

57 La	58 Ce	59 Pr	60 Nd	61 Pm	62 Sm	63 Eu	64 Gd	65 Tb	66 Dy	67 Ho	68 Er	69 Tm	70 Yb	71 Lu
89 Ac	90 Th	91 Pa	92 U	93 Np	94 Pu	95 Am	96 Cm	97 Bk	98 Cf	99 Es	100 Fm	101 Md	102 No	103 Lr



Opening Act

Janet
Kuypers

live 10/4/13

1 H																	2 He
3 Li	4 Be											5 B	6 C	7 N	8 O	9 F	10 Ne
11 Na	12 Mg											13 Al	14 Si	15 P	16 S	17 Cl	18 Ar
19 K	20 Ca	21 Sc	22 Ti	23 V	24 Cr	25 Mn	26 Fe	27 Co	28 Ni	29 Cu	30 Zn	31 Ga	32 Ge	33 As	34 Se	35 Br	36 Kr
37 Rb	38 Sr	39 Y	40 Zr	41 Nb	42 Mo	43 Tc	44 Ru	45 Rh	46 Pd	47 Ag	48 Cd	49 In	50 Sn	51 Sb	52 Te	53 I	54 Xe
55 Cs	56 Ba		72 Hf	73 Ta	74 W	75 Re	76 Os	77 Ir	78 Pt	79 Au	80 Hg	81 Tl	82 Pb	83 Bi	84 Po	85 At	86 Rn
87 Fr	88 Ra		104 Rf	105 Db	106 Sg	107 Bh	108 Hs	109 Mt	110 Ds	111 Rg	112 Cn	113 Uut	114 Uuq	115 Uup	116 Uuh	117 Uus	118 Uuo

B**e****a****u****t****y** **i****n** **t****h****e**
E**y****e****s** **o****f**
E**i****n****s****t****e****i****n****i****u****m**
#99

Einstein dismissed some of his theories —
even some we may know all too well.

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 eternally changing
wisps of volcanic trails
in the Saturn moon Titan's atmosphere?

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

We ask, what is beauty?

They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
So it makes me wonder...

Einstein understood
that everything was relative...

Because once he fathomed
the relationship
between matter and energy,
once he understood
the interconnectivity
between matter and energy —

he understood that his knowledge
in the hands of evil men
could mean that his Fatherland,
the land he escaped from,
he understood that Hitler and the Third Reich
could be working on an atomic bomb,
converting so little matter
into so much devastating energy.

Einstein understood the gravity
of his writing a letter
to appeal to Roosevelt
to create this bomb,
to protect us from Germany.

Now:
imagine the finality
of naming an element discovered
after the first explosion
of the hydrogen bomb
after
Albert Einstein.

Because really,
in a way,
it's
ironically
beautiful.

So we ask, what is beauty?

Because chemists will make it clear
that Einsteinium
has no known uses...

But think about it:
is there any logical reason
to grow a certain flower
and purchase it at inflated prices
to give to someone you're smitten with
on an early date?

Is there any logical reason
to accept the Deboers company
global stranglehold
over stopping the release
of an otherwise common crystal
so that a loved one can cherish
a clear stone on their left finger
to show the world
that they're otherwise
"taken"?

Is there any logical reason
to claim a song
for a slow dance
on your wedding day?

Logically?
Of course not.
But we do it anyway,
we keep dried rose petals
from that infatuating relationship,
women constantly ooh and aah
over engagement ring sizes,
and married people
intrinsically feel
they *have* to dance
when they hear
their wedding song.

How illogical.
But how beautiful.

So we ask what is beauty.
And all scientists seem to
use Einsteinium for now
is basic scientific research,
but that seems oddly fitting,
since that is what
Einstein did best.
To think.
To research.

And that
is beautiful.

W h i t e P h o s p h o r u s
#16

Seeing bombs from Viet Nam
and the white smoke rising —
with each bomb exploding,
I knew
that smoke...
It was Willie Pete,
white Phosphorus —
you couldn't put it out
once it started burning.
This stuff would
destroy the forests
foreign to our
U.S. troops.

I know you can't understand.
But I wanted you to know
that I haven't felt close
to anyone
or anything
in years.

It sounds sick,
but seeing that footage,
seeing that white smoke
from that file footage,
it brought it all back to me.
It brought the emotions
flooding back to me
like it was yesterday.

