

EVENING by matthew savoca

I watch her fingers skillfully maneuvering the touch pad on her MacBook Pro. It is impressive.

I watch her staring intently at her MacBook Pro. She is very interested in what's happening on the screen.

She came home a few minutes ago.

I say, How are you?

She says, Fine, while not removing her eyes or fingers from her MacBook Pro.

I say, What was your day?

She says, Good.

I say, No I said what was your day.

She says, I don't know what that means.

I say, How asks for an adjective, What asks for a noun.

She doesn't say anything and then she says, What? Say that again.

I don't say it again. I am staring, my eyes unfixed on a speaker from which pleasant instrumental sounds are emerging.

Nothing happens for a while.

She says, Can I print something?

I hook up the printer to her MacBook Pro.

The printer messes up and she gets frustrated.

I fix it.

It prints.

She feels better.

We make dinner, watch a movie and go to bed.

FLOODING POEM by shane jones

Everything is flooding. My arms and legs are flooding. The library? The library is definitely flooding. The pool store is flooding. Lake of fire, you are flooding. Guy who can hold his breath forever, your lungs are flooding. The ocean is flooding and the fish take to the sky but the sky has flooded. The fish become birds wearing fish masks. A submarine full of plumbers circles the earth and I'm the driver. The plumbers stay up all day and night fixing the cracks, the attempts at flooding. We keep circling the earth, dodging crumbling icebergs, fish who are birds and birds who are fish. The plumbers build large pipes around their bodies, medium sized pipes for their arms and legs, and little pipes for their fingers and toes. Fuck, everything is flooding. I built a large pipe around myself with two arm holes to steer this submarine and each night the plumbers check me over for cracks and the terrible possibility of flooding.

PEOPLE SKILLS by john c goodman

It was the wrong color it hadn't been the wrong
green, anyone could see color green, how everything
that, and I wanted to could have worked out and
shout at her, "it's the she wouldn't be lying awake
wrong color green," but alone at three o'clock in
I couldn't because I am sadly the morning thinking about
lacking in people skills and things that happened years
if I yelled at her everyone before, about the one
would think that I was just moment that changed
me being me, being obnoxious, her life forever, and
when really I was trying to I could have told her that,
be helpful, so I had to let but
her go with the wrong color it's too late now and we
green and I felt bad because all have to suffer and my
I could have saved her so people skills
much trouble when she haven't really improved.
finally wakes up one night, years
from now, at three o'clock in
the morning and thinks, "I know
what the problem was, I had
the wrong color green," and
wonders how her life would
have been different if

(one page of lit. edited by SKINC (sam+katie cole).)

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