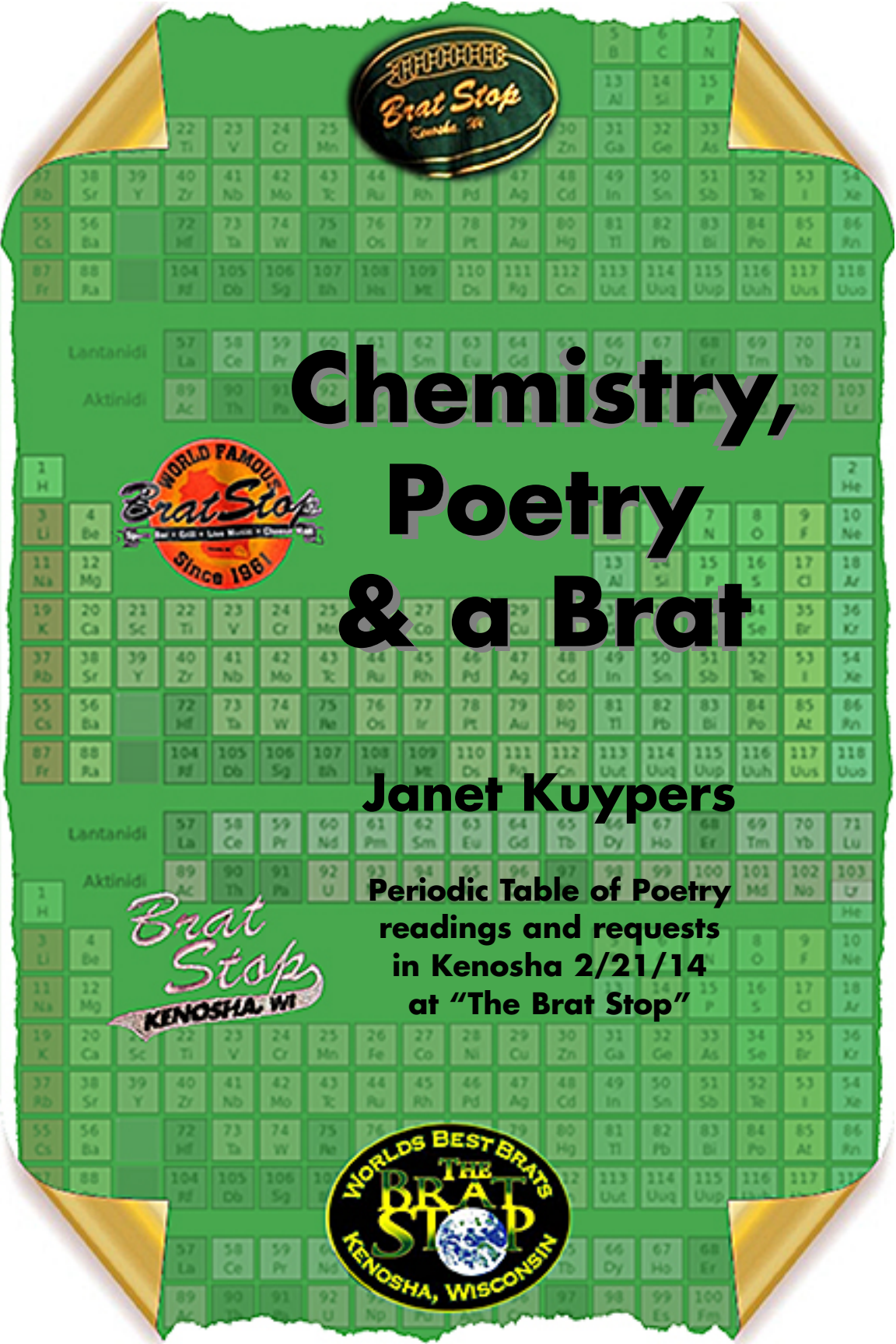
Brat Stop
Kenosha WI
WORLD FAMOUS
Brat Stop
Since 1981
Chemistry,
Poetry
& a Brat
Janet Kuypers
Periodic Table of Poetry
readings and requests
in Kenosha 2/21/14
at "The Brat Stop"
Brat Stop
KENOSHA WI
WORLDS BEST BRATS
THE
BRAT
STOP
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

