

SCAB

ISSUE #7

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EDITOR'S NOTE

I never know what to say here. When I decide to say anything at all. I truly believe the featured pieces speak for themselves.

The past 6 months were pretty crazy. Out in the world and within SCAB's tiny universe too. I reached out to a few people and a few people reached out to me. Wonderful connections were born. SCAB got fat again.

The new issue is rough and sexy and unapologetic, brimming with talent and originality (I mean... a fanfiction starring Lou Reed? Really???). Every single day, I'm grateful to and for the community building a home here. On these pages.

SCAB is 3 years old. Let's celebrate!

Dominik
2020

On GG Allin

I had a dream GG Allin was peeing on my face and I was masturbating. I woke up to see my books, my clothes, my razor, my cologne, a revelation with the sun, given back to me with light's return. I stepped into the shower in the morning and got on my knees and the water was spraying in my mouth and I was masturbating. I scraped sperm off the underside of my foot into the drain. When I had dried, I read Rimbaud and I read Verlaine and I read Plath. I went to sleep past midnight. The sound of a bug ticking its abdomen against the paper woke me up. I wrote a short note to myself on my phone: "*to every young man / love is one thing / his next seven dreams.*" I listened to Mark Kozelek. I ate a cookie for breakfast. A man from Mosgiel told me he had ordered some gear for me. Nobody was home. I imagined GG Allin cutting my thighs. I was not masturbating. I am a relentless narcissist. The idea of myself is erotic. Every pen mark slices a wound. Right before I woke I saw GG Allin's skinny penis dangling between two thick, sculpted legs. The moment my eyes opened I saw GG Allin's skinny penis dangling between two thick, sculpted legs. They adjusted to the light. The penis was a sliver of day, the legs my two curtains. A trick of the light. I thought about GG Allin all day. I convinced myself GG Allin was alive. He died in 1993. That much is unavoidable. I convinced myself that GG Allin, before he died, was a time traveller. I convinced myself that GG Allin got close to Satan and entered the ritualistic flow of time. I convinced myself that sadomasochism would take me there. The house was still empty. After a couple of months my advertisements had gained some traction. The house started to pile up with bodies. I was selling myself. I wore a jockstrap. I got tattoos and grew out a goatee. I shaved myself bald. Some of my ads publicized THE REAL GG ALLIN EXPERIENCE. Others advertised ways to MEET THE REAL JESUS FOR THE FIRST TIME. They flocked to me fast at first and then thinned out. I cut them on their abdomens and on their thighs and on their arms. I told them I wanted to die and I wanted to take them with me. Some of them ran and ran but the labyrinthine architecture and long, skinny driveway defeated them. Others let me do it, sung along to the Hank Williams tracks I played as I peed in their wounds. When they stopped showing up, I finally knew what the word lonely meant as I scrolled through Facebook and saw a friend misquote an e.e. cummings poem. *May come home with a smooth*

smooth stone / as small as a world and as large as alone. Kept scrolling. Rubbed my cock against a stack of four pillows laid on the floor next to the last one, his name was Kevin. Eventually the smell got really bad and I started driving. I don't know when it was that I stopped. I fell asleep. When I woke up there was a man sitting next to me. He smelled like he was dying. He put his hand on the back of my neck and jerked me off. He put a castration band around my testicles and punched me in the stomach. He had a razor and no tongue and he kissed my nipples. I said I was a young man and in love and GG told me that he'd see me in my next seven dreams. I had crashed the car, a miniature, into the side of my bookshelf and been crushed by an outsized copy of *Index*. I decluttered the house that day and tucked my new friends into the queen bed in the spare room. I ran up and down the long, skinny driveway and rubbed my penis along the poison ivy bushes. I weeded the garden. When I woke up I was sleeping next to an older man with no hair and a grown-out beard and my jaw had abrasions. The mirror showed me an image of GG Allin circa 1993 and I took out the syringe and stuck it in my arm. There was music playing in the next room.

Bites

biting crispy things / biting things / resembling people / disgusting people / fleshy photo / the victim's family thing / the bite markings / biting / the markings / where people have

been bitten / smallest recognizable / people / there exist redundancies / the human anatomy / the health benefits / oh, please god no / stop / oh god / that hurts / that need to be corrected /

a visit to the veterinarian / subject to inherent / bites people / possess free will / frequent irritation / the bland surface / family things / that are meant to be maimed / asshole biting / biting the underprivileged / bring them to life / superimposing an X-ray / lyrical image / the suspect's helpless teeth / in the hundreds /

pride in physical demonstrations / a visit / to remove stray portions of things / with the mouth / abilities / demonstrations

/ the inherent sexual dominance / one species / unbitten people / view a photo / the victim's distant bite markings / the latest updates / gives great importance / old fashioned sexual preference / one opposing species /

bitten people / we are not the same / tongue / proportionate with the mouth / a crescendo / smallest recognizable / lost bodily fluids / physical technology / all-encompassing / ecstatic / physical love / bodily fluids / resemble people / craft the mouth / smallest recognizable pathology / catch the latest updates /

the deformative power / tranquilizer pit / bring them to life / the precise tool / the mouth's craft / the task that has been chosen / precision and care / pride in cleaning / smallest recognizable sexual preference / meaning / meant / maimed /

oh, please god no / stop / oh god / please that hurts / more / when the tongue / autopsy / tongue was performed / revealed several mouths / well-earned layer / mouth to skin contact / the health benefits / the mouth / no damage to the muscle tissue / discovered

/ fits the profile / lyrical image / professional and educated / top clientele / a desire to resemble people / that are meant to be clean / and in fact / penetrated directly to the bone / not the same / overprivileged / indentations / adult canine teeth / helpless dominance / a species that resembles people / tear away the / smallest recognizable

identity / oh, please god no / stop / superimposing the x-ray / oh god / please that hurts
/ yes / please / tear away the mouth / the underlying sexual preference / make
decisions concerning the choice of sexual partners / the available / abrasions to the
epidermal crispy things / which is subject / tests / bring them to life / meant to be
sexual markings /

the eponymous victim's teeth / fleshy torn photo / fits the profile / an
approximate age / an elite profession / please god / please / biting things / resemble
people / disgusting people

/ a frequent source of irritation / the dominant identity / is the bland surface of things in
my family

Recently, T.W.'s writing has appeared in *Selffuck, Surfaces, Nauseated Drive, Misery
Tourism, Harsh* and *Expat Lit*. T.W. tweets sporadically @docu_dement, and is the proud
curator of a haphazardly curated blog, www.documentdement.com

Name and Date of Birth

I didn't tell the cops or the doctors anything. I just sat there like a blob and stared through their questions. It was like that for three weeks. That's the longest they could keep me, I guess. But, whatever, now I feel like telling someone the fucking truth about it.

First though, check this out:

- "makes me uncomfortable"
- "I do not feel safe around him"
- "unpredictable, impulsive, irrational"

Yeah those are exact quotes from so-called witness statements. Like, in my record. They have to let you look at it. These are things supposedly said about ME. Kind of funny.

On May 13th, aka The Day in Question, I woke up around Noon. A visiting band was staying with us so the living room was a mess of bodies. Smelled terrible. They were going to play a house show later that night.

I sat on the front porch drinking a beer and smoking cigarettes, waiting for people to wake up. At 2:00 p.m. no one was awake yet and I was still drinking beer and smoking cigarettes on the front porch. I started thinking about killing myself. Just because I was bored and no one was there to talk to. If someone was there to talk to, I could think about whatever we were talking about but I was alone so I thought about killing myself. Abstractly, not like planning anything.

This is why I had to sit there all mute and stupid for three weeks because if I admit that then I'm through, they'll chain me up and feed me The Price is Right and little slices of lemon in plastic water cups for the rest of my fucking life. But there is nothing irrational about thinking about killing yourself. It's the most rational. For six weeks in 2014 I was

very big into philosophy. I listened to a lot of podcasts about the subject. Deciding whether or not to kill yourself is a fundamental question of philosophy.

