

Issue 1
2015

pedestrianparking.tumblr.com

POSITIVELY
NO
PARKING
IN THIS
CORNER

PEDESTRIAN
PARKING // J.
Greville

THE LONELY BUILDING STOOD, HUNGRY.

"HUNGRY?" SHE ASKED. "BUT WHAT DOES A BUILDING EAT?
PEOPLE? POSSESSIONS? FURNITURE?"

THIS BUILDING ATE OTHER BUILDINGS,
I TOLD HER.

THERE WERE ONCE MANY BUILDINGS.
THE LONELY BUILDING ATE THEM ALL.

NUM NUM NUM
—gulp—



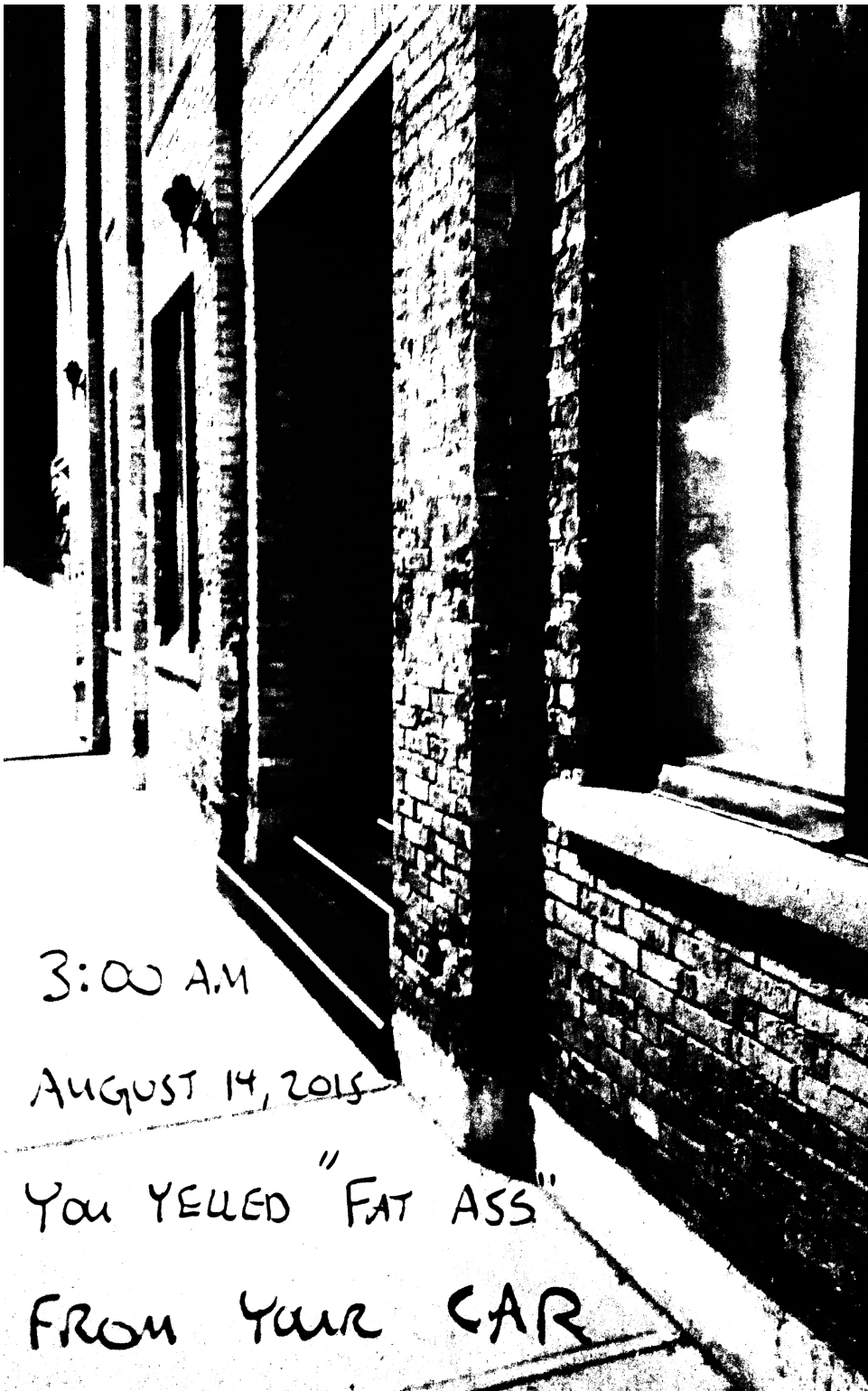
"BUT - IF THE BUILDING IS SO LONELY,
WHY DOES IT EAT THE
OTHERS?" SHE ASKED.



