

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

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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