

For more poetry and prose, music and models, visit:

<http://www.horrorsleazetrash.com>



**H
S
T
Q**

**W
I
N
T
E
R**

**2
0
1
7**

Thoughts for Today Arthur Graham

We sure are living in crazy times, eh?

Certainly we are. But then again, this seems to be what people said about past times as well. Chances are, they'll say it about future times, too. Seems to be the standard human response to all the chaos and absurdity that characterizes our experience, frankly, and so you'd think we might be used to it by now.

We're not. So totally not.

People everywhere be all like, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I can't believe it." But what's not to believe, hmm? Would it have been *more* believable if something different had happened? Would it actually have been more believable if something *better* had happened? If something *good* had happened, perhaps? There wasn't much in the history/trajectory of our species to predict a rosier outcome, after all, and *still* you say you can't believe it?

Well, believe it. And then maybe do or don't do something about it. BUT, for the love of all that's holy, PLEASE just drop the naiveté already.

And so, with all that said, I leave you now with this:

10 Things to do Besides Worrying Who's President

- 1) Worry You're Worrying Too Much
- 2) Worry You're Not Worried Enough
- 3) Worry Who's Vice President for a Change
- 4) Maybe Don't Worry About Anything Ever?
 - 5) Get Offline
 - 6) Go Outside
 - 7) Have a Wank
 - 8) Find a Skank
- 9) Get Drunk and Sit on the Face of the Person You Love
- 10) Enjoy Some Fucking Poetry Instead

Arthur Graham
Salt Lake City, December 2016

Interview with a Poet Mather Schneider

He begs his host and the audience to be so gracious as to forgive him because he's "rather hung-over" from staying up all night reading Nietzsche and drinking Maker's Mark and hasn't had the fortune of nipping off to the cappuccino stand yet.

Plus he's "positively exhausted" from his two month reading tour and needs to take a break and let the "well fill up."

A font of incomparable input we sup it up like burros in a cultural desert: he tells us if you don't want to take the bus on your reading tour you can always take the train or you could fly in an airplane or drive in a car and if you want to save money on food it is best to eat in cheap restaurants rather than expensive ones (although occasionally it's nice to splurge).

He tells us the best way to get "free in your mind" is to stop worrying about money and it is assumed the subject of how his bills are paid is either a matter of mystical serendipity a rich woman or a government check each month.

When he's not cutting poems "to the bone" he does fantasy football supports angry women on social media

buys new headphones
alerts the populace to the presence
of Tom Waits and this strange new music
called the blues
acts as curator of newsboy caps
and guidance counselor
for hipsters.

He tells us his “ironclad character”
was “arduously attained”
and it took him “years of suffering”
to find his “voice”
which is odd because he's 26
and sounds like every other stoner
who ever rode a pony in the small press parade.

His fourth “full length” is coming out soon.
He has a “primary publisher” but he writes so “feverishly”
that he is obliged to occasionally “let”
other people publish his work.

He mentions 38 poets by name and then reiterates
how he detests name-dropping
and groups
MFA programs too
well maybe not DETESTS because not ALL groups are bad
a poet needs to have a community
“To generalize is to be an idiot”
and hate is simply not a word
in his vocabulary
suffice it to say he is on
the fence
when it comes to groups and MFA programs
while the evidence is still being tallied.

He reminds us that poetry
is something one must do in isolation
with a pen
or a typewriter
or a computer
or a magic marker

or a stick in the sand
he himself has written poems in the margins
of sky-mall magazines
and on cocktail napkins
which proves a poet will write
because a poet must write,
period.

He advises youngsters to get back to nature
but not the roses and trees and deer and waterfalls
kind of nature
in other words, “write what you don't know”
except sometimes it is also good to
“write what you know.”

His most recent book opens
with a Whitman quote
and if you don't know who Whitman is well
then you're still shitting yellow
in mama's wam-wam.

He tells us it is best to eventually get down
to prose writing
because the world just doesn't take poets seriously
due to the fact that civilization has been in decay
since the time of Bukowski
and perhaps even a bit before that.

He says he thinks it is important to
“keep literature dangerous”
and to illustrate this he explains that one of his chapbooks
is bound with birch bark
and stitched with tea-bag strings.