I am more than just
C, H, O, N, P and S —
I am so much more

("Life", Periodic Table haiku)

Dilithium

It's Christmas Eve,
and the Science Fiction channel
had a *Star Trek* movie marathon on.
Yeah, I watched some of
Star Trek: Nemesis,
and I heard once again
their talks about Dilithium,
an extremely hard
crystalline mineral...
You see, they use Dilithium crystals
to stop reactions with antimatter,
so they use Dilithium shields...
And yeah, maybe it was *Star Trek*,
but think about it:
in *Star Trek*, streams
of matter and antimatter
are directed into Dilithium
to heat up the excess deuterium gas,
giving them a plasma
that actually powers their warp drives.

Kind of cool if that worked
in the real world...

But think of what is cool about *Star Trek*:
they use names of places
on planets in the Solar System
(like Utopic Palenetia, near Mars' north pole)
when describing the creation
of the Enterprise D,
they'll take a common molecule
formed in the creation of our Universe
and use it in their reactions
(that seem impossible to us scientists
in the real world)
and pull off seemingly impossible feats
in their science fiction.

So I had to check it out:
I knew a thing or two about lithium,
but is Dilithium actually real?
Well, yeah everyone, it is,
and Dilithium is Li2,
meaning that two lithium atoms
bonded together,
and that lower-case "i" in there
means it's in a gas form.
But the cool thing
(scientifically)
Is that since lithium is #3
in the Periodic Table, that makes
Dilithium the lightest stable
neutral homonuclear diatomic
molecule after H2 (deuterium,
which was made along with hydrogen
in the initial minutes after
the Big Bang).

Because in the scientific world,
they find a ton of value
in the study of this molecule,
probably much in the same way
they need it so desperately
in *Star Trek* to pull off warp drive.

And you may think I'm kidding,
but researchers are working on
a fusion impulse engine
that runs on real "Dilithium crystals"
to cut the travel time to Mars
from six months to just six weeks.
The fusion fuel they're focusing on
combines Dilithium and deuterium
(is this sounding familiar?).

Because the one thing I have noticed
is that scientists often reflect
on their science fiction loves,
they try to emulate those stories
and re-create what their iconic
writers and directors first envisioned.

So, when you look
at all the technology
from the science gadgets
we have around us today,
you can thank the scientists
and engineers,
but sometimes you can also thank
the writers who planted the seeds
of what we have today
in the heads of the scientific world.

Because maybe we can't beam anyone up
and molecularly disassemble ourselves
for reassembly somewhere else,
but maybe the original *Star Trek* communicator
was the prelude to the cell phone,
and maybe science fiction's thoughts
on Dilithium crystals forming warp drive
can lead us into deep space ourselves.

Because really, we'd all love Dilithium
if it will help us embrace
our race
into space:
the final frontier.

Tritium

So my husband has this nice Fossil watch
that he wears only when we go out on nice dates now.
You see, he says he doesn't need a watch
because he has his cell phone with him at all times,
and it always tells time in accordance with GPS.

But recently he broke down and bought another watch,
one that looks like a small child should wear it,
with a huge black band and face and neon glowing hands.

Lovely, I thought,
I thought just using the cell phone was bad enough.
So I asked about the glowing hands on his watch
(and thought about the original radium watch faces
painted by women who got cancer from radiation).
And he said no, the numbers and dials are covered in
Tritium.

And I thought, great,
another element that probably will leak
into people causing certain eventual death.
But he said no, this is safe, it's only an isotope of hydrogen.

And I thought, oh...
So it's just another boring element that we
Americans are using to try to make life easier
for people who grow tired of using their eyes.

I don't think he liked my saying that.
So he said, wait a minute
(knowing how I seem to like learning about
Atomic bombs and World War Two and the like),
Tritium is used in the process of making the
Hydrogen bomb.

Hmmm.

So I read that Tritium for American nuclear weapons
was produced in special heavy water reactors.
But tritium undergoes radioactive decay
(ergo the glowing watch faces, I'd wonder,
though I'm sure he's stress that there's
no dangerous radioactivity in his watch -
oh wait, he said it's "safe" radioactivity),
but Tritium's used in "boosting", increasing
the speed and yield of fission bombs.

