

SCAB

ISSUE #5

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| CORTICAL WHOREDOM. [SHANE JESSE CHRISTMASS] | 1 |
| AUTOCRITIQUE [JOSIAH MORGAN]..... | 4 |
| KILL SWITCH [NATE LIPPENS]..... | 7 |
| LATER, SHE TOLD ME THAT ALL SHE COULD THINK WAS, WHAT THE FUCK HAVE I WALKED INTO [JAMIE GILES]..... | 8 |
| MILITARY GRADE SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS [MIKA HREJSA] | 9 |
| A POEM'S JOB + MACROPLASTICS [KYLE KIRSHBOM] | 11 |
| SLUTS IN ARMS [SHANE ALLISON]..... | 12 |
| DIFFICULT FECES [VALIUM HIPPIE] | 20 |
| LIGHT - LANGUAGE - PIXEL [BRYCE JONES] | 22 |
| STACK [KIER COOKE SANDVIK] | 24 |
| FAGGOT CHILD [ANONYMOUS]..... | 25 |
| AFTERWORD & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS..... | 31 |

CORTICAL WHOREDOM.

A smashed pelvic vertebrae ... transparent eyelids on the streets of Los Angeles. We fuck on the bus seat. A giant weather balloon overhead. We ingest acid tabs. Repetitive patterns ... sensory disorientation ... sleep deprivation. Tony Kmart in a military uniform. The steel door swings. My hair curls ... the sand dunes burn. Tony Kmart advises me that we are invited to a black-tie dinner. He glances sidelong at my legs. The sun is low over Downtown LA.

A toothbrush in Tony Kmart's back pocket. Lit cigarette upon his lips. Unspeakable eternal whispers inside his head. I am drunk in the hotel lobby ... people move in a circular motion. Tony Kmart and I go on double blind dates. He fucks his date next to an Applebee's dumpster. A dead trickle of snow. Coked-up on the psychiatric ward. Nude bodies as true death ... disgust. Tony Kmart takes a full dose of Diastat. We fuck on the cold linoleum ... rope binds around my wrists. Food fights in backlots of San Francisco.

An eaten sandwich inside a petty cash box. A marionette copy of myself. Tony Kmart in the busy street ... narrow bodies full of city life ... pasted in a grey colour. Tony Kmart's statue-like eyes ... a vicious animal. Dusk-light runs against the exterior of the strip club. The American public buried in the sand dunes. I order some drinks. My hand mannerism reveals some massive crisis. Tony Kmart moves at an absurd pace. The immaculate condition of Tony Kmart's body. His flesh stained with radiation. Alluvial deposits left on the front door.

Tony Kmart in a dinner jacket. The train service is cancelled. My face is a peculiar complexion ... all hair tresses and brain damage. Gift shops that sell my police file. My wiry limbs ... my lungs filled with excessive cigarettes ... bone fractures. Tony Kmart has orphic memory. I have stasis memory. I'm standing by the magazine stand ... new perfumes on display. Tony Kmart with misty hallucinations. A butch child with a darker side ... the sun shines ... the skies reflect ... life goes grey metal. A new stage for the human frame ... blue mists over Burbank ... the flesh district.

Tony Kmart lives in a different reality ... systematic degradation of his brain. I have a basic plan to leave him ... to just get-up-and-go. He has taken my cell phone. Empty sequences of thought. We drink venous blood ... liquid morphine. The musty voices of Tony Kmart. The peat-like sun offers little warmth. Tony Kmart acting like some smug cunt. He turns my desire inside out. A world of colours ... actual colours ... two invisible ghosts. Tony Kmart predicts mass extermination. I predict mass industrialisation plus digital distractions. A tight shot. A close up. A mug shot. Tony Kmart has Hepatitis C.

A public park at the end of a small side street. Tony Kmart purchases horse tranquilisers. We decide to meet inside the sex shop in Sherman Oaks. An evil species pictured in a photograph ... a beautiful photograph ... the pallid taste of the photograph. Tony Kmart reading the morning newspaper. I am in a vegetative state. Alcoholics and drug addicts make grand plans to get clean. We take drugs on the dance floor. We fuck in the toilet stall. Tony Kmart is now just a sterile acquaintance ... I detest him. Massive holes in the brain.

