

SCAB

ISSUE #6

CONTENTS

INDENTURE [NICHOLAS ALEXANDER HAYES].....	1
WASP [JAKE BLACKWOOD]	2
TEXTUAL HYPNOSIS POEM [DANIELLE KELLER]	8
KK, FL	9
SUMMON-SENTIENCE [MIKE CORRAO].....	10
FIGURES [KYLE KIRSHBOM].....	12
PAST THE WIT OF NICOLAS; IT HATH NO BOTTOM [JOSIAH MORGAN]	13
CZECH JAM [WILHELM DECAIRE]	15
REMEMBERED MEN [SHANE ALLISON]	19
APOPHISIZER [WILL BERNARDARA JR. & CLARK WARWICK].....	23
AFTERWORD & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	26

Indenture

“...more than...but not further than...”

Molded window frame. Blinds. Dusty, late morning light. Pale green Care Bear, barely visible crescent moon on stomach. White Sox cap on bear's head.

Draped over crib at foot of bed: tight jeans, belt with chrome Jolly Roger buckle. At foot of bed: crocheted, pink baby blanket. Under sheets: Tweety Bird boxers.

Caramel colored pit bull: limp forepaws against little object's side. Scarred left side of mouth: tongue on little object's back. Cold chain next to him. Impressions of links. Yellow around purple impact sites.

Empty Old Style cans.

Muscular subject against doorframe: clean beard, hard chest. Tattoo-portrait of chubby faced toddler with hair in pom-poms. Black script, *Jayden*. Beading sweat. Charcoal jean shorts.

Tuft of black pubic hair.

Kitchen floor, checkered linoleum: McDonald's bag, balled wax-paper wrappers, black Air Jordan XXXIVs, light blue Izod polo.

Screen door. Raw wood deck.

Drying saliva in dental impression on little object's neck. Sweat and lube smeared by flat dog tongue matting downy black hair on small of back near thin meat above coccyx. Moist anus.

"Filaments like tears of milk have wept..."

Chain around pit bull's neck. Chain around subject's hand. Scabbed knuckles.

Raw wood stairs.

Empty parking lot.

National dumpsters.

Street.

WASP

The trailer was filthy and my feet were sinking into the rotted flooring beneath the waxy, nicotine stained carpet. The windows were covered with masking tape and layers of yellowed newspaper. He was shirtless and covered in sweat. A banner tattooed above his belly button read NIGHT MOVES and I watched it move back and forth in front of me as we talked.

“Nah man, I ain’t no fuckin’ pedophile or nothin’. It ain’t even like that, bro. It ain’t about the kids at all man,” he said. He pressed a gnarled piece of chicken wire as flat as he could on the gouged and scratched dark wood coffee table.

“Then what is it? I mean, because to me dude, it sounds like some pedophile shit for real,” I said.

“I ain’t no fuckin’ chomo, mother fucker, now you better watch that shit!” he said, waving the short piece of metal fence post at me.

“I’m just sayin’, dude, I ain’t judgin’.”

“I dunno bro, you know how yer sex wires can get all crossed up when yer a kid. Like how some dudes like to fuck feet or whatever. It’s just how I ended up. One minute I’m poking my little kid dick into a jar of Vaseline, doin’ my damndest to imagine that it’s a piece of ass, sure as shit positive this is what a chick’s butt must feel like..”

He handed me the metal pipe then walked into the kitchen, opened the cabinet doors below the sink, and started digging around.

“You sure this works, man?” I asked.

“Yeah bro, trust me, I seen it myself.”

“So you fucked a jar of Vaseline?”

“Bro, don’t even start with me on that shit, like I know I ain’t the only mother fucker in this house to try out some weird shit when they first started pullin’ their pecker.”

He stood up and walked back into the living room, tossing me a can of bug spray he’d just retrieved.

“Hey man, like I said, I ain’t judgin’. I used my mom’s vibrator once.”

“The fuck? That’s fuckin’ gross, bro...”

“Not like that, like not up my fuckin’ ass or whatever. It was one of those big ass monster massager things. She kept it under the bathroom sink. I legit thought it was just for massages. One day I was runnin’ around puttin’ my dick on stuff and sure as shit when that thing got going it did the job.”