Everything that seems
so volatile
about that war,
in a way
has become a part of me,
right down to my DNA.
You look at your tv screen
and think it makes no sense,
but...
It's a part of me.
I know I'm old now,
I know it's only
a small part of me,
but I know I need it.
I can't explain why,
but I do.

When you see the destruction
of Willie Pete...
Yeah, we knew what it was,
white Phosphorus,
but all of us called it that,
it was just easier
to say it then,
but...
When you see the destruction
of that white Phosphorus,
you think of it
on some existential level,
like "oh, violence is bad,"
but when I see those
bombs going off,
and when I think of
what it was like
to live in that war,
that Willie Pete —
that white Phosphorus —
to us, that was our key
to getting through that hell.
You can't understand,
but that
was the closest we had
to getting out alive.

T i t a n i u m

#22

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you always leave me wanting more.
The longer I'm out in the sun, the more red
my nose and cheeks get, and the more I want
to slather you all over me to protect me.

What I think I like the most about you is how
whenever I see you around me, you consume me
like a wave of heat on a summer afternoon.
Seeing your metal along my flesh teases me
until sweat dances down my hairline and tickles my neck.

What I think I like the most about you
is when you say that absence makes the heart grow fonder,
because you're like the fireworks I only see
on special occasions, and with your absence
I want you more, so you couldn't be more right.

What I think I like the most about you
are the things that make me think I have to fight for you,
are the things that make you cost just too much.
It's true, the market determines your worth to the world,
even if you're always priceless to me.

What I think I like the most about you
is the fact that you can lead the way to help me
fly high into the sky, so I could see any corner
of the Earth, or even see the Universe beyond
our narrow global vision. You do that for me.

What I think I like the most about you
is the fact that you seem so common in the world,
but you manage to hide yourself in just the right way.
But still, you're everywhere from dental implants to cell phones,
to engagement rings to jet engines to space ships...

What I think I like the most about you
is the wondering about you, is the yearning for you.
That's what I like. This high-charged guessing game.
You make me work so hard just to find you. You leave me
to think about the possibilities. And that's what I like.

R u b i d i u m

#37

You tell me you want to be the hand
that pulls me from the burning building,
but you caused that fire.

They try to put it out with water,
but you turn it into hydrogen gas.
You give everything more heat,
and the fire only expands.

So every time I try to be rescued
you turn your back,
you claim you have more work to do.

So I will rescue myself this time again,
and I will wonder if I should stop trying
and allow myself to perish in the flames.
Now all I have to do is sit and wait
for another disaster to consume me.

I'll wait for you to do your work.
Sitting and waiting is exactly what I'll do.

You fascinate me with your fireworks, you think,
oh, what a pretty purple color. She'll like that.
But I was never that fond of that color,
and I hate the damage you can cause.

When things get hot, it seems you melt
just above my own body temperature.
How can I survive with you like this?

My love for you is the deepest red, but
why do you tell me one thing and do another?
You really charge me when we're together, but
why do you run away when I need you most?

I'm stepping over the wooden beams now,
and the flames are all around me. Here, look
at the blood dripping from my arms. Here,
smell my flesh burning. This is what you do.

You have been so volatile recently, that you
seem to react to everything I ever do, even
if it's in an effort to save us. So, let me burn.

Can't it be easier for me to just perish? I try and try,
and every time at the last minute, my figure
steps over the the charred remains and saves me.

If only you wouldn't create the burning.
Is only you would exist for more than destruction,
even if it *was* only for purple fireworks, or
conducting electricity, or cooling lasers,
giving power to batteries, or outer space energy.

But I'm afraid to be with you anymore,
because you'll even spontaneously ignite
in the air. I know our past, I know I can
absorb you into me, But I only know now
that you serve no purpose for me.

So after all this time, I only wonder if I could
ever feel safe with you, even just once.

G a l l i u m

#31

Isn't that moment of expectation
almost the best part?

How it melts in your mouth
and not in your hands...

Or,
is it the most
heart-wrenching
part.

When you think everything is over,
you see
that at 30 degrees C
everything melts away.

And you think you shouldn't be doing this,
that this can't be happening,
but on a hot day —
everything is held in peril.

Because as I said,
everything can melt away.

Yeah, I know how they say
it melts in your mouth
and not in your hands,
but after a lick,
it doesn't have much of a taste,
it's a bit astringent
and has a metallic taste
that lasts a few hours.
But as I said,
it melts in your mouth
and not in your hands,
but no one even knows
what it tastes like
when it's molten...