Solar flares over San Bernardino. Cocaine in the skull housing ... Tony Kmart's sensitive membranes. My groggy toes dipped into the rainy earth. The frosting air of Baltimore. Emotional assholes on message boards. Men fucking for financial profit. Research experiments with high-speed shitbags. Human sexual organs on display in the Hollywood Hills. A formless instrument shoved into the back of my head ... reciprocal motions ... a metal gag. Senseless employment ... the sweat encumbrances of Tony Kmart's body. News headlines like a golden flame. Brain power like a productive force. The shit-traps of Silver Lake. The hard-ons of Hermosa Beach.

Tony Kmart threatens me with swear words and a hunger strike. An honest drowsiness overcomes me. The cool night air ... smoking heroin by the rail tracks ... next to the main bus terminal ... early morning. A video camera filming the heavy snow ... the sand dunes ... Tony Kmart's evil passion. I show Tony Kmart my photo identification. He asks me some uncomfortable questions. Who was my stepmother? What are my sudden fears?

What am I doing during November? My bloody head inside a burlap bag. Tony Kmart's muddy footmarks throughout a vacant lot. Skyward murmurs of significant torture.

Shane Jesse Christmass is the author of the novels Xerox Over Manhattan (Apocalypse Party, 2019), Belfie Hell (Inside The Castle, 2018), Yeezus In Furs (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2017), Napalm Recipe: Volume One (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2017), Police Force As A Corrupt Breeze (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2016) and Acid Shottas (The Ledatape Organisation, 2014). He was a member of the band Mattress Grave and is currently a member in Snake Milker. An archive of his writing/artwork/music can be found at www.shanejessechristmass.tumblr.com

Instagram and twitter @sjxsjc

AUTOCRITIQUE

felix splits his lip
bleeds
his nipple looking razor-like
cuts
felix bleeding on me
red
him cutting my tooth
trophy

i'm a papier mache blow up doll
crying
like a plank of wood i look
hard
the lip of the seat it's covered
sticky
it's that stink feeling and fast
sometimes

i wanna know you better i
i wanna see you clearer i
i read me your poem i
i tasted your blood on i
i sprout all my fangs i
i sink like the sin i
i tight up the screws i

you wanna stitch me up you
you wanna shit the bed you
you wanna scroll the sinner you
you kick me your leg you
you bite me your red you
you lick me your shits you
you spit up the sin you

Like crystal latex the pavement turns
the tide of sweat back on the sun-
dial, it drips yes, yes drips, onto the
watch, it shines yes, yes shines, like
sleep does the next night.

Like a comic the sky turns horror deep
blue and terrified audience languish
on the couch, it's too awkward yes, awkward
but the carpet is so cold, yes, cold
little meat pack in the freezer.

(A Description of David Byrne in Stop Making Sense)

Little boy in a big man's suit, way younger than
the number on his birth certificate, can't drive a car,
lives in his head, cipher-writer, sober-driver,
frog to leap over singing psycho killer sane.

(Felix in girl's clothing)

I'll meet you

I swear

We can walk

You can even hit me if you want

I'll come

I'll come

I'll be there

You can even hit me if you want

You can hit me

You, me, if you want.

Josiah Morgan sleeps between one and twelve hours each night. He rarely sleeps in a bed. His first book, *Inside the Castle*, was published by Amphetamine Sulphate this year. Say hello if you see him on the street. He might even say hello back.

Kill Switch

Kill the rich (no exceptions—sorry) reads the graffiti. I agree but I don't think I should kill anyone. Not because of any moral reason. It's too late to say murder is wrong. (I've been walking on graves my whole life. So have you.) I think if I started killing, I wouldn't know where to stop. Kill a man and then you have to kill his family so no one tries to avenge him. Then you have to kill his friends, kill his family's friends, and then the friends' friends and all their families. Pets too. Obviously, kill all priests and politicians. All leaders. Their followers. The terrible Christians from my childhood (release the lions!). If Jesus returns, finish him too. Too late to the party, Christ. I would be a killing machine and I don't want to be a machine. Not more than I am now. A killer? The killer? Fine, fine. But a killing machine? No thanks. Covered in blood and gunshot residue. All DNA and ballistic evidence. A walking crime scene. Sure, it's sexy but it's so much work and there are new assholes born every minute. My work would never be done. *No exceptions—sorry*. A life of death-dealing. A life of parenthetical grudge.

Nate Lippens has published stories in *Fugue*, *Entropy*, *Berfrois*, *Hobart*, *Catapult*, and *Vol. 1 Brooklyn*, among others. His work was included in the anthology *Queen Mob's Teahouse: Teh Book* (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2019). Twitter: @NateLippens

Later, She Told Me That All She Could Think Was, What the Fuck Have I Walked Into



Jamie Giles is an artist and author of dark pornography based in the UK. He can (hopefully) be found on Instagram as [erotic_scumbooksjg](#).

