

Public Access Poetry

Our Color, Our Gender, Our Creed

There is a house inside of me. It's a house with a rich heritage brimming with the knowledge of how our souls have flourished, and about how it all can be so quickly taken away.

There is a house inside of me that has had to shut down to hide everything away, because those who didn't look like me decided that I was nothing, and treated me accordingly.

There is a house inside of me. It's pulse has an infectious rhythm that we've had to stifle, to hide from your generic white bread world; we only let it out when we're alone, to save us from your madness.

There is a house inside of me. I've hidden it away, I've sealed it up and placed it deep within, brimming with my history *and* my future, and I don't let it out when people can't think of me as human.

There is a house inside of me. I've put boards over the windows to save myself from your storm. With your wrath, I've learned to not fight back — only because my captor won't listen. There is a house inside of me. And this house will stand strong even after you have raped me, beaten me, tortured me, tried to kill me, treated me as nothing. But you were *so* wrong.

There is a house inside of me. And what you don't realize is that this house will outlast yours. Trust me. If your house was built on distrust and such blatant disrespect, your house is bound to collapse.

Because after all this time, and after my *wanting* to fight, I have learned that passive resistance is only part of my story. Because in these struggles I have gained a wisdom and a connection that is beyond

this house inside of me, beyond this sharing, this inquisitive mentality. So I want you to remember, this house is a symbol for all like me, and for those *not* like me too. Because, I have a dream that everyone

who has suffered like this — and even those who have not — should *share* their stories with all of the world, no matter our color, our gender, our creed. This is my dream. Because *this* is how we truly grow.

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the burning

I take the final swig of vodka feel it burn it's way down my throat hiss at it scorching my tongue and reach for the bottle to pour myself another. I think of how my tonsils scream every time I let the alcohol rape me. Then I look down at my hands shaking — holding the glass of poison and think of how these were the hands that should have pushed you away from me. But didn't. And I keep wondering why I took your hell, took your poison. I remember how you burned your way through me. You corrupted me from the inside out, and I kept coming back. I let you infect me, and now you've burned a hole through me. I hated it. Now I have to rid myself of you, and my escape is flowing between the ice cubes in the glass nestled in my palm. But I have to drink more. The burning doesn't last as long as you do.



Fantastic Car Crash

and our life is one big road trip now and we set the cruise control and make our way down the expressway.

and most of the time we're just moving in a straight line, and the scenery blurs. there's nothing to see

but I know what's inside you and I know what you're made of. I know there's no such thing as a calm with you

you are a fantastic car crash. you stop traffic in both directions as the gapers gawk and the delay grows and they slow down and stare

everything shatters with you, you know. it's a spectacular explosion. I try to duck and cover as metal flies

through the air. and every time you leave the scene of the accident I am left picking up the shards of glass

from the windows. you know, the glass breaks into such tiny little pieces. they look like ice. it takes so long to pick up the pieces

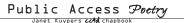
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even though I'm careful I'm still picking up the pieces and I'm still on my knees

and the glass cuts into my hands and the blood drips down to the street. think of it as my contribution

to this fantastic car crash that is you, that is me, that is us as I pull the glass from my hands

and I wave my hand to the line of traffic: go ahead, keep driving, this happens all the time, there's nothing to see here



Everything Was Alive And Dying for 12/18/12 TV show

I had a dream the other night I walked out of the city to a forest and there were neatly paved bicycle paths and trash cans every fifty feet and trash every ten

as I walked, there was a stray cat she still had her little neon collar on with a little bell and she walked a few feet. stretched her front paws, oh, she looked so darling and then she walked right up to me and she said thank you and I said for what? And she just looked at me for a moment, her little ears were standing straight up, and then she said, you know, in some countries I'm considered a delicacy. And I said how do you know of these things? And she said. when somebody eats one of you word gets around and then she looked up at me again and said, and in some countries the cow is sacred. Wouldn't they love to see how you humans prepare them for slaughter,

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how you hang them upside-down and slit their throats so their still beating hearts will drain out all the blood for you and she said isn't it funny how arbitrary your decision to eat meat is? and I said, don't put me in that category, I don't eat meat and she said I know

and I woke up in a sweat

so tell me, Ted Canadian Cuban Cruz so tell me, Nancy my eyes are pried open Pelosi so tell me, Mitch the slowest turtle McConnell so tell me, Crooked Hillary Clinton so tell me, Entertainer in Chief Donald Trump so tell me, Barrack Hussein Obama if you woke up from that dream would you be in a sweat, too?

Because everything is linked here we destroy our animals so we can be wasteful and violent we destroy our plants we destroy our earth we're even destroying our air we wreak havoc on the soil, on the atmosphere we dump our wastes into our lakes we pump aerosol cans and exhaust pipes and you think I'm extreme?

so I'm beginning to think that we just keep doing it because we don't know how to stop and deep inside we feel the pain of all that we've killed and we try to control it by popping a chemical-filled pain-killer

we live through the guilt by taking caffeine, nicotine, morphine and we keep ourselves thin with saccharin and we keep ourselves sane with our alcohol poisoning

the thing is, in the wild you have no power over anyone else

now that we're "civilized" we create our own wild

maybe when we have all this power the only choice we have is to destroy ourselves

and so we do



Us, Actually Touching

I heard a physicist explain that when two solid objects are pressed together they never actually touch

I can't imagine it but maybe because electrons repel all objects remain one molecule apart

