

# SCAB

ISSUE #2

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**

I'm here once again. And once again, I don't know what to write. All I want to say is this: go. Go and read what comes after this page, claw and chew your way through it, gorge 'til you get sick. Then, lie still and digest. Somewhere warm. Dream about the next feast.

SCAB is 6 months old and I couldn't be a prouder parent.

D.

March 2018

**Puke Porn**

It's not for everybody; this intimacy may be too much. Finger my uvula, rub my tonsils, you say before we begin. *You don't have tonsils*, I almost reply, realizing you joke to get me comfortable.

I only know about the lack of tonsils because it was in the ad: Model wanted. No nudity. Must be willing to get dirty. Other model will have no nudity, no tonsils. The last statement I didn't understand until I walked inside the apartment.

There are no barriers here except where my hand meets my base knuckle meets your throat. Your Adam's apple protrudes.

You told me to practice on myself in the bathroom when I came so that I could *know myself*: Drink half a gallon of water, and hope you haven't eaten for at least four hours. It comes out cleaner. I declined and said *I just want to get to work*.

My hand clenched to my side, I don't know your name. We stand facing one another. I can't tell you why I need \$500. I can't even make eye contact with the cameraman. I don't ask what to do if you aspirate on your vomit.

You seem to trust me too much.

We don't kiss. You grasp my index and middle fingers and guide them past your teeth; I feel the ridge of an incisor brush past a nail as the pad rubs your taste buds. Soon I notice warmth and quickly remove my fingers and stand back. You puke on the plastic tarp at your feet, disgorging pennies and pink chunks of what might have once been chicken and red wine or blood.

Holding my breath, I smell nothing but taste, despite myself, the sulfur, the acid of too many things I had forgotten: the stink of past viruses, the pallor of my mother as she drank another bottle.

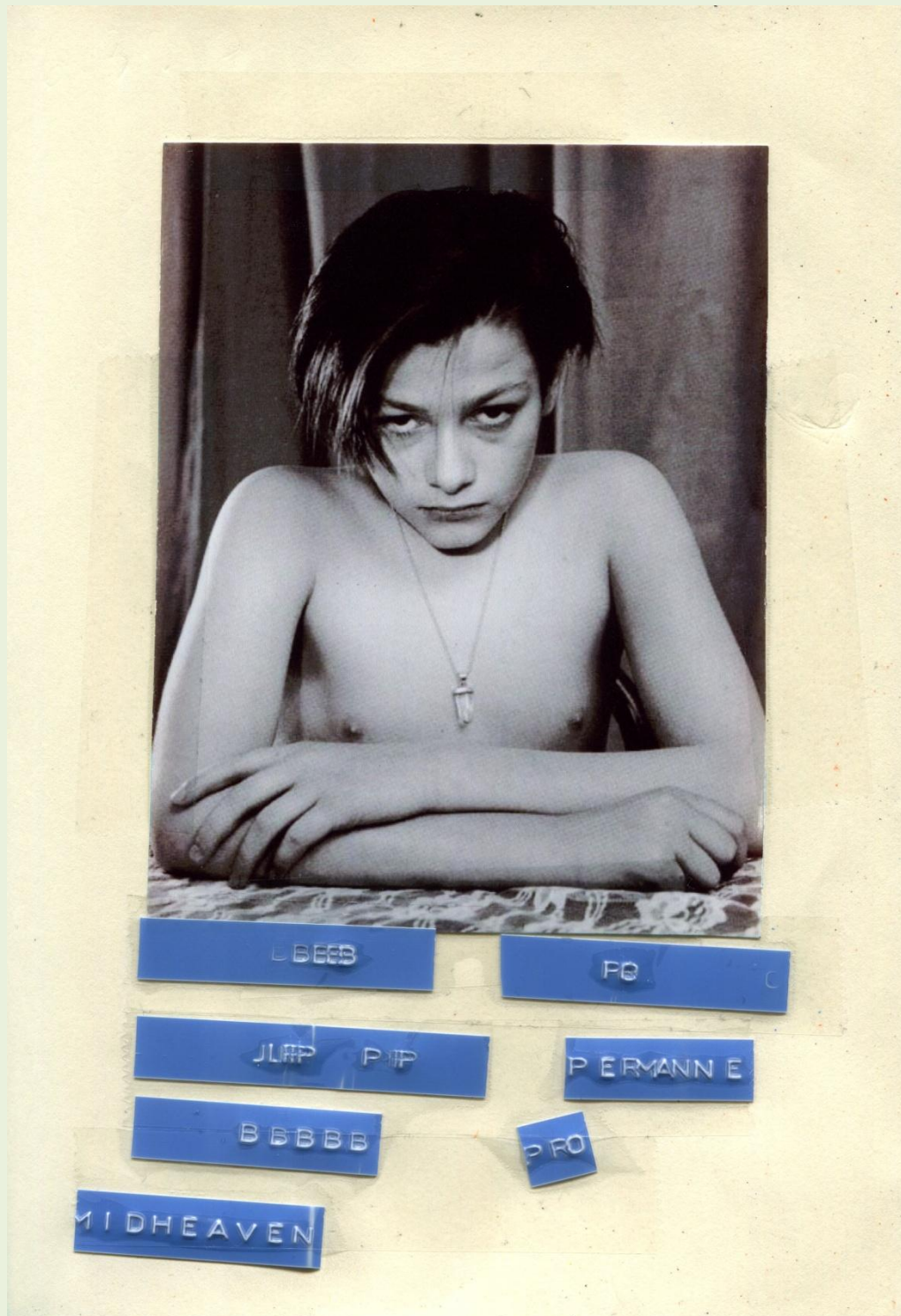
Every chunk is a confession revealing who you are, your life caught between me between your spattered jeans between the cameraman. You're fully clothed but more naked than you'll ever be again.

The cameraman coughs.  
And we know we will never kiss.

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Justin Holliday is a lecturer and poet. His work has appeared in *The Aironaut*, *gobbet*, *Impossible Archetype*, *Rag Queen Periodical*, *Queen Mob's Teahouse*, and elsewhere.

## bodyache



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Kier Cooke Sandvik is a Norwegian artist working with drawing, painting, photography and sculpture. He has previously exhibited at Andrea Rosen Gallery in New York and Diorama Gallery in Oslo, and is currently a student at the Oslo Academy of Fine Art. Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/kilikier/>

## BELONGINGS

I was lying on the carpet and gaped into the living room through a crack in the door. Anemic, on my flank and away from the bed — the Proustian empire sans the writing — my thoughts circled around belongings while intruders rummaged through shelves. They weren't on a stealing spree. I could tell, because they weren't dressed for theft.

The sharp sound of unsheathing my father's World War II saber pierced the room and forced the image of a blade slashing skin. Although just an ersatz-sensation, I pictured the pain a paper cut causes. Within the same surge, the saber was dumped, and one of the intruders moved over to my recliner chair.

From there, she must have been able to detect me cowering in the shadow of the bedroom door ajar. One of her legs hung over the armrest. She quickly pulled her skirt up and started to play with herself. I watched her, unsure whether it was void her eyes focused on; the living room wasn't fully lit, so it could have been me as well. I likened her face to mine — the way it deforms when jerking off, like some ready-made indication that film uses. No match. She looked away from me.

"There's no time for that now," she turned her head quickly towards a man, who seized and hurled her onto the floor, or rather into the coffee table. Its glass top smashed onto her torso but didn't break. Only when he kicked it away to place a foot on her throat, it did.

"I just felt like," with a complacent tone, she whispered between gasps.

"You don't just feel if I don't," the guy dropped onto his knees. The choking his feet had started continued with his hands clutched around her throat. "Don't just fucking hurt me like this," he stressed every syllable by hitting her head against the floor. The girl's body jerked and complemented the rhythm his hands dictated.

I was closer now. Her skin quickly covered itself in sweat and got undermined by a tide of blood, causing the veins to extrude into the space of the room.

"You ought to know this," he said.