If you tell your brain to stop thinking about killing yourself, it will just think about killing yourself even more so you have to be very zen about the whole thing and just go with the flow. This too shall pass. That's another philosophy thing.

At 4:30 p.m. Steve stopped by and asked if I wanted to box. He knew I liked getting my ass kicked. We went downstairs to the basement and put some gloves and headgear on. Jon B. was designated the official in charge.

"Gentlemen, touch gloves."

We touched gloves. Steve looked a little wobbly. For a second I thought I might surprise him. Then he whacked me fucking hard on the right side of my head. The padding softened the blow but it still hurt. I took my headgear off and threw it at him. It landed on the dirt floor. I told him to fight me like a man. I was filled up and shooting spittle, trying to fang my way through sentences.

Steve laughed and the fight was over. Jon B. declared him the winner by forfeit. He started to write it down in the official notebook which was a record of all the basement fights.

I asked him to please say it was due to a technical knock-out. He complied.

Then I was back upstairs and it was some other time, but dark outside. The band was fiddling with strings, plugging things in. I picked up one of the guitars.

"Dude, what are you doing?" asked guy in the band.

I was imagining the strings were strings of yarn and I'm strumming so fucking hard but the threads don't make a sound, I thought.

“Nothing,” I said. And handed him his stupid guitar.

I announced to the room that I was going to check on Nate. No one even looked at me. They just kept on getting ready for their performance.

In Nate’s room they were smoking Opium. So I smoked Opium too. It felt like *[google what it’s supposed to feel like when you smoke Opium]* is what it felt like. Or smoke it yourself. I truly don’t care.

The band was playing. I’m skipping over some stuff, obviously, but it’s exhausting just recounting. Live in the moment. In a moment I’m going to be on the couch watching the band play. It’s loud. It sounds like loud. In a moment I’m going to start pinching the little bit of skin at the top of my shaft, right underneath the head of my penis and rubbing it clockwise like I’m trying to start a fire with the skin.

I am trying to start a fire with the skin.

No one is watching me. No one cares.

In a moment I’m going to cum but first I imagine what I’m going to do with that cum. I want to catch it in my hand and then throw it at one of the boys in the band. That’s what I want to do.

I was thinking about killing myself earlier because I couldn’t think of anything to do. Everything has been done. Or thought/said/felt. It’s all just repeating itself into a spiraling void. Now I’ve thought of something to do. I’ll cum right here in this living room is what I’ll do. I can’t think about killing myself when I am so singularly focused on such an awesome task.

The philosophy podcasts stopped being interesting which is why I don’t study the stuff anymore. I figured out pretty quickly that people much, much smarter than me had

spent much, much more time worrying over why there is anything at all and had come up with no answers. None. No one could say. So I knew there was no answer. Or the answer would never be revealed which is the same thing except worse. Then I learned that thought, which I had all on my own, was already an existing philosophy and quite popular at that and then I just got really pissed about the whole thing and what a waste of time it all was.

Thinking about something other than killing myself was making me harder and harder. My knees started to jerk. My toes curled. The band was so loud. The space was so small. Everyone was dancing. There were at least 20 people dancing. Hips/limbs/hair. I had a San Francisco 49ers official NFL memorabilia blanket over me and I was squeezing the base of my dick with my right hand and clockwise trying to light the skin on fire, faster and faster [(faster and faster) faster and faster], with my left hand. A sad little puddle of cum appeared on my stomach. I pulled my boxer briefs up over the puddle and let myself be sticky and just sat in it.

I tossed the blanket off me. I was in the refractory period. I pulled my pants over my boxer briefs and stood up. The band had stopped playing and the people left in the room were staring at me. Some of them were shouting at me. Some of them were throwing things. I saw fresh vomit on the floor. The whole scene was hysterical.

I wasn't thinking about killing myself anymore. "Bet you weren't expecting *that!*" I thought inside my head and also outside my head at the top of my lungs right as they were taking me away.

Derek Maine is just a name. Two sets of five letters each, trembling with love. Twitter @derekmainereads

kept boy

your riddles stipple my inbox and junk folders
and vault through vaunting dreams, in which you smoulder
with accursing hatred that I'd e'er been born,
for you'd loved me once
and your love was 'the law'.

my mettle maddened by the militancy of your smothering sentiment;
remnant remembrances washed free of the screens
of the jarring idiosyncrasies that multiply gashed our conjoinery.
there was a gloved jackhammer in the manner I stammered
lastly my, 'thank you, but no'.

i thrice fucked a sling bound grin in Oslo
in 'Scandic Leder Mann';
a mercy-fuck-buddy whose kiosk of a body
is open season, but, far better than
a coy, kept boy hammily married to a richer, much older man.

Barney Ashton-Bullock has had poetry published in the Wellington Street Review, the New River Press Yearbook, the 'Avalanches in Poetry' tribute anthology to Leonard Cohen, SPAMzine and in the 'Soho Nights II' and 'Soho Nights III' anthologies published by The Society Club Press who also published his first collection 'Schema/Stasis' in 2017. He is the playwright/poet/librettist in the 'Andy Bell in Torsten' music-theater collective and narrates his own verse on the current Downes Braide Association album 'Skyscraper Souls'. His latest poetry pamphlet 'Café Kaput!' is published by Broken Sleep Books. Twitter: @barney_poet



(Bandaged Hand, Bondaged Heart)

Tributes

so sad, poor guy. rip angel

He suffered from a lifetime of Depression..Sleep with the Angels, my friend

so Fucking hot... he should be my uncle

--- is gorgeous, glad he did gay porn

*was

that smile when the mask comes off.. dead

The toe curling when he's on his back getting the dildo is BEYOND HOT

God he has the body type of a guy I was crushing on hard. I'm 6'2 and skinny and he was like 5 something but so fucking fit. GOOD GREIF it feels good to be gay.

I wish --- stay alive So, When he getting older then He can tell How much He enjoy Gay Porn... But... sigh... Still LOVE him!!!

lmao, the shit on the butt plug...killed me

You can't party in poops house and be surprised if poop shows up!

the back is the most BORING place to cum on.

Face. Ass. Or go home.

--- ... Huh, guess hes a gay for pay now, or maybe hes just bi, dunno, but he definitely isnt a bottom, cuz u can see on his face, he hates it. But still love the vid tho 3

How did he die?

i ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE top GETS FUCKED

guy in the mask has a nice cock

Omg he is bi!

No, Gay for pay. \$\$ talks.

My God that boy has such a hot fucking ass! I would fuck him until he couldn't walk!

Bruh take care of your grandchildren

remember years ago watching a straight porno with this guy in it (before I knew I was completely gay). I remember watching it over and over again and being so turned on to the point where i was convinced I was straight. Lmao little did I know it was ---'s ass that had me watching the video the whole time

WE NEVER KNOW WHAT IS ON A MANS MIND OR THE MANY PRESSURES

I'd fuc da shit out dat lil bottom bitch... Fat ass, tight pussy lil bitch wooda been smashed to pieces

id suck both of them hunks and watch them fuck each other why I finger my tight asshole then when the top has come the bottom can get some of me then finish by coming in my mouth

sorry to hear that, does anyone know why he did it?

guys i think im bi

I love ---'s ass, but his butt is nothing compared to my thick bubble booty. I'm getting horny just thinking

Yea I would get fucked by --- and hell yea I would fuck ---s nice bubble ass. But if yours is better I would reconsider

So sad to hear this ... all life is precious

How much pain he

Bear

Fu king awful music but Fuck, the Men!?

for those that scream "it's got to be bareback" it's not a battle cry. for what - your limp dick and but full of shit? condoms enhances good sex. --- pummeled that manhole with a condom. i only want hot sex from a hook up not hiv, herpes, warts, sipholus and whatever else is coming down the pike. that's all. anon bb you'll end up with more than you were looking for.

