

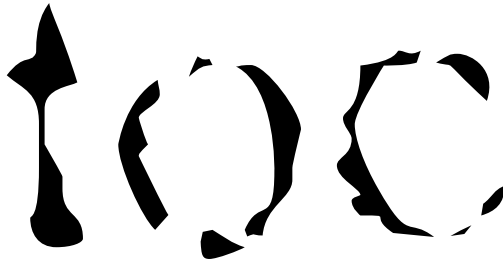
1989-2007
mega poetry

Janet Kuypers

cc&d 2008 chapbooks

poetry from the 1980s, 1990s, & the 2000s

poetry selections from the Mercury Cafe
2 year anniversary mega poetry celebration



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"addict."

i was sitting in the front seat of lisa's car, i can't remember if it was a rental or her dad's car. my face and chest were sunburnt, i could feel the top layer of my skin burning. i was wearing a peach shirt with a mini-skirt; i remember that i always had to dress up when i was with her, men always thought she was prettier. i was sitting in the front seat, it was night, lisa was driving, she just finished putting on her burgundy lipstick with her rear-view mirror and she lit a virginia slims menthol with the car lighter. my father always hated her. we parked in front of some strip store, probably off davis boulevard, and david was getting out the back so he could buy a pack of cigarettes, too. marlboro lights. they were the closest thing to those french canadian things he smoked. the ones where the box held two rows of ten instead of two of seven and one of six. the ones that were shorter than marlboros. when he got out of the car, i asked lisa what was wrong with david. he usually loved any opportunity to get out of the mobile home park. but the whole car ride he barely spoke. so lisa said that david was going through withdrawal, that he had no cocaine this vacation and he's got the shakes or something. i don't know if it was the shakes; whatever you get when you stop taking coke, that was happening to him. and i was mad because he never told me, and i was mad because he was fucked up from the stuff in the first place. and i had to act like i knew nothing when he got back in the car.

1989

The Cycle

It all came to her like this:
she remembered when she was a child
coloring eggs for Easter,
wire spoons dipping into the cup;
colors of spring and happiness
left to dry on a newspaper.
And she would always steal some away
to eat before Sunday. And she
would hide the pastel shell in the trash,
the evidence.

And then she remembers the onion skins,
boiling eggs wrapped in layers of skin
dyed them beautiful shades of brown,
like the amber beads in mother's
jewelry chest, the variations of color,
trapped by nature,
captured by ourselves.

And she remembers
as a child listening to the McKinleys,
an older pair with stories of
Panama, Mexico.
They had so many foreign
stories to tell:

once they gave her an
egg for Christmas, a carnival egg,
with the inside blown out,
filled with confetti,
covered in colorful crepe paper.
She made her own,
relished in cracking
them over people's heads.
But she saved theirs.

And now she stands
in the kitchen,
scrambling them for morning meal,
yellow and white,

the colors in the nursery for the child
still inside of her. She can feel
the kicking now.

And she wants to know
if she can give
the color, the stories,
bring the cycle of life around
for her little one

as she puts breakfast once again
on the plate.

1991, edited 2008

Brewing the Coffee and Remembering Summer

I pulled the bag of coffee beans
from the refrigerator door.
I could already smell the aroma of the flavored coffee:
this time I picked Bewitching Brandy.
I loved the smell.
I treated myself to these flavored coffees
at only special occasions.
I closed my eyes and inhaled,
filling my lungs,
intoxicating myself with the bouquet.
and I hadn't even opened the bag.

I walked over to my coffee pot,
dropped in a spoonful,
then took the boiling water
and poured it into the pot,
put the lid on it,
and set it down to let it brew.
I sat down at the table
and watched the steam rise
from out of the spout.
The steam poured out,
like it was trying desperately to get away,
as fast as it could.
It looked so violently hot.

I then remembered summer.
I would have flavored coffee at work
over the summer.
Work was my haven,
my home away from home.
My home away from him.

I brought some coffee beans home
for my mother once.
A week later,
while eating dinner with my parents,
mother thanked me for the beans.
Father, after eating in silence,
finally said he didn't like them.
"I don't know why you had to change.
I liked it the way it was."

& then they actually started to argue
over coffee beans.
Mother vowed to it like a religion;
father discounted it like one.
It all seemed so silly
and senseless.
I finally spoke up.
"I was only trying to be nice"
and I thought,
I got these beans from work...
& work was my home away from him.

