

Journey



Janet Kruppers
cc&d 2015 chapbook
for a feature 3/28/15
at "Sisters on a Journey"
live in a Hyde Park historic
Quaker House in Chicago
with poetry about her mother
scarsnoitvniqne

Cry For Me

she never liked to see her daughter cry
it would make her cry too

“you go in there, talk to her”
she would say to another daughter

i remember once
crying at my father
and running upstairs to my bedroom

i was laying on my bed in the dark
my sister tried to come in
i told her to leave me alone

then my mother knocked
and i couldn't tell her to go away

she came in, sat on the bed
started crying
“you see, i always turn into a mess”

but it was nice
to see you cry
for me

from Story Telling

My mom had breast cancer
and the three girls
flew to visit her
and mom felt bad
that she couldn't make our trip better
because she just found out
she had cervical cancer too

but we couldn't have come
at a better time

so she had procedures
she had surgeries
and the cancer was gone
she was in the clear

so for a decade
she went to the doctor
and they found no cancer in her
and all seemed well
she had beaten
a killer

###

a decade after her bouts with cancer
she went back to the doctor,
had a fever, felt tired
and they said it's funny,
you've got all the symptoms
and most women who have had
as much cancer in their history
as you've had
well, it seems you now have
leukemia

###

now, this leukemia is a tricky thing
cancer of the blood
versus cancer of an organ
it was easier when you could
just remove an organ
and leave it at that
but this was cancer in her blood
and the cancer crept into her bone marrow
and they had to periodically
drill into her hip bone
for a bone marrow biopsy
to see if there was any cancer
in her bone marrow

must be a fun job,
to drill into an angel's hip bone

It Hurts in the Bones (parts)

I didn't realize
how much pain she was in

she looked like her neck hurt,
her back hurt
so I'd ask if I could rub her neck or back

and she'd say no,

then she'd say
that wouldn't help

that it hurts down in the bones

and we read this is one of the stages
of this disease

and I don't know what it feels like
to hurt in your bones
something deeper than deep muscle pain
I

I can't imagine it
I can't imagine what it feels like

I think my mom
wouldn't let on
about how much pain she was in

When the doctors told mom
she had six months to a year with this disease
I said to mom,
your father (our grandfather) had cancer
and the doctors said he had
six months to live.
how long did he live?
and mom replied,
six years.
so I said we Bakutis are strong folk
and she can be okay if she fights

but I think mom remembered the agony
of the last weeks of her father's life,
and I think mom was in so much pain
that she made a decision tight then and there
that she didn't want that pain
deep down in her bones any more
and decided to let her enemy win.

we keep saying to people that it's better
if she's not suffering any more

it kills us inside
but we don't want her to feel that pain anymore
and we keep telling everyone
that this is for the best.

Your Soul is Shaking

can you imagine a water glass
filled with crystal clear water
and

I don't know what an earthquake feels like
but imagine something you have no control over
starting to shake everything around you
and

and everything just starts shaking
and the water in that glass is rippling

and it's starting to splash in its glass
and you want to hold on to that damn glass
to make the water stay in place
but you're shaking with that glass
and

you don't want anything to fall apart
you see everything around
unexpectedly start shaking
like everything's about to tear in half
and

you watch the rippling of the water
and you realize
that your soul is shaking like that too

Listening to the Cancer Ads

every time I listen to the radio
and hear an ad for cancer research
(granted, it's usually for tumors)
well, now I listen actively

now, I know she had cancer before
breast cancer, cervical cancer
and after the surgery and after the chemo
she got a clean bill of health
and now she's got leukemia
cancer in the blood, not in a tumor
so there's no one spot to attack

but every time I hear a cancer ad
my ears perk up, like a Pavlovian dog
it's like someone's just rang a bell
and it makes me listen attentively

I know it doesn't make a difference
I think she was at one of the best hospitals
but I hear about these research places
and wonder if there are slivers of hope

but as I said, I know it's irrelevant
she's already gone through two types of chemo
and I know she's decided to stop the treatment
so I know there's no point in new therapy

but I still can't help it
I still am forced to respond to these ads
like some sort of stupid Pavlovian dog
I hear these ads that are supposed to mean
nothing to me

still, I listen

from This Is What It's Reduced To Now

I make phone calls
because now that my mother is dying
and so far away
this is what it's reduced to now