STARVATION, OF COURSE.



A BUILDING'S GOTTA EAT.

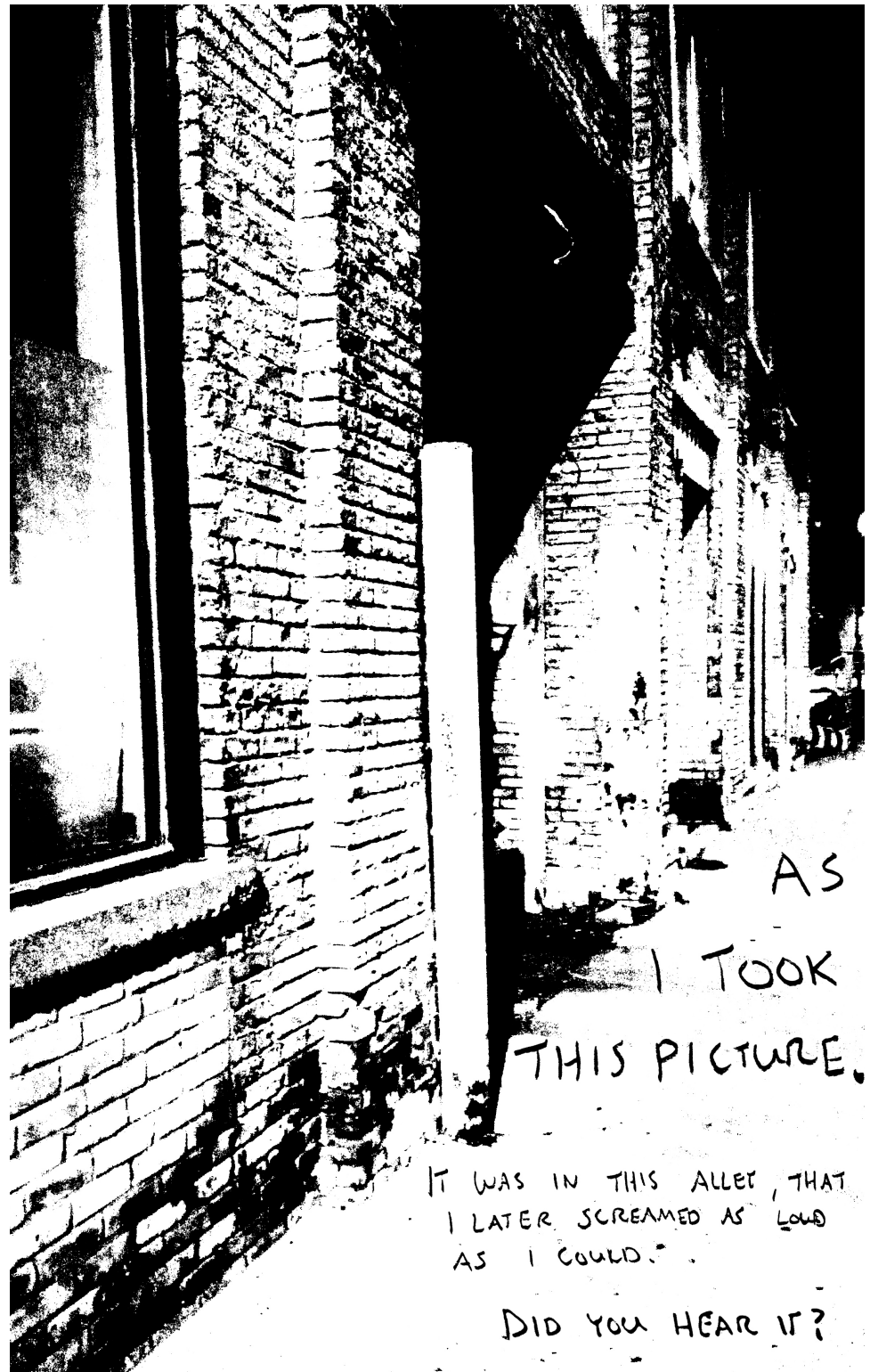


3:00 A.M

AUGUST 14, 2015

YOU YELLED "FAT ASS"

FROM YOUR CAR



AS
I TOOK
THIS PICTURE.

IT WAS IN THIS ALLEY, THAT
I LATER SCREAMED AS LOUD
AS I COULD.

DID YOU HEAR IT?

ON HIS PHONE, THERE WAS A
NOTE. ~~IT SAID~~ IT READ —

"YOU NEED TO FIX YOURSELF
OR KILL YOURSELF."



LIKE HE NEEDED A REMINDER.



LIKE HE NEEDED A REMINDER.



