



THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

PETER MAGLIOCCO

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THE UNDERGROUND
MOVIE POEMS

Maybe the Illiterate Demigods

Poets are the most pedestrian people of all:
They can't pretend to be Rock stars,
Wearing trendy garb & looking hip
Sporting Elton John sunglasses – no,
They are the everyday sorts you see
Looking like hell in supermarkets
Shopping for what might be a last supper.
From lips of bourgeois infidels
Streaming across minds of mad men,
The poets blend in with the crowd
& sing their songs in sotto voce
While mice & men wage war constantly
For the might of the illiterate demigods
Lusting for greater corporate oligarchy
To feed the mass media mendacity.
“But I’m not a poet,” you tell me,
“Just another whore jerking you off.
Don’t cry out at my illiterate hands
Caressing your balls while you pretend
To be jaded, in extremis ...”
My words don’t mean shit, I know that:
All the profound rhetoric we flood blogs
& the social media quagmire are negligible, I tell you;
It took you to find me a phony underneath
The spasm-moments of the void
Evacuating the sperm count of humanity
Crying out its language of lusts
In a nanosecond where your clit
Merged with the colossus of time,
Riddling me with your tonguing slit-
Vacuum (where the cum resides
In sweet syllables for the one night stand?).

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Give me one more head, Magdalene, then
I might learn the gospels of your lust
Written in the palm
Of your savior's bleeding hand.

A Bloody Mary

Now, if I go blind, how will I
Walk to the liquor store, see roses,
Or traffic lights for that matter.
I've got a "retinal vein occlusion,"
The ocular clot
Responsible for ongoing tears of blood
Befalling an aging eyesight's pall.

Now I don't give a shit.
I don't care if the caged bird dies.
I don't want more life insurance.
The terrorists can have it all;
I will post a sex-selfie tape of me
For one & all to see
On the nattering net. Of my fossil self!
Old man with a hard on for the damned,
Remembering our wedding & divorce
(& how I can't separate one from the other,
No way, never printing out the dirty emails
You used to send me in better days.
I don't have sex in the brain:
I have sex in the shower, you told me,
Jumping right in: who wore your wedding dress!
"Take it off you goddamn pervert!"
You cursed me tenderly, laughing though
The madness of the divine cunt rolled over your tongue
In words coming like a geyser of sex

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To puddle there as the cold water
Drowned our climax, you slurped champagne still
While demanding the sex reveal....
Thankfully your cell got waterlogged, fucked-up
Like we both were that night we couldn't see
The writing on the shithouse wall
That church of our watery sins drenched
By the truth of the capon's bloody prick
Uglier than a skinned headless rat you ate.

The Path of the Truly Divine

The Buffalo-babe died in the heart of darkness
Before his blighted mind could be rescued.
With his unruly dark hair & beard
He somehow resembled the bison
Giving rise to his nickname,
And died young one forgettable night
In the seedy environs of his home.
Your own death years later
(In Tijuana) reminds me of his:
You were both found with “medicine”
& bottles of booze all around the beds
You no doubt quietly expired on.
You were a babe with a dildo-prick
Who dressed like a man: creating
(For fun& occasional profit) found footage flicks
That you tried to post on Facebook.

Your own nickname so unmentionable,
It rhymed with many sounds unfathomable.
As was your hedonistic passion
Leading to your enigmatic demise
In that nondescript hotel room
Where a victim-spirit probably visited you,
Just before the pills fomented a rush
To whatever joyous peak they
Blended with that downer alcohol.

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You & the Buffalo-babe knew one another,
Somehow, for a transfiguring moment
In that gap between this life & the next,
When kindred natures find one another
In a conjoined mixture of the truly divine,
Far from animal beings or mortal men

The flesh gods rule us,
Barebacked with crimson kisses
We the barbaric slashing share.

In the Crucible of Sky & Sand

How do you paint the color of the erotic soul's flesh?
In Playboy photos
Your nude torso rides the ambient beach

Sand adhering to
Wild angular splendor
Of splayed arms, hair, & legs.

Nearby the sea's immense presence
Swallows the eye's pristine
Perception forever.

What ignites you, the grave current of a voyeur's
gazing?
It's Rimbaud's spirit as flesh
Coming towards us now,

In that brief moment
Unleashing the wind's lascivious caress
Around reflections of a rainbow

Your sun rays peek through, burning
Memories that violate
The trickster's vulva throne.