In closing
if you have even “the remotest interest in modern literature”
you will not miss his latest collection
though what it's called
I can't for the life of me remember—

something with “blood” in it.

Sex Juice
Johnny Scarlotti

We turn on the cameras
For our homemade porn flick

I fuck her then pull out
And shoot cum into a wine glass
She swishes it around
And smells it
She says wow it smells nutty
Then she sips it
And then she gulps it
Swallows
Says that was delicious
And smiles

There's a great big pube in her teeth
But I don't care
I make out with her anyways
She is so hot

Then she says
OK
My turn

She told me she's a squirter

I'm excited

She jams a dildo into her pussy
She makes faces
The pube is still in her teeth
Then she squirts
All over
And into a glass
She hands it to me

I swish it around
Take a whiff
It smells like piss
She says no it's cum

I say ok
It better be
And I bring it up into my mouth
Ew
I spit it in her face

It's piss!

Routine
Johnny Scarlotti

go to sleep in back of car
in Walmart parking lot
wake up
get 1 dollar large coffee
from McDonalds
what a deal
then I read
until 9
then drive to gym
to shower,
shave,
brush teeth

then somebody comes
bursting through the curtain
with a hard on
aw, Timmy
not again
I tell him
Timmy, that was a one time thing
I'm not gay

he shakes his head, says
you've said that every day
for the last 30 days

#YesAllPoems
Leo X. Robertson

Not only don't I think
poetry is a place
for realness,

I feel like writing
a short story
about a utopian future

in which white cis-het males
are genetically engineered
to not have fingers

b/c
haven't they
said enough
already?!

We get it:

war is bad;
oral sex is not only
pleasant but worth
pontificating on (lengthily)

but it doesn't prevent
you from ultimately
dying anyway

ERGO

drink a whole bunch
or some shit;
car parts are interesting.

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

Fucking

A. Lynn Blumer

Give me a good one
For the comeback.
A piece of meat
I can rip off
Everything for—
Everything unnecessarily
Holding me back.
Hold me down.
Tie me up
For the sake of release.
That helpless moment
Feels like a shred of peace.
So give it to me, *please*.

Give me a good one.
Give me a foul mouth
& a cunning tongue.
Please, tell me again
Who's a little slut
& I'll back that ass right up.

Give me something black & blue
To remember you by
& I'll come every time.

Alive

A. Lynn Blumer

The Aurora bore one
I never expected to meet.
A red fire on the beach
& I felt like I was exactly
Where I should be.

He was a good one.
Fucking aside,
I found myself
Quick to confide.
He listened
& I no longer
Had to hide.

How sublime,
You lying beside me.
We shared a love
For words & your humor
Made me laugh & smile
In a way I hadn't
In a while.

Fuck, I'm still alive.
Every sacrifice was made
So I could stay
on the right line.
Line after line, my love
Of this particular grind.
How kind of you to remind me,
& also, how damn funny
Life can be.

Coming Clean

Arthur Graham

I'm sitting at
the laundromat,
and there's
this woman
scrubbing out
the machines.

At first
I assume
she works here,
but then she
starts running
several loads.

“Who the fuck
DOES that?”
I think to myself,
sitting here
typing
this poem.

It is then
I start to
think about
the month's
worth of sex
on my sheets.

piss on it
Arthur Graham

i'm gonna write this
fucking poem

I'M GONNA WRITE

THIS FUCKING

POEM

and then I'm gonna light it on fire
and piss on it

because that's all it's worth
anyway

victimless slime
Ezhno Martin

In case you were wondering
(and I'm sure more than a few are)
if you want to pound your pussy
with the backside of your hairbrush
and moan my name
or maybe grow your bush out
so you can tether paper-mache
effigies of Ezhno
to you sweetest spot

I'm more than ok with that
No need to feel ashamed
if you find yourself
grinding and gushing on pillowcases
you've duct taped high-gloss photos
of my face on
or writing my name on your vibrator
so you can watch *Ezhno*
slip inside you
Everybody likes to have a little sexy time with themselves
and it's no one's fault
so many people are dreaming of me
while they are doing it
including evidently
you
So remember
I'm a gracious goo fairy
I don't leave so little to the imagination
by any mistake
I take great joy
provoking puddles in your sheets
maybe I even get off sometimes
thinking about all that victimless slime
that's being made about me
so I make a little of my own
why would I stifle fantasies
just because it isn't meant to be in reality?

