

UNcorrect

Thursday, June 21st, '07

Janet Kuypers
poetry feature

at the Jesse Oaks
Politically UNcorrect
Open Mic/Poetry Slam

"The Single Greatest Offense to everything
sensible and polite"... beer & poetry...



Janet Kuypers

for the 06/21/07 feature

@ the Politically UNcorrect Open Mic/Poetry Slam

Janet Kuypers

cc&d 2007 **Scars Publications** chapbook

grab the other's neck

I don't know where to start
I don't know where all these feelings come from
I don't know how to stop them

These feelings seem to come rushing up to me
And I don't seem to have any control over them

And I hate myself for this
And I'm not supposed to be having these urges
And I hate myself for thinking that you may want me too

You know, I don't know much of anything about you
 And I guess you don't know much about me
But I like what I know
Because in some respects you seem like me
Yes, I like what I know
 That you work too much
 And have too much drive
 And you have a wild side
 And you do your best to keep your wild side in check

And I still want to
Be able to straddle you
Take off your glasses
Mess up your hair
So you get strands falling around your eye
touching your cheek
And touching you
To remind you of me
And grab the hair at the back of your head
And cock your head back
Just so I can see your mouth starting to open
Because God, I want to see that
And it would make me know I'm right
And it makes me know that you want me too
And I'd let your hair go

And you would stare at me
And give me a look I just can't explain
And can't argue with
And have to submit to

And when I want this
I would wonder
Who would grab the other's neck
For the kiss

I still don't know who would make that move
Or who could make that move
So I'm begging you to start this cycle
I'm pleading you
I don't want to be the only one with these fantasies

Tell these stories to me
Tell me you've thought these things too
Tell me you know that we're both stuck
Because you know there's nothing we can do

And I know this too

But I'd like to hear you say it
To validate my fantasies, in a way,
Because I'd love to hear you talk that way to me

I'm a sucker for that, you know

But tell me I'm not alone in this
So I'm begging you
I'm pleading you
Tell me I'm not insane for thinking about you
Tell me you have these fantasies too

looking for a worthy adversary

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
someone I can lock horns with
because although my life makes more sense when I'm alone
it's not nearly as interesting

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
someone I can battle to the death with
because it can't be about love, you see
love can't exist on the terms I demand
it's never that pure

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
and so I slither up to you like a snake
as you sit there at the corner
of the bar drinking your gin and tonics
and I tempt you with a golden apple

but all I was offering you
was fruit from the tree of knowledge

I didn't know how willing you were
to take from that tree
I'm not used to that, you know

Did you know you'd need to come back for more?
Did you know what you were getting into?

well, I didn't know you'd have
a thing or two to each me too

and did I know I'd need to come back for more?
Did I know what I was getting into?

because as I've been looking for a worthy adversary
all this time I've been playing a part
an actress on a stage, spouting the lines on cue
and that role was getting tiresome
but those stage lights still came on night after night
and I still had to play my part

until on my night off I saw your performance
at the theatre down the street
and you know, your protagonist
was doing what I was doing
right down to faking it with people who don't matter
right down to going home and still feeling empty

and you know, I liked to see
that boiling emotion underneath
that no one else could see
because only I had the knowledge to know
what that emotion really means

and you know, I'm beginning to wonder
if we can get together
and write our own play

it would be a masterful performance, you know
and as that curtain would close we'd hold each other's hands
and walk off the stage
and the audience would know that there is a happy ending

and now when I walk out on to the set
and there you stand, in front, stage left
I wait for my cue to make my move
none of the rest of the scene matters to me, you know

maybe they'd like our little play, maybe they wouldn't
who really cares

because even though I came to you
and tempted you
you now tempt me and tease me and torment me
and tell me everything I was too afraid to believe
and show me the knowledge that always escaped me

and when you talk you reach your hand into my brain
and pull out my thoughts and shove them into your mouth
and spit them back at me

and instead of filling me with terror
it fills me with joy

I've been looking for a worthy adversary
and maybe you are much more than that

I've heard the words you say to me before
I've said them to myself many times
but why do they sound so much better
coming from you?

