



someone else,
anyone else

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A Letter

I was looking through some old photographs of mine the other night, and I came across a photo of you. A snapshot, by the pool in Florida. Years ago. Those were the days when you thought you were cool, when another gang broke your ribs, when the cops chased you down the street for trying to steal a car. They caught you because you slipped in your two hundred dollar boots. You had to sell your stereo to pay your lawyer.

And things do change. You wanted to go back to school, you worked full time, you kept away from the drugs. And your back hurt all the time, you felt too old, you wanted to start over again. I still remember that photograph. I was dating you then, but you never told me you had another girlfriend. She wrote me a month later, telling me you were engaged.

It's funny to see that I lasted longer than her, that I still have a hold over you.

Did you ever give her an engagement ring? Was it an emerald, too?

I remember once, in the hall, after you took a drag from your cigarette, leaned over the pool table and made your shot, you told me that you would do anything for me. I asked if you'd give me the diamond earring in your ear. You remember the one, the one a married thirty-five year old woman gave you when you were sleeping with her. Yeah, that one. And you told me that if I needed it, you'd sell it and give me the money.

Christ, the pool table, and the pool cue that was your grandfather's that you got after he died. You loved him, and he wasn't even related to you, your step mother's dad. But you never liked your family. You never liked anyone, unless it was convenient. You never liked anyone, unless you weren't alone.

Someone told me last spring that they heard you say, "Have you ever decided that you wanted something so much, but you knew you could never have it?"

They thought you were talking about me. I think you were, too.

Yes, it was nice to see a change, it was nice to see you sitting in the mornings with your coffee and your cigarette drawing in your book, creating. You have potential, you've got a genius inside you that's been beaten up by too many gangs, screamed at too many times by your family, hardened by too many pains, hurt by too many insane nights.

You once knew a pharmacist, one who liked to steal stuff and mix it with anything else he could find. You befriended him quickly. You think I don't know these things, but I do. You think I don't know you, but I do.

You used to always tell me I was the only person that knew you. You wanted someone to talk to, and you wanted it to be me. And then we'd argue,

and you'd get defensive, and the first thing out of your mouth would be, "You don't know me. You don't know anything about me."

Don't try to separate yourself from me. You can't do it.

It's not love. You should know that by now. It's two people, from two different countries, from two different worlds, who can read each other's minds.

Less than a week after you stormed out of the bar, someone came up to me and asked, "Why are you still wearing his emerald ring?"

I shouldn't have to explain. They might not understand, but you do.

When you stormed out of the bar a few months ago, I didn't think you were leaving town. But you were gone. Damn, you're such a hot head. But I know you. A few months will pass, maybe a year, and you will call again. You will say you want to be friends. But it's more than that.

It's like we're connected. It just feels different when we're in the same room together.

And when you can't stand it anymore, when you need that feeling again, you'll call.

A Match

“I once set fire to my fingernail.
I wanted my finger to be a
human candle.”
She dropped another match into her glass.
The flame sizzled
in the drops of drink at the bottom.
She struck another match
at the side of the box. Kitchen matches.
Six or seven lay on the cocktail napkin,
ten more at the bottom of the glass.
In a corner booth, in this small club
the flame she aroused looked like
any other table light.
But the club was hers. She owned it
feet on the bench, knees bent.
Everything there focused on her
and the little piece of energy
she held.
Everything there was hers to abuse.
And she struck another match.
“An old flame used to say
that everyone is a pyro at heart.”
And she blushed.
“Yeah, I set my
fingernail on fire
as I was talking to someone.
It was a fake nail. The burning
plastic smelled.
But I didn’t realize what I had done
until I felt the heat on my skin.”
Just then you could see the flame
dancing at her fingertip.
She shook the match. She dropped it in her glass.

Chain Smoking

He had been acting strangely for oh, the last six months or so, but I never thought much of it. He was the type of friend who was always doing everything -- he held two jobs, was a full time student double majoring in pre-med and Russian, he was in a fraternity house and was also involved with Air Force R.O.T.C. And he still managed to find time to go out on the weekends and flirt with every girl he met. He even hit on me three and a half years ago, while we were still mere acquaintances and not the closest of friends.

But he had been acting strangely, not calling me as much, not visiting or going out. After about a month or two of this he came over one night at about midnight and started complaining to me about the stress in his life. Then he started to chain smoke, the man who never smoked before, the man who was studying to go to med school, the man who wanted to be in tip-top shape for the Air Force. It made no sense. It was two o'clock in the morning, and he was still complaining to me, he was still wide awake, and he still looked like he needed something to hit.