And yeah, he was trying to get me to like
his child-like black glow-in-the-dark watch
by linking it with heavy water in WWII
and Hitler's efforts to get the bomb first.
Scary to think that tactic might work with me,
but at least he's trying to get me like
the watch that he chooses to wear.

Thallium

I swirled the wine glass in my hand.
I watched the red wine swirl,
creeping it's way to the lip
as I hypnotically observe the vortex.

I like drinking my red wine from those
low, wide-mouthed glasses
so you could smell the sweet aroma
without even drinking. But now,

now I check my fingernails,
looking for dark ridges. I wonder if I
should pull out a few hairs
and check the roots for telltale stripes.

I scan my brain to check if I have enemies,
the coast seems clear, but still I fear
that this precious liquid I hold in my hand
could be the vehicle for my demise.

And no, my liver's fine, it was just tested,
and I'm not talking about alcohol poisoning
unless it's because someone put something
in my drink I wouldn't taste, or smell, or see.

But my brain now flashes to Thallium,
this superconductor, once used to treat
syphilis, gonorrhea, or even tuberculosis
is such a highly toxic heavy metal

that it was used for rat poisoning,
and sometimes even for hair removal
(yeah, trace amounts of Thallium can even
make you lose your hair). But the thing is,

I've heard that if you drop it into somethnig like,
say, red wine, no one would be the wiser
and you could kill someone without your victim
even knowing they were ever in danger.

If I keep this up, I'll really start to worry
whenever my stomach hurts, whenever I feel
nauseous, or even have diarrhea.
If I feel numbness, or tingling and pain,

I'll second-guess myself. I'll have to check
the shower drain for excessive hair loss,
and I'll check my fingernails and follicles again
to make sure I'm in the clear.

Astatine in a Fantastic Car Crash

And our life is one big road trip now,
and we set the cruise control
and make our way down the expressway.

And most of the time we're just moving
in a straight line, and the scenery
blurs. There's nothing to see.

But I know what's inside of you
and I know what you're made of.
There's no such thing as a calm with you.

You are a fantastic car crash.
You stop traffic in both directions —
In your twisted way, you come from the decay

of others... And what do you leave
in your wake? More radioactive destruction,
as all around you slows down to stare,

*and **all the gapers gawk**, as **the** decay **grows**.*

Everything shatters with you, you know.
It's a spectacular explosion,
until your instability corrodes you down

to the basics in the world. And yeah,
what was left of you after you were gone
is so much more stable than what you were,

but still, I'd duck and cover
as metal flies through the air. Every time
you leave the scene of the accident,

I am left picking up the shards of glass
from the windows. You know, the glass breaks
into such tiny little pieces. They look like ice.

It takes so long to pick up the pieces,
and even though I'm careful,
I'm still picking up the pieces

after dealing with only fractional amounts of you.
I've only been able to infer what you're like
by knowing your brethren,

while I'm stuck here, picking up the pieces,
and I'm still on my knees.
The glass cuts into my hands,

because it was only after so much
of your destruction that you left ***blood***
dripping down to the street.

think of this as *your contribution,*
this radioactive short-term flash of decay...
think of this as ***your contribution***

to this fantastic car crash
that is you, that is me,
that is us.

I've tried to learn, I've tried to study
these microscopic parts of you
to make sense of you...

But whether or not you ever leave enough,
despite your destruction,
despite this decay of yours,

I have to keep reminding myself
that when it comes to you,
This is what you do.

This happens all the time.
So,
I to pull the glass from my hands

and I wave my hand to the line of traffic:
go ahead, keep driving, this happens
all the time, there's nothing to see here.

Plutonium

Now, I know they named the element Plutonium
after the at-the-time newly-discovered planet,
but I can't help but wonder
if any of those scientists
who deal with Plutonium now
feel slighted that the planet
was demoted to a planetoid.

But if these scientists care at all about astronomy,
they have to feel consoled
that, at least, their element Plutonium
is used with the element Neptunium
when extracted from spent nuclear fuel rods
And Neptunium is a by-product in production.

