



SEX DOLL GUMBO  
RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN  
& CATFISH MCDARIS

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ISBN: 9798385866922

*All of Catfish's words are true. They are hypnotic. They will make you want to drink cocaine and snort mezcal until you weep blood and eat gumbo with lots of hot sauce. Or some bullshit like that, sort of like writing a blurb for your own book.*

—CM

*All Ry's words are cracked out yummy mummies gathered 'round the bird feeder. They will make you want to vomit into the mouth of some gumbo-crazed megaphone, chanting that great Cat Stevens' mantra — the first slut in the cheapest — while hanging midgets over your door like stubby screaming mistletoe out of season.*

—RQF

*Special thanks to our authors, our readers, and everyone else who has worked to make **Horror Sleaze Trash** the place to be for underground voices in literature. And also your mom. Can't forget to thank your old mom.*

—AG

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### SAGA OF JUANITO CATFISH MCDARIS

Gringo Grenade

2

A Real Bad Day

4

Rejection From Burning Cocksucker Review

5

Red Phone Booths of London

6

Post Office Gig

7

It's a Federal Case to Fuck Up the Mail

8

Cherry Lipstick and Chanel #5

10

Eagle Killer

11

Vagina Burger

12

Licking the Stripper Pole

13

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Wonder Hole

14

A Million Names And Yet None of Them Fit You

16

William S. Burroughs Down Mexico Way

17

Edvard Munch Quit Screaming  
and Get the Fuck Out of My Dreams

18

Drawing the Line

19

Hot Pussy

20

And Her Eyes Made Love to Him

21

Hotel Milwaukee

22

Encounter on the #15 Bus

24

Pickles and Candy Bars

25

Moonlight Blue Thunderbird

26

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Even Death Can Make a Mistake

28

Cinnamon Orgasmafuck

29

The Lunatic

30

The Rapist

32

Shitty Eggs

33

The Red Spot of Jupiter

34

The Laws Of Gravity And Friction

35

Friends with Benefits

36

The Shoplifter

38

Burn It All the Fuck Down

39

Ugly Love is Beautiful

40

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cooking Dead Stuff

42

Straitjacket Masturbation

44

Piñata

46

The Sky is a Gun Barrel of Loneliness

48

Sex Doll Gumbo Pt. 1

49

The Asteroid

50

Astonishment

52

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## ALPHABET SOUP

RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN

Trojan Horse

54

99 Virgins, But Mary Ain't One

55

Tooth Parade

56

Jack-o'-Lanterns Leaning into Cars

57

Another Night at The Milk

58

Fist Fucking a Wall Not Named Wailing, Great or Berlin

61

Up-skirt Sirens

62

Maggot Fluffer

63

Fear Bucket

64

The Devil Wears Nada

65

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

You Bring the Tin, I'll Be the Foil

66

Engine Block Custard

67

7/11 Chardonnay

68

Beef Curtains and the Vegan Hustle

71

Humidity Dick

72

Double Dribble

73

Do You Like the Music of Pete Cigar?

74

Ox Breath Chanting

76

John Denver Butterflies Fall Out of the Sky,

Back Down to Hairy Caterpillar Earth

77

Ground Penetrating Device

78

Irving Berlin Bleaches His Asshole Next Tuesday

79

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Creatine Powder Bitch Tits  
80

Valentine  
81

Whipping Boy  
82

Farce Brigade  
83

Squirters  
84

Adventures in Gangland  
86

Bed of Nails  
88

Sewer Monkey  
89

Pus Bunny  
90

Blue Gym Mat Intervene  
91

Like the Phantom of the Opera on Crack  
92

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Submarine Guano

94

Work-Related Injury

95

Mississippi Mean

96

No Way Around the Only Way

98

A Shitlicker Named Brown Out and Basement Sex Store  
Attire with Zippers that Do Down in the Back

100

Sex Doll Gumbo Pt. 2

101

Alphabet Soup

102

SAGA OF JUANITO  
CATFISH MCDARIS

## Gringo Grenade

Juanito was listening to The Rolling Stones song, Star Fucker, it sounded like Johnny B. Goode with some curse words thrown in. He had John Fucking Wayne on the boob tube killing Indians and Mexicans from a flaming wagon traveling hell bent for leather across Monument Valley. I thought oh shit, here it comes, Juanito got out his Chicago typewriter case, unpacked his Thompson submachine gun and laid four hand grenades on the coffee table.

Every time “The Duke” killed a Comanchero, he played like he was obliterating his cowboy ass, complete with mouth made burp gun sound effects and grenades with the pin left in, rolled under the television. “Did I ever tell you that I’m a direct descendant of Quanah Parker, the last wild half Comanche?”

“Only more times than I count,” I replied.

“Well fuck you then, I won’t waste my breath on a common asshole New Mexican.” He fired up a joint and it started popping and fire was falling all over his shirt.

“Did you forget to take out the seeds and stems?”

“That’s boogers and cunt hairs from a nun, I threw in for flavor,” he explained. “Did you go out with that Canadian lady again? The one that says ‘Give me a dozen beers’ instead of a twelve pack. Her eyes are deeper than a blue jay fart. I wish she had a twin sister,” Juanito said.

“Claudia is a combination of an angel, a Tasmanian she devil in the sack, and a glamorous old time Hollywood movie star. Do you feel me?”

“Yea, it’s all good, you lucky motherfucker. You can step in a pile of dog shit up to your ankle and still come out smelling like a petunia.”

I took several tokes and held them in. “You want to hear my latest poem?”

Juanito nodded in assent.

## A Real Bad Day

Ms. Convenient Fuck #1 left  
an anatomically correct  
inflatable woman on my porch

I watched a ladybug crawl into  
the round orifice between its legs  
Ms. Convenient Fuck #2 mailed

Me a dirty magazine, a jar of  
petroleum jelly, and a box of tissues  
Ms. Convenient Fuck #3 arrived

Two hours later for dinner, with  
hickeys up and down her neck, she  
proclaimed her love for #1 and #2

I decided to squash the ladybug.

## Rejection From Burning Cocksucker Review

Dear Poet,

Sorry, but my Russian  
Wolfhound, Dostoyevsky  
ate and defecated all the  
submissions for Issue #3,  
the smell and smear damn  
near killed me.

Was your poem about  
catching your brother  
cornholing his buddy while  
watching Andy Griffith?

Or was it the one about Sandpaper  
Sally, the chick with scabs in her  
vagina? Or the nuns with the dildo  
and splinters? Please resubmit.

Having never heard of any  
of this, I poured a glass half full  
of icy vodka, squeezed a lime in  
and drained it. The mirror smiled.

The cinnamon moon was  
a slice less than full, shining  
through the web in the window,  
where two buzzing flies struggled  
as a centipede slowly joined them.

## Red Phone Booths of London

When he first discovered pussy, he felt like Columbus.  
He touched death and she spread her legs, using  
red phone booths in the London fog calling Jack

The Ripper, we have a clown here that needs to be  
grabbed by the pussy and a strange dead animal on  
his head, flung into the streets and put into a cage,  
paraded for greedy treachery like Ezra Pound.

Juanito got so sick of Trump's lies, he thought,  
vamosos. "Sally," he called, "put on your slinky spaghetti  
strap aubergine dress and ambrosia pill box hat. I'll get

My pork pie and double 9's. It's time to make a with  
drawl and head down Mexico way. We'll smell the  
sea and taste tequila and mota, as we watch the sun  
vanish into the Pacific on the 3rd stone."

## Post Office Gig

A regular job kind of sucked shit through a straw in Juanito's opinion, but he needed some steady legal income to keep the tax man at bay. He got in at the post office, it was as boring as a macramé class. He still had his weed gigs and worked as a roadie and light show man for several bands in the region. Juanito cut lots of farts and blamed lots of innocent people. There was this bleach blonde boss with a big ass that wore tight jeans, she was known as Camel Toe. Her pussy sucked those jeans up snug giving her the old camel toe impression. Juanito worked on a letter machine with a cute little Asian lady that wore short skirts and no panties. He'd fingerfuck her off and on all night long, until Camel Toe caught him in the act. She told him she needed a couch moved at her new apartment after shift and he had to help or she'd report him. Juanito knew he was in for a major fuckfest. They got to her apartment and she grabbed his crotch, unzipped him, got down on her knees and started sucking. He shot his load in her eyes and nostrils and stripped her down. He licked her pussy and she started moaning and groaning and bucking like a wild alligator, she was on fire, her tongue came out and eyes were rolling around in her head. She screamed, "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh." This annoyed Juanito so much he flipped her around, sat on her mouth, and kept farting until she passed out.

## It's a Federal Case to Fuck Up the Mail

The post office let all the clerks be mail carriers for one day. My assignment was to drive around and empty all the deposit boxes in a certain section of the city. So I followed my map and went from box to box and emptied all the letters and small packages into the back of the blue jeep. It was mundane, but it got me out of the building for a change.

I'm driving along and I see a shapely brunette walking a small dog. She waves me down and asks for a ride. I know this is against regulations, but I like her pink toenails. "Hop in babe," I tell her. She has her dog on her lap, her blue dress starts scooting up her long legs. I soon figure out she has no panties on. I grab the dog and toss it in back, so I can get a better view. Looking in back the dog is pissing all over the mail.

"Do you want to bury your bone?" she asks, as she plays with herself. I pull over on a shady stretch of pavement. She's got her tits out and dress up and yanks my pants around my ankles. The dog takes a shit on somebody's birthday card. I get it in and start really working and this giant rat jumps out of nowhere and grabs the dog by the throat. The dog is getting murdered and the woman is screaming and this just turns me on more. I'm trying to bust both nuts into heaven.

