



2013 Poetry Bomb:
Periodic Poetry at
Lincoln Park Zoo

Janet Kuypers

cc&d chapbook

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based on live poetry readings
in the Periodic Table of Poetry
outdoors at Lincoln Park Zoo

Scarsions Publications



Bromine

#35 Br

You've stopped the fire in me.
Oh, the zone you've tried to pull,
leaving a stench in your wake.

You wanted to stop my shaking.
You wanted to sedate me.
But I've learned better —
 you're just so unsafe
that no one thinks you're good.

You've been so corrosive to me,
and I know I haven't seen you around,
but I've been trying to tell you:

You have no purpose for me.

The only thing you may be good for
is killing the vermin around me,
but at this point in the game
I'd rather keep things living,
so please, keep your distance.

Your toxicity depresses me,
and when you sneak into my drink
you cloud everything instead.

You think you make things
picture-perfect,
but trust me, that argument
is not enough for me.

So please, don't poison me.
Please, don't burn me.
Just let me get some fresh air again
and get you away from me for good.

Iodine
Iodine
#53 I

I saw a science fantasy show once
where a man made entirely out of tumors
could only regenerate himself to survive
by submerging in a bathtub of Iodine.

Now I'm not a tumor, I'm only human,
but I have to remember that you're good for me,
you and you violet vapors,
we've just got to find out ways
to keep you with us as long as we can...

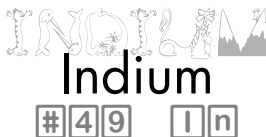
you're rare throughout this Universe,
but lucky us, here on planet earth,
we're the one with the water,
and you seem to be all over our oceans.

Lucky us, we need your nutrition,
and we need you to help us heal...

But as I said, you're rare in the Universe,
which means you're rare on this land.
And if we can't get enough of you,
it might be an intellectual disability.

But you help me see right down to my bones,
and I don't want to lose my faculties —
or what makes me me —
if I don't have you.

You've disinfected my cuts and sores,
we've used you in medicines,
and... I'm sorry.
You may be rare in this Universe,
but I know how good you are to me,
and I don't want to let you go.



As I touch the screen display,
see images and words moving
along the small LED screen,
I feel you there, just
on the other side.

I say I've never needed you,
but you've always been just
on the other side,
displaying what I wish to see,
lubricating what cannot
meld together.
You're as brilliant to me
as a shining silver metal
but you've been so fluid
that you melt when I see you.

That may be why
you've always been just
on the other side
when it came to us,
and only allowed me
to admire you like this
from afar.

Scandium
#21 SC

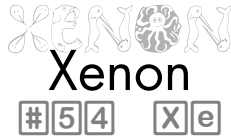
You have been so rare to me.
I've wanted to know you,
I've wanted to see you,
but you're more common in the sun
than you are right here,
and the only way you're made
is in the explosion of supernovae.

The scant amounts of you
the entire world knew
were once used in Russia,
prepping for cold war battle.

And you may be strong,
you may give us strength,
but your more violent strengths
come from your creation,
in a burst of radiation
that outshines the galaxy.

I know you're more common in our sun,
but the energy in a supernova's explosion
equals *all* of the energy our sun *ever* releases.

That's where you come from.
And that's why I'm drawn to you.
That's why I want to know you.
Besides, even though we beat the USSR,
we'll hedge our bets
to understand you
for any strengths we can get.



I don't care
that you're no
Zena warrior princess,
I just can't stand
those high-intensity
headlights of yours
at night.

You may numb me
from my pain
if I breathe you in,
but the only good
your brightness may do
is that your excitement
may add color and life
to me plasma tee vee.

But, you know,
if I love outer space,
I should like the fact
that you are the propellant
in Ion drives —
because if Xenon is the ion,
it can be shot out of a rocket
in outer space,
forcing the rocket
to move faster and faster
through the void
of outer space.

Then again,
I'm not going to outer space,
and there's no funding
to get us humans
into outer space
right now anyway...

So I'm sorry.
you may *think*
you've got some
bright ideas,
but when I'm driving
at night,
sometimes I think
you should keep
some of your ideas
in check.

FROM HYDROGEN TO NOTHING
from Hydrogen to Nothing

#001 H

Love is like tap water,
free flowing...
Remember when you were little,
just put a glass under the faucet
and quench your thirst?

Wait a minute,
it's not like that.
Water isn't free.
You even have to pay
for the water in your own home,
and
it's not even clean.

What you're getting is dirty.
And you still have to pay for it.

#

You know, they say us humans
are like seventy percent water.

And when I think of you,
and all the time we were together —

well, if you're seventy percent water,
I have to remember
that it wasn't pure and clean with you.
If this was love;
if this was you —
it wasn't free.
I'm still paying for it.

#



I mean, they say we're mostly made of water,
Hydrogen, oxygen...
But it's like you were
an electron from Hydrogen to me,
one electron,
spinning around
the center of me,
always keeping
an all too tight
grip on me.

I would think I was free,
and there you would be,
that one presence
I could never get rid of.

You were spinning, orbiting,
spinning my head...
You were keeping your distance,
but still,
you made sure
you were always there,
holding me down.

If we're mostly made of water,
and you spun around me
like in that Hydrogen atom,
you kept me gasping for air.
I needed that oxygen...
I know water is Hydrogen and oxygen,
I know I've got it in me,
I've just got to keep myself together
after dealing with what you've done to me.

#

When we're seventy percent water,
by mass we're only eleven percent
Hydrogen.
So most of the mass in our body
may be oxygen...
But by an atomic percentage
we're sixty-seven percent
Hydrogen,

meaning most of the atoms
in our bodies
are Hydrogen.

Just one electron,
spinning around that nucleus,
just spinning,
and never letting go.

#

When I now think of you,
and the fact that you made me feel like nothing —
well, I think of what you're made of,
and I have to remember:

we're all made of atoms,
protons and neutrons,
infinitely small,
wound tightly together in the nucleus

surrounded
at a comparatively vast distance
by occasional,
tiny,
orbiting
electrons.

So when I think of you
I have to remember
that you're made of those atoms
with really tiny cores —
and those atoms are filled with so much space
that you're mostly made of nothing.

When I think of you,
I remind myself of this.

When I think of the nothingness you made me feel,
and the fact that you should mean nothing to me,
this is how I must think of you.

UNDER THE SEA Under The Sea

I'd like to be
Under the sea
To see the fish go swim,
I'd like to squish
A jelly fish
And then let go of him.
I'd like to grab
A soft-shelled crab
And take him for a walk
I'd like to hurdle
Over a turtle
And teach dolphins to talk.
I'd like to see
A manatee
And then go play by him,
I'd like to do
All of these things
If only I could swim!



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