

BAGDAD CEMETERY

2016 Poetry Bomb

in two parts

Janet Kuypers poetry
live in Leander, Texas

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part one
when the skies were sunny

Dreams 01/28/07 (seeing mom)

This is the strangest thing, I remember it vividly
and I don't like to think this way
and I don't want these things coming through in my dreams

I'm going to see my father in Florida in a few weeks,
and in my dream
it was shortly before I was going to Florida to see my father
when my sister called
to tell me that she just found a great price
for airplane tickets to Florida,
so she was going to meet me there for a day or two

and I told her it's funny, I just heard
that Aunt Sally was going to visit there too

and I didn't think much of Aunt Sally telling me this
even though I don't even think she has my phone number
and I never see her

and besides, I didn't question
why my dead mother's sister
was going to meet us at my dad's house

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but the next thing I know
is that I'm in Florida
and I think everyone else was there too
and there was music coming out of my dad's house
and I think here might have been a table in the driveway for snacks
and people were meeting around our house,
like we were hosting an outdoor party

this hurts me so much to write this now

but mom was there,
alive

she was sitting in a chair
kind of like how she'd sit in the driveway in a chair
for fifteen minutes to get some sun
I used to sit out in the driveway with her like that
but she was there, sitting in a chair
probably because the chemo made her so tired
that when she had leukemia
she didn't want to stand up

well, she was there, and people were mingling
and every once in a while someone would talk to her
but you know, it wasn't like everyone was amazed
that she was alive, sitting there
this was just a party

and no one seemed to say anything about mom
and I was there for a few minutes
and I saw at one point that she was sitting alone
so I walked over to her

and you know, it reminded me of when we saw my mom
when she first found out she had breast cancer
and the sisters were with dad in the front of the house
figuring out where everyone could sleep
when I went to mom and get serious
and asked her how she was really doing
and that's when she cried
and said she also has cervical cancer
and she's about to have surgery
for a radical hysterectomy

well you know, this moment reminded me
of when I got serious
and asked her how she was really doing

and I couldn't bear to ask her
why she was there
or how she was alive

I know how anything would make my mom cry
and I didn't want to do that to her

so I finally walked over to her
she looked up at me
all I could say was
"I love you"
and mom sounded like she was just about to cry
and she said,
"oh, don't—"

and that's when I woke up.



There Are Too Many Poems About You, David

Please —
stop killing yourself

You're changing —
you may not see it
but you friends and
family see it

I see it

Every night
I look at the clock
and realize
you're at it again

You're killing yourself

How many days —
weeks —
months —
will it take
for you to see?

Every night
I look at the clock
and fear for your life

you don't know
what you're doing

I loved a man
that was not
addicted to alcohol

I'm afraid for you

What will stop you
from stealing
or fighting
or taking drugs?

Or slitting your wrists
once again?

Every night
I look at the clock
and realize
you may be dead

I wonder if you
have
been dead

Every time
you take a drink
you push yourself
over the edge

And every times
I think of you
the knife
twists deep inside

When you kill
yourself —
you kill me

I care for you so much —
I only wish
you cared for
yourself as well

Please —
stop killing yourself

Why Am I Infected

Why am I infected
with this terrible disease?
I grasp and reach for straws —
but there is no cure
but death itself

Is it a gift
or more of a curse?

It is a disease
that you cannot combat

Why am I infected
with this terrible disease
called life



Koi Ponds and Concrete

I need a new place,
some hole in the wall
I can call my own —

what am I saying, a home
that's a hole in the wall —
I want the best I can get...

So before I saw this one place,
they told me I'd either
love it or hate it.

So I saw the home
with painted marble walls,
a 30 foot tall living room wall.

And I mean, the back yard
even had tropical plants
and a bridge spanning

over one of two fully stocked
koi ponds. Yeah, You heard me
right. The place had Koi ponds.

So yeah, on first glance
I loved the place, so now
it's time to do a little research —

sure, it was in my price range,
but a trailer park
is right across the street.

And come to think of it,
there are probably tons
of code violations

with the koi ponds, where the
plastic retention water tanks
were labeled “hazardous materials”.

And speaking of code violations,
all of the windows
had metal gratings on them —

isn't that a fire department
violation? And why did they
have those metal gratings anyway?