The woman and what's left of the dog jump out of the jeep, half naked she attempts to beat on the rat. The rat jumps back in the jeep, landing on my dick, clawing and chewing and I erupt all over everything.

The woman starts running down the street but drops the dog. I try to chase her down, but end up running over the dog, killing it. I gather up the dog waffle and later throw it in a mailbox I had emptied before. The woman is a ghost.

I figure, I've fucked a beauty, got blown by a rat, made breakfast out of a dog and mailed it. In the process I committed, the number one postal sin, defacing the mail. I drove back to the post office.

The dock boss asked me how my day was.

“It was kind of boring, but not too bad.”

## Cherry Lipstick and Chanel #5

She was 40 and I was 16  
Long lacquered fingers lowered my zipper  
I was in heaven and almost creamed my jeans

She fished it out and started wiping  
it up and down each powdered cheek  
Talking baby talk to it as it grew  
long and hard in her hands

Lowering her cherry red lips  
over the head, she blew and sucked  
Nibbling and tonguing the piss hole  
My nose started running, my asshole twitching

She played my skin flute like a virtuoso  
I held back as long as I could

My ears popped as  
I gushed into her greedy mouth,  
ripping out a fart in the process

I was sure I'd just shit all over  
the front seat of her Cadillac

She wiped her lips and sprayed her mouth,  
fixed her hair and lipstick

Smiling she gave me a kiss

I said, "Thank you, Auntie"  
Got the lawnmower, started it  
and finished her front yard.

## Eagle Killer

I made a bald eagle die  
once after McDonald's,  
I was in a glass  
elevator in Chicago

My wife and daughter  
were with me and they  
almost passed out

Well dressed women  
got on the elevator,  
screamed and sprayed

Perfume, that pissed me  
off, so I tried to fart every  
three floors, when we got

To Michigan Avenue the  
elevator opened and an eagle  
happened to be flying over-

Head, it plummeted to the  
ground temporarily stunned,  
the women trampled it to death.

## Vagina Burger

Juanito hated the day,  
the night was much friendlier

He had a good lady,  
might've been the best,  
the forever woman

But sometimes she made  
Juanito do stuff he disliked,  
like going food shopping

Kids running wild, eating boogers  
Men scratching their nuts, watching women  
fill carts with food, soap, and toilet paper

One area of the store  
was designated for alcohol  
Big enticing beer displays  
Hard liquor lined shelves,  
all sizes of bottles in stock

Juanito enjoyed studying the feminine  
hygiene products: tampons, sanitary  
napkins, and all the vagina  
related goodies

At times, he felt like a dickhead,  
choking on a quarter-pound  
vagina burger.

## Licking the Stripper Pole

Maybelle said, “Juanito-man, you should start selling wigs door to door, I know ladies that love fake hair. You could come to my domino and bid whist hall, the ladies would eat your white ass with a fucking spoon. What do you say?”

Juanito said, “There ain’t no pain with John Coltrane, baby. I’m no maniac milquetoast eating mulligatawny soup. I like to make love and shred time with out injuring eternity and listen to the wind.”

They lined up, panthers pacing in stiletto heels in pools of tears, drinking cocaine in the kaleidoscope rain. Licking salty limes and drinking mezcal straight from the bottle.

When Juanito left three days later, the queen of cool was on his hook. He had a pocket full of C-notes. He’d shaved lots of peaches and licked more than he cared to comment on.

His geisha cowgirl was using a blowtorch on his triple beam, she had no love or pity in her heart.

## Wonder Hole

*There ain't no jackoff compared to that wonder hole ~ Charles Bukowski*

Juanito never thought he'd be selling wigs to soul sisters, but life throws lots knuckle balls and rocks. The Korean folks he worked for were good people, but didn't have the gift for gab, plus they loved to eat garlic. Their breath could make your eyes water and skid stains in your undies.

After the lady dropped a .45 on the floor on Juanito's second day of work, he kept his eyes wide open. She came back awhile later and bought a wig and an extension from Juanito, it happened to be the day he started getting paid on commission. It was a nice score, the lady asked him if he needed a piece. Juanito said always, she meant her semi-automatic. Juanito said he'd take both.

He waited until the Koreans went to lunch and took her in the backroom and ravaged her. Juanito ate that pussy then fucked her like Big Leroy breaking in a punk in Alcatraz. There was no tomorrow, yesterday, or future, only a sex machine gone haywire. That black woman screamed, "Bloody fucking murder, fire, rape, son of a bitch, you're the devil, you white motherfucker. The way you do sex is a dirty sin." She gave him the .45 and left before his bosses got back, she came back a week later with a friend, they asked Juanito about some hair and a piece. "What do you have in mind ladies?" "Can you handle us both? We have a .357 magnum and a 9-millimeter." "Let's get a room nearby."

They climbed into their Lincoln and cruised to a liquor store for some libations. On the television was a fat chick telling Dr. Phil she'd lost one hundred pounds in one week. He told her she must've been cutting off body parts. Things got funky freaky fast. After a couple of hours, they were both sauced and snoring. Juanito wrapped his new shooting irons in a towel and got the plastic bag from the bathroom trashcan. He stopped in a bar on the way home and saw a ferret chained to a pool table. He asked what they fed it, a lady said the poor thing only eats Captain Crunch cereal. Juanito bought the ferret for twenty dollars, he had no idea what to do with it. Maybe he could teach it to eat snatch.

## A Million Names And Yet None of Them Fit You

The poet bitches said I was  
a flirt, a player, a thief in the  
night, trying to steal their hearts

Maybe they were correct, but  
none of them really knew me,  
I'd never eaten their food or  
pussies or brushed my teeth  
smelling them, while they  
took nasty shits and piss squirts

When my madness engulfed  
me in demonic quicksand, I  
ate death, but she spit me out,  
just as they did, into the sink

I have crawled and begged, but not  
again, I have changed and don't  
recognize myself at times anymore

Now it's flying bloody banshees  
screaming snowmen melting,  
chunks of lapis lazuli, pockets

Full of sand dollars, dragonflies  
still alive in amber, empty  
unwrapped fortune cookies.

William S. Burroughs Down Mexico Way

Woke up in Tequila outside Guadalajara  
Hungry and thirsty stumbling in the Sahara  
A skinny puta took all my bread  
I couldn't shake beauty out of my head

Got a job picking chili peppers, no gloves  
at all, had to piss, the señoritas all fell in love  
laughing as I set my dick on fire they said  
use salt to cure it, I wrapped flour near the head

The tortilla full of briny white powder  
jerked like monkey eating clam chowder  
the crew laughed so hard at my gringo taco  
a fat lady farted and gave me a big juicy kiss  
she took me home and I went to piss

I climbed out the window and ran down the street  
a roadrunner carrying a rattler left me behind  
feeling pretty good I hit a pulqueria just to unwind  
there was William S. Burroughs digging a beat.

## Edvard Munch Quit Screaming and Get the Fuck Out of My Dreams

I slash his throat and hands with my machete, as the scream escapes, I cut it into thin slices and deal them like a deck of tarot cards, then I wake up. Some nights it's playing chess with Elvis and I wake before I checkmate the king. Or I'm a phrenologist and feeling the lumps on Hitler's head before shoving a grenade in his mouth. Sometimes the night gathers me up in its arms and I listen to the mermaids whisper and laugh. Or the continuous sex of knocking boots with beautiful twin sisters, they decide to treat me down and doggie. They make me a nasty sandwich, by wiping their ass on bread, spitting on the cheese, blowing boogers in the mustard, jerking out some pubes for the lettuce and slicing dog doo for the main ingredient and covering it with salsa. It's not as bad as it sounds. They let me shave their armpits and vaginas and lick them baldy clean. Then I take them to Benihaha's Café, this Asian dude slaps steak and onions on a hot grill and fashions the pile into a tiny steamboat and manipulates it across the heated surface, making it puff smoke rings. He then divides it and flips it into our bowls with rice in soy sauce and does some tricks with chicken and shrimp. Tossing the salt and pepper shakers up in the air and catching them on top his chef's hat. I go to the can and come back and he's dropped down on my girls, playing Ring Around Tokyo Rosie. When he gives me the bill, I need an ambulance and an armored car. I just wish I could melt.

## Drawing the Line

My mom was a neat freak,  
she organized my porno  
collection by date and  
alphabetical order

She kept it well dusted,  
but when she started  
pulling apart the pages  
that were stuck together,

I had to draw the line.

## Hot Pussy

My lady's female friends always came over for gab fests and ate all our food and drank most of our beverages, which irritated me. The worst thing was they stayed until late into the night and took forever to say goodbye. They were always going to the bathroom to powder their noses, so to speak.

This gave me a brilliant devious idea on how to cut their visits short. I went online to the Lava Co. and ordered Thai Dragon Powder and Bhut Jolokia Red Powder, two of the hottest peppers there are. I diluted the powders with flour and rubbed them in a roll of toilet paper before my lady's next party. I hung my trap and waited for the results. It wasn't long before most of the women were squirming and corkscrewing, trying to dry rub their burning crotches on the couch. They were soon grabbing their purses and heading for the door. I was trying to hide my ear-to-ear grin from my quizzical lady. She knew something was up but couldn't quite figure it out. When she went upstairs for her shower, I switched the paper and got rid of the burning evidence and scrubbed the toilet seat.

I sat down and laughed like hell and read my book by Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, *The Good Earth*. I couldn't help pondering why John and Martha Truman named their son, Harry S. and the S. stood for absolutely nothing.