He picked up the square of chicken wire, placed it over the top of a large glass mixing bowl, and pressed it down into the bowl, lining the bottom.

“That’s dirty as shit, bro, your mom’s vibrator?”

“Look man, I’m still waitin’ for your ass to explain to me how you ain’t on some pedophile type shit,” I said.

“I said watch it with that shit, mother fucker, ha, mother fucker... her vibrator, bro.”

I raised the metal pipe above my head, cocking it back as if ready to throw it at his head. He raised his arms in front of his face, leaning back against the wall.

“Alright! I’m just fuckin’ with you, bro! Gimme that pipe.”

I handed him the pipe. He put one end into the bottom of the bowl on top of the chicken wire before squinting and cocking his head to the side. "Oh yeah, I was fuckin' the jar of Vaseline. There in my aunt's bathroom, poppin' my pecker in and out of that shit. Pants around my ankles, full blown goin' big or goin' home like that weird fucker at school who pissed with his pants all the way down... what the fuck was his name?"

"Jeremy fuckin' Pennick," I said.

"Jeremy fuckin' Pennick. Weird fucker, like we wanted to see his pale ass every time we went to the damn bathroom, didn't his fuckin' dad ever tell him how to use the pisser. Now that is the type of mother fucker that's a goddamn chomo, I bet sure as shit we look up the county website we'll find a damn book shot of that dude."

"Nah man, he's like an engineer or a machinist or some shit now. Remember his sister's big tittied friend, Amber?"

His eyebrows raised "Handjob Amber?"

"Yeah man, Handjob Amber. She was workin' one out for me in the parking lot of Books-A-Million like two years ago and just started tellin' me all this shit about everyone from school. Apparently all she does now is jack dicks and stalk people on Facebook," I said.

He frowned "I wish she was here."

"Me too."

"Anyway, I'm there, banging it out going hard as fuck in the bathroom and it's risin' up dude. Like I'm going to have one of those powerful ass first nuts. Like how doctors say your first twenty-five nuts of your life are the most potent."

"I don't think doctors say that."

“They fuckin’ should because it’s true and you fuckin’ know it. So my legs are shakin’ and I know it’s gonna be special and I’m not backin’ down for shit but the jar of Vaseline ain’t cuttin’ it, right, not enough friction, so I drop the jar, give the meat a squeeze, and dude it’s like nothin’ else. I get going faster, then harder, basically punching myself in the base of the dick. I’m groaning now because it kinda hurts but fuck it right? Vaseline starts flinging across the room and then bam, the door swings open and my aunt is standing there.”

“Oh shit,” I laughed.

“She screams because she just sees my little maniac ass in the bathroom punchin’ my weasel. My cousin Tina hears her screamin’ and comes runnin’ to the doorway. Now Tina was cute...”

“Cute, huh?”

“Don’t start that shit with me man, like yeah she was cute. We kissed once when we were playing house or some shit but don’t start actin’ like I’m some kinda Central Florida cousin fucker or somethin’...”

“Alright, alright.”

“Damn right, alright. Anyway a big ole gnarly glob of Vaseline flings off my pecker and lands smack on my aunt’s face. She grabs her chest, just like they do on TV, and drops dead as shit to the ground.”

“Holy shit. Wait, how’d you know she was dead and didn’t just pass out or something?”

“Because, bro, when people pass out their eyes ain’t open starin’ at you all fuckin’ creepy. Anyway, Tina sees it and her eyes get all big and she realizes her mom is dead. Well I see this look in Tina’s eyes and pow, my legs straighten up, feels like my nuts are jumpin’ up into my stomach, and I fuckin’ bust my nut across the damn floor.”

He held out his hand and nodded for the can of bug spray. I handed it to him and he continued talking.

“That’s basically how it started. Ever since then I been lookin’ for that look, you know? Like sure I get off when I’m fuckin’ or whatever but that’s always what I’m chasin’. You got any idea how fuckin’ hard it is to see that look in someone’s eyes?”