But still,
with a low melting point
and a high boiling point
and no toxic vapor,
it contracts as it melts
(much like water)
It actually floats
on it's own liquid.

You want to see it
floating away on itself like that,
you want to see
what you think are the laws of nature
being broken,
so you wait for that moment of expectation,
to see that moment of change,
and wonder
it that's almost the best part.

S a m a r i u m

#62

I'm wondering if there's something
chemical that brings us together,
something that brings us to our knees,
something that sucks us in...

Your stare from a distance haunts me;
I know that your look lasts longer
than the Universe itself, so, if we join,
would we stay together forever?

I'm wondering if you're sensing what I'm
sensing, is it just me, am I making this all up
in my head, or when I glance up and catch your
eyes, do you see how you've taken hold of me?

I look at you and think that you're supposed
to be the one that's good for everyone else,
that you're supposed go out of your way to help
everyone else, and the one thing I *do* know

is that you don't break down like everyone
else seems to with me, so maybe this attraction
to you might not cause to you leave me.
Maybe you'll absorb me in, neutron by neutron.

Because really, 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...

I've been so drawn to you, you have that effect on me, I can't help it. This magnetism is undeniable, the heat you generate can actually ignite in the air with me. Maybe that's why

I've been 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.

I've seen you work well with others. My loved ones with cancer, you could even help them. It makes me a little jealous, because I've been so drawn to you that I want you for myself.

Because really, when I 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, do you feel it too.

E u r o p i u m

#63

too much light makes the baby go blind
and too much light makes the moth
rush into the flame
and die in a glorious blaze of glory

A scientist placed parts of you
in a tube,
removed all the air he could
and sent
an electrical current right through you.

It glowed
And he called it a Cathode Ray.

I have seen the light;
I have seen your red hue.

You say you make everything bright,
but what is my choice:

burn in that red flame
if I get too much of you,
so I can burst quickly?
I know they even dope plastics
with you for lasers, for what,
so you'd be ready
for a quick kill?

So, what,
do I burn in that red flame?
Or do I keep giving myself
only trace amounts of you,
taking your red intensity
bit by bit,
thinking I'm not
giving myself
enough, but still,
you absorb me slowly?
Until you pull me in?

Because either way,
you'll try to absorb me in,
right down to my neutrons.
I mean, they've been
doping what I use
all the *time* with you
for all of my life now,
and I didn't even know it.

Yeah, they say too much light
makes the baby go blind.
But what does it do
when it's been with you
all your life?
Will it kill you then?

They keep talking about
too much light,
but I wonder
if it's a question
of the right kind of light.
Because,
you haven't taken me out
yet —
I seem to be doing
pretty well with you.
So they might be talking
about the danger,
but if you know
what you're doing,
maybe enough of you
is just what I need.
I'll take my chances
with you,
because if you've been doped
into what I use,
maybe the addition if you
is exactly hat I need.

G a d o l i n i u m

#64

This attraction to you,
when I learn what you do:
are you a force of nature?

Is it your magnetism, and
how my need's only magnified
as I draw closer to you?

That's the only way
I can explain this,
you know.

I know this momentum
in your magnetism
chills me to the core:

but the world doesn't know
that your magnetic refrigeration
is the energy we need...

you must have a power
no one else has harnessed,
to do this to me.

The force you have on me
makes my blood rush,
and with that blood-brain barrier,

I even look at MRI scans,
and you're just the contrast agent
to enhance all my vessels.

In older times, the electric force
between us would even
curl me in an arc to you.

I know, I know, I must abide
by the laws of physics and motion
when it comes to you,

because, as I said,
with your dynamic equilibrium,
you must be a force of nature.

Hydrogen Cyanide

#1

He was once a college chemistry professor, so he hoped he was a shoe-in to work with the Waffen-SS.

He ended up working at the Rundfunkhaus — a Berlin radio station broadcasting Nazi propaganda.

But after his university was bombed, he took what he could get and was grateful for work

that didn't require him to use a gun. But when the Science and Research Department at

the Reich Main Security Office gave him orders to go to the Dachau camp to retrieve paperwork,

he solemnly went home to pack for his two-day trip, driving there one day, returning home the next.