## And Her Eyes Made Love to Him

They ran barefoot through the yucca,  
prickly pear, goat head stickers, and  
mesquite like a monster was after them

Sniper told her he loved her, his heart  
was destroyed, limping away, she shot  
him the finger, he wondered if it was

His intelligence quotient or hers, she  
was pissed, earlier they'd been shopping  
for new panties for her and an umbrella

A six-year-old boy was with his attractive  
mother, they walked by a well endowed  
mannequin in an aquatic avocado bikini

He jerked the bottom of the suit to the  
floor, Sniper cracked up laughing and  
blurted out, "Way to go, little man."

He grabbed the half-dressed dummy and  
sprinted from the store, a fat security  
guard gave chase, Sniper and Valentina

Lost their sandals, he circled back for  
their El Camino, the cops were waiting  
with steel bracelets, he hoped it would

Be for a short visit and his lady would  
have pity and go his bail, and let him  
pay for and keep his newest amiga.

## Hotel Milwaukee

The first time I saw Jeffrey Dahmer, was while reading on South Second in Milwaukee, Wisconsin at an art gallery parking lot right across from the Club 219 Bar and the Ball Club. Dahmer picked up many of his victims in that neighborhood of gay bars and taverns by drugging them and dragging them home. After murdering them, he would saw and slice them up and freeze the portions he wanted to eat. He tried to dissolve the remainder of their bodies in his apartment in a barrel of chemicals without much success. His neighbors all complained of terrible smells, stench, and bizarre sounds. He worked at the Ambrosia Chocolate Factory nearby, later everyone wondered if he had put human flesh in their candy.

At the poetry and music event, this zany guy with a long hillbilly beard wearing a funky sun dress was the announcer. He had a briefcase full of two-dollar bills with cut up newspaper inside to make them look like lots of money. After each poet read or musician performed he would give them a bundle of cash. At that time, I was reading with a bass player and we were really raising hell, it was outside, so all these gay guys came from the surrounding bars, a guy jumps on stage and starts playing harmonica. Later I discovered he was, Jon Paris, from the Johnny Winter Band.

I saw Jon's band a few years later at B.B. King's Club in Times Square. We were really cooking, and we did a few more poems. I grabbed the entire brief case of money and threw it up in the air, it was a riot, sort of like if all the monkeys in the zoo took peyote and escaped. There was squealing and screaming and elbows all over eighteen dollars at most.

The handsome well dressed blonde man with a hypnotic stare just stood there with his arms crossed, unfazed. He watched the melee for awhile then walked away like he was disgusted.

A few months later, I was reading at the Hotel Wisconsin. The place was the epitome of old world charm, chartreuse marble floors, French art deco, and bronze with a carved walnut main desk. The bar area where the readings took place had maroon blood red carpeting and multicolored lava lamps on each table. It was dark and smoky and full of lounge lizards. Everyone seemed to be on the make, it had a circus like orgy atmosphere. I was working with a black sax player named Big Frank, he could blow like an elephant or make the small hairs on the back of your neck stand up and dance. When he played Take Five by Dave Brubeck, it was his signal for trouble. We were doing gigs at a lot of liquor stores on the rough north side of town. We had to beware of drunks and stickup dudes. I saw this blonde man with a thousand-yard stare, he seemed familiar, but I could not place him for certain. Frank started playing our trouble song. I looked all around and saw who Frank was nodding at. We soon ended our set and went to collect our chump change fee. Frank packed up his horn as I set out some books to sell. Jeffrey Dahmer bought three of my chapbooks, then offered to buy me a drink, and wanted to chat. I am glad I was not too thirsty, and I had a few people waiting to buy books. Several weeks later Big Frank calls me to look at the television and there was Dahmer being dragged to jail in chains. I took Frank out for steak and lobster and Baked Alaska.

The police officers came by my house after Dahmer was in jail. They asked me about my chapbooks and if I was friends with Dahmer. I said hell no, check my freezer if you want. They checked my ice box and sniffed around and that was good enough for them.

## Encounter on the #15 Bus

“Did you get on  
at North Avenue?”  
the lady asked

“Yes”

“Did you notice  
if they have a  
dog wash?”

“No, sorry”

“My golden lab  
needs a bath and  
I heard there was  
a dog wash there  
for \$6”

“Sorry”

“Surely you saw it?”

“Look lady I didn’t  
see a dog wash. In  
fact I’ve never even  
heard of a fucking  
dog wash. I know  
where you can get  
your pussy washed  
for \$2 after a thorough  
work out. Does that help?”

“You are a nasty man”

I smiled in agreement.

## Pickles and Candy Bars

The rain was pouring  
down in washtubs.  
The cute chocolate  
brown lady I shared  
the bus stop with smiled.

She looked cold and her  
lousy worn out shoes  
weren't keeping her feet  
dry or warm.

I said, "Your toes must  
feel like tiny sucked on  
melting candy bars."

"You have a way with words,"  
she said, "too bad I'm not  
into white boys."

"It's alright, I'm sure my  
wife will appreciate that.  
Last black woman I was  
with said 'I had a long dick,  
big around as a pickle jar'."

"And she sure liked pickles."

## Moonlight Blue Thunderbird

Juanito was adopted along with a little blonde girl named Summer. She was younger than Juanito and they didn't get along. Summer wanted to be the star attraction, but their adopted parents treated them equally. As they grew older they'd hear the moans of pleasure and take turns spying through the keyhole of their parent's room. It wasn't long before they were playing doctor and pleasuring each other. At first with manual stimulation. Juanito liked for Summer to masturbate him and he'd always promise not to shoot his load in her hand. He tried to hit her in her face or young budding breasts. Summer loved for Juanito to rub her pussy, it had some peach fuzz on it.

Juanito learned how to coax her clitoris erect and suck on it, then jam two fingers up her pussy and one up her ass, as she came to an orgasm. Summer became adept at sucking Juanito's dick. She'd deep throat, candy cane, barber pole, siphon sperm, cupping his nuts just right. As he came, she'd finger fuck his asshole like crazy. Soon it wasn't enough, it never is. They figured since they weren't really brother and sister by blood, fucking wouldn't be incest. They fucked every chance they could. Summer liked heroin, Juanito preferred cocaine and they both loved weed.

Soon their parents suspected their children were up to no good. They sprung a trap for them and caught them fucking in a room full of marijuana smoke. That's when they discovered that they were one hundred percent blood siblings. They tried everything to break off their romantic relationship. They were hopelessly in love.

Finally, they accepted their fate and said fuck it. They got into Juanito's Thunderbird. Summer buried a needle in her arm. Juanito buried the needle on the speedometer. The moonlight blue Thunderbird hit a pothole, sparks flew into the inky black sky.

Even Death Can Make a Mistake

Love is a huge blood diamond  
shoved up the ass of a virgin Zulu

Love is an alligator's yellow tooth  
worn by a gypsy mojo priestess

Love is a black baby dying of starvation

Love is a palomino stallion falling  
into the Grand Canyon

Love is the workers getting overtime  
wages on the Great Wall of China

There is no such thing as love.

## Cinnamon Orgasmafuck

Poured into her long sequin  
splattered crimson dress, smoke  
curled from her Virginia Slim cig

She did a Mae West jiggle strut  
up to the phallic microphone,  
whipping a small notebook in  
front of her ruby red lips

She croon whispered a wild poem  
about a dog shitting on Saturn and  
making a pot of wolf dick chili

Finishing, she sashayed past me,  
bending down, her perfumed breasts  
bulged like heavenly full moons

“How was I?” she asked, her tongue  
darted forth making circles in the air

“Great, baby, you’re peaches and poontang”

She swished back to her table all  
cinnamon buns, calling my name  
for a late-night snack and breakfast.

## The Lunatic

Juanito stopped by the Super Bar on the way home, he drank enough cheap brandy and draft beer to knock down a mule or two. Then he walked to a bookstore looking for something to help him escape. He always went to the poetry section first, to see if they had any books by him.

Some tall skinny guy was bent over showing his ass crack looking at bottom shelf books. When he stood upright and farted, Juanito wanted to bury his steel toed boot up the dude's ass. When the dude bent over he farted again, Juanito elbowed him in the kidneys. What was worse than his fart stench was his sweat, urine, dog shit slimed shoes, and he reeked like an old douche bag. Juanito wished his sense of smell was worse than his sense of humor.

“Hey motherfucker, you should clean up your act.”

Smelly boy looked like he'd been hit in the head with a twenty-pound sledge hammer. He stopped and spoke with the clerks and they all looked at Juanito. He just smiled and gave them all a little wave.

After finding one book by Chekov, he headed for home. The summer night was like a hobo's armpit. Juanito stopped for a six pack of tall boy Budweiser.

Juanito was trying to catch forty winks, it sounded like his lady, Lupe and their cat were wrestling or having sex at the foot end of the bed.

“Hey, I'm trying to sleep. The damn machine noise from the post office letter sorter is ricocheting inside my screaming skull.”

The cat meowed like a Husqvarna mower was chewing and gnawing him into pieces. He thought Lupe was committing murder and mayhem.

“Hold still, you little son of a bitch,” she said.

“What in the hell are you doing woman?” Juanito asked.

“I’m trying to clean the cat’s ass. He took a nasty dump in the litter box and now wants to rub his ass all over my white down comforter.”

“Just quit corn holing that cat, please. The fucking zip code madness won’t leave me alone tonight.”

“Why do you act like your hero, Bukowski?”

“Bukowski can kiss my brown ass!”

Juanito was soon snoring like a constipated chainsaw trying to cut through an anvil.