Then I was told
the neighbors were isolationists
who didn't take too kindly

to strangers (who'd probably have
no problem with killing people
for “violating personal space”).

The more I think about it,
the more afraid I get
when after they tell me

the house was owned
by a single man, that I found
one closet half filled

with women's formal dresses,
and the only thing in their attic
was a set of heavy restraints.

And half the back yard
was covered in concrete
(which at first sounds great

when you have no lawn mower),
but if you test that concrete yard,
can you find hollow spots?

I'm beginning to think
that at some point
the cops will bust in

with their warrants
and concrete crushers
to search for dead bodies.

Now, as I said, I was looking
for some hole in the wall
I can call my home —

but I don't want cops
digging holes in my home.
Because this home should be

MY hole in the wall,
and I don't want to find
dead bodies everywhere

unless I put them there myself.

Golfing with George Eastman

I played a round of golf with
George Eastman
Now, George was going on,
bragging about his game,
and at the first hole
my shot was pretty straight
and his veered sharp to the right.
And he started swearing
and cussing, me and the
other two guys thought he
was going to pop a vein
or throw a club at us. And
every hole was the same:
George wasn't playing well
and with every shot he'd
get more and more violent,
more and more volatile.
And finally, at the last hole,
he lands his golf ball right
into the water. And he stops.
Perfectly calm. No jumping.
No swearing. No throwing of
of his golf clubs or stomping
on the ground. George just
shrugged his shoulders and
walked toward the water. He
dropped a new ball down. Not a
sound. Maybe this was the
one, we, thought, the one point
when he realized how useless his
anger was. And we watched. And
George Eastman looked at the
ball he dropped between his feet,

and then just started stomping,
and screaming, and waving
his golf club above his head, even
more violent than before, as
if the poor golf ball did some-
thing wrong. And back a the golf
cart, the three of us, at a safe
distance, stood there and laughed.

Suing NASA for Comet Play

Scars Publications,
the name John J. Yotko, and
the name Janet L. Kuypers
were placed on a CD
that went on the Impactor
on NASA's Deep Impact space mission
and hit the asteroid Tempel 1
on July fourth, two thousand five

according to NASA, the flight
was a smashing success, but
a Russian astrologer is suing NASA
for thirty million dollars in damages
for the "moral trauma" their mission
has caused her

Marina Bay said
"any variation in the orbit
or the composition of the Tempel comet
will certainly affect her own fate"
and her lawyer, Alexander Molokhov, said
"Nobody has yet proven
that this experiment was safe.
This impact could have altered
the orbit of the comet, so now
there is a chance the comet
may destroy the Earth some day!"

NASA analogized Deep Impact as
to mosquito hitting the front
of an airliner in flight, having no effect
on the asteroid
besides, NASA rests
on astronomy's scientific laurels
instead of using astrology
to guess the future

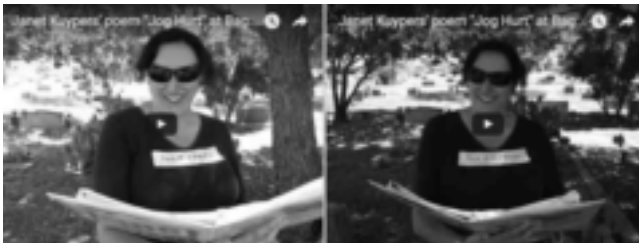
jog hurt

Jog... Hurt.
Jog, hurt.

Got a jar of yogurt
on an airplane
in Frankfort Germany.

It didn't say yogurt.
It said "joghurt."

I've always hated jogging,
so I guess this ironically titled
"joghurt"
is what I'll do instead.



on a bike

& we're driving along the golden gate bridge mountainside
& all these people are riding their bicycles
along the mountainside, slowly chugging upward
& I'm thinking,
Do you do this for fun?
Really?
On a bike. Really?