#

He'd seen the Sachsenhausen concentration camp, 35 kilometres north of Berlin, but Sachsenhausen

was more of a training centre for Schutzstaffel officers before the SS men were sent to oversee other camps.

And although Dachau was small, it was essentially the first, and set the standard for all of Hitler's camps.

He felt the tension knot in his stomach grow, even before saying goodbye his wife and two children.

#

Arriving at the camp the next afternoon, he learned
the lieutenant general was away from his office,

so he could only get the necessary paperwork
the next morning. Which left him alone

at the camp, in a stranger's office. He paced.
A part of him didn't want to go out there,

there was safety inside these office walls.
Here he could remain separate from the war.

#

After nearly an hour of pacing, he decided
to just go out there. Face it. Get it over with.

And when he stepped outside the air felt heavy;
he could feel the weight of the move he made,

the weight of his legs grew heavier; he dragged
his feet, making his way to the open walkway.

Although there was that heavy haze in the air,
he knew what chemical reactions had occurred

to leave that distinct smell in the smoke
and haze working it's way through the air.

He saw across the clearing the doors close to the
"showers", so he walked with a determination

to bring himself to the hall. He could hear
the sounds of people inside grow louder,

but he then caught a glimpse of a guard
that just made his way to the roof. As he

got closer, he watched the soldier open
what looked like a can, then shake it

into the vent at the centre of the building,
before closing the vent and walking across

the roof before taking the ladder back down.
From the moment anything from that can

made it's way into that building, with
every subsequent step he took, he could hear

the wails and screams get louder and louder
from the Jews inside. He stopped for a moment.

Look, he thought, he knew what this was,
get used to this, was all he could think to himself

to get his heavy feet moving again. He
caught the soldier walking down the ladder

from the building, and quickened his pace
to catch him before he got far from the building.

Not able to see the ranking on his uniform shirt,
he quickened his pace to not yell for the soldier.

With the soldier still holding the jar in his hand,
he asked if he could see the can. Once he had it

in his hands, he looked at all elements on the label.
Zyklon B. Hydrogen Cyanide. He knew

this poisonous liquid boiled just above room
temperature, so he knew that all they had to do

was drop some from a sealed can into the open hall,
poisoning thousands in only twenty minutes.

He knew the Germans first thought of using
this Prussic acid against Napoleon in eighteen
thirteen — and if they had, it would have been
the first time Hydrogen Cyanide was used in warfare...

But look at him now, the chemistry professor,
reduced to thinking of how all the Jews inhaled

the bitter almond smell of Hydrogen Cyanide,
until it combined with their red blood cells,

causing death from oxygen starvation.
He suddenly felt he needed to take a deep

breath, get in all the oxygen he could. He saw
the blue stains on the concrete walls, then walked

back to the soldier to give him the empty can,
when the soldier, making small talk, said

“one of the older Jews pleaded to me,
‘I’m a decorated vet from WWI, I was in an

artillery battalion, we shot gas shells at the
British and Americans, I shouldn’t be here,

my paperwork’s with my luggage—’ And they
just kept telling him to go into the showers...”

And he knew in WWI we shot these shells into trenches
in France, so he shrugged and gave a slight grin,

to commiserate with the soldier, but he knew
that everyone fights their own battles in this war.

He was only a lieutenant, a lower-ranking attache
than the colonel who sent him on this job,

but he still held rank over this soldier, so he told the soldier that once there were no screams inside

and they opened the doors to bring everyone to the crematoriums, he wanted to be notified.

Then he walked away. At fifty metres he clutched at his pockets to find his cigarettes and lighter;

he wanted anything to calm him down and help him focus on anything else until it was time.

#

He stood in the field, chain smoking, until he heard the running footsteps in the distance.

He looked at his pocket watch. Twenty minutes had passed, as he saw a soldier running

toward him. He looked at the gas chamber and saw they had opened the doors, so he started

his methodical walk back to where he was destined to go. He acknowledged the soldier

with a wave, and quickened his pace to the building. He saw a few different soldiers

this time, all waiting until the cloud of gas was cleared from the chamber so they could work.

He walked to the doorway. It was dark, but he could make out a pyramid of people

toward that small now closed centre vent. From what he could tell, it looked like the Jews

tossed the babies and small children toward the top, in an effort to keep the children alive.

One of the soldiers passed him as he stared,
so he asked him how long he had been doing this.

“Nearly a year,” he answered. So he had to ask
if doing this, if seeing this, bothered him.

