



cc@d supplement
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Meant to do Big Things

Janet Kuypers



Janet Kuypers show/performance
poetry about women in "June is a Woman" event
at the Bahá'i Center Saturday 6/3/17 after 6pm in Austin

you were meant,

Janet Kuypers

5/18/17

as a woman
you were meant
to do big things

which you are



Athena

Janet Kuypers
1997

ladies and gentlemen
high above the dancing elephants
and the clowns driving around
in their little cars
honking their horns

high above the lion tamers
with their whips and chairs

is our main attraction
tonight:
all eyes turn to
Athena, the tightrope walker

see her gracefully step
out onto the paper-thin wire
balance high above everyone else
while all eyes are on her
all without a net

would you like to see her
do a flip? a spin? touch the rope
with her tiny, fragile fingers?

Athena will put on the
grandest of shows for you

imagine, if you will, the fear
she must feel:

with one wrong move
she falls to her death
into the mouths of the lions
in between the running clowns

come, see her perform:
watch her walk
watch her move
watch her shake

this is
the greatest show
on earth



a man calls a woman

Janet Kuypers

1997/00

*every time a man calls a woman a "witch"
he reminds her of the slaughter of millions
whose independence and medical
knowledge threatened male dominance*

Bob Lamm, 1976

every time a man calls a woman a "babe"
he tells her he thinks of her as a child
every time a man calls a woman a "fox"
he tells her she is to be treated like an animal
every time a man calls a woman a "honey"
he tells her she is meant to be consumed
every time a man calls a woman a "doll"
he tells her she is something to be played with
every time a man calls a woman a "bag"
he tells her she is something to be used
every time a man calls a woman a "girl"
he tells her she can't think like an adult
every time a man calls a woman a "lay"
he tells her she is no good on her feet
every time a man calls a woman anything
less than woman he tells her who's the boss
so yes, we all know who the boss is, boys
you've done such a good job of telling us



COVER

Janet Kuypers
1/19/15

cover shoulders, legs
women are second class, they
cover your spirit



Diave Talking About her Trip to Mexico City

Janet Kuypers

1997

So I decided to take a trip to Mexico City. I decided that this was going to be the trip I take by myself, this is going to be the trip where I reclaim my independence. This is going to be the trip where I venture out, take on the world, all without help from a travel companion, from a man.

So I went there, and really, it wasn't as frightening as I thought it would be. I needed to learn more of the language, but otherwise I got along just fine. Oh, I got lost once, and men in cars kept offering to give me rides, "hey, baby, you want your own private taxi?" and I'd have to move away from them, but one guy told me which bus I wanted, so I was fine.

But the man that ran the hotel thought it wasn't safe for me, and he asked me if my parents loved me, if my family loved me, if anyone loved me, anyone at all, because if anyone did, why would they let me go on this trip alone?

And then as I was touring I went to an old church where there was a saint, and they're considered a saint because their body doesn't decompose. It's not like religion in America, because they had to put this saint's body in a glass case because all the people who came to see him would pick off part of his face as a souvenir.

And then as I was touring I went to a nunnery, a place where supposedly all the bad young girls were sent to live out the remainder of their days. And they showed me around in the tour, and they said, "Here are the crosses that the young women had to carry when they walked around in circles in the courtyard. And these, over here, these are the crowns of thorns the women wore." And I looked at the crosses, the crowns, and there was still blood on them.

This is how things were, I guess. And they looked at me as strange because I was taking a trip alone. No one in Mexico City understood why I'd want to do this there. No one understood why I'd want to be alone.

Echo in my Mind

Janet Kuypers

4/20/17

The thoughts of these women,
the visions of these women,
the legacies of these women,
they echo in my mind.

I think of the woman
who in her youth
led armies to battle
and saved her country.
And for this she was
burned at the stake
because she was a woman,
and she had beliefs.



I think of the woman
who wore a black dress
as the bride
to her wedding —
and no, it's not
because she's goth like me,
but because she had
work to do,
and she didn't want
to get her white
wedding dress dirty.

And yeah, she had
work to do —
she was discovering things
scientists take for granted now.
She was discovering things
no man had yet
to wrap his head around.

—

I think of the woman
who lived in a time
where she wasn't allowed
a higher education,
so she studied for free,
and she worked for free,
made amazing scientific discoveries
until she escaped Germany
days before Adolf Hitler
would have put her
in a concentration camp.

She carried a friend's
diamond ring
while trying to escape,
in case she needed to
bribe someone
to allow her to pass.

And her drive, her work,
gave the world Nobel-prize
winning collaborations —
despite the efforts
of the Third Reich,
and despite a patriarchy,
all her life,
that thought,

she's just a woman.
She doesn't need to learn.

—

I think of the woman
who was in the first wave
of women *allowed* to have
higher education,
but still, she left
her communist home,
searching for freedom.
She started a life
on the other side of the earth,
because after what *she* learned,
she knew that
understanding philosophy
could *really* set her free.

—

I think of the woman
born not far from my home.
She studied music,
but wanted to share her story
of life as a woman
with the rest of the world.

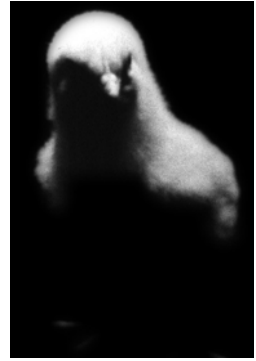
And through her journeys
she stayed with a tribe
when prisoners,
armed with lawn mower blades,
broke out of their jail cell
while all she do was wonder,
wait, and listen
out into the jungle.