I also hear that you get bothered
If people in cars park where you bicyclists park.
So that means you people have cars, right?
You drive your bicycles to this mountainside
So you can trek along
uphill
at the side of the road.
Really?



untitled 6/11/15

I was at the bar
approaching 5PM
& I looked out the window
and saw a grey SUV
that looked like a Jeep.
& I thought
it could have been you.
I knew it wasn't,
but it made me smile.
The thought of you,
coming to me.



superficial

why do you want
to lead
such a superficial life?
the bitches
laughing
giggling
flirting
suddenly make you sick
a boy
on each arm
of those bitches
those peroxide blondes
with sea blue eyes
and figures
that hourglasses would envy
bitches
 maybe it's because
 they have something
 you don't

The Sky Is Always Blue

This painting looks incomplete. Boring.
Here. Let me put a splash of color into the

sky. But no, you say,
the green looks wrong.
That's not how the sky is.

But I only wanted something
different. The sky is always blue. You
might like it. Why do you have to say no?



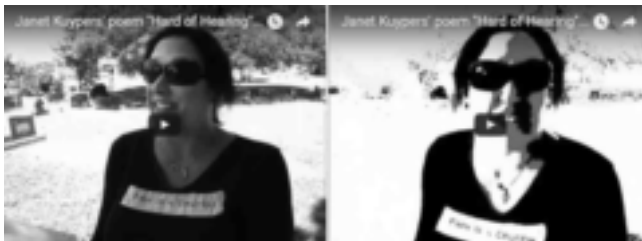
Hard of Hearing

After Barbara finished the joke, everyone laughed
even her brothers Dave and Brian, who never seemed
to give her credit for anything she said

But then she turned to her father, who sat there
cold and motionless
His arms were crossed; his head was pushed down
into his shoulders

His furrowed brow framed his eyes,
which seemed to stare at her in contempt

“Maybe he didn’t hear you, Barb,”
Dave finally mumbled
“You know he’s hard of hearing.”



probably not

there were peanuts in the ashtray
there were supposed to be peanut shells

there weren't supposed to be peanuts in the ashtray
i wonder if someone will pick them out

probably not



saving myself

all of your life
when you could have been with me
you're too busy
saving yourself with your religion

where weren't you
really
in actuality
saving myself from your religion
by saving myself from me



part two
once the skies got cloudy

A Happy Ending To Everything

every time I look at my hands when I go out now
I look at the rings on my middle fingers
and they're reminders of your jewels
 you gave to me
when you found out you were going to die

it's not as though I need reminders
of what's happening to my mother
but now, someone compliments me
on the huge blue topaz stone on my center ring
and I smile, and say thank you
and say "my mother gave this to me"
and not explain why

I don't bother with the details
because you want everyone to think
there's a happy ending to everything

as well there should be

I'll Push The Cart

every time we went to the grocery store
we'd want to help her out,
take the cart for her
so it would be one less thing
for her to worry about
but she always insists,
"I'll push the cart"
and like me, she'd put her purse
in that little basket that fold out
and we figured, hey,
she's the mom,
she has always been in control of everything
this makes sense

but after a year or two
she fills us in
that she wanted something to lean on
because, well,
she's lived a long life
and she's getting older
and more tired

and I think about this now
after the two rounds of chemo
failed to rid her blood of the cancer
and my sister takes her for occasional walks
while she's in a wheelchair
so she at least has different sights to see

and every time I visit her now
she's resting on the couch
because with her platelets so low
with her needing blood to rejuvenate her
she's tired all the time now

so yes,
she needs something to lean on

and I'm far away
and I wish I could be there
so she could lean on me

My Memorials To You

I see the ring you've given me
when you were ready to die

I have no choice now,
whenever I go out
I wear this ring on my middle finger
with this big blue topaz stone
I wear it like a badge of honor
I wear it like it's your tombstone
I wear it like I'm some sort of martyr

but I also see the ring I got from you long ago

it's a ring from dad of an ankh
with a small diamond in the center
signifying everlasting life
and mean to signify
his everlasting love for you

I've had that ankh ring
for I don't know how many years
I even remember once wearing it
when I was in California
meeting with Joe's religious parents
and I tried to make the right impression
but after the visit
Joe told me that he's sure they noticed
the pagan symbol on my finger

and I was furious, I tried to explain
that ring was a symbol
of my father's everlasting love
for my mother
but I don't think he cared
and I'm sure his parents didn't care

and looking back,
I'm sure people always
carry all their baggage around with them
and think whatever they want to think

###

it's funny,
I don't wear that ankh ring so much now
mostly because I'm afraid
that I'll get that loop on top of the ankh
or that point at the bottom of the ankh
caught on something, anything
and maybe break the ring