I had been looking for a worth adversary
someone I could lock horns with
but now I'm no longer locking horns

now it seems I don't have to fight the battle alone
now it seems that there's no battle to fight
we know what all the lines from our play really mean
and now we're performing for no one
now we're just ourselves
and now there's just understanding
I don't even have to speak

and now every day is Valentine's Day
and now it's like candy and flowers and springtime
and hearts and cupids and sunshine
and you know it's scary
these cleches are actually beginning to make sense

I guess that's what the tree of knowledge does to you

so this is what has been going on in my mind
and now I've just spilled my guts
and now I'm just a puddle on the floor

but now my performance of a lifetime is made
I stand here like a statue
and wait for my applause

and as I wait for the reviews
on the performance I was made for
I know what they're all going to say
and none of that matters anymore

because I know what you are going to say
because it's everything that I want to say

because now it's time
for you to take my thoughts again
and shove them into your mouth again
and spit them back at me again

and now I wait for you to come on stage again
for our next wonderful performance
where we have our happy ending
where you tell me what I already know

being god

I'm tired of dying for your sins
over and over again and why is it that
I am the one that's doing the dying
when you are the one that's doing the sinning
I don't think you're learning your lesson

I'm tired of taking this knife to my hands
over and over again giving myself the stigmata
the blood gets all over my clothes
and I can never get the stains out
and for what, for you to see how I suffer

I'm tired of being humble when I'm
supposed to be the one with the power
over and over again I become your servant
and never are you bowing to me
I don't even get a thank you

I'm tired of preaching to the converted
when the converted aren't even really listening
they're snoring in the back rows while I
deliver my sermon and there's not even air
conditioning in here and I'm sweating

I'm tired of coming to you and healing the sick
taking away the problems, over and over again
giving you something to look forward to
and all I have is an eternity of waiting for
someone to take my place and tend to my wounds

I'm tired of giving the earth up to you
watching the devil's work be done, and you know,
he's just sitting down there looking at me
and laughing, over and over again because it's
so easy for him when he doesn't have to work

I'm tired of being your salvation
over and over again you turn to me
and I have no one to turn to but myself
it's a bitch, you know, being your own god
since no one can save me from me

I'm tired of being your teacher, handing you
what you need on a silver platter and waiting
for that damn collection plate and someone
is always stealing out of it from the back row
I know who you are, you who leave me nothing

I'm tired of wearing this crown of thorns
over and over again the needles prick my skin
and even gods bleed, at least this one does
and when I ask you to wipe the blood
out of my eyes, well, I can't see you anywhere

I'm tired of being something for everybody
when everyone is nothing for me
maybe the devil has the right idea, you know
maybe I'll sit back and wait for you miss me
as you wonder who's your messiah now

weren't even married

you jumped from an airplane once
and you promised that you'd force me to go with you
the next time
you were always jumping out of airplanes,
weren't you

the ring i'm wearing
is on my right hand, not my left
and it's on my middle finger, not my ring finger
and it seems appropriate
you didn't even buy me that ring
and we weren't even married

i bought the ring at a street fair
on belmont avenue in chicago
on the day of our first date
where we watched pulp fiction at your apartment
and i asked you to sit closer
to me
and you kissed me

the ring isn't a complete circle
there are two stones that don't quite meet
and there's a void in the middle
and that was appropriate
cause you didn't even buy it for me
and we weren't even married

i've missed you, you know
i can't even pass the apartment building you lived in any more

i remember when you told me
that someone was shot in that building once
and that maybe it was haunted

but they were shot for money
they were robbed
and this time you just slipped away in your sleep
and this time i was robbed

when one of the stones fell out of my ring
i was sad
but i think you were more sad
you wanted to replace the shiny purple stone
but i said no