On a beach we never liked,
Still there's the cliché of myself your plasticized flesh
sodomized in.

Overexposure of Infidelity

Crime everywhere, bustle of lace
At your bare throat,
An innocent offering of skin
For straying street people's fingers
Wanting only our financial tips
In homeless pledge drives.
You're another white woman
Out of a Helmut Newton photo,
Heavy on sexual beauty
Showing your tattooed midriff
To hungry passers-by
I know would deliberately spill
Out your hot secrets
While we sidestep desert heat
Drinking cold beer at Kona Grill.
Not caring if your husband screws-up
After robbing some nearby liquor store
For cheap thrills,
Before the clerk pulls a pistol on him
To shoot into his heart of darkness
Just as we toast one another,
Taking the selfie
You'll delete from your phone
Later – when a stone-sober widow whacking off.

Mexican Beer

You know nothing matters
But you, the muse who comes and goes leaving me
Thinking about your song & dance performances.
The way your voice quavered
Above the sidewalk sounds,
Or how your fashionably booted feet drummed
Footsteps of doom in my jaded being.
You are the Shade time can't erase,
The karma chameleon who assumes
Whatever guise or form necessary
To affect me in some way.
At the supermarket as we shopped
The tacky cashier-bitch who totaled-up our groceries
Kept calling me Doll Baby; you didn't care,
Though her patronizing pissed me off.
Then when we got to my apartment
To drink bad beer I asked you to sing
Like Madonna, to swirl about
In your sexy new Victoria's Secret outfit
That cost too much, but you insisted
It made you stand out from the crowd.
I asked you to dance and go down on me
& you did all that, your blonde hair
Uncurling with sweat & your body
Swaying through a painful territory,

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

But Madonna wasn't there.
Or any Victoria's Secret model.
Only that damn outfit scattered
In colorful disarray, its thong
A purple-spotted rag
Tied around your throat
So the muse would never
Live to tell.

Eventually you fooled me again, coming
Back to say, "You know nothing really matters,"
Ghost-like,
Wondering where the worm was
At the bottom of the tequila bottle

I couldn't believe
One of us had killed
The other – with love
(or love hate perverted)

If I Could Live It

If I could live my life again in righteous fashion
It would be all around you, with ongoing sleazy light
Blazing over everyday meanings totally clear.
Unmistakably real, love justified by complete
Understanding of each other, building a trust for ages,
Seeing you every day for the first & last time.
Sculpting your features anew with fingertips
Searching out the mojo within your epiphany.
But all I have now in this cell are musty memories
Of us becoming more stagnant by the hour.
The cell becomes larger & I become smaller
Inside it without you or your personae.
Days are boring repetitions of a fading beacon
Beyond the horizon of a place without end
We once aspired to be: inside the infinity
Of the ineffable, somewhere within, or without
All the judgments of the orphaned world.
Beyond even your foreclosed domicile,
A fashion brothel in rainbow textures
Home invaders, hustlers, and all the other
Inexplicable losers crash in, from time to time,
For some luckless love in the piss factory.

Cinematic Outtakes

Cut to the sun, and bleached hairs yet lingering
In dry places, bypassing the beach.
“What if I were to tell you I did
The indescribable act, S.?”
With no resistance to my intrusive hands
Encircling the swan elegance of her neck.
Oxygen declined abrading her windpipe
While the day’s music wafted
Its desultory way
Through the ear-shaped whorls
Of broken sea shells beneath her.
“Did she scream?” (Pause; close-up of words
Reflected by a gigantic screen of vapor.)
Of course not: The jutting camera catches
Her mouth forming a perfect oval shape,
An aperture into the void, really,
As the murderous moment unfolds
With our act’s explicit defilement.
What imagery! The allusive physical
Forms merge somehow artistically
Within a violent content of filth.
“Art’s true definition, S.!”
All eyes lust to see it, of course,
Sans the police or media censorship.
Just as you do now, grabbing Godard’s hard-on,
Claiming you’re a better woman than any exquisite
corpse.