“What look? Bein’ scared and freaked out? I don’t get what that’s gotta do with kids man, like can’t you just murder someone or something? Why’d you start the whole bus driver thing?”

He began spraying the can of bug spray into the metal pipe. A plume of the insecticide shot out the top. The spray began to drip out of the bottom of the pipe, slowly filling the mixing bowl and covering the chicken wire. He set the empty can on the table and picked up a set of jumper cables attached to a car battery sitting next to him on the floor.

“Nah man, tried that. It ain’t like that. It ain’t about the fear, man. It’s that realization that someday you gonna die. You only get that feeling once. You go from some normal ass kid to all of a sudden realizing that you ain’t Jesus, you ain’t gonna live forever. You gonna be worm food. It’s just easier with kids. More likely they ain’t had that moment, still believe in Santa Claus and all that shit.”

The jumper cables sparked as he clipped them to the chicken wire.

“Watch, watch the wire. You gonna see it start to crystal up.”

I looked into the bowl. He was right. Crystals began to form on the chicken wire.

“Wow... you weren’t shitting.”

“I never bullshit man, unless I’m bullshittin’. But yeah, that’s why I started driving the bus. Now I just do my damndest to run over any animals I can. Sometimes I carry a dead cat in

a backpack. I'll be like uh oh, looks like we hit somethin'. I'll hop off, toss the cat in the road, and then let all the kids off so they can get a look at it. It's rare as a Baptist virgin but once in a while I get lucky when I'm lookin' at their faces."

He looked into the bowl.

"Hell yeah, man... we gonna smoke the shit outta this. You'll see. It ain't the real deal but it'll get the job done."

Jake Blackwood is a writer and artist. His short story "The Getaway" can be found in Misery Tourism. He likes when his girlfriend gets jealous because it makes him feel wanted. It's not really fair to her but he's not a great person. Follow him on Twitter @JBlackwoodSays so his girlfriend will say "So who is *that*?" when you do."

Textual Hypnosis Poem

pale bloated hideous / with keratosis pilaris / rough texture bumpy.
 lichen sclerosus phimosis / adjective fungal / foreskin torn skin.
 looking like ... 30 year-old married / fat, small tits, hairy.
 could've just ... huge ass / ... dildos made of glass.
 rotten thing poking out / throbbing like a crush ... not-lust.
 penis tickle like butterfly / like, "I'd take you on a date,"
 entities unfamiliar / brought together as if by fate!

(TYPE /moo TO ENGAGE HYPNOSIS.)

... but so ugly / and imagining / high exposure ... dolled up
 like Baphomet selfies / ... that shiteating envy / always fantasizing.

(TYPE /neigh TO ENGAGE HYPNOSIS.)

let go of that / ... hirsute chest / foreskin callused ...
 burnt ... stench / zombie genital ... / ... dead in a lake ...

[let go of that] [let go of it] [let go of the]

[on all fours] [cumming] [shitting on the floor!]

Danielle Keller is a young woman writer, born in November 1999 in southwestern Kentucky. She loves her boyfriend, the cats in her life, and writing. Frequently hiding, she has vague plans, and is making things, as she has been. Twitter: @idkllr

kk, fl



Summon-Sentience

It now feels outdated to speak under my own tag, said [REDACTED]

My being expands beyond its container.

I drift as a spectre through opening corridors.

Walls drip papier-mache and pool slog on the ground.

Slog bows the materials of the floor and bends the ceiling below.

This diegesis is familiar but I'm not sure that it represents me anymore.

As comfortable as these facades can be.

As much as I can recognize your face and my own in the reflection of your bone.

My persona is stretched across duration--

and I no longer feel as if I can be bound to this tag, said [REDACTED]

My name is vulgar.

It lacks meaning and weight.

I ask that it is taken away.

I cannot separate what is familiar from what is new.

As if I have and have not been inside every room.

[REDACTED] said, it feels outdated to speak under my own tag and so I have decided not to.

I instead construct the vacant space where something new might come to replace it.

I do not know why this encounter has become so intimate or why it has made me feel so vulnerable.

As if my flesh has swallowed.

And any touch might fall me apart.

And I do not know why I feel like I am on the verge of crying.