Added bonus, if this element's namesake
was named after an icy ball at the edge of our
solar system, at least now the element can hang
and work with the element Neptunium,
which, like that element's namesake Neptune,
is a bit of a gas giant itself.
Fermi discovered Plutonium,
and the silvery-white element
(looking not unlike an ice ball)
was even originally used
in weapon design in the Manhattan Project...

Because you know, even if the planet Pluto
is really just an icy ball from the Kuiper Belt,
at least in the Periodic Table
Pluto"nium" can at least hang out once again
with it's once astronomical brother Neptun"ium"
and feel important again.

Carbon

I used to see the magazine ads
and the tee vee commercials.
All I was taught
was that a big busted blonde
was all I could aspire to be.
So I would dye my hair.
So I could act the dumb blonde.
I could still beat them
at any mind games,
but men don't like the truth
shoved in their faces,
because they refuse to believe
anything that doesn't stroke
their ego.

So yeah, I was a carbon copy
of what the media shoved
down America's throats.

And yeah, as time went on
the dark-haired women
started to gain some popularity back,
but they still had to be anorexically thin
and they still had to battle
the notion of all men
still adoring the dumb blonde.
And yeah, as the years wore on
I didn't have to die my hair,
but I still had to be thin,
I had to be the carbon copy
of the dark-haired, gaunt,
soulless faces
plastered on billboards,
papers and screens.

I pass the magazine stands,
see carbon copies of the models
on multiple magazine covers.

I pass the media store
with rows and stacks
of repeated tee vee screens,
showing carbon copies
to the world
of what we're supposed to be.

I don't want to be
a carbon copy of anything.
I want my own thoughts.
my own ideas,
and I want to spill them out
for the entire world to read and hear.

But carbon copy or not,
I end up resigned,
knowing that despite our differences,
we are all carbon—
based life forms.
I mean, when scientists
look for life on other planets,
they always only look
for water first.
Well sure, hydrogen, oxygen,
life as we know it
needs it, I get it.
But carbon-based life forms
are all we know.
I mean, whether or not
they have arms or legs,
or gills, or a mouth, or a brain,
they all have carbon in common.

So when I see
the atrocities mankind causes:

when I see Adolph Hitler,
the vegetarian artist wanna-be,
when I see Adolph Hitler
collect his cult followers
to systematically slaughter
millions...

when I see the stacks
of the skin and bone emaciation,
stacks of bodies in ditches,
or in rooms, stacked in a pyramid
to the small hole for air in the ceiling
after their final "shower"...

when I see the pope
visit Cuba
and wear a sombrero...

when I see chickens
crammed into rows of cages
they cannot move in,
for their eggs, for their flesh...

and when I see
the rows of pre-packaged
barely recognizable cow flesh
wrapped in cellophane,
row after row in the grocery store...

It is then I have to remember
that despite everything,
and as much as I hate to admit it,
we are not all that different.
I mean,
if nothing else,
we are all
carbon-based life forms.

Silicon

I knew that Silicon is good for plant metabolism,
which should make me be happy as a vegetarian
and a woman with I don't know how many plants
potted and taking over my home.
But Silicon is barely ever needed for animal life...
In nature, Silicon seems to be better suited
for *sea sponges.* And although I love the sea,
the last thing I want to be called is a sponge.
And you know, if Silicon is used by anyone in the
animal kingdom, you can believe that I *really* dislike
breast implants made out of Silicon (or made out of
anything unnatural to the human body, for that latter).
And after my Lasik eye surgery, I even heard
they use Silicon for some contact lenses —
which makes me glad I don't need contacts anymore.

So if Silicon doesn't have a use organically for humans,
I guess it makes sense then that Silicon is actually
used by humans in explosives and pyroptechnics.
But really, for the abundant element, Silicon
has to have some better uses for us humans,
like in semiconductors, or even intregrated circuits...

But whenever I go out and walk on the beach,
feel the sand work it's way between my toes,
I should remember that Silicon Dioxide
is pretty much *sand.*

Then again, I heard that people were suing Taco Bell
a few years back, because their "Taco Meat Filling",
was only one third meat, plus flavorings, and a bit of
Silicon Dioxide.