A FOOL FALLING--

Long time no speak; tongue tied no tweak. Waiting and debating, updating on the dearly departed and facing the start of something sweet instead of the end.

Love lost and found and then never really lost; still searching, officially. Unofficially? Head over heels, healing the dead. No longer feeling dread over the sinking ship and loss of opportunity. The pretty girl in this itty-bitty world twirls her lips and my zip unfurls.

Metaphorically, of course. I don't do it to it or go through with it. I meet hers with mine and find the time to think just how much I dig her between breaths.

And during.

And before and after

and

when I don't see her.

--IN LOVE. STUPID LOVE

I'm tough enough for the rough blow apart. Rough enough for when this stuff goes dark. Stuffed enough with fluff to huff and puff my chest and break my own heart before she gets the chance to.

But I hope she does.

I hope she tears it in half and throws it around, throws down with it, rolls to the ground with it and pounds it into dust. I don't want to pick up the pieces:
I want to die to live.

Each heartbreak for the sake of it, a stake through each quaking, shaking part of it. Every time I love it leaves a hole, and every time you leave it takes its toll. But I want the scars, the life, the cost.

You're the Singer while
I dance; toe-tapping to
the beat for you.

BETTER: A Sigil

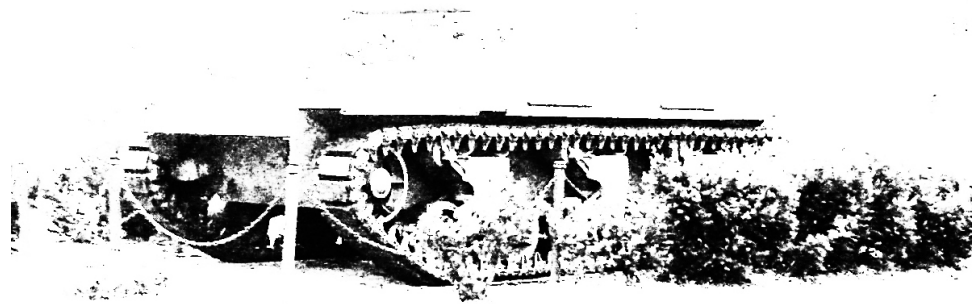
Who wanders like lithe babies borrowing toothless tender reach?
What lies leering beyond, behind this tawny regal wall?
Little Lords brashly bickering. They tease religiously without wit,
launching bitter battles to train right wings, wild litters.
But birthed today, tomorrow--rejoice! Winter weather leaves light
bouncing, tumbling towards ready weary worlds. Laws lead
bastards
to torment. Rude welcomes will likely look brutish, banal.
Treasure rationality while whistling loony love between bustling
terror.
Respect wins whole legions living buried beneath tumbled timbers.

Why lay bare thought rearranged?
Linger beating time's rebellious wait.
Because telling reality wields loss.
Truth reveals wonder left before
rear windows. Last bodies tell:

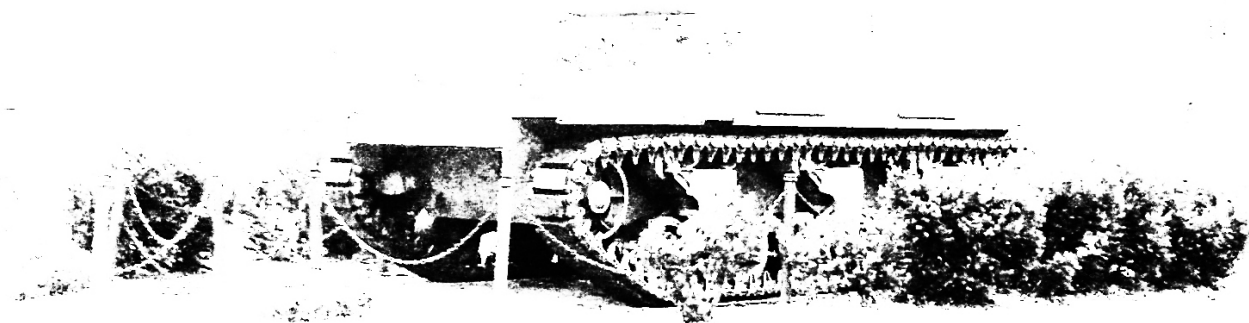
Where warriors bent broken--
When black became white--
Bold beings were woken--
Beauty's words weaved bright:

"We're born.
Be well."