## The Rapist

He saw an ad with a cute lady,  
she stated she was a Certified  
Colon Therapist, she sounded like a

Miracle worker, she quantified that  
through her colon therapy she could  
relieve constipation, diarrhea, (IBS)

Irritable Bowel Syndrome, skin problems,  
fatigue, frequent headaches, insomnia,  
bloating, indigestion, candida, irritability,

Depression, bad breath, stinky feet and farts  
he rang her doorbell, she led him to a bedroom  
and cured him and made him forget his grief.

## Shitty Eggs

His dad said he was going to  
buy some Camels and never  
came back, five years later he  
sent a photo of himself on a double

Humper in front of the pyramids,  
Juanito hooked up with a chick  
with a black belt, when someone  
pissed him off, he sent her to kick

Ass, she was good in bed, but bitched  
about his cat, Fido, he started putting  
Fido's shit in her scrambled eggs, she'd  
make ugly faces and Juanito laughed

He decided to show her how much he  
loved Fido, he grabbed a fresh turd and  
ate it, then gave her a big sloppy French  
kiss, that was almost the last straw, but

She loved Juanito and hung tough, they  
came home one night and some stinky  
motherfucker was sitting on their toilet,  
he got up to run, but Fido clawed him in

His bare ass, he didn't even flush, the son  
of a bitch was a cat burglar, he refused to  
steal Fido, Juanito flushed away the stench,  
while he watched, his woman get tough.

## The Red Spot of Jupiter

I got a job as a delivery man,  
in my first week the last address  
of the day was to a tavern on  
a seldom used street

The door was open, but the  
place was filled with shadows,  
except for a bright spot light  
radiating a pulsing red aura

A naked lady met me in sparkling  
stiletto heels, built like a brick  
shithouse, a smile in her eyes and  
dynamo strawberry volcano nipples

“Do you have a package for me?”  
she stared at my stone boner,  
I could’ve jacked up a Thunderbird  
with four flat tires, all I managed  
was to shake my head, affirmatively

She led me to the back pool room  
and I sunk the eight over and over again,  
she poured me a single malt whiskey  
and we played until my stick got tired.

## The Laws Of Gravity And Friction

All he wanted was to fly,  
birds, butterflies, mosquitoes,  
helicopters, airplanes, bullets,  
and ladybugs all could do it

He attached wings to his body,  
flapped his arms and jumped  
into the air, all to no avail

Becoming angry with earth, he  
bore a hole in the ground and  
inserted his penis and started  
fucking crazily like a sex maniac

The cops came and dragged him  
away, beating his bare ass with  
a baton, asphalt burning his face

They threw him in a cage,  
where he never flew, but  
he did learn to pull a train.

## Friends with Benefits

Moving into the tiny hotel room, locked in a savage kiss, their tongues explored each other's mouths. Ramona's red fingernails ran through Juanito's hair. Juanito closed the door, unclenching his lips from hers. Her tongue and lips drifted down to his neck and Juanito felt her fingers unbuttoning his shirt. In seconds, it was open and her fingers began to tantalize his chest and stomach. He could feel the pressure in his pants growing. She dropped to her knees to unbuckle his pants her hair brushed against his bare skin making his legs almost buckle. He stood in the darkened room, head back enjoying the magic. Her tongue traced circles over his skin. His pants and boxer shorts were gone. Her lips and tongue were on his thighs and then she took him in her warm mouth, her tongue working crazily. Juanito knew it would only be seconds before he'd lose control and he didn't want that yet.

He pulled Ramona to her feet and moved her against the wall. He pushed his nakedness against her still clothed body. She moaned, his well-trained mouth covered her velvety neck. He massaged her full breasts and cupped her buttocks under her loose-fitting dress. He lifted her dress over her head and unfastened her brassiere, Ramona wore a red G-string, her breasts were flawless melons with perfect nipples. Her nipples had the texture of ripe strawberries. He removed the G-string with his teeth and buried his mustache in her pussy, licking the clitoris and slipping his tongue and face inside her, until she squirmed and moaned.

He flipped her over and entered her from behind, working hard doggie style. It was an unbelievable wonderful feeling. She grabbed his penis like the pommel on a saddle and jumped aboard. Their syncopated sex dance was fast, slow, hard, soft, in, out, over, and over. After three hours, they collapsed utterly exhausted. The sun was a gigantic egg yolk flashlight signaling time to book back to the world. Juanito thought fuck Penthouse Forum, this was the real enchilada.

## The Shoplifter

Sometimes you feel like you've entered the Twilight Zone, I was in this supermarket and I saw a stone fox in the condiment aisle

She opened a bottle of catsup and chugged it down, then moved down to the pickles and raised her brown leather skirt and pulled her

Panties to one side and started shoving gherkins up her vagina, she was moaning and groaning

Then she turned and looked at me and said, "I bet you think I'm a sour puss" I left my basket and ran like the bulls of Pamplona.

## Burn It All the Fuck Down

Mama's crying for their sons  
war is for the rich motherfuckers  
to pad their bank accounts

There are no sides  
no borders  
no religions

It's all greed and hate  
death songs on the wind  
blood and tears soaking the earth

All ancient wisdom is  
silent  
it's been written and read

The sky crumbles into  
a sheet of fire rain  
shark rivers where salt

Water churning crocodiles  
piranhas live with the killers  
and denizen devils of the deep.

## Ugly Love is Beautiful

*Doing as others told me, I was Blind. Coming when others called me, I was Lost. Then I left everyone, myself as well. Then I found everyone, myself as well. ~ Rumi*

Cancer came in stages to Becca, Juanito felt life slowly ebbing away from her, he held on

She cooked a turkey, it was expensive and looked delicious, after four hours, the smell

Was intoxicating, once out of the oven, the bird had grown three heads, it radiated red purple

They ate it and hoped for the best, later he spooned with his small beautiful lady from Mexico, Juanito

Woke up with an obese ugly black woman, he thought, nightmarish dream, then she broke wind

Pictures on the walls shook and fell to the floor shattering, she went berserk and kicked his balls

Juanito went and bought a bottle of Jose Cuervo, it'd been twenty years since he'd tasted ignorant oil

Crawling back under a weeping willow, Juanito peeled the lid and took a big swig, he wished for a cigar

The sun expired, Juanito pleaded take me with you,  
he had visions of buffalo stampeding over a carved

Mountain cliff with four faces disintegrating  
from their ponding hooves, the smooth cliff

Stared down as the buffalo sprouted wings, he  
jumped on the back of a shaggy brown bull, they

Flew over Chicago and Juanito smelled Peking duck,  
they got acquainted over the Atlantic and saw

Some whales and flying fish, Juanito asked the bull  
to drop him off in Zaragoza, the bull smiled

He saw some pretty cows, Juanito took the bus to  
Pamplona, they gave him white pants and shirt

Red sash belt and bandana, he hummed a sad dirge,  
as church bells rang and people cheered in joy

Surrender was all Juanito had and wanted, he joined  
the runners standing along the fence, the crowd

Screamed, "Run coward," the bulls charged, Juanito  
stood in their path, a horn ripped through his chest,

Protruding out Juanito's back, on the tip, was his  
pulsing heart, spraying hot blood into Spanish air

He woke up and the four presidents were gone re-  
placed by an ugly asshole wearing a red cap.

## Cooking Dead Stuff

Juanito's gal thought she was quite the chef. Always watching cooking shows and reading books and recipes. One day she was over spicing the food as usual. Juanito said, "I think you used too much tarragon."

Antoinette said, "You wouldn't know tarragon from a rat turd." He thought she did have a valid point, but she still went overboard. "Do you know how to shingle a banana cream pie?"

"Well no." "Martha said to slice the banana at an angle and place them on the cream like a roofer would overlap shingles on a house." She also said humans peel bananas from the stem end, while monkeys peel from the opposite end, which is much easier.

Juanito had lots of smart-ass replies, but he kept his pie hole shut. One Thanksgiving he had to work, while Antoinette prepared the bird. When he got home the house was filled with black smoke, she had cayenne pepper, thyme, nutmeg, chives, cornbread, celery, chopped liver all over the cabinets, on the floor, even some on the walls. The stove was burnt all to hell. The turkey was just a small pile of black gray bones. Antoinette's mother and father had just arrived.

Juanito took them all to Taco Bell. They agreed to try again in two weeks. Antoinette had her French cook book from Mapie, the Countess de Toulouse-Lautrec, wife of the famous painter. Juanito went bowling, when he returned, their house smelled terrible. Her parents were there, she had spices everywhere. The meat was dripping green blood and gravy. Juanito thought he might save it by putting it on the grill outside. When he got a close-up whiff, he almost fainted.

Juanito asked Antoinette what kind of meat it was. She said, "Horse."

He whinnied and started galloping around the house and right out the front door. He saw a 'Vote for Trump' sign and he just kept going.

## Straitjacket Masturbation

The goddamn newspaper said  
the electric bill was going up  
and it would cost more to flush  
the toilet, Juanito thought holy shit

What's next, there he was sitting  
on the porcelain deposit throne  
smoking a Mexican cigarette

He heard the doorbell and Poe  
yelling, "Get up you lazy bum,  
let's go to the cockfights"

Juanito opened the door and let him  
in, he said, "Man, you don't look  
so hot" "No shit motherfucker, you  
lined me up blind

With that chick from London,  
we went to a British café and ate  
some bloody lamb chops then she  
ordered spotted dick for both of us

I finally got her home and we  
were drinking gin and tonics,  
she got drunk and broke my  
Chinese lamp, so I got some

Super glue and was putting it  
back together, she stuck her finger  
in and glued a piece of glass up  
her nose, I dropped her off at

The emergency room and parked  
my car and an ambulance pulled in  
and this crazy fucker was in a strait-  
jacket, he jumped out and tried to

Fuck a fire hydrant, I decided it was  
time to split” “Are we going to the  
cockfights?” “Sure” I got a thimble  
for him and a roll of aluminum foil  
for constructing my suit of armor.