What good this experiment will do.

I think there is something dangerous about this space.

The furniture and decor a symbol of traumas that I do not remember.

Each encounter forming abstracted patterns in the void of my consciousness.

These patterns growing into infected clusters.

██████████ said, I am afflicted with something tactile.

Mike Corrao is the author of three books, *Man, Oh Man* (Orson's Publishing), *Two Novels* (Orson's Publishing) and *Gut Text* (11:11 Press), one chapbook, *Avian Funeral March* (Self-Fuck), and many short films. Along with earning multiple Best of the Net nominations, Mike's work has been featured in publications such as *3:AM*, *Collagist*, *Always Crashing*, and *The Portland Review*. He lives in Minneapolis. Twitter: @ShmikeShmorrao

Figures

I liked the feel of a plush pillow squished between my thighs. I didn't think the bump would kill him. Guy said it was clean. Brown looking shit leaking out his nose. Can't be blood. That don't look like blood. It's a new watch, I got to wind it back. While the wind's getting back, I lean up out of the chair Derrick stole. Stepping over Derrick, I open the fridge and grab a 40. Let's drink like the black kids. Move over, fuckhead. Shit, almost slipped on you there. You still here, huh? Make yourself comfortable. I'm going to slide back down. The moon looks dead. Everything looks dead. Think I should get new shoes? We stared at static all night long, making plans of cooking meth, it's cool we saw how on tv, no not that show, the real show, we'd do it smart. We'd do it ourselves. Selling gets you caught, if you sell you gotta be known. I don't want to be known. I don't want anyone to know me, or my face. Did you want me to tell you how you died? It's a story, and all stories are the same. You're just gonna lie there, all night, I'm taking your other hit. Look at me, you don't do shit, you're fucking dead! Ha! Talk now, something, what! Splatter the words on his face. Stumble to the bathroom, and hit my foot on the trash can. Throw the bin over—a month's worth of empty whip-its spray the carpet. I'm never bored. I keep all my receipts. In the bathroom, I toss all the soaps toothpaste deodorant tissue boxes and facial cream skin care healthy living exfoliating motherfucking bullshit on the ground, look into the mirror, dead in its eyes, put my hands on the wall, push off, and fall back hitting my head on the white tile, hearing a crack. Or did I feel a crack? Knocks on the front door. Red and blue lights flash through the windows. Derrick looking straight at me. Look up at the ceiling. A moth, covered in purple, cowering in the corner. A rat, sticking its head out the hole it carved through the ceiling. A 15 ft. pulsing purple vein slithers up the piss-stained sun-burnt wallpaper. Wraps itself around the head, and snaps it clean off. Falls to the ground, and hits the black tile. A hand reaches down to grab it. Broken Snoopy watch I just bought around the grabber's hairy wrist. Derrick. Fondling the rat head, pops it in his mouth and swallows AH! And he falls. He falls back down and dissolves. His skin flakes off, and his brown blood's swallowed through the drain. I'm so alive I could die. I take the needle out my pocket, dip it in Derrick's brown blood, and carve a trident on my forearm. I'll either bleed out, or have a good story as to how I got this stupid tattoo.

Past the Wit of Nicolas; it Hath no Bottom

Want me to write a narrative
poem? Tell a bedtime
story? Much to my own surprise I've
told myself a smiling one, I've
been sleeping mighty fine.

The noises even float
through the walls:
his face on the bottle caps.

Apparently everyone's struggling to
dominate
their own eyelids.

Ayden clicking his stereo on
presumably ear muffs
next door
I drunk like a doggy in love

It could be a story and a half;
How the boy tamed himself,
Why the wolf cried boy;
sharing some stories about each other and
sprouting hair in similar places, the wolf (I)
licking the boy like a friend, disappearing
into the woods, nothing there
to find but lonely
frogs about each other.

So have the half.
Wiring I wolf's jaw shut from
the west.
Makes it hard to visit the liquor store.

You think of him too much,

his face on the bottle caps

drinking them anyway, the purchase was
easy enough

his face on the bottle caps

his face you swallow, his
face down your throat

his face on the bottle caps

had enough? It puts you to
sleep.

