

PAPERWALL #8

cold weather clothes by matthew savoca

we saw a homeless man
masturbating
under a blanket in the sun
and it occurred to me
that we've been married now
for almost two weeks
and i've never seen your
cold weather clothes.

driving down the highway
towards pasadena
or somewhere
we saw wind turbines everywhere.

i said exactly that
and you thought i said,

"winter binds
everywhere"

you didn't tell me,
but i knew.

(this issue has no lines)

(one page of lit. edited by samuel cole)

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the first capsules carried animals by mazie louise montgomery

I am slightly out of it today. I have taken some cold
medicine. I am slightly freaked out by the spelling
of the word: medicine. I am thinking that perhaps
someone, by the spelling of the word medicine, is
today going to sneak around the corner and hit me
on the head with a shovel. When I look at the word
medicine it looks a little like this: medi[iamgoingtohi
tyouontheheadwithashovel]cine. But I think the word
medicine can protect me, like a helmet, at the same
time it communicates the desire of someone to hit me
over the head with a shovel. I only hope, that when
this person hits me on the head with a shovel, he does
so with great force and conviction. Like a spacecraft
blasting off to the moon. Flames and smoke shooting
out as it launches.

unrequited by kevin o'cuinn

I held the hug too long
a tad, tick, smidgin
too
fucking
long.
more on that later.

my fingers in her bony ribs
her hair in my face
the smell of bergamot shower gel from the Body
Shop
and Dutch tobacco.

she hugged back - I swear -
until the minutes reached double figures.
then I noticed strain,
counter-force,
which I resisted until I wasn't resisting but fighting --
her brother and father and boyfriend had intervened,
huffing and puffing and expleting.
they pried my fingers apart and back --
until there was a crack and I released her.

I watched her peddle away,
frantically,
through swerving traffic,
from where her father held me in a headlock.