I don't know,
I guess it's funny
how differently
I can treat
my memorials to you

Rings Like Gravestones

I like to have nice rings on my fingers
I don't have much, but I like gemstones
on my rings, I don't bother
with big earrings
or expensive necklaces
I think they're too much
but I like rings

and it makes me feel bad, in a way
that my mother gave me a few of her rings
knowing she was going to die
and not wanting her children to argue
over who gets what

so I've got these rings I like to wear
but now I know for a fact
that on each of my middle fingers
whenever I go out in public
I'll be wearing rings my mother gave me

not even ones she gave me before
but ones she gave
knowing she would die soon

but I wear these rings
it's not like I have a choice in the matter anymore
and I know that no one thinks anything
of the rings I'm wearing

so I become the only one
treating these rings live gravestones
when no one has even died yet

This is What You Leave Me

i stare at myself in the mirror
at eleven fifteen at night
and think of how you're too good to die

you're the good one
you're not the one that's supposed to be dying
you're supposed to be the strong one
you're supposed to be the one
that's supposed to hold us together
that's supposed to hold me together
you're the one

i'm sobbing like a child now
i can't hold myself together now
and you're not supposed to do this to me
how dare you

i know people lose loved ones
but this is too young for me
i know i'm not the only one to go through this
but you didn't teach me anything about this

nobody teaches anyone about this

i hate the world for this
and i stare at the mirror
seeing myself sobbing like a child

well

well, you never saw me like this
when i grew up anyway

so i guess now is the time for firsts

but i see myself in the mirror
sobbing like a child for you
and i think
how silly of me
i shouldn't cry like this

but i see myself in the mirror
i'm an adult
i know better
and think that this reflection doesn't look like you
i look more like dad
dark hair, dark eyes
wrinkles from a furrowed brow and a hard life

when you look at photos
they say i look like you
but right now in this mirror
i look distraught
not the way you are

i see the pain in my face
but it's not your face
it's not your hurt
it's not your anger
it's not anything from you
but this is what you leave me

We're Trying

I don't want to tell everyone under the sun
about what is happening to my mother right now,
but I have to let people know why I may not
be running at full speed.

So I tell people that I've have a lot on my plate recently,
and I may say as much as
I've just heard some terrible family news
and I try to leave it at that.

But every time I tell someone
something like this,
I always get the same reply:

"Sorry about family news,
I hope not too serious and that it gets better soon."

or

"I hope that week of bad news
gets followed by a week of good."

And these well-wishers mean well,
I understand that,
but every time I get a response like this
I want to just fall apart
because no,
there won't be any "week" of good news,
and yes, it is serious,
far too serious,
and no, it won't get better soon,
it will only get worse
much, much worse
and I can't respond to these people,
I have to just bottle it all up
and think, well, they're trying,
it's not enough sometimes for some of us,
but we're trying.

Letting Time Tick By

Janet Kuypers, 09/01/06 #2

we left for O'Hare airport early
went through my automatic check-in
sent my luggage off to be X-rayed

now, I had to get an earlier flight
to see my father
because my mother died

and although I paid coach
they gave me first class
so I could grieve with my family

lucky me, first class
now I can drink through my depression
for free

so after I dropped off my luggage
I walked past the curling security line
for no-line first class security

so now I'm sitting here at gate K8
for almost two hours
waiting for time to tick by

lucky me
letting time tick by
living

Ingrained In Your Head

Janet Kuypers, 09/05/06 #1

it's strange now
I'm back visiting my parent's house
like I have done so many years in the past
and every time I'd come home
I'd pass by and look the the kitchen window
before walking to the door
and I'd see mom,
either at the kitchen sink
or maybe with her back turned in the kitchen
or else sitting in her chair in the den
watching tv

I'm used to seeing that, you know
there are just some things
ingrained in your head
you can't help it
and seeing mom there,
at home
seeing the outline of her hair
from the lamp in the den
it's just second nature to me

I wonder how long
I can keep these memories in my head
so I don't forget her

Wanting to Touch a Corpse

Janet Kuypers, 09/05/06 #3

I'm the youngest child in the family
and I wasn't as close to mom as the other daughters
so after dad called to tell me mom died
and I told the rest of my siblings
my older two sisters rescheduled their flight
so they could see dad that night

