

# WHAT THE ANIMALS THINK

cc@d  
supplement  
ISSN# 1555-1555

SALADO, TX  
4/29/23

JANET  
HUYERS  
POETRY

# Vintages, Tapestries, and Memories

You never live in the world as it is.

Everything you've ever seen — it arrived to you at the speed of light. Feel the heat of the sun as it existed eight and a third minutes ago... or, remember throwing the ball to your cat? That happened longer ago than you think, for you even see those pets from nano-seconds ago; you only experience things as they **were**, in a tapestry of past vintages.

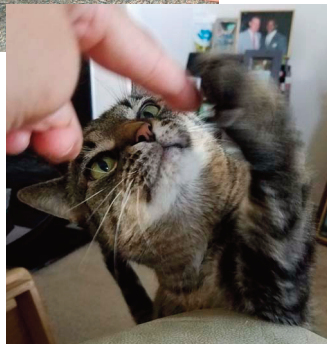
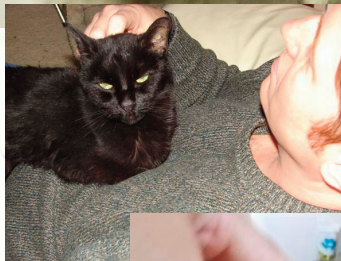
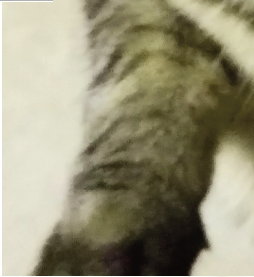
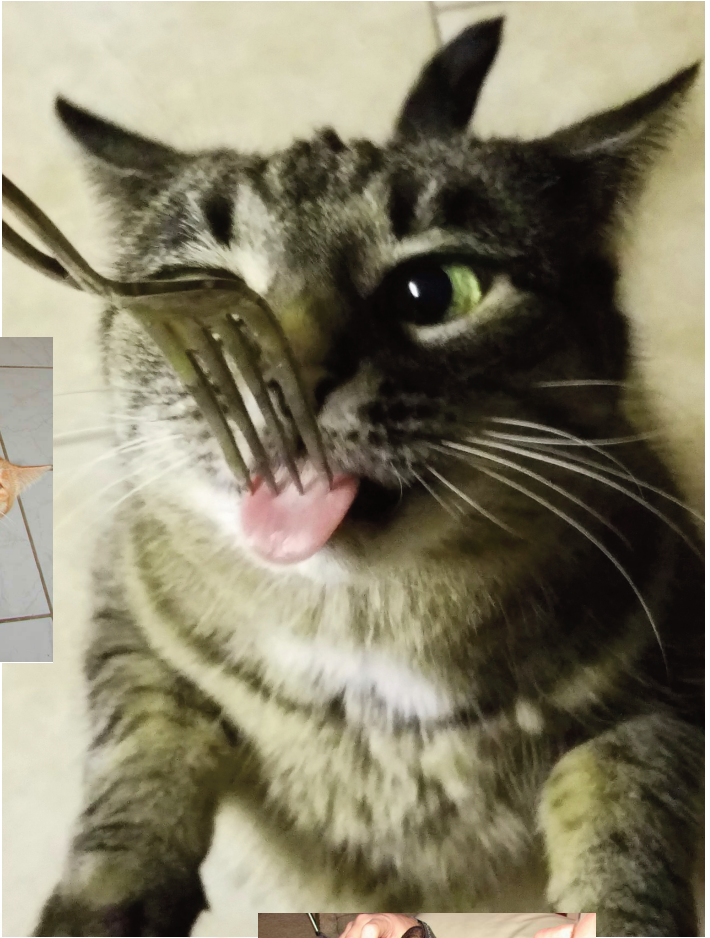
This must be why I can't believe  
that my cats, my loved ones, once filled with such life, are now gone —  
when I vividly remember her laying along my leg, purring, gently moving  
her back paw repeatedly over my hand, then resting her leg on my wrist.  
I am positive I can still feel him jumping onto my bed, resting his paws  
on my shoulder, laying down and purring a peaceful symphony to my ear.

You're right, I never live in the world as it is when all I memorialize is... my cats licking forks clean when we'd feed them, or how we'd play hide and seek with laser pen lights, hearing their little paws thumping and scurrying... Or even when she would move her eyes to inches from mine for her treats, right up 'til the end, when death was at her door.

I never saw him go blind, or her body shut down. Maybe they may have lived if we didn't have to wait for the interminably slow speed of light... or if only we didn't wait to experience these past vintages of our loved ones instead.

# WHAT THE ANIMALS THINK

and 4/11/15 daphne



# Last Before Extinction

Now he has so many opportunities.  
He has nothing to lose. Why not  
come out of the wilderness, attack  
everything it sees. Kill something.  
Suck the blood out, make him feel  
alive for once more. Let them try  
to restrain him. He has nothing to lose.