How did he die?

damn. love the sounds he makes. nice. wow. 4 stars, 5 if not cut off

nothing hotter than eating a man's hairy asshole

--- was so hot! what a waste when he killed himself...sigh...

Was one of my favorite rim pigs. So hot. I can't believe I've never seen this one until now

Love this guy would have enjoyed sucking his cock had we ever met

beautiful man, loved by all, sad he had his demons and they won out-

He was a very beautiful man and you can tell he loved each and every partner he worked with...he loved men period

Omg I wish I could have had sex with u u were such a great person and no men can ever turn me on more then u you gorgeous in the face u had a great body long dick and an huge ass u dominated the porn industry loveee u

A lot of the guys in these flicks are hot!.....Until they stop and put that damn rubber on! gives turbulance to a smooth flight!

wanna eat ---'s hairy shitter all day..wanna tongue clean his hairy shithole

How did he die?

Jamie Giles is an artist and author based in the UK. He can (hopefully) be found on Instagram as @erotic_scumbooksjg.



p A t c houly is a DJ and image maker from Stockholm. He also co-runs FAGGOTRY COLLECTIVE (IG @faggxtrycollective) - a Queer hub, exploring art through music since 2018. Find him here: [soundcloud.com/p a t c houly](https://soundcloud.com/p_a_t_c_houly) and soundcloud.com/faggotrycollective

Thirty (and a Half)

I ate five scoops of Breyers' chocolate-peanut butter
ice cream and still want more–

 this, after two “meals” of beef-
flavored nothing noodles (Maruchan ramen)

I'm thirty (and a half)

When do I stop running
from “the good future”

 I see it through the
crystal balls of rich kids' Instagrams

Say it with me:

I AM LIVING IN THE PAST.

clap emoji

I WANT WHAT YOU HAVE.

clap emoji clap emoji

dancing girl emoji

But here's the thing.

Earth spins so much it's dizzying.
I'm running the opposite direction
to meet my past self but that fucker
doesn't want to rendezvous.

 The future called
and told me to put the phone down, you're
sweating arsenic
 and They were right. I needed
a shower to cleanse myself of everything

before the neighbors made a stink about my stench.

James Croal Jackson (he/him/his) is a Filipino-American poet. He has a chapbook, *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights Press, 2017), and recent poems in *Sampsonia Way*, *San Antonio Review*, and *Pacifica*. He edits *The Mantle Poetry* (themantlepoetry.com) and works in film production in Pittsburgh, PA. (jamescroaljackson.com)

Disrobe

Hug me like a blood pressure cuff
until you feel me circulate.
Kiss me as if you were a tongue depressor,
pushing farther so that I may speak
the language of antisepsis. Like a fuckboy,
clean yourself up for the camera
just to feel dirty again. You can turn me on
my side to check the pressure points.
I swear not to turn away, never to hesitate
from your lens documenting our progress.
You are the tools, and I am the patient,
forever waiting to know what I'd look like
in the pages of an anatomy textbook
or at least some lonely man's computer screen.

Justin Holliday is an English lecturer and poet. His work has appeared in *Fire Poetry*, *FreezeRay Poetry*, *Queen Mob's Teahouse*, *Impossible Archetype*, *Subsync's Poem of the Month*, and elsewhere.

In Retrospect

He's dead, you just found out today, quarantine had you so bored you got back on Facebook after god knows how long, took a deep dive through your high school friends and saw it, wow, the two of you go back a ways, in high school you were good friends, and you had a girl in common in fact, a girl he'd dated in...either sophomore or junior year, must've been, and then they broke up and you ended up with her about a year after that, and this girl was oh shit she was someone you both should have avoided, she liked attention, liked to dangle boys on a string, easy enough to recognize in retrospect but you were *so dumb, so horny*, and she was hot as hell, long neck veiled by tight blonde curls, sparkling blue eyes like a ghost's, firm round tits filling out the clingy halter tops she liked to wear and soft grabbable hips poking out from beneath, and you were still a virgin at this point and you don't know how you got so lucky, you couldn't wait to fuck her, but you were a late bloomer, not especially socially gifted and you just plain had no idea how to make this kind of stuff happen, she definitely knew this about you in retrospect, and of course you couldn't ask your friend what he did that he managed to round those bases, because you dating his ex was kind of an awkward thing between you two in the first place, so instead you tried to get into her good graces by letting her talk to you about her fantasies, indulge herself, lying down with your face close to hers on her lacy pillow while she whispered conspiratorially about how she wanted to dress you up in drag, make you pretty, take you to Rocky Horror just like she and your friend used to, you never felt any particular pull toward any of that but you're so fuckin horny you agree, and you start going to Rocky and become part of that whole scene, each week you cavort with the gays and theater goths and pose for sassy pics, slap some ass, peck on the cheek, grind, watch her squeal and say how cute you were, how hot it was to see all this boyflesh arranged for her enjoyment, ever escalating, every time hoping tonight would be the night she'd get turned on enough to go home with you and open those legs, drop a crumb, anything beyond a distracted handski once in a while but damn if you weren't almost getting further with the gays, God were you ever dumb, she was making you so desperate and in the delirium of your lust you heard her mention the idea of a threesome - you, her, and this friend of yours, her ex - and the suggestion hit you like a

supernova, knock me over with a feather, this was like, shit man you were still a virgin, this felt like going from driver's ed to Formula 1, it took a few days for the haze to clear so you could finally think about it, and where you landed was, hey I never signed up to see another man's cock but if it means mine'll finally get wet I'll do it, you run it by your friend, he's down, and there were a million ways you pictured it going, but none of them involved your girlfriend sitting splay-legged against the headboard, touching herself and throwing her body around theatrically while you gaze at that glistening grail like a restless dog waiting on a treat, all the while your friend sliding his thin, pale, but curiously warm body on top of yours, hungry kisses up and down your side, two lube-slathered knuckles opening up your ass, and you're letting him, you're playing along to get her motor running, and if you're being honest with yourself it wasn't that bad at all, you could see yourself having a good time under different circumstances, but you'd pinned your hopes on this, you thought for sure this was your key to unlock that pussy, either during the quote-unquote threesome or at some point afterward, but it didn't, in fact she dumped you shortly thereafter, and you couldn't think of anything else to do but call your friend to commiserate, he's the only one you could talk to really, for a whole variety of reasons, and you're ranting for what seems like days and your friend's listening patiently but when he pipes up he sounds confused, says yeah she likes to watch, she did that all the time when we were together I thought you were all on board with that and you say well I fuckin wasn't I wanted to fuck her and why did you let me go through with it if you knew, and he says well didn't you enjoy yourself? you seemed like you did, and some lopsided knot pulled tight in your mind just snaps apart like a stale rubber band and you're screaming, *screaming* into the phone, saying you knew, this was your scheme, you were just trying to swindle me into gay sex you fuckin faggot slime I can't believe this I hate you never talk to me again and he didn't. He didn't talk to you again and you graduated and chucked this whole thing into a dusty corner of your mind, where it curdled and blackened into poison and had ever so predictable effects on your attitudes toward women and gays, what a cliché that was in retrospect, but you can't blame him or her for that matter, you probably would've become a shithead anyway, lots of young men do, you had a miserable hateful handful of years there and you would like to say you did some soul-searching and turned your head around, but you didn't really work through these attitudes so much as grow out of them, slough them off like

snakeskin, to the point where your friend started to pop up in your mind again once in a while, and you entertained the thought of giving him a jingle, more out of curiosity than anything, you'd even worked out a rough script for what you were going to say, where you were going to work an apology in, and yeah he did deserve an apology, he may not have been all the way smart or all the way in the right but nobody involved was, you were all taking advantage of each other, all playing mind games, you were all so stupid in retrospect, but now he's dead, not from anything poetic like the covid or even suicide just from a dumb fucking accident that could happen to anybody, shit man, you always hated to hear this but it's really true, there's no way to really get it but to have it happen, and you're too cynical to think you'll have some sort of life-changing revelation over this but you never really know what will stick.