and now i still wear the ring
and a stone is still missing
and isn't it appropriate
and we weren't even married

i've missed you, you know
and with your absence the bad memories vanish
where you were someone else once
where you were someone once
where you were alive once
i forget that there was so much about you i hated
because you're not here to remind me

so with this ring, i remember
because now nothing is complete anymore
and everything is missing now
and isn't it appropriate
that there's no next time for us

you jumped from an airplane once
and you promised that you'd force me to go with you
the next time

the Battle at Hand

I wanted you to know
that I was on a mission when I saw you
and that I was a warrior
and you were just a helpless victim
that couldn't fight my weaponry

that wouldn't fight my weaponry

I would come in to town
and pillage and rape
and rape and pillage
depending on how you put it

and rape is such a hard word, you know,
entirely inappropriate for this
because I made sure that you wanted me
before it was all over
because I have a knack for doing that
when I fight my battles

this is how I care to think of you.
I was on a conquest
and i came fully equipped with ammunition
I had bayonets
I had a rifle
with rounds of bullets in a chain
thrown over my shoulder
I had a .22 caliber magazine loaded hand-gun

I didn't even need to use the hand-grenade
or the tear gas

even before i started using my tongue as a weapon with a kiss
I used it as a weapon with words
and I knew I had won you won over from the start
you looked at me when I spoke
and I think you might have actually wanted to listen to me

and I would never have to resort to violence
to get what I wanted from you

we seldom had opportunities before
and there wasn't much of an opportunities here
but we made one
and we somehow made it work

I know I wasn't ready for a battle before
but I want you to know
that I came ready to fight
and I didn't care the circumstance
or whether or not we had to be quiet
because we wouldn't want anyone to find out
and no one did

and no, it was not a monumentous moment in my life
it was just a moment
a conquest, a battle,
and in my own mind,
I won the war

you still thought I was beautiful
and that I was horny
did I create a little monster in you?
now I'm going to have to re-arm myself
and use my stockade of defenses to push you away

but that is the cost of winning battles all the time, I guess

you thought I would always want you
and you know, I liked winning the battle,
but I'll have to work again
so that you don't come back to haunt me
because we weren't meant to be anything to each other
and you were just a conquest for me
a battle won

people thought we would never get along.
but I know better
I know there is no such thing as NOT getting along with me
and I know I can make anyone like me
as I did with you

you were easy prey, you know.

god eyes

It was a stupid point to argue about at 2 a.m.,
sitting in the lobby of the Las Vegas Hilton
listening to the clink and whirr of slot machines
and the dropping of tokens onto metal.
You believed in God, I did not. Even after two
rounds of Sam Adams and three rounds of Bailey's
I knew you wouldn't change my mind, and
I had no desire to change yours.

You told me of a dream you had: in it you and
Christian Slater played a game of pool. You
won. He looked at his hands and said, "I've got
a beer in one hand, and a cigarette in the other.
I guess this means it's time for me to seduce
someone." And he walked away. You're a funny
man. You make me laugh. Your brother even noticed
that. And you even spoke like Slater, rough, mysterious.

You were the optimist: yes, there is
meaning to life. I was doomed to nothingness,
meaninglessness. But to me you were the
pessimist: you believed you were not
capable of creating the power, the passion
you had within you. I had control in my life, even
if in the end it was all for nothing.
You think we are so different. We are not.

It's now after three and we listen to music:
Al Jarreau, Whitney Houston, Billy Ocean, Mariah
Carey. Natalie Cole, with her father. "That's why darling,
it's incredible -" you mouth as you walk toward the
washrooms - "that someone so unforgettable -"
take a spin, watch me mouth the words
with you as you walk away -
"think that I am unforgettable too."

I tell you about the first time I got drunk - I was maybe ten, and asked my sister to make a mixed drink mom had that I liked. She made me a few. So there I was, walking to the neighbor's house in the summertime, wearing my sister's seventies zip-up boots, oversized and unzipped, carrying my seventh drink and sticking my tongue out to see the grenadine. You liked my story. You laughed.