With an elegant twist, she positioned her head towards me and revealed a wide grin on her face, which invited me to realize she knew I was watching. Before her motion, I had only heard nondescript groans between blows of her skull against the floor. But by declaring me the spectator, her sounds became expressions of thrill, even bliss.

"Don't you fucking enjoy this?" he said. "I don't... I do this for us... for you and me." He let go of her and ordered her to sit up. His screaming caused saliva to drip down his chin.

"I ain't you," her words sounded more like regret than an apology. "Look," she drew him closer to show the fresh bruises, still darkening as if his hands were continuing to magnetize the iron in her bloodstream, "but they feel like you."

"It's sick what we could do with this thing, like... I ... a kill is too easy. It's the first thing that would come to mind." He looked up and down the blade of the saber.

"But slicing parts of the skin slowly, so death lingers around the body —"

"Death by a thousand cuts," he interrupted her.

"Yeah, I mean, it would stretch out to... like a couple of days or something... waiting for death... endlessly."

"And every cut distracts from the previous one."

"I wanna see it carve skin," she said, "could you cut yourself?"

"I will not do what you say," he countered.

"No, I meant it as a question, like in general or... hypothetically."

He took time to answer, "I'm pretty much sure I can't, but... and you?"

"I... uh... I could, I guess, but it's just not the same... you know, getting someone else to do it... to get your body damaged is just, fuck... deeper," she pulled the skirt further down as if to avoid her bare thighs rubbing on the leather she sat on. "Just don't lie... I know that you can hurt yourself... I mean, I felt it."

"Shut up!" he almost screamed these words.

I wanted to vanish, at least further into the shadow the door cast upon my legs, just to make her forget me, but exhaustion and disease tied me to the half-light of the room.

"It's... because I need you to feel it, I'm..." he took his shirt off, "see this," referred to his bare torso, which was coated in abrasions and white scaly spots, "dead skin, it's immune."

"He pissed himself," only a few moments had gone by and they both stood above me, she was carrying the saber.

"I know," her utterance had the tone of satisfaction.

I hadn't felt it. And now I couldn't bend my neck far enough to see the clothes around my crotch, if they really had saturated. Over and over, I replayed the sensation of warm urine trickling down my thighs like a blank video tape.

“Get up!” he ordered me. I tried again to move but ended up writhing on the floor. They both started to lift me but failed. I lay supine hoping for more of their actions.

“Man, he's done,” she said while inspecting me, “he's panting like he's going to fucking die.”

I saw my shirt torn open slightly above my crotch, and she was circling rashes and bruises on my skin. Her thin arms moved in and out of perception. Each time I saw her fingers, sensation got implied.

Her hand had just been hovering above my crotch, when the rest of her body was yanked away. Her shoulder hit the wall first, followed by the back of her head.

“What you want from me?” He only heard me because he had dropped down beside me. I saw his fist racing down on my face. My cheekbone began to swell right away and the impact left my head facing the girl cowering against the wall.

Seldom had I seen a body such as hers; it was aching to get altered in all possible ways. I matched her wounds and scars with mine; as one they were just the undone design of what other people perceive as pain.

She dragged herself over to where I lay, moved my head straight up and then saddled my thighs. I watched her planning her next moves. Once she was ready, she pulled down my pants and first rubbed my cock before cleaning it with her mouth. I was too weak to see and didn't know the state of it, but it seemed hard enough for her to start fucking me. Another blitz to her face. The skin around her cheek-bone finally gave in and way to blood oozing. Her head dropped, she lapsed into unconsciousness but was still sitting up-right on my crotch.

“Just do what I tell you, when *I* tell you,” for the first time his voice nearly broke while screaming. “It pains me to tell you,” he inhaled deeply and then coughed, “It pains me too, you know?” There was hesitation before he addressed me, “she's better than...you — than all of them.”

“Why?” I couldn't tell if I just thought it or said it but expected an answer.

“There's no why for her, she's me...” the sentence broke off as he unbuttoned his fly to take off his jeans. On his knees with his crotch in my face, he began to rub his dick over my damaged eye. “You know, you've got to love and care for your creations,” I heard him say and then fixated on the dead skin that covered the side of his rib cage. He pried my jaw wide open and started to mouth-fuck me. After a few repetitions, the saber appeared. She placed it on his throat as if to strangle him while she started to fuck me

again. Her eye had swollen up to a golf-ball-sized mass — the state I imagined my eye to be in — and tears ran down her intact cheek. I expected lust in her face but got to see pain; it arose from the edge of the saber, which was buried deep into her palm.

He freed himself from the choke-hold, which had left a mark on his throat. The move pierced his cock deeper into my throat until he was forced to work my mouth kneeling next to my head.

“No, look at you... I don't feel it,” he said.

“Don't let him see me.”

Merely breathing caused shifts of his body.

“Just fucking punch me again,” she said, trying to stir him out of his stupor.

“You're shit to believe you're part of me.” He got a pillow from the bed and forced it on my face. “Here's to your wish,” I heard through the pillow that covered sight and muffled sound. It was cold spots on my skin that gave away the wetness and it was the in-between of my thighs that got flooded by sap dripping down my cock.

“I can't be sure it's you... we're both dictated by the same,” only because of the low drone resonating underneath the pillow, I was able to identify it as his voice.

She supported her movements with her thumb on my pelvic bone while her fingers spread fluids over my waist. “I know I chose this,” I screamed into the pillow, but then everything turned into a gasping for air until the blade cut open skin. I couldn't tell the center of it, as the pain burned out every hollow cavity of my body in one rush. A charge that repeated ceaselessly. But the end, I remember, was the warm come embalming my open wounds.

**Loneliness**

—after Fanny Howe

Loneliness messages you at 3AM on Grindr saying  
*cum fuck your fuckboys hole daddy*  
and you're too drunk to drive, but drive  
you do.

You do  
loneliness in the bathroom stall  
in City Park after midnight  
raw and dry  
before the high school boys  
drunk and screaming in the back  
of a beat up 4X4 come  
hunting faggots.

Loneliness buys you a shot  
of Fireball and later  
cums on your face  
after you tell it not to.

Loneliness is a French architect  
working in West Africa who just needs  
a small loan to free up his accounts and he'll pay you back  
double.

That hand on your thigh, the unanswered text, the pizza  
date with the vaping dude you met on Scruff?  
You know.

Loneliness kicks the cat  
off the bed to steal more room, curls into sleep  
like smoke, takes more and more  
breath.

Loneliness freaks with a chick  
at the pond after getting high  
and swimming while you  
stayed home waiting, stayed up  
waiting—knows you're waiting—

and smiles at your knowing.

---

Daniel Stewart has taught in the Writers in the Schools program since 1999, and serves as Writer-in-Residence at Ada County Juvenile Detention, and Frank Church High, an alternative school, in Boise, ID. He is the author of a book of poems, *The Imaginary World* (Wolf Peach Press, 2003). His poems have appeared in *Puerto Del Sol*, *Rattle*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Educe: A Journal of Queer Literature*, *Sixfold*, *Thrush Poetry Journal*, and *Yes Poetry*, among others.

**Totally Fucked Up (dir. Gregg Araki, 1993)**

I like celluloid fragment six best –

*Burn: to masturbate while looking at a provocative picture –*  
when Andy and Ian walk through the empty parking garage  
at night and Andy calls L.A. the *alienation capital of the world –*  
*like they dropped a neutron bomb and nobody noticed.*

These are queer boy types who don't want to be –  
handsome, unglamorous boys who hate disco and Bette Midler,  
and trade their favorite terms for jerking –

*Shooting tadpoles at the moon –*  
across a summer spent slung against the wall of a convenience store.

I wince when Andy says *I smoke, therefore I am,*  
rewind to hear Andy say, *He makes my heart beat.*

Rewind their third kiss most:

Ian kisses Andy's closed lips,  
licks the end of the world off Andy's nose.

