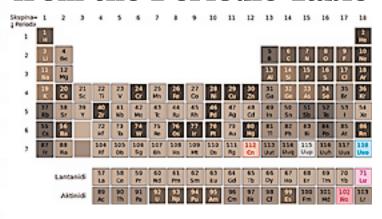
On the Edge of the Table

Janet Kuypers poems from the Periodic Table



performed live 20121214 at the Art Colony in Chicago

cc&d ISSN # 1068-5154

Nobelium 102

I never saw you.
You were the one thing
we were all looking for —
peace —
and we didn't know
what it would look like
when we found it.

If we found it.

I heard that Sweden laid claim to you first, but I swear, we were all searching for you, and I think that like most Americans we would even try to synthesize you in order to lay claim to you.

Listen to me, like all Americans, laying claim to you. Possessing you.

Maybe you've kept yourself so well hidden because we'll never learn How to live in peace...
Maybe we can only take peace in small amounts, mixed with our usual anger and discontent.

I know you've been around for so very long, and I can't remember how many years we've been searching for you.

Had your hair grown to silvery white or gray waiting for us to truly want peace?
Have you grown rough and metallic in your impatience with us?
Would you be a hazard to us if we took you in in sufficient amounts?

Because, we want to take that chance. Because we've been looking, and we've been waiting for you.

Ununpentium 115

A month before you died, on the day that she was born, that was very possibly the last day I talked to you. I know you loved me, but in the grand scheme of things, you had to know this relationship couldn't last.

When you first asked me out, My answer was quick: I think it was a hundred milliseconds before I said no. You had to know that with a half-life so short, we didn't stand a chance.

And on that day, February second, I sat on the other side of the country at a bar with a man who introduced me to philosophy. It was good to see him, to remind myself of how I wanted to live. Remembering how chemical reactions were supposed to last, I then realized the ununtended consequences of this pent up friction between us.

Try to smash the right ions from us together, see what happens.
See if anything survives long enough to even measure.

You know you had an uphill battle with me.

#

A hundred and fifteen days after February 2nd, three months after you died, that was when I almost died too. Because even though you bombarded me with your high excitation energy, this hot fusion would never work.

And look at what was left of me.

I didn't want you to die.
I didn't want you to be destroyed.
Did you seal your fate
by trying to bond with a part of me,
or should I have trusted my first instincts
so that your destruction would hurt me less.

I wish I could have told you that this systematic elemental bombardment of us, this radioactive reaction, was only temporary, this doesn't occur in nature, we had to work so hard to merely try to make something of us. And as much as I hate to admit it, I wonder if this was never meant to be.

On the Edge of the Table

Lutetium 071

When I was little and first fell in love with the stars in the sky, it was always easy to spot the constellation Cassiopeia at night just look for five dots that looked like the letter "w" as the throne for Cassiopeia, queen of Aethiopia. But apparently the Germans had a thing for Cassiopeia too, because an Austrian. a Frenchman and an American all independently discovered the element Lutetium at the same time... After years of debate, the Frenchman won the naming rights for Lutetium, but the Germans still stuck with Cassiopeia for their name-of-choice through the nineteen fifties.

But I don't know, maybe this element Lutetium was the perfect thing for queen Cassiopeia, because although it is more common than silver here on Earth, it's hard to separate from other elements, and it's harder and denser than it's counterparts (even costing ten thousand dollars per kilogram).

#

If I could have photographed queen Cassiopeia, I may have wanted Lutetium aluminum garnet as the liquid element in immersion lithography for added depth-of-focus in my photo journalism travails... Though maybe I should just savor the connection between queen Cassiopeia (with her throne in the sky), the mother of Andromeda (goddess and galaxy), and Lutetium something that has always been so strong, and has also worked with others, to help us see everything so much better...

Copernicium 112

It was my love of you and what you believed in that made me try to get you.

With your Renaissance ways, you taught me that I'm not the center of the Universe,

but I've learned since then to go beyond the sun, because there is too much out there

to see.

As a scientist, I know you changed our views of the world. So science must create you, again.

I know that mathematics can explain the Universe, but you were more than a

mathematician, you were a physician, a translator, an economist, an astronomer,

an artist.

