

# The Paper



{IN}

the next morning arrives  
the sun still rises  
birds chirp short and high  
window looks out on wide skies

what changed was a heart  
once overflow with joy  
now bleeding with grief  
mine, yours, ours, theirs, everyone's

though a new day comes in an instant,  
yet one can never leave their bruised heart, broken soul  
either learn to live with it, or not living at all.

{TM}

Watching Yellowjackets and thinking about how  
I didn't shoot you but it's almost like I did  
and I'm so glad you're gone.

A fictional news report plays in the background  
'Washington State is the hottest UFO hotspot in the nation...'  
Is this a smoking gun  
I should be noticing?  
I never know.  
(And he's not here to tell me  
what I should be thinking anymore)  
What is archival footage  
and what is acting?  
This confused reading is the stuff writers dreams are made of.

Men of the world  
I give you everything you've ever wanted  
on a plate

You're welcome.



{FO'K}

**I Brought You Candies Because Flowers Are Perishable**

Dinner was a success. Most of the guests had attended, but it seemed as if no one wanted to speak to her, at least that's what she thought. She didn't want to stay long, she arrived as late as she could.

She lived in Cambridge, near Boston, amongst a christian and intellectual community, in a part of town where flowers are just scrumptious. In this urban environment where she spent most of her life, pedestrians were often compared to young ballet dancers. In fact, she would often present herself as an artist, a free spirit who would rather fight than walk. Although she would not exactly walk a straight line, she would shift as in a sailboat race, always coming back to her starting point.

She generally left her house only once a week. The rest of the time she would stay at home. She was punished for existing, what was left of her life was forgotten and she lived like a shadow in darkness. Her existence being reduced to a surface. As proof that the literal could be real, even more than the symbolical, unless she'd die and be known only through a photograph. Her literal side was her realness. It's what she carried with her hands. She was a carrier, maybe the only one. That and her seriousness weighed a ton.

Wilkie, one of her brothers, would often repeat how exceptionally remarkable he was at winning a bet. If he engaged himself in a

situation with slim chances of success, he'd say, and managed to get out of it rather intact, only then could he start understanding the possible relationships between reality and fiction.

Every once and a while she would hit her head. Her teeth hurt. Two of them would shine, she'd suck her thumb in order to hide their glow.

She wasn't the kind of person who would self-pity or walk with her head down.

"My goodness, what day are we? June 3rd? The 4th? Summer hasn't even started."

She wanted to move everything back in place. Coffee, spoon, breakfast!

"We're supposed to be having breakfast!"

"Every day I live is a day farther from death."

This was one of the first things she remembered hearing from Katharine Peabody Loring's mouth. She imagined her eyes looking down at the table, her hands on her knees.

Katharine Peabody Loring was from Beverly, Massachusetts. It was her third consecutive summer in Cambridge. Katharine Loring had lived in New York. She had worked there as a model. As her carrier was prospering, she had lost control over her life and decided to stop it all.

She now lived in Worcester with her husband. A financial marriage. Economical. Out of date. A sum-up of incomes.

Katharine Loring had gone from bed to shower, and was now sitting at the kitchen table. Her hair was still damp. She was wearing a white dress knotted at the waist. Her legs were covered with thin and short blond hair. Her ears too, partly coated with a fine duvet, each lobe was adorned with a little golden pea. Her face was open and natural, no makeup. Nutty-green eyes, wide apart, with tiny black pupils and a thin dark line under the iris. She was 1.75 meters high, thin, 24 years of age. It was clear she was very comfortable with her appearance.

The first time she saw Katharine Peabody Loring was on photographs. In fact, she preferred watching her on plane surfaces. Her image had a seeming incarnated power. A power to which she could easily contribute.

A certain satisfaction came from those photographies.

Her car needed gas. She bought the newspaper and filled the crossword puzzle. The way back, she stopped by the cemetery next door and bought the delicious honey confectioneries from the cooperative.

"Am-I tired? No."

The first thing she wanted from Katharine Loring was her white dress. There was no inscription on it. The fabric itself was rather thick. Classical. A golden detail reflected abstract shapes on the wall.

Anyhow, she knew it seemed stupid, but she wanted to be a little greedy thief. It was strange.

Katharine Loring was always the first to brush her teeth. She'd spit out the paste and a bloody stream would often appear in the mirror she had installed in her bedroom.

It was a big dinner. A buffet. Around thirty people for the main course, and a few more guests for desert. When she arrived, dinner was finished and desert had been cleared.

Everywhere she went, she made sure she wouldn't cross any reflecting surface. She'd rub the remaining ones until they lost all their shine.

She didn't know what to do with her coat. She might look for her brother Wilkie. Writers, literary editors and agents, meetings of this kind became complicated for her. It had to do with what she wrote. As if any personal exchange was a threat to her work.

Wilkie stood in the living room. He had just prepared coffee in the kitchen. He was happy to see her. Wilkie was the reason she came.

{JD}

there will be days,  
tougher than others,  
unfathomably difficult.

if today is one of them,  
hold yourself tight,  
feel all the feels.

cause tomorrow promises,  
this will pass,  
you will be alright.

{TM}

from a significant other to a stranger  
from promising future to past memory  
from intimacy to distance  
from holding hands to letting go  
from full affection to zero attention  
from wholehearted to empty-handed  
from bonded spirit to separated souls  
from promises to meaningless vows

*from everything to nothing*

{TM}

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MEECREEPER  
 (CERTHIA FAMILIARIS)  
 SEEN 28.05.22  
 QUEENS DRIVE



Contributions accepted on a rolling basis, submit before the 20th to feature in the following month issue. Send your words, images and more to: [goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com](mailto:goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com)

{HJD}

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you showed me how warm the sunshine brewed through your embrace  
 you showed me how dazzling the stars twinkled through your sparkling eyes  
 you showed me how bright the night sky lit up through your smile  
 you showed me how alive the breeze blew through those morning kisses  
 you showed me how feisty the storm raged through your hands against my skin

you showed me the world,  
 you showed me everything,  
 yet i'm left with nothing in the end.

{TM}