



the final

jump

Janet Kuypers Mercury Cafe Poetry 08/09/08

a woman from my town
jumped from a bridge

there was a creek nearby
ten feet wide, two feet deep

and

and I didn't know her
but we thought about it
her jumping to her death

and we calculated
at the height she jumped from
at her speed while she was falling
it took her thirteen seconds
to fall to her death

Thirteen

thirteen seconds

Seconds

she thought
for thirteen seconds
before she died

and the thing is,
she might fall
through the nearby tree branches
and we thought about that

the silver maple trees
might hold her back,
slow her down

well, she hit those trees
and they didn't save her
so this is what I think of
those thirteen seconds,
give or take

that's what I think of

filled with such panic

i heard a woman jumped
from the john hancock building,
fifty-something floors.
i work on the thirty-
second floor of the civic
opera building, it's older
than the john hancock, and
we have regular windows
there. you see, the john hancock
has bullet-proof windows
that don't just open up,
whereas we have windows
that just slide up and down,
like the ones you have in
your own home. sometimes
i open the window, stick my
head out and look at the
street. the wind is so strong
when you're up that high.
sometimes we spit out the
window. a few times we
threw a paper airplane out the
window, watched it soar
down wacker drive. i never
stick my head out past my
shoulders, and i'm one of the
more adventurous ones at
my office. i can't imagine
looking out the window,
then going out past the
shoulders, opening that
window all the way, and
just going out. i'd be filled
with such panic. i did the
wrong thing, i'd think, then
i'd struggle to find a ledge
to cling to right before i'd
start to fall.

letter, 4/14/95 three

Now it's just sort of a daily refutation of going ahead and cutting my wrists. But I really don't want to die. The intake dude at the clinic asked today, "Well, are you in immediate trouble? Are you into killing yourself TODAY?" "Well...I have IDEAS about how I might pull it off, and yeah, man, I do feel AWFULLY bad." But the doctor wasn't buying it enough to see me before Monday. I guess I should learn to froth at the mouth & pull a razor blade right out at the beginning of the interview.

i keep seeing reports
that there are going to be
more cutbacks
saving us from the horrid

government waste,
and being a taxpayer
that manages to sustain
myself, I often tend to

agree. I think, why can't
they get a job? I've done
it, why do I have to support
them? But then I see

you, and I wish there was
more I, or the government,
could do. I sit here, read
letter after letter, wondering

if this is the last piece of
mail I'll ever receive from you.
Wondering if that doctor
ever feels any remorse

when she hears that a person
she turned away died by
their own hand. If anyone
feels any remorse. Does it

take knowing someone to
worry about them? Probably,
we americans learn to close
ourselves off to everyone we can,

to avoid pain. I feel your pain,
and I don't mean that to sound
like some bad presidential
cliche. I wish there was something

I could give. Not medication.
Not words. Not even an
embrace. A new feeling. A
new lease on life. Anything.

Kill yourself

what if, after all the bad stuff that has happened to you,
you thought, I can hang myself or
I can take some pills or I can shoot myself in the head
or I can just lay there and wait for a car
to run me over

what would happen to get you to that point
where you thought it was an option
that you'd rather be dead than alive

even if family has to deal with your remains
because you remain after you leave
even if everyone who cared about you
has to mourn you

how do you get to that point
to want to let your life stop

where you decide to seek out a way to end your life

how do you get to that point

how do you think of someone
who killed themselves
do you think, oh, they were nice,
but they killed themselves

will you ever be able to
think of that person
in the same way again

would their death
be tainted by their suicide

how did they get
to that point, you ask yourself

how did they get to that point

accounts for the need of gun control
January, 1995

One day a man decided to kill people.
A shooting spree. So he went into a
gun shop, picked up a pair of assault

rifles, a number of rounds, each of
one hundred bullets. And he bought
these things, he didn't need a

permit or a license. Just walked in
and out. And he went to an office
building to take out his revenge

on the world. My wife was there,
took five bullets in the back. I wonder
if she suffered before she died. We went

on a ski trip together last Christmas.
She looked so beautiful with the
snow in her hair. This man didn't need

a license, and yet I needed a permit to
retrieve my wife's ashes from the
crematorium. He didn't just do this to

her, you know. Or to the other victims.
He's tortured me, and our baby girl. Our
girl is darling. She's blond, like her

mommy. We have to live with
this trauma forever. This should not
be how we have to live.

As my girl's second birthday approached
this year, I asked her what she
wanted. She said she wanted

to see mommy. Guess what
she is going to want for her
third

change my perspective

god, i do these favors for other people
and they're not making me a ton of money
and these people i do favors for complain so much
and i was asked why i do it
and it's not as if the work excites me any more
so my answer was that i do it
primarily so i could expand my own collection
of what i have done
but why am i 'mdoing it?
is that my end goal?

and someone replied to me,
saying they knew of a story
where a bunch of bricklayers
were laying brick to build a cathedral
and someone asked a few people what they were doing
and most of the men said that they were laying brick
and one man said he was building a cathedral

and when they replied to me,
when they told me this,
they said that
it is all a matter of perspective

the final
Jump

Janet Kuypers Moving Cafe Books 08/09/08

scars *suopaeqqnd*

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 © 2008 Scars Publications and Design

other publications from Scars:

Books: Hope Chest in the Attic , the Window, Close Cover Beafre 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, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos,

Sulphur and Sawdust , Slate and Marrow , 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, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Charred Remnants, Decrepit Remains,

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, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thoma at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet

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* WZRDRadio (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), *SD/SD* Screaching to a Halt, *PB&J* Two for the Price of One, *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powlers Trio* Fusion.