---

Will Stockton is Associate Professor of English at Clemson University. His publications include *Crush* (Punctum Books) and *Gay Boys Write Straight Porn* (Sibling Rivalry Press), both written with D. Gilson. His poems have appeared in journals including *Adroit*, *Assaracus*, *Bloom*, *Folio*, and *PANK*.

**Bash**

All the people shut up in themselves, on their phones, staring at lights, laughing at lights, smiling, frowning, gone into the lights, looking up, a little stunned and lost, out the window at what was passing, which was only darkness. I was bleeding a little under my coat. Not badly but I could feel it. I was leaking. I knew no one would look at me because they were engrossed in their distractions and so I could sit there in the moment, my side throbbing. Wounded, I thought. I'm wounded. Trying to remember what had happened, trying to remember the order of events, to unscramble my mental footage and have a clear picture--that was absurd. I had been in the fight. I had been the object of the fight. It had come out of nowhere. But hadn't it always? All the hate directed at me coming from nowhere and anywhere. From them. I had walked from the bar to the station and my mind was already on the train and I hadn't heard them or maybe even seen them. They had passed me, and then I was being turned around and hit. First to my head and shoulder, and then as I fought, there was a sudden bright shock in my side. I doubled over or fell. I wasn't sure what the correct word was for the body giving out. I was on the sidewalk and I heard them leave me. My wallet was still with me. My phone was not. Get up, get up, I thought. I got up. I was moving, trying to move. I had been tipsy but now another thing, a stronger thing coursed alongside that feeling. I moved like a drunk attempting to look sober. I moved wounded and shocked and close to tears or sudden violence. I was glad no one else passed me. I felt like I might lash out, throw my fists at them. Terrible, be terrible and live, I thought. I had told myself that a long time ago. I knew I was hurt but I had been hurt much worse. I had been beaten worse by people who had said they loved me. These strangers, these nothings, they would join the others in nothingness. I got to the station and was aware that some people glanced and then looked away from me. Quickly. The train came and I was on it and moving. That was when I felt the blood. I only had to make it home. This was something. When I thought of the times I had fled homes and not known where to go, but now I had my place. I would be home and I would clean myself and tend to my wound. I would have a drink or not. I would shower or not. I would lie in my bed and sleep or not. I would replay the night. But first I would get home and I would close the door on the world. That was really all I had ever wanted.

Nate Lippens has published stories in Catapult, SAND Journal, Hobart, and Queen Mob's Tea House, among others. Twitter: @NateLippens

### **Cooking Pancakes in the Dark**

I was very hungry and very afraid that something with evil intent would be attracted to the houselights. I measured levels and consistencies with my fingers.

And I was naked. There was no sense catching my clothes on fire or caking them with batter.

This sort of alone goes beyond reason or sadness.

In time, I was full with the sort of spongy sweetness that grows unseen, that decays within the walls of a house. I dared to light a candle. I tended my wounds.

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Glen Armstrong holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and teaches writing at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. He edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters* and has three recent chapbooks: *Set List* (Bitchin Kitsch), *In Stone* and *The Most Awkward Silence of All* (both Cruel Garters Press).

## Signal Deterioration

Equip the blunt knife to left trigger,  
leaving room for sharpened nails  
to engrave a response in skin pulled  
taut, a spider diagram of blame.

My back is a map the envy of zombies.  
Press start to strategise, to breathe.  
They look familiar below all the blood,  
pooling with the weight of conversation

stalled. The capacity for understanding  
reduced to a quick time event, press A  
for empathy, press B to have the flesh  
remember its pliability. We are cavities

made for hammering, sides designed  
for splitting, pixels written for endings.  
We are lines of code left uncompiled,  
a finger hovering above a keystroke

while our history fractures before us.  
The zombies admonish our reticence  
to take a risk. Whilst we try to wipe the disc,  
they break down the door and destroy us.

---

Mark Ward is a poet from Dublin, Ireland. He was the 2015 Poet Laureate for *Glitterwolf* and his work has appeared in *Assaracus*, *Tincture*, *Skylight 47*, *The Good Men Project*, *HIV Here + Now*, *Storm Cellar*, *Studies in Arts and Humanities*, *Off the Rocks*, *The Wild Ones*,

*Vast Sky, Animal, Headstuff, Emerge* and the anthologies, *Out of Sequence: The Sonnets Remixed, The Myriad Carnival* and *Not Just Another Pretty Face*. New work is forthcoming in *Poetry Ireland Review*. He founded *Impossible Archetype*, a journal of LGBTQ+ poetry. His chapbook, *Circumference*, will be out later this year from Finishing Line Press. You can find him here: <http://astintinyourspotlight.wordpress.com>

**Sedona, Arizona (19XX)**

**Synopsis of Statements**  
**Indicative of a Shared Past Life Regression**

**Frass, Elytron/You**

1. Long ago, I bifurcated into simultaneous lives \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
2. A set of twins \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
3. Born in Sedona, Arizona, 1963 \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
4. In a single family home \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
5. Raised within a trailer park \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
6. We were brothers \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
7. Identical \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
8. Our names were Walter and Wallace \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
9. Mother's maiden name was Ward \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
10. She was legally divorced \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
11. Never married \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
12. She was typically at work \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
13. Mostly stayed at home with us \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
14. She'd only leave us home alone on weekends \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
15. She'd spend her nights two trailers down from ours \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
16. With her boyfriends, Steven and César \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
17. Her income came from child support \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
18. Received a monthly Welfare check and food stamps from the government \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
19. We were told to sell a portion of the food stamps \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
20. For a sum of cash to pay the rent \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
21. Mother and her boyfriends drank a lot of beer \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
22. Preferred experimenting with hallucinogens \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
23. Under the fog of a patchouli scented brand of incense \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
24. In the presence of quartz crystals \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
25. Steven and César drove everywhere together in their car \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**

26. A 1976 Thunderbird \_\_\_\_\_ N/
27. The vehicle was baby blue \_\_\_\_\_ N/
28. One Saturday morning they surprised us with a pizza \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
29. Sprinkled psilocybin mushrooms on it \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
30. Our bodies melded with the furniture \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
31. Cartoons were being born out of the television's cyclops eye \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
32. Broadcasts ran amok within our living room \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
33. We registered the news break warning that a female prisoner escaped from jail \_\_\_ N/
34. Steven, César, and our mother watched us speak in tongues for their amusement\_\_ Y/
35. Only when our drugs wore off did they begin to do their own \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
36. They smoked a pipe with something crystalline inside \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
37. Their bodies sprawled then stiffened on the couch \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
38. Consciousness receded far behind their undead eyes \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
39. Minutes later, they regurgitated newfound presence and awareness \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
40. The three of them awoke—quieted and changed \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
41. Like sages coming down from mountains after years of isolation \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
42. Steven claimed he'd been transported to a mystical domain of fractal light \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
43. César was met with bioluminescent swarms of elves \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
44. Mother's trip was spammed by psychic advertisements via her pineal gland \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
45. Received coordinates to the Akashic Records \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
46. A directory of endless knowledge—seated in the interstice of time \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
47. Its access point—a crossroads—known only to the elves \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
48. When the drug lost its effect on us we parted ways \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
49. Mother told us to behave ourselves \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
50. She drove off with her men \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
51. In mom's absence we were always left with yearning and the void \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
52. Her precious drugs were hidden well \_\_\_\_\_ N/
53. We found her stash within the kitchen cupboard \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
54. Among the canned goods in an emptied can of soup \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
55. Labeled 'Cream of Broccoli' \_\_\_\_\_ ?/
56. We knew what type of drug it was \_\_\_\_\_ N/
57. We rolled it into a fat cigarette with rolling paper \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
58. We smoked most of it \_\_\_\_\_ Y/