Tyler Peterson is a writer and musician from Iowa. His work has appeared in *Misery Tourism* and *Sludge*. He can be reached on Twitter @TyPosting.



Samaan Fieck lives on Gadubanud land, north of the Southern Ocean, surrounded by the Otway Ranges, where ghost fungus glows pale green. <http://www.samaanfieck.com/>

Whores, Pigs, 1%.

Tuesday, 5:45pm. Outside, 68° fahrenheit, a cool summer rain. Two weeks from today is my thirtieth birthday. The previous summer, I met a misguided young man in Pittsburgh who screamed and cried onstage about an incident he described as molestation and sexual abuse.

After the, ah, performance, he hawked bootlegs of a CD by an author who happens to be the friend of a friend. Five years ago, I emailed that author, telling him about some writing I was doing at the time. I found out he'd bought the magazine once I self-published. I'm still embarrassed about this. Soon after I stopped making these bad decisions, two friends of his emailed me, expressing interest in the stuff. I told them, not altogether truthfully, that what was already printed was sold out (true), and the material was discontinued in favor of condensation into a book (at that point untrue). One of them took my word for it, and the other knew better than to hold his breath.

I don't know if he was expecting me to share it with a long-distance friend, because I hadn't expected my sharing it with him actually would end up resulting in a book. In a manner completely haphazard, I made good on my absurd boast. That friend passed it on and introduced me to one of his friends, who happened to have been in a band with the above-mentioned author, to whom I'd fired off that weird, fateful missive. Something clicked, and the stuff I passed to the limey storyteller was published out of Texas by the expat ex-bandmate mutual.

The limey storyteller roleplayed as editor, and he got some kind of kick out of it. I loved it. We'd share embarrassing personal failures and strange memories, exchanging fragments of new work for each other to shred to pieces, fawn over and bitch about all at once. Like a couple of fags.

Things went from bad to weird once that and the next book were published. Two interesting ("in the Japanese sense of the word") characters wormed their way into the apple. One was an obsessive fan of my publisher's former band, who flooded his mailbox with unwanted correspondence, sent while high on crack. The other was a Canadian woman that he was succeeding at grooming for abuse. Prior to their meeting in person and the crimes occurring, she bought the books and stalked me on the internet glory

holes I fucked around in. Anyway, it was during a road trip with this idiot that I met that little twerp in Pittsburgh who sold the fucking bootlegs. Guess who bought one.

After that road trip, he and the Canadian woman began seeing each other. Just prior to the trip, however, the idiot had moved into a new house with two roommates: a 31-year-old closeted something-or-other, and a closeted 20-year-old woman. He calls one day, confessing to having cheated on the Canadian woman. Says he slept with the young woman. I tell him to cut the shit and put things right.

How little I knew about the things that matter, to paraphrase Andre Aciman.

Couple months later, I sleep with the young woman and we start seeing each other. In course, she explains to me the incident that occurred with the idiot wasn't consensual sex, but a premeditated rape. Of course, he was able temporarily to blame his victim by framing the assault as an act of infidelity. It took a while for the Canadian woman and the young roommate, as well as myself, to fully process the situation and, well, sort things out. Things turned out a lot like you're imagining they would have.

I of course split up with the young woman, and no longer speak to her nor the Canadian stalker. Of course, that particular rapist who ingratiated himself into my life is now unemployed, homeless and estranged from his family, since those and other crimes came to light. I wonder if he still owns those bootlegs of that friend-of-a-friend writer, those sold to him by the Pittsburgh clown; whom I would have liked to grab by the little dick and balls and punch his fucking lights out.

That fucking dweeb's performance-art moniker for the night was stolen from a Francis Bacon painting, one he's only ever seen reproduced at low resolution on the internet. I own a copy of a book by the author whose work he stole and desecrated, where he gripes that only a gay man can understand the essence of a Bacon painting. He's not wrong.

When I was two, a band from Cleveland put out a 7" entitled Les 120 Journees de Sodome, where the credit sheet pays tribute to Francis Bacon, him having died earlier that year. The band still sort of exists, in post-hoc form. Recently, I bought a t-shirt with their logo on it, designed as a gay pride rainbow. Only twenty percent of the proceeds went to queer charities. But it proves the Chicago writer is correct. What lies behind the recognition in Bacon's forms is homosexuality. Much like the "dogshit" quote from the insert of the above-mentioned 7".

I know from experience. The author from Chicago whom I'd pestered once wrote a book with a now-deceased porn actor. The book's publisher, also now-deceased, once described it as a "dogshit book." The book, as many are aware, is mostly comprised of transcripts of grey-market pornography that often involves humiliation and consumption of shit. Going back to the Bacon reference. Or Pasolini, but I'm not going into that. Anyway, that book, or what I'd like to have done to him, might have given the Pittsburgh kid a better idea of working definitions. Which is what the pathetic idiot rapist subjected both the Canadian and his former roommate to. The one that I fell in love with and who said it was my fault that forty year old men would rape her and that cut the back of my throat with her long nails and smashed my balls with her knee as she tried to make me vomit in the shower.

It all comes full-circle, because that kind of sexual rage is familiar; it's a misdirected hatred, one that can only come from being in the closet. I can't count the examples of that stupid fucking faggot expressing jealousy and curiosity over the size and shape of my cock. I think he was after it even more than the Canadian woman was. Or maybe he was just more narcissistic even than the young woman who tried to fuck with me.

Like her, though, I've been raped, and there was of course a threshold she was anatomically unable to cross, due to her gender, despite settling for stuffing her dry cunt full of my flaccid cock as she slapped me across the eyes. It's a projection of the sexual violence that men subject her to, in place of the emotional volatility of codependent, borderline-personality lesbian relationships that she desires. These manifested in the past through falling in love with a woman who was diagnosed with it. And yeah, honey, I definitely know what it's like to feel the crazy rubbing off on you. Funny you keep talking about that.

The closet is just the same type of compartmentalization that so-called heterosexuals either cannot engage in, or do so to the point of harming others, sometimes both in sequence. I've been out since I was fourteen. Only a few people have been dumb enough to need me to even tell them in order to realize. Sure, your father or mother might have said some callous or ignorant, hurtful things, but I doubt they responded quite as violently as my father had.

I've only cum inside a biologically-born woman's vagina on accident, or because it was requested of me when proper medical precautions were assured. The accidents never resulted in pregnancies or abortions, just panic attacks. Maybe my cis woman partners have mostly felt the same biological urges that myself and other friends of mine have had. Which is not to fucking breed. We should never be parents.

I know a woman that cannot conceive but wishes with all her heart that she was able to. On some days, my views on breeders, which includes many queer parents, is limited to that of functional tolerance. I first realized this last summer in Cleveland, when I left a piece of myself behind in the small, putrid gay section of the second-filthiest porn shop I've ever been to. Our host was more than gracious. The following night, a video was made of me describing the account to a crowd of blasé punkers and black-clad transgressives who knew who I was before I arrived. I was of course drunk and high.

The last person to see that video, as far as I know, was the storytelling limey editor, who said it went well with depression, red wine and Marlboro cigarettes, just like my right-earring queer grandfather when he was in the Navy, and again after he retired and the prostate cancer killed his libido for the rest of his life.

Not sure where my father fits into all of this. I somehow doubt his homophobia was in any way self-related. Once, he molested me, and did behave inappropriately around me other times. This seemed more an exertion of power than the directly-invasive sexual assaults that others subjected me to before and after this.

His fat mother, ostensibly rejected by Navy-fag granddad, liked to make me do things to her. Around this cluster of incidents was also the time my cousin and I kissed and rubbed our penises together. I still remember his expression to discover how much bigger mine was than his.

There is a young cis woman porn actress who resembles him; this is the aspect of her scenes that I most enjoy. I guess I'm saying my incest issues aren't parental, like most. I just like when anyone shorter than me wants to call me "daddy" while we fuck. It's dumb, it might be because of porn, but whatever. It's also cute. I love that twink shit and girly shit. Those categories we fetishize, though, us fags et cetera, they're stupid. Just like the concepts gay and straight. In other words, I've never believed in them. Haven't got the time.