I had told him before that he did too much with his life and that one day it would all catch up with him. I figured that's what was happening now.

Every time I saw him after that he was the same way -- irritable, chain smoking, telling me about how he's not sleeping a lot and how he's failing his classes. His girlfriend was studying in Russia for the semester. He flirted some without her around, but he didn't cheat on her. But he didn't miss her.

Recently a group of black guys beat him up on the street one night. They picked him out of a crowd and punched him in the face, the doctors figured the assailant had something in his hand, brass knuckles, a roll of quarters, for he made a clean break in his jaw. He had his mouth wired shut for six weeks. I thought maybe this was part of the reason he was on edge, sucking food through a straw for over a month has to be a pain in the ass. But his behavior changed before the accident. And he still chain smoked through the wires in his mouth.

I figured that it must be because of his family that he was the way he was. His father was a high ranking official in the Air Force, they travelled around constantly, his father was always succeeding, always being the stern perfectionist. He wasn't like that. He wasn't stern. He was sweet, and fun.

And now look, He's probably giving himself ulcers, if not lung cancer.

So I finally got back into town and I decided that I had to get this all figured out. The latest I heard was that he was getting back to religion and thinking of talking to his pastor for advice on some of his problems. It

sounded like a cop-out to me, I mean, religion wouldn't give him the answers he needed but the answers they wanted him to have, so I was thinking that if he really needed help he should go talk to a counselor. He gets counseling services free through the student clinic. Oh, shit, I don't even really know what's wrong with him, I've got to try to talk to him, I hope he opens up to me, we've been friends for too long.

So I asked him to stop by and he came over to my place and he knew very well that I wanted the truth out of him. What was the stress from? Why did he just break up with his girlfriend less than a week after they were looking at engagement rings, why is he chain smoking, is the Air Force doing this to him, does he really need the money from his two jobs?

So he comes in, sits down on the couch next to me, and tells me that he's been coming to terms with the fact that he thinks he's gay. Or at least bi, he's not sure, everything's so confusing. What would the fraternity house say? What would the Air Force say, other than good-bye, and most importantly, what would his parents say? What would the world say?

Okay, so I was shocked, but this wasn't the time to show it. I gave him a hug, let him talk for a while, told him I was there for him. I suggested thinking about counseling. Then we went to a sub shop and had lunch, tried to get our minds off these things.

And we're at the counter of this sub shop and we're making cracks about a six inch versus a twelve inch sub. He told me I was ordering the six inch because I never had him. Fuck, he's doing it again, being his same old self, flirting with women that are friends, and I can take it in good fun and all, but this just seems a little too strange. So then I start thinking, okay, does he make these kinds of cracks to other men? Is he attracted to everything that walks down the god damn street?

So then we're eating our subs and we're sharing the same drink and I start thinking, should I be doing this? Is this safe?, and I still take another drink and try not to think about it. And then he says, "My problem is that I'm horny all the time." Then he tells me about his boyfriend Brandon and from then on nothing seemed real anymore. I had to ask if the gold necklace he was wearing was Brandon's, it's not his style to wear necklaces. It was. He was even borrowing the guy's car.

So I tell him to call me, and I tell him I'll help him look for a counselor if it will help him deal with the issue, and I tell him he can talk to me anytime. And I get out of Brandon's car and walk back to my place.

And then I just start thinking. This is the man who hit on me at a rock concert we went to three years ago by running his tongue up and down my face. This was the man that I visited on the east coast, we had a romantic dinner in a private room in the Air Force dining hall. We toured Salem,

Massachusetts and took pictures posing in the witch racks they have on the sidewalks for tourists. We shopped in Maine and bought glassware and Christmas ornaments together. We went to fraternity dances, I was his date, hey, we even went to a military ball together. This is the man who would sit with me in my window sill, feet hanging out the second story, drinking fuzzy navel with me and singing rap songs. This is the man who was my roommate for a few months, we'd go to the local fitness center together and exercise, he'd be on the bicycles, I'd be on the rowing machine.

This was the man who sat with me one night in my apartment, like we were two kids in high school, and we wrote lists of all the people we made out with. His list of women was relatively short, but I didn't think much of it. He told me at the sub shop that his list of men was longer than mine.