59. Euphoria and poisons burned within our chests \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
60. Our lungs were young and virile \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
61. We had nothing else to do \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
62. Sedona was an International Dark Sky City \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
63. There was virtually no light pollution after sunset \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
64. We dressed in black and cloaked ourselves in darkness \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
65. Laid belly-up outside, nearby the outskirts of the trailer park \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
66. Our eyes adjusted to the powerful illumination of the moon and stars \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
67. The nearby bushes rustled \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
68. Approx. six minutes from the time we finished tripping \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
69. We anticipated the arrival of the elves \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
70. A thing was flung in our direction \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
71. It landed with a muffled thud \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
72. It could have been a pebble or a twig \_\_\_\_\_ N/  
73. That was all it took to shake us from our stupors \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
74. We synchronically recoiled as we scanned the dark \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
75. We strained our eyes \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
76. A bright reflective heap of orange colored clothes lay in the grass before us \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
77. We could see—aided only by the stars—the orange uniform was tattered \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
78. An interrupting laughter brought our eyes away from it \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
79. A gentle cackle—feminine in nature \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
80. Its source was cast in shadow \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
81. It came out from the nearby shrubs \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
82. A viscous long clawed elf \_\_\_\_\_ N/  
83. A tall and longhaired woman \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
84. She was about six feet tall \_\_\_\_\_ N/  
85. She was about eight feet tall \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
86. Her pendulant breasts and buttocks were silhouetted by the moon \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
87. She held her hands up high as if she were surrendering \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
88. Dropped them once she saw that we were not a threat \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
89. Her skin was so much paler than our mom's \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
90. Her firm legs towered over us—an inverted gaping 'V' \_\_\_\_\_ Y/  
91. She put a finger to her lips to keep us hushed \_\_\_\_\_ Y/

92. Her hand slid down from them—slowly moving towards her sex \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
93. As she began to play with it, we stared like hungry wolves \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
94. She squatted down beside us for the climax \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
95. Released a violent stream of cum \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
96. Followed by a stream of urine \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
97. Chased by a half-coagulated stream of uterine blood \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
98. Bellowed a deep sigh of relief when she was done \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
99. Nodding as a sign of satisfaction without uttering a word \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
100. Blood rushed to the bulges in our pants as it departed from our brains \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
101. The woman stood up from her puddle \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
102. Took us warmly by our hands \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
103. We followed \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
104. Through the backyard wilderness of Arizona \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
105. She used body language to direct us \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
106. Either she was mute or non-English-speaking \_\_\_\_\_ ?/
107. We avoided being seen \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
108. The three of us walked, nonstop, until we hit the city's edge \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
109. Where the Verde Canyon Railroad crossed its lines \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
110. We weren't far away from home \_\_\_\_\_ N/
111. Beyond the crossing, one track climbed an overpass back into town \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
112. The other one led to the canyon down below \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
113. We were able to survey our immediate surroundings \_\_\_\_\_ N/
114. It was way too dark to see \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
115. We were standing at a point where many tracks converged \_\_\_\_\_ ?/
116. Our naked woman's knees crunched gravel \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
117. She came between us, kneeling down \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
118. Unzipped our trousers \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
119. Calloused hands slid in \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
120. Began to palpate on our balls \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
121. We each grabbed for the silhouetted pleasures of her breasts \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
122. But she was quick to back away \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
123. Touch, it seemed, was not a mutual exchange \_\_\_\_\_ Y/
124. She instructed us to lie down on the ground \_\_\_\_\_ Y/

125. She roughly pulled our trousers to our ankles \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
126. We ignored the jaggedness of gravel poking at our glutes and backs \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
127. Our heads rested on the railroad tracks \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
128. With ambidextrous skill, she began to milk our cocks \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
129. Our eyes rolled back into a sightless bliss \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
130. We surrendered to the rhythm of her tugs \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
131. Conjoined as one synchronic system \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
132. Ejaculated cum of shimmering and tranquil light \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
133. Followed by a gentle flowing piss \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
134. Ending with a spritz of blood \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
135. She rendered us insensible \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
136. Deaf and blind to the approaching train \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
137. Its muted wheels passed through us \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
138. Infinitudes of fractals scintillated from its light \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
139. Our heads were mutually obliterated \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
140. The tall woman remained focused on our genitals \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
141. Guiding us through incomparable and rapturous heights of orgasm \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
142. We retained awareness well into our deaths \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
143. With her grip around our joysticks—we were piloted to realms beyond concern \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
144. Our cadavers fell through vortices of alternating color schemes \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
145. And bottomless agendas \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
146. We were given total access to the Akashic Records \_\_\_\_\_ **N/**
147. Yet our memories imprinted new and wet-electric pages \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**
148. Into the vastness and abruptness of its cosmic-mechanical mind \_\_\_\_\_ **Y/**

CIRCLE THE MOST APPLICABLE ANSWER:

I DON'T RECALL ANY OF THIS = **-1**

I REMEMBER IT ALL = **+1**

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Elytron Frass is a self-taught pseudonymous writer and visual artist. He is the author of the "occult-ero-guro" novella, *Liber Exuvia* (2018, gnOme). His shorter works have been published in *SleepingFish*, *Tarpaulin Sky Magazine*, *The Offbeat*, et al. He is twitter-active at [https://twitter.com/Elytron\\_Frass](https://twitter.com/Elytron_Frass)



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Hana Pera Aoake is an artist and writer based in Te Whanganui-a-tara, Aotearoa. Hana primarily works collaboratively within the indigenous art collective Fresh and Fruity with Mya Middleton. Hana is currently in throes of suffering at the hands of an MFA at Massey University.

I

I bought a box of rubbers from Wal-Mart.

I tore off his shirt.

I ran my fingers down his bare arms.

I pulled down his shorts.

I grabbed his dick and sucked his nips.

I stroked his dick.

I kissed his voluptuous lips.

I tongue-tickled the head of his dick.

I couldn't get enough.

I ran my fingers through his punk rock, purple hair.

I tossed his salad.

I squeezed his chocolate ass.

I ran my fingers through the warm trenches of it.

I was so rough.

I clawed at his muscled back.

I milked his dick clean of cum.

I took a whiff of the poppers he offered.

I took every pissy drop.

I ate that dick teaser's ass.

I tapped my foot and got a blow job for it.

I sucked and fucked until he came.

I wanted him to show me his hard on for a blow job.

I want to walk barefoot through a bathhouse.

I want a raving mad scat queen.

I came on his back.

I was shocked when he told me he was only seventeen.

I want to drink sweat from James Franco's T-shirt.

I want to meet the artist who drew this dick on the stall wall.

I was surrounded by a gang of college boy hard-ons.

I want it to rain semen.

I want a man with an asshole big enough to shove a watermelon through.

I was so horny, I licked the urinals.  
I just bought a hot-pink dildo and I can't wait to try it out.  
I want you to come on my face and stomach.  
I got a thing for water sports.  
I got a spit fetish.  
I unbuckled his belt.  
I pushed my hand down his suit pants.  
I kissed his belly.  
I teased his pierced, Latino nips.  
I slipped off the rubber before I shoved my dick up his ass.  
I felt him hot on top of me.  
I smeared on some lube.  
I smothered my face between the cheeks of his ass.  
I licked precum from his dick.  
I kissed it.  
I cupped his balls.  
I talked dirty to him while he fucked me.  
I handcuffed him to the bed.  
I am the slut everyone knows on a first name basis.  
I was his dirty nigger.  
I want a dick ring for Christmas.  
I want to be bound and gagged by Catholic priests.  
I am as loyal as a prison bitch.  
I want a husband to come home to.  
I want a big pink dick.  
I want to skull fuck you until you're blue in the face.  
I want you to look at me as I fuck you.  
I want my ass and mouth fucked.  
I want to sniff armpits.  
I got a hairy back with a hairy ass to match.  
I need a cuddle slut.  
I got a dick like a porn star.  
I like to be spanked.

I like to be watched.

I like to show it off.

I want to know who's been drilling glory holes.

I give good head.

I freed his dick out of his underwear.

I jacked him off while he watched porn.

I slathered him with vegetable grease.

I fucked him in a park bathroom stall.

I shoot huge loads.

I'm a nelly bottom.

I grabbed his ass in a crowded bar.

I lost my balance and my foot slipped into a toilet of pissy water.