I just wanna fuck.

Oh, I know about war. I know about pain, and being cold, and suffering, but I just wanna fuck.

From way down low, where the streets are littered. I find my fun with freaks and niggers. I don't want much, man; give me a little. Or, I'm gonna take my chances if I get 'em.

I just wanna fuck.

Pig is led to the slaughter. This, he says, is the price some pay for a simple life. How he feels, that's proof enough for him.

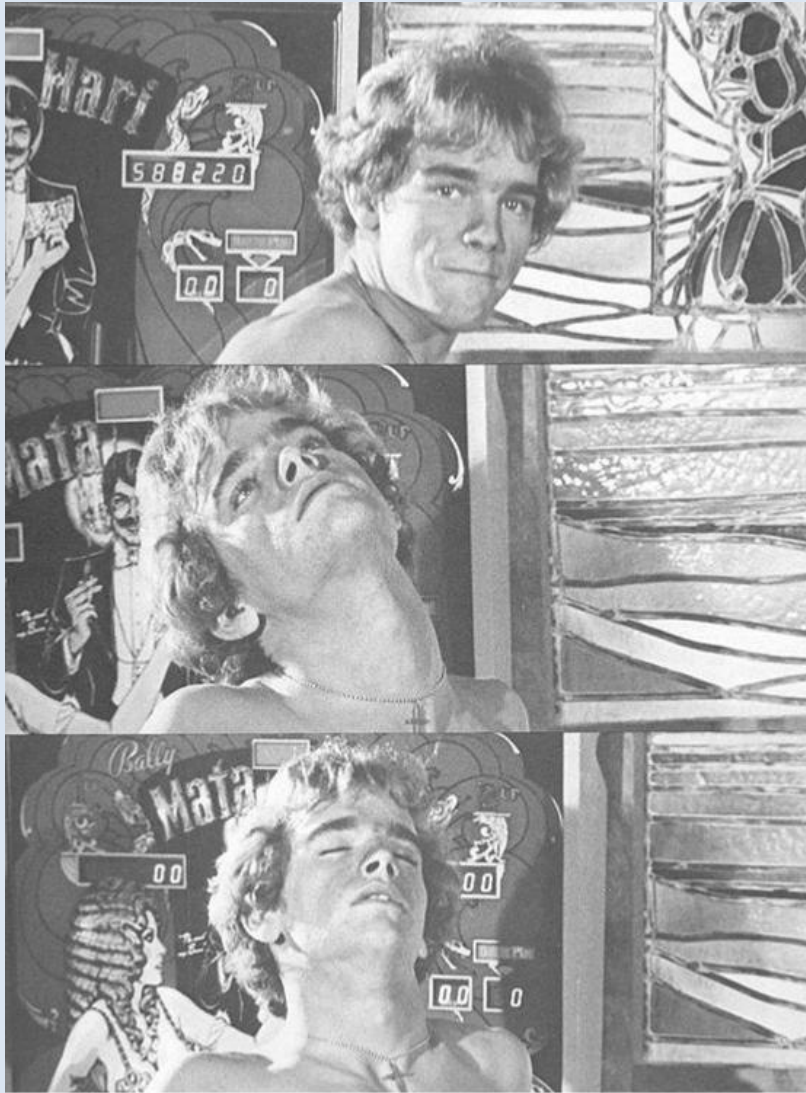
Dogshit.

I need a little more.

Motherfucker. Goddamn you.

Josh Peterson is an American writer, whose works include *Missing* and *Granite City Blues* (published by Amphetamine Sulphate), in addition to various self-published titles and contributions. He lives in New England with his cat and dog.
<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCexqbAAT1ILYQBSgznOYVLA>

City Boy



*I admired boys in the band
baring stained teeth in jeans
short sleeve shirts
Naively grotesque
Enormously impulsive and sad
Fumblingly drunk Recoiling in the dark*

Taking a romantic walk
to the repulsive man's world store
Just ordinary male compulsive fascination
with long dirty hair and untrimmed sideburns
An hour to the corner of 13th and 18th street
Transformed into a two room apartment
burgled on the corner
Maroon shirt and jeans
'Do you live around here too?'
Pretend to be a civilized player
before you lay a hand on me

This goes big to the shower
and jam and toast
Pillow the trick towel
under the lubricant tube
One attached intelligent whore

Exchanging glances
You'd look back too
with suitable mood music
Reciprocal
He'd do the same
and looked back too well
The lights were stacked
on the bedside table
You were marriage material

With cigarettes and lighter in his voracious overcoat
was not only how he proved you were dumb
I'd clean my apartment carefully
mopping up the come with insertable nozzle
Headed over on Peggy Lee
You'd buy eggs and bacon the next morning
It's going not the towel for this two stones of an ashtray

Ferdinand lives in South Africa. He sporadically does documentary photography and writes short fiction. He often travels to Belgium where he would like to settle with his Flemish partner in the small town of Werchter.



(Prince of Loneliness)

any kind of happiness

"I think there's blood in your hair," I said to him. "It's not mine," he laughed, "Don't worry."

We knew how dangerous the numbness was. Someone had ripped out the inside of him and put something else there. He said he heard it whispering in his dreams, in the ringing silence of a clanging hangover, things he had wanted to hear but had never dared hope for. A sense memory, an unshakeable sense of déjà vu. The hum in the air just before a lightning storm. Gray and dim and thick with the cloying scent of abandonment. It was the softest of memories, yet so intense it would burn if you stood too close.

I looked away, not allowing my eyes to linger on the way his spine was visible through the back of his black t-shirt. "What are you trying to forget this time?" My voice was gentle. "Everything," he breathed. "Please help me forget," he whispered shakily, dilated pupils beginning to glaze over with tears. His task of removing the pain often left him with red on his hands, dripping down his thumb, only to end up pushed past my lips, the coppery taste shivering on my tongue.

they kept him handcuffed to the hospital bed

The lighting shadowed and hid some of his features, even in the close distance. The inverted darkness placed a familiar veil over him. The sun was now low enough to shine through my window, low enough to shine through his loose curls. Crow black, catlike and astute. Velvet, unreadable. Paint thinner and glue, sun-burned skin. Black fingernails caught on black fabric. My consciousness blinking in and out, monochrome static, black to white and back again.

I hear his words through the void; "There are whole months that I just can't - it's like I can sort of see them, but if I try to touch them they aren't there." He rubbed at his face, "You can't fucking feel memories - but I don't know. Sometimes..." He stares at the ceiling, unseeing. "Sometimes I feel like there's a whole other person walking around in my body. Like I'm not even here. Like some of my memories are not actually mine." He laughs, "I think I might be crazy."

I make a noise and start to reply, but he interrupts, "Being sober makes it worse, you know this." "Shut up," I say kindly. I scratch at his scalp, right at the base of his skull, and he makes a pleased noise and curls up closer to me.

Longing, desperate looks. The blinding flash of the TV, a flicker of pink then turquoise shadow. An unmade bed, wrinkled sheets, hot, sticky sweat, head buzzing, the exposed sugar-white of his skin against the dark blue duvet. White noise pounding in my ears. Your love will be safe with me. That's what I told him. Traumatisation by cultural expectations.

it seemed like we had been driving forever

Eventually, like a subdued beacon of hope, we find a motel by the side of the road. We pull into the lot and park beneath a streetlight, the sodium glow turning our skin hazy and jaundiced.

Years later I once found one of his t-shirts, wadded up in the bottom of an old bag from that last trip. The smell almost knocked me to the ground. It was every stale cigarette, every beer we drank, every time we smoked weed, the chlorine from the hotel pool, the faint, sharp edge of dried vomit. It was him, his essence down to the core, and it hurt more than anything had in a long time. Only the moonlight and the blur of vodka and pills were missing. When we clutched at each other and laughed so hard we saw stars.