This was the man I went to happy hours with every Friday afternoon. He carried me home once because I didn't eat that day and the beer went straight to my head. He called me spaghetti legs from then on because I lost all muscle control in the lower half of my body and couldn't walk. He carried me home and put me to bed.

Another day at another happy hour when we were both depressed because we thought we'd never find someone to marry he told me that if we were both single when we were forty, we'd get married. It was our little joke from then on to say that we were engaged.

I had a dream a couple of weeks before he told me this that he told me he had AIDS from a blood transfusion. The news tore me apart, my close friend, this couldn't be happening to you, I just can't believe it, it must be a mistake, anyone but you. I told him I'd be there for him, I wasn't afraid to hug him, I wasn't afraid to kiss him. And in the dream I wanted to marry him then and there, just so he didn't die alone.

How A Woman Falls in Love

I

Okay, here's scene number one: it's about three in the morning, you're in a wheat field with him. He pulled his junker off the country road, got out a blanket, and just started walking. You followed. The hip-high blades of grass were wet with dew, you can still feel the cool of the water when you think about it now. And you can smell the wheat, you can smell that it's green, that the acres in the dark are screaming with life.

He finds a spot and pushes the wheat down. Then the blanket goes. Then you go.

You remember that all you could see was a few stars in the sky, silhouettes of trees waving on the horizon, wheat hovering over you like skyscrapers. And him, kissing your arm, your shoulder, your cheek, your eyelid.

When the two of you leave, he tells you it's a little after four. And you don't believe him.

II

Okay, here's another scene: you're sitting at your desk, and out of the corner of your eye you see a jar of potpourri. There are about twenty white roses in the glass, they're still whole. You dried them yourself.

So when you see the roses you stop your work and let your eyes wander until they can't see anymore. And you daydream.

You remember him coming over with two dozen long stem white roses, taking you on a picnic. You ended up in the balcony of a music theatre eating croissants and strawberries with sugar, drinking champagne, listening to a pianist play Mozart on the stage below.

And you remember that he took you to dinner afterward, but what really sticks in your mind is that after dinner you brought him back you your place and you turned on the stereo and slow danced in the dark.

You moved away the next day. But you put all the roses and all the leaves and all the baby's breath in a small garbage can, filled it with some water and took it with you.

And that's why you keep the roses dried on your desk.

III

Okay, I've got another one: you're fulfilling your end of a bet, so you take him out to an empty road one night, fully prepared to serenade him. But

every thing starts to go wrong: the wind picks up and you're shivering with a chill, you're coming down with a cold and sound nasal, you get nervous, he's going to hate it, you're going to make a fool out of yourself, and you can't even think of a good song to sing. So you're racking your brains for a good tune, you should have thought of this before, he's still there staring at you, and finally you remember this song from your childhood. Your older sister taped it for you, you don't even know who sings it, but all you ever thought was that it was a song about romance, about love lasting forever. So you just started to sing.

In the back of your mind you always thought that song would be the song you shared with your husband. But you didn't tell him that part.

IV

So now jump ahead a couple weeks. You're at a bar with him, it's crowded, you're pretty drunk. After the bar closes he takes you to his car, his already pathetic car, you know, the one that stalls at intersections, and by now the driver's side door is stuck and won't open so he has to crawl in from your side. Well, he drives you to his house and he lets you in and he goes upstairs and he gives you a bouquet of flowers, and then he gives you this compact disc with the song you sang to him on it. He found out the name of the original singer, and by the fourth record store he found the song.

And he got it for you, girl. For you.

V

Alright, one more. No picnics, no serenading, no gifts. Here's the scene: you make dinner with him at your apartment. You set the table, lower the lights, turn on some big band music real soft. He opens the wine. As you eat, the two of you start talking.

About politics. About the upcoming election. About abortion. The death penalty. The judicial system. About the ethical dilemma in returning clothing to a retail store simply because you've worn it and don't like it anymore. About business. About the welfare system. About philosophy.

So when you can't eat anymore you just kind of lean back in your chair and watch him. You smile. He's your intellectual equal. He talks to you.

You know, earlier that day you were looking through the want ads because you wanted a new apartment. And you mentioned, without thinking, that the two of you could save money by living together.

You still can't believe you said it. Or even thought it. But the thought is still there, haunting you, teasing you, in the back of your mind.

