love in the universe

poetry feature
& live acoustic guitar
austin 5/7/16

janet kuypers

on janet & john’s 16 year wedding anniversary
“My kingdom is the underworld,”
you could imagine the King Pluto
from ancient Greek mythology say,

and an eleven year old English girl
thought this was the perfect name
for a planet surrounded by darkness.

And for decades the rogue, this
rebellious quote unquote planet
had a different orbit from its brethren,

crossed paths with brother Neptune,
was otherwise one that didn’t quite
fit in. Maybe that’s why the big boy

club of astronomers kicked Pluto out,
said you’re not good enough
to be one of us. But shrouded in death

seems to be the theme for Pluto. ..
Man-made element ninety four
is not naturally occurring, but only existing

after smashing heavy water (deuterium)
to Uranium. And for those of you
with any nuclear know-how, you know

that whatever Uranium smashing makes
has to be crazy dangerous. And it is.
Since Plutonium has been on the scene

since 1940, the only thing we’ve known
it for is for the nuclear bomb,
the fat boy that blew up Nagasaki.
Great legacy, Plutonium, you first carried the torch of death and destruction before Pluto itself was demoted from planet status. When the fight for Pluto first came to light, even little children wrote letters to protest, don’t kill this dark mystery, they pleaded. Because even little children are fascinated with the concept, especially because it seems so far away.

I look around me now, I see the destruction we bring upon ourselves: Christians bombing abortion clinics. Muslims shrouding women and beheading non-believers. Chicago gangs shooting some in retribution for more shooting. The violence doesn’t end. But the darkness, the death, that seems to be ruled by the planet / non-planet named from Greek mythology, and the element whose only function we humans know is complete annihilation. How fitting that Pluto and Plutonium are forever locked in this deadly dance.
universe

Janet Kuypers
4/13/14

there are more atoms
in your eye than all stars in
the known universe

observer's love poem 2016

Janet Kuypers
07/19/10, edited 4/15/16

maybe I’m not a writer
maybe I’m not an artist
maybe I’m an observer
like an astronomer
looking out past the solar system, past the Kuiper Belt
trying to understand what makes everything
everything

I fly in airplanes
I jump from airplanes
I pilot airplanes
geting closer to the stars

molecule by molecule,
we originate from stars
but outer space
is a violent place
violent explosions create the stars
and our earth has earthquakes,
avanches, volcanoes
tsunamis, typhoons
and in all this madness
somehow I’ve found you
with you I have watched solar storms
from near the Arctic Circle
with you I have walked through the gates
of Hitler’s first concentration camp
with you I have sailed from island to island
retracing the Origin of Species

as I said before,
maybe I’m an observer
and with these observations,
I thee wed
because I’ve seen galaxies collide
I’ve seen comets smash into planets
I’ve seen supernovae and the death of stars
and in all of that, I still found you

as I said before, I’m only an observer
but I’ve found what I’ve been looking for

I’ll tighten my grip on your hand
because I don’t ever want to let you go
everything is my home

Janet Kuypers

I’ve always thought
I was a child of the world;
I feed off the energies
of the Universe.

Everything is bound
together intrinsically,
so everything is my home,

and nothing is my home.

I feel so connected
with everything,
and at the same time
I feel so isolated.

It’s sad,
feeling lonely
in a crowded
room.

I’ve shunned the place
where I was raised,
I avoid ties to my roots
because they’re not mine.

I told you, atom by atom
I’m a product of stardust,
and where I am home
is everywhere else.
And with no home,
oh yes yes, I have four walls
I’ve packed belongings
from my past into spaces,

but all this time
my roots have searched
for ground to seep into
while I remain
gasping for air.

Now I found a place with you,
and when I walk
out my door at night
waiting there,

right outside my front door,
my favorite constellation
in the night sky,
is right there to greet me.

And now that I look around me
I see traces of my past I love
in the greenery around my home.
For the first time in my life

I cut my own grass,
I pull my own weeds,
I water the seeds we placed
in the ground on our land.
And I’m wondering
if I can finally
take a deep breath,
inhale, exhale.

I’ve never had roots.
I want you to understand this.
But I wonder if I can
rake my fingers through this dirt —

our dirt, on our land —

well, maybe we can
get our hands a little dirty,
and finally have a place
that we can call home.
Wanted to play

Janet Kuypers

Love is a crazy game
And I so desperately
Wanted to play

I rolled the dice
I took a chance
And I lost
The game

And then I was asked
if I would like to play
again

Love is a crazy game
And I so desperately
Want to play
— almost didn’t believe it, but
there was enough electricity
between us
to power a small city.
Well, maybe Kane.
Or maybe Logan Square...

Every once in a while
my hair stands up
on my arms,
at the base of my neck.
I feel the electricity in the air,
and I wonder:
is it just me,
or do you feel
the electricity between us still
when we’re suddenly
in the same room.
bio Chicago poet Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist, a writer, photographer, and a literary magazine editor running Scars Publications, which hosts two literary magazines, publishes books and releases CDs. With over 90 books published (as of 05/7/16 of poetry, prose, novels and art), she has sung in 3 acoustic bands, and worked with 8 music groups (combining her poetry with music. From 2010-2016 she hosed a Chicago open mic the Café Gallery, with a weekly podcast. Her CD releases (40+ in 2012) appear at iTunes and other online vendors, found on line through http://scars.tv or http://www.janetkuypers.com.

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Books:

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• Creative Healing Through Poetry, edited by Janet Kuypers, Hardcover, paperback,

• The UN-poetry, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

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