



# sexism

& other stories

janet kuyper

scars publications  
cc&d 2010 chapbook

# sexism

& other stories

janet kuypers  
<http://www.janetkuypers.com>

**scars** publications and design

<http://scars.tv> ✎

2010 Janet Kuypers collection of poetry  
from the 20101106 show "Sexism & other stories"  
and the 1995 chapbook "Sexism & other stories"

copyright © 2010 Scars Publications and Design  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means,  
graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information  
storage or retrieval system, without the permission in writing from the publisher.

# table of contents

## part one 11/06/10 show

Kurt Irons .....	4
the Men at the Construction Site ..	5
a Man Calls a Woman .....	6
A Socially Accepted Target* .....	7
In Their Homes or In The Streets* .....	8
The Burning .....	9
Most Accurate Metaphors* .....	10
the Measuring Scale .....	11
Scratch the Surface .....	12
My Future Job Options .....	14
Counting Bodies .....	15
So .....	17
Death is Dog .....	19
And I'm Wondering.....	20

## part two 1995 chapbook

Middle Class Husbands and Fathers* .....	22
Civil War .....	23
A Dream About Murder.....	24
a Woman Talking about her Rapist Friend .....	26
Emergency Room Stories .....	28
Bizarre Sexual Stories n the News..	30
Joe Putz-a-vucki .....	31
Marilyn Monroe's Sex Life .....	32
Make People Think .....	34
Pop a Pill .....	35
More Than We Should Have .....	36
Odd How Things Turn Out That Way .....	37

\* indicates poems in section one that also appeared in section two's 1995 chapbook "Sexism & others tories".

# Kurt Irons

(it's just a girl)

Kurt Irons  
was arrested  
and charged  
with vehicular  
homicide

Kurt Irons  
while intoxicated  
stole a  
truck  
and drove it  
straight  
into another  
truck  
and killed  
a thirty-seven  
year-old 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”

# 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 man calls a woman

*every time a man calls a woman a "bitch"  
the threat of rape lies behind his hostility  
every time a man calls a woman a "witch"  
he reminds her of the slaughter of millions  
whose independence and medical  
knowledge threatened male dominance  
every time a man makes a joke about rape  
or wife-beating he issues a warning to women*

*Bob Lamm, 1976*

every time a man calls a woman a "babe"  
he tells her he thinks of her as a child  
every time a man calls a woman a "fox"  
he tells her she is to be treated like an animal  
every time a man calls a woman a "honey"  
he tells her she is meant to be consumed  
every time a man calls a woman a "doll"  
he tells her she is something to be played with  
every time a man calls a woman a "bag"  
he tells her she is something to be used  
every time a man calls a woman a "slit"  
he tells her she's a body part, not whole  
every time a man calls a woman a "screw"  
he tells her she is what he does to her  
every time a man calls a woman a "girl"  
he tells her she can't think like an adult  
every time a man calls a woman a "whore"  
he tells her she is wrong for having sex  
every time a man calls a woman a "lay"  
he tells her she is no good on her feet  
every time a man calls a woman anything  
less than woman he tells her who's the boss  
so yes, we all know who the boss is, boys  
you've done such a good job of telling us

# 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

# in their homes or in the streets

*some women are raped  
in their homes or in the streets  
by men whom we call "strangers"*

*some women are raped  
in their homes or in the streets  
by men we call psychiatrists,  
doctors, college professors,  
friends, lovers,  
husbands and fathers*

*and some women are raped  
in the streets or in offices  
by men who merely sit there  
and commit rape with looks  
with smirks  
with insults  
with threats*

*Bob Lamm, 1976*

you'll never understand

have you ever felt  
that everything you did  
from the clothes you chose to wear  
to the way you styled your hair  
to the way you walked down the street  
to the way you sat at your desk

to whether you looked at people  
as they passed you in the grocery store  
when you picked up the food for the family

have you ever felt  
that everything you did  
was under the scrutiny  
of half the world

that a stare could haunt you  
if you looked too confident  
or your eyes wandered for too long  
and actually caught someone's gaze

or your skirt was too short  
or you didn't cross your legs

or if you ate a banana  
or happened to lick your lips

have you felt it  
well, you're not a woman



# 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.

# most accurate metaphors

*rape is one of the most savage  
one of the most accurate  
metaphors for how men  
relate to women in this society*