I had already rescheduled my plane ticket
for the next morning
first hoping I'd be there in time to see mom
before she died
so I wasn't going to pay a ton to change my ticket again
so I went to dad the next day

and mom didn't want any services
she didn't want anyone to see her dead like that
especially if she was getting more and more sick
before she died
so we held no public services for mom
but we held a small service for only the family

it was hard for me to agree
that for this service, and for her cremation
she should wear the dress she wore to my wedding
and the remains of that dress
would be mingled with her ashes forever
but I agreed that this could be a way to connect us

we entered the room
where her body lay
all stopped at the other end of the room
all I think too afraid to make the first steps
to see her laying in a coffin
and see her for the last time

dad finally walked to her and knelt before her
cried
what am I saying, we all cried

I waited for everyone else to see her
to have a moment with mom, kneel before her
before I went to her on my own
and when I knelt before her
and tried to think of what my family said,
about how thin she looked, how her skin hung
before she died

but she looked so peaceful there, relaxed
free from pain and dressed like an angel
for her private farewell
she just looked asleep, like I had often seen her
in her final months, but this time was no longer
sleeping to avoid the pain, she found another way out

unlike the many times I had seen her sleeping when sick
she looked free of pain, free of the battle, at peace
and I didn't want to stop looking at her

when she knew she was dying, I wrote her a letter
telling her that I just wanted to be able to
put my arms around her and hold her for a very long time
to show her that I loved her,
and that she meant that much to me
and it was like a part of me was unable to believe

she was dead
and I wanted to touch her hand, touch her cheek
just make some sort of contact with her once more
but
but I knew I wouldn't be able to cope
with feeling her cold dead skin

and my family would be shocked and mortified
if I touched my mother, I knew I couldn't do it
I saw the skin on her arms, the fingernails they painted
so she would look pretty for us, to ease our burden
when seeing our mother for the last time
and knew it wasn't the skin of my living mother

I had to let her go, even if I couldn't help
but keep crying

Mother's Day Flowers Forever

Janet Kuypers, 09/10/06 #1

when I live far away from my mother
you'd think the generic thing to do
for Mother's Day
is to send her flowers
you know, from flowers dot com, or ftd or something

and I thought
my mother sees flowering plants
all around her house
year round

and flowers die

so I saw silk flowers at the store
in a clear glass vase
with clear epoxy
to look like water
so it looks like the silk flowers
are in water
and they'll stay perfectly still
in their little vase

so I did this on two years
with both my mother
and my husband's mother
and now
whenever I got to either house
I always feel good
when I see my flowers
we got them for Mother's day

you know, because flowers die
and they kept these flowers from us

and now I'm back at my mother's house
helping clean up
having to sort all of her extra make-up
from bins under the bathroom sink
and being there to help my father
with the collection of the ashes,
the death certificates
trying to keep a few mementos
of my mother
after she passed

and I walk into their master bedroom now
to fix dad's bed for him
and I see the red flowers
in the epoxy-filled vase
and then I walk out to the porch
and I see the purple and blue flowers
in the epoxy-filled vase
and

and I don't know, at least
my Mother's Day flowers lasted



More Painful to Experience

Janet Kuypers, 09/06/06 #1

people will think it will get easier
you know, time heals all wounds
or some nonsense like that

I don't know, maybe you'll cry less
but I think the pain is still there
and you'll never be able to shake it

but it's been eight years
since the last time I encountered
and unjust death like this

and you're right, I cry less now
from that first death
but it's still extremely wrong that it happened

and it's still extremely painful
no matter how I appear to react now

I never saw the first death
in his coffin
but this time I saw the death, the coffin

and I'm trying to figure out
which is more painful to experience
it doesn't matter if it's eight years ago

or now

It's Just Not Right

Janet Kuypers, 09/11/06 #5

it's spooky
it's unhealthy
but I actually put the box
of my mother's ashes
into bed earlier today
I couldn't imagine putting it
anywhere else
to help her rest
it seems insane
it seems wrong
but I curled up with my mom
hugged her,
wrapped my arms
around the box of her ashes
and cried
but I went to the washroom
to wipe my tears
to clean my face
and I was then called
to help my father
with setting up meetings
for places my mother
is registered with
because we have to
give everyone
death certificates
to prove to the world
that my mother is dead

but now I come back
into my bedroom
and I see my bed,
and I see
my mother's ashes
tucked into bed
and

and it's just not right
I have to put
the box away
you know, the way
you place an urn
on a mantle
I have to do something
with it

you know,
something more generic
something everyone else
would probably do
with ashes
of a loved one

but I can't think
of a place
to put my mother
to rest
so that watching
my mother's ashes
rest in my bed
won't haunt me
anymore