I wonder if this is why when I see you and when we embrace I want to hold you tighter and tighter

because I want to defy the laws of physics and feel that contact with you as long as I possibly can

is this why whenever we embrace I want my face at your neck so that I inhale you deeply I breathe you in

because I want to experience you with all my senses I want our molecules to intermingle I want us to actually touch

Public Access Poetry Beauty in the Eyes of Einstein

I heard NASA scientists say that Einstein dismissed some of his theories

even some theories we may know all too well

but Einstein didn't like some of his theories because he thought they weren't beautiful

and I wonder: what is beauty

is it the geomagnetic aberrations of the Aurora Borealis dancing along the horizon at the arctic circle

is it the way you look at me with those gorgeous doe eyes after we've been apart so long

is it the scattered collisions from comet Shoemaker Levy-9 into the planet Jupiter

is it what I feel when your arms are finally around me and I don't want to open my eyes and I never want to let go

is it the eternally changing whisps of volcanic trails in the Saturn moon Titan's atmosphere

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is it the way that listening to the music you make fills me with such energy

or is it converting matter into pure energy with just the right formula

Einstein believed "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all art and science."

so am I driven to look up at the stars in the night sky to see stars from billions of years ago to fall in love every night

Einstein reminds us, "We are all ruled in what we do by impulses"

so is it how on impulse I move a bit closer to you so I can feel the heat from your body so close to mine

we ask, what is beauty

they say beauty is in the eye of the beholder so it makes me wonder



Death takes many forms. for 12/18/12 TV show

It is winter now. The trees have lost their leaves; the city is covered in a thin layer of soot and snow. The grass is dead. In the sunless sky black birds circle overhead searching for prey. An eerie cold settles over everything. Nothing is growing anymore.

Death takes many forms.

For you, death first came when you were five years old and your mother had to give you three shots of insulin a day until you could take a needle to yourself.

Did it hurt to push that needle into your arm, the first time? Or did it hurt you more to know you had no choice?

Death takes many forms.

You wouldn't hear the howling wind of the changing seasons, but I know what follows the autumn wind.

It is winter now.

Do you remember when it happened? The changes are subtle, the temperature drops, first only slightly. It's almost imperceptible. Only when the first snow falls do you realize where the seasons have gone. Death takes many forms. Death can be a sweat-soaked shirt, the shakes, dizziness when you needed food. You would look as pale as a ghost as I would hold your cold wet arm and steady you. Quick, some sugar will make everything better. Isn't everything better yet?

Death takes many forms. I said good bye to you to travel my own road but I knew you didn't want me to go. And now it's my turn.

Why are we always saying good bye to each other? ...Are you trying to teach me a lesson? Because if you are, well, I've learned it. Trust me, I have. You can come back now.

Death takes many forms. And now, now it seems you've taken me down with you you've taken me into that casket with you and I'm running my hand along your jacket lapel and I can feel the coldness of winter all around me and I can hear them shoveling the dirt over my head and I want to get out and I want to take you with me. Now, you once showed me that winter could be beautiful. Instead of the dark and dirty snow lacing the city streets you showed me a quieting snowfall, over a lake at your parent's back yard glistening in an untouched whiteness. I told you I hated winters and you told me, "This you don't hate."

Well, I'm still learning.

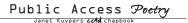
It is winter now. And death takes many forms. The seasons change for you and I. It is snowing. And something is ending. It is snowing. Somewhere it is snowing.

Ultimate Connectivity: a bird in the hand

So after a night camping at Bryce National Canyon (yeah, yeah, there was snow on the ground, but my sleeping bag zipper wasn't broken...) I got out of my tent in the morning and a few little birds fluttered by. Now, one seemed to hang out a little too close. so I put some grain in the palm of my hand, stretched out my forearm and remained perfectly still. Almost on cue, less than two minutes later the bird landed on the palm of my hand and enjoyed the bounty I gave them

And suddenly I felt like I was Mother Earth, I could stretch out my arms like a scarecrow but this time the animals wouldn't be afraid, and with my outstretched arms, I would give them food, and shelter, and love.

And maybe that was when I twitched my finger, or else I was out of food, but the next thing I knew, my three inch little bird took a step or two along my palm and across my fingers before it flew away.



And I'm Wondering

I'm wondering if there's something chemical that brings people together, something that brings people to their knees, somethings that sucks them in

And I'm wondering if you're sensing what I'm sensing, is it just me, am I making this up in my head, or when I glance up and catch your eyes, well, are you actually staring at me

And I'm wondering if it could work out this time, if we'd have one of those relationships that no one ever doubts, especially us, because we know we'll always be in love

And I'm wondering if you'd find my neurotic pet-peeves charming like how I hate it when someone touches my belly because I'm so self conscious

And I'm wondering why you had to tell me when we happened to be sitting next to each other that the fact that our legs were almost touching was making your heart race And I'm wondering why I felt the need to take your cigarette and inhale, exhale while the filter was still warm from your lips, there just seconds before

And I'm wondering if a year or two from now, after we've been going out and should have gotten to the point where we are bored with each other and sink into a comfortable rut

if you saw me making macaroni and cheese in the kitchen using margarine and water because I'm out of milk and I've got my hair pulled back and strands are falling into my

eyes and I'm wearing an oversized button-down denim shirt and nothing else, well, what I'm wondering is if you would see me like this and still think I was sexy

When I glance up and catch your eyes from across the room, when I see your eyes dart away, when I feel this chemical reaction, well, it makes me wonder if you can feel it too