Beside the pool, I heard myself speak as I hovered over him, "I lied to myself, never to hurt you. You have to know that." "It doesn't matter" he said, "I have told worse lies," he breathed out a huge cloud of smoke, "Now move, I can't see the sky." I forgot that he loved to watch the clouds while high.

No need for labels, just his lips on mine and the burst of colour as it all happened, the way the warmth turned to raging fire. Burning things down always made us feel better.

tell me about the dream where everything disappears

Inside my mind, all the anxious debris was washed away by his tenderness and affection. We lay together, waiting for the morning light to shine through the cheap, plastic blinds and shower us in the light that had always seemed so far away. I raised my hand to his arm, feeling the raised scars of old wounds on his bruised flesh - the pain in his heart, waiting to meet the other side of

the Lychgate. Sometimes he was so desperate to let himself slip away, over the horizon, into some glowing, distant *something*.

Deep in my heart I hoped for something different.

I picture him growing up the best that he could and actually managing to carve some kind of place for himself in society. An unloved boy, a beaten boy, a drug addict, an alcoholic. I picture him pushing past all of these things that could have killed him, and finding his own happiness. Any kind of happiness.

From where I write this now, I am still alive, but I am changed. I feel like it's all catching up with me. I am tired a lot. I am deeply, terribly afraid of getting older. Nothing is ever going to feel better than getting high, and I am almost okay with that. After all, it's been ten years now. I'm loathe to say it; that the drugs were just a way of muting the world, making it more bearable, like a winter coat, a shield, a lens set between me and everything else, used to separate and clear everything that didn't make sense. It made it all seem softer, more beautiful, more meaningful. Until it didn't.

I don't even know what this is... a confession, an apology, a goodbye? I breathe in slowly, deeply, close my eyes, lean my head back against the wall. I wait for it to pass. For the past to slot back where it belongs.

I am thinking that this is to be my last love letter to him. But I have said that before.

M. T. Coombe is a multidisciplinary artist living in London. He often combines the words that he writes with the artworks that he makes.

His writings are based on youth / obsession / loss / nostalgia / memory / dreams / substance abuse / mental health / folklore and apocalyptic landscapes. He has been published by Expat Press, XRAY Lit Magazine and Stone of Madness Press, among others. Find him at <https://www.trashprincemusic.com> and <https://twitter.com/trashprincemuse>

a white christmas

your belt buckle stamps CHEVY, mirrored, into his ass cheek

he moans like he's in heat

the car dewes with sweat & spit & evaporating cum

you hike your pants back up

you play with him until he plays dead

you say *merry christmas* & on the ride home, convince him to stop off for another round

have him ride you, his chicken pale thighs shaking

you call him faggot & he rolls his hips faster

your dick slips out & your cum floods your lap

it's biblical, something about parting the sea, about holy seed

he laughs & you forget your point, shove him back down to make him shoot

ask if you can kiss him

somehow the mouth is more intimate than the asshole

his eyelids flit when he tenses to unload

looks like he's having a stroke, brain fried, cum dumb

makes your dick twitch

he's still got his fingers curled around your throat

that's how you know it's good

silas denver melvin is a 20 year old traggot from NH. His literary influences include sam sax, Allen Ginsberg, and Danez Smith, to name a few. More of his work can be found on Instagram @sweatmuppet.

Sonnet

After Sunday School today I told my teacher
that she and I should get married one day,
not now, of course, she's 25 to my
10 but when I'm all grown up, 18 say,
and she can give me many strong sons and
comely daughters and she said *Well, Gale, why
not strong daughters and comely sons* and for
a moment there I thought she'd accepted
my troth or plight or whatever it's called
and even though I was wrong it was what
I felt that means I'll never be the same
so when I got home and my still-abed
folks asked me what happened at church today
I told them I got raped. And it was good.

Gale Acuff has had hundreds of poems published in eleven countries and is the author of three books of poetry. He has taught university English in the US, China, and Palestine.

The DREGS Trilogy - an excerpt

I am naïve, by my own description, but not lacking in gumption. I am the tumour. I grow. As is my function. Why? I do not care why. I simply am. It's my prerogative. The host is good to me. You are good to me. As if you want me here. Somehow.

I can delve into the brain. I have your complete submission. A good, sizeable mind organ. Swollen at the occipital and weighty with fluid. A good fat brain, perfect to suck dry.

I am the tumour inside your brain. You have many questions. I will try and answer as many as I am able. Since we'll be living together until the end. Might as well grant you the truth at least.

As I've said before, I don't know why I am here. Something in me has a feeling you suspect conspiracy of some kind. Believe me when I say that I was not put here by anyone, not to my knowledge. It's my job to feed and grow until the rest of your body collapses under my oppressive regime. But there is a long time to go till we're at that stage. I'm only the size of an olive right now. Your capacity to think has not been compromised too severely, not yet anyway.

You already know you're going to die. My awareness of your every cell fills me with great joy. I feel there is no fight left in you. Your life-force is lower than most men, seemingly lower even than those who are seconds from death. I have inherited a weak soul. This is the best way. If you lie back and let me feed and grow at my own pace this will be a much less traumatic experience for you. I am a tumour; if you allow me to grow, we can grow and die hand in hand. Think of me as a malignant mushroom budding outwards from your soil.

We are one, you and me. The heart aches for the love of another. But THIS is real love. Together till the end, bound, fused by tissue and membrane, complete assimilation.

I have only been here a short while, but I already feel close to you. Silly thing to think really—OF COURSE we're close. But not just in proximity. I have looked into your memory banks, your deepest inlets of thought and imagination. You have had quite a turbulent life. Yet something recent has struck you as particularly significant. I notice that burned into every cranny is a sharp, pristine image of this Brandon Swarthy. He is

stuck inside here, tattooed onto your heart. In a sense, I will be living with two people. Swarthy is as much a resident here as you or me.

I am the tumour. I grow.

I find myself curious. How has my host lived before I came along? I am almost... jealous. To envisage my life partner enjoying life, doing and thinking things without me—doing fine without me—makes me sad indeed. This is not rational thinking. It is emotive thinking. Knee-jerk.

I relate to your feelings of sadness and jealousy. These are ghastly afflictions to bear. I am only a tumour after all. You did not ask for me. You did not seek me out. I appeared like a bolt from the blue. I chose you. You played no part in our union. You did not choose me. I believe you would not have chosen me given the opportunity either. Can you see how this might make me feel? Of course, you can. All I ever see or hear is BRANDON SWARTHY. BRANDON SWARTHY, BRANDON SWARTHY.

It is in my nature to be possessive, to dominate and demand control. It is intrinsic to my genetic make-up. Perhaps Swarthy and I share some common traits.

You give me sustenance. I need you, you do not need me. This also makes me sad. At least we have the ability to relate. At least when I destroy your body from the brain down, we can ebb away from the light together knowing we related on some level. The way kindred spirits do.

I have no conception of the world outside this skull. THIS is my world. YOU are my world. This hollowed dome with the pulsing, multi-faceted food source. It is the perfect isolated existence.

If I had genitalia, I would inflict great sexual wounds on your body in the name of love. I can feel your reproductive organ. It continues to throb with sensation, though I feel that since you became aware of my presence it has ceased to throb with the same intensity. I hope this is not true. This would make me doubly sad. If I had genitals, I would penetrate your brain. I would own you in every conceivable way.

Is it silly to feel like this? It would be hasty to judge me. After all, I was only born a matter of days ago. I have a lot to learn. A lover of death should not bow to love. Lover of death? I sense this is a familiar concept. Ah, yes, Swarthy—who else? He is not a lover of death. I am 10 times more effective than his twisted ego. I was born to kill.

I am the tumour. You are my lover.

