



Brian Foley

Woodpecker

A sick tree had puked leaves on a man's lawn. It was that time of year, said his wife. He had heard this said before. No one had ever told him what it meant. He instead took the tree for a rogue and the next morning sought revenge. He battled the bark with a pair of metal scissors. He came at it from several different angles - sideways, over the hedge. They did little damage. He couldn't understand it. He tried the scissors on his own skin, cutting off his thumb. They still had their magic. But now he was in tremendous pain. From the upper levels of the tree, a dry knocking sound. The tree, laughing at him.

The Saw

A saw is a piece of machinery that eats wood for people. Occasionally a human hand runs into the saw and the saw spits back blood. No one likes that. It causes a big to do. They shut down the whole production for an hour to clean the blood from the blade and take the owner of the hand who is screaming elsewhere. Now everyone is mad at the saw. They starve him for the rest of the day. Everyone liked the saw when it ate the wood. Everyone was proud of it then. These days the wood comes less and less. Things are slowing down. Days go by without the saw eating a thing. The saw believes itself to be dying. When you make a saw think like that, it will take what it can get.

An Act of Violence

A woman witnesses an act of violence while walking her dog. She sees another woman being dragged into the woods by three men. The woman with the dog walks in another direction to find a policeman. She walks a number of blocks and sees no one. The dog pauses and stoops in the awkward position dogs stoop when they are shitting, as if trying to find a comfortable way to sit on a fire. The woman prepares a plastic bag. The animal takes several steps shaking everything out, leaving a small trail of good-sized litter behind it. The woman bends over and picks up the shit with the plastic bag wrapped around her hand. She looks around her but can't find a waste bin. She walks several blocks with bag in hand before finding one. No one sees this, but she smiles to herself at the thought of being caught. She takes the long way home