*it is a political crime  
committed by men  
as a class  
against women  
as a class*

*rape is an attempt by men  
to keep all women in line*

*Bob Lamm, 1976*

now there's two ways  
this can happen, little girl  
you can keep fighting me,  
and if that's the case, i'll  
have to keep my hand  
over your mouth and  
this knife at your neck,  
or you can relax, enjoy  
yourself, make this easier  
on the both of us

you know you want this  
so stop fighting it

i saw the way you were  
looking at me earlier,  
the way you stared at me  
the way you were dressed  
i know what you were thinking  
so don't say a word

did you think those drinks  
were free

how long did you think  
i could wait  
it's my turn now  
you owe it to me

just do as i say  
and no one gets hurt

# 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 property, 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

# Scratch the Surface

you don't have to pull out *the Book for Men*  
to know how men degrade "the weaker sex"  
or even assault women with the English language

hey, they can even try to make it sound nice  
think it's a compliment to call us a honey  
a fox, a pumpkin, their cougar, or even a hot chick

but if calling us food or animals is too degrading  
I can be your babe, and I'm still your girl  
I mean, calling us less than an adult can still degrade us

but I get furious when I'm wearing a tank top  
you know, because it's hot outside  
and a semi or a truck honks their horn

I mean, do they think honking their horn is a compliment?  
or are they busy blowing their horn  
to try to show off their big rig?

I thought *the Book for Men* covered all the bases,  
even with sex in terms men understand:  
banging, hammering, nailing, screwing, scoring

but I was in a car, and because it was warm  
I was wearing a tank top (again,  
the truck driver's sexual turn on)

so I got honked at by a semi driver  
while sitting in a car, going down the highway  
and that's when I heard of one more term for women

someone informed me that after their truck horn blares  
the truck driver will radio ahead to other semis  
and tell them the color, make and model

of a car with a good-looking  
seat cover

wow, a seat cover. thanks.  
now we're reduced to good-looking upholstery  
something you keep around to sit on

but we can't stay pretty  
after you've kept us down for years,  
before you get something prettier to replace us

so as I sit in this car  
covering myself up whenever we're near a truck  
I think about *the Book for Men*

with jokes objectifying women  
or reminding us of a bush, a slit, a crack,  
a box, a hole, or a farm implement, like

a hoe

but I'm telling you, baby doll  
as thorough as that handbook seems  
it doesn't even scratch the surface

# My Future Job Options

okay, so I can't hold a job in my own profession  
& I can't even get a job in the mall

not having an income really pisses me off

I want to yell at the world  
for not giving me the job I'm owed

I mean, I get to the point  
where I want to hit things

& that's when it occurred to me:  
the frightening thing was telling my husband  
that I'm meant to be a dominatrix

when my analytical side dominates me  
I see how it makes perfect sense:  
no sex, no nudity  
just make men feel like shit at an hourly rate

this is really beginning to appeal to me

but after my husband has been adequately frightened  
he checked on line  
and told me that this might be illegal  
(is he telling me that  
because he doesn't want me to do it?)  
but I want it to be legal  
I want to say that I legally degrade men for a living  
(and make good money at it, actually)

I guess it figures  
I found another profession I'm good at  
& I still can't get a job

# Counting Bodies

tried to get a job at the mall  
they never returned my call

applied for a job in a strip store  
I filled out the form, but my problem

is that I answered the questions honestly

when they ask if you've ever done drugs  
it's best to lie

even applied for a job in a liquor store  
now, I have experience in drinking

but not in stocking bottles  
or cleaning liquor store floors

so someone said that the government  
was looking for employees

they need you to walk the streets,  
ask questions, keep records

and I thought, I'm organized  
I work hard, I can do this

and a government job would be sweet  
they pay really well

and it would be funny to say  
that I was a government employee

so I got on line, learned about the census  
all I'd be doing was walking around

making a list, checking it twice  
I'd be in charge of counting the bodies

as sick as it sounds,  
it has a certain ring to it

so I called to schedule my evaluation,  
went to the government building early

found out I wasn't even on the map  
they looked for employees from

but I took the test anyway,  
struck the icicles as I left for my car

I thought about the records  
the Greek Kings, the Greek government kept

of the men they executed

I thought about the detailed Nazi records  
of Jews working in camps, of Jews gassed

and how we had to come in  
and count the bodies

and I thought  
hmmm

I never was called from the census bureau  
it was like they knew my mind:

“you filled out your forms  
we don't need you for anything else”

and I thought  
hmmm

maybe I shouldn't have applied for this job  
maybe I shouldn't be working for the government

maybe they knew I shouldn't be a part of their system  
falling into line and counting bodies



# “So”

so the hotel I was in  
didn't have a continental breakfast  
so i looked for a diner  
for a bagel for breakfast

so i pulled into some dive  
and i just sat there

i kept me head down  
i don't like looking at strangers  
so i kept my head down  
looking at my writings

and i didn't even notice  
my head was buried in my words  
but the lady walked over  
and dropped the bomb

of liquid into the coffee cup  
into my upturned glass

i watched this black mass  
sloshing around, contained but violent  
as she walked away

i don't like coffee, you see  
and i could have stopped her  
said no thanks

but this was my fault  
as much as it was hers

so there i was  
staring at this coffee  
that i don't even like

so i've got this bailey's flask in my pocket  
i guess that tells you something about me  
but  
if i'm going to have coffee  
i'll sweeten it with anything

so my eyes dart right, then left  
then right again  
make sure no one's watching me  
so i open the flask  
under the table

then

slowly drizzle in the creme

i watch it form a mushroom cloud

from within that contained bomb

i try to remember where i am  
where i've been

i didn't know  
that on the other side of the country  
you just died

i just looked at my coffee  
that i don't even like  
and wondered if i should drink

# 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

## 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

# middle-class husbands and fathers

*rapists are not peculiar, abnormal men  
rapists are very normal masculine men  
rapists come in all sizes and shapes  
all races and nationalities  
all ages and social classes*

*many are white middle-class husbands and fathers  
Bob Lamm, 1976*

rapists are not all convicted prisoners  
rapists are not all psychopaths  
rapists are not all welfare recipients  
rapists are not all foaming at the mouth  
rapists are not all abused by their parents  
rapists are not all sex-depraved  
rapists are not all gun-toting criminals  
rapists are not all undereducated  
rapists are not all jobless  
rapists are not all beaten as children  
rapists are not all minorities  
rapists are not all criminally insane

rapists are in your office  
rapists are in your convenience mart  
rapists are in your local tavern  
rapists are in your school  
rapists are in your restaurant  
rapists are in your car pool  
rapists are in your grocery store  
rapists are in your country club  
rapists are in your church  
rapists are in your family reunion  
rapists are in your living room  
rapists are in your bed room

they come in all shapes and sizes  
they're everywhere

# 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

# A dream about murder.

I had a dream last night, it was different from my usual dreams, usually I dream about stuff that seems pretty real, somewhat mundane and at most usually frustrating. But I don't know if it was the wine I had at the Thanksgiving feast at Rachel's down the block, or if I heard some strange story on television earlier, but I dreamt about murder.

Dave and I were staying at a hotel, I don't know where the hotel was, but it was on a body of water, I think it was a lake, not an ocean or anything. And I remember at some point, it was dawn in the dream, I went for a jog, I noticed two good-looking men outside while I was on my jog, and then I went down the hill to the water. I wanted to jog along the water. But they had it roped off - I don't even know who "they" would be, but the area along the water was roped off, maybe until full daylight, maybe then lifeguards would be there to protect the people. But the point is, I couldn't jog along the water, so I sat down at the bottom of the stairs by the water's edge, right in front of the ropes, and watched the water. And a woman came along down the stairs, and sat down next to me to watch the water, too. I remember thinking that I didn't like her being so close, I like to keep a sense of personal space, but then it occurred to me that there wasn't much space for her to go since the whole area was roped off. And the thing is, I don't even like to jog.

Oh, so anyway, I don't even know why I went for a jog or at what point in time in my dream this jog occurred. But I know that in the dream I killed someone. It occurred before my dream technically started; I don't remember anything about the murder, I don't know if it was me alone that did the killing or if Dave was there with me, all I know is that I killed a guy, I don't know why I killed him, but I killed someone in another room in the same hotel, someone who I didn't even really know. And the thing is, I was wearing fake nails during the murder, or at least that's what I inferred in the dream, because I thought I lost one of them at the scene of the crime and the main part of the dream was me in the bathroom removing all of my fake nails because they might implicate me in the murder.