The man only answered, “If you do something
long enough, you get used to anything.”

With that, he nodded slightly, and knew
he saw enough. He walked away.

#

Early the next morning, he came back to the offices
at the Dachau concentration camp, so he could

get his paperwork as quickly as possible, so he
could get out of there as quickly as possible.

#

The tension knot grew smaller in his stomach
the closer he got to his home in that drive,

but as he came to his home, he saw his wife
sitting outside their home, with all the widows open.

Once he got out of the car, he could hear
her coughing, sounding more and more hoarse

with each gasp. He only wanted to hold her,
but concern overtook him as she explained

that she just used a pesticide fumigant
throughout the house, and she could

no longer breathe while inside those walls.
He looked to the second floor of the house

for the children, and she told him they were each staying the night at friends homes.

And suddenly he imagined that fumigant thats killing the vermin inside their home —

Hydrogen Cyanide was now in their home.
A form of Zyklon B was now in their home.

All she was trying to do was kill the vermin,
and he thought of the propaganda ministry

he now worked for, telling the nation to believe
that the Jews are the rats, the Jews are the vermin.

So he looked at their home, and told her
they would get out of here tonight, as far

as they possibly could. He then held her close
before they walked away, holding hands.

Okay, it's all
about the Oxygen
#8

Okay, so I like to think of myself
as a history buff.

And no, I don't pay attention to
American history,
or even the details of, like, the ancient
Roman Empire
or anything — for the most part,
I'm not even
interested in the history of people...
To quote Linus
in *Peanuts*, "I love mankind, it's people
I can't stand"...

Yeah, I know, my history's older than the
human race:
how was this Solar System formed?
Or the Earth?
How was this planet able to sustain life
so that we humans
could sit around *thinking* about
this stuff?

As I said, when *I* think history,
all I can do
is gather evidence and theorize...
But really,
that just shows that there are times
when I'm actually
transfixed on a truly more universal
puzzle.

#

So look, I know I've studied way back
to when matter
didn't even exist yet in this Universe,
or how matter formed.
I know theories about asteroids bringing
the building blocks
of life itself to this planet. And sure,
scientists think comets
brought water to planet Earth, too.
But when I think
of early Earth, when it formed, it was a real
mess, there were
constant bombardments with objects
from outer space,
volcanoes were going off constantly,
and the atmosphere
was all sulfur and methane, thanks
to the volatility
of Earth mach one. And okay, comets
may have brought water,
and water has Oxygen in it, but really,
back then the atmosphere
was a bunch of un-breathable stuff
to us humans.

Okay, so because there was no Oxygen
in the atmosphere,
any life that started on Earth mach one
probably thought
Oxygen was poisonous. (Because okay,
I know there's nitrogen
in our atmosphere, but if there was
no Oxygen
and it was replaced by sulfur
we couldn't live,
but early life living in a sulfur-rich
environment
may find Oxygen is toxic to them, right?)

Okay, so I know
the universal historian inside of me
wanted to know
how Oxygen actually got into our air,
so human life
(or any life as we know it here on Earth)
could actually begin.

#

Okay, so paleontologists study fossils,
and they found some
that are two hundred million years old,
like in Earth time.
Think about it: *this* was cyanobacteria from
two hundred million
years ago, near what scientists now call
the great Oxygen event
(which is what they call the biologically
induced
appearance of Oxygen in the air).
Well anyway,
in Earth time, any Oxygen that existed
was just dissolved
by the molten iron (that same iron
that formed
the Earth's inner core, I imagine).
But the thing is,
this cyanobacteria used photosynthesis,
making Oxygen.
And once there was so much Oxygen
that it couldn't be
dissolved into the then saturated reserves,
all that Oxygen
stayed in our atmosphere instead.

#

I don't know, I keep trying to piece together
this puzzle,
but this whole 'Universe puzzle' is a pretty
massive endeavor.
I mean okay, all matter that we can monitor
only takes up
maybe four percent of this Universe.
And I still don't
know how to fit the idea of Dark Matter
into this puzzle
I've been working on... So maybe
I'll have to reassess
learning everything about everything right now,
and work
with stuff like the Oxygen around me
instead...

S**m****e****l****l****i****n****g** **S****u****l****p****h****u****r**
o**n** **N****i****n****e** **O****n****e** **O****n****e**
#16

I'm a journalist.
I can remember
the sounds of the newsroom
as I finished my articles
at one of the computers.
I can still hear
the sounds of the bustling,
of the rushing toward a deadline.