Janet Spinoto, Mother of 3

I knew so many people
If only I mourned so many people
I wonder if johannes remembers me
Am I supposed to cry for him?
Am I supposed to remember him?

I wish I knew of more than his name
I still respect you, to this day
Nineteen years after you died
For a cause you believed in. Or a chance moment
I'll bet. My memory of you
and a memory your grand kid remembers
This is what I'll carry with me.
And this is what I'll keep until death.

I'll always remember you this way
trust me on that one
I'll make it true to you
and your family

Sometimes I need more words, more signals
to answer all my questions
and fill in all the gaps and make our lives better.
Then I'll answer all the questions
for me and you
and everything in-between

This will be my way to save you,
you know, and me, and the rest of the world.
I wonder if this will be my way
to make sense of you,
and me - and love, and so much more.

I don't remember these details
about your life
and I don't remember
you disintegrating before me.
And before you cared about you
and when it meant nothing to me.

No Place

Sometimes the easier answer
to getting answers

that ones tough

Sometimes you kick and you
scream for information and no one
will give you any help and you'll
have no place to turn

That's what
the world it's like, you know,

just in case you hadn't figured
it all out and in case you were
still looking for someone to help you
to save the day and magically make
everything turn better



Princess Diana, One Year Later

August 31, 1998

I wonder what it's like
to lead a near-perfect life
to have servants clean up after you
or to prepare all of your meals. What if
you hated everyone, including
yourself, and you couldn't eat
food without throwing up or

gaining weight. What
would it be like if you
couldn't leave your building
because you might be
photographed by some
unknown stranger.

What must it be like to have
anything you want

sometimes, and sometimes
you can't have anything
you could even
remotely want

I wonder if that's
what it's like to be
royalty

That's what
it has to be like
to feel important
all the time
I wouldn't know
I wonder if any member
of royalty, on any given
morning, on any given day,

I wonder if someone
like that would ever feel
anything other than the
usual pain that they feel
would
you hear from everyone
that you were perfect,
but would you still
keep telling yourself

that you were nothing

with a
question like that, with
an issue like that, wouldn't
anyone wonder what
would win the daily battle
until then died



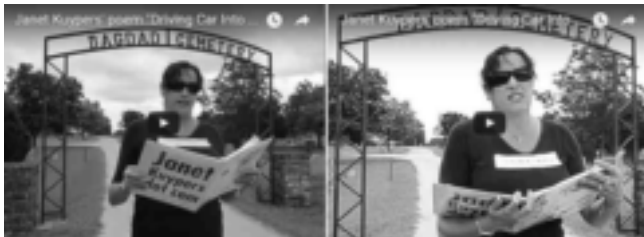
Driving Car Into Ditch

sometimes it just makes
more sense

i mean
do things make more sense
to everyone else
can people see
the sense in anything?

maybe I shouldn't
turn the wheel of my car
maybe I should aim
for the side of the road

maybe it could be a
quick and painless death that way
maybe it could



Take It All Away

September 19, 1998

What is it like to be
almost on the verge of death

for a long time
I know
that seems like a silly
question
is it pointless to
actually go through it and life
for a brief moment to know
what it's like to almost fly

I found out weeks after I
was in the hospital
it was
then that I found out little
details about my being in the
hospital
what the
doctor did to me

while I was in there
and unconscious

whether or not
they were helping me or
hurting me
I wouldn't have known
I was unconscious

they put a piece
of metal in my chest to stop
future possible blood clots from
travelling to my heart, or lungs,
or brain

I don't know
if I need one of these pieces of metal
in my body for the rest of my life,

but I can never get it out
and it would have been nice if
someone informed me of this after it
had already been done to me

there can be
all sorts of things done to you
when you are at a weak moment
these things being done
to you could have an effect on you

good or bad

X-rays were taken of me
a ventilator was on me for 6 days
All I knew at the time was that
most of my rights were being taken
away from me
and I didn't have my car
and I couldn't live at home