So I was removing my nails, they were plastic nails glued on to my real nails, and they weren't even painted, they were still just white plastic. And as I was removing these fake nails I was dropping them on the floor because I was ripping them off so frantically, I didn't want anyone to be able to link me to this murder. So when I got them all off, I was still worried that I had a little glue left on my real finger nails, so I was trying to scrape that off, and then I was trying to pick up all the fake nails off the bathroom floor. They all fell just to the right of the toilet, and were on the tile floor, and I remember as I was picking them up I also picked up a dust ball and a used piece of clear tape. I remember thinking that was odd, because usually hotel bathroom floors are clean, they're cleaned every day. So anyway, I kept picking up the nails, trying to make sure I got them all, occasionally dropping one of them back on the floor because I was so hectic and so nervous. This made the whole procedure take up most of my dream.

Once I had all of the nails, the only thing I could think about was how to dispose of the nails, and the rest of the dream became a frantic effort to figure out how I could get rid of them so that they could not be traced back to me. I thought that I could just flush them all down the toilet, but then I thought that there might be a chance that one of the nails wouldn't go down and would just stay at the bottom of the toilet and I wouldn't notice it and think I was home free but in actuality I'd be leaving a huge piece of evidence in my own hotel room linking me to the murder. Then I wondered if they'd have a way to sift through the sewer water from the hotel, so then I thought that I shouldn't flush any of them down the toilet, but go to various public rest room around town and flush a few at a time.

Then I started to worry that if the nail I left at the scene of the crime took more than just the glue with it, that it actually took some of my nail with it, then I would have left DNA evidence at the scene of the crime and there would be nothing I could do.

And then I started to wonder if I actually lost a nail at the scene of the murder, or if I was just overreacting.

And then I wondered if anyone had even found the dead body yet, all this time laying there on the floor of their hotel room. And then the phone rang and I woke up.

# 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.

# emergency room stories

As we sat in the car, trying to waste  
time and break the long drive's silence,

one of us remembered a story about  
a man who had to go to the emergency

room. he was wearing a raincoat  
and nothing else, because he impaled

a poodle with his member. Now, that  
was a new one, we said, and all struggled

to think of other sexually perverse  
emergency room stories we heard. Like

men coming in with dead hamsters inside  
them, you see, they let them go up there

when they're alive, because the hamsters  
squirming around while they're being

asphyxiated seems to do it for some men.  
But then, of course, the question begs

itself: how do you get the carcasses out?  
Hence the emergency room, I suppose.

So we talked about other stories, like  
women with light bulbs or vegetables  
stuck in obvious places, then one of us  
says they heard that a man came in to  
the emergency room once with a dildo  
stuck somewhere, but the punch line is  
that he claimed to have fallen on it.  
then i told the one about the woman who  
had a raw hot dog stuck inside her, and  
all i could think was, how horny would  
a woman have to be in order to use some-  
thing as flaccid as a hot dog? then someone  
said, maybe it was frozen. then someone  
else asked if that would be like putting  
your tongue to something frozen and  
having it stick. and we laughed.

# bizarre sexual stories in the news

from the los angeles times:  
two gay men, during sexual activity,  
decide to push a live hamper into  
the anal cavity of one of the men.  
however, after they realized they  
couldn't get the hamper out, they  
tried to figure out what to do. the  
man without the hamper inside  
him decided to light a match to see  
if he could see where the hamper  
was. so man-without-hamper is  
perched underneath man-with-  
hamster, and lights a match right  
under man-with-hamper's anus.  
at that time man-with-hamper  
passes wind, and it causes a small  
streak of fire to jump out and singe  
the man-without-hamper's eye-  
brows and facial hair. however,  
because there was gas in the anal  
cavity, the fireball then shot into  
the man-with-hamper, circled  
around the hamper, burning the  
inside of the man-with-hamper.  
Furthermore, the gas change and  
pressure shot the hamper out  
of the man-with-hamper's anus  
and into the man-without-hamper's  
face, breaking his nose.

my mother told me  
about one of my father's clients  
ed kazinski  
he had a stutter  
and you couldn't mistake his voice

well he called the house one night  
and my father was out with the boys  
and so my mother decided to play a trick

joe  
putz-  
a-  
vucki

she told ed "my husband is out  
with ed kazinski  
and he won't be home for a while"

and ed stuttered, tried to make an excuse  
cover up for my father  
and said, "uh, well, tell him  
joe putz-a-vucki called"  
and he quickly hung up  
the telephone  
thought my mother didn't know his voice

later he told my father  
he covered up for him  
and my father said, my wife knows

your stuttering voice, silly  
everybody can recognize your voice  
she was just playing a joke

and by the way  
who is joe putz-a-vucki

ed told my father  
that putz-a-vucki was polish  
for "under the sidewalk"  
and it was just  
what came out  
of his mouth  
when he didn't have time  
to think

# marilyn monroe's sex life

some people would have  
called me a slut  
I prefer a vixen

Personally, I don't think  
I was doing anything wrong  
I had it all  
men adored me

most men would have done  
the same thing I did  
played the field

I wasn't even looking for sex  
just companionship

I had the fame  
I had the wealth, the looks  
everything

why would I want one man  
keeping me in place  
what if I wanted to see  
a bit more of life  
through the eyes of other people

why am I resented for that

so I start seeing my ex again  
and another ex  
and a new guy  
and another



you know, most men  
would normally love to have  
a no-strings attached relationship  
with a woman

why couldn't that happen with me  
why is it people  
become obsessed with me

am I really that famous  
that perfect

I have rejected some of them  
so many times they had to  
pick up their ego from the floor  
but they keep coming back  
telling me they love me  
wanting me to choose  
wanting me to love them back

why do they think I want anyone

I know I brought this  
upon myself  
I wanted to go on this wild trip  
but I didn't want to carry any baggage

I thought I could make the men  
carry it for me

and it seems that my bags are getting  
heavier  
and it seems that the bags under  
my eyes won't go away anymore

the bags are getting heavier  
they're so heavy

# make people think

I don't want to draw  
I don't want to write  
but I don't want to do nothing  
I want to make waves  
I want to annoy people  
I want people to know that I'm smart  
that I'm strong  
that I'm in control  
I want to affect people in one way or another  
I want to change people's minds  
I want people to think I am great  
I want to make people think

## POP a Pill

take with meals  
take three times a day  
take with food or milk  
take on an empty stomach  
take a half hour before eating  
take at the same time daily  
do not operate heavy machinery  
do not drink alcohol  
do not mix medications  
may upset stomach  
may cause weight gain  
may cause weight loss  
may cause dizziness  
may cause drowsiness  
may cause headaches  
may cause ulcers  
do not skip medication  
if problem persists consult your doctor  
are you in pain

# 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

odd how things  
turn out that way.

husband-beaten wife  
in a panic  
the cops showed up

she shot an officer  
wanted  
to be left alone

the cop wore a bullet-  
proof vest  
but the bullet hit his arm

ricocheted off a bone  
right into his  
heart and killed him dead

# sexism

& other stories

janet kuypers

<http://www.janetkuypers.com>

scarsuoopaeagnd

published in conjunction with **children, churches and daddies** magazine

*the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine*

ccandd96@scars.tv

<http://scars.tv>

ISSN 1068-5154

INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

Writing Copyright © 2010 Janet Kuypers. Design Copyright © 2010 Scars Publications and Design.

## other publications from Scars:

**Magazines:** *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

**Books:** *Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking, (Woman.), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction*, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), *Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M*, cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, *Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3)*, Finally, Literature for the Snotty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), *Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, poem, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cana-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory*, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrepit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, (bound) (ccd poetry, cc&d prose, Down in the Dirt poetry and Down in the Dirt prose editions, available as both ISSN and ISBN versions), *Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Clearing the Debris, Come Fly With Me, Skeletal Remains, Six Six Six, Sectioned & Sequestered, Out of the Web, Lines of Intensity, Don't Tread on Me, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Memento Mori, in the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, nopoem, In Your Heart, the Apostrophe's Tears of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), Deardard Kinder / Charlie Newman, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Bordese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms*

**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, 5D/5D 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, 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, Oh (audio CD), Life At The Cafe (3 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMJ Art Connection Monic Depressive or Something, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #1, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #2, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #3, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #4, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #5, Chaotic Radio the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *5D/5D Screaming to a Halt (EP), PB&J Two for the Price of One (EP), Kiki, Jake and Haystack An American Portrait, Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powters Trio Fusion* (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kuypers Live* (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection the Things They Did to You* (2 CD set), *Kuypers Seeing a Psychiatrist* (3 CD set), *Kuypers St. Paul's* (3 CD set), *Kuypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kuypers and the HALman of South Africa Burn Through Me* (2 CD set)*