Military Grade Surveillance Cameras

/ mind on a spit between simultaneous psychic forever wars / 7.62 rounds glinting harshly like walmart jewelry / brass viper spilling out of open chests / bullets cheap as blood / a Bastard paints the red room today / corpses wrapped in torn pages of an ancient codex / footage of dominations sold in black & white infrared / Bodycount Is Sustain [[17ct.]] / boy made of porcelain brushes crushed guts off his shirt / programming stored in a melting Y chromosome /

/ ponytail tied like a well-oiled semi-auto slide / dripping ghostly over sliced shoulders / uniforms [branded] strapped tightly to every twitch of the crotch / fed to burst with news that bleeds a sweet taste / channel 7 pooling onto emerald tongues / silver clinking against the back of teeth / low key heat check riot underneath / learning to puke in between an absent adolescence / witchblade etching serial numbers on missing sex organs / restriction class XXX released / a life begins in fluorescence /

/ ego bubbles up the brainscum / mercy, pity, or saved for later? / KILL INTERNAL PROJECT in all caps inside the skull / vomit fraying the air / biostatic / hickeys like cobra clung to throat / hexes escaping the bloated stomachs of dead coyotes covered in centipede shit / assassin transcending dealt divinations / outlived weapon-ness exiling her to New Mexico slums / Trinity sand caked on blushing cheeks /

18yr old girl[?] no longer needed to spontaneously combust enemy combatants in foreign hot zones. limbo dealt down the subject. she buys gov't nerve agents off darknet honeypots. uselessly, she says, with tinges of Vague: "just dome me already, CIA!" fantasizing about a death by gunshot from the inside out. watching salvos of 80x80 pixel flame gifs fire off across a default sky. finding grace with the latest in-fashion esotericism. seeing everything as luciferian terrors filtered through bright green text on a white background. the new world order is flow time, and she wants to come home to a harem of lithe anime demon-boys! she's reverberating on like, 7 different dimensions at all times. astral projecting herself out of a body without congruence.

before, all she had to do was let voices tell her who to kill. now the whole Dictionnaire Infernal wants a piece. Amon's dog fangs keep falling through ceiling cracks. his serpent tail flicking past peripheral doorways. wants to turn her into Baphomet effigy.

chewing foil tablets. every bystander a sting operation. military grade surveillance cameras replacing their eyes, eating her fake image. convinced what she's packing's declassified. side-eying neighbors disappearing with fresh livers left in the sink.

/ stray lead penetrating thru crowded strip clubs [she always wanted to strut her stuff] / becoming a squatter in a half-spent minefield / CIA handler daddy has to come collect his hot gun-toting mess /

/ GIRL CULT DIES LIVE / hyperreality selling hot / strapping on a bulletproof vest weighted with wolf's teeth / loading glassed yokai into a hot pink mossberg chamber / canteen sloshing with chernobyl water / air thick with diamonds / drones [GENDERQUEER BODIES] like vultures buzzing her Dreamland / Hellfire strikes on dissonant minds / shatter shatter / Bodycount Remains Sustain [[34 ct.]] / she'll prove herself even if it guts her /

DANGER LEVEL XXX CHEMICALLY UNSTABLE ENTITY. open wounds casting hypno-rainbows! bleeding new flavor!

Mika Hrejsa is a writer from rural Indiana writing horror/esoteric-oriented work examining trans identity. She is also an editor for the literature website Surfaces, along with producing her own zines. She can be found at https://twitter.com/tokyo_vamp.

A Poem's Job

I'll stab you in your fucking eyes.

Macroplastics

my green garbage bag could fit your body
if I chopped off your limbs with a saw
and peeled away the skin to bone
stuffing the pieces inside
the bag with a tree branch
then I'd toss you in
to the ocean
if I could
if I
could
if I
could IF I
COULD I'd stuff you
inside my green bag
with the dense detritus
I forgot to care for why
was I too busy to care for
anything but I can't suffer this
world a sunken body would rather drown

Sluts in Arms

SHANE: hey

COLLIN: hey you happy holiday.

SHANE: thanks been editing a hot story now it's got me all hot and bothered.

COLLIN: lol i had some ass destroying sex the other night. My hole still hurts

SHANE: hot! Big dick?

COLLIN: 12 inches fat 24 year old black kid.

SHANE: i hope u took his dick to the nuts. u look like u could take big dicks.