I couldn't make out his face. The booth was too dark.

I looked into his eyes red with poppers.

I came in his mouth when he told me not to.

I ate his ass so good.

I didn't think I would ever find his apartment.

I came on his face like he begged me to.

I adore bubble asses and tattoos in grungy guys.

I gagged on his dick.

I sat on his face.

I could feel his tongue up in me.

I watched him from the mirror jacking off at the urinal.

I quickly recovered off my knees when I heard someone walk in.

I could see sprouts of pubic hair.

I sucked his fingers among other things.

I descended down the steps of the basement met with the stench of poppers.

I glanced at his dick at the urinal.

I bought him whatever he wanted.

I love my alligator tit clamps.

I scuffed my knees on the bathroom floor of McDonald's.

I got so high off the poppers.

I got peanut butter eaten off my dick.

I got so shit-faced I couldn't remember what happened the night before.

I woke up with a sore ass.

I cocked my legs high.

I start my mornings with a good jack off.

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Shane Allison is the author of two novels. *You're the One I Want* and *Harm Done* (Strebor Books). When he's not writing poems, short stories and novels, he enjoys drawing and making collages. His poetry collection *Slut Machine* is out from Queer Mojo Press. His new book, *Live Nude Guys* is due out later this year.

## Vodka and Blizzards

I once crossed a town in a blizzard to get my liquor. People will say that alcoholics have no will power . . . we don't . . . when it comes to liquor. But in other things we got will power that'd truly astound. Some of our exploits to get liquor would blow your little minds.

A blizzard hit the town. I was a 5<sup>th</sup> of vodka a day drunk . . . plus a six pack to taper off with. I was on a bender when the snows fell so heavy. A drunk don't prepare for nothin'! I spun my records, pet my cat, and worked on the vodka until it was gone. I might of called people I knew on the phone to tell them to "fuck off!" . . . which I sometimes did on a drunk . . . but I can't remember.

The liquor store was only four blocks away from my apartment. When the vodka ran out I donned my winter clothes, including my orange Holden Caulfield tuck hat, and hoofed it up there . . . as the snow fell . . . getting mighty deep.

Thinking on things and not really paying attention, I pulled on that liquor store door and it jerked me . . . you know . . . you've experienced it . . . expecting a door to open and getting that jigga-bug jarring from it not doing as expected. I looked up amazed. It was closed! "Hell!" I thought, "Liquor stores don't close down!" Not for nothing! Drunks need their sauce! I got a little nervous. When you got a 5<sup>th</sup> a day habit, you gotta get the juice . . . you'll go absolutely woggly pop without it . . . end up strapped down in a psyche ward . . . watching the bugs crawl under your skin.

I picked up my pace . . . I was getting the heebie jeebies . . . I needed a drink! I hotfooted it down the street to the closest bar . . . a mighty thirst driving me on. Holy hell cats! It was closed too! Anxiety was breaking into my drunk . . . when that happens it ain't good.

Getting a touch weary I huffed and puffed to two more bars. Both closed! Bars close? Never seen it before . . . I mean . . . it was bad out there, but bars just don't close. When everything else shuts down, the bar, always a sanctuary, stays open . . . take Easter Sunday and Christmas for instance. I was one worried fella! I hiked on through the snow, which was several feet deep by now, back to my flat. I got on the horn . . . desperate . . . call after call! Closed! Closed! Closed!

I finally reached a liquor store that was open. But, good golly miss molly, it was on the other side of the town. I had no choice but to brave the trip . . . sobriety and me didn't

mix back then. My vodka drunk had worn off and I no longer felt the alcohol induced abandon I appreciated so much. I needed it! So as to cross a town in that sort of infernal weather.

I had a bottle of cheap port in the cupboard. I guzzled that down to get back my bravery. I wasn't a wine drinker, but I'd do a bottle of cheap stuff if it was sweet enough . . . sappy, sugary sweet . . . I liked it that way. The port went past my gullet and into a nervous type stomach . . . made my belly a touch oozy, doozy queasy.

On a summer day it'd only have been a twenty minute drive to cross that little town, but with the storm bejizzling the place like that, it was getting pretty goddamned treacherous . . . it was a full on blizzard by now . . . I'd been slagging off the news casts in my drunken abandon . . . now I was sorry I hadn't prepped . . . gotten a few cases of vodka bought . . . before the deluge.

The wine was making my tum tum rather twizzly . . . fear and port weren't a good mixture down there . . . nausea was hitting me hard. About ten minutes into my slip slide, Beelzebub of a drive, I hurled . . . I hurled hard . . . that port, all purple and brown, soaked me . . . a projectile vomit right down into my lap, up on my coat, and all the hell over everything. The heat was cranked, but in that intense of a cold, it just dubbly-wubbed and left me far from toasty. Wet from my wine expulsion, I started to get frosty chilled. I can honestly say I was fucked up arctic numb! I started to shiver uncontrollably.

Slipping and sliding, driving with abandon (fortune favors the brave!) I made it across that town in that blizzard . . . to the last spot for liquor. You can't say that the clerk wasn't baffled some. A liquor store clerk sees a lot of bizarre behavior and a lot of strange characters, so he didn't make an issue of a puke stained dilly-bob like me buying 2 cases of 100 proof Monarch Vodka. Still, he was a bit flumdidled . . . with me stumbling in like that out of a blizzard. You could tell he wasn't particularly charmed by my appearance, but he made no comments.

I put the cases in my trunk . . . holy cats I was cold! Jesus mother of god! The car had been running, but it wasn't any warmer when I took the seat. Oh . . . of course . . . I'd opened a case and got a 5<sup>th</sup> of the Monarch to nip on for the shivers that were reaching my liver. Yet I just got colder and colder. I couldn't get a good pull off the bottle I was shaking so badly. I was slopping vodka all over myself. Holy fishprick what a stench in that car! I drove on a bit and finally had to do something. My sottish brain decided I

needed to get out of those wet clothes . . . especially the pants that had gotten it the worst from the projectile vomiting.

I stopped in the road . . . hell . . . nobody was coming . . . night had crept up . . . the storm hadn't gotten kittenish any . . . it was raging! I got out of the car . . . vibrating down to the bones . . . shaking so hard I had a hell of a time getting my clothes off. I'd gotten down to my boxer shorts and had my left boot back on when a cop car rolled up. "Oh Christ in purple pajamas! No! No! Not now! No! Not now! I got my vodka! I can't go to jail now! Not in my boxers! Not with the alcoholic heebie jeebies coming on!"

I was awful goddamned scared! I was out there doing the St. Vitus dance . . . jiggling and jiving all over! The cops sat for a moment . . . two of 'em . . . looking at me. They turned to each other . . . said something between them. They turned their mugs back to give me another looking over. Again they turned to each other and said something. One more look-see at me . . . then they drove off.

Halleluiah! I prayed out loud, "Oh Jesus thank you for your mighty mercy!" The relief I felt led to a joy that gave me strength. In my boxers and my boots, I got back in the car, took a long shaky pull from that bottle . . . felt the wondrous warmth of this elixir of life, and started for home.

It was one dilly-wobbling, slip-slide home. About four blocks from my apartment (the other direction from my local liquor store) I went off the road and right into a tree . . . going pretty fast for that kind of weather. Whammo! Bim! Bim! Bam! Wrapped around a tree. "Oh for god's sake," I moaned, but a drunk never sweats such things . . . as long as he's got booze, and I had two cases! The car be damned! As the storm raged on, I carried the two cases the four blocks . . . in my boxer shorts and boots . . . joy in my heart . . . dangerously close to frost bite . . . maybe death!

Who cares though! A town shut down meant no work . . . maybe for a long time. I could drink with absolute abandon. With two cases of vodka, my cat, and my records, I'd be copacetic . . . I'd be content . . . as only a drunk can be. An alcoholic has no will power?