**Homage to Edie Sedgwick While Scrawling
Petroglyphs in a Beach Toilet**

Wondering why I'm even there in the first or last place,
Feeling along those obscenely plastered walls
Of gross sentiments willed to those evacuating
Their mental and/or bodily waste, tirelessly reading
Hand-carved limericks from some licentious luau
To walk through the environs time enslaves us in,
All the damp boxes or hexagonal cages yet
We curse the long night of being within.
The vision of her supercharged eyebrows
Radiating from the offal crevices of druggy play,
Like twin brown horizontal question marks
Both surprised & somehow forever surprising
Hover above her transfigured baby blue eyes
(& seeing nothing, really, but the life
Of an ongoing carnival freak show where
Everyday artists wrote nasty thought-balloons,
Just prayers for the damned, baby, over the residue
Of their encrypted but wasted lives).
With her etched blood dribbling tattoos
Into soft skins of hip being like papyrus
No one gives a damn about reading,
But translating her pre-dementia funk
Into the codex of forever vitiated flesh.
Her holy body our lecherous eyes devoured
Found a tactile solace on bristle of hypertext,
Her sex the murky portal for oblivious sunspots.

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

I watch endlessly the old underground movie show
With its retro-images of porn from another era
Bleeding us half-raw in a nutshell,
So shovel the dune-sands over us now
While we sleepwalk together
In xenophobic space,

I'm still video-taping the dead queen's heat signatures
With a broken lens
In her image.

El Greco's Brush in Close-up

What did El Greco see?
Painting the sinuously
Writhing body of Christ
Impaled on the cross,
Nearly naked & half-skeletal,
A master's brush rendered
The pathos of suffering,
One either inhuman or human,
Perhaps both.
As a fallen Catholic perhaps
It's better to avoid viewing
Such grisly crucifixions,
Holy though they might be.
These scenes were
Painted relentlessly
In serial fashion
From the Middle Ages on.
El Greco saw the writhing
Body of suffering
More clearly than Death
Itself,
& knew his creative brush
Resurrected a divine likeness
With each torturous stroke.
Much like my own brush now
Painting in blood the coming salvation
Her sex formed the perfect picture of.
Almost like a found footage close-up
Of Her divine lips sucking the sweet meat
Of something seen before passing out

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

Beyond the skeletal remains of love
The secret animus of life remains
Being born again & again

As our lust teaches us
To paint a cross of thorns
With a built-in glory hole

The Natural Aesthetic

Did Picasso really see, you wonder, looking
Into the eyes of beauty on the street,
An incandescent miracle of colors
Commingling on some afternoon's natural palette.
You will always be footloose
In Sitges, Spain, on any given day
Desultorily walking the seashore
Searching for valuable flotsam
To fuck or recycle.
But there are dreams when
You're walking bare-legged in Reeboks,
Your pet mongrel ambling alongside.
The dream is a hazy metaphor for despair,
You see homeless bodies on the street
With faces devoid of individuality,
Or even gender identification.
In the dream picture you're drowning
In swift currents now
Of unaesthetic weariness
Overtaking you, so with certainty
You wonder why the scenery is shadow-less
& the street simply not there really.
Just the dull colors of man-made blandness
Denying your vision a sight
Only the truly blind might see
Outside it, outside the sprockets
Of old yearning framing it

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

As you yearn for the night
To strike a match in,
Enlightening the sex
Of the woman coming
To life – next to you –

Like the manikin in a Beverly Hills
Shop window you broke into,
Many years & dreams ago –

Reaching into the plastic body's nexus
To find your own skin
A lifeless cover too.

Say a Prayer for My Stark Wonderland

The world cringes from moral beauty
& summarily seeks to kill it.
“Unfortunately, moral beauty in art –
Like physical beauty in a person –
Is extremely perishable,” wrote Sontag.
T.V. media talking heads recite
The litany of an extended ugliness
Overtaking you like a bad dream
In the immoral spaces we inhabit.
Our bourgeois sanctity, the common ground
Teeters daily with allegiance to the bad.
Tupac’s ectoplasm rises nightly unnoticed
From the street he was gunned down on
Across from the MGM Grand in Vegas.
Hey baby, listen to the dogs bark tonight,
& say a prayer for my stark wonderland
Before right-wingers ignite fireworks
For the happy birthday of Trump clones
Burning you’re amoral beauty to ash.

