

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.