So yeah, people wondered, and were asking
if Taco Bell "meat" was actually made with *sand.*

I know, I know, Taco Bell had to explain that Silica —
or Silicon Dioxide — is commonly used for foods,
and Taco Bell was just using the harmless oxide
to absorb water and keep the meat from clumping.

Hmmm... So if Silicon is common enough
to be under our feet on beaches around the world,
and if this vegetarian should be pleased
that Silicon is used during plant metabolism,
then I guess I'll have to expect us humans
to use Silicon (even if we don't *need* it)
to help us see better with eye contacts,
or comically exaggerate our breast size,
or even use integrated circuits
to help set off some cool fireworks,
because Silicon *has* to be cooler
than just the beauty of the beach at sunset.

Fermium

When the bulldog ant of Australia
is cut in half,
the halves see each other as enemies.

The head attempts to devour the tail.
And the tail,
in an effort to defend itself,

battles for up to thirty minutes
to sting the head.
And this battle happens everywhere

in the world, because life is always
that battle
between the two halves of the whole.

#

Because everything contains that twin,
one part good,
and one part you've construed into something

so horribly wrong. And you want to tear it apart,
that other half,
you despise everything about it —

everything that somehow is a part
of you.
So you, in life, always possess that battle.

#

This even applies on a molecular level.
Consider hydrogen:
it's in our water we drink and bathe in,

and atomically, we're sixty-seven percent
hydrogen.
But on November first nineteen fifty two,

"Ivy Mike" was the code name
for the first
successful test of the hydrogen bomb.

It's funny how we can take something
so needed for our life
and, like our sun, turn it into something

to destroy everything we know.
Because as I said,
one side gives life, the other kills.

#

And thanks to "Ivy Mike" and that
hydrogen bomb,
two elements were discovered —

one of them was named after physicist
Enrico Fermi.
You see, Fermi worked on "Chicago Pile-1,"

the first nuclear reactor. Fermi worked
in a space
under Chicago University's then unused

football stadium bleachers. That's because
the school
had not used the football stadium

for three years, because the school
thought sports
were a distraction from academics.

Fermi, “the father of the atomic bomb”.
also worked
on the Manhattan project, and Fermilab

outside of Chicago was named after him.
And here’s the kick:
the hydrogen device that produced

Fermium was designed by Richard Garwin,
Enrico Fermi’s student.
So for all that Enrico Fermi had done,

it seems fitting that Fermium is
the heaviest
element formed by the nuclear

bombardment of lighter elements
(like hydrogen).
And this highly radioactive element

was initially kept secret due to the
cold war.
But it’s amazing what we can discover

while taking something we so need
for life,
and turning it into an instrument of death.

#

Because Fermium was classified
in the cold war,
Swiss scientists bombarding oxygen,

discovering an isotope if it, and wanted
to name it
centurium (to honor element one hundred).

Good thing Fermi's nuclear work got
declassified, so they
could honor Enrico Fermi with "Fermium".

But wait, Fermium is bad, it's radioactive,
there can't be
any good applications for it...

Well, consider the two sides of any twin:
Fermium's the only
element that can use it's alpha particles

in radio therapy for cancer. And yes,
it's radioactive,
but it's short half life means it decays

quickly. Because as I said, it's amazing
how two sides
can be both bad, and also so good.

Indium

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.

Boron from the Big Bang

The Higgs boson,
the Higgs particle.
The God particle,
as some have called it.
It's an elusive
elementary particle
theorized about
for nearly half a century.

They call it the God particle
because it might have created
all matter.

You see, scientists
are trying to figure out
how the Big Bang
started to evolve.
You see, the theory
is that all of the universe's energy
was created
from this massive explosion
from
nothingness.
But the question remains:
how did any
of that energy
turn into matter?

Because during the first
few minutes of our universe
after the Big Bang,
the temperature was so hot,
that it was too hot
for any binding energy
that could have supported
any matter, even hydrogen
or it's isotope deuterium.
With temperatures so hot,
this bottleneck
delayed the formation of anything
until the universe
was cool enough
to make anything
out of anything.