I mean, what if one day something went
wrong in your body, and while you
were laying in bed to take a nap, your
heart just stopped beating

what would happen to you
and your life if you heart just
went out, and then something just
happened and then almost suddenly,
what if just then you were slipping away

Okay, don't use that example, but maybe
it will help you think about what it
must be like to vanish

What if that happened to you

if something shocking just sort of
happened to you
and you made it just fine
and people were worrying about
you and they thought you might
not make it and they had to think
that you may be gone and they

had to come to terms with that

Would you clean up
your room
Would you stop making
all of the frivolous purchases
on things you don't really need
Would you try to be nicer

It answers
so many questions when you
suddenly start to think of things that way

###

take it all away (edited)

I found out weeks after
it was then that I found out details

they put a piece of metal in my body
to stop blood clots

do I need a piece of metal
in my body for the rest of my life,

X-rays were taken of me
a ventilator was on me for 6 days
All I felt was that most of my rights
were taken from me

Think About It Much

what would you need done
if you were going to be here no longer
did you think about that one before
did you think about where you wanted
your money to go, or maybe
that painting you bought at a flea
market on the south side of
Chicago, where would that go

would you want someone to be
in charge of paying off your debts
would you want someone to be in charge
of getting your paintings published
or getting your name out there
after you're gone

that's a lot to think about
i know
but what do you do
with all the unfinished business

can you even get used to the idea of being dead
or do you have to plan for it
in a way where you don't
have to think about that much

added bonus

Vine video poem from Down in the Dirt magazine's "The Breaking"



