

**Janet Kuypers' 3/1/17
poetry book reading
Wednesday March 1st
at Half Price Books**

& Book Release & Book Reading from Janet Kuypers

**with reading from the 3/1/17 released books
by Down in the Dirt "What Remains"
and cc&d "Lost in America",
+ readings from past cc&d books**

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Smelling Sulphur on Nine One One

Janet Kuypers

bonus poem from the "Periodic Table of Poetry" series (#1016 S), written 9/11/13

I'm a journalist.
I can remember
the sounds of the newsroom
as I finished my articles
at one of the computers.
I can still hear
the sounds of the bustling,
of the rushing toward a deadline.

The shuffling of papers
was a constant presence
when you worked.

Hearing that low hum,
that din of action and activity
is almost comforting
to types like us.
It was the base beat
to the symphony of our lives.

So, when you hear the words
nine one one,
you think of the number to dial
when you hear of more gun violence
on these Chicago streets.
You smell the Sulfur
in the gunpowder,
another sense
that accentuates the center
of the world around us...

But on a beautifully
sunny day like today,
you come into the newsroom
in the early morning,
and the sound of action
has yet to truly penetrate the ears
of these reporters,
with a styrofoam coffee cup in one hand,
crumpled pages of edited copy in the other.

But on this sunny morning,
the din was different,
much more cacophonous,
much more rushed,
while still so hushed.
I made my way
to one of the TV sets
along the main wall,
all were on different channels
showing different bits of news,
though all suddenly seemed the same.
It looked like the newsroom
was watching a movie
as smoke poured
from one of the Twin Towers.
I tried to make out the voices
from one of the TV sets
when I witnessed a plane —
right before my eyes —
fly into the other Tower.

I stood for a moment,
transfixed like some
horror movie addict,
before I thought of our contacts
scattered along the east coast.
I pulled out my cell phone
and speed dialed Mark in New York,
he had a meeting scheduled
in the Twin Towers that morning,
but the phone was jammed,
so I dialed up Don
who was in town there this week,
but all was lost
to computer-simulated voices,
forcing me to leave messages
and scramble from afar.

As pathetic as we were,
we stared at TVs
as most forms of communication
were cut off for us.
Was this an attack on New York,
we struggled to discover
until less than forty minutes later
we saw the two-second long film
replayed repeatedly
from a D.C. security camera
that caught a collision course
crashing of a plane
through the outer rings
of the Pentagon.

Well.
Now the story has changed.

Try to get through
to Dan in D.C.,
was he in the Pentagon today.
The phones still cut me off.
So we scrambled for any data,
looking for a Chicago connection:
the Sears Tower,
the John Hancock building,
these are national icons
that may be under attack...
But before we could gain our bearings,
only twenty-five minutes passed
before a plane crashed
into the ground
near Shanksville, Pennsylvania.

Shanksville, I thought,
I know someone there,
I searched, and found
Anna's number,
but who was I kidding.
Those lines were cut off too.

#

It's a strange feeling,
being a reporter
and not being able
to contact a single person.
Being detached from any lead,
coupled with a sinking feeling,
wondering if any
of the people you know
are physically hurt,
or even alive.

As a journalist,
you really feel hopeless,
like your hands are tied
behind your back.

We give the news.
We're not supposed
to feel so stranded.

#

An hour after
the Pentagon was attacked,
the Sears Tower was evacuated.
This wasn't my beat;
I had no contacts, no one
to help me through this disaster,
so I waited there
in case others
needed any assistance.

I sat back for a moment,
left there to wait,
thinking about
Mark and Don in New York,
Dan in D.C.,
even poor Anna —
I'm sure she's not hurt,
but they're now cut off to me.
As I said,
all I could do
was wait.

Clear your head of the people,
I could hear myself
say to myself.
You're a reporter,
just break down the details
of what you see
instead of thinking of this
as another one of your
human interest articles...