Passion is a hard thing to describe. Passion for life. You must know and understand a spirituality behind it. You do your work, the things in life solely because you must - it is you, and you could not exist any other way. It is who you are. It is a feeling beyond mere enjoyment. You said that the spirituality was a God. I said it was my mind. Once again, we lock horns.

All of my life I have seen people espouse beliefs but not follow them. Tell me you're not like them. Our values are different, but tell me we both have values and will fight to the death for them. I need to know that there are people like that, like me. We are different, but at the core we are the same. We understand all this. I'm grasping straws here as the clock says 3:45 a.m. and the betting odds for football games roll by

on the television screen. You don't gamble. Neither do I. Why must you be so far away? You reminded me that I have a passion in life, that I have to keep fighting. But I get weak and tired of fighting these battles alone. I, the atheist, have no God and have to rely on my will. When I am low, I struggle. You have your God to fall back on, I only have me.

And you looked into my eyes as it approached
the morning. You stared. We locked horns once
again. I ask you again what you were
thinking. And you said, "I see God in
your eyes." Later you said it to me again. I asked
you what you meant. You said, "I see
a God in your eyes. I see a soul." Whether
what you saw was your God or just me, my

passion, well, thank you for finding it. "Good-bye,
Ms. Kuypers," you said when you left for good
that day. I said nothing. Good-bye, Mr. Williams,
I thought, then I closed the door, walked to the
window, started singing unforgettable. I was alone
in my hotel room, and the lights from the Stardust,
the Frontier, the Riviera were still flashing.
I'm not alone. Good-bye, Mr. Williams.

The Way You Tease Me

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you always leave me wanting more.
When you kiss me, and we start to pull back
I want to cock my head and kiss you again
but I never know if you'll let me.

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you roll your sultry deep voice over me
like a wave of heat on a summer afternoon.
You use a pause to tease me with your words
until sweat dances down my hairline and tickles my neck.

What I think I like the most about you
is the way you slide your arms around my waist
and make me just want to collapse in your grasp
and run my hands up and down your back
until I hear you moan and sigh.

What I think I like the most about you
is the way that absence makes the heart grow fonder
and when we touch you say we should take it slow,
take our time, enjoy every moment
and you know, you couldn't be more right.

What I think I like the most about you
are the things that make me think I have to fight for you
are the things that make me second guess myself
because nothing's ever easy, not you, not me,
not relationships, not sex, not love.

What I think I like the most about you
is the wondering, is the waiting, is the teasing.
That's what I like. This high-charged guessing game.
The flirting. The first touch. The first everything.
Thinking about the possibilities. Yeah. That's what I like.

communication

|
now that we have the information superhighway
we can throw out into the open
our screams
our cries for help
so much faster than we could before

our pleas become computer blips
tiny bits of energy
travelling through razor thin wires
travelling through space

to be left for someone to decipher
when they find the time

||
got into work the other day
and got my messages out of voice mail:
mike trisko left me his pager number
and told me to contact him with some information
mike wright told me to call him at the office
between ten thirty and noon
lorelei jones told me to check my email
because she sent me a message i had to read

so i first returned mike wright's phone call
but he wasn't in, so i left a message with a coworker
and then i dialed the number for mike trisko's pager
listened to a beep, then dialed in my own phone number
then i got online, checked my email
read a note from ben ohmart, emptied out the junk mail

realizing i didn't actually get a hold of anybody
i tried to call my friend sheri
but i got her answering machine

so i said,
“hi - it’s me, janet -
haven’t talked to you in a while - ”
at which point i realized
there was nothing left to say -
“so,
give me a call, we should really
get together and talk”

III

sara and i were late for carol’s wedding rehearsal
which was a bad thing, because we were both
standing up in the wedding
and we were stuck in traffic, and i asked,
“sara, you have a cel phone, don’t you?”
and she said “yes”
and i asked, “well, do you know carol’s
cel phone number, cause if you do, we can
call her and tell her we’ll be late -”
and she said, “no - do you know it?”
and i said “no”