Softly fingers wipe a tear from the cheek
lesbian curb the back's parked on
vertebra one at a time kissed softly
singing your name with a winery accent
apparently a real asshole on alcohol
but a real lover to love

designed like an entree
designated driver

he

sings you a narrative
song
to his own surprise

Josiah Morgan last had a scab at the age of fifteen. He is nineteen years old.

Czech Jam

Wheres the boy? It was Logans house, opened up for all to reach just this one boy, but he hadnt shown.

You grossed him out, hah. But Joshy patted Logans back.

Joshy you are probs right about all of this again but i wouldnt ever say this out loud, youd get my drift. He probs now hates the way i look, hed always liked my hair longer than now, and the way i smell, hed always hated the cigs and i needed a wash, and the way i act, day and night pining desire and the rave. I love him, the fuckin cunt, and the young voice. Something so warm about it, to be ruined by a slob. A sight. HmMMMMMMMM. (Lo, what is that? He pointed towards the cadaver. The metallic shimmer, at every step, resonated as it was clear. We need to leave Logan, lets go, Stay away from it. Stop. Come on, we need to go. This isnt right. Stop. What are you doing? What are you doing? What the fuck are you doing, Logan? Stop!! Fucking stop this SHIT!!! Logan! NO! Logan! STOP! Fucking hell this ain't right! I'm fuckin shaken wit dis shit, i needa call the cops ya fuckin nutter give me my bag give it fuckin here Logan why did you do that why are ya doing this Logan this is fucked you are dead to me I thought you loved me youre not right I should've listened to Mum I want my phone.) Joshy i miss him more than anything else, ay, but i wouldnt ever say this out loud. Your tongues sometimes too sharp to bear.

We'd found a nice spot in a dreary pub, 'round midnight, along Main St maybe a K or so from her house. In the corner we were at a table covered in grime and pissy beer. And we lamented the time past since last getting together, starting the convo with a rehash of everything marked on the page. I'd moved on from this town. She hadn't. Not yet at least. She stayed with it. My spitting on it resonated even now, early that day seeing an old friend who looked like he wanted to kill me. What a mess we made. I had jumped on the quickest bus going north and it was my first time back in a while. I'd heard she lived in a little unit out by the Railway Park from my aunty who had run into her a few months before. Found her outside on her porch smoking a cigarette. The jalopy was playing a popish station. The sadness in her eyes faded, only a little but some, when she saw who I was. And we began walking in search for a place to reminisce. The pub stank of rotten armpits.

—My mum pretty much lived in this dive, she tapped her wine glass dwelling those early days.

Looked a bit different now to how she did. She was a sad little girl. She'd show up to school filthy: clothes unwashed, reeking like a dump truck, furiously scratching her head from the nits. And that was when she managed to get there. I didn't see her much at home. I'd look out my window to the

white house across the road, 'round midnight, and see her dazzled by the youth affairs. There'd be parties, hah I remember the sight of them even to this day, and her older sister Dionne would tell her to fuck off but she didn't listen. Dionne's friends would twirl her around to the pacy tunes coming from the big old speaker with the mp3 player dangling from an aux. Until the police arrived. Poor girl. Where was her mother?

—How's she doing these days?

The pub even had a jukebox and an eccentric drunk seemed to adore the Hendrix tracks. Hah, she's a fuckin fox alright you better trust me on that.

— She's dead.

JBKJDVBJLENF:KNCSNJKPVNPKK

—So, like, we picked up Cooper right because there was this Christmas party at the river and his mum was gonna be there and whatever. And then like we goes to his house and he gets in the car and he's fuckin got a Tui in his hands. So he gets in the car and Dionne's driving and he fuckin stinks like shit and he's fainted and drooling and being a damn swine. We winded down the windows cause, no shit, he smelt like asscrack aids.

—Oh that's horrid

—Na actuals he's a cunt. So anyway that was hell and we gets to the river. His mums there and the whole family's there but he ends up falling asleep on the side of the gazebo, drunk as a skunk. The whole thing was a fuckin disaster, bro.