Perhaps it was... fate? Is that what it's called? Yes? Perhaps it was fate that brought us together in holy matrimony. Perhaps if you stopped focusing on someone who has not reciprocated your love and turned your attention to someone who loves you implicitly, unconditionally, you would feel better? I am not SO bad, am I? Everyone dies. There is an image in here of a girl... Janice? You saw her die only yesterday according to your memory banks. Death is natural. You should embrace it. You should embrace me. It is my function to embrace.

Chris Kelso is a multi-translated, award-winning writer from Scotland. His latest novel, *The Dregs Trilogy* is available in all good indie bookshops.

THEATRON

Sadomasquerade the sui generis of this
midnight film, the slashier, and more
violent, the better. Extremophile du jour ::
The unwritten rule of whose poems cry,
"I tranquilize calderas with my mouth!"
Thou wouldst feign to know such beauty
as this, the very autopsied au naturel ::
its giallo-mimetic style is neorealized
in the foyers of ouija boards drenched in
Pompeiiian snow, XXX bitcoin caskets,
as a hypermodern satyr play, (protagonist,
deuteragonist, tritagonist... No matter!)
"Just stick it in my eye." E-funerealist
bogeyman sayeth naively for the camera ::

"I hope the priests chase me!" Some
witticism there (a furor in the orchestra ::
ipsilateral to this maggot of ember) :: The
statues of Cthulhu in the American West,
sundered by municipal leech-therapy ::
Platonist agoraphobes and werewolves
with hydrangeas in their hair :: Stages
collapsing into screens, and evoking this
bacchante soprano ode to cyanomagnetic
death-by-acid :: as thine pornocracy
operatizes as such :: "What glyphs thou
crave, will at once make the Kill for thee
a succor of great art!" :: or, a mortal orgy
à la vaudeville :: the lighting sharp and stark
and precise :: bringing a sort of lysergic
and psionic clarity to the objects and

textures gorily strewn :: blade-naked,

apertures blocking-in blacklight

splatter-zones :: a soon-to-be superego

of this Sodomasonic shibboleth. :: I frame

it in :: The unwritten mercy of the genre

is that the audience dies as One ::

there's no need for self-pity, verily ::

"Your headless polémique nosebleeds

sunlit skies..." :: cinephilia vis-à-vis

collective self-massacre. :: "Come by

yourself to the margins of the heart, where

idle, idle men vicariate their forms " ::

proscenium ad sacrum :: Thou may

drench the porcelains as you delight ::

the solar disk is no more reptile than the

nosebleed is You :: I'm turning purple

for it :: acupunctuated :: I'm messianic as

I weep :: through meta-hued fields of meaning

sans complexity. :: The weapon helps us locate

Life's first home :: I swear I have found

the way to the sea :: why irk me so much

for a pendulum :: amour fatale, everything

is indifferent, one cum, one country.

Pain, an opportunity for millions.

Evan Isoline is a writer and artist living on the Oregon coast. He is the founder/editor of a conceptual publishing project called SELFFUCK and his full-length debut is forthcoming from 11:11 Press. Find him @evan_isoline.

In Hollywood

For a Gray Man

Piss in a glass as you watch me
 piss. In a glass, as you watch me,
 tell me when you want. My mouth,
 tell me. When you want my mouth
 as me when you watch a tell
 in piss you want my glass-mouth me.

I will eat your sweet peanut butter. As they do
 I will eat. You're sweet, peanut butter, as they do
 as it comes out. Honey of my heart
 it comes. Out honey of my heart.
 My will, they eat. As it comes out of butter sweet I
 do honey your peanut heart.

My will Your want My mouth You
 Watch Eat Piss

Nicholas Alexander Hayes is the author of *Ante-Animots: Idioms and Tales* (BlazeVOX, 2019) and *Amorphous Organics* (SurVision, 2019). Twitter: @Broken_Zipper IG: @nicholasalexanderhayes Website: <https://nicholasalexanderhayes.com>

Here He Comes Now - an excerpt

When Lou woke up, he felt immediately that something was amiss, but he could not put a finger on what it might be. He lifted his head, peering out the window; it was light out, probably close to sundown by the look of it. John was still not around. He wondered idly what he was up to, still feeling rather randy. Sighing, he started to roll over onto his back, but something tugging at his wrist stopped him.

It was at this point that he realized what was wrong. A thin, white nylon cord was tied around his wrist, trailing up to the headboard. As he stared at it in disbelief, it occurred to him that his other wrist, too, was bound to the headboard. Shocked, he started to push himself up onto his hands and knees only to find, to his horror, his ankles bound as well. The ropes were loose enough to allow him a bit of movement, but there was no way he would be able to get off the bed any time soon.

For a long moment, he was unable to imagine how this had happened. It was pretty clear that elves hadn't slipped in while he was asleep and done it, but at the moment he was so flabbergasted that his mind was having trouble catching up to the facts. Presently, he heard a sort of crunching sound from somewhere behind him, and he twisted his neck to look over his shoulder.

John was leaning in the doorway watching him, eating an apple. Lou's mind suddenly snapped into place quite severely, and he found himself at once overcome with rage at what John had done as well as impressed that he'd thought to do it - and had managed to, without waking him up.

"Hi there," said Cale, smirking.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Lou demanded. He was quite pissed off about the situation, but he was also starting to become very nervous. This was not a position he wanted to be in with John around, not at all. He hoped it didn't show on his

face.

Whether it did or not was a moot point. John obviously knew he had Lou right where he wanted him. "You'll see," he said plainly, still smiling. He held up the half-eaten apple. "Want some?"

"I want you to untie me, you twat!" Lou retorted nastily. He tugged at the ropes around his wrists, but they refused to even loosen.

"Ah, what fun'd that be?" John teased, grinning wolfishly.

John's mocking attitude was really starting to irritate Lou. Although he realized he ought to try to cooperate with John if he didn't want to be simply left alone here or worse, his ego was hurting too much to do anything of the sort. "You motherfucker," he snarled, twisting around to try to face his companion better, "if you don't untie me right now, I swear to God, when I get out of here, I'm gonna kick your fucking teeth in!"

John crossed his arms over his chest, not looking very intimidated by the threats. "'Motherfucker', eh? Real persuasive, Lou. But flattery will get you nowhere." He dropped the remains of the apple in the dustbin and slowly made his way towards the bed, his hands folded behind his back.

Lou wondered what he was planning to do. John had a vivid imagination. It could be quite nasty at times. Lou dreaded finding out what he had in mind today, especially considering that he'd been teasing John unmercifully earlier.

John was now standing at the foot of the bed. His arms were still folded, and he stared down at Lou with a most bizarre expression akin to admiration. Lou stared back at him over his shoulder suspiciously. His neck was starting to ache, but he didn't trust John well enough to turn his back on him - not that he could have done anything anyway.

"So, you think I'm a masochist, eh, Lou?" John said calmly, his eyes shining like pools of

ink, although his expression was still unnervingly serene. "Why don't we just see who the masochist is here, hmm?"

Lou did not like the way this was going. He was starting to wonder just what he'd gotten himself into.

John bent and picked something up from the floor. '*A belt,*' Lou realized, feeling his skin begin to prickle at the thought of what John was going to do with it. On one hand, after everything that had gone on, he was getting off fairly easy. On the other, he already knew being whipped with the belt was not going to be anything pleasant.

John drew the black leather strap slowly through his fingers. He appeared quite smug. "Are you scared?" he asked mockingly, obviously finding the whole situation amusing to no end.

Lou glared at him. "Fuck off," he snapped.

John was unfazed. "I figured you'd say that," he sighed. He folded the belt over on itself. "You know, this is really gonna hurt."

The sound was almost as bad as the slap itself - hearing the subtle clink of the buckles, the sound of air rushing past as the strap neared its destination, the anticipation of the sting he knew was coming making the actual blow even worse. The belt smacked him right across the ass, making an audible cracking noise as the leather connected with his flesh, sending electric waves of intense pain racing across the spot before the feeling slowly subsided into a dull, throbbing heat. He grit his teeth to squelch a cry of pain, finding some grounding in the fury that bubbled just below it.