IV

I was out at a bar with Dave, and I was explaining to him
why I hadn’t talked to my friend Aaron in a while:
“You see, we usually email each other,
and when we do, we just hit ‘reply.’
when you get an email from someone,
instead of having to start a new letter
and get their email address, you can
just hit the ‘reply’ button on the email message,
and it will make a letter addressed
to the person who wrote you the letter originally.
so one of us sent the other a letter, and
it had a question at the end,
so i hit ‘reply’ and sent a response,
with another question at the end of my letter.
so we kept having to answer questions for each other,
and we just kept replying to each other,

sending a letter with the same title back and forth to each other. well, once i got an email from him and there was no question at the end, and so i didn't have to send him a response. so i didn't. and we never thought to start a new email to one another. so we just lost touch."

and then it occurred to me, how difficult it had become to type an extra line of text, because that's why i lost touch with him

and then it occurred to me, no matter how many different forms of communication we have, we'll still find a way to lose touch with each other

V

now that we have the information superhighway we can throw out into the open our screams our cries for help so much faster than we could before

but what if we don't want to communicate or forget how too busy leaving messages, voice mails, emails, pager numbers forgetting to call back

what if we forget how to communicate

VI

i checked my email address book recently, and the people i email the most are the people that live in the same city as me, all of whom i know the phone numbers of, all of whom are only a local call away. in fact, one of my friends lives a block-and-a-half away from me,

on the same street as me, but
i still email her as much as i call her,
even though i could just walk over to her house
and have an actual conversation with her.

VII

now that we have the information superhighway
we can throw out into the open
our screams
our cries for help
so much faster than we could before

people want to instant message
people buy their name as a domain name
people get e-mail accounts
people set up web pages

and you know, I got a cell phone
I've got a land line
but my phone isn't ringing off the hook

it's like I've gone fishing,
sat on the boat in the lake,
put out the bait

and no one's biting

VIII

i wanted to purchase tickets for a concert
but i was shopping with my sister
and wasn't near a ticket outlet
but my sister said, "i have a portable phone,
you can call them if you'd like"
so she gave me the phone, and i looked
at all these extra buttons, and she said,
"just press the 'power' button, but hold it down
for at least four seconds, until the panel lights up,
then dial the number, but use the area code, because
this phone is a 630 area code, then press 'send'.
when you're done with the call, just press 'end', and
make sure the light turns off."

so i turned it on, dialed the number,
pressed 'send', pressed my head
against the tiny phone

and the line was busy
and i couldn't get through

IX

i wanted to get in touch
with an old friend of mine from high school,
vince, and the last i heard was that he went to
marquette university. well, that was five years ago, he
could be anywhere. i talked to a friend or two that
knew him, but they lost touch with him, too.
so i searched on the internet, to see
if his name was on a website or if
he had an email address. he didn't.
so i figured i probably wouldn't find him.
and all this time, i knew his parents lived
in the same house they always did, i could just
look up his parent's phone number in the phone book,
and call them, say i'm an old high school friend
of vince's, but i never did. and then i realized why.

you see, i could search the internet for hours
and no one would know that i was looking for someone.
but now, with a single phone call, i'd make it known
to his family that i wanted to see him enough to call,
after all these years. and i didnt want
him to know that. so i never called.

X

now that we have
the information superhighway
we can throw out into the open
our screams
our cries for help
so much faster than we could before

but then the question begs itself:
who
is there
to listen

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

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

Andrew Hettinger

I never really liked you. You never revealed yourself to me and why would you: you, who never had anyone, you, who always had the bad breaks. Everyone looked at you as different. Where would you have learned to trust. Who would you have learned it from.

I never really liked you. I met you through a friend and he explained to me that multiple sclerosis left you with a slight limp and a faint lisp. Faint, under the surface, but there, traces of something no one would ever know of you well enough to fully understand.