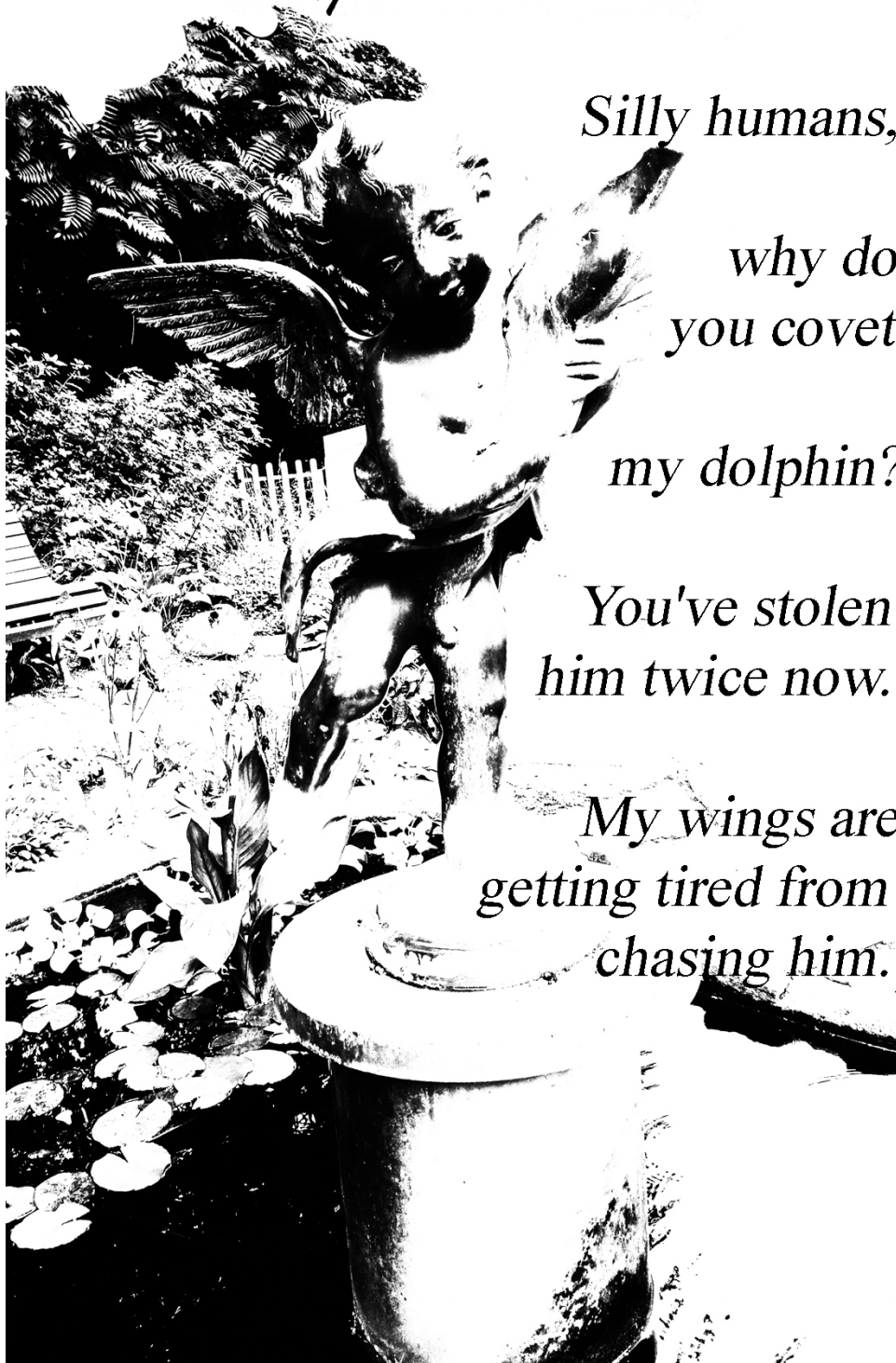
TANK.



TANK.



OH, LITTLE PUTTO



Silly humans,

*why do
you covet*

my dolphin?

*You've stolen
him twice now.*

*My wings are
getting tired from
chasing him.*

SILLY LITTLE PUTTO,

IT'S NOT YOUR DOLPHIN WE COVET, IT'S YOU

WE LOVE YOU, PUTTO.

AND SOMETIMES

WE HURT THE
ONES WE LOVE.



Silly humans,

I don't believe you.

*I'm taking my dolphin
far away.*

*Somewhere you
can't steal him
from me.*

Somewhere safe.



OH, LITTLE PUTTO,

OUR LITTLE CHERUB,

WE MISS YOU. WE MISS YOUR DOLPHIN TOO.

AND WE'RE SORRY

THAT OUR LOVE HURT YOU SO.



THE DEAD DONT SPEAK



BUT THEY DO LISTEN

DEMONS, HOWEVER, DO SPEAK

PLEASE DONT LISTEN

DONT LISTEN

LISTEN