

games
we Play

janet kuyppers live poetry 20120317
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cc&d magazine chapbook

Ever Since You Got Me

(01/24/12)

I've been hanging here
ever since you got me
when the two of you
were first happy

every once in a while
one of you looks at me
reflects on what it was like
and I think you smile then

I sit here now
looking out at your world
seeing how you live now
and I wonder

because I don't think
you notice it
but I see the changes
of how you live now

I don't think you're unhappy
I can tell you're not really happy,
but I don't think you're about
to end your life or anything

but as I was saying,
though I can't see much
from where I'm at,
I don't think you're unhappy,

but you don't seem
to have the same pep in your step
I think the both of you
have lost something

I only know this because...
look at me, I know
what you looked like then
your faces, and your happiness

is burned into me forever
you two are holding each other
and beaming with happiness
like the whole world's ahead of you

wait... is that it?
is it that life is passing you by?
I mean, I think I understand,
I know I am fading with each passing year

but I look at you two walking around,
like you're drones now,
going through the motions,
not looking like life is in your hands

they way you did
when you created me.

(THIS IS A POEM ABOUT A WEDDING PHOTO)

Know You Only Got Me

(01/24/12)

you know you got me
because it seemed obvious
that you really needed
someone to hold on to.

and I loved how you held me,
how you were so infatuated with me,
how you curled up with me,
how you caressed me.

I liked that, you know.

I have feelings too,
and it was nice to give you
something to lean on
when you felt alone.

but I've noticed that
as more time has passed
you've spent less time with me,
and I think I know why.

I think you've realized now
that you know you only got me
because I would only be a distraction
so you wouldn't think about

being alone.

(THIS POEM IS ABOUT A TEDDY BEAR)

you know, I am really getting a little pissed
at this lack of attention I have been getting from you.
I mean, I know you talked about how you needed
me more in your life, how you needed me
around more to make this place we now share
look more homey, make it look like we belonged
here together. but now that you got me,
you barely pay any attention to me at all.

it's been getting so depressing now, I think
I'd like to wallow in liquor, but you only occasionally
bring me the drink I need. I often feel parched
to my veins, but no one hears my screams
and no one comes to help me when I need it most.

Now That

*You
Got Me*

(01/24/12)

*(THIS POEM IS ABOUT
A HOUSE PLANT)*

I've become an afterthought to you now,
I think, but I thank you for your occasional
effort... you know how I like to hang out in the sun,
and I think it's cute how you try to take care of me
and then clean me up when I'm exhausted,
but maybe I wouldn't seem to be on the edge
like that if you cared about me more often.

and the thing is, just feeling you near me,
sensing your breath, gives me life, and I hate
how my dependence on you is so basic and banal
that I seem like a groupie. and no, I'm not a stalker,
because I wait for you to make your move on me.
but I need you to make that move, I really need
you there for me, or I think I might die.

you said you wanted me to bring some life
to your existence, and I think in a way
we're both somehow dependent on each other.
please, you don't hear me when I beg,
but maybe we can somehow both bring a little
more life into each other once again.

Just Let It Glide Over Me

07/19/10

that's why I don't write poetry
i don't want to let things sink in
i'm shallow that way

i don't need to face things that way
just let it glide over me

TWITTER-LENGTH POEM
[HTTP://TWITTER.COM/JANETHYPERS](http://twitter.com/janethypers)

just heard
a grandmother
was charged
with the murder
of her granddaughter

you see, she caught
the 9 year old girl
eating chocolate

so to punish her
she made her carry
a bunch of firewood
in both arms
as she ran
back and forth
in her back yard

*grandmother
charged
with murder*

(3/3/12)

without even
giving her water,
her granddaughter
died of cardiac arrest
and dehydration

* "I DON'T STUDY
THE MASTERS
JUST STUDY THE
DISASTERS"
IS ADAPTED FROM
SID YIDDISH

but then again,
i also just heard
that a mother
was arrested
for allegedly
giving her children
heroin
before they
got on the bus
for school

i'm sorry,
i don't study the masters
i just study the disasters*
as i eat
my dark chocolates
and observe