Having Children One Day

Every time we're together we talk about how much we both love to play with children. I wanted you to meet my niece and nephew, Claire is five, Marshall is two and a half, oh, he's so adorable at this age, all he does is hug and kiss you. And it's so cute how he kisses you, you're holding him in your arms and he grabs the sides of your head with his tiny little hands and he kisses your nose. Well anyway, I just thought you'd think they were adorable, well, they are, but I just wanted to see you with them.

And you came over, and they saw you, and they were probably thinking, "a stranger, oh no, it's a stranger, run and hide, run and hide," and I really hope you didn't take offense that the kids were a little scared of you. What do you expect, they're little, they're afraid of anyone other than their mother holding them, I mean, you understand, right?

But I wanted you to see them, I wanted you to see the love I had for them, for the future, for their future, for my future, for our future. I just wanted you to see why my eyes glowed when I talked about them.

So the day went on and little Marshall sat down next to his daddy to watch t.v., and even though he didn't know you he sat down next to you, too. And earlier you kept doing cannonballs into the swimming pool so that you would splash Claire and I. She laughed when you did that, you know.

I told you earlier that day that I felt like I was never wanted by my family before, I was unplanned, unwanted, neglected, blah, blah, blah, and you were saying you would never have an unwanted child. If one day your wife told you she was pregnant, you could never not love the child. That child would only enrich your life more, those were your words, I remember them exactly.

And I wanted you to know what it meant to me when at the end of the day the kids were leaving and I told little Marshall to give you a hug and he did. And he gave you a kiss, too, right on the nose, and without my asking. And you laughed. And you looked at me, laughing while this two year old boy clung to your neck and you gave me this look, this look that was almost serious. It was a look that said that one day this may be yours. And it may.

Soybeans

Have you ever jumped in a vat of soybeans before? It's very strange, it feels like you're a kid in one of those playground things where you jump in a pit of colored plastic balls. Except soybeans are a lot smaller than those balls in the playgrounds, and I guess they don't have all those colors. Well anyway, I went over to his grandparent's farm, and he decided to take me on a tour of the farmhouse. The cows were smelly, I made sure I kept my distance, and I just kept calling to them, saying, "hello, moo-cow." And there were a bunch of cats running around the field, and we picked up a couple kittens and held them up high in the air. I kept asking the cats, "Do you love me?" and he kept asking me why I was asking for approval from cats. Then we gave them some milk from his uncle's farmhouse. And then he took me up a ladder to the top floor of the barn.

That's when he proceeded to take off his shoes and jump over into a ledge. He told me to join him. I couldn't quite see what I was about to jump into, it was almost dusk, but I took off my shoes and socks and jumped in anyway.

And my ankles sunk into the soybeans. And I started laughing. And I fell, and then I started to bury myself in soybeans. And then I jumped around a few more times, then I just started throwing soybeans at him.

And then I just laid down in the pit of soybeans for awhile. They felt cool on my skin. I could feel the dust from them covering my legs, my calves.

There are time like that, times when I just have to let go.

Sheri

best friend plays house, 1977

It's funny to think about how we would fight and fight, I wanted to be the secretary, no, you wanted to have the date tonight, I wanted to use this purse. Sandy would have to come in to the basement to see why we were yelling at each other. But I remember one thing we used to always do when we played house, or office, or dress-up. One of us would suggest going to John's Ice Cream Parlor, and our rehearsed plan would immediately begin. You would walk to the door, I would walk to the freezer. One the count of three you would cough to muffle the sound of the ice box door opening from my parents, and then we had access to as much chocolate ice cream as we could handle. I think it was the one time when we would never argue.

best friend spends the night, 1981

Do you remember when we'd make tents from our comforters, making little homes from our twin-sized beds? And we'd have pen lights and old calculators for light under the blankets, and they'd be just enough light for us, but not enough for my parents to see, so they'd think we were sleeping. I remember I'd always hog the lights -- the little calculator that lit up green that Sandy gave me, the yellow pen light that was running out of power anyway, or a little pocket video game with red numbers that lit up the screen. And I would always

use the dowel rod from the Bears pennant
that hung in the corner of my apple-green
bedroom to hold up my blanket. You would have
to make due with whatever else you could find.
God, I was a bratty kid. you should have
stood up to me.