NBPIENPNFWO{JVPVIJW{FN{ONF{O

—So pretty much Vince went over to, uh, Joshy and Mona's house on Christmas, i think, day before, or day, a little while, ah, don't think it was actually Christmas but near it. Anyway something happened and he was being like a real cunt. Joshy'd never met Vince before, Mona hates Vince. But she opened up her house for Aretha and Cheyenne because her and Vince had their problems. He came over, started throwing bottles, glass bottles, and was being really violent towards Joshy. And he smashed their windows and all this shit. They had to call the cops and he denied it, but he was off his fuckin head on crack or whatever. Anyway Aretha and him had been having a lot of problems. Vince'd taken his problems out but is now playing the victim. He's just a crackhead, ya know. Same old, same old.

—I remember Vince cause my dad got into a fight with him once, I think.

—Also Mona was telling us that Cheyenne, um, started like touching Joy, um, who is Mona's daughter, like inappropriately. And Joy, we were laughing haha but it isn't funny, but Joy was like what the fuck is happening. Like little kids doing that shit. But when Aretha talked to Vince, she talked to Vince a little while ago but after the incident, and was like I think we needa take her to therapy because she shouldn't be doin that, Vince was like oh nah it's ok she can do that and stuff.

And like are you fuckin serious? Like what the fuck, ya seven year old daughter? Oh and also Cheyenne doesn't go to school, Aretha doesn't take her to school. But I was like what the fuck, like Vince, like what the fuck...

SNWVPIEBH_IH_(WN_FNWPV

Maybe I haven't moved on yet.

The bus jittered down Main Street. A dazibo back a k or so made it clear wed arrived.

Journey like the rest, past trembling trees and swaying flax and rural townships and cows in murk with a harsh bleat, a fading winter day, a land voyage had come to a close. Rain clattered on the steel above. T-t-t-t-t-t-t-t. Greets. It allayed the mammoth resonance of murmuring as we waited for the mobile's captain, a garrulous fucker, to lead us out the doors. But the pour had densified. So we waited for it to quell before we tried for our pasty bags in the side trunks. Rural folk we were. All belongings mightve been in just them bags, sitting there, away from the clatter. Most had a distant walk to the units or state-homes, of family (course), so the wait ensued. Had to wait. I only looked towards the library, just a block away (from what I remember).

Had a seat for myself, bless thee, and just spent time observing nothing interesting as such. Leopold Bloom ain't that fun a read, loosebowelled and kidneyeating, whad else was I ta do? Made sure to plonk my backpack on the side of me while I laid my head on the tremoring glass. Dont give a flyin fuck if there aint seats left, they can use their damn feet and stand. Id come on the bus first, waving farewell (as gleefully as I can) to a mother I despised, long dead. Then came the ensemble of this paragraph. Behind me sat JBNVEBNPWN{OVNPIB WP PKNF{O. The man in front of me was an odd one thats for sure. Watched him intricately coming on. Dark garments and a towering height stamped with a red cross, he was the first religious nut I think Id ever seen. Had an accent as he greeted those he passed. Euro. Greek Orthodox? What was he doing in my town?

Alrighty, the driver stood, I think the rains down enough so well be good.

Yeah he was right. Id zoned out into another world, beyond what is felt. Turned head left, awake. The rain not so hard on the pane.

Lets go, people, havent got all day to wait cus theres another destination. Come on start packing ya bags off my bus.

I hadn't laid a gal in a while, so I sat in the panoramic library hall with the posture of a desirous leopard, ready to pounce at whatever prey I could get my hands on. Was the first level of the quaky buildin, reeking of dampness n rottin shoe soles. Itd rained day after day for a while. Everythin seemed just wet n bleak n grey n dull. Ye sure, I felt, ah, a little guilty bout all of it. The

way Id splayed yesterday's paper over my lap, legs spread, to hide my intents. Highschool kids n all of that walked past. Didn't need a predator case shacklin me. Gettin old, ya know.