During her travels
she took mail planes
until she was dropped off
as far as she could
before completing
her solitary journey
to the North Pole.

As an Artist in Residence
for NASA,
she learned how men,
during the cold war,
thought of
setting off nuclear bombs
on the dark side of the moon.

Of course,
only a man
would think of doing that.





Once she was in a protest about the economic exploitation of women and the treatment of women as animals, giving flyers of images of chicks, bunnies, foxes and pussy cats. And she's even said that "for every dollar a man makes, a woman makes 63¢. Now, 50 years ago that was 62¢ — so, with that kind of luck it will be the year 3,888 before we make a buck."



—

And I think about
what these women say,
and I think about
what these women mean,
and like they say,
"I could just go on
and on and on...
But tonight —
I've got a headache."

Bonus: *My brain was (2017 Streamline)*

Janet Kuypers

this poem was started 5/20/14, written daily through 5/24/14, streamlined 5/24/17

My brain was fighting to get out.

My brain was stupefied
after my name was called
for winning the award.
The only thing
my brain could think
was that the man on stage
from the American Legion
with my medal looked like
he was the nicest man on earth.

My brain was crouching down
on top of that glacier
when the wind became
just that violent.

My brain was commanding
my fingers and toes,
my rosy cheeks
and the tip of my nose,
no, you're not cold,
just lean back and watch
the dancing and arcing
of the Aurora Borealis,
because one thirty a.m. is
the best time to see them
on these late September days
just south of the arctic circle.
So... Deal with the cold.
You'll be glad you did.

My brain was determined
to get to the top of that mountain -
I know I'm not a climber,
I know I prefer hot tubs
but those ski lifts are closed
and these are the Alps
and really, how many times
will you get the chance
to climb the Alps?
My brain knows
you're only wearing
sandals and socks
and there's snow and water
everywhere, but this is
your only chance...



My brain felt like a heel
being carried past the last
water pit coming back down
from that mountain.
But looking back,
my brain was pleased.
It had to try.

My brain was trying to remember
how to breathe,
turning my head,
hoping I could
catch my breath
as the atmosphere
was pushing me
at one hundred twenty
miles per hour
before someone
pulled my parachute cord.



My brain was on high alert,
but more than that,
my brain was excited
to keep swimming further down
to get closer to the row
of over two dozen
white-tipped sharks
off the Galapagos islands.



My brain was
keeping me awake again
last night,
thinking about
what went down during the day
or
what I gotta do tomorrow.
My brain's always
thinking of new places,
contemplating new challenges,
opting for new options.
I lie awake and I think
that's my brain for you,
always looking
for something new.

Bio Chicago poet Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist, a writer, photographer, and literary magazine editor running Scars Publications (<http://scars.tv>), which hosts two literary magazines, publishes books and releases CDs. Kuypers has over 90 books published (as of 6/3/17 of poetry, prose, novels and art), sung in 3 acoustic bands, and worked with 8 music groups (of her poetry with music). From 2010-2016 she hosted the Chicago open mic *the Café Gallery*, with a weekly podcast. Her CD releases (40+ in 2017) appear at iTunes and other online vendors, found on line through <http://scars.tv> or <http://www.janetkuypers.com>. Currently an Austin TX resident, Kuypers performs monthly poetry/music/performance art shows at the Bahá'í Faith Center and monthly multi-book feature readings at Half Price Books, plus features at additional venues.



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Colophon

Chapbook designed using QuarkXPress v9.3, images edited in Adobe Photoshop CS6. Fonts include *AGaramond*, *always * forever*, *Futura Condensed*, *Helvetica Neue Black Condensed*, *Irrep*, *JanetBigCheese*, *Jenna Sue* and *Scriptina*. The front cover image is a photo Kuypers took from the airplane over Naples Florida before she took over the controls and piloted the airplane. Inset photos on the cover are her jumping out of an airplane over Longmont CO 6/16/07, and her leaning on the airplane she flew before it landed at Naples airport. The page 3 top photo is of Kuypers swimming to a white-tipped shark 12/29/07 at James Bay, Santiago Island, at the Galapagos Islands, the page 2 Facebook cover image is from piloting an airplane. The page 4 Facebook cover image is from her jumping out of an airplane. The top 2 images on page 6 are from her “India Stories” Art Colony show 3/14/15 and the bottom 2 images on page 6 are from her reading India journals at her Chicago open mic “The Café Gallery”; all of these photos show her wearing a shawl from India, meant to cover a woman’s shoulders. The page 9 image is from when Kuypers dressed for Halloween in 2013 as Marie Curie (photographed in Nashville, TN). On page 12 Kuypers photographed the moon 9/11/06. Page 13 images include Sequoia in a bowl (photographed 1995), and images of a chick and a fox from Kuypers’ “a Book for Men” section of her book “(woman.)”, along with a 10/26/11 image of the National Debt clock in New York. The top page 15 image is of her standing on the snow past the “danger” sign at Angel Terrace; the bottom page 15 image is a video still from when she jumped out of an airplane over Longmont CO 6/16/07. The page 16 image was taken of Kuypers swimming toward a white-tipped shark 12/28/07 off the Galapagos Islands. The top page 17 image is Kuypers standing on her red Saturn in 1995 in Omaha, NE; the bottom page 17 image is Kuypers after she was rowing a boat in the Everglades.



Janet Kuypers www.janetkuypers.com



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