

# PAPERWALL #13

of little wars  
by **peter schwartz**

I push my landscape  
as you pull at my tendencies-

& our little war  
flowers.

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every afternoon  
by **merry speece**

In the wall some creature winds a rusted lady's  
pendant watch or focuses an old microscope on dust  
or files one tiny bar of a jailhouse window or builds  
an aluminum bomb the size of a wild cherry.

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sand #6  
by **j. a. tyler**

He flips a coin. It comes up heads. It comes up heads. It comes up tails.

This decides where the planes go.  
This decides where the tanks go.  
This decides where the artillery goes.

He flips a coin. It comes up heads. It comes up tails. It comes up heads.

This decides where the ships go.  
This decides where the submarines go.  
This decides where the helicopters go.

His tie is paisley and pink. It clips with a diamond stud. He is a diamond stud.

He flips a coin. It comes up heads. It comes up tails. It comes up tails.

This decides where people will go to die.  
This decides where people will go to shit.  
This decides where people will go without legs or arms.

He flips a coin but he is not ruthless. He flips a coin but he is not flagrant. He flips a coin because someone else told him to. And someone else told someone else who told someone else. Follow it up instead of down the rabbit hole. In anger.

He flips a coin but it doesn't affect him. He is a robot. He is untouchable. It is a coin made of metal and it spins in the air and it lands on his desk. He is a robot made of metal. He flips a coin but it doesn't affect him.

He flips a coin. He flips a coin. He flips a coin.

This decides nothing.  
This decides things that are already decided.  
This decides how he will flip the coin next time.  
He is a tie and a suit and he flips a coin deciding for them.

the comforts of decay  
by **scott larson**

I usually don't like to read  
in the park—  
too many distractions.  
If it's quiet enough I can hear  
the old women across the pond  
complain of their aches and pains.  
They seat themselves  
on a chipped green bench  
nearly every day  
and at some point you can bet  
the conversation will turn to  
Oh! my this and Oh! my that.

But today the darkness in my room  
while normally soothing  
was oppressive so  
I lingered suburban blocks  
to nest below withered oak  
with smooth bark  
twisted to fit the curve of my back  
took out my book  
placed it on the grass  
and watched a remote controlled  
sail boat toss violently on waves  
that were imperceptible  
but for the white sail  
bobbing up and down.

The ladies arrived  
sat themselves down to chorused sighs  
that were inaudible but surely uttered.

One of the two's husbands had died recently.

As talkative as ever they  
consoled themselves with  
the comforts of decay  
proclaiming loudly  
in deference to the others deafness  
their beloved ailments—  
sciatica, bunions, and osteoporosis.

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press conference held by a housewife betrayed  
by **edward mullany**

It's true I threw the iron at her head. She shouldn't have come in my house. Well, yes, it is his house too, but I can call it my house and not be in the wrong. What? I don't know, you'd have to look at the mortgage, or talk to the banker who helped us with the mortgage. As far as I know, it's in both our names. And even if it isn't, it ought to be. A marriage is symbolic as well as legal. Two become one and all that. Besides, I work too. A salaried job isn't the only kind of work. Take the ironing, for instance. I was working when I threw it at her head. Fine, I wasn't working when I threw it at her head, but I was working until the very moment when I threw it at her head.

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

(submit@paperwall.org)