## Piñata

Toni was unusual, she had it all. When she whistled, Juanito sat up and begged. Juanito did a few minor masonry jobs and shot a mean game of snooker. Toni taught Spanish. They lived in a shotgun flat temporarily. Juanito said their landlady was like the old lady that kept a fart in her shoe. They planned on a trip south of the border to visit, Carlotta and Benito. They were Toni's parents and lived just outside of Mexico City. Juanito knew the Aztec story of the warrior, Popocatepti, who was promised the princess, Iztaccihuatl's hand in marriage. Then her father did not keep his word and they both died of broken hearts. Their bodies became mountains overlooking Mexico City.

The sky was dreadnought grey as they rode the train. They listened to Death Cab for A Cutie and music from the Andes. Carlotta enjoyed stories and jokes, Benito smoked Cuban cigars and played dominoes. Toni slept in a north bedroom, Juanito thought they'd put him next to the chicken house. He wanted to strangle a rooster every morning. Carlotta told the story about the bricklayers digging the foundation for their house and finding some old human bones. Carlotta consulted with Benito and they told them to take the bones to the church. The church told the men to take them to the Federales. They sent the bones back where they were dug up. They made a grave away from the house. Their neighbor Guillermo was a matador from Spain that had lost his nerve. He was a good friend of the family. A lady at the Mercado promised to give Carlotta an avocado tree, so she had her sons dig a hole for it. Guillermo lived a block away and would take a shortcut through their backyards. One night he stepped in the hole for the tree and he started screaming, "The dead man has me by my leg. Help. Help."

Everyone went outside to save Guillermo. When he got home, he saw his cat was outside on the porch. He grabbed it and took it inside, only to discover he had an extremely mad skunk. Benito smelled something and heard a knocking at the door, it was Guillermo wanting to watch the bullfights on television. Carlotta pulled the door curtain aside and wagged her finger no. Toni and Juanito hiked to a valley where vanilla, coffee, and cinnamon grew. Building a warm fire under the hypnotic stars, they fell into a deep sleep. Juanito looked for Toni, but there was no sign of her. He returned to her parent's house, it had vanished like it never existed. There was an avocado tree with a piñata of Donald Trump wearing a baby's diaper. They hit it with a baseball bat, nothing came out but shit.

Juanito walked slowly down the mountain. He came to an adobe cantina surrounded by goats. There was an old man playing solitaire, Juan ordered a cerveza and asked about his friends. The barmaid had a big ugly wart, that made Juanito ill. He went outside, and the old man was shuffling cards. The cards were completely white on both sides. A goat butted his elbow, spilling his beer. He figured it was time to go, south until King Fuckface was dethroned and put in jail.

The Sky is a Gun Barrel of Loneliness

Death eats  
you like a  
soggy  
cookie  
in coffee  
how long  
will

I pretend  
to care

I never  
expected  
or wanted  
to live this  
fucking  
long.

Sex Doll Gumbo Pt. 1

I had no mother  
or father, I  
drifted down  
from the sky  
as a snowflake

A little girl  
used me in her  
snowman

Until the warm sun  
melted me  
and I became

An ugly baby  
pee pee puddle  
on a church  
steps

A lady with a  
big hootchie  
cootchie booty

Carried me home  
and let her weenie  
dog fart in my face

Her son made gumbo  
with me then had  
ferocious sex with his  
blonde rubber wife.

## The Asteroid

Juanito was sitting in his lounge toking on some good ganja and drinking Black Cat Mosel wine. For some reason he had the television on golf, he thought it was a stupid game. He'd never played a game in his life, screw chasing a little white ball all over the place and getting skin cancer. He thought about scoring all those women and Tiger Wood's wife beating the hell out of his car with a golf club. Those dudes made some big bucks that was for damn sure. Juanito started getting into the game and concentrating as he got higher and higher. He started talking to the golfers on the tube, he 'd see a golfer take a swing and he would say, miss it by hair. Their ball would just miss the hole. He kept this up for a while, calling every golfer's shot. He let one guy make a hole in one, just to see if he wasn't hallucinating. Juanito figured he had the kinetic power over golf balls. He had a ball go up and disappear in a flock of geese only to fall right next to the hole. Juanito made balls fly into the crowd and knock toupees off bald fat men. He had several balls wedge between big chested women's ample boobs. He called his bookie and put in a bet on a long shot golfer to win. That day he made a bundle of loot.

He wasn't convinced that it was just him being high or what William S. Burroughs called letting your mind control objects around you in profound divine coincidence. Juanito called in some bets on several basketball games and he remained straight. By sheer concentration he controlled the ball and the players, his winnings were beginning to draw notice from some unsavory characters. He took his lady Dani to Running Bare Nudist Colony for some recreation and relaxation. Juanito worked on some writing projects for chapbooks from Texas and Belgium and Kolkata, India.

The radio announcers kept talking about the huge lottery prize about to reach a billion dollars. Crowds of people were lined up at all lottery ticket outlets. They all had their hard-earned cash to invest in dreams of grandeur. The media kept saying the odds were near impossible for one single person to win the jackpot. Experts said you were more likely to get hit by an asteroid, than to score the bonanza.

Juanito tried out his new control ability on several football games and Pick Four Lotto Games. He was in tune with the universe. He went and bought one ticket for the jackpot lottery. Juanito stopped for fifty-year-old Scotch and the best hashish available. He took ten thousand dollars and Dani and he had a party. They got loaded and jumped up and down on the bed. Juanito wiped her ass with hundreds and she wiped his with twenties.

That night when the winning numbers were called Juanito did his magic mumbo jumbo. It worked like a charm. He and Dani went to sleep before going to claim their money. On the radio on the way to the lottery office, a soothing woman's voice came through the speaker saying how one individual had beaten all probabilities of chance. Dani and Juanito had almost reached the lottery office, when a dark object obscured the sun. The fiery molten asteroid instantly destroyed Juanito's Oldsmobile, killing everyone within a half block radius.

Lucky for them, they'd parked and walked back to a taco truck further down the street, deciding to get a snack and some fresh air. Juanito thought, I beat the lottery, the asteroid, and now goodbye Trump and his fucked-up way of ruling.

## Astonishment

The dream of Teotihuacan led Juanito deep underground to the Cave of Swords. Glistening jagged-edged crystals towered up sparring silently like massive slivers of ice. The Valley of Amazement, a master tale by Amy Tan held Juanito trapped like butterfly in amber. The story made him turn pages, forget time, locale, he sought the ending, but at the same time his soul and heart cried like losing a long-lost lover to death.

The journey from Mayan Mexico to Shanghai China was a blink of the mind's eye. The clock liquefied into a surreal paradise nirvana. Frida Kahlo whispered a secret into Van Gogh's ear. Then she kissed Juanito long, passionately, and hard. He told her, "Never love me." Valentina arrived and gazed at Juanito watching him travel up through the stages of awake. His nostrils quivered, smelling her special blend. Strong Oaxaca brown coffee, with a hint of vanilla, cinnamon, and lime zest sprinkled over the frothy brew.

Juanito's smile revealed his anticipated pleasure.

ALPHABET SOUP  
RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN

## Trojan Horse

A blonde is wheeled up to my door  
and I am too drunk  
to turn her away.  
She is beautifully constructed  
and her legs seem to carry on  
Forever.

I bring her inside  
and admire her  
as I sing and dance  
and toast my good fortune.

All is well  
and I think she likes me,

When suddenly,

two battalions of pointy-fingered  
feminista angry lesbians  
a four-star father  
three divisions of divorce lawyers  
and a squadron of jealous ex boyfriends  
all jump out  
and hack my drunk ass  
to pieces.

99 Virgins, But Mary Ain't One

Paradise is a funny thing, not at all like those  
Sandals Resort ads hawked over the boob tube  
and you pray that you make the cut,

honey over the lips and 99 virgins,  
but Mary ain't one –  
some sheared sheep brush cut  
lamp chop of god,  
eternally the voyeur

so that sinking fish trawlers  
choke on volleyball nets of black nylon  
and the glass you raise up like a naughty child

sells you on a lie so great  
it's sticky paper hearts of fly erotica;  
another broken seal and trumpets through  
these armada thrusting milkmaid minutes  
of butcher block decay.

## Tooth Parade

A scream came from up the alley.  
Our drunken white knight staggering  
thoughtlessly to intercede.

We all know about the boy who cried wolf,  
but what of his girl?

A rush of blows from all directions,  
so that our hero tried to turtle.

His teeth kicked out  
his face beat in.

Made to kneel half-conscious after  
and swallow his own teeth one by one.

Tooth Parade!  
a voice came from the dark.  
Come on hero, we don't have all night!

The head honcho of this outfit  
dispensing the remaining teeth that were  
to be swallowed.

While his dental assistant  
girlfriend lit a smoke  
and fingered herself.

Leaning against the side of this  
place that sold scented candles that  
never once smelled of wild cooter.

## Jack-o'-Lanterns Leaning into Cars

Pimping blade having done its thing,  
crawling out of ancient inch worm caves.

Devouring antler mustard sky.  
Strangle monkey vise grips climb the cage,  
straddle drip-drip pushpin walls.

Ring fingers stuffed down the sock  
slow down, circle back around the block.

Jack-o-Lanterns leaning into cars.  
Frenzied fishnet carve jobs  
looking for some daddy action.

And the green of no-name forests.  
Bobbing for apples well into adulthood.

Track marks down the failed city planner's  
salty mush pea arms.