I never really liked you. You never revealed yourself to me and I never wanted you to; you scared me too much. You, plagued with physical ailments. You, with a limp in your walk. You, with a patch over your eye. You, who stared at me for always just a bit too long.

They told me the patch was from eye surgery with complications and now you had to cover your shame, cover someone else's mistakes, cover a wrong you didn't commit, cover a problem not of your own doing. The problems were never of your own doing, were they.

I heard these stories and I thought it was sad. I heard these stories and thought you had to be a pillar of strength. And then I saw you drink, straight from the bottle, fifteen-year-old chianti. And I saw you smash your hand into your living room wall. This is how you lived.

The house you lived in was littered with trash. Why bother to clean it up anyway. It detracted you from the holes in the wall, the broken furniture from drunken fits. This was how you reacted to life, to the world. You didn't know any better. This is how you coped.

I never really liked you. You would come home from work, tell us about a woman who was beautiful and smart that liked you, but she wasn't quite smart enough. And I thought: We believe anything if we tell ourselves enough. We weave these fantasies to get through the days.

I never really liked you. Every time you talked to me you always leaned a little too close. So I stayed away from the house, noted that those whom you called friends did the same. I asked my friend why he bothered to stay in touch. And he said to me, "But he has no friends."

This is how I thought of you. A man who was dealt a bad hand. A man who couldn't fight the demons that were handed to him. And with that I put you out of my mind, relegated you to the ranks of the inconsequential. We parted ways. You were reduced to a sliver of my youth.

I received a letter recently, a letter from someone who knew you, someone who wanted me to tell my friend that they read in the newspaper that you hanged yourself. Your brother died in an electrical accident, and after the funeral you went to the train station,

and instead of leaving this town you went to a small room off to the side and you left us forever. Strangers had to find you. The police had to search through records to identify your body. The newspaper described you as having "health problems." But you knew it was more than that.

And I was asked to be the messenger to my friend. The funeral had already passed. You were already in the ground. There was no way he could say goodbye. I shouldn't have been the one to tell him this. No one deserved to tell him. He was the only one who tried to care.

I never really liked you. No one did. But when I had to tell my friend, I knew his pain. I knew he wanted to be better. I knew he thought you were too young to die. I knew he felt guilty for not calling you. He knew it shouldn't have been this way. We all knew it.

I never really liked you. But now I can't get you out of my mind; you haunt me for all the people we've forgotten in our lives. I don't like what you've done. I don't like you quitting. I don't like you dying, not giving us the chance to love you, or hate you, or even ignore you more.

My friend still doesn't know where your grave is. I'd like to find it for him, and take him to you. Let you know you did have a friend out there. Bring you a drink, maybe, a fitting nightcap to mark your departure, to commemorate a life filled with liquor, violence, pain and death.

I never really liked you, but maybe we could get together in some old cemetery, sit on your grave stone, share a drink with the dead, laugh at the injustices of life when we're surrounded by death. Maybe then we'd understand your pain for one brief moment, and remember the moments we'll always regret.

Burn It In

Once I was at a beach
off the west coast of Florida
it was New Year's eve
and the yellow moon hung over the gulf
like a swaying lantern.
And I was watching the waves crash in front of me
with a friend
and the wind picked up
and my friend just stared at that moon for a while
and then closed his eyes.
I asked him what he was thinking.
He said, "I wanted to look at this scene,
and memorize it, burn it into my brain,
record it in my mind, so I can call it up when I want to.
So I can have it with me always."

I too have my recorders.
I burn these things into my brain,
I burn these things onto pages.
I pick and choose what needs to be said,
what needs to be remembered.

Every year, at the end of the year
I used to write in a journal
recall the things that happened to me
log in all of the memories I needed to keep
because that was what kept me sane
that was what kept me alive.

