

PAPERWALL #3

yams by noah cicero

I've broken
up
with my boyfriend
four times
in
the last two weeks

the first time
it was because of
yams

He said
There are no yams

death
to all yams

The yams
are in your asshole

you stupid
cocky pecker
slapstick
watching
football
loving
shittard

the second it
was because
his mother called
and I thought he
was cheating on me

The third time

it was because of yams

again

again
with
the
yams

lay off my goddamn
yams

you son of a bitch
canned yams
and warm beer

the fourth
time it was
because he was drunk
and shot at me
with a pistol

and told my cousin
she was a slut
a whore
and was cheap
when it came
to buying yams

BUY YAMS
OR FACE
THE WRATH

dark side of the rainbow by anthony liccione

(numeral one)

There is gold in God,
and many people are still
chasing horseshoe rainbows
bent in the sky.

I use to be one of them,
wondering where was
the path that led to
the end of the rainbow--
as it lightly rained
on one side of my face,
the other half
shined by the sun.

I use to believe
in quick riches,
in rabbit paws
and 8-balls, lucky charms
hanging off the rearview
and the seven-year curse
for breaking a mirror.

(numeral two)

A tornado whirls in sync
and approaches Kansas,
as Great Gig in the Sky
plays solemnly.
When Dorothy and Toto
run frenetic for coverage
trying to outrun death,
as the high vocals of Torry
lift the house to the sky

soaring round and round,
subconscious uncovered
revealing deep matters,
through the bedroom
window.

Then finally coming down
falling on the cursed.

(numeral three)

At the two ends
of the rainbow,
separated the human
race, one side
invited heaven,
the other alienated hell.

A friend took
the unfortunate side,
where the way was
wide and broad.

Green-statue armies
and winged-monkeys,
flying above the black
tip flames that licked
luck charcoal.

He saw deviled angels
and a sadden Satan,
melting, melting, melting
under a hat brimmed pride.

(one page of lit. edited by samuel cole)

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