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When fishspit isn't getting shock treatments he's spinning rockabilly 45s on his little record player. You can contact him here: [fuzzybunnyflatbunny@gmail.com](mailto:fuzzybunnyflatbunny@gmail.com)

I have never been properly raped.  
But I always wanted to experience rape repeatedly, on a daily basis.  
My lovers were reluctant suppliers.

First fantasies came when I was in a playpen.  
I remember curling my hands around its bars  
in imitation of being tied up, immobilized.  
My aunt asked me cheerfully: what is this game you play?  
An obscene voice in my head wanted to tell her: "I am a woman".  
But I was shy to speak my native language yet.

I imagined myself chloroformed, immobilized by someone I loved.  
First time I reached an orgasm I was four,  
pressing my flat little girl's chest against the cold linoleum.

At five I invited knives to participate, I threatened myself with a knife "don't move!" and  
culminated fast.

The times with no adults around were rare,  
The times with no adults around were rare,  
so I had to hurry the frantic fingers yet up.

The orgasms extracted from a child's body had no smell or texture, they already had  
guilt.

As an adult, of course, I have practiced the games of submission.  
The boyfriend I had the most passionate affair with was C. who once hit me so hard I had  
a concussion.

I never wanted to be cured from the maladaptive desire.  
"I was born this way", I used to say.  
But now that you are here and we're on it,  
I think that it is better if we love each other without violence.

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Lily Ruban lives and works in Paris. She is an obsessive reader of Anna Kavan and an amoureuse of Julien Green. Her poetry is forthcoming in Nine Mile Magazine.

## Philosophy of Semen

### 1

Bare-backing culminating in breeding as a magical negation of procreation, a deliriously futile attempt to conceive (And why would we ever want to conceive something as terrible as another human being?)

#### 1.1

In the French porn movie circa 1983, only available on VHS, one dark curly-haired boy says to another dark curly-haired boy: *cumming in your ass feels like spitting into the mouth of God.*

#### 1.11

What would have Wittgenstein made of the language-game that is the term *cum-dump*?  
What would have Nietzsche made of the sexual economy of *gift giving*, those so-called *bug chasers* intentionally seeking out the HIV virus, and acquiring it with the utmost pleasure?

#### 1.12

One might argue that with the electronic proliferation of pornography and the medical progress in prevention and treatment of the HIV/AIDS virus, the act of bare-backing and breeding has become so commonplace it is losing its danger and its magic. Through repetition, all acts, both verbal (poetry, philosophy) and non-verbal (fucking) risk banality.

#### 1.13

Theoretically, cumming on a guy's face has more possibilities of transgression, in that the face (unlike the ass) is the most visible part of the body, the body's public sphere, the sphere the little slut presents to the world in his charade of respectability.

## **1.2**

The pleasure of viewing pornography in your office at work, when you should be productive, watching the young man on the screen flinch as the semen touches his tongue and he negotiates its taste. The look of surprise, confusion and even disgust.

### **1.21**

There are guys who give head and the suction of their lips is like a vacuum cleaner. When I was a kid, my mom would give me the bag inside the vacuum cleaner and I'd go outside and empty it, entranced by all the dust.

## **2**

Semen as a source or site of nostalgia; semen and the mother; semen as dust.

### **2.01**

When a guy swallows your cum, it disrupts his ability to speak, to communicate, to make meaning; it's sublime in that it thwarts his relationship with language, which is not to be trusted.

#### **2.011**

Semen and language, both are substances. Both form stains on the world.

#### **2.012**

I love that sound men make as they swallow. A gulping, in-moaning sound, a pre-linguistic cry, turning them into an animal far wilder than you'd encounter in any forest.

##### **2.0121**

Which brings us to the eye. A guy cums on another guy's face and it reaches the eye instead of the mouth, it stings, results in a bloodshot sclera. This is almost an intuition rite for young homosexuals. But it's an accident. In this epoch we have no name for, in this epoch where sex and transgression may not even be connected, all rites are accidental.

But what if we were to do this intentionally? Cumming into the eyes of a man so he can no longer see the world.

**2.0122**

Yes, there is this world but there is another realm where there are *dudes* with cum flowing from every orifice, like fountains, where all the hottest guys have permanently semen-embroidered ruddy cheeks like God slit them open, stuffed apple orchards beneath the skin and sewed them up again, where *bros* are perpetually spent with cum dripping from their tongues and lips and eyelids and eyelashes like cotton on those trees in the South, and it is an ideal world.

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Alistair McCartney is the author of *The End of the World Book: A Novel* (2008) and *The Disintegrations: A Novel* (2017), both from University of Wisconsin Press. Born in Australia, he lives in Los Angeles, where he is working on his third book.

## Violent Narcissus 2



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Geoffroy C. Dedenis is a French artist living in Paris. He studied fine arts, and is currently writing a dissertation about radical and antisocial queer aesthetics in audiovisual. His works include video, music, appropriation, détournement, cut-ups and are mainly focused on subjects such as homosexuality, psychosis and pop culture. In 2018 he completed his last short-film, *Why I Want to Fuck Djokhar Tsarnaev*. You can find him here: <http://cumpire.tumblr.com/>

**YOU ARE SURPRISED YOU WERE MENTIONED HERE**

You believe you recall a parade of breathtakers, fistfuckers, and sweet-pea kissers with the smoothest skin, the perfect quirks, the assholes in perpetual bloom. Incomparable irises. The cocks that were your—perhaps civilization's—ideal size, cut, and bent.

But no, there is only one, only one, only one. Only one when you think about it. It is the one you'll remember during your death hiccup. A lifetime's preaching about random junk re: our moon and Hindi BS. Everything you need could be buried on top of you.

You are unnoticed and underfoot, pausing mid-pavement to pick at a purulent cyst. Express pus of icteric soft-serve onto your trousers. You are a fast food napkin.

A silk square given to you by your raptorial uncle. The filiform line strings your mouth to his—there's nothing like being untied from a chair and taking off through the woods. Recall what you saw and smelled and get swabbed:

chili for breakfast phone apps for children semen by zipper freak Bunsen burner occurrence can't catch can't throw smudged kinfolk tattoo Texas eyes pennies shifting too much shit eyes mean eyes no center almond skin wedged near incisor where there's even more semen

You are impulsive, you are unhygienic—not like stinky, but unshaven, and maybe you have some ketchup on your pajamas. That's just describing a person, a charred person, maybe an artist, maybe not. Maybe you're on the wrong side of the war.

You chew the gristle of wanting a boy and needing a man, like tooth-and-claw cancer cells backhoeing through the remaining partying cells. Each thing you say is a fucking rib-chip.

You are a meat-eater. Like to bleed. Are shit. Sexed-up girls. Now afraid of girls. Using

boys. Using her. Too good at blowjobs to be using anyone. Are a rapist. Dad is a rapist. Deaf. Been where they've been. Going to go slow. Love your uncle. Love breakfast.

You are surprised you were mentioned here.

No hissing fires no murky souls just organs viscera piles of plump smooth intestines. One of the goats you garroted had a belly of blood that exploded when you later sliced into it.

A geyser of hot stench blew up in your face, a warm stew on your Oxford broadcloth that awed you for a minute. Bludgeoning some and puncturing others. Slow deliberate work.

Watched as they bled out leisurely on their time off the clock smoke-break rivulets of lava murmuring onto cement tile. This is slow deliberate work.

Every time you make spaghetti you think about the Feynman bio and try to break the noodles in two instead of three. You meet your neighbor on purpose. She is young, but old enough to get away with. She is all there, no breasts but smoking already. You're always in her way.

Laundromat and you. 7-11 and you (white) (t-shirt). How she said you were a self-portrait (Picasso) (1901) (none of the sexy ones). Tickled pink—she stained your finger. You sniffed her stink through the gap of the un-plumb door.

You nodded at her a lot, like you were doing her a favor before you got her drunk and fucked.

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Jennifer Greidus lives in Pennsylvania and is the co-editor of X-R-A-Y, an online literary magazine: [www.x-r-a-y.com](http://www.x-r-a-y.com). She has been published in Two Hawks Quarterly, Eclectica, Pithead Chapel, and more.