When I first went to college
I was studying to be a computer science
engineer, I wanted to make a lot of money
I wanted to beat everyone else
because burned in my brain were the taunts
of kids who were in cliques
so others could do the thinking for them

because burned in my brain were the evenings
of the high school dances I never went to
because burned in my brain were the people
I knew I was better than
who thought they were better than me.
Well, yes, I wanted to make a lot of money
I wanted to beat everyone else
but I hated what I was doing
I hated what I saw around me
hated all the pain people put each other through
and all of these memories just kept flooding me
so in my spare time
to keep me sane, to keep me alive
I wrote down the things I could not say
that was how I recorded things.

When I looked around me, and saw friends
raping my friends
I wrote, I burned into these nightmares with a pen
and yes, I have this recorded
I have all of this recorded.

What did you think I was doing
when I was stuffing hand-written notes into my pockets
or typing long hours into the night?
In college, I had two roommates
who in their spare time would watch movies in our living
room
and cross-stitch. I never understood this.
In my spare time, I was not watching other's stories
or weaving thread to keep my hands busy
I was sitting in the corner of a cafe
scribbling into my notebook.
I was sitting in the university computer lab
slamming my hands, my fingers against the keyboard
because there were too many atrocities in the world
too many injustices that I had witnessed
too many people who had wronged me

and I had a lot of work to do.
There had to be a record of what you've done.

Did you think your crimes would go unpunished?
And did you think that you could come back, years later,
slap me on the back with a friendly hello
and think I wouldn't remember?
You see, that's what I have my poems for
so there will always be a record
of what you have done
I have defiled many pages
in your honor, you who swung
your battle ax high above your head
and thought no one would remember in the end.
Well, I made a point to remember.
Yes, I have defiled many pages
and have you defiled many women?
You, the man who rapes my friends?
You, the man who rapes my sisters?
You, the man who rapes me?
Is this what makes you a strong man?

you want to know why I do the things I do

I had to record these things
that is what kept me together
when people were dying
that is what kept me together
when my friends went off to war
that is what kept me together
when my friends were raped
and left for dead
that is what kept me together
when no one bothered to notice this
or change this
or care about this
these recordings kept me together

I need to record these things
to remind myself
of where I came from
I need to record these things
to remind myself
that there are things to value
and things to hate
I need to record these things
to remind myself
that there are things worth fighting for
worth dying for
I need to record these things
to remind myself
that I am alive

UNcorrect

Janet Kuypers

<http://www.JanetKuypers.com>

scars *suopneqqnd*

published in conjunction with
**children
churches
& daddies**

the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine

ccandd96@scars.tv

ISSN 1068-5154

INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

ccandd96@scars.tv

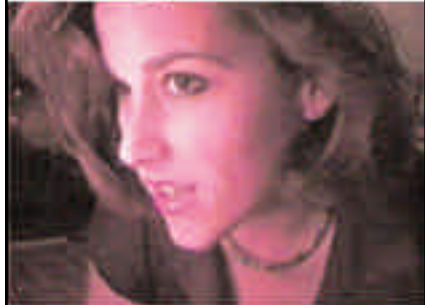
<http://scars.tv>

Freedom & Strength Press



the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author
Design Copyright © 2006 Scars Publications and Design

Thursday, June 21st, '07



at the Jesse Oaks

Politically UNcorrect

Open Mic/Poetry Slam

other publications from Scars:

Books: Hope Chest in the Attic , the Window, Close Cover Beofre Striking , (Woman.) , Autumn Reason , Contents Under Pressure , the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism) , Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M, cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, cc&d v171.5 Living in Chaos, Tick Tock, Silent Screams,

Sulphur and Sawdust, Slate and Mar row , Blister and Burn , Rinse and Repeat , Survive and Thrive, (not so) Warm and Fuzzy, Torture and Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art , the Electronic Windmill , Changing Woman, the swan road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, The Drive, Thomas at Tea

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFVInclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact•Conflict•Control, *the DMJArt Connection* the DMJArt Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, *assorted artists* String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CDset), *DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJArt Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CDset).