Accident |
| The Story With The Answers | I Need |
| The Way I'm Going | Love |
| They Tried To Tease Me | General Insanity |
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| What I Want To Know | 7 Languages 10 Minutes |
| | Death Comes in Threes |



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performance/spoken word: The Elements collection CD
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WARNING: Do not shake before opening. Take three times daily, with meals. Take with food or milk. Take on an empty stomach. Do not drink alcohol. Do not leave unattended. Do not mix with similiar products, as toxic fumes may result. Do not skip. Do not take aspirin while using this product. Do not operate heavy machinery. May cause drowsiness. May cause ulcers. May cause dizziness. May cause weight gain. May cause weight loss. May cause irritability. May have to be taken consistently before expected results. Side effects may vary for each patient. If effects become severe, consult physician immediately. If swallowed, DO NOT induce vomiting. Rinse mouth. Avoid sunlight. Women should not injest while pregnant; it impairs your ability to drive a car or operate machinery. Always unplug electrical appliances before using. May burn if overheated. Avoid direct contact with eyes. Keep out of reach of children.

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