I call
and dad answers

because mom can't talk
and now she has to take pills, you see
pills to keep her functioning
as long as she can
before the cancer in her blood does her in

and the potassium pills are so large
that they upset her stomach to swallow them

a pill apparently went down sideways,
injured her throat
so she has been unable to eat for over a week

now they gave her a liquid
to slosh around in her mouth
to make her numb
so she can take her medication

not eat, but take her medication

###

this is what it's reduced to now,
hearing bit by bit of her deterioration

not that it matters to her,
but just so you know
it's killing me too

Final Rally parts 1 and 3

last night my sister called me
after we all heard
about how mom couldn't stand up
and it looked like she was going to die very soon
well, last night my sister called me
and told me she just talked to dad
and heard that mom was feeling better
that she uses the walker
to get her medication at night
she's still able to use the washroom
and she even had champagne with blackberries

she was feeling better
she even asked for wine coolers

and my sister and I laughed
I said, "She shouldn't be drinking alcohol"
and she said, "I don't care if the blackberries
are covered in alcohol, it's food"
and we were thrilled she was eating something again
and we thought she'd be able to hold on
for a little longer now

###

my brother described it as like her last rally
her last chance to be happy,
to live

###

when I heard last night
that mom was drinking champagne with blackberries
I told my husband
that we should buy some blackberries
and celebrate mom feeling better

the champagne is chilling, but
we never got the blackberries last night

we had no idea
mom would be celebrating
with blackberries in her champagne
in her final rally

so I've got this bottle of champagne
in my refrigerator
and no blackberries

they are my favorite fruit, you know

but I've got this bottle of champagne
in my refrigerator
and no blackberries

and I don't know what to celebrate anymore

Seven Ten, Seven Twenty

received a phone call today
“this is Hazel in Naples
your dad can’t talk right now”

it was probably around seven twenty
Central Standard Time
and she told me
my mother died
about ten minutes ago

dad got on the phone
said I’m the only child he called

my husband watches me
as I listen to the news

my mother has died
and my father is falling apart
a thousand miles away

I
I tell him I’m sorry
I don’t know what else to say

I rested my hands
on the arm rests of my desk chair
everything suddenly felt very heavy

I didn't want to lift my hands,
my fingers

it's almost as if
after I heard
I'm too numb to cry

I've been crying enough before she left
and the tears will come later

trust me

The Messenger

It's strange,
I've never been close to dad

and he called me
from across the country
minutes after mom died

he told me I was the only child
he was calling
so it's my job
to tell the brothers and sisters

so I scramble
to leave them messages somewhere
call cell phones, act calm
break the news to everyone

it's my job to be the calm one
that's what I have to do

left a message with my oldest brother
he called back shortly afterward
I told him the news
he started to break up immediately
then told me
"I have to hang up the phone now"

oldest sister called back
I told her the news
she just couldn't believe it
mom was doing so well the day before
this doesn't make sense

then she realized
what I had to be going through
that I had to be the messenger
that I had to be rational
and tell everyone that their mother just died

she's my mother, too

asked me if there was anything
I needed
I couldn't think of any words

I'm the messenger
and I couldn't think of any words

Knelt and Cried

I was in the minivan,
dad's new car, driven only 930 miles
dad driving, sister in the front seat
me and brother in the back seats
my husband behind me in the far back seat
I waited so we could go to my mother's services
well, they weren't services she didn't want that
but dad thought the kids would want
to see my mother
before she was cremated
so there we were, the family
in ties
in black dresses
sitting and waiting
in our little hearse
to drive us to Fuller Funeral Home
for our final visit

we were in the car
my husband was in the far back seat
and he knew I was sad
he sensed I was crying
while the hearse took us to the funeral parlour
and he reached his hand forward
to take my hand
to touch my shoulder,
to something
and I couldn't see his face
but his hand
was a grave consolation
as our hearse rolled on
to our chance to say farewell

I was trying not to cry
in the ride in the hearse
to the funeral parlour

I've been a good Marine
I've been trained to not cry
but I couldn't help the tears at that point
and I did my best to stifle them
so no one would consider my sniffing
and no one would question
my faltering emotions

once we arrived, I think we were all afraid
to go into that room
to see her

well, I can't speak for anyone else
I know I was afraid
afraid of what I'd see
afraid of

afraid of I don't know what
afraid of the finality of it all

just afraid

so, I'm the littlest one

of course I let everyone else go in before me
they're supposed to want to see her more

that's what I hear

and we walked in
and there were many seats
and you could see her face, asleep,
peeking out of the coffin in the distance
and we all just instinctively sat down
dad finally walked to her
and knelt before her coffin
we watched him
watch her
pray for her
talk to her

I don't know what he was communicating with her
he was with her
and we all wanted that with her one more time
one sister went next, knelt cried
then a brother
then another brother
and I watched a procession of family members
all older than me
all seemingly more important
all with more history with her than me
and
and my husband asked
if I wanted him to go with me
when I walked up to see my mother
and I thought,
no,
I need to do this on my own