COLLIN: i could barely get my mouth around the head but he managed to go balls deep on my ass

SHANE: nice mmmmmm fuck that white ass 😊

COLLIN: he tore it up.

SHANE: will he be back for more

COLLIN: i hope so 😊

SHANE: if he does than u know u have sum good ass

COLLIN: lol he dumped a huge nut inside me. I think I'm still shitting it out. HUGE!

SHANE: nice. cum-dumped.

COLLIN: he did

SHANE: fill u up man

COLLIN: mmmmm id let you fill me up

SHANE: i'm having one of my days where I gotta suck some fat juicy dicks

COLLIN: i wish you were here sucking mine

SHANE: oh stop

COLLIN: you got me horny now

SHANE: yeah i will be off later to go take care of this hard on

COLLIN: where you gonna go?

SHANE: this cruise spot in the woods, a bunch of old men

COLLIN: hot

SHANE: i'm feelin slutty too

COLLIN: ive picked up a couple of homeless black guys over the last few months that's been so nasty and hot

SHANE: in what way?

COLLIN: they stink. big cheesy dicks fucking me in the back seat, dumping their loads in me

SHANE: ur into that kind of thing?

COLLIN: i have been lately and they go in hard and rough too. spit on their dicks and shove it in.

SHANE: nice. blew this guy that was like 80 years old a few weeks ago. it wasn't bad.

COLLIN: lol did he cum in your mouth

SHANE: nope. i like to go to the woods and get naked and be watched

COLLIN: that is hot i love that too love driving around looking for public places to fuck

SHANE: i like the idea of sucking a big juicy dick while i'm being fucked from behind by a troll

COLLIN: hot

SHANE: i'm so horny

COLLIN: i let a guy fuck me in the stairwell of one of those flop house extended stay motels back in October

SHANE: nice how was it

COLLIN: hot he had me up against the wall

SHANE: that's cool that u can take big dicks up ur ass

COLLIN: i love it

SHANE: how often do u get fucked

COLLIN: once or twice a month...a bit more lately ive been feeling whorish

SHANE: nothing wrong with that

COLLIN: ☺

SHANE: i feel like i can do a gang of dudes right now i have a hungry mouth

COLLIN: mmmmmmmmm

SHANE: i do wish I could get fucked more often tho

COLLIN: Why don't you

SHANE: the opportunity doesnt come up id love to sink my dick in some sweet ass right now tho

COLLIN: mmmmmmmm id ride your dick

SHANE: nice fuck yeah i would let you

COLLIN: let you go deep and bust your nut in me

SHANE: sounds good im cool coming in a guys ass

COLLIN: we really need to meet sometime

SHANE: yeah but i dont want it to fuck up our friendship

COLLIN: we'll still be friends we could go whoring together thats the best kind of friend to have 😊 sluts in arms

SHANE: that would be hot that sounds hot

COLLIN: it would be fun

SHANE: i think so too

COLLIN: we could get our asses and mouths used then go have a drink and talk poetry lol

SHANE: lol one for the memory books

COLLIN: lol

SHANE: any spots in Atlanta where u like to hang out for sex

COLLIN: several lol lots of bookstores, parking lots, woods over by the homeless mission

SHANE: what do u do when u go there do u ever strip naked and just walk around

COLLIN: it depends if its a bookstore, you can go in one of the booths and jack and let people come and play ive given head and gotten fucked in the porn theater here...but that was years ago

SHANE: nice

COLLIN: the mission you just drive around and see who's standing around looking you can drive up and talk to them and have your dick out and see who wants to get in the car

SHANE: i do that here at one of the parks just sit in the car with the window down and my dick out and wait for someone to walk past

COLLIN: i use bigger city a lot to find guys to hook up with lots of chubs, chasers, bears and daddies and i love finding dirty fucks on Craigslist

SHANE: i use to go to Bigger City and chat guys up and have hot cybersex yeah I havent had much luck on Craigslist

COLLIN: bigger city is where i get a lot of dick

SHANE: that sounds so hot man guys on their have nice fat asses too

COLLIN: my dick is so hard right now

SHANE: mine too jesus I want to be fucked and suck dick get this dick in someones ass
any ass

COLLIN: wish you were here putting it in mine

SHANE: i would like that u always get me worked up

COLLIN: You do too

SHANE: dick twitching in my jeans right now

COLLIN: i got mine out its a little wet

SHANE: wish i could take my dick out and start jacking it but i'm in the library

COLLIN: why arent you at home

SHANE: i had to get some work done if I were home i would probably call u so we could
get each other off when will u be in Tallahassee again?