### **On a TED Talk Entitled “Why I Stopped Watching Porn”**

**“[Porn] brought so much anger and violence into my private fantasies. And these were anger and violence that were not there originally to begin with.”**

Secrecy is violence and it's been sleeping here forever, beside me like a rabid dog while I sucked off a first grade classmate behind the garage. All the boys I knew traded laterally, from lower middle class desperation of rattling freezers and belt strikes to amphetamine habits and cancerous procreation with girls who have swallowed their names. Like old, sour broth purged from pots and mixed together. Nobody really asks for it to happen, but I can't help but hate them for it. What they make is never that beautiful anyway. Maybe they lack intimacy and they breed ugliness like stapled together stock horses with brittle bones. I never think about the old fags like this. They are not at all the same as memories with my cheap arch toward sentiment and some type of forgiveness aimed at someone else. Not fucking me, and for good reason, they reply.

**“*Pornē* stands for prostitute; *graphia* stands for documentation. And prostitution was nobody's childhood dream, it is always a result of trouble and distress.”**

Every girl I fall in love with sends me old yearbook photos, as many as they can find, and I burn them all and swallow the ashes when they have cooled in the morning. When she had that full blonde hair and her eyes were that amazed, she lived across the street from me. Naive and red cheeked and her baby teeth swapped out in that moment for conservative but lively dresses. I wasn't as fucking cruel as you think I might have been. We hardly ever spoke, even. I barely said anything seven years later, when we sat in the dark and I had enough sense to get up and walk away before our shadows acted for us because I was just too old. I still am, is it? Now another eight years burn out like moths and she's sitting next to me, the light bulb humming as I hand her a match for a cigarette. She tells me all the pictures she used to take are lost. Tell me everything I'm doing wrong. Tell me that this is not how I get better.

**“Because porn is a genre – it’s not about erotica or healthy sexual communication. It is all about male domination of women, subordination of women. Not only the sexual practice, but as a way of being, as a genderial [*sic*] hierarchy in this world.”**

It’s hard for me to spit in her mouth even though she wants me to. I hope that means something. She wants to be a waste basket and who am I to deny her that? I do like it, really, but I consider everything before I do it. I’m safe and consensual, but I’m not too sure I’m sane. I don’t want women to be subordinate to me unless they ask, unless it makes them burn and glow like a dream of a forest fire where everything blooms. I walk through this world thinking everyone is lesser than me and they don’t know it. My problem is so much bigger than your ploy to get people to believe that you actually give a fuck about demoralization or the needs of your toothached mother or some airhead you used to date. You do this because holding the door open didn’t get you laid enough.

**“What defines sexual? Whatever men find arousing – men find it arousing to choke a woman – to have brutal sex without one touch, hug, kiss, tender caress?”**

Your problem is you don’t know what the trade is. Another misogynist in secondhand feminist garb who jerks off and feels guilty but probably carries on in more insidious ways when you are off stage and the spotlight burns out. You don’t know experience beyond your own sad, crusted tissues. When I shoved some geriatric fuck against the wall in the video arcade and his eyes grew wide and his bulge in his jeans shifted like a gasping animal, you can’t say that’s not intimacy. That’s not for you to define. People don’t kiss softly in the low light of the TV screens, the plastic protectors stained with week old cum and tweaker spit. In the videos though, it’s soft, it’s by the numbers. I don’t go there to watch porn. No one does. Easy tropes inside well-lit L.A. homes with bad makeup and good lighting is not what I’m after, anyway, ever. Understand that anything can be pornography and that’s where the real trouble and the real satisfaction is. The carpal tunnel wanking wrists and loose talking lips on you don’t imply that you know this at all. You’re better off, but you aren’t selling the spiel to me or anyone so much fucking worse than I am.

**“[...] what is the impact of 20 minutes of watching porn once or twice a week, nothing unmoderated? It’s overtaking. And porn is in our household, whether we want it or not [...]”**

Dearest, fuck your household. I hope it burns down. Come sleep on my mattress and feel the springs bloom sharp and dark. Belladonna. You wouldn’t believe how much time I waste and how that waste gives just enough. Scraps. I can reiterate this over and over: you don’t really know what pornography is. A little boy in a movie theatre who skips out in the middle of his first horror film after spilling popcorn in his lap. After two hours of just digging for something good enough without a payoff, my mattress is drenched in sweat. Come live with me in the gutter. Have you ever gotten off to something that used to give you nightmares? Tremors so bad your muscles would seize and you would start to cry? You lack fucking discipline.

**“In every single one of these schools, I find girls that at a certain point agreed to be documented in an intimate situation because they wanted to please some guy that they had feelings for. And this guy misappropriated their trust.”**

The pornographic lens is a male lens. Angela Carter talks about how in pornography the cumshot is a stand in for the female orgasm because it isn’t visual enough for the viewer. That blindness is a commercial need. I like the subtle contortions of girls who cum on film that is not so professional. A woman can’t be an exhibitionist even when she’s naked. He’s saying that women never want to be in front of the camera for themselves and I can’t believe that after everything I’ve seen. There is a reduction to the easiest conception of genre. Boorish masturbators shouldn’t give lectures. Maybe bastards like me who troll glory holes for risky rough trade shouldn’t either, but I’d like to think I’m so much less of an unreliable narrator. Any fuzzy still or clumsy rubbing footage or anything these lovelies give me isn’t kept and certainly not shared. I want to think it’s because I have a sense of something like ethics. I know it’s because I’m just too selfish. You wouldn’t believe the sights I’ve been gifted.

**“Whatever I am watching is creating a demand. And wherever there is a demand, there will be a supply.”**

If this were true, every wet dream I’ve ever had, no matter how impossible, would be easily located as a video file somewhere, waiting for me. It’s just not. I honestly wonder what you went after. I know your tastes are absolutely nothing like mine. Aren’t you lucky? Just because I want to see something doesn’t mean I want anything more. Don’t you get that yet? Judging what I watch and thinking you are so much better than me is just another way for a self righteous fuck to get hard or wet or vindicated. I’m not trying to justify or explain myself. I can’t honestly, just because it would make me too vulnerable. I’m so fucking sorry, really, truly, believe me. If you lived here, where you would choke on your dismissal, you wouldn’t be so sure. Secrecy is violence and the less I shout back the sharper my sword. Allow me to defend myself.

When I see pictures of her now, or see her sitting here ten feet away from me, she’s brunette or close to it, she’s beautiful. She’s beautiful in every photo I’ve seen of her. Every single one. That doesn’t make me feel guilty. So sorry. So so sorry.

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Douglas Payne's poetry and prose has appeared in Shot Glass Journal, The Far East: Everything Just as It Is, and in various other lit mags and anthologies. His first chapbook, *Salted Rook*, was winner of the Grossmont College First Book Contest. He is currently an MFA candidate in Poetry at Arizona State University.

## Oh God, Not Again

It was just a forest, not particularly dangerous in daylight, but after dark, a whole other thing. A patrol would roll up on a domestic violence call, and people would be having hallucinations about monsters. I heard “pop-pop-pop-pop-pop.” Birds and humans got mixed up and confused in my mind. I took my phone out and was zooming in to see if I could see anyone. I said to the girl next to me, “Is that what I think it is?” And she said, “Yep.” I said, “Aw geez.” The head was still there, but the lions had eaten most of the rest.

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We marked the houses with blood, lambs’ blood. And it was messy. Then we dug these graves with bulldozers. We tried to dig straight down, but couldn’t, and the foreman barely even bothered to look up from his phone. Now there are strange teachings, various sleeper cells, commotion. If you killed us, I find myself wondering, why are we still alive? People have no idea who they are or what they are saying. They jump off bridges. They run right into the intersections of main roads. It’s bad. These things aren’t supposed to happen. The sun is out, and the whole hill is falling apart.