I finally walked up to her
knelt before her,
looked at her
in the dress she wore to my wedding
and thought she looked so beautiful
she looked so peaceful

she looked like she was sleeping

and I hadn't seen her that peaceful in a long time
every time I came to visit her
since the disease started
she always looked tired
when she was awake
otherwise she was asleep
and looked fitful in her rest

I looked at her eyebrows
they were penciled in very nicely
and I looked down at her nails
and they were long,
very nicely painted
and the earrings we picked for her to wear
were so dainty and so lovely
and she looked so peaceful

and that's all I could keep thinking
that she looked so well rested
that she was just taking a good nap
and she would be just fine

she had to be

###

I looked at my mother one last time
these coming thoughts
would be my final words to her face
this would be the last time I saw her

make it good, girl
you're the one with the words
tell her what you mean
in fifty words or less
that's how these services go, right?

so I told her that I loved her
and I told her that I hope
that I carry on any of her kindness
because that's the way she'll live on
because the world is filled with people who aren't nice
who aren't kind
and losing her
makes the world a worse place
people have told me that I am kind
that I am nice
and I only hope I can do you justice
that I can somehow make this world a better place

like you did

I only hope that I can do the world justice
because the world needs you now, mom
and you had to leave us

so what do we do now

before I left her
that first time
I started to run my hands along my chest
into a cross
because I wanted all of the spirits to know
that you are there
and that you are to be welcomed
because you are blessed
even if it's only from the likes of me

A Little Angel Inside

it seems strange,
that on the day the towers fell five years ago
where every television station and newspaper
is praising our resolve for all of the death
that has been forced upon us
well, it seems strange
that this is the day the death certificates
became available from Fuller Funeral Home
and this is the day we pick up my mother's ashes

seems eerily strange

my sister is holding some ashes
to be made into a diamond from mom
so they came to us with a small container for her
and a larger cardboard box of all of mom

and Kristina from Fuller Funeral Home
even handed me a small maroon bag
tied tightly shut
and she whispered to me,
“these are your mother's earrings”

I knew the dress we chose for her
the dress she wore to my wedding
would be burned with her in her cremation
but it never occurred to me
that the earring would survive

and here they are,
in a little velvet bag for me

like how people try to keep something
from the fall of the World Trade centers
who lived through that horrendous day
well, I think, maybe this is what I'll keep

if anyone argues about them
I'll say,
I lost her dress
from my wedding
for the cremation
so these earrings are a gift to me now
sorry

I know, they're clip-on earrings
and they're not real diamonds
but they are three pretty little stones
today, tomorrow and forever
and they look so dainty and delicate
and they're a good way for me to remember her

when we left Fuller Funeral Home today
dad carried the paperwork, the death certificates
and I carried mom with us
in her little containers
and I think I held that little red bag
like there was a little angel inside
and I had to be delicate
to make sure nothing happened to it
because I was it's keeper now
I'll treat it well
and treasure it always
I promise

the end of Story Telling

and now I sit and write this story
and my father is sleeping
in front of the tv
in his lounge chair next to me
 he says it's more comfortable there
 to fall asleep
and I'm listening to his breathing
while he sleeps
and I hear him panting
every thirty seconds
while he sleeps
like he's having nightmares
about it all still

and as I tell this story
there's still a panic in the air
even while we sleep

extinct on planet earth

saw a slew of books for sale recently
of species now extinct on planet earth

some books were massive volumes,
like large catalogs categorizing the now dead

and I heard a statistic a while ago
saying a species goes extinct every 90 seconds

I mean, these books can't be up to date
when so much in our world is dying so quickly

ninety nine percent of all species
that have ever lived on earth are now gone

when I think of the death that precedes us,
when I think of the death we see around us

I wonder, when a loved one dies
do they become a name that will be forgotten

maybe listed in a catalog
like all these long gone extinct species

I think of my mother

and I wonder,
will all that is left of that life,

will it all be reduced to a line of type
in small print, cataloged by genome

maybe there's a word or two, beyond a name
but it's just a few words is this all that is left

old school and high-tech monuments

People stop to tell me
they are sorry about my mom.

One woman hugged me and said,
“they always take the good ones” —

because you'd think she had gone through enough
in her life
for crimes she didn't commit,
so... Yeah,
they always take the good ones.
It *is* unfair.
It's completely wrong.
Someone has to be held accountable.