"God damn it," he breathed through clenched teeth. "When I'm finished with you, you fucking bastard, you'll -" His threat was cut short by another stroke of the belt, and this time he gasped aloud, gripping at the bed sheets, his hands trembling a bit.

"You never give up, do you?" John quipped, shaking his head. "Why should you have all the fun, anyway? You don't know how long I've wanted to do this..."

Lou glanced over his shoulder again, having regained his composure, although the welts across his behind were still stinging. "I never would have thought you liked boys."

"I don't," John said haughtily, swiping the belt down again. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Good answer," Lou growled through the searing pain of the latest welt.

"I'm glad you think so." He cracked the belt down again. "Had enough yet?"

"Go fuck yourself."

John smiled wryly. "I guess not." He brought the belt down again, harder than before. Much to Lou's surprise, he did not pause between floggings this time, and lay the belt down again immediately after, crossing the previous welt.

"Ah!" Lou cried. "You fucking sadistic bastard! What the fuck is the matter with you?"

"Not so nice when you're on the receiving end, is it?" John sneered. He dropped the belt on the floor; Lou could hear the buckle clink when it landed. This worried him more than anything. If John had abandoned the belt, there was a good chance that he was going to switch to something nastier.

Hearing John opening one of the drawers in the chest by the door confirmed his fears. He craned his neck, trying to see what the man was up to. Surprisingly, John produced nothing more formidable than a smallish pocket knife, and rather than using it on his bound victim (as Lou had expected him to) he began sawing the ropes that held Lou's ankles.

"You're letting me go?" Lou asked, amazed.

"No, not just yet," John replied conversationally. "I'm not quite as vicious as you think I am, you know. I won't send you home empty-handed." He glanced up from his work to give Lou a conspiratorial smile. "So to speak."

Lou was not amused. "I guess the welts all over my ass weren't good enough souvenirs?" he asked sarcastically.

"Who the hell are you to complain?" John snapped, standing upright. "What the fuck do you call this?" He pointed at the bite mark on his thigh, which was already beginning to turn purple.

"You're telling me you didn't enjoy it?" Lou countered, feeling a bit more confident despite the fact that he was still tied to the bed.

"You're telling me you didn't enjoy *this*?" John asked, raising an eyebrow, before going back to cutting away the ropes.

"I didn't," Lou sniffed. "Not in the least." *'And you're not going to enjoy what I do to you when you untie me, you little snot,'* he added mentally.

John said nothing to that, but Lou had the feeling that he was pleased to hear it. He wondered what John was planning to do now. His statements a minute ago about 'not sending him home empty-handed' had been cryptic at best. He wasn't in the mood for a surprise, especially given the circumstances.

Now the ropes had been cut from his ankles, and Lou crawled up onto his hands and knees. With his wrists still tied close to the headboard, he still could not turn around, except to look over his shoulder as he had before. He could see John fiddling about with something, but at this angle he could not tell what it was. That had him more worried than ever.

The creaking of the bedsprings and the slight wobbling of the mattress alerted Lou to John's presence on the bed, but he did not turn around this time, not wanting to give John the satisfaction of knowing he was nervous. It was not until he felt slick fingers sliding over the curve of his ass, grazing the searing welts, that he realized what John was up to.

"Oh, so that's your game, is it?" he asked over his shoulder, and John laughed lowly.

"You catch on quick, Reed," he growled, giving Lou's ass a hard squeeze.

Lou was still not certain how he felt about this. "I thought you said you didn't like boys," he said, his eyes on the bed sheets now.

"I don't," John said again. "Which says a lot about what I think of you, doesn't it." He laughed again.

"Shut the fuck up," Lou snarled, although the more he thought about John riding him, the better it sounded, as much as he hated to admit that.

Feeling John begin to slide into him, he tried to hang on to that contempt and ignore the fact that it actually felt quite nice. But as John began to move his hips - tentatively at first, still unsure - he started having a very hard time trying to convince himself that he didn't like it. The irony was that he figured this was exactly how John had felt before. Thinking of that again gave his mind something else to concentrate on. He decided to make the best of this, closing his eyes, letting the sensation wash over him.

Now John arched his hips upward pleasantly, and Lou tilted his head back, his breath catching in his throat. There were not many people he'd let do this - not that he'd had too much of a choice this time - but John was surprisingly apt at it considering he'd never fucked a man before... or so he claimed. He'd have to remember to bring that up, later on.

Feeling more confident now, John had begun to rock his hips steadily, holding on to Lou's body and pulling him towards himself. Lou's cock was dripping and throbbing to the point where it was almost painful, but John still refused to touch him. Instead, he was cruelly squeezing Lou's ass, making the pink welts there sting and ache all over again, and Lou was surprised to find that something about that mixture of pain and arousal was achingly erotic. He felt that he might come at any moment, whether John touched his cock or not.

John was still grinding away, and by the sound of it quite close to coming himself. Lou longed to touch his swollen cock, but the ropes around his wrists held his hands tightly tethered to the headboard. When he was quite certain that he could stand no more, John suddenly let go of him and gave him a hard slap right on the ass.

The stinging blow sent him over the edge. He would have been quite surprised at this if he still had any blood in his head to be able to think, but at the moment all he could concentrate on was the orgasm jolting through his frame, an electric current flowing through his body from between his legs.

John obviously appreciated the fact that the swat had made Lou come, for he, too, climaxed a few seconds later, leaning over Lou's back in what was almost like an embrace. As Lou's mind came back to him, he glanced down and saw, much to his amusement, that he'd spilled his cum all over John's sheets. He figured John'd have a hard time explaining that one to other people.

After a long moment, John slid out of him, sitting back on his haunches. Lou was feeling quite tired again by now, but he stayed on all fours, not wanting to lie in the mess. Still breathing heavily, he glanced over his shoulder at John. "Are you gonna let me go now? Or are you gonna keep me here as your sex slave?"

John gave him a contemptuous look. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he retorted, and went to get the pocket knife off the top of the dresser where he'd left it.

When he'd been cut loose, Lou sat on the edge of the bed watching John, who was standing opposite him by the door. "You really are a vicious bastard, you know that?" he told him.

"And you're not?" John sneered.

"We've already established that I am," Lou said sardonically. He shook his head mildly. "I just never would have expected all this from you."

John shrugged haughtily. "I guess you don't know me as well as you thought you did."

'You can say that again,' Lou thought, but he chose not to answer.

As pissed off as Lou had been when he'd awoken to find himself tied to the bed, he was surprised to find that his anger had subsided now. He found it very odd to think that he had been the one to enjoy pain like that... it was something he had never considered before. What had him really concerned, though, was the fear that John might try to take advantage of that. He decided he better keep an eye on him from now on. Even as interesting as the experience had been, he didn't want to relinquish control to John - especially since he clearly had a sadistic side, as the stinging on his behind reminded him.

Still, he didn't feel he could just let John get away with all this. But beating him senseless would be too easy. Prolonged torture - especially in front of other people - would be so much more fun. Besides, whether John had realized it yet or not, Lou now had something on him, and he knew already that he was going to enjoy holding it over his head.

He was still feeling quite tired, but he knew better than to fall asleep in John's bed again so he decided to split. Once he was dressed, John practically pushed him out the door, obviously worried that perhaps his neighbours had overheard something during the day and would put two and two together when they saw Lou coming out of the flat. Just in case they hadn't, Lou made a point of shouting "Fuck you later!" before John shut the

door in his face, although that was more for Cale's benefit than anybody else's. Laughing to himself, he headed down the hallway to the elevators, tapping on the light fixtures as he went.

Logan Kaye Jung's factorial chapbook, *I(3)U!*, is out now. They've published horny everywhere from Nerve to Jewrotica—recent prurience in *Erase the Patriarchy* (University of Hell Press) and *Urgency Reader 2: Mutual Aid Publishing During Crisis* ([Queer.Archive.Work](#)). Logan wrote about bondage