I know you were a founder in your time, and the half-life of what we create may be small...

but I would have to throw any metal I could into any isotope I could, like zinc to lead,

just to see if you would come out for us again. Let us find you, let us experiment

with you.

Let us accelerate these processes, cause just the right reactions to synthesize you and your genius.

I don't care how we get you, whether what we do is cold or hot, when we fuse to create you,

and through all of our work you may only come to us after the decay of others

around you.

We've learned that only now, now that we have you, we can try to work with any part of you,

no matter how unstable you say you now are. I don't care. You're the last member

transitioning in this series — so now I can only reflect on your relativity to planets, like Mercury, as well as

your nobility.

I miss what you've done for how we think in this world. I miss clear scientific minds.

I only hope that what we've done in your honor does you justice. Even though we've only created you,

I want you to remember that it is because we wanted to learn, too, and we wanted you

to guide the way.

On the Edge of the Table

Ununoctium II&

I first only heard of you a decade ago. You seemed so reactive, so unstable, and yet I was so attracted to you. I should have known better.

I should have known that your radioactive personality would cause your destruction, so I guess I'm glad I'm not around to see it.

I have only seen you three or four times since you started to self-destruct, so from afar I can only guess what you're made of, or what you can do.

But still, I can't get you out of my mind, so I'm left here to guess about you, based on what little I could ever infer about you. This is all you leave me.

When I saw you before, you seemed kind, and noble when you were with me... But that was before I saw what you were made of, how hard you could be.

So much emanated from you with me, but you've systematically shattered any preconceived notions of who you are, that I don't even know what to believe.

You're that explosive, and I've been unsuccessful in any attempts to synthesize with you... It's funny, you seem like you want to be discovered,

but I can only predict, calculate, or extrapolate what I think you can do. If only you would let me crack your shell so I could see what you're made of...

On the Edge of the Table

Janet Kuypers

http://www.janetkuypers.com

scarspublications

http://scars.tv/kuypers/poems/periodic-table-of-poetry.htm

published in conjunction with **cc&d** magazine

the UN-religious, NON-family oriented literary and art magazine ccandd96@scars.tv INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555 ISSN 1068-5154

Copyright © 2012 Janet Kuypersr, Design Copyright © 2012 Scars Publications and Design

Magazine S: Children, Churches and Daddies (ca&d magazine), founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

BOOKS: They Clast in the Attit, the Window, Class Cover Belove Striking, (Woman), Auturn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Goy's Golde (to Feminism), Changing Goers, the Key to Belleving, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Owere, Exero Versus, L'erts, The Other Side, The Boss Lody's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expended Edition), Dowliny, Seing Thing, The Enterpy Pringer, the Other Side (1906), The Control of Control of Control of Control of Control Ones, Sea Strikers, Belleving Performances, Sea Devenu, Use of God Baldon, Creams, Rough Blisters, Bet Largey Pringer, the Other Side (1906), Edition Strikers, Sign Your Life, The Bower of Add to Sea Strikers, God Hope Control of Control Ones, Sea God Hope Control of Control Ones, Tool of Hope Control of Control Ones, Tool of Hope Control of Control Ones, Tool of Hope Control of Control Ones, Sea God Hope Control Ones,

Compact Discs: Mon's Franche Vese the demo tapes, Kuppers the final (MFF Inclusiva), Week and Flavers the beauty & the desolution, The Second Axing Something is Sweeting, The Second Axing Line in Alacka, Patter & Kuppers Line at Cale Alaba, Patter

Orchestra Rough Mines, Kuypers Steining Things Differently, 50/50 Tick Tock, Kuypers Change Rearmage, Order From Choos The Entropy Project, Kuypers Stein One One, Kuypers Stein, Performances mys 20, Kuypers Death Comes in Threes, Kuypers Changing Geors, Kuypers Deams, Kuypers Death utchnice to cough Backs, Appears Season juming interesting, 30-20 section, Configuration Season (Appears Season Jacob Backs), appears Season jumin (Season Season Jacob Backs), appears Season jumin (Season Season Season Jacob Backs), appears Season jumin (Season Season Difference" (CD sngle), , Kuypers/Hardwick "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).