best friend loses father, 1991

When you called me
to tell me your father died,
i wanted to tell you that i'd give you
the bigger dowel rod, or even that calculator.
I heard you crying from that god-damn
hollow plastic telephone, and I remembered
how you would always come over
because you didn't want to stay in your own
home, with your own family. As if
my family was much better. But now
you're crying for him back, when
all your life you ran from him.
And I wanted to bring him back for you.
But I couldn't, so I did what I do
best - I got drunk at a local bar. I
found some friends who happened
to be there, and they consoled me
for your loss, something I couldn't even
do for you. Best friend.

best friend gets married, 1992

I know I got aggravated
when you got hysterical over your wedding plans.
When you couldn't find the right hurricane lamp
covers for the centerpieces for the
tables for the reception.
Maybe they'll have them at the warehouse,
Janet, why don't you come with me,
you do all the talking, you know
what you're talking about.
When you couldn't get all 300 chocolate guitars

wrapped in tulle, then cellophane,
then tied with gold foil with stars
on it, then tied with the picks
you punched holes in, picks that say on them,
“Sheri and Warren”.

Janet, you're the only person who
showed up to help me, why isn't anyone else here,
hey, I think you're cutting
the tulle too big.

None of your bridesmaids better get pregnant,
you said, because the dresses wouldn't
look right on them. And why is
everyone complaining about two
inch heels? And why isn't anyone else
interested in my wedding?

I just wanted to let you know that I
was interested in your wedding. Really.

I was interested in the french door you
got for the pantry in your new home. I wanted
to make sure the shine didn't come off the
beads on the wedding dress when they
sent it to the cleaners.

I wanted to see if the dress could fit me.
Ah, probably not, you're so petite, and
just think, you used to be taller than me
when we were younger, playing Barbies
on the pool table in the basement.

I think I had a wedding dress for Barbie. The
dream dress. And now
I'll get to see that dress on you.

The other day my father said that
he's glad to see one of his daughters
get married without him having to foot
the bill. He thought you'd laugh at that.

Maybe he won't have to foot the bill.
But he'll still be losing a daughter. And
I'll be wiping the tears from my eyes.

Seven Miles

Okay, so you were going to be in Chicago for a few hours, and then you'd be driving out of town again, and I really wanted to see you, so I said I'd be more than happy to drive to the city to see you for an hour or two. Okay, let's meet at the Planetarium, I said, because it would be the quickest place for me to get to from the interstate, besides, you were in the city anyway, you'd easily get to the Planetarium before I would. So okay, we'd meet at 3:15, you said, and I got off the phone and rushed out the door.

And I got there, traffic was a bitch, but I got there, parked my car and then proceeded to walk back and forth looking for you. Where the hell was he, he didn't have much time before he had to leave, where could he be, it's been over twenty minutes, what trouble has he gotten himself into now? Knowing him, he probably thought I said the Aquarium and was waiting at the building a block away from me, the big jerk. And all these men were staring at me, like they've never seen a woman in a suede skirt before, one of them even said hello to me, and I had to sit there and try to ignore everyone and brood because you were late. You probably crashed the car and were bickering over insurance with someone while I sat there. Made me drive for a couple of hours for nothing.

So then I finally see you sprinting up the block. Your oxford is unbuttoned, and the closer you get, the more red you look. Okay, now I'm intrigued. "Where have you been?" I asked, and as you're panting in a vain attempt to catch your breath you explain that you couldn't get the car out of the parking lot because the person who has the ticket stub for the car is in the doctor's office, so you ran seven miles to get here so that I wouldn't wait.

Okay, I feel like a heel. And you never cease to amaze me. I know you said you'd go to the ends of the earth for me. Seven miles is more than enough.

Perversion

Have you ever just wanted to
fuck somebody,
you were so attracted to them
that you wanted to tear
all their clothes off,
and I do mean tear,
I'm talking I want to see
the rip in the fabric,
down through the fiber,
you just thought you wanted
them naked on top of you,
ripping through you,
pulling you to shreds,
and you liking every minute of it?

But then you think about it
for a minute, this person
sitting across the table from you
in the small cafe, and they've got this
harsh light right above them
making strange shadows
on their face. You talk to
this person, you act like
someone who's proper, who
read all the fucking etiquette books,
and you talk, and you
smile, and you nod, and all the
time you're thinking these really
perverse thoughts. But
there's something in the back
of your head, no matter
how horny you get,
a small part of you that says
"oh, fuck it."

I just want to know if
anyone else has had that feeling.
Someone else. Anyone else.

