07/03/11 Beach Poets Janet Kuypers feature

with music from John Yotko & music from Cousin Bones

a Very Goth Beach Party

Look at the Downs

I go every week to my favorite bar and pick up a "Reader" newspaper to thumb through while I drink

and once I looked at their "Ink Well," their crossword puzzle, and their second clue, 5 across, was

"Things on a cat's penis." So... I started looking at every other clue:

14 across: "Defender of NAMBLA."16 across: "Sex column topic."Okay, maybe I should look at the downs.

So I randomly picked another clue and read "Get off my _____." So, I thought about the pain in my back,

then thought about how everyone worries about their back, but no one ever talks about their front.

My front's killing me. I've got a pain in my front. Get of my front.

I seriously had to find something else to read, so I saw within their "matches" section a section called "I Saw You".

Now, I never look at the Matches section, I prefer drinking in my favorite bar by myself, but the voyeur in me had to read some of these hundred words or fewer one chance writings and hopes.

'You said you liked a dirty martini, then you left.' ... "Care to see how dirty you next martini meet up

can get? You: man. Me: man." And I thought... hmmm... then there was a meeting date and time.

So I read the next one: "Thanks for opening the door for me and letting me use the ATM

because I got there first." Wait a minute, that's called etiquette, not a budding romance.

But I have to admit, when I sit here every week at this bar, drinking by myself

it's nice to hear about stranger's stories in pen and ink like this every once in a while.

Made Any Difference (poetry sung to music)

So I'm at my bar I just overheard my favorite hang-out from people talking

has had a few strokes

that another guy in the past few months

and this is grapevine but I needed to see him

he went out for a smoke I walked up to him

I reached my hand out he offered me a new one

then holding his smoke I spoke of his wife

> and I don't want to but we care for him

get on a high horse we want him happy

he said I was right then he saw his smoke

handed me the smoke

and then walked away

he'll take some time off

said that he should quit

I stood there a while wondering if I sucking nicotine made any difference

I just heard snippets put in my two cents

who's always here

and even though I don't after he lit up

toward his smoke but... I wanted his

I told him I heard asked about his kids

egg for a week

i saw how our school system works and i see how teenage girls think

how are we teaching our kids when taking care of an egg for a week in a high-school health class is taught to pregnant 15 year olds

Escaping Every Cage

I felt caged in this tiny Windsor hotel room I wanted to get out

that's when he struck I was attacked, knocked over, strangled

I managed to break free scraped arms, bruised and bloody knees

strangers offered to help me as I made my way through the lobby

I had to get so far away, I left the country and never went back

###

when I couldn't take being trapped at work when I was too caged by those office walls I quit my job and drove around the country in my car

now, I know a car can be a cage but with this little cage, I felt like I could be free and could go where I wanted and do what I wanted to do

I was free for that split second of time until someone tried to kill me in my car and they put me in another cage again

###

labeled me again {poem inside of a poem}

they gave me a straight jacket slapped on a bracelet

i contorted out of the straight jacket tore the wrist ID

please don't

they labeled me again

when I was in the hospital for weeks I would tear the medical bracelet off my wrist daily

please don't track me

when I was able to walk, I would try to leave but I didn't know where to go and they would find me again and bring me back to my cell

###

when I was a child, I wanted to get away from my family wanted to get away from my town I wanted something bigger, faster, stronger than anything I ever knew before and so as I grew older I took those childhood memories those childhood toys, those childhood stories and one by one started placing them on an Island surrounded by deep water where no one could touch them and they would always remain just on the horizon

###

I have always loved the water I swam all my life I swam in pools with friends when I was little I swam along side the tropical fish off the Oahu coast I swam with dozens of White-Tipped Sharks off the Galapagos Islands

when I get closer to water I get itchy to just jump in

but even when I could let go in the water I'd see that Island in the distance holding all of my childhood traumas and I still never felt entirely free

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one day I decided to face these ancient cages that still hold me down

I wanted to face it all battle all of those past demons

so I went down to the shoreline arched my hand along my eyebrows

looked for that Island of mine

the water at the shoreline lapped over my feet pushing the coastline farther inland today

I kept searching until I realized

my Island fell into the ocean

###

everything from my past disappeared except my memories

###

that day, I couldn't go into the water

###

we all have our cages sometimes we can't see them but they're there, holding us back restraining us holding us down holding us in

as I att in my cage writing this I look at those walls hear the cars driving past me and I think of these things that hold us down

Eat Me Alive

I had a dream I woke up in a sewer my clothes were wet from the filthy water

it felt like something was pulling me down into the filth and I worked harder and harder to just stand

and I thought how did I get here? who put me here? how on earth can I get out of here?

who drove me to this point?

I felt the slimy, filthy walls of this coffin-like cave as I was trying to find a ledge for support trying to find any way out

the noise from people walking above ground was muffled when I heard the rats coming along with the water from down the tunnel

I turned in the darkness to run until I tried to take a turn and was wedged in the concrete slabs

I was stick in the sewer and the rats would eat me alive

Letting Ourselves Go

(people are invited to start singing anything throughout the reading)

I hear that in France they have a national music day, when everybody sings and it doesn't really matter if it's not all in tune.

not that I'm all for France or anything but we could learn from that, that would be kind of good here where everyone could just let go. I mean, just allow ourselves to sing. On key or not. Hum a tune. Music is supposed to make us happy, and we're filled with so much that takes away our happiness.

If people sing, I'm probably the first that would be the stickler if someone was off key.

The stickler: by definition, someone who who insists on something unyieldingly.

We've all been taught these rules, we're taught when we're little that if we're not good at something we just can't do it. We just close ourselves off to letting ourselves go. I mean, think of it: have a national music day, where everybody sings and it doesn't really matter if it's not all in tune.

It's just letting ourselves go, hearing the rhythm, and enjoying the music.

Tight Rope Affair (song)

i know all the moves i play the game and it gets to you

you can't say a word you can't move an inch cause you can't break the rules

i know what to say i know what to wear i know what to do

and it sets you on fire

i have to play on what you like to see what you can take

and i walk out on to that tight rope to watch you move and shake

and now you're stuck there and so am i but here is where you quake

but you can't fall from this wire

we walk a thin line in our tight rope affair there's no net when you're high so you better beware do you know your way down when you're in making your moves and balanced in

your tight rope affair

when you're up on the wire you feel the fire and you feel the fear

but you're filled with desire you want to go higher whenever we're near

what will transpire with our lives now that we're here

what can we do to make us right

when we gracefully step on the paper-thin wire we're balancing high

we look to the ground see a circus of clowns as we're touching the sky

now we both tightrope walk in a deadlock and I wonder why

why we can't bring it all into the light

we're walking a fine line in our tight rope affair we walk a thin line in our tight rope affair there's no net when you're high so you better beware

do you know how it feels when you're in making your moves balancing in your tight rope affair

you balance on this twine in our tight rope affair cause I know you'll be mine yeah, be with me if you'd dare

this love is divine but it cannot compare to this rush from this tight rope affair

we're walking a fine line in our tight rope affair we walk a thin line in our tight rope affair there's no net when you're high so you better beware

do you know your way down when you're in making your moves balancing in your tight rope affair

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