COLLIN: not sure i havent had any offers to read down there lately

SHANE: when were u here last

COLLIN: 2010

SHANE: wish u were here to ride my dick

COLLIN: me too

SHANE: i would rip ur ass up maybe eat it out

COLLIN: is there anywhere to play in the library

SHANE: the bathroom

COLLIN: id let you fuck me down in the stalls

SHANE: mmmmmmm....hot i'm tempted to take my laptop in the stall with me the way I
feel right now lol

COLLIN: that wouldn't be obvious lol

SHANE: no its a very small library my dick is dripping

COLLIN: mine too

SHANE: let me suck it from the head im so hard i would probably come quick

COLLIN: i want your tongue and dick in my hole

SHANE: man stop ur making me crazy 😊

COLLIN: just spit in my hole and shove your cock in all the way to your sac

SHANE: whew! sloppy wet asshole i bet

COLLIN: it is right now lol

SHANE: how so

COLLIN: because of that huge dick that tore me up you could drive a mack truck up my ass

SHANE: Lol i bet but its all practice for a good stretching soon u will be able to get the biggest dicks ever up ur ass

COLLIN: you could stretch it out some more

SHANE: huh?

COLLIN: stretch my ass out some more and make it even more sloppy

SHANE: oh yeah dripping with cum and fuckin spit

COLLIN: shit...im so hard

SHANE: is ur dick out?

COLLIN: im naked

SHANE: niiiiicccce

COLLIN: wish you could call me

SHANE: me too we always have hot phone sex

COLLIN: we do

SHANE: even better i wish i were there

COLLIN: yes

SHANE: r u playin with ur dick

COLLIN: yeah its totally slick with precum

SHANE: nice stroke it for me

COLLIN: i want you in my ass so bad im fingering my hole

SHANE: good shove your finger deep in that stretched hole man

COLLIN: i'm using my precum to finger fck myself

SHANE: i wish u were here to suck this black dick

COLLIN: i want your nuts on my chin and your hand on the back of my head

SHANE: making u take this dick i bet you can suck the skin off a dick

COLLIN: fuck yeah get that cock wet so you can shove it up my sloppy asshole

SHANE: fuck yeah u still fuckin urself? keep doing it slut

COLLIN: i got two fingers deep

SHANE: damn u got a big hole then ever been fisted

COLLIN: its usually tight as hell but ive taken a lot of dick lately naw never been fisted
ive fisted a few guys though

SHANE: keep getting fucked until your hole is good and stretched

COLLIN: mmmmmmmmm... you want to rape my slopped out fuck hole?

SHANE: i may not even make it out to the woods the way u have me

COLLIN: i wish you had a phone

SHANE: i would like to rape it maybe me and a few other dudes

COLLIN: fuck yeah!

SHANE: takin turns on that big ass

COLLIN: fuck yes gang rape my hole

SHANE: put u in a sling and just stand in line, guys waiting to get up in you one sloppy
cum pump after the next

COLLIN: fuck yeah damn your gonna make me cum

SHANE: by the end of the night u would have taken so many loads on ur face, chest, up ur
dirty asshole and who knows where else jack that dirty dick man

COLLIN: i want to feel your cum dripping out of my used up hole

SHANE: damn right you know how to take a few dick bottom pro

COLLIN: would love to be on my back with you all the way in and spitting in my mouth
and face fucking use me like a pig

SHANE: oh nice ur a slut pig good u would deserve that being so bad

COLLIN: piss inside me in my mouth

SHANE: do you think u can handle that

COLLIN: lol done it before

SHANE: thats hot

COLLIN: im a total piss pig

SHANE: my dick is dripping

COLLIN: mine is dripping on the floor running down my balls

SHANE: i hate that I cant take my dick out and jack off with u

COLLIN: you need to call me sometimes for a hot session

SHANE: i plan on it i need to try and get up there so we can fuck

COLLIN: yes or should come to Atlanta and we can pig out all weekend i'll take you to all
the hottest fuck spots

SHANE: i was thinking the same thing i would be up for that did u cum?

COLLIN: i'm close

SHANE: i want you to come

COLLIN: tell me what you want to do to my slurped out ass

SHANE: i want to shove this juicy hard black dick in it is what fuck you for hours balls deep

COLLIN: so close

SHANE: while u look up at me take my dick, man take it bitch

COLLIN: fuck yes

SHANE: shoot that load! do it! do it! shoot it! jack it jack it jack it bitch!