I mean
can you imagine
actually sleeping with everyone you'd ever thought about naked?

That's ludicrous
ludicrous like
the thought of Joseph Stalin personally strangling
35 million Russians because he couldn't stand the thought
of anyone else getting to do the deed
But
I like boobies
and big fat white asses
my computer
and multiple external hard drives
comprise the chubby chasers pornographic Library of Congress
and in my exhaustive search
I have probably seen you naked
or at least I like to pretend
so there is no shame
in cum fresh squeezed to fantasies of *strange*
we all have a spank bank
overflowing with people we never mean to bang
So slap it beat it twist it buzz it bang it yank it
taste your sweet slime afterwards
and pretend it's been mixed with my pimp juice
because when you are alone
anything goes
and it doesn't do me any harm
if in that sick head of yours
I'm being held down
while you and seventeen of your closest friends
take turns pegging me
while dressed like Rainbow-Bright Pegasuses

You make that Pearl Jam

And don't worry about it being awkward
when you see me in public
I do it too
I'm a chronic dreamer
so I've probably done it thinking of you

you could be ted bundy
Bren Newell

I'm outside the bar,
trying to summon a cab
with my device,
but the cabbie says
he's not in the area,
so I click off
and, fairly drunk, approach
a pair of college girls
sitting on the
curb—

“I'll give you forty dollars
if you give me a ride home.”

They laugh
and one of them
says, “I thought you were going
to pay us to make out.”

“That's not a bad idea,”
I say.

They ultimately
decline: “You look like a nice guy
but for all we know
you could be Ted Bundy.”

And they're right;
I could be Ted Bundy,
perhaps I'm a late bloomer—

Walking away
without sharing my obsession
with all things Ted,
that I've read every book
worth reading,
studied the man and
his crimes,

know the story up
and down and am
actually somewhat
of an authority.

Hell, I even write poems
about Ted,
some of which have been
published in small
underground
zines.

No,
I don't say a word about
any of this
before moseying off
to call a different cab,
feeling less like Ted
than ever,
disgusted by my utter lack
of charm and charisma.

He wouldn't have taken no
for an answer,
not in this parking lot
and certainly not later
when he removed his
mask.

Traveling the Range of a Male Thought
Bob McNeil

Brush my teeth with fluoride SEX
Gulp a cup of espresso SEX
Have a whole bowl of flaky SEX
Commute on the SEX bus
Wait through traffic jam SEX
Watch SEX walk down the street
Read The Daily SEX newspaper
Message passages about SEX
Enter the center of my SEX job
Go to my SEX desk
Turn on my SEX computer
Type my SEX
Swipe office supply SEX
File my SEX
Index my SEX
Answer calls about SEX
Twelve noon SEX break
Go to the SEX food restaurant
Eat a plate full of nutrimental SEX
Do not eat rotting SEX
Return for more of my SEX shift
Must complete that 9 to 5 SEX
Monday to Friday SEX
Cash my SEX check
Feel distress about the IRS on my SEX
Have a SEX drink
Party with relieved SEX colleagues
Look forward to Saturday SEX
Sleep in front of the premium cable SEX
Start chores for another week of SEX
Have a realization about SEX
7 seconds later, have another thought about SEX
And how it relates to SEX
Tell my lady that I have other thoughts
Besides SEX

Only for her to say, “Go SEX yourself.”

Valentine
Ryan Quinn Flanagan

My friend Shane picked me up
and drove to the flower shop
near Wickie's Pub
on Burton Avenue.
He picked out the flowers and the wrapping,
then it came:
you're good with words,
can you write something
that will get me laid
tonight?
Then I wrote something
and the saleslady
melted.
We picked up his girl from work
and she saw the flowers
and read the card
as I sat in the backseat
waiting.
She couldn't keep her hands
off him
the whole way home.
After they dropped me
back at my place on Jane Street
they drove off
to have some wild unprotected gorilla
Valentine's Day
sex
as I made my packet
of chicken-flavoured Mr. Noodles
for dinner
and was in bed
by 7.