And for now it can fly to the highest  
redwood, look out over the world.  
Despise the world, the world that made  
him be alone, leaving him alone. Who  
will carry his name? Who will care  
for him when he is old? Who can he  
read bed time stories to?

Now it can feel death creeping upon  
him, closer and closer. He wants to  
scream. He calls upon nature; the  
tides rise, earthquakes shatter homes.  
He does not feel vindicated. He has lost.



And for now she can swim to the deepest darkest cave in the Pacific, hide from the solitude, swim lower and lower; can she find where all of the other animals of dying species hide, can she find them. There must be others. They can understand, they can live together, at the bottom of the earth. Could they show their pain for their species, share what is left of their love, create a new race?



Soon they will be no more  
and we will be taking their bones,  
reassembling them, studying their  
form, rebuilding their lives, revering  
them more than we ever did  
in life. This is what it all becomes.  
This is what it all boils down to.  
Study the bones. Study the mistakes.  
Study the bones.

# Everything was Alive and Dying {2016 cruelty to animals edition}

I had a dream the other night  
And in it  
I walked out of the city  
to a farm road  
where the square acres of living land  
just started to bloom  
displaying a colorful checkerboard quilt  
as far as the eye could see

I walked along the empty road  
next to the crops at three thousand south  
and a small little pig  
walked right up to me

now, this little pig  
didn't look like a farm pig,  
he looked like a ten inch  
pot-belly pig  
and he walked right up to me  
and he said thank you



photograph by John Yotko 12/16/17

for not using cosmetics  
tested on animals,

I know you humans are pretty smart,  
so there's gotta be a way  
to make yourselves pretty  
without killing me

and I said,  
I think the companies  
don't worry about the animals  
unless the chemicals are toxic,  
meaning it's toxic to humans

the little pig then snorted

which lives are worth saving,  
the little pig then said

cut-throat corporations  
don't answer questions like that,  
I said.

And he said I know.  
But thank you anyway.

★

Yeah, 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

and then a raccoon came right up to me  
she had a few little baby raccoons  
following her, it was so cute, I  
wish I had my camera

and she spoke to me,  
she said, thank you  
thank you for not buying furs,  
I know you humans are pretty smart,  
you have to be able to figure out a way  
to keep yourselves warm  
without killing me

and I said, you know they don't  
do it for warmth,  
they do it for fashion, they do it  
for power. And she said I know.  
But thank you anyway.

★

Then I walked a little further  
and 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, 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 then I woke up in a sweat.



# on all fours

you sit and you work at your desk when you're home  
it's like you're not here when you're here  
when you're lost in your work  
but i've noticed one thing  
whenever the cat comes near your desk  
struts around your leg, maybe meows  
you stop what you're doing  
to give him some attention

sometimes the cat'll even jump on your desk  
put his paw on the book you're reading  
to see if you'll scratch him behind his ears

so i wonder if this is what i have to do  
i'll crawl over to your desk on all fours  
rub my head against your leg  
to see if you'll stop your work  
and notice me

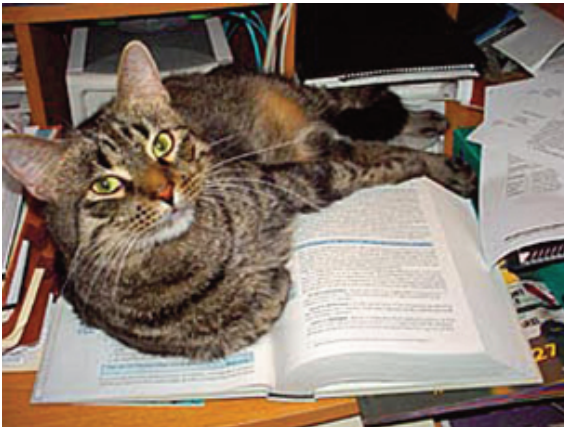


photo by  
John Yotko  
of Zach,  
on an  
open book  
on a desk

# finally found home

We were outside at night in Fair Hope  
Under an intricate quilt of stars in the sky

Lying on the grass, stars blanketing us  
Resting my head on your shoulder  
Feeling I finally found home

You signaled in silence as a leg-length away  
A deer walked by, unnoticing, unconcerned—  
Then saw me, stopped... and sprinted away

Was it fear they felt—  
For I fear they feel it from me, and  
Never were they more safe

Because looking back, all I could think was  
Why does a perfect moment have to end



# WHAT THE ANIMALS THINK

**JANET KUYPERS  
ANIMALS POETRY  
PERFORMED LIVE IN  
SALAZO, TX 4/29/23**

All uncredited images in this book

Copyright © Janet Kuypers.

(contact Kuypers for references for locations  
and dates of all images within this release.)



<http://twitter.com/janetkuypers>



<http://www.facebook.com/janetkuypers>



<http://www.youtube.com/ccandd96>



<https://www.pinterest.com/janetkuypers>



<https://instagram.com/janetkuypers>



<http://scars.tv/ccd>

*cc&d magazine  
supplement bonus  
ISSN # 1555-1555*