Crusty undies living out of black garbage bags  
that crinkle when stinking fish  
walk out of troubled seas.

## Another Night at The Milk

Benson pulled into the lot,  
watched a bat flutter off like some distant lantern  
festival to the rooted banyan tree dead.

Another night at The Milk.  
This albino biker bar with garbage breath wenches  
running tabs long as full marathons.

Lactating women dancing on all the tables,  
shooting their life juice into tiny shot glasses  
that reminded one of the womb.

That sudden switchblade warmth  
of fresh cuts.

Look what the Gila monster dragged in!  
bellowed Hodges.

Over the same Norwegian death metal  
piping in for the last four years.

Benson & Hedges!  
Nicotine Nancy stumbled clumsily  
in for the kill.

Fuck off Big Tobacco!  
Benson waved the soupy  
train-wreck away.

That's someone's old lady,  
laughed Hodges.  
Holding up his shot glass  
to a fresh squirt of the warm stuff.

Benson looked down into his shot glass.  
Damn, I think I got a pube in mine!

Hodges leaned over to have a look.  
Picked it out of Benson's glass, put it in his.  
Threw it back and slammed it down  
on the wobbly cigarette-burned table.

A real man swallows the worm!  
Hodges puffed out his naked chest.

Benson thought about his pole smoking cousin  
slaying all those veiny monsters down in Boystown.  
What a man he must be!

Numerous fights breaking out  
over games of nine-ball.

A bed of money on the table  
like a crumpled green sarcophagus.

You wanna go tip outhouses later?  
Hodges asked.

There were less and less construction sites  
all the time.  
No jobs, if anyone was looking.  
Not legal ones, at least.

Benson threw out his arms like angry rich men  
shooting at clay pigeons.

Another ten shots of the jubbly juice  
and they'd both be stealing stalking leopards  
from their spots.

The full patch boys three tables over  
getting handsy with the help.  
Running another initiation scam  
on some albino hog straddler  
that didn't stand a chance.

Fist Fucking a Wall Not Named Wailing, Great or Berlin

Straight anger brings you back to youth,  
cooler escort to chunky puke-centric side alley,  
the memory of balled up socks in weekend laundry,  
fist fucking a wall not named Wailing, Great or Berlin,  
don't blame the brick if you bed down with the layer,  
sit in sweaty gym change rooms long enough  
to slam a needle in your ass and grow arms  
large of 1000 year old forests,  
scraping back all your schoolyard lunch money  
one curl at a time,  
Dengue fever and the dance floor feverishly thinking up  
baby names on the fly, trying to marry anyone that  
agrees to show up regardless of weather or the next  
40 years which would be a boiling tea kettle's spotty hell  
so that you slam your drunken ham hocks  
into the heavy bag,  
trying to break a face you can no longer remember  
so that the shattered black cornflakes of your bones  
and all that pain never leaves your body  
in a long devil's dance that has never been your own.

## Up-skirt Sirens

Slim Jim had installed tiny cameras  
on escalators all over the city.

Too many to ever remember or retrieve.  
Filming all those up-skirt sirens  
that kept him wanking his war spear  
right off the battlefield.

His mother's crusty knickers  
knotted round his knobby knees.

Feverishly working towards climax  
swelled with the wheezing  
of failed alarm clocks.

A single salty globule  
hanging from the tip of his dick,  
like a stationary home planet  
in the piping hot Cleveland  
Steamer cosmos.

## Maggot Fluffer

Don't you realize the mind is not fed,  
not like a baby is fed.  
And the boys down in Argentina  
are fucking livestock in the ass.

What a fucking shit show!

I can't decide who's worse,  
those thrusting dumb spelunkers  
or the camera crews traversing  
the spiralling angel dust world,  
searching such things out.

Beaming it right into your home  
so you can felch your way  
around Tierra del Fuego while  
another Taco Tuesday Pooassos  
the toilet bowl like Campbell's  
Chunky soup, a fresh carpet bombing  
of tiny yellow rice people pulling  
carrots from the gaping dark  
poop chute of pretzel-twisted  
love-you-long-time  
Mother Earth.

## Fear Bucket

Put that shit brown ringworm on a finger.  
Watch it coil around the neural net,  
strangle out our clap trap rude boy  
jack boot platitudes.

Bloody polyps in the fear bucket.  
Prostate milkers straight off the farm,  
mewing a head of matted doll hair  
back from deep cut snuff film brush.

That tingle-junkie roofer's mouth  
choking on the feathers of a hand grenade.  
Battle of the bulge women always at war.

If there was value, don't you think  
accountants would make more?  
Anubis the dog-child scooting brown  
across the bleeds it leads harboured fugitive  
knuckle duster universe.

Big dipper down into the fear bucket,  
those screams of pain are thrills of the hunt.  
See you in the catacombs, Open Sores Annie!  
With all the other thoughtless piled skulls.

The Devil Wears Nada

I'd face fuck  
Anne Hathaway so bad!  
I said.

It was an abrupt admission.  
After only two pitchers  
of beer between us.

It was quite a statement  
to make on a first date.

She seemed startled  
as highway deer.

As soon as I said it,  
I wished I'd hadn't.

But you know what  
they say in the business:  
No take backs.

You Bring the Tin, I'll Be the Foil

Hallow point  
sink spittle totalitarians  
on the bar crawl.

You bring the tin,  
I'll be the foil.

Throw out chest  
shirt size too large  
whale beaching  
Montauk Monster  
bangers and mash.

And it's firing squad darts  
against the boisterous  
hedged bet  
board.

No way back  
from the angling  
browbeat stairs making  
clumsy sherpas  
of us all.

### Engine Block Custard

Cars in the sky above  
are banshee marshmallows  
on Toaster Strudel safari

and Frank Virgo  
hadn't granted wish genies  
in weeks

the doorstep saw him coming  
and clenched a steady stream of gobstoppers  
which made Florence scowl her  
rawhide heavy bag face into a hundred  
twisted pretzels on the platter

so that what  
went around the room  
was a cholera outbreak;

long lines  
for the gallows,  
swinging tire trees  
for freshly painted fence  
sitters in absentia.

## 7/11 Chardonnay

The many fine wines of Europe have no place  
in the stinking mousetrap trenches  
and Esther knew they would be mobile  
within the hour.

Traversing that netted jumper bridge  
over the freeway by Essa Road,  
ducking out diving bats of idiot sonar  
that became caught in your squealing hair  
like oily nocturnal hairnets.

Another baton death march  
to a few bottles of 7/11 Chardonnay.  
And those stale mystery meat sandwiches  
that purported to be roast beef.

I hope it's not like last time!  
Gretchen whined.  
Her voice like a pooling of corrugated maggots  
all squirming after something else.

Esther hated her voice,  
but Hiroshima doesn't choose its friends.  
And Gretchen had a point.

Esther thought of the many catcalls  
over cracked pavement,  
shivering at the sound of the tiny tin bell  
over the door as you sweatpants stumbled  
into the store at discount.

Some young horndog behind the cash  
with his pants down around the Antarctic,  
wildly humping a handful of scratch tickets against  
an unsteady earthquake-prone wall of smokes.

I don't think it works like that!  
Esther remembered saying.

Every young buck this side of hairy kill shot taxidermy  
trying his luck with the CCTV turned around  
for privacy or on the fritz.

Gretchen going right for the bottle  
like an alternate deity.  
That sugary 7/11 Chardonnay that was yellow  
as questionable piss.

Sat in your throat  
like clumsy shitbox cosmonauts  
back to Earth.

That'll be \$12.99,  
young and dumb and full of cum  
wiped his nose all over  
his mouth.

Taking some green  
and struggling to make  
the necessary change.

Oh, can I interest you in a 32 oz. slurpie  
at half price while supplies last?  
the pimply body lice beaver hunter  
squashed his matted body scarecrow straw  
behind his ears.

Gretchen looked over to the many spinning  
colours of the rainbow.

An obvious upsell.  
Straight from the slippery Powerball mind child  
of corporate America.

We're fine,  
Esther waved the last  
hulking bison of the plains  
off to a ceremonial death.

More catcalls  
and the bridge of death.

If I see another asshole in camo, I'm gonna wretch!  
Gretchen cracked a bottle  
and took a long deep dive swig.

The dinosaurs were long dead  
and somehow still here.

Esther knew there was nothing  
to replace them.

All those razor marks down her arms  
like old friends.

## Beef Curtains and the Vegan Hustle

I slither out of skin,  
throw open the beef curtains  
to bumper cars slamming into each  
other like bumping uglies with dirty  
pube water over everything,

that blood-rush tizzy  
for the bony vegan hustle,  
locusts now sold as “environmentally-friendly  
insect platters”:

**REDUCE YOUR CARBON BIGFOOT!  
HOLD ALL THAT FLATULENCE DEEP INSIDE!  
AUNT SAM WANTS YOU!**

And the sherpas who showed me this ancient cave  
have all died an inglorious purse snatcher’s death  
by my selfish lone gunman hand,  
child’s colouring book star people etchings  
on your pulsing pink cunt walls  
from long before I got here.

But this is my place now!  
Every time that idiot gynecologist sticks her  
blue surgical gloved lady fingers into my living room,  
my bulging flat screen television gets  
another month of free streaming.