well beyond my years
J.J. Campbell

i've never
taken a selfie

i've never
had a Facebook
account

i've never
found it
necessary
to take a
picture of
my food

my ego
doesn't believe
the world needs
to know when
i'm taking a
shit or when
i'm trying to
decide what to
get at the home
improvement
store

they told me
as a child i was
well beyond my
years

i suppose that is
still true

although i'm quite
interested in seeing
what this Tinder is
all about

I didn't want to be there anyway
Daryl Hall

Do you like to gamble?
He asked me
Only with my life, I answered
What do you mean?
Well every now and again
I like to switch on a plug
With wet hands or cross
Without looking
I suppose you think
That makes you sound
Tough? He asked
No, I answered, just
unlucky

Gaze
Audrey El-Osta

I see you,
staring at my tits.
So fascinated.
Nothing has changed
since last you looked.
It's always when I wear
a dress
made for a smaller chest
that I notice it, your eyes
burrow in.
I spill over,
warm water in a bathtub.

Do you wonder
how deep you need to dive,
how wide you need to spread me
open by
the ribcage to find my heart?

You have far to go
through my bare, naked armour

into me.

Mr. Androgynous
Ben John Smith

I don't want to be a man anymore,
but I don't really want to be a woman either.
But if I had to make a choice I'd
be a woman
Mainly so
I could
bitch
and moan
and not have my mates
call me a soft cock.
I want to wear
lipstick too;
Even in public once
that would be nice.
I want to order white wine
spritzers
and I want to listen to
Shania Twain
for GODS SAKE.
I want to put fruit
up my ass.
I want to put long,
thin fruits up my ass.
I could never
understand why women
didn't do that more often.
Put fruit up their pussy
I mean.
If I was a woman I'd be a fucking
Boost Juice.
I'd have all sorts of fruit in my ass.
...I'd be a fucking transgender blender.

the poem man
Ben John Smith

Sat down
late at night and
wrote two poems

They were both
shit

Drank a
whole bottle
out-of-date
port and
punched myself
in the side of the head

Until I
felt sick
and vomited
on the sofa

Wrote this poem
and went to bed

Woke up
and nothing had
changed

Nothing ever really does

the skeletons falling
J.J. Campbell

everyone is in
such a fucking
hurry

racing home to
a family that is
mere days away
from the skeletons
falling out of the
closet

to the daughter
that has a black
boyfriend in his
40's

to the son that has
recently discovered
his life is much more
entertaining with
cocaine

to the wife, the
undersexed whore
hoping the neighbor
would come over
one day and rip off
her yoga pants with
his monstrous cock

that's why you cut
me off on the highway

some people deserve
the pain

Leverage
J.M. Murphy

She walks from the toilet
to her table, a tasty young
blonde in black and white
with leather ankle boots,
wide thighs wrapped in tights.

A trail of soapy scent and
she takes her place across
the table from some dude
who's maybe 40, give or take,
and he's wearing a fuzzy early mustache,
black pants, and blue polo
shirt with oxford shoes.
He looks like he sells computers
or maybe cable company
business bundles, or perhaps
he supervises a sales force.

She's hanging on every word
because he's hiring and she's
right out of college with a
sociology degree and a pile
of debt and she *really really*
needs this job.

So it'll be his cock in her gob
tonight.

It'll be her dimpled thighs over his
hairy shoulders while he drives
it deep down into the mattress.

This man has leverage.

A Day at the Arboretum
Brian Hoffmann

I was probably real super drunk and it was
my idea that excited your cooperation
stripped naked at the tree

kissing, then we were having garden sex
in the city park in the earth sensual
clover

red and black bushes
and filling it up
it's a gas

a centaur in this center of you
smiling

and this bunch of loud goddamn kids
were on a field trip to see some botanical wonders
and good thing they didn't see us and point at us screaming loud
that would have been entirely awkward
and I would have lost my boner and nerve

and you would have to help me look for it
until I manage to find it in your mouth again
Oh! there it is!