COLLIN: i just fucking shot all over the floor

SHANE: oh fuck man huge loads?

COLLIN: huge

SHANE: thick, creamy?

COLLIN: fuck you turn me on it was pretty creamy

SHANE: u turn me on good i love a hot load

COLLIN: thank god for hardwood floors

SHANE: oh yes easy cleanup

COLLIN: you gonna go to the woods

SHANE: i might or go off to the bathroom and beat off

COLLIN: wish i could be there to watch

SHANE: or u jackin my dick

COLLIN: you should call me later tonight if you want to get off again i'll be ready to go

SHANE: but i think i'm going to the woods to suck some dick

COLLIN: do it man

SHANE: maybe get my ass played with

COLLIN: fill that throat with some nut try to take some dick nasty old dudes use me over at the homeless mission

SHANE: i gotta go my dick is about to explode man

COLLIN: have fun

SHANE: i sure as fuck will

COLLIN: talk to you soon i hope

SHANE: have a good weekend

COLLIN: you too

SHANE: merry christtmas

COLLIN: happy new year

Shane Allison has been published in over a dozen literary mags and online places. His new poetry collection, Sweet Sweat will be out soon, and he is at work on a new novel.

DIFFICULT FECES

i know what they say about me
damn aware they call me a burden
but once i let go, i give up all that bullshit
once i let go, you'll be talking to empty glasses of wine

never expected all this chaos
it's not my fault these drugs i swallowed
turned to difficult feces

could say i don't give a shit
but i have intestines
and intestines give shits

"he's shameless, he's going nuts"
that's what you've been told, wasn't it?
i'm not expecting you to be there for me
i'm not waiting for you to have my back

forsaken, barren, shitting green
head on the fritz, fry my brain with greek olive oil
i never wanted any of this to happen
but i can't control my fate
i can't control dusk or dawn

never expected to be the outcast
it's not my fault i went psycho from eating too much weed
smoking laced joints
dropping acid at the park

could say my feces are brown and ordinary
but truth is, no one wants to know about my shit

Valium Hippy (birth name Rogério Berardo Filho) is a writer and poet born and living in Recife, in northeastern Brazil. He is currently 20 years old, LGBT, a dog dad, loves tranquilizer medication and writes to cope with mental health complications.

Light - Language - Pixel

The lingual light of surface – across your gelbound ocean –
 everts [the light [d i f f r a c t e d]] – glistening in fluid

q

u
 e
 e
 n l r
 g

units
 of striatic speech

false language like a video played in your skin – needing the body to be – “lights and wires in a box” – affixed
 definition – pixels – cohere – organized by force – into “verbal theater” – “ignorant to what cannot be measured
 – the struggles of the soul that’s gripped by specters” – sculptated in static light – obscuring all but default –
 asemic nouns – like knives and wire – cut skin to your misgender – and hang up an organ display

curtained throat – dark away bad words – “sex” and “marrow” – “shit” and colors: verboten for boys to speak of
 – and appreciate pink: invaginating muscled words into girl-slurries of glycogen – lactic acid –

having “torn [you apart -

[you] suffocated

nonetheless”

“that is not your language –
 even though you have no other one –
 caught in the ‘performative contradiction’ –
 of enunciation”

“the imprisoned passions –
 burst through the ramparts
 of blind language – as
 through those of their own
 repression”)

tear-daintied eyes fleshed into closets – androgyny of sleep – avoided – (Endymion Princess Aurora) (Endymion
 dreaming of men – outside of mind – made succubait to sire sons) – canvas of glands *alla prima* with mucous
 (cheeks stretched on bones (the physiognomy of a future father – strong cheekbones that bust hands – any
 hands – having reached for the face in pretense of a kiss) – spit on the ground – too much mucous in the mouth
 – porous like a lady – the heart is a fruiting body – replaced with military insignia – picked up at a flea market –
 born boy-bodied – still pretending to be one



“autobiographical – [medical] anamnesis appears in the space of relation:”

porn bricoleur – bodies blurred to pixelvision – videos viewed through the gauge of mid-crash – color distortion
and voices – are only spoken breath –
closed in on disappearance –
la petite mort – subsuming –
flatsos – squish-junkies –
vored until my pixels break –
an abstract of hentai – sexed without avoirdupois –

when I was twelve I wrote a screenplay – drafted to film “your body – lying still – in the reflected welkin of my
window” – “your body – half-buried – the dirt polluting your mouth” –
I wrote it for my neighbor’s son –
to play a corpse I’d film in creek-beds bathtubs boxes orchards schoolyards –
in forfeiture – the soul – the neither blood or skin – that bracts the body – might make itself the surface –
and I would be left watching –