But just a few minutes
after the Big Bang,
elements burst forth,
because the universe
suddenly got cool enough.
But at twenty minutes
after the Big Bang,
the universe was suddenly
TOO cool for nuclear fusion
or nucleosynthesis,
and THAT is when elemental
abundances were nearly fixed...

That means
hydrogen, helium
and trace anounts
of lithium, beryllium
and Boron
were the elements formed
in those first three minutes
of the Big Bang.
(Sorry, any elements
starting at carbon or higher
were only formed
after stars were around
to create them.)

...So the creation
of matter out of energy
during the formation
of this universe
only happened
in an insanely brief period
of the universe's history.
Was it just
the insanely hot temperature
in this insanely short period
that did it?

And what does this
have to do with
the Higgs boson particle anyway?

Well, scientists believe
this Higgs particle is a part
of the Higgs field,
an invisible field of energy
throughout the entire universe.
That Higgs particle
interacts with whatever energy
passes through the Higgs field.
And with this interaction,
particles,
massless particles,
they trade their energy
to gain mass
when passing through.

And this Higgs field,
in the beginning of the universe,
helped create matter.

Which helped create us.

Higgs helped create matter,
including the first elements
in the universe,
from hydrogen
to the comparatively heavy
Boron.

Yeah,
five electrons is heavy
in the formation of the universe.

Yeah, Boron,
which helps keep our bones strong.
Boron treats osteoarthritis.
Boron builds muscles,
and when it comes to
trying to understand this science,
it even improves our thinking skills.

We've known of Boron
for thousands of years,
from the deserts in Tibet,
or from China in glazes
through to Persia
before it got to Italy,
where it was used
for medical purposes.

Well, knowing how long
we've used Borax for cleaning,
or even that Boron's used
to make the strongest
magnet ever made,
it's nice to know
that we also understand
how much this
infancy-of-the-universe
element
is vital in everything in our lives,
from our muscles and bones
to the very creation of the universe.

Yeah, it's cool to see
how scientists
are starting to piece together
how matter came to be
in this universe,
because without that Higgs field,
and without that Higgs particle,
energy would never
have turned into
Boron,
to create any

thing,

or even create us.

Flerovium

I've had you on my mind.
I think you have been trying to reach me
since before I was born,
since before fission bombs were imagined in the forties.
I would sense you, but then I'd look around me.
There would be nothing.
Where did these feelings come from.

Since as far back as ninety eight
I would get this tingling feeling
every once in a while,
and within a minute the feeling would be gone.
Then I'd look over my shoulder.
There would be nothing for me to see.

And now I find
that since oh nine
the feeling now comes
to me all the time.

At times this feeling -
like a bomb through my body -
would rush over me,
my bones would almost crumble
from under my skin,
my heart would race
and my legs would shake,
and I'd look for any island of stability to save me.

How did I know I was looking for you.

#

Theoretical physicists postulate
that there are more dimensions than we can see.

Some speak of a fourth dimension.

Some talk of ten.

So what I wonder
is that at these times,
when this devastating wave comes over me,
well,
I wonder if it is you,
coming at me from another dimension,
and I haven't been able
to make contact with you just yet.

Maybe I don't know what's good for me,
you make me shake to my core
but I want to know
if you're actually the one
destroying me like this,
from the inside out.

When I feel this corrosive feeling inside me
that I can't control,
maybe I should learn my lesson
and keep myself in check,
and leave the idea of you
as just this feeling
I think you give me.

Tin
(sung to a beat)

If I only had a brain

if I only had a brain

I'd get out from under
this bent tin roof
that covers me
as I sleep at night

tin metal sheets
keep the rain away
but the wind

but the wind

if I only had a brain

I wouldn't use
my old tin cup
to stand and face east
at Canal and Randolph
and ask for change

I wait for commuters
to cross the Chicago river
to get to their train

you see, I wait
at the other side
and the ones with the money
have to walk right by

that's when I rattle
my old tin cup
give them doe eyes
say "God bless"

but if I only had a brain
I wouldn't rattle
my tin cup
and ask for tin change
I'd get myself up

if I only had a brain

I'd have a lot of money
I'd eat at fancy restaurants
I'd wear the plastic bib

if I only had a brain
I wouldn't be poor
drinking
tin cans of Fanta
eating
soup from a tin can
living
on Tin pan alley

if I only had a brain

you might bend me
but I just won't break
'cause if I had a brain
then I'd be great

Ununseptium

I knew you were out there for years.
But to get you, after toiling in my Dubna lab
we had to ask the Americans
over in Tennessee
if they could send us
some of their wares,

but years passed before I could get
22 milligrams of Berkelium
so I could work in Moscow Oblast
to get you in my sights.