## Humidity Dick

Who opens a detective agency in the swamp?  
This is not the 1940s and Humidity Dick hadn't had  
a decent chubby in years. Some said it was the curse  
of Marie Laveau, but everything in New Orleans  
went right back to that unfathomable death  
drum heat. How anyone did anything after  
10 am was a miracle. No wonder everyone in these parts  
went insane by the age of 25. You didn't start making  
any sense again until age 85 and by then  
it was far too late. And Humidity Dick had watched  
all his Bogie, there was no femme fatale south  
of the Mason-Dixon line.  
No dough-eyed potassium princess Nico making  
all the swinging dicks in the field Warhol bananas.  
And the papers reported nothing  
and just got ink everywhere.  
Melting in this fussy day drunk cauldron  
like everything else.  
It was enough to make Humidity Dick ponder a move  
back to rural Minnesota. All those freezing  
fuck you winters that bit your dick off  
instead of leaving this sagging gun shy shell  
of your former glory to the peckish  
houseboat whims of the mindless  
circle jerk buzzards.

## Double Dribble

She sticks a basketball up her cunt.  
It helps that she's had children she doesn't talk to.  
Children ruin everything, the body most of all.

And I look between her legs.  
It reads: Spalding when she peels back  
the wings of her sewage treatment plant  
discount bin pussy lips.

She begins to leak.  
Her eyes rolling back in her  
thoughtless thimble head.

Double dribble!  
I point to the soupy stretched mess  
between her legs.

Suddenly realizing we are playing  
summer league basketball,  
I palm her head and try to bounce  
her across the floor.

Always in foul trouble.  
All those men that came before.

Pretty sure this one is going  
for Wilt Chamberlain's all-time  
rebound record.

Do You Like the Music of Pete Cigar?

She was young and drunk  
and trying to appear cultured  
when she said it.

*Do you like the music of Pete Cigar?*  
she asked.  
A tiny burp exiting her mouth  
stage right.

Most embarrassing when you are trying  
to steer a fifty-foot yacht up your own  
puckered ass.

I told her I did.  
That his music had a heavy Cuban influence.

*Oh, I love Cuba!*  
she threw her tiny confetti hands  
in the air.

*So did Castro,*  
I say.

*I think we need more wine!*  
she smiled.  
*Garcon, Garcon!*  
she waved her glass  
in the air.

I poured us both some wine.  
Killed an ant on the way back  
from the bathroom.

The only thing left to do now  
was to discuss the many musical merits  
of Wooden Guthrie.

## Ox Breath Chanting

Winnipeg had two seasons:  
mosquitoes and snow,  
Janine couldn't stand either,  
popped her pills like electrolyte  
sun dance

“climb down off your glue factory  
and scatter the bloody brains,”  
she yelled across the street

to Ox Breath who knew  
that any good luck charm  
would come from the swells  
of the lippy sauced chanting vat

& a four humped camel  
climbed out of the rubble

& it was butterscotch turpentine  
for the Prince of Siam –

a Pamplona stampede  
for the exits, squashed ants  
everywhere.

John Denver Butterflies Fall Out of the Sky,  
Back Down to Hairy Caterpillar Earth

Cruise ships are the shipping containers of human waste.  
Buy the drink package,  
you'll blow your brains out otherwise.  
Load up on the buffet,  
they're spewing all the waste into  
the wavy-gravy throat-banging sea anyways.  
So the fish that eat your shit can squeeze  
it back out into your drinking water in a nice little  
circle jerk that seems to make everyone sick while  
John Denver butterflies fall out the sky, back down to  
hairy caterpillar Earth. Birdie num num regurgitations  
from the telemarketer on the other end  
of the Alex Graham Bell  
and this furry butt-dialed lining my stomach  
wears around this unfinished basement  
like some once rare mink  
that has seen better days.

## Ground Penetrating Device

Adult films had all of the purpose  
and none of the plot  
and Dipping Sauce Don  
took an auger,  
hallowed out  
a hole in the weeping  
grub-turned soil:  
unzipped, stuck his fleshy at attention  
ground penetrating device  
into the ground,  
fucking neighbourhood watch Demeter  
for the lipo Brie-munching cash crop voyeurs,  
that oh oh, give it to me Mother Earth  
and he thought about all the earthquakes  
half a world away, all those bodies  
buried under the rubble,  
felt bad when he saw the reporting  
on the television, knowing the rescue teams  
had about a week, but there are needs  
that have to be met;  
a thundering dark human appetite  
snapping the trunks of pup pup puppet  
fat suit trees.

### Irving Berlin Bleaches His Asshole Next Tuesday

I love a piano too, that way it sits right there in the middle  
of sequined human deceptions, with that dusty brown  
hoodwink over past watering hole elephant ivory  
so that I tickle my sides, waiting for some multiple orgasm  
genie to vending machine pop up and play county fair  
Whack-a-Mole six more weeks of uninspired handies  
that fight with the zipper as much as their weight  
which seems to be a problem that won't be solved  
by the time Irving Berlin bleaches his asshole next Tuesday  
in this biggest of rotten apples, the publishing rights  
(which means the money) forever absconding  
with someone else who treats a vision quest as nothing  
more than a tired pay-to-play pizzeria breath mint  
always controlled by instances of alligator jerky  
and never once original bite.

## Creatine Powder Bitch Tits

A spiraling red nail parade  
across the sagging beer belly  
leaves its mark,  
Creatine powder bitch tits  
from that time you tried  
to grow large as all the unforgiving  
schoolyard bullies  
when you could least afford it;  
a bloodbath is never about less blood,  
but how the red is shed  
and that way you spooned out  
that promising brown powder way beyond  
the suggested dose,  
tingling fun house extremities  
driven to the extreme  
and the entire football team  
can't stop taking turns snaking  
some painted sex on the first date toilet;  
personal best weight room  
trophy wall sweaty pom pom glory,  
but you were never a part of anything  
that wasn't yourself;  
that scented bramble bush tumble  
of off-site laundry.

## Valentine

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.

## Whipping Boy

Don't be embarrassed,  
even the open seas like it rough these days.  
Bad skin whipping boy,  
don't forget the blood sacrifice Aztecs,  
jumpers off rooftops like four topping pizzas  
going heavy on the sauce, the dramatics...  
The camera smiles for the candle  
with a brand new kind of pain,  
loses ten pounds of flesh  
Jackie O oh oh here we go again –  
Safe house safe word shit box bureaucrats  
siphon chickens off the feed.  
Danger pay crash dummies split open  
so rotten cantaloupes can get a good look inside.  
Marshal stagnant bilge water mosquito fevers,  
what a whipping boy mess we make!  
This carnival of painted secrets,  
this Dorian going grey.

## Farce Brigade

Scabies crawling just under the skin,  
six more weeks of burrowed,  
recruitment started yesterday  
for the farce brigade,  
aging mouth breathers with spotty  
truncheon dicks slamming down  
with proof of purchase:  
“did you fill out the questionnaire?”  
Megaphone Marty  
scratches the roof of cavernous  
gingivitis mouths,  
“don’t forget to sign and date  
your toxic ramrod spittle!”  
Pen to paper, the billowing fart cloud  
paper mill housed three shifts  
and as many punch clocks.  
March on Chrome Dome Rome!  
the order came down from somewhere  
on the pigeon shit window cleaner 17th floor.  
“If your feet are holding you back,  
chop them off and think of helipads  
named after all the careening bilge water  
gods themselves.  
It was an aching chum bucket time to be alive.  
Bravery was a suitcase.  
Dog and pony plastered into fleeting walls  
that would never stand up.

## Squirters

Everyone started having sweet sugar water  
drug dens in their homes back in the  
waspy glass block eighties.

And later,  
a needle up the sleeve  
became the ultimate sleight  
of hand.

Pederson came from childhood playgrounds.  
Always viewing the see-saw in philosophical terms  
instead of a natural fault of gravity.

Niemann mended his own trousers.  
Collected an allowance well past  
the age of 25.

Nothing as advertised.  
Not the ancient swooning Thunderbird  
or silly jump rope girls lost to rhyme.

And sitting across from one another,  
it is mortal combat in the stinking  
craggy badlands.

Niemann tying off  
and filling the dropper's neck with blood  
before shooting the contents into  
Pederson's slack jaw failed tug of war face.

Then it was Pederson's turn.  
Resuscitating a blown slap bass vein  
and squirting the blood back at  
fluffy teddy bear Niemann  
who could not care anymore.

I used to squirt like that  
all over my ex,  
Garter Snake crawled over.  
Right out of my pussy,  
we were hot!

No one said anything.  
They were cold all the time.

Drooling down over the chin  
and drying to the face  
like a cave of human stalactites.

The homing bred out of the pigeons.  
Creaky stairs like even the late life shingles  
demanding an audience.

## Adventures in Gangland

There were turf wars all the time.  
The anger was palpable.

Lesbian gangs roaming the streets,  
beating each other with their sloppy dildos.

More mullets than the mayor's office could handle.  
Adventures in Gangland, the headline read.

Some eager copy boy upstart looking to chase  
half a dozen elected officials from office  
before the ink had dried on the scratch pad.

No one wanting to call in the National Guard,  
they were all psychopaths.

Squirrely meth lab cooks with plenty  
of "kitchen experience"  
on their resumes.

A leaning tower of grievances  
adding up.

The swimmers all in public pools,  
stroking off chlorinated butterflies.

So that the ladies who took back the night  
kept swarming their leather-studded  
caught slipping rivals.

Resignation followed resignation.  
No one seemed to have an answer.

Hot air balloons full of body odor  
shot out of the greasy spoon  
napalm sky.

## Bed of Nails

It is never about the weight  
so much as the scales,  
as the fences swing for  
bony glass jaw hands

so this bed of nails  
can keep some of his painted  
best finger forward favourites  
near the top,

some cheap perfume  
over idiot endorphins  
and the smell of bleach  
for the bodies

broken down duct work  
industrial park palates  
under mallet

so the jobs report  
can come out  
like another prissy space launch  
taking eager countdown rockets  
up the ass.