existence

you may find lack of
existence appealing, but
we're left in your wake



BAGDAD CEMETERY

2016 Poetry Bomb

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Books: *Hops* (short in *the Arts*, the *Widow*, *Class Cover* *Indes* *Stirling*, (Wanna), *Autism* *Reason*, *Contents Under Pressure*, *the Average Guy's Guide* (to *Foundations*), *Changing Gears*, *the Key to Believing*, *Demosthenes*, *Stc*, *Oversee*, *Essex* *Vermas*, *L'entré*, *The Other Side*, *The Day Lady's* *Edinburgh* (regular and 2005 *Expanded Edition*), *Deathly*, *Sending Things Differently*, *Change/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Three*, *Moving Performance*, *Stc* *Elvira*, *Life at Cafe Alamy*, *Crucis*, *Rough* *Illness*, *The Bridge Project*, *The Other Side* (2006 *Expanded Edition*), *Stop*, *Stay High*, *the Beauty and the Destruction*, *cc&d 16.5* (Writing to Honour & Cherish, other editions), *Blister & Burn* (the *Kuypers* edition), *S&M*, *cc&d 17.0* (Schizophrenic Writings other editions), *Living in Close*, *Silent Screams*, *Yanking It All In*, *It All Comes Down*, *Yanking to the Surface*, *Chapter 20* (v1, v2 & v3), *Really*, *Literature for the Scenty 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Dream tonight*, *the Petrarch: Table of Poetry*, *a year long Journey*, *Don't Forget*, *Sulphur & Sawdust*, *Slate & Marrow*, *Blister & Burn*, *Rinse & Repeat*, *Survive & Thrive*, (not so) *Warm & Fuzzy*, *Torture & Triumph*, *Oh*, *the Elements*, *Side A/Side B*, *Balances*, *Chaos Theory*, *Writing to Honour & Cherish*, *Distinguished Writings*, *Breaking Silence*, *Unlocking the Mysteries*, *the Book of Scars*, *We Poets*, *Life on the Edge*, *Revealing of your Dirty Little Secrets*, *Desecral Remains*, *Chaotic Remains*, *Hops & Creation*, *Beating 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) (1st edition), *Enriched Poetry*, *cc&d Enriched Poetry*, *Enriched with Dirt*, *An Open Book*, *Therapy Town Hall* (2nd edition), *Presenting Poe* (2nd edition), *100 Words*, *1,000 Words*, *the 2012 Literary Data Book*, *It Was All Preordained*, *Cultural 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the Bumble Bee*, *Remnants and Shadows*, *I Saw This*, *the Drive*, *Thomas at Tea*, *Crushing Down Nineteenth*, *Blue Collar Ballet*, *napoon*, *In You Hear the Apostrophe's* *Tearsdrops of God*, *the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear*, *Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art* (second printing), *Redeared Kiefer / 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*, *Waterhead*, *You Have Finally Won*, *Avenue C*, *Suburban Rhythms*, *Dark 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*, *Get People*, *Death of an Angel*, *Ghost*, *Science: A Carmichael's View*, *Ghost* *Dancers* *Leaping from a Tomb*, *the 4-D Window*, *Open Wounds*, *Amme Junkie*, *Intention*, *Garthcar*, *Car*, *Writing Cloud Island*, *When the World was Black and White*, *a Petal Under Footprint*, *The Holy See of CEE*, *Book 15* " *Ballad in Volcanoes*, *Last in an Echo*, *What Charles Branson's Secret Heritage*, *Erastable Road*, *Royal Dean's* *Death* *Scene* " *Vis à Vis*, *Those*, *Understood*, *Alaskan* *Shotgun*, *Champagne* – *Hot Water*, *How a Baller Behaves*, *the Thing in the Lounges of WagonWheel* (I Come in Avante), *Postcards from Exile*, *the Five Steps of Macbeth*, *Stay in Formation*, *Shadowing Other Footprints*, *the Girl Next Door* and *Other Poems*, *Major Arcana*, *Sine Poerle Nulla est Gloria*, *Short Takes*, *Seeing Strangers*, *Re-Viewing Anais*, *The Tribes Joshua Drove Out of the Land*, *Battery of the Innocent*, *Hammer-Chaind*, *No Refit* – *No Ocean*, *Dancing at the Abyss*, *a nation of assholes with guns*, *the Blazing Hands of 100 Drummers*, *Make the Wind Give What You Can*, *Can Fly with My*, *Link in the Chain*, *Shot out of a Cannon*, *Invisible Ink*, *a ew are*, *Idols*, *Friction*, *Sea Drift*, *and Then be Moved*, *Approaching Front*, *Beyond the Gates*, *the Curve of Arctic Air*, *Idea*, *a Mad Escape*, *Testament*, *the New Deal*, *the Captive and the Dead*, *When the Walls are Paper Thin*, *Nighttime City*, *Suggested Torture*, *Down in the Dirt* v08r, *Clearing the Debris*, *Skeletal Remains*, *When the World Settles*, *Along the Surface*, *Into the White*, *Life...* *from Nothing*, *Down In It*, *Wake Up and Smell the Flowers*, *Looking Beyond*, *See the World Burn*, *Answer the Last*, *Catch Fire in the Trenches*, *Widow in Broken Rings*, *Symbolic Manifest*, *Groveland*, *Perfectly Imperfect*, *I Fall the Springs*, *and I really exist*, *Home at Last*, *Spinning a Novel Story*, *Treading Water*, *Black Cat*, *a Bad Influence*, *Too Many Miles*, *the Path of Least Resistance*, *hello goodbye goodbye hello*, *When the Walls are Paper Thin*, *Planets Apart*, *Planets Apart*, *Nighttime City*, *the Breaking*, *Suggested Torture*, *New 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Compact Discs: *Man's Favorite Vice* *the drama tapes*, *Kuypers the Intel* (AMF Inclusive), *Woods and Flowers* *the beauty & the desolation*, *The Second Aging* *Something is Sweating*, *The Second Aging* *Live in Alaska*, *Pettis & Kuypers Live at Cafe Alamy*, *Painless Orchestra* *Rough Mixes*, *Kuypers* *Sending Things Differently*, *SD/2D* *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 Three*, *Kuypers* *Changing Gears*, *Kuypers* *Dreams*, *Kuypers* *How Do I Get There?*, *Kuypers* *Contention/Conflict/Control*, *the DMJ Art Connection* *the DMJ Art Connection*, *Kuypers* *Questions in a World Without Answers*, *Kuypers* *SIN*, *Kuypers* *WEDD Roads* (2 CD set), *Man's Favorite Vice* and *the Second Aging* *These Truths*, *unrecorded artist* *String Theory*, *Oh* (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* 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