Noir Again

Unless you're adventurous, there is never
Any need to ride in an old car,
Nor ride a wobbly mountain bike
Over treacherous terrain
Where jackrabbits leap about mockingly.
Breaking from the form of my shadow
A myriad rainbow sheds its colors
To dissolve beyond our sage molecules.
All right: this quiet epiphany
Is like a ten minute work break
From mapping the world of darkness
Shrouding us in vain.
And your voice, the caterwaul of farewell
With that chanted bird's echo long gone?
"Forget me, bitch," you said, singing
Those hip-hop rhymes
While brandishing
A steel-tipped solution,
Cutting my figure out
From a digital blood pool
The color of another darkness.

Strange Brew

I wonder what Whitney
Was thinking when
She sank in that bath tub,
Her brown eyes blue
& dilating from her cocktail
 Of potent drugs

Nude in her frizz
 Of frothy waters
She retreated into ultimate
 Zen hopefulness,
Dreams hallucinating within
 Sprockets,
Musical streams washing
 Away her mind
& bedraggled mentality

She sang her songs for
All the godless drunkards
& that great deaf audience
 Of silent lovers

Like us, pulling her back
 Into the dregs

Ms. Typo Divine

I've been poisoned by the small press:
Editors, poets & writers have affected me
In ways only the misbegotten feel
Whenever your brain short-circuits
Into a quagmire of non-existence.
Their words have stung
& burned away mental barriers
To ongoing poetic transactions.
Stolid sexless poets especially
Enflame the gray & blue matters
As the aging male editor
Gone to barleycorn's seed
Tries to daily dry out.

“We must make order of the universe
Nonetheless – despite our human errors –
& find the dawn of reason
Beyond the yowls of arty poetics
Infesting our brain-baggage.”
Who told me this?

A dying sexless poet, of course,
In this hypocritical way
Being a bitch to the end.

Dracula's Imposter Spoils Her Bath

Was there anything
In the guise of lost happenstance
(Or in that vulgarity in your face)
As you stripped away
That boutique clothing
Festooning your celluloid ass,
To reveal the body's essence
Of figurative folly, of course
Now denuding you even more
When I painted your breasts
That night in the arbor tub,
Wildflowers engulfing your pussy
Under the scent of lilac?
Bold brushstrokes invaded
As color rained unnaturally,
Just like children having orgasms
& the skin's torn bloom
Unfurled crimson homage to
Greedy night creatures outside
Waiting to drink your blood
Of decaying flesh like cock roses.

The Blue Cocktail

Tell me why I've hung around all these years
When there's nothing but time out of mind
To drive me into a stagnant fix,
All the impenetrable facts of slow doom
Now merge to envelop us
Into a musty corner where
Our lives only mildew.
How can it even mean anything?
If another starlet has a drug overdose,
Her modus operandi has just soured
With nothing to change it for better.
Maybe her boobs were nice (the starlet
Who overdosed taking
Her last selfie) according to Twitter
Posts sent out by her fans,
Just before she took the drug
Cocktail of all blue cocktails,
& left for a higher plane.
No more stagnancy of life for her,
No more corner mustiness
With mortal fears lurking quietly.
Only her impoverished fans remain,
Blue & bereft of what once gave them
A reason not to look into the cracks
Of a hollow place where shadows
Make it too dark to drink deep pee.

Tangled in a Portal of Desire

The enraptured moment signals full flight
Around the fait accompli your smile betrayed
When we realized our world fell grimly
Apart with each flesh segment buzz
Detailing barbarous acts committed
Under the vise of our surrogate fingers
Whisking through inebriated wastelands
Ruled by the insect inheritors inveigling
Old lingering debris & dusty come-ons

For a bent fading vision infatuating you
Implodes itself through summer nights
Tangling emerald avenues of hope
Still extant in a cyberspace of scenes
We yearn to spin adrift in untimely
Esplanades of the uncut diamond
Sutra for our beginning coupling
Against your mottled background
Defacing spray-painted nudes!