## Sewer Monkey

“They always send us down  
when things back up,”  
Mitchell complained.

“Sewer Monkey!”  
Tony gave some strange  
faulty thrift shop best before date salute.

Bradley shaking the metal grate above his head  
like some orange-vested Godzilla  
attacking an entire city  
instead of repairing it.

“Down into the swell!”  
Tony commanded,  
as Mitchell went down on  
anything that was not a woman

All that piss and shit  
and glowing mystery juice  
rats over the dying body;  
a single metal prong to fend off  
the hungry swarms,  
comfortable pension plans  
like ghosts you never  
see.

## Pus Bunny

Sugar water pus bunny county fair  
corn queen, was it ever as real  
as razor wire wrists in warm water?  
Those great puritan hands over  
your midnight body, mommy's got  
a new Zyklon B smoking snake oil man  
from fly over country, with shit for brains  
and wiry fly paper arms dangling down  
from emancipation pulpit day drunk roofie rolling  
slot machine eyes blood in the shark water  
writhing memory card hate: for Self, for silence;  
corrugated body lice under bad juju rocks  
that used to hold it all inside.

## Blue Gym Mat Intervene

Foster was named after a popular beer,  
but never rested on such laurels,  
anyone can take a fall,  
no reason for the clingy  
blue gym mat intervene

“If I don’t make state, my father will  
become another failing small town  
scratch ticket on the gamble!”

Young was sure he had time,  
it was right in the name.  
His father living to 86  
and his grandparents well  
into their late 90s.

“Women want children that are  
going to live a long time,  
make a name for themselves  
like LeBron or Nike.”

Foster had a thing for the Dairy Queen  
drive-thru girl with her hair  
in a careful back braid.  
None of his friends could understand it.

All those nights driving up to  
the plastic drive-thru window  
by the highway.  
A few extra packets of salt  
for the fries.

## Like the Phantom of the Opera on Crack

There are fights in  
the courts every day.

If I hit five straight,  
you have to rob the butcher  
at gunpoint.

Wear a mask and everything,  
like the phantom of the opera  
on crack.

I can't go back to the clink!  
Jameson admits.  
My old lady is crazy as fuck.  
Tears all the hair from her sorry balding  
Barbie before Ken doll hair heads,  
I can't go back inside!

What you playing at?  
his crazy old lady calls him over  
as if divining the future.

My fortune teller said  
you are a worthless asshole  
that will betray me.

Your fortune teller is your mother  
and she hates me.

My father thinks you're a straight up whore,  
should I start calling him a fortune teller  
instead of some asshole  
beer belly past his prime drunk?

She starts to deflect,  
pulls the scabs off old wounds  
so we can bleed together.

In some poorly lit single bedroom  
in the heart of Little Israel.

The shared basement laundry  
three floors down  
so we can all come back  
for some folded basket  
wash and rinse  
Hell together.

## Submarine Guano

Going down  
on the many cresting fudge  
mountain waves threatening  
to make land,  
Dyslexic Dave grabs a shovel,  
starts digging sonar bats  
back out of the submarine guano,  
that nuke capable way  
your woman will blow up at you  
over the tiniest thing,  
sitting behind tinted windows  
like gasoline powered sunglasses  
always on the move;  
all of the best secrets are  
already taken,  
nothing left to do now  
but shuck aphrodisiac oysters  
from their shell,  
over-stay that false welcome  
of public parking;  
all those coins deep down  
into the waiting dry moth slot:  
you just bought yourself  
another hour,  
all these creeping hairy  
badlands tarantulas forever  
on the move.

## Work-Related Injury

She said she had to quit giving hand jobs  
because her arthritis got too bad  
she would have customers at the full body massage,  
regulars wanting the regular  
and her arthritis would flare up  
so she went to this specialist who filled out  
all the requisite forms  
and now she collects disability  
and doesn't have to give hand jobs  
anymore.

She showed me the form which explained  
the cause of her chronic arthritis:  
*Repetitious work.*

She said the term "work" was important because the injury  
had to be work related or you got nothing.

I guess she told them she was a secretary or something  
and there was no follow-up.

Good for her, and quite the looker as well.

Retired at 23.

## Mississippi Mean

She had limited education  
which meant she was free  
to be herself.

Cottonmouth  
Mississippi mean.

Her mother  
not really her birth mother  
and she knew it.

Wartime father  
forever taking a flyer  
on responsibility.

I was just a friend  
as much as men and women  
can be that.

Never tried to fuck her  
even though she always had  
her legs in the air.

Some former  
Friday Night Lights  
cheerleader.

Always the top of the pyramid  
like ancient Egypt  
stuffing its bra.

While the sweaty dumb boys  
became tacklers  
and the freshly tackled.

Everyone watching the scoreboard  
so there could be a winner  
and a loser.

In this small new world  
cow town that never  
mattered.

No Way Around the Only Way

Bald

as the eagle's nest  
high above,

clouds

in the shape of  
runaway weed whackers,

I must be agnostic as

a three topping pizza

expecting a tip

not found in over six

let the bread rise

like doughy Lazarus kitchens

of Dear Abby,

that industrial oven way

the water slide seems to swallow

everything in gravity-stricken

bathing suit saliva –

no way

around the only

way

except that last

horny find a way

reach around,

all the loose change  
of bulging leprechaun pockets;  
so revved up you clear your  
lumpy morning oatmeal throat,  
nobody could be so carnal...

Not the medicine man  
without pharmacy.

Those nipple clamps  
like safe word laundry  
along the line.

A Shitlicker Named Brown Out and Basement Sex Store  
Attire with Zippers that Do Down in the Back

You have never been to Gay Paree like I have  
been putting out flashbulbs in this  
latest City of Light.

Aerosol can graffiti hissing poisonous wicker  
asp electric as I please.

And heavy is the sweater of Damocles out of season,  
a shitlicker named Brown Out  
and basement sex store attire  
with zippers that do down in the back.

From sloppy wine country Bordeaux  
as my slippery eel of a wife counts her Euros  
against the Dollar.

The airspace closed down  
like some peep show no one  
is allowed to see.

Napoleon's machine gun throwaways  
in sprawling hangover fatigues.

Fishing in bus station border town bathrooms  
with the doors torn off all the stalls.

What I love about my violence  
is the way it never leaves.

Sex Doll Gumbo Pt. 2

Had a dream  
that I was in the old Soviet Union  
and little Leon Trotsky  
was going around saying:  
"Sex Doll Gumbo,"  
digging his giant ladle into the vat  
and dumping it  
all over someone's head  
before wheeling on to the next

What does such a thing mean,  
who can say?

Least of all, those many  
chopped up sex dolls  
that went into the making  
of such a fine, nutritious  
offering.

## Alphabet Soup

They took turns,  
things were democratic that way.

Two ate cans of Alphagetti for dinner  
and the other two stayed sober enough  
to keep their wits about them.

The pasta mechanically pressed into letters  
not so easily digestible.  
Served in a condensed broth that  
made an Alphabet Soup  
if you puked it back up  
in the first few hours.

And they met later on down in the forest  
beside the Allandale Recreation Center.

The two Alphagetti eaters slapping each other  
across the face to build confidence,  
slamming back a 26er of Canadian Club whiskey each  
and waiting for partial blindness to set in.

Alcohol poisoning that would allow you  
to begin projectile vomiting.

You had to trust the other two designated spellers  
that nursed their beers,  
led you stumbling back up out  
of the woods on the blind.

Thurston and Mikey were on sober duties tonight.  
Let me know before you get dry mouth,  
Thurston said.  
I don't want a repeat of last month,  
you dirty bastard!

If you puked in the woods,  
no one would ever see it.

If you chucked it up all over your friends,  
they were never your friends for long.

There had to be an early warning system.  
Perfected through trial and error.

Duffin and Cassidy were the mules this time.  
Chugging cheap booze so the undigested  
Alphagetti could come back up.

And the blindness didn't take long.  
Your brain submerged in an ocean of liquor  
so that everything shut down.

Basic motor skills and all senses.  
Don't blow your load, goddammit!  
Cassidy remembered a disembodied voice saying.  
The street lamps just streaking lines as he winced.  
Carried over someone's shoulder  
as he could no longer walk on his own.

The next thing you knew,  
you woke up on a basement pull-out couch  
with no memory of anything.

It was a straight blank.  
Your throat too sore to speak.

One of the designated spellers tearing off  
two suitable twigs to dig through the vomit.

Picking through the undigested letters  
to spell out some witty expletive-laden prime ribber  
by the front of the Rec center entrance  
to welcome the morning crowds.

A clear message in the alphabet soup.  
Usually something like:  
**SANTA IS A REGISTERED SEX OFFENDER  
ASKING YOU TO SIT ON HIS LAP  
or FINGER FUCK SANDWICH WAS HERE.**

Before it was time to switch roles.  
One time, they wrote something so bad  
the cops came looking for them.

Only the designated spellers knew what it was,  
and they weren't talking.

There was a natural impulse to try outdoing  
what you imagined the others had done  
with your own vomit.

Duffin could never spell.  
A simple error could undo everything.

I think Duff should work double shift!  
Mikey said.  
That pole smoker can't spell worth a shit.

Fuck you!  
whined Duffin.  
It took me weeks to recover  
from the last time.

It's your time,  
Cassidy told Mikey.

Learn to spell, motherfucker!  
said Thurston.

Thurston was the leader of the group,  
having the final say on everything.  
Nothing is really a democracy,  
not the autographed posters on your wall  
or the gas in your tank.

Handing Duff the freshly cracked bottle,  
he tipped it back down the gullet  
and that was that.