She was one of the good ones,
and I hate you for taking her this way —
I don't care who you are,
you, who leaves me here to write
until my fountain pen runs dry.

It becomes a mantra.
Record her stories.
Record her praises.

I will sit at my computer,
slam my hands, my fingers against that keyboard
because there has to be a record.

I'll share stories.
I'll write volumes.
Book after book
with traces of her
will infiltrate libraries
and online book stores.

I'll stand at every mountain peak,
sing her praises,
I'll give people copies of these words
because as I said,
there has to be a record.

And when the pens are gone,
I'll prick my skin,
spill my blood
into words onto pages —
that is what these words mean.
When my computer is obsolete,
when the Internet is dead,
I'll ram mallet to stone
to chisel these words,
create monuments to you.

You wanna see a record?
Just know
that civilizations aeons from now
will see these testaments
from salvaged libraries
and carved from stone,
and live for these words.
Trust me.

###

We live in a world
where everything speeds by
in six second increments.
The world says
our youth has
Attention Deficit Disorder
because we cram
a billion things
down their throats
instantaneously
with every groundbreaking gadget
to get all that info
that much faster.

...So wait a minute,
why worry so much about the word
when sometimes the message
brings the meaning?
Then fine, time to get
high tech.
Let's start wit ha haiku,
and make it
a six second vine.

*her existence makes
trees take root, flowers bloom, so
nature's beautiful.*

Things are beautiful
when you speak the truth,
and hey,
that could be
a twitter poem post too...
I'll put these writings in web pages,
make them free downloadable PDF files,
post them on Facebook.
I'll go old school
and print them in a magazine
and a collection book too...
I'll use every resource at my disposal
to blanket this planet
with these words.
Because as I said,
there has to be a record.
When a life that beautiful
comes and goes,
the world
needs to stand up
at attention
and pay their respects.

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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, Decepti 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, ccd&v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blisters & Burns (the Kuypers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Datebook, 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 (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (gross edition), Entanglement, Gull by Association, don't forget it, don't listen, read, bare minimum, Poet as Scapegoat, Drowning, Art is not Meant to be Touched, the Beaten Path, a New Pen, Need to Know Basis (reduced edition and extended edition), the "need to know" 2015 literary date book, one Solitary Word, What Must be Done, Sulpher & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blisters & Burns, 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, Decepti 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, ccd&v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blisters & Burns (the Kuypers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Datebook, Prominent Pen (2 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Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, nappan, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *DuckDiver / Charlie Newman*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Borchese 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 Syndromes, 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 Carmageddon's View, Ghost Dancers Leading from a Tree, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interfics, Gunther, Cats, Scroam Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, The Holy Sea of CEE, Book 15 "Thailand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Dane's Death Scene "It of This, Understood, Alaskan Shotgun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Bullet Behaves, the Thing in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Came in Aravica), Postcards from Eddie, the Five Stages of Mochetti, Stay in Formation, Shadowing Other Footprints, the Girl Next Door and Other Poems, Major Arcane

Compact Discs:

Man's Favorite Vice the demo tapes, Kuypers the Intel (MP3 inclusive), Woods and Flowers the beauty & the desolation, The Second Axing Something is Sweating, The Second Axing Live in Alaska, Puffin & Kuypers Live at Cafe Aloha, Painless Orchestra Rough Mixes, Kuypers Seeing Things Differently, 50/50 Tick Tack, Kuypers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Kuypers Sa One One, Kuypers Stop, Kuypers Masterful Performances ap3 CD, Kuypers Death Comes in Threes, Kuypers Changing Gears, Kuypers Dreams, Kuypers How Do I Get There?, Kuypers Contento/Contento/Contento, the DMU Art Connection the DMU Art Connection, Kuypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Kuypers SIM, Kuypers WZRD Radio (2 CD set), Man's Favorite Vice and the Second Axing These Thrills, assorted artist's String Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life At The Cafe (3 CD set), the DMU Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMU Art Connection Mean Depressive 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 P01 05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), Chaotic Elements (2 CD set), Glass in Motion (4 CD set), 50/50/Screaming to a Halt (EP), PMA Two for the Price of One (EP), K&L, Jake and Haystack An American Parable, Kuypers the Beamed Star/Pink Rain/The Active Twines/The Factors (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 (2 CD set), Kuypers St. Paul's (2 CD set), Kuypers the 2009 Theory Game Show (2 CD set), Kuypers and the History 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 "Dubno VeeC" (4 CD set) Kuypers "Inman" (4 CD set), Kuypers "Letting it All Out", Kuypers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Kuypers "Made my Differences" (CD single), Kuypers "Headbuck" Across the Pond" (3 CD set).