1991, edited 2008

Robert

I stand in a room full of strangers
leaning against a wall
a wallflower
but I was content with knowing no one
with knowing you

beer glass in hand
you introduce me to
the vast assortment of drunken fools
you call your friends
and I stand there
merely happy to be by your side

a stranger
intoxicated to the point of being comatose
tells me I'm pretty
but I really don't care
because I have you
you are all I need

as the rest of the party imbibes to no end
and you take yourself
down the road to oblivion
I stay leaning
leaning against the wall
and I watch
you sing a song with your buddies
laugh at the stupidest jokes
eat dog food
and I keep thinking
that this was all I needed to be happy

you seemed to be
all that mattered in the world to me
how was I to know
that I was leaning against the wall
because you gave me no support

1989

Falling From the Sky

I'm taking a one-way flight today

And you know, when people say they have a one-way ticket
You assume the plane
is landing them somewhere
And not flying them back

But lucky me, my only way back
Is to jump out of the sky

And hope I land on my own two feet

And my flight takes off
In just a little while
And I can feel that tension knot
That knot's rope, being pulled
By all my nerves

And like it was heartburn
I want to slam my fist into my chest
To try to make the pain go away

So I've spent all my life
Trying to soar so high

But I guess I have to be prepared
For coming back to earth

2007

Terrorism Intelligence

terrorism has been growing for years
one year before nine eleven
Iraqi terrorist Khay Rahnajet
mailed a letter bomb
but didn't use enough postage

his letter bomb came back to him
marked "return to sender"

Khay Rahnajet opened the letter bomb,
blowing himself up in the process

2005

About the Author

Janet Kuypers has a Communications degree in News/Editorial Journalism (starting in computer science engineering studies) from the UIUC. She had the equivalent of a minor in photography and specialized in creative writing. A portrait photographer for years in the early 1990s, she was also an acquaintance rape workshop facilitator, and she started her publishing career as an editor of two literary magazines. Later she was an art director, webmaster and photographer for a few magazines for a publishing company in Chicago, and this Journalism major was even the final featured poetry performer of 15 poets with a 10 minute feature at the 2006 Society of Professional Journalism Expo's Chicago Poetry Showcase

She sang with acoustic bands Mom's Favorite Vase, Weeds and Flowers and the Second Axing, and does music sampling. Kuypers is published in books, magazines and on the internet around 9,300 times for writing, and over 17,800 times for art work in her professional career, and has been profiled in such magazines as Nation and Discover U, and was nominated as Poet of the Year for 2006 by the International Society of Poets. She has also been highlighted on radio stations, including WEFT (90.1FM), WZRD (88.3FM), WSUM (91.7FM), WLS (8900AM), Q101 (101.9FM), the internet radio stations ArtistFirst.com, chicagopoetry.com's Poetry World Radio and Scars Internet Radio (SIR). She has also appeared on television for poetry in Nashville and Chicago, and was interviewed on her art work on Urbana's WCIA channel 3 10 o'clock news.

Inducted as a Poetry Ambassador during Poetry Month in 2006 & 2007, and nominated to be Poet of the Year in 2007, Kuypers turned her writing into performance art on her own and with musical groups like *Pointless Orchestra*, *5D/5D*, *Order From Chaos* and *The Bastard Trio*, and starting in 2005 Kuypers ran a monthly iPodCast of her work, as has morphed her Internet radio station (JK Radio) to become a part of Scars Internet Radio (SIR) — she even runs the Chaotic Radio show (an hour long Internet radio show) through BZoO.org and chaoticarts.org. She has performed spoken word and music across the country — in the spring of 1998 she embarked on her first national poetry tour, with featured performances, among other venues, at the Albuquerque Spoken Word Festival during the National Poetry Slam; her bands have had concerts in Chicago and in Alaska; in 2003 she hosted and performed at a weekly poetry and music open mike (called "Sing Your Life"), and from 2002 through 2005 was a featured performance artist, doing quarterly performance art shows with readings, music and images.

In addition to being published with Bernadette Miller in the short story collection book *Domestic Blisters*, as well as in a book of poetry turned to prose with Eric Bonholtzer in the book *Duality*, Kuypers has had many books of her own published: *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *The Window, Close Cover Before Striking*, (*woman.*), *Autumn Reason*, *the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Contents Under Pressure*, etc., and eventually *The Key To Believing*, *Changing Gears*, *The Other Side*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition)*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Change/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Threes*, *Masterful Performances*, *Six Eleven*, *Live at Cafe Aloha*, *Dreams, Rough Mixes*, *The Entropy Project*, *The Other Side (2006 Edition)*, *Stop.*, *Sing Your Life*, *cc&d v165.25* (an art book), *The Beauty and the Destruction Writing to Honour & Cherish: the Kuypers Edition*, *Blister and Burn: the Kuypers Edition*, *S&M*, *Distinguished Writings: the Kuypers Edition*, *Living in Chaos*, *Tick Tock*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *It All Comes Down*, *Rising to the Surface*, and *Galapagos*. Three collection books were also published of her work in 2004, *Oeuvre* (poetry), *Exaro Versus* (prose) and *L'arte* (art).

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Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFV Inclusive*), *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 DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art 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 CD set), *DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJ Art 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 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set).