

ENERGY WITH POETRY AND MUSIC



Janet Kuypers

Janet Kuypers poetry & music/song show
with electric guitar from John in a one-time event
at the Bahá'i Center Saturday 9/2/17 after bpm in Austin

THERE I SIT

Janet Kuypers

1990 (edited for 0/2/17 feature)

there I sit
I sit alone
separated
isolated
away from
my one true love
away from
my obsession

I pull out
a fountain pen
I see the lines
contours of his face
defining
the piercing eyes
the pointed nose
the tender lips

I sit & I sketch
I feverishly draw
until I capture
his image
I stare
I gaze
I memorize
his every detail
oh, but he
he never looks back

so I will draw
until my
fountain pen
runs dry

TIGHT ROPE AFFAIR

Janet Kuypers

Written, 4/14/04, revision, 8/30/16

i know all the moves, i play the game
and it gets to you

you can't say a word, you can't move an inch
cause you can't break the rules

i know what to say
i know what to do
and it sets you on fire

i know all the moves, i play the game
and it gets to you

you can't say a word, you can't move an inch
cause you can't break the rules

i know what to say
i know what to do
and it sets you on fire

*we're walking a fine line in our tight rope affair
there's no net when you're high, so you better beware
do you know your way down
when you're moving up there
and balancing in your tight rope affair*

i have to play on what you like
to see what you can take

and i walk out on to that tight rope
to watch you move and shake

and now we're both stuck there
but here is where you quake
 but you can't fall from this wire

i have to play on what you like
to see what you can take

and i walk out on to that tight rope
to watch you move and shake

and now we're both stuck there
but here is where you quake
 but you can't fall from this wire

*we're walking a fine line in our tight rope affair
there's no net when you're high, so you better beware
do you know how it feels
 when you're moving up there
and balancing in your tight rope affair*

when you're up on the wire, you feel the fire
and you feel the fear

but you're filled with desire — you want to go higher
whenever we're near

what will transpire
now that we're here
 what can we do to make us right

when we gracefully step on the paper-thin wire
we're balancing high

we look to the ground, see a circus of clowns
as we're touching the sky

now we both tightrope walk
and I wonder why

why we can't bring it all into the light

*we're walking a fine line in our tight rope affair
there's no net when you're high, so you better beware
do you know how it feels*

*when you're moving up there
and balancing in your tight rope affair*

*we're walking a fine line in our tight rope affair
there's no net when you're high, so you better beware
do you know how it feels*

*when you're moving up there
and balancing in your tight rope affair*



VICTIM

Janet Kuypers
1990

every day I face the wall
every day I must stand tall
every day from break of dawn
every day I carry on

every day I struggle with the lingering past
I had struggled, I had worked to take it fast
every day I find it difficult, impossible
to look at what we have and make it last

time to time I shed a tear
time to time when you are near
time to time I stop myself
time to time I'm filled with fear

I try to carry on but it doesn't seem fair
when I feel your presence but you are not there
time to time I find it difficult, impossible
to look at how I feel and think you care

I close my eyes, I see it too
when I sleep I dream of you
when I talk your words come out
when I live I just feel blue

I can see the scene, it flashes through my mind
I can't fathom feelings of another kind
when I try I find it difficult, impossible
to search for pieces that I cannot find

I had struggled with the maze
I had worked a hundred days
I had tried to make it stop
I could not see through the haze

I had to accept what you had done to me
there were so many lies that I could not see
time to time I find it difficult, impossible
to look at all your chains
to look at all your chains
to look at all your chains
and still feel free

~~KNEW I HAD TO BE READY~~

Janet Kuypers

8/22/17, @ 1:45 PM, ~12 hours after seeing the total solar eclipse

Got a pair of those solar sunglasses the other day. Challenged myself to stare at the sun — and really, that's such a ridiculous concept to begin with — but wearing these glasses made me blind as a bat 'til I walked outside and guessed where to look.

And then I found it. And I was awe-struck. And even though I didn't create these glasses, even though I didn't create this scientific tool I suddenly felt like I could challenge the science gods. Yeah. Try to stun me again. I dare you.



For the past eighteen hours, we drove six plus hours each way to get to the focal point, for the longest duration, of the total eclipse of the sun. I had a filter for my camera, I even had my solar sunglasses, so I was ready for what I guessed would be a half-hour show.

And I may have been mistaken, it may have taken three times as long to watch the moon move it's way in the opposite direction over how our sun dances along our daytime sky. So every few seconds I'd take a picture, then slide on those solar glasses

to look up, to see that crescent move with my own two eyes.
Clouds moved in for a bit, I was in a panic, wait,
those evil weather gods can't make me miss my chance,
but as the clouds parted the light cloud mist danced
in front of my sun and moon, adding wisps to their show.

But I knew I had to be ready, it started getting darker,
the winds picked up, and I knew that when my moon
and sun would reach that total eclipse, that it would last
for less than two minutes — so I had to remove the filter,
change the aperture and f-stop, and try to point and click.

And... I think I did a pretty good job, but all I could think
when I saw that white ring of the sun's solar flares
each tease their way around that moon from
trying to block the sun from one of it's children...
All I could think was that this ring of fire and radiation

was so crisp and vivid, and that it reminded me
of the intricacies of the human eye, when the iris
colors dance in a circle like molecular fireworks,
or petals of a flower in full bloom. Taken aback,
it was all so breathtaking — and then I realized

that there are as many atoms in the human eye
as all constellations in the known Universe.
If seeing the sun's corona made me see the cornea
with it's intricate iris, it made me wonder.
They say the eye is the window to the soul,

so is my seeing my sun at it's most naked moment,
was my sun somehow sharing with me it's secrets too.
I've been trying to figure out my sun's message,
and I'll keep trying to take science on, always
daring it to finally, fully reveal itself to me.

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