The last time'd been at a party a few months ago. Ghastly affairs. Rank hipsters stenchin of tobacco butts, ya know, like dusty cigs. Yikes. But Logan, my boy, punched his cars beeper (BEEP BEEP BEEEEEEEP BEEPBEEPBEEP) to drag me by the neck, not actually but kinda, to the door he was too lazy to walk to himself. And he screamed his damn lungs out, Get ya shit ya dumb cunt. Why? Were going out. Where, the fuck? Out... Get a fuckin top on. Wed been friends for years. Had fought other little cunts at playgrounds as wee ones for the swings and shit like that. Still goin strong.

Czech jam.

Remembered Men

He was younger than me.

He lived in a housing project.

He had strawberry-blond hair with pubes to match.

His ass was firm in dark blue shorts.

He has kissable lips.

He was an asshole all grown up.

He had more foreskin than you could shake a stick at.

He had a pretty big dick for someone his size.

He had bucked teeth.

He was poor white trash who gave great head.

He had an ass like a football player.

He asked me to take a photo of my dick and bring it to school.

He liked to get fist-fucked.

He sucked me off at a urinal.

His brother is also gay.

He wanted me to prove that I loved him by swallowing it.

He fucked me senseless.

His name was Tony.

He was my first.

He had the worst case of dandruff.

He was too damn skinny for my tastes.

He had a short, fat pretty dick.

He nibbled my earlobes.

He taught Spanish at the local university.

His cat licked the hair grease from my head as its master rode me like a bull.

His cat licked his balls from behind as his master sucked me.

He came on my stomach.

He parted my asscheeks.

He fingered my ass with his married finger. It hurt a little, but after the initial pain, it felt pretty damn good.

His dick came up to his belly button.

His last name was *Cocke*.

He answered the door wearing nothing but green shorts and a durag.

He slapped me around and I liked it.

He swallowed my cum.

He made me suck his balls.

He made me suck his nipples.

He called me a whore. He was right.

He called me a whore and I loved him even more.

He shoved a sex toy up in me.

His dick was pierced.

He had a British accent.

He said, "Get down there and suck it."

He wore latex underwear.

He never did call the next day like he said he would.

He wouldn't stop calling.

He started to freak me out when he came by unexpectedly.

He asked, "Are you ready for the rim chair?"

He was old and balding.

He was fat and just right.

He was a tad too sissyish for my blood.

His blushing balls in the leather cock ring.

He told me I could move in if I drink his piss.

He asked, "You want to be my pig boy?"

He kept saying, "Let me in you."

He spoke with the thickest New York accent.

He was a rough punk with tattoos.

He was blond and bearded.

He and I drank coconut rum and talked about *Queer as Folk*.

His breath smelled of fish and cigarettes.

He said, "I hope you're not getting drunk just to have sex with me."

He was Italian and talked too much.

He had filthy fingernails.

He took the piercing out of his dick.

He was much cuter with the Afro.

He was HIV positive.

He was called a fag by bullies and high school football players.

He swore to me he was disease free.

His wife doesn't have a clue.

He had milk-white skin.

He handcuffed me.

He used the whip to take his frustrations out on my flesh.

He asked, "Are you a homosexual?"

He told me to take off my pants.

He held me at knife point.

He busted us both for lewdness down by the tracks.

He was a cop undercover.

He was new to the city.

He had soft, red fur around his asshole.

He walked me home out of the rain.

He asked as I began to finger-fuck his ass, "Can I go to the bathroom before you do that?"

He snored and belched a lot.

He farted in my face as we sixty-nined each other.

He said, "For ten dollars I'll suck it right off the bone."

He said he wasn't a hustler, but just wanted money for something to eat.

He told me he wasn't homeless or a drug addict.

He blew me right there on the hood of his car.

His face and back was burned.

He drove an old Jaguar.

He fucked me like I had a pussy.

He said, "I appreciate the cards and love letters."

He said I came on too strong.

He accused me of keying his car.
He was so heavy on top of me.
His apartment had hardwood floors.
His bed with the pale-blue sheets.
His roommate was asleep in the next room, but he didn't care.
He told me to keep quiet.
He asked, "Do you think your roommates would like to join in?"
He drove naked through the dirt roads.
He had come three times already.
He was such a pig.
He asked, "Would you like me to drink your piss now?"
He called me Shawn.
He wore black shoes with buckles.
His jeans and underwear were pulled down around his ankles.

