

Dreadful

by Ricky Garni

I love to chase you with a gun in my hand. You love it, too. The neighbors say That's Dreadful and sometimes complain about it but not to me because I have a gun, and you and I have an understanding, and neither of us can afford bullets, and I think that's why we love each other so much—yes to guns, practical and handy, no to bullets, possibly dangerous and too expensive—really, and that's how we think “the same way”. I remember once I said to you, If you could have a gun or...and you said A GUN immediately before I even finished the sentence and so I chased you down the street straight away and with a gun in my hand and the neighbors complained How Terrible and the pedestrians screamed and the dogs made shit. That's not all: the blacksmiths also did blacksmith things and the candle makers dipped candles and the baker closed his shop early, redolent aromas still wafting. To answer the question, If I could choose between a gun and a SPONGECAKE, I would choose A SPONGECAKE.

Sometimes it would be nice if you would let me finish my sentences. But then, that's love for you. That's all I really wanted to say. And then: more candles, more dogs.

Never Found Out

by Lottie Margine Auve

Remember that time we were driving down the highway, and it was nighttime, and I think it was on the way back from that road trip, and we drove past a huge fire by the side of the road, past a few hills, and all we could see was the orange flames, and the next

day we looked in the newspaper to see if we could find out what happened?

And we took bets on how many dead animals we would see on the side of the road that day, so that neither of us would get too bored and fall asleep and end up flying over the guardrail and plummeting off a cliff?

A Blonde Girl

by Michael Zak

i cross off item ten of 13 and remember some honey child screams and groanmoans her teeth out during sex on the other side of my wall

she been fucked twice this week

after this memory i dump huge and satisfying into our toilet i do this after every school year. i wipe my ass til it chaps and look thinner in the mirror

in this sense we are all alone together

there is no quicker more effective way to lose weight. we'll be kings of this uneven Earth. we'll be together in this sense and then a blonde girl looks our way, yells our name

And then there were those times when the light hit the tops of the trees at such an angle as we were driving past that well nothing really actually happened, I guess, but so it goes.

(one page of lit. edited by samuel cole)

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