The shuffling of papers
was a constant presence
when you worked.

Hearing that low hum,
that din of action and activity
is almost comforting
to types like us.
It was the base beat
to the symphony of our lives.

So, when you hear the words
nine one one,
you think of the number to dial
when you hear of more gun violence
on these Chicago streets.
You smell the Sulfur
in the gunpowder,
another sense
that accentuates the center
of the world around us...

But on a beautifully
sunny day like today,
you come into the newsroom
in the early morning,
and the sound of action
has yet to truly penetrate the ears
of these reporters,
with a styrofoam coffee cup in one hand,
crumpled pages of edited copy in the other.

But on this sunny morning,
the din was different,
much more cacophonous,
much more rushed,
while still so hushed.
I made my way
to one of the TV sets
along the main wall,
all were on different channels
showing different bits of news,
though all suddenly seemed the same.
It looked like the newsroom
was watching a movie
as smoke poured
from one of the Twin Towers.
I tried to make out the voices
from one of the TV sets
when I witnessed a plane —
right before my eyes —
fly into the other Tower.

I stood for a moment,
transfixed like some
horror movie addict,
before I thought of our contacts
scattered along the east coast.
I pulled out my cell phone
and speed dialed Mark in New York,
he had a meeting scheduled
in the Twin Towers that morning,
but the phone was jammed,
so I dialed up Don
who was in town there this week,
but all was lost
to computer-simulated voices,
forcing me to leave messages
and scramble from afar.

As pathetic as we were,
we stared at TVs
as most forms of communication
were cut off for us.
Was this an attack on New York,
we struggled to discover
until less than forty minutes later
we saw the two-second long film
replayed repeatedly
from a D.C. security camera
that caught a collision course
crashing of a plane
through the outer rings
of the Pentagon.

Well.

Now the story has changed.

Try to get through
to Dan in D.C.,
was he in the Pentagon today.
The phones still cut me off.
So we scrambled for any data,
looking for a Chicago connection:
the Sears Tower,
the John Hancock building,
these are national icons
that may be under attack...
But before we could gain our bearings,
only twenty-five minutes passed
before a plane crashed
into the ground
near Shanksville, Pennsylvania.

Shanksville, I thought,
I know someone there,
I searched, and found
Anna's number,
but who was I kidding.
Those lines were cut off too.

#

It's a strange feeling,
being a reporter
and not being able
to contact a single person.
Being detached from any lead,
coupled with a sinking feeling,
wondering if any
of the people you know
are physically hurt,
or even alive.

As a journalist,
you really feel hopeless,
like your hands are tied
behind your back.

We give the news.
We're not supposed
to feel so stranded.

#

An hour after
the Pentagon was attacked,
the Sears Tower was evacuated.
This wasn't my beat;
I had no contacts, no one
to help me through this disaster,
so I waited there
in case others
needed any assistance.

I sat back for a moment,
left there to wait,
thinking about
Mark and Don in New York,
Dan in D.C.,
even poor Anna —
I'm sure she's not hurt,
but they're now cut off to me.
As I said,
all I could do
was wait.

Clear your head of the people,
I could hear myself
say to myself.
You're a reporter,
just break down the details
of what you see
instead of thinking of this
as another one of your
human interest articles...

The jet fuel, the drywall,
all that paper in those offices,
those people,
trapped,
they're all
hydrogen, carbon, oxygen.
But wait a minute,
in Chicago I think
of the Sulfur smell
when it comes to gunfire.
But jet fuel is Sulfur-laden,
that burning drywall
emits Sulfur gas,
Sulfur's even the third most common
mineral in the human body.

I mean,
I'm a newspaper reporter.
I know that Sulfur-based compounds
are used in pulp
and paper industries.

#

Yeah, I'm a newspaper reporter.
Just take a breath
and turn your head to the stats.

To clear my head
of the humanity,
the thought of so much Sulfur
being so much a part
of so many details in our lives,
made me think
of the destruction
that Sulfur was so much
a part of today.
I know I stayed here
to give a helping hand,
but with all that Sulfur
on my mind,
suddenly
all I could smell
was the burning,
and I couldn't stop coughing
while I tried to catch my breath.