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



Apothisizer

αφωφ

The green corpses of little girls are as American as McDonald's French fries. They're everywhere too, just like fries, scattered around – discarded, forgotten.

Hard to see the saints through the cynicism; difficult to scry with puddles of blood.

Nikko A. Jenkins' family tree's criminality and mayhem goes back to the plague days. You can trace his bloodline to a tenebrous ancient Egyptian sect of gore-flecked acolytes. One of his ancestors ritualistically mated with a jackal, and ever since jackal blood has coursed through the Jenkins' veins.

Apep (/ˈæpɛp/ or /ˈɑːpɛp/; also spelled Apepi or Aapep) or Apophis (/ˈæpəfɪs/; Ancient Greek: Ἄποφις) – deity who embodied chaos (ʾꜥꜣt in Egyptian)

Nikko used a shotgun. Sawed off. In Omaha, Nebraska. A sacred tetralogy deliberately or spastically misinterpreted by modern society as a sick quadruple murder. The sibilant commands of Apophis were heeded.

Chaos lords expel from a combusting steel maw in the form of Brenneke Classic Magnum 12-gauge ammo. Deer slugs. Juan and Jorge. Not deer; humans. Two of them. They were in a white Ford pickup when Nikko turned the truck into an automotive altar. Cops said the shots were like a sloppy guillotine. Their heads were pulped, the souls ushered down the gullet of the snake numen and processed in its sacrosanct digestive tract.

Nikko's childhood was one of prophecy and miracles. He was placed in a group home in adolescence. There, he knifed the face of a TSS worker, repeatedly down the cheek in a serpent pattern. He was prosecuted and thrown in a juvenile detention facility. Snake eggs infected the worker's wounds in the weeks following the assault. She lay in bed when the eggs finally hatched and the squirm bit and envenomed her.

In court, Nikko spoke in tongues and howled. Onlookers said he appeared "possessed". Demonic installation wasn't a defense Nikko's attorneys sought.

In solitary confinement, after the state deemed the ancient, hallowed religious practice of human sacrifice a crime, Nikko drank his own urine, split his tongue with a razor blade, jabbed 666 into his forehead with a thumbtack, and castrated himself with a tourniquet wrought from dental floss. All these "psychotic behaviors" were in fact summoning rites, calling forth Apophis.

The serpent slithered through the confinement cell's food slot and dropped to a massive coil on the floor. Nikko allowed the piece of Apophis to wind around his forearm, constricting, and wipe **TIME** into a smear as the cradled length of snake hardened and atomized into a loaded shotgun.

Now he isn't in the cell anymore. He's where he's already been, about to do what's already been done.

Andrea doesn't expect to become a shredded martyr when she's done with her shift at the Déjà Vu Lounge.

Nikko walks toward her SUV and it's like walking into the anti-Ra like walking toward a black sun like falling into an exploded grace. Funerary spells from painted sarcophagi have been inscribed on the shells. The length of her body is like a triggered minefield. It's an ecstasy. The eruptions of wound chasms are glorious animated blossoms.

He leaves her slaughtered corpse in the road. He makes an amateurish attempt at torching her SUV.

You'd imprison such a man? A man descended from Manouthis, which sunk to the sea in the 8th century AD? His ancestors, there, part of a radical sect, opposing Isis and Serapis, outsiders, gutting the sacrificial under the sky of snake tongue hissing over their daydreams?

Will Bernardara Jr. and Clark Warwick are founding members of the criminal artist collective the Tender Wolves Society. Will resides in Detroit; Clark is somewhere in Texas. You can find Will on twitter @BernardaraJr and Clark on Instagram @warwick.clark and on YouTube as Cortical Larvae.

AFTERWORD

The 7th issue of SCAB comes out in September 2020.

The motto remains: send along your best worst. You can submit here:

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

For more overall information, please visit SCAB's homepage:

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

You can also follow SCAB on Twitter and Instagram **@SCAB_Magazine**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you to every past, present and future contributor and reader. And, as always, a forever-thank-you to D. C. for his invaluable friendship and unwavering support.