The jet fuel,
the drywall,
all that paper
in those offices,
those people,
trapped,
they're all
hydrogen, carbon, oxygen.
But wait a minute,
in Chicago I think
of the Sulfur smell
when it comes to gunfire.
But jet fuel is Sulfur-laden,
that burning drywall
emits Sulfur gas,
Sulfur's even the third most common
mineral in the human body.

I mean,
I'm a newspaper reporter.
I know that Sulfur-based compounds
are used in pulp
and paper industries.

#

Yeah, I'm a newspaper reporter.
Just take a breath
and turn your head to the stats.

To clear my head
of the humanity,
the thought of so much Sulfur
being so much a part
of so many details in our lives,
made me think
of the destruction
that Sulfur was so much
a part of today.
I know I stayed here
to give a helping hand,
but with all that Sulfur
on my mind,
suddenly
all I could smell
was the burning,
and I couldn't stop coughing
while I tried to catch my breath.



newspaper ink's the blood of a dying species

Janet Kuypers

2/24/16

Sitting in those basement labs,
the hum of computer workstations
accompanied my thoughts.

Time was ticking, deadlines darted,
but I was used to the daily deadline —
the rush to be on time was my nicotine.

I'd slam my hands, my fingers
into those keyboards so every newspaper
would know my side of the story.

I would keep copies of my work,
in nine point type, two inch wide columns.
But newspaper pages are thin as tissue.

I can't hold my work in this form forever,
not like this, the ink smudges and disappears
whenever anyone touches the page.

Maybe this is the disintegration
of the written word, now that everyone
prefers reading the news from their phones

and tablets. Besides, they want to read
on their commuter train to work; newspaper ink
could smudge onto their crisp white shirts.

*

Journalism is a dying art. Millennials
think that using your smart phone
and texting what anyone blurts out is news,

so they post their nonsense on every
electronic medium they can find.
Besides, with the prices they pay for phones

so they can Google every question they have
and not have to retain any answers,
texting and data better be free.

Not like those newspapers, not the tabloid
ones, but the ones that you have to
spread your arms out to read. You know,

those cumbersome ones. The ones
that make you feel like they have something
worth saying, because it's something of value.

*

This is what I loved. I loved being able
to make a statement on a printed page
and have it delivered to the town's front doors.

I'd open my front door, then open my daily paper,
just like the one delivered to every front door,
to open the pages wide, and then find what's mine.

*

“Why bother remembering stories or the news when you can reference it in archive online?” Well, you may be right, it may seem convenient —

but it’s inconvenient to search for the stories in the first place, and anyway, I still contend that it’s better for your eyes,

and maybe your brain, ‘cause you can retain information on a page. I know, I know... The newspaper’s a dying species. It’s a dying art.

But the oils, the pigments that make the ink, they make our blood. Understand this. And if you ever grab a newspaper again,

if any ink smudges onto your fingers, well, rub it in. Let it get into your bones, because this stuff’s in our blood, and it gives us life.



Pluto, Plutonium & Death

Janet Kuypers

Periodic Table of Poetry bonus poem, written 4/16/16 (#94, P4)

“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)
into 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
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.

Quieted Soul

Janet Kuypers

3/25/16

Drop you in a strange house
in a strange land.
Have a seat, they say relax, enjoy.
But you feel so tense,
you don't know which way to turn
and the house is hollow
because only your soul will make it
a home. So the Sun
beats down, and you're at a loss,
not knowing what to do.
So you slowly sit down, catch
patches of grass
in your peripheral vision, wonder
what steps you can take
so you can build a ladder to the sky
& turn down that damn
Sun, 'cause with the sun so strong
on this foreign soil
it scorches the streets and strips
the life from our souls.
So sit here stoically as the Sun stares
at this strange home,
search for ways to quench that
quieted soul once more.

Vanishing Scars

Janet Kuypers

5/1/15

*“They tell you how it was...
and how it happened
again and again. They tell
the slant life takes when it turns
and slashes your face as a friend.”*

— William Stafford, from “Scars”

*Any wound is real, he says,
and yes, it’s true, I know it.*
For the faces of promise
are also the places
the scars will be.*

Yes, bright-eyed children,
this is the battle
you have to look forward to.
Brace yourself,
if you know how.
It might hurt less then.

