

cash
by
joel leonard
chaffee

I'm with Cash in the ante-room
drinking apple pie
there's a phono,graph Cash bought
saying all we could hope to expect
was music in the evening.

Cash's hands have yellow blisters
sobbing from nail tips and wood splinters;
my hands are hilarious with the thought
of Cash's hands and mine,
mine which the Pope himself
wouldn't mind jerking off with.
cackling, are my hands

with Cash whose mother's photograph
hasn't been taken yet because
'Cash can't afford a camera; shit.'

It's mostly music I've never heard before:
Mamie Smith; Johnny Shines.

january 20th, 2007

by jeremy ruppel

my head hurts.

i have the hiccups.

i lit a cig on the stove

and now my eyebrows hurt

and i'm drunk.

if anyone finds me

tell my parents i love them.

wish my sister the best.

and tell erika kokkinos i always loved her.

please solve the mystery law and order style

front left burner

seemed dirty

but i needed a smoke.

for rent
by
kristen tsetsi

He would be coming in ten minutes, the way he did every other Wednesday. Sylvia sat on the couch with the dusty sheers between her nose and the window and watched for him. When his car pulled up, she would run to her room, or to the closet in her room, or to the little storage nook inside the closet inside her room.

But her mother would find her the way she always did. There were only so many places to go.

"Ready, hon?" She stood behind her with a backpack stuffed with things. A book. A shirt. Two pairs of underwear and some socks.

"M-hm."

"I'll leave this by the door, okay? Don't forget it on your way out."

Her mother didn't like to meet him at the door. He left his envelopes in the mailbox on the porch before walking Sylvia down the stairs. It was always a light blue envelope, and he kept track on the outside with a light-leaded pencil.

She heard his car before she saw it. The exhaust was worn, torn, old. It used to chug, but now it chugged and rattled and sounded like it might fall off. Clangity clangity clang! Sylvia inched away from the curtain and watched him park against the curb, his whitewall tires cleaned bright, the chrome on his grill old and rust-spotted, but glimmering. The back passenger door was black and didn't match the rest of the car (gray), but he told her the Wednesday before last that he planned to paint it soon. When he got the money.

Sylvia told him one way he could save money, but he just laughed and patted her behind, his fingers warm through the thin cotton she would wear until he told her to take that off, too.

"Sylvia!" Her mother was somewhere. Backed into the kitchen, probably, eating a diet-sized bag of cookies. One hundred calorie packs were strewn all over. They were cheap, her mother said, and they kept you going. "Sylvia, you make sure you answer the door when he rings, you hear me?"

"Yeah, Mom."

He opened the door and got out of the car and ran his thumbs over the waist of his khakis. He wore a hat today, the hat Sylvia had once told him she liked. Sometimes he would let her watch her cartoons and would hardly talk to her. On those days, she had almost full freedom and could go through his closets and drawers, put on funny clothes. That hat.

He crossed the street and came up the walkway and must have seen Sylvia through the sheers because he waved with the hand holding the envelope. She wondered where he got them, if he had an endless supply, why he didn't use regular old white ones.

Sylvia was on the stairs when the doorbell rang, and she'd tucked herself away in the back of the storage unit by the time her mother called her name.

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