Stack



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 Kunsthall Stavanger, and is currently doing his mfa at the Oslo Academy of Fine Art. www.kiercs.com

FAGGOT CHILD

Fourth Grade Gym Class. For the first five minutes, we're allowed to talk to one another freely before we do stretches and then shift to our routine activities. That means I'd have five minutes for me to sit around and watch everyone else that's standing up and conversing while I'm anxiously twiddling my fingers around in my lap. When it's over, I finally stand up, and then big bully Brice comes up to me and thrusts a thumb into my chest.

"Hey, you know what GAP stands for, right?" He keeps nudging at the gray GAP hoodie that my mom bought me from the mall that she works at. "It means that you're gay and proud. GAP. Get it, faggot? You're a gaywad."

His thumb manifests into a fist that pummels into my stomach. I grip it and cough violently as the air is knocked right out my little fragile body while I'm also hoping nobody just witnessed that. Thank G-d that nobody did.

When I get home, I yank all of my GAP clothes out of my closet, toss them against the plastic Crayola-red racecar mattress that my Dad picked out for me when we moved here, and then I tell my mom how I want to dress from now on. I want to look like Brice. Make me look like the other boys on my baseball team. No more stripes and polos and polka-dots or baggy blue pants. But we're poor. She sells most of it and then I get all the trendy clothes that match what the other cool kids have. I'm standing in front of the mirror in my room, young Anakin Skywalker poster to the left of it, and then I check myself out. Basketball shorts, calf-high black socks with two white stripes at the top, Converse shoes, Pink Floyd T-Shirt with Dark Side of the Moon album cover on it, bought from Target.

"Mom. What's a faggot?"

She tells me about my gay uncle and a gay cousin that I have. How I shouldn't use that word. How Daddy hates them, but she thinks they're the friendliest people she knows. They're men that like men.

"Like Riley?"

Two words like an avalanche like the tornado that hit mom's house when she was a little girl like the unintended pregnancy at age seventeen like teen homelessness like smoking crack and jumping off your high school rooftop like letting a close friend watch over your son like when your son walks in to find you sobbing on a toilet seat but you're not pooping so he asks what's wrong like when you see your son holding a kitchen knife under the computer table like finding out that you're a faggot forever, just like him, and you're not sure you'll ever find out what that means.

X X X

Mom loves to watch Opera, but I don't get it because she cries most of the time that it's on. I'm sitting across from her on the sofa with my feet in her lap. Sometimes she squeezes my toes and I can tell that she's frustrated. Opera talks about an army somewhere in Africa that kills all the men in villages and then rapes all of the women. They remove the women's clitorises and pluck their pubic hairs and murder their families in front of them before raping them. She pauses the television when she notices me staring through her. Not too long after that, I snap out of it, and she sees into me, she sees it but says nothing.

X X X

Riley's favorite band was The Cure, Disintegration as his favorite album. Hearing their music used to trigger me, but now when I listen to them, I imagine that I hear what he heard. My mom listened to Nine Inch Nails. I stole her copy of The Downward Spiral when I was in third or fourth grade and listened to it almost every day. Now I can't listen to it

anymore, as it reminds me of her. It's strange how trauma and years of brainwashing have told me who deserves to be forgiven and who should be hated.

X X X

It's easier to imagine that he was a vampire. That what he did was crucial for his own survival. It's like that because he knew how to make me see him as a victim and not something entirely evil. So when I think about him, I imagine that he planted teeth-marks into my neck. That's why I just fell for it, kept my mouth shut, and obeyed him like a mindless doll for him to play with.

Riley picks me up from school and takes me back to his apartment. There's a time when he's not living with us anymore. I see him less and go over to my friend J's house more often, sometimes multiple times a week since my parents are rarely home, and then I'm also in an afterschool daycare now. This makes him sick with rage, vengeful over my parents for kicking him out for not paying them enough for housing payments, all of which he takes out on me. What started off as our playful little secret has become something that has him sobbing afterward, then lashing out at me.

His apartment is infested with scorpions. My eyes constantly stare at the floor while we're playing a Mortal Kombat video game in the dark and I swear that I see them sometimes, but then I forget that it's what's next to me that's causing the sudden jumps in fear, not the bugs that only come out when we're asleep. After he kills me in the video game, he uses a cheat to rip my spinal cord out of my body and beat me to death with it. For a moment, I feel something crawling on my heel, so I kick myself off the couch, thinking in my head that it must be a scorpion.