All that time, all I could do
was research, hope.
I'd work, I'd go
and I'd stand on my own,
and I'd leave on my own,*
wondering how long it would take
before I'd see what you might be like.

You see, I used to work at a pharmacy
at Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad,
that's when I fell in love
with learning about chemicals,
and that is when I wanted
to discover something truly new.

That's when you came into the picture.

Because after years of work,
I still waited for those damn Americans
to come through for us.
I mean, we're scientists,
we're supposed to be on the same side,
this is all about discovery.
And the thing is,
the higher we get in our research,

the more stable we got
on our little island of knowledge.
But this waiting was exasperating —
I got to the point
that I got tired of trying to tell myself
that I had something to discover,
something to share,
that someone wanted to hear.**

Eventually, they had to ship
what I needed to get you
in five packages wrapped in lead;
it flew back and forth
across the Atlantic five times
and was rejected twice by customs.
But once I got what I needed —
oh, you were just about
the heaviest thing I could imagine.
Then again, you've had me
spinning around over the years for you,
so it wouldn't surprise me
if you would do the same for me.

So I'd work while listening to the radio,
and active actions from you
would come to me in short bursts.
But I'll take whatever I can get
in my little corner of the world.
This is research. And this is what I do

to learn what I can from you.

Chemistry, Poetry & a Brat

Jant Kuyperes

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

and **http://www.janetkuypers.com/kuypers/poems/periodic-table-of-poetry.htm**

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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, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M,** cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, **Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), *Finally, Literature for the Sanity and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1),*** **a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cano-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kuypers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Datebook, 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 Color, **Post-Apocalyptic, Burn Through Me, Under the Sea (photo book), Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Tread 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, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Autumn Again, Up In Smoke, Symbols Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up, I Pull the Strings, a Link in the Chain, Shot out of a Cannon, am i really extint, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory,** Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrepit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, **(bound)** (4 editions), **Enriched Poetry, cc&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words,** the 2012 Literary Date Book, **It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills,** After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, **After the Apocalypse (poery edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entanglement, Guilt by Association, don't forget it, don't listen. read., bare minimum, Poet as Sociopath, Drowning, Art is not Meant to be Touched, Infamous in our Prime, Anaïs Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death is Málaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This,** the Drive, **Thomas at Tea,** Crashing Down Nineteenth, **Blue Collar Ballet,** napoem, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, **the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear,** Anaïs Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), ***Dockard Kinder / Cherie Newman,*** **12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Paulina Barbosa 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 Spins, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Curmudgeon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tomo, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Intersticz, Gunther, Cats, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, The Holy See of CEE, Book 15 ° Thailand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Dano's Death Scene 'tis of Thee, Understood, Akashic Shotgun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Bullet Behaves, the Thing in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Come in Avarice), Postcards from Exile, the Five Stages of Macbeth, Stay in Formation**

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the domo tapes, *Kuypers* the final *(MFV Inclusive), Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & 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* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances *mp3 CD, Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Cantos•Conflict•Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase and The Second Axing* These Truths, *assorted artists* String Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life At The Cafe (3 CD set), the DMJ *Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMJ Art Connection* Manic Degressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) *etc.* (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *50/50* Screeching to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Pawlers Trio* Fusion (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kuypers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ 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 HAlman of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set), *Kuypers* "40", *Kuypers* Sexism and Other Stories, *Kuypers* the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), *Kuypers* "Dobro VoCe" (4 CD set) *Kuypers* "hmmm" (4 CD set), *Kuypers* "Letting it All Out", *Kuypers* "What We Need In Life" (CD single), , *Kuypers* "Made Any Difference" (CD single), , *Kuypers/Hardwick* "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).