



the
turn
of the
word

Janet Kuypers
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True Happiness in the New Millennium

*"Sometimes it seems the more I ask for the less I receive
The only true freedom is freedom from the heart's desires
And the only true happiness this way lies"*

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
I'm the new savior the savior of science
the savior of strength
the savior of survival
survival of the fittest
survival of the best
and I'm here to tell you we're starting anew
so fasten your seat belts
hang on to your hats
place your seat trays in their upright and locked position
for it's a bumpy ride, and I'll tell you why

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
the millennium of reason and logic and strength
and I don't want to hear about your self-destruction
I don't want to hear your whining, psychosis,
your depression, suicide, alcohol and drugs
and just what made you think that playing with needles
and escape would make things better somehow
God, I've always hated needles anyway
what is it with you people

well, you need a leader and I'm stepping up to the plate
you keep asking for a big brother and I'm here to set you straight
you want someone to wipe your noses for you
well, pick up the damn tissue and do it yourself
because when you give up your rights, you take away mine
and we're not having any of that
I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
and you say to me you need crystal meth
so you can stay awake through work
and you say to me that you don't need to drink,
that you just like the taste
and you say to me that with all your escapism
you still don't feel any better

well, I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
I'm here to usher in a whole new generation
so stop asking for things and start working for things
because X is for ecstasy as long as it's fast
and X is for extra but there's always a cost
and ecstasy doesn't come without extra work
no matter how many corners you cut
and you know, X is for X-Ray and I see right through that

they say that Eve ate from the tree from knowledge
but you know, she shouldn't have stopped just then
cause the loggers are raping the trees of knowledge
the loggers are raping the forests of talent
the forests of ability the forests of reason
of skill of logic perseverance and life
we're letting them rape the forests of excellence
and you know it's now time to take it all back
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
and I'm here to tell you how it's going to be done

you're looking for peace in all the wrong places
you're asking your leaders to save you from yourself
but your leaders are losers and they're worse off than you

it's time to make choices and it's time to lay claim
to everything we've been blindly giving away
because I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
take charge of yourself, and I'll take charge of me
I'm my leader, not yours, so wipe your own damn noses

I'm here to usher in a whole new millennium
I'm here to tell you there's a new sensation
and I'm here to tell you there's a new salvation
and that true happiness this way lies

more than we should have

when i think of him i usually think about the drinking

actually, i never think of him as drinking

come to think of it

i just think of him as drunk

i can't even remember seeing the drinks in his hand

but his perception of the world is always altered

but someone reminded me tonight

of when he would work outside in the the cold Chicago winters

and he would come back with his moustache frozen

with little icicles hanging

toward his mouth

and then i thought of

when i waited with him once at the airport

and we sat in the shrimp cocktail lounge

and he drank, and ate, and i waited

and as we left

we tried to pay the expressway toll with pennies

but some of the coins fell onto the street

and we had to madly throw more change at the machine

we paid more than we should have

i'm sure we did

content with inferior men

there are some theorists that say
that women need to be able to look up to a man
in order to feel complete. these theorists
would say that a woman could not be president,
at least not on a personal level.
think of it - here is a woman, the most important
person on earth, and she would never know of anyone
who had more power than her. how could she
look up to any man? how could she admire
any man? how could she respect any man?
and you know, i can kind of see that point,
how can you love someone you don't respect,
i mean, i want someone in my life that can teach
me something, that can help me grow, and if
i was the most powerful person on earth
i would probably think that no one could teach
me anything. but the only thing i could think of
in response to this theory is, why don't men
who are the presidents of the united states
of america find themselves unhappy with their
boring, unequal, supportive wives? why is it
that men are content with inferior women
but women aren't content with inferior men?

too much light

too much light makes the baby go blind
and too much light makes the moth
rush into the flame
and die in a glorious blaze of glory

and I have seen the light
and I have seen it

what is my choice:

burn in the flame
to burst quickly
to die young
or to slowly slip away
to die slowly
day by day
to let people in darkness
pull me in
inch by inch
until the light
kills me

white knuckled

The hot air was sticking
to her skin, almost pulling
tugging at her very
flesh as she walked
outside down the
stairs from the train
station. Just then a
breeze hot and
sticky hit her
in just the wrong
way, brushed against her
lower neck, and she
felt his breath again,
not his breath
when he raped
her, but his stench
hot rank
when he was
just close to her.

Her breath quickened,
like the catch of her
breath when she has
just stopped crying.
All the emotion
is still there not
going away. She
walks to the bottom
of the stairs, railing
white-knuckled by her
small tender hands,
the hands of a child,
and that ninety degree
breeze suddenly
gives her a
chill. They say when
you get a chill it means
a goose walked
over your grave.
She knows better. She knows
that it is him
walking, and that
he trapped that child in
that grave

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