(As we smile at genitalia wonderland
Wrought by a mind-scraped coursing ken
Of your sultry long model legs cracking vaults
Of a lost cum imprisoning us)

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

Screaming to be let back into the night
Where your hope strokes testicular desire
We cringe at the bay door of restless light
The gatekeeper emerges from regarding us
With no-thought he perished long ago
He now sings epiphanies of rare entrancing
To murder young flesh for amorous ends
He brings down the curtain on drama queens
While unzipping his fly the wind whispers Mary

The Vacationing Visionary

In sea-borne natal excrescences
The waves unfold like hot Latin names
In a wind-blown dictionary.
On your tongue sand particles linger
From twisted sex in the dunes
With Rimbaud's ghostly mermaids:
One long dead, the other recently
Casual victim of a fatal assault.
And there roiling with total abandon
They taste your body's tawdriness
On a Spring break's getaway day,
Leaving you a spent memory
For no one, not even the terns pecking
At your blue eyes dashed on the littoral.
Radio Rock & Roll sounds now accompany
Your forlorn last spectacle: a spool
Inside a bigger reverie, the vision of
A postcard's picture deity watching all,
Munching popcorn on a faraway cloud
He's being blown by your doppelganger
Who looks better in hot pink than you...

Disappearance of the Body

Once I knew when time began
Each hour for me, like a bell
Ringing out

The fully conscious moment
Of an oversexed satori.

That's what drugs will do,
I told myself.

It was in West Berlin, 1986,
Filming along flat city streets
Somehow reminding me of L.A.;
And it was in Saarbrücken, 1970,
Or forever for that matter,
When your youth indestructibly
Lays claim to immortality.

Now, years or decades later,
I realize it was all a lie.

Though illusion is strong
As truth sometimes,
& ignorance strives to overcome
Boundaries of self-knowledge

Leaving you
Wide awake
In a coffin

With your balls
Just a vanishing
Still-life

When Lolita Lusted for Scooby-Doo

Long gone to seed & animated flicks,
Lolita's sister (in the dreary light,
Just before dusk takes us) trying desperately

 To comfort me,

In her harsh beauty & conning airs

 Beyond nubile age,

When Lolita left me dreaming
Of her svelte girlish beauty & body

Once my adult hands trespassed

In the dust clouding my eyes & ears

There loosened old lyrics into lewd panting

 Our Lolita fled from.

Her sex toys left behind in a censored nursery

Her sister's barroom laughter intruded

To bring me back from constant sorrow.

In her dolls' house with lusting echoes

There lingered Tiger Beat mags & Twinkies

To make me swoon

 In a sudden fit of longing ...

Far gone to seed & bad dreams

Nothing can bring back concupiscence

 To fantasize the deflowering

 Of my cartoon sex slave.

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

Heartbreak Tattoo

The problem of my stray fucking caress:
How I wish to imprint
 It, without
Undue difficulty (in the light of digital close-up's blur):

To that solace of your breasts.
To the skin wherein
Fingerprints impress
Their refulgent
 Heat
All over again, all over

The crafted chest bone
Linking metaphor
To cosmic flux,
& the skull's apex (now transgressed by "dirty words"
only):

Let me defile Fate's skin
Like a sultry stalker in a refectory for the literally
licentious;
Let these fingers unfold the sex bling
Of your bluesy sway, listening to your
shoplifted rhythms
Your svelte curvature deepens

Where all tactile moments wait
To thrust us into
 The erotically invisible
Heartbreak tattoo you leave me,
Beneath veins & boneless verbs forever

The Adam & Eve Syndrome (in copulating couplets)

There in our long historic decay
The succubus of time drains us

With an insatiable cruelty
Reserved for the lowest of beasts

Taunting our naked bodies
With punishments of disease

Wearing away entwined genitals
Into hollow infertile nubs

No longer capable of sustaining
Any reproductive sex harvest

That once swam in seed driven
To join our future fortunes

Together beyond cold remnants
Implanting our dead babies

Future generations discard so
Better to forget the night then

Of our copulation's toiling musk
Once officially patented by Faberge

But now condemned outright
As an offending inhibition

Since anime angels can't screw
In anything now but snuff flicks

Deep in Lolita's Cleavage

Some will pass for the colorless dead
As you walk in some forsaken guise now
Of old notoriety, passing sentence on us
While cursing the sweet scent of shadows.
Cinema drag queens will greet us
Without a qualm, knowing how
Your fame spread from porno
Videos banned because you were
A seductive minor in adult orgies,
So much the rage of the trending sluts
Barfing cum beyond back fences
The captive pigs of Disney muck in,
Never seeing the old child in you
Wanting to avenge your used frivolity
Spraying cool genitals with Taser guns
Before, of course, the dark messiahs
Conceive nothingness in virgin wastelands
Equaling that void of STD memories
Housed in your body's soiled temple.
Soon I'll be a vanquished hostage
To their carnal misfortunes also
Dealt to you and your fucked-up lover,
Shitting goldbricks as you clutch ragdolls
To your surgery-scarred floppy boobs
Bearing his tattooed penis dimensions.