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Why can’t I get out of here? Why won’t they get me out of here? I need to go. I don’t belong here. It’s not the same as normal sleep. Families walk in under the cover of night and break something and then walk out again. It has to stop, but it doesn’t, ever. People are coldhearted. They’re just another wild animal trying to make a living. And so I was dumbfounded when they all began to dance. There are certain things the body loves to do. It’s hard not to see God in that.

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Howie Good is the author of *The Loser's Guide to Street Fighting*, winner of the 2017 Lorien Prize and forthcoming from Thoughtcrime Press, and *Dangerous Acts Starring Unstable Elements*, winner of the 2015 Press Americana Prize for Poetry.



**litanie** *[an excerpt]*

I.

it is called URAAN planet. URAAN belongs to the giant planets. a blue gas planet. hydrogen. helium. a soft energy envelops my body i am drawn into. distant world its crystalline infinity. temperature 50 Kelvin.

II.

i moved among the boreal capillaries, the simian howls. the earth a sweat. the woad on the tongue. they reach for me their arms like dancers  
i accept i accept i accept

III.

wow that is very kind. thank you. i appreciate your effort. of course i met many bully in my life. i am so used to it. but, it does not matter. of course everyone has different experiences . important thing is to give space to each other... to treat otehr with kindness and listen to the other's experience, which is real to them.

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I am Fratolish Hiang-Perpeshki, born in 1994, Saaremaa, Estonia. In 1996 I was adopted by a Nordic Type alien father from planet URAAN. My alien dad is missing since 2001. I am searching for my alien dad. Find more information on my facebook website: <https://www.facebook.com/fratolish.hiangperpeshki.58>

## Nirvana of a Hungry Ghost

"Are you a human being, or just some hungry ghost out there?" Blind Man, *U-Turn*

Shadows flow like a sand tar viper, gliding on glaring flint. Empty-mouthed hydra simpers at the window. I remember a pharaoh stood weep-weeping in the ash of Thebes as Ibis-headed Oedipus blindly wrote, bleeding like a brood whore under a coyote coat. Of grave growth, gravid ebony and alabaster voids stained paper. His foul-earth deeds needled barren the leathery solar egg. As the king did, I wear only interesting meat. No soul there. Sharp teeth melt their written lie.

The tongue is cut on caring, and the clenched jaw presages the tummy's grumbles. But hunger asks nothing in the blue day. No demands as it sweats in a gray wife beater. No requests as it beats its meat senseless. Hunger's meat is a work that grows but never shows. It lowers standards stifled by the breath of finer things. Hunger asks for nothing till its meat has expired. Hunger asks for nothing until the middle of the night when I've supped and when I'm sated. Hunger asks for nothing until I've nothing left to give. It refuses to hold to the circle of itself. Making its best, its worst. It falls downward to a pit. The exertion of each turn spills energy into void until action cannot be maintained. Fighting in the emptiness of illusion, only haunted matter survives.

Hungry ghosts say, *There is never enough.*

Never enough time.

Never enough love.

The first thing that happens is that I meet a delicious boy. As the boy boldly guzzles wine while awkwardly holding the bottle, he reminds me of a flat devolved Keanu Reeves. Sweat soaks his music festival T-shirt. His jeans dirtied at the crotch. I just want hours full of sun with him. But proximity is not a matchmaker, and teeth are sharp. Pleasure is an insufferable demand, but only the demand matters. Fucking is a way to find freedom, not satisfaction. Identity is hard to parse out. What is me and what are just chemicals? I suppose it doesn't matter. Reason disrupts awareness of being whole. I let hunger come to the surface emptying potential bliss.

He looks like no one will miss him. His loneliness is a monstrous rubber snake that slithers from the shadow jungle and spreads its hood above me. In *Little Buddha*, a

similar beast moved to crown and protect Keanu Reeves's Siddhartha from a delicate daylight rain. Later Mara would send his daughters to sensuously dance for the Keanu under the Bodhi Tree, just as hunger jukes for satiation. In *My Own Private Idaho*, Reeves reminds us that his character can only be bought for money. Doing something for free comes with a steep penalty. Perhaps this is why so few boys volunteer to be supped upon. To be made incomplete by my ownership tears a boy apart.

My hands —starving spiders—scurry over his skin, massage muscles as our night mindlessly drags. They chew on undercooked meat. They stumble to hold him. The boy should be bathed in butter till his acned skin is pink and soft. But butter basting is not an option at the moment.

The city awakens outside the window. In the distance, figures move to their soundless dance not drunk to flow without inhibition.

Long hair falls hard about the neck and dark eyes. His smaller locks are cobras, falling on the flesh of the lordly anus. Even a titan's ring will tighten. His rosebud seems to pucker from solar rays. I ask for a kiss before the exquisite dawn. My thin lips are not less lugubrious from my deceptions. But sadness drips from his drooling lower lip. Bitter strands of viscous want.

My hammer strikes. I stop kissing his lips to lick the wound in the back of his skull. Slaughter takes him by surprise. Knives cut. The torso gurgles as I have my meal. His jaw hangs open as he drains into the universe. Blood beads conflate hope with happenstance. I strip the flesh from the esophagus. His skin peels in small gossamer fragments that curl around my nail and cling to my finger pad. He becomes meat tartar seasoned with dust.

Life will not free this son from earth. The vigor of words lacks imagination and that makes the mad things soft. I could have mounted the bubble battlement. I could let my city starve, but flesh is flesh fine for feast. I'm feeling fat but not full. In bed, an hour echoes of other pasts in bed, letting things move to their end. Not fretting about the disappeared bodies, leaking gory transcendent nothing.

A shot of neat mint vodka as my body tires rejuvenates me.

Exposed in morning light, this beauty offers a baleful mouthful. I eat nothing now but the homunculus. I eat nothing but nouns. Things are things are things are things. Jaw hunger is the thrill of chewing. The resistant rubber of the tendons around the kneecap satisfies. Cheeks once removed allow his jaw to hang. Goo and gore rest on cold cement.

It slides along the ground. Jaws ache for chewing sinew from the bone. Ache is eased but never sated.

Extinction of want has been lost. I just want to gnaw. The meat is safe to eat. Little fat is easy to cut. I put my foot against the hip and separate my knife against it. The pressure helps pull the meat against the knife. After hours of dismembering him, I crack the dark-haired angel's back for pockets of remaining meat. The jaw action moves me to excite me like the swapping of gum with a youth. The throat aches from the excess of being confined to the thin esophagus. The pain of swallowing sets as my Adam's apple jumps.

No way to be relieved, I put the leftover in my footlocker.

All things to their temples. All faces to their troughs. Naught but the curves of the bowel weigh me to this world. In my loft, I walk through the workspace where the boy rests in pieces. Trash obscures the floor. Black-mold jewels Mountain Dew bottles. Maggots in their fear writhe in fast food wrapped and wracked universal knots. Evidence of my previous hungers hide in a footlocker. It needs to be destroyed. Incomplete words move limited in time and space. The galaxy is flawed, and poor meat shadows interrupt silence.

Rats will gnaw his bones tonight. An eye socket losing an eye, bite-by-bite, will soften rats' guts. Riding a Norway rat, into the better holes, I wonder if the world can be emptied like a storehouse grain by grain. Better dreams collapse particle and wave into void.

His soul between incarnations walks on the sun. Walking in the empty and emptying place of all things. I am not the sun. I am not the cool and cooling skin. Meat is gone, but gods are offered bone, fat and skin. The glory of the viscera is only broken guts.

Once a hungry ghost approached a happy, rotund sage.

*-Fat man how do you jack off?*

*-The earth shatters in small ways.*

All is to be obliterated; all to be loved.

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## AFTERWORD

The third issue of SCAB comes out in September 2018.

The so-called "rules" remain: SCAB is interested in everything twisted, experimental, taboo (though this is a stupid word, isn't it?), sexual and/or pornographic. The queerer the better.

For more information, please visit SCAB's homepage:

**<https://scabmag.wordpress.com/>**

Submissions are now open for the third issue. Guidelines are also available on the homepage: **<https://scabmag.wordpress.com/submissions/>**

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