Live 10/4/13 Opening Act

Janet Kuypers

scarspublications

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

ccand96@scars.tv

<http://scars.tv>

ccdlISSN 1068-5154 INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

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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, Exera Versas, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Doozy, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performers, Six Elvens, Life of Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, the Other Side (2006 Edition), Show, Day Year Life, the Beauty and the Destruction, cc&d 10.15 (Writing to Honor & Cherish, editor edited), Blisters & Buns (the Kuypers edition), SC&M, cc&d 11.01.5 (Photographed Writings other edition), Living in Chaos, Silent Screen, Talking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 30 (v.1), cc&d 10.1, *Ready, Here we Go for the Smelly and the Dirty*, cc&d 10.07.13, *Wake-Up Call From Triffidion*, (noisy), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolving, (noisy), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, you are Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cane-Dixie Chicks Union, the Writers Word, Dad, Preps Her for This, Uncertain, Living in a Big World, The Triggery, Yumhare to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers: Enticed, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pun (Kuypers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Stab Stab Stab, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (color art book and b&w art book), Life in (the) Post-Apocalyptic, Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Came Fly With Me, Clearing the Digits, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Look on Me, Lines of Intensity, Entering the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forsaken, Down in It, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wrapping It Up, No Return, Up in Smoke, Autumn Again, Moving the Earth, Perfectly Imperfect, Grounded, Symbols Manifest, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Min: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetoslavovna Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Midway, Moments in the Palace of Creation, B.L.P., Back the Bunkle Boy, Ruminations and Showers, I Saw Mike, the Strip, Yumhare on Tea, Creating Your Nineteenth Blue Collar Buddha, happens in Your Heart the Apostrophe's a hardy one of the Key to Believing Boy, Anais Min: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Poached Under / Chaotic New moon*, 12 Times 12 Equus Grass, a Marble Made Poshie Barbiche 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, Down Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable Is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Carmadogson's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cuts, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy See of CE, Book 15 * Thailand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Dan's Death Scene "tis of Thee, Understood, Akshic Shotgun, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blisters & Buns, Kinex & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Fortune & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A / Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Broken Silences, including the Writings, the Book of Scars, W's the Force, Life on the Edge, Wrecking in your Day, Life, Society, Domestic Depressive, Chaotic Elements, those a Creative, Briding the Come, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Day, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, cc&d 10 in my Blood (noisy) (1 edition), *Enticed Prose*, Enticed with Don, An Open Book, Library Dwa Hoi (2 editions), Prominent Pun (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Data Book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Purpose, Felling, Champ Thills, After the Apocalypse 2013 Data Book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entanglement, Guilt by Association

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Mom's Favorite Year the demo tapes, Kuypers the final (MP3 inclusive), Weeds and Flowers the beauty & the desolation, The Second Along Something is Sweating, the Second Aging Live in Alaska, Pintos & Kuypers Live at Cafe Aloha, Painless Orchestra Rough Mixes, Kuypers Seeing Things Differently, 50/50 Tick Tock, Kuypers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Kuypers Six One One, Kuypers Shop, Kuypers Masterful Performances mp3 CD, Kuypers Death Comes in Threes, Kuypers Changing Gears, Kuypers Dreams, Kuypers How Do I Get There?, Kuypers Contact Aesthetic Control, the DMU Art Connection the DMU Art Connection, Kuypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Kuypers SW, Kuypers WCD Radio (1 CD set), Mom's Favorite Year and The Second Aging These Tracks, annotated artist String Theory, Oh! (audio CD), Life in the Gate (3 CD set), the DMU Art Connection Indian Fire, the DMU Art Connection Music Depressive or Something, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Work #1, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Work #2, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Work #3, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Work #4, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Work #5, Chaotic Radio the Chaotic Collection Collection 801-845 (3 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), Chaotic Elements (2 CD set), Chaos in Motion (6 CD set), 50/50 Searching to a Halt (EP), P&P / Two for the Price of One (EP), Kiki, Jake and Haystack An American Parrot, Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the Johanne Pankas Trio Fusion (4 CD set), podcast the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Kuypers Live (14 CD set), the DMU 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 Hellman of South Africa Bura Through Me (2 CD set), Kuypers "40", Kuypers Sixteen and Other Stories, Kuypers the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), Kuypers "Dobra VeCo" (4 CD set) Kuypers "mum" (4 CD set), Kuypers "Loving All Out", Kuypers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Kuypers "Made Any Difference" (CD single), Kuypers/Hatchback "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).