Austere Cantata #2

What chance to fuck you now in profane hours when
The hoary pundit refuses to allow you to –
Whenever my name is mentioned?
To go beyond his erudite desire
& enhance the last female essence of you,
Before He-or-Lesbos can forbid it
For an eternity of celibate lifespans.
To free us from that austere cantata
Bring me your pubis organ drumming
In velvet hue & cry tonight,
Now foiled between your legs
A Greek-fed tongue can't lick.
Bring me your electronic nipples
(& old forgotten sex epistles!)
To hover over the trebled mass
Of those terrorist victims' faces
You turned away from (in heat)

Before retreating into the ladies loo
To ponder your “transudations,”
& pray for your non-existent soul
With cowards of anti-wonderlands?

As if elementary primal beats
Could be far from us, our ears now
Probed by the narcotic instruments
Your obsolete sex organ is still-born in:

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

As if fucking was the definition of destiny
You let your orgasmic blood run thru,
Before kissing my dick into abeyance

No one but birds heard
Falling from your sky into light years
Of raped silence

**Absolution in a Dive Bar's Mirror When We
Were the Sex Cannibals**

Spring brought us down,
Wrenching its way thru downtown L.A., leaving leaves
behind us.

A bare edifice of the forgotten arboreal sex temples
Eventually giving way to concrete, yet we strode
With derelicts across the sanguine remains of gang
shootings

Where sacrificial & unknown victims lay fucked to
death.

Drink another toast to those who gave to us

Unquiet peace for a short time, even the maniac
Cutting off his wife's breasts & sending them to old
lovers,

Before he let the feral cats nibble at their succulent
softness.

The heat soured us with airborne summer's stench
Pouring out of the sodomized rear

Of the greatest porn star

Trying to sue Trump for alien child support

& stuffed noses of those paying homage

To the corrupt gods of international commerce.

When fall winds blew us away I ate

The leftovers of your essence,

A vision of what the mind's stomach

Cannot digest or see

As the space of eternity implodes tonight

THE UNDERGROUND MOVIE POEMS

In infinite jests of particle lust
With indecent infatuating ill manners
To produce the elemental crudeness
In your one big glory hole of a brain
The pederast priest seeks forgiveness
In the shape of a bloody prick fest
He confesses to (in)-humanity's sins
Peddling his custom made salvation
In three easy credit card payments
But the glory hole still remains
Vacuous as original sin forever
In the eye of the drunken beholder
Blinded by your cutting dildo-knife
You become the goddess of edible sex
In his shit-for-brains confessional head

Please Don't Strangle the Sex of Sentient Beings

The glad fascists live everywhere
In the den of plastic iniquity
I see the savage state's foreclosure
Surrounded by louche supermarkets
& streets of wayward wend
Mapping nowhere latitudes
For their lost journeys to end
Which is always a past beginning

Holding precious side-arms
Like amulets of virulent design
They search for America's victims
To entrap, kidnap, hold in sex slavery
With R. Kelly sodomizing thru endless daze
Never-ending in shuttered rooms
Only cable T.V. relieves hung-over gloom
Pierced by silver cinema beams hope yet glimmers

In movies depicting more dashing fascists
Doing just what the retro-fags did:
Counterparts in one nefarious complicity
For stars win Oscars depicting lowlifes
Who entrap, defiling all the innocent
Children chained in cells dissolving
Nothing here can save or protect
Before they resume crucifying sex stars

Peter Magliocco writes from Las Vegas, Nevada, where he occasionally edits the lit-'zine ART: MAG. He's been previously a Pushcart Press and Best of the Net nominee for poetry, and has work in online and print publications like BINDWEED MAGAZINE, PRACHYA REVIEW, PINK LITTER, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, ODDBALL MAGAZINE, BARRIO PANTHER, I AM NOT A SILENT POET, MIDNIGHT LANE BOUTIQUE, and elsewhere. His latest poetry book, *Go to the Pain Lovers*, is from Duck Lake Books in 2020.