Driving By His House

I know it's pretty pathetic of me, I don't know what I'm trying to prove. I don't even want to see him again. I don't want to have to think about him, I don't want to think about his big eyebrows or the fact that he hunched over a little when he walked or that he hurt me so much.

I know it's pretty pathetic of me, but sometimes when I'm driving I'll take a little detour and drive by his house. I'll just drive by, I won't slow down, I won't stop by, I won't say hello, I won't beat his head in, I won't even cry. I'll just drive by, see a few cars in the driveway, see no signs of life through the windows, and then I'll just keep driving.

I don't know why I do it. He never sees me, and I never see him, although I thought I didn't want to see him anyway. When I first met him I wasn't afraid of him. Now I'm so afraid that I have to drive by his house every once in a while, just to remind myself of the fear. We all like the taste of fear, you know, the thought that there's something out there stronger than us. The thought that there's something out there we can beat, even if we have to fight to the death.

But that can't be it, no, it just can't be, I don't like this fear, I don't like it. I don't want to drive by, I want to be able to just go on with my life, to not think about it. I want to be strong again. I want to be strong.

So today I did it again, I haven't done it for a while, drive by his house, but I did it again today. When I turned on to his street I put on my sunglasses so that in case he saw me he couldn't tell that I was looking. And then I picked up my car phone and acted like I was talking to someone.

And I drove by, holding my car phone, talking to my imaginary friend, trying to unobviously glance at the house on my left. There's a lamppost at the end of his driveway. I always noticed it, the lampshade was a huge glass ball, I always thought it was ugly. This time three cars were there. One of those could have been his. Through the front window, no people, no lights. I drive around a corner, take a turn and get back on the road I was supposed to be on.

One day, when I'm driving by and I get that feeling again, that feeling like death, well then, I just might do it again.

fireflies

So we went to an empty bar, like we normally do on a weeknight when we know we have to get up for work in the morning but we just don't care anymore, and we drank, and we made fun of the people at the bar, especially the men, like the bartender with the sagging butt that we had to stare at whenever he made a drink, and then we drank some more, and then she talked about the love of her life who just broke up with her. She said she would marry him in a minute if she still had the chance. I still didn't see it, he was a young, prematurely balding farm boy, but I just nodded. Yeah, it was love, and I knew where she came from, and we got depressed, and then we rambled on about how we hated our jobs, how we wanted to be independent, and then we started to laugh at everything, that's what drinking does to you, I guess, and then we drove home.

She parked her car at my house, so when I got us home (I still don't know how I did it) she stood in my driveway, looked up at the sky and said, this looks like a sky to sit on your driveway and drink coffee in tupperware bowls and look at. I told her I didn't want coffee, but I had an old blanket and we could sit in the lawn and watch the sky.

And we looked at the sky and found objects in the clouds (it didn't take long for one of us to find a penis), and then I chased a firefly, and then we sang songs from cartoons. And we couldn't stop laughing.

I told her about how my older brothers and sisters used to take the ends of fireflies and smear them on their shirts so their clothes would glow for a few minutes. Then I promised her I wouldn't smear any insects on her.

And we noticed after a while that the dew was settling on the blanket, and all over us, and besides, it was getting late, she had to take the train downtown early to get to work tomorrow, so I picked up the blanket, threw it to the side of the driveway, and waved good-bye as she drove down the road.

I left the blanket there and walked inside. I'm sure I could fold it up in the morning.

A week later I had a dream that I knew I was going to die. I didn't tell anyone else about it because I didn't want them to worry. In my dream I was making a videocassette message to all my friends. A good-bye message, so to speak. I told Sheri that I hoped her marriage went well, I told Kevin to not worry about business so much, I told Bobby I respected him. And then I got to you. I told you to really look at your life -- was it so bad? Your boyfriend

broke up with you. Your job isn't your dream job. But Christ, there are unwed 17-year-old mothers on welfare that kill their sick infant children because they can't read the directions on their prescription bottle. Dream job? You've got a job, and it pays well. Boyfriend? You're talented and attractive, you don't have to be alone. We've got roofs over our heads. We've got food on the table, we've got clothes on our backs, and we have friends. We have reason to celebrate, not to cry.

Well, in my dream I was dying, so I wasn't going to have these things. But I'm not dreaming, I'm not dying, I'm not dead. I have all these things. We have all these things. And we have the fireflies.

someone else,
anyone else

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Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFV Inclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection (2 CD set), *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, assorted artists *String Theory*.