For once we are grown
we are all too aware
of past tortures and traumas,
they leave physical and emotional scars
we wear like badges,
while knowing
these scars
scar us.

Hide the marks from your face,
your stomach from when
you were hospitalized
against your will for months.
Hide the bruises around your neck
as you leave the country
to escape the man
who once claimed he loved you.
Force yourself to forget
the disappointing diatribes
your disappointment of a father
gave you, while you struggle
to be stronger than him,
despite him.

If you internalize some scars,
turn them around,
then watch your helplessness
transform to rage,
then to solace and insight
to help others recover
from their own physical
and sexual traumas.

They say that time heals all wounds,
and you wish for the scars to vanish;
your brutish, broodish demeanor
is a blemish
you wish would perish —

but wait a minute,
search for that scar
on the cleft of your chin
from when you scratched
when you had the Chickenpox.
You would swear
that scar was there,
but

where did it go.

Then you turn
to the one you love.
They tell you
they've never seen the scars.

That you've always been
a bright white beam of light,
almost too blinding
for anyone to fully take in,
which is why
you can never
be fully understood...

And this is all they think
when they see you,
and all they can say
is
I love you.

And maybe that
is the treatment
for the traumas...

and the scars
to hard
to handle.

Any wound is real,
for scars too hard to handle.
And *any wound is real,*
as long as you give it the power
to take over your soul
and fester into a fiendish demon.

So just remember
that despite those vanishing scars
that are now
too taxing to tally,
despite those battle scars...

you are a blinding light
that no one,
thankfully,
will ever
fully
understand.

Italicized portion of this poem are quotes
from the William Stafford poem "Scars".

* line toward the end of the Ai poem

"The Good Shepherd: Atlanta, 1981."

Fuming in the Morning

Janet Kuypers

5/11/15

When I wake up every morning,
unlike everyone else,
I rip the blankets off of me
because I'm boiling hot.

Been trying to figure out why.
When I wake up every
morning alone,
I wonder if my missing you

manifests itself
by leaving me tossing and turning
in my dreams,
until I wake up in a sweat.

These must be my red-hot thoughts
percolating up inside me
in the middle of the night,
leaving me fuming in the morning.

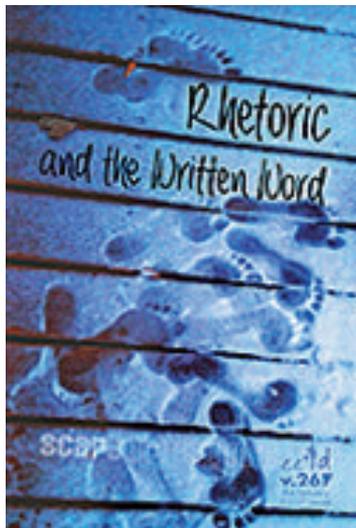
This is what I wonder.
Is this what being without you
makes me do.
I think I run to you all night long.

When I go to bed at night
after a day without you, I'm ice cold.
But my brain spends hours
throughout the night in my sleep

to think about us together.
To think about trying to find you.
To spend hours thinking about
what being without you means.

And I wake up,
like I do every morning,
after feeling like I've mentally
run a marathon,

and I go about my day, alone.
Life makes me cold again.
And I wonder what it takes
to get back to you again.



X-rays and Broken Hearts

Janet Kuypers

10/29/16

X-rays of small children
show two rows of teeth,
because once baby teeth
are too small for the child,

adult teeth push those baby teeth
out, break through the gums
and take over the job.
And this is really remarkable —

I mean, it's not like your hair
which can always grow out,
and even though skin
is the largest human organ

it's not like shedding
and growing more skin,
it's not like cutting yourself
and watching an organ heal.

These are bones,
because your body knows
before you're born
what you need in life...

And I wonder why
genetics hasn't figured out
that we humans may need
a new heart, a back-up,

after it has been broken
too many times. Because,

after you're been fired
and someone there watches
you collect your belongings
and escorts you out forever,

or after you're sent you can't
remember how many résumés,
and even if you're interviewed,
they never want you back.