Get lost you little jerks
we waited it out while
you squeezed my cock with
the muscle of your inner world
until the voices died down

we laughed
the sun came out and shone
through the trees
and shone with
shadows of that which leaves
dancing characters across your perfect breasts
girl theatre

a slight gust of wind brings a small leaf
to land on your white belly

Red Blood
Karina Bush

I want to fill a man up with me
Fill him right up
With red blood
To bursting point
To breaking point
His dick
His brain
His life
I want to stop his ability to think
Turn him into a primitive
Powered only by instinct
Give him back my obsession
Turn him into my rapist

Unchristian
Karina Bush

You want it dirty
My Prince
You'll get it
Pure filth
Uncleanable
Unchristian
Dirt on your soul
You have entered a bad place

I want punishment
For my condition
Spit on me
The cunt
Lash me about
Until our come
Is fucking everywhere
I hope it sticks our bodies together
I need to feel dirtier
Go down further
Than ever before

Keen

Christopher P.P. White

The toothpaste lid is off
And the excess goo
Is dried on the sink.
The bathroom mirror is stained
With hairspray and soap;
Her old underwear is strewn
Across the floor,
Soaking up all the tepid bathwater
Whilst I sit on the toilet seat
Reading her my poems.
As I recite her favourite one,
She parts her legs
And reaches
For her electric toothbrush,
Sliding it inside her
And sliding it out.

I can see her wriggling around
Like a suffocating cat
In a brown paper bag,
Except I hear her moaning loudly—
Full of life.
I feel some wet toes
Coming from her bare, stretched-out legs
Rubbing the tips
Of my knees as I get to the part
About the first time
We fucked—
The first time I made her cum
In a world before
Bed at eleven and meal plans
And nights in
Watching fucking Newsnight.

She shrieks like a banshee—
The toothbrush breaks
And she stops shaking.

There is more water on our floor
Than in the actual bath
But she is blissfully unaware
Of the mess she has made—
Both under my feet and between her thighs.
She manages to open her eyes
And refrain from biting her lip
To tell me that “the dog
Needs a walk around the block.”
The air is blue—
I am left
With an almighty boner
And the same sense of resentment
I've had for a very long time.
As I walk past her,
She grabs my dick and pulls
On it like a trucker's horn
Until I spurt white mess—
Like the toothpaste—
All over her bare breasts.
“There you go,
Now go walk the dog, sweetie.”

I'm not keen on our predicament
But I know it could be worse.
I write the poems
And she cooks the tea—
Life isn't about spontaneity and butterflies anymore,
It's more about routine and confusion.
Maybe it isn't toothpaste on the sink.
Maybe I write too many poems.
Maybe I should just go

And walk the damn dog.

The Flawless Getaway
Bill Wolak

You scoffed at love
delivering each
goodbye kiss
carelessly as a flick
of cigarette ash
tapped out of
a careening car's
passing window.

You devoted yourself
to every pleasure
escaping from one
embrace into another
like a thief always plotting

the flawless getaway.

Peppered Dress
in an Airport Bar
Kerney Bee

Oh Bloody Mary
You tantalizing whore
with your tall red dress
and the begging for more

Sips from you and your
peppered top
No. Yes. No. Yes.
Please don't stop
staying chill in my glass

As I raise you up
And swallow you down
And empty your spirit
to become one with my
blood and fly home

Saying Goodbye to Your Lover
Kerney Bee

Am I impressed, you ask?
Did my heart flutter and my knees get weak
at the moment your words met my porch
and my face heard you speak?

No.

I was actually surprised at how surprised I was actually not
that the sound of your voice put my stomach in knots.

I hate that they are square.

I hate to admit that I even care
that I hope that they'll loosen up soon.

Before sunrise would be nice.

Before all the colors try to sing me awake.

And nudge me to stretch and smile and turn over and...

I was waiting for the fall,

waiting for the landing.

Waiting for some deep deep dark understanding
between us.

That we could share and the us in us would know.

But there's nothing.

Just empty laughter that slides down the lawn with sprinkles of water
to move my thoughts to when I can get all this to end;

This idea that when you speak,
I'll hear the words that I so long for,
but gave up on hearing.

I guess I haven't completely given up.

I write a story about you again.

And my knees give
and I drop to the ground

when I think about hearing your voice one last time.

On my porch

with the wind

and the birds

And the god damn dog

And your ashes on my table.