"You said you wouldn't run off again," he raises his voice. "You fucking liar! I'll fucking kill you!"

He twists me around, holds onto one of my shoulders, and punches me in the nose. I try to scream, but my body won't let me. All I can do is sob while cupping my face

as blood drools to my chin. Then it's, "Stop fucking crying!" But I can't, so he grips onto my hair and bashes my forehead just once into the coffee table. When I go back down to the carpet, he's pulling down my white basketball shorts and white briefs all at once, throwing himself on top of me, cupping the weight of his hands and arms all around my stomach and chest. His canine teeth peck into my neck to draw blood. When we kiss, it's like mommy and daddy, it's okay now, this is sex, it hurts, it's love, you love me, it's love.

X X X

The hospital that I was born inside of is now a slaughterhouse with a pool of blood near one side of it. You can smell the slaughtered cattle day and night throughout the entire small Midwest town. Most of the people living there now are in poverty, on meth, or have a million-dollar house hidden behind massive hills of sweet corn. The synagogue that was once there became a church not too long after my birth. With that, the small Jewish population left it all behind. Now I live in a city where a new slaughterhouse just opened up in the poorest, most gang-ridden area of it all. When I smell those corpses, I'm reminded of my childhood, my ancestors, everything related to me, and all that I see is soaked in blood, waiting to be sucked into the bone shredding machines and molded to gelatin. My great grandmother might have been able to escape Hitler, but I'm sure I'll get my brains blown out for being a faggot and a Jew soon enough, and the rest of my family massacred later on.

X X X

My friends probably thought of it as experimenting, but I knew full well what I was doing and the pleasure that I was getting out of it. I'd spend almost every day being a hypersexed kid that sought to play with as many dicks as possible. If I were home alone, in that blinding white vessel of a house, I'd toss myself around in boredom, eventually hump random objects, and spend hours jacking off. I already knew how to access porn and clear the browser history after seeing Riley do it before. Sex. Skin. Boys. Men. The vampiric curse festering in my blood.

There was a boy at daycare that I fell for and who looked like Brice, the bully, but was the opposite of him. Evan was intelligent, obsessed with astronomy, drew detailed pictures of spaceships he imagined and planets he read about on Wikipedia. He had light brown hair gelled up and a darker tan than me, a sparrow's face, filled with intriguing confidence. Out of the five of us at daycare (other than J, my best friend) that I messed with, he was the most into experimenting.

During recess, we would sneak off to the restrooms, which were hidden on one side and made it difficult for the staff to see where we vanished off to. The bathroom was compact with flickering lights and sharp brick walls. When we stood across from each other, it was hard not to already be touching. He would pull his dick out first, which had a long teardrop foreskin hanging from the tip, then I'd take out mine, much smaller and circumcised, and rub it against his. We would stroke each other, sometimes even kiss, all of these things I learned beforehand and taught him.

My most vivid memory of him begins with my mouth on his cock, giving him his first blowjob, while he held all my clothes in a ball against his chest. One of the staff must have caught onto us. Just as I could tell that he was close to his dry cum, the fat cunt started beating on the door and calling out Evan's name. We quickly got dressed, and he told her to hold on, flushing the toilet, running water in the sink, and then opening it way too much and letting her catch a glimpse of me in there with him.

"D was trying to help me find my friendship bracelet," Evan said. "I found it now."

She saw through the lies. Asked us what we were doing. Told us that she knew, because other boys had done it before, and how it was a sin that could send you to Hell. If she ever saw us doing it again, she swore that she'd tell our parents.

We met later on that day at the playground. He was sitting on the tar floor, picking at it with one hand, holding the friendship bracelet made of string I made for him with his other hand. I didn't understand what the problem was and so I just imagined that next time we'd be more careful.

“If my parents find out we did that,” he started off. “We can’t hang out anymore. I’m sorry.”

After Elementary school, I saw him again in my Freshman year of Highschool. He remembered everything we did together. I shared English with him, and I remember as I walked into the classroom and passed his desk, he knocked the books out of my hand and cursed, “Watch yourself, fucking faggot.”

Seeing how vital it was for him to immediately show off how repressed he was, I knew that he was just like me, just another faggot child hiding behind a mask and begging to be torn out from this world. And with that vampire blood inside of me, all I could imagine was what it would be like to see him dead.

AFTERWORD

The 6th issue of SCAB comes out in March 2020.

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