Frieden

by Kyle Hemmings

After each piece cancelled the other the generals folded up their checkerboards, declared to the homeless that the park was now an open city, returned to their hermetically sealed lives of solitary *existenz*. In mirrors they checked themselves for missing parts. From balconies they flung Molotov cocktails at high-flying birds. In empty parlors they aimed guns at their heads that fired only blanks.

They donated artificial limbs to cabaret girls who wore black eye-patch for effect, who continued to croon for their fathers, girls who could no longer dance without a cane.