Or after you find your one
true love, well, that's when
they move away, to get away
from you forever.

Or after your family dies,
and you're alone.

After it feels like your heart
is always about ready to break,

it make me wonder why
genetics hasn't figured it out.
We might need a back-up.
Our heart can only take so much.



Koi Ponds and Concrete

Janet Kuypers

1/17/15

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.



eight ball answers all

Janet Kuypers

10/4/14, ending edited 2/23/17

I look around me
and see so many things that are wrong.
I pick up recyclable trash
that people leave in the streets
because
everyone's made this world
such a filthy place,
so I wonder:
are the choices we make
to recycle cardboard, tin or plastic
helping the environment at all?
Maybe I should ask
the Magic 8 Ball:
Are we making a difference
for the environment
when we try to recycle?

COME BACK AND ASK AGAIN

What?
Okay, let me rephrase that.
Wait, I have
a fuel-efficient car,
so is it smart to buy
a hybrid-electric car?

MY SOURCES SAY NO

I guess that makes sense,
since they need a special Nickel alloy
for those electric batteries,
and the only way they do *that*
is to pull the Nickel
from a Nickel mine

in Sudbury Ontario
(and because of the way they mined
for I don't know how many years
the landscape in that whole area
looked like a lunar landscape for *decades*,
not a single thing could grow
with all the pollution
they threw onto the land there).

And wait a minute,
we Americans want those cars with the batteries,
and they're destroying land in Canada for it,
but THEN they're shipping that Nickel to CHINA,
where the apparently whip that Nickel
into a FOAM of some sort for the battery.

THEN they ship it to us
slobbering Pavlovian Dogs
in the United States.

Besides, they cost more to buy
than fuel-efficient cars,
so if you owned the electric hybrid
for more than 16 years,
you'll brake even.

And they say you need to replace
that globally bad for you battery
every 100,000 miles.

Did you now that in the U.K.
they call the Prius the Pry-us?

Kind of reminds me
of the South park episode
where people thought
they were high and mighty
and bought "pious" cars... (Versus "Prius"...)

That was the same episode
where the same people
farted into wine glasses,
because they liked the smell
of their own farts.

Wait a minute...
Magic 8 Ball, you're supposed to be
answering question for me.
So let me think...

I've got one:
I heard a woman recently
who accused a man of raping her,
it got a ton of news coverage,
and then we found that she made it up
because everyone would assume she was raped
and we'd instantly care *deeply* for this "victim".
So I want to know,
I know people talk about rape
like it doesn't happen anymore,
so, are women not being attacked
sexually like that anymore?

MY REPLY IS NO

Right, because I heard a while ago
that one in three women
are sexually assaulted
by the time they leave college,
but I didn't know
if that meant things had changed.
I know I get cat calls and horn honks
when I go out for walks on the street,
but it might just be me,
so Magic 8 Ball,
is sexism *still* really a problem now?

WITHOUT A DOUBT

That's what I figured.

I know there were so many stories before
of women in the military getting harassed,
and not being able to tell their male superiors.
And I know that what *I* get is next to nothing
compared to the comments *some* women can get
just walking down the street —

and I am sick and tired of people saying
that the problem is that men *just can't help it*,
and maybe women shouldn't try to look too *enticing*
to men when they walk down the street.

So apparently we can't
expose our legs, or wear tank tops
when the weather's warm.
Maybe we women
should dress in a burqa
and only show our eyes
to all those men out there
who can't *help it*.

Either that
or act like a crazy person,
failing our arms
and babbling at anyone,
maybe *that* will distract them
and make them forget
about degrading women.

(Pause)

Ah, the things we women have to do
because otherwise, you men can't *help it*.

(Pause)

(Look down at the Magic 8 Ball)

(finally speak)

What are *you* looking at?

Oh, fine,

I'm supposed to be asking *you* questions.

Let me think...

Wait a minute, I hear President Trump

is banning flights with some

predominantly Muslim countries—

he says it's for terrorism protection,

though the terrorism threats

aren't from any countries he's banning.

Is any of this going to help us,

or is it going to hurt us?

IT IS UNCERTAIN

So, are the Republican talking heads

just trying to scare their listeners?

And more importantly,

are we losing our rights?

IT IS CERTAIN

(laugh)

Maybe I shouldn't listen

to the scare tactics

the 24/7 drive-by media — **both** sides.

Maybe I should look around me

and gather info from my own experiences,

because that says

a lot more than any 8 Ball ever could.

violent affair

Janet Kuypers

(started 8/15/14, finished 10/1/14)

how one-sided
is a violent
passionate
sexual affair

is it
a small metal boat
tied with a long rope to the dock
living
to react to the tide
trapped there
pounding against the ocean alone

then
with the tide

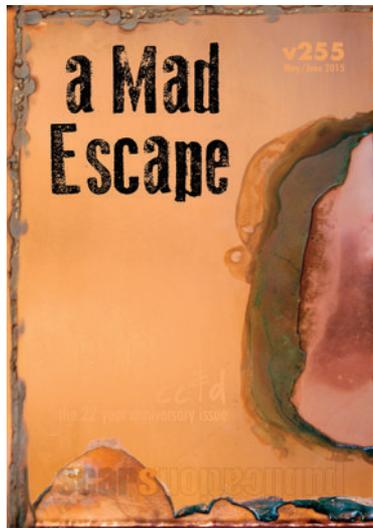
rushing in
seeping out
rhythmically

waiting for that tide
to rush it into the shore
save for that damn rope
holding it back
then being taken away again
to do it all over again

spending it's time
held back
and waiting

then almost
being
turned upside-down
by that rush

then recovering
and waiting
for it to all happen again



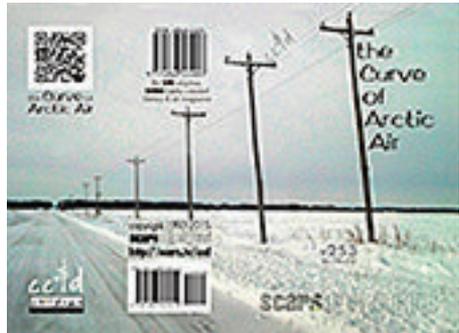
Holding My Skin Together

Janet Kuypers

2000

is life pre-ordained?
i've been trying to remember
all the little details
that i'm supposed to take care of
and i know i'm not even getting
half of them done
and i wonder if you feel what i feel
is it just me
is the stuffing falling out
of my insides
through the stretched seams
holding my skin together
because i keep finding
bits of stuffing fallen out
and i try to put it back in
but damnit, i don't see the holes
and i just have to work faster
so that maybe
i'll have a better chance
of not losing my insides

is it just me?
probably
but i'll keep frantically trying
to hold myself together
so i can be a bit more normal,
no, wait,
so i can be a bit more like myself
and i won't have to be pre-ordained



One Summer Traveled

Janet Kuypers

verse 3, 4 and parts of 5 of the poem "One Summer", edited & compiled 11/2/13

I know we had our differences,
but I was looking forward to seeing you,
to seeing southern California, the stores,
the glamour, the beaches, the commercialism.
And you, you had to cart me away
with your religious troops to the wilderness,
leaving me at a campsite while you went off
to church. And I sat there for days,
watching us, watching us become bloodthirsty,
we were trying to hurt each other, we were like
animals, you starting your life with me in tow.

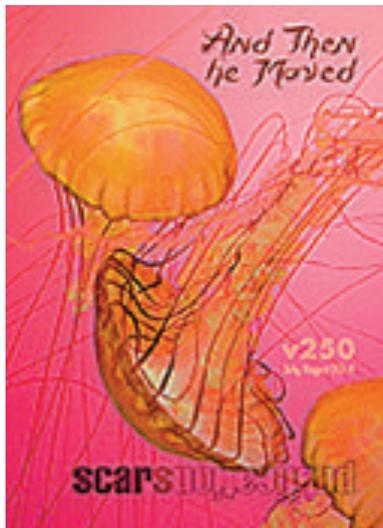
But at least I saw the redwood forests.

#

And traveling later, I never imagined how beautiful
the east coast could be, rolling hills curling one state
into another. We'd drive up a hill in the truck
and I would lift my head, my chin as high as I could
in anticipation to try to see the other side.
I remember walking along the beach
in Maine, restored buildings lining
the rocky shore, the fog so thick
you couldn't see fifty feet in front of you.
And people were suntanning.
And I photographed the lighthouse -
how do they work in the fog like this?
It's so thick, thick like the cigarette smoke
coming from the inside of the truck
when we would drive to antique shops
in New Hampshire. Thick, like a powerful force
overcoming someone, that
holds you there, that doesn't let go. Like us.

#

Watching this summer, this scenery travel past me
streamline into blurred lines of color,
I think of marriage. Probably not with you,
I just think of marriage, to someone. Marriage,
streamlining life into a blur. Settling down.
Settling. It's funny how your surroundings
can change you.



explaining what condoms are for

Janet Kuypers

9/15/13

*(from an eleven year old boy
to a ten year old boy,
in the men's bathroom)*

“You put one of these on
so when you sleep with a girl
you don't have to touch her.”



Each Half is the Enemy

Janet Kuypers

1/29/13

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 it's always that the two halves
of the whole
will religiously remain at odds.

#

When born at the cusp of Gemini,
you have a twin,
and your other half is a Cancer.

And if you weren't born under that sign,
trust me.
Look for it. This applies to you too.

Because sometimes you want to tear it apart,
that other half,
you despise everything about it —

everything that somehow is a part
of you.

It's everything you don't want to admit —

because life will remain a battle, as you
continually struggle
against everything you don't want to believe.

Jumping from the Skyline to the Clouds

Janet Kuypers

7/26/13

Joining commuters
driving
toward the Chicago Loop,

I watched
majestic skyscrapers
frame the skyline,

as I witnessed
over Lake Michigan
early morning clouds —

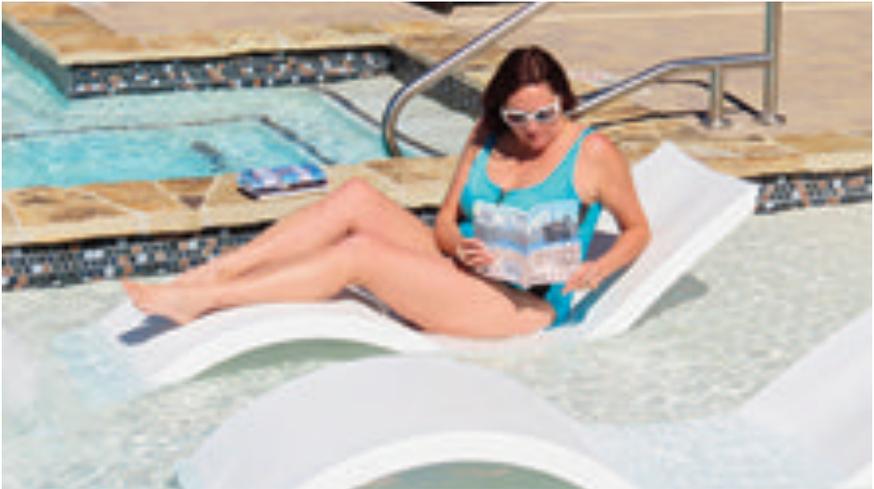
thin at the top
each cloud looked like
a snow-capped mountain,

framing this flat-land city,
surrounding the skyscraper skyline
with that sun-kissed stratosphere.

The clouds almost looked
like shadowed drawings,
touched by the hand of God.



Bio Chicago poet Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist, a writer, photographer, and literary magazine editor running Scars Publications (<http://scars.tv>), which hosts two literary magazines, publishes books and releases CDs. Kuypres has 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 (of 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://www.janetkuypers.com> or <http://scars.tv>. Currently an Austin TX resident, Kuypers performs monthly poetry/music/performance art shows at the Bahá'í Faith Center, as well as monthly poetry readings at Halk Price Books.



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