Flooded War Memories

2005

it was st. patrick's day,
went to another country to see you

and you didn't want to move
content in a dingy hotel room

met up with you at a hotel
it was like we were never apart

all i could think was that
it was st. patrick's day,

we talked like old friends,
old war-time veterans

and i was in another country,
i wanted to get up and go

who fought in a war together
who shared our life stories

and i don't know what snapped
in you on st. patrick's day,

while sitting in a trench together
waiting for a bomb to strike

but i was in a dress, ready to go,
and you knocked me down

it was st. patrick's day,
and everything seemed normal
and right

i remember being knocked on to
one of those hotel beds

in my panty hose and dress,
and you strangled me

even though you lived far away
and even though we had different
life plans

it was like you were in the war again
and you were fighting to the death

it was st. patrick's day,
i remember you laying down

but i thought we were on
the same side

in the bath tub, like a little boy,
splashing and playing in the water,

why are you trying to hurt me

not even flinching that i was there
talking to you, naked in the tub

and like a bull dog that finally lis-
tened

to the commands of their master,

it was st. patrick's day,
i wanted to get out, see the town

you finally stopped, and
there i was, your ally,

the one that sat in the trenches
with you all those years ago

torn panty hose, bloody knees

i never thought you'd fight
one of your buddies, i swear

*

i got out and called for back up
in the hotel lobby

at the pay phone an older woman
came up to me, asking
if i was all right

her question stopped me
from hyperventilating

i looked down at my torn hose,
bloody knees

and I said,
i'm fine

*

i just knew i had to get out of there
before more shells fell

Love Affair With The Moon 2012

(BASED ON THE 2005 POEM LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE MOON
AND ORIGINATING FROM THE PROSE HOW DO I GET TO THE MOON
IN THE 20050215 FEATURE HOW DO I GET THERE?,
BUT REVISED AND EDITED 20120508)

how do we understand this love
for what we see in the night sky

I think everyone loves the moon
and I think everyone was transfixed
to their televisions or radios
when we made that first one small step for man
that one giant leap for mankind

scientists at NASA during the cold war
considered setting off nuclear bombs
on the dark side of the moon
because, you see,
no one sees that side of the moon
and it would be a safe distance from the Earth

but what would that do to our weather, or our orbit?
the earthquake that caused
the devastating tsunami in Asia
slowed the rotation of this planet for a full second —

and they say committing nuclear atrocities on the moon
is a safe distance from the Earth

our calendars have leap years
'cause we can't get the time right...
in a few months we even have to add seconds to a day
to adjust our calendar
to the slowing of the Earth's rotation

astronomers now estimate
that because of gravity's change
the moon, every year
is almost 4 centimeters farther away from the earth

so if you remember the moon looking so big
when you looked at it in the night sky
when you were little, well,
you may have been right

astronomy is like a forbidden love affair
something whose constancy can give you hope
even when you're only standing outside
in the night and looking up at its perennial beauty

it is something one person may never actually touch
but it is something we can always,
like a star-crossed lover,
admire from afar

Beauty in the Eyes of Einstein

(STARTED 11/04/11, COMPLETED 11/15/11)

I heard NASA scientists say
that Einstein dismissed some of his theories

even some theories we may know all too well

but Einstein didn't like some of his theories
because he thought they weren't beautiful

and I wonder:
what is beauty

is it the geomagnetic aberrations
of the Aurora Borealis
dancing along the horizon
at the arctic circle

is it the way you look at me
with those gorgeous doe eyes
after we've been apart so long

is it the scattered collisions from comet
Shoemaker Levy-9 into the planet Jupiter

is it what I feel
when your arms are finally around me
and I don't want to open my eyes
and I never want to let go

is it the eternally changing
whisps of volcanic trails
in the Saturn moon Titan's atmosphere

is it the way that listening
to the music you make
fills me with such energy

or is it converting matter into pure energy
with just the right formula

Einstein believed
“The most beautiful thing
we can experience
is the mysterious.
It is the source
of all art and science.”

so am I driven
to look up at the stars in the night sky
to see stars from billions of years ago
to fall in love every night

Einstein reminds us,
“We are all ruled
in what we do
by impulses”

so is it how on impulse
I move a bit closer to you
so I can feel the heat from your body
so close to mine

we ask, what is beauty

they say beauty is in the eye of the beholder
so it makes me wonder

Games We Play

(01/16/12)

this game we play
don't say you don't know I know

this game we play
it's written all over your face

no,
I don't think anyone else sees it

it's like we're the only ones
with the enigma key

just you and I

but I don't think you're playing fair
you keep your distance

sound my alarm
give me this feeling

like the loss
of a missing child

you put me on amber alert
until you come to me again

you kiss me

we embrace for too long
before you leave me again

then when we're together again
we meet in a crowded room

we remain at opposite corners
act aloof

act like we don't know
the other one is just waiting there

so we play this game
almost avoiding each other

until we're alone
and we spill ourselves onto each other

and again,
we embrace for too long

before you leave me again

but all my cards are now on the table
I'm showing you my hand

and no one can see
what's on the line

but this game we play
this balancing act

this coming,
this going

I'm sorry
am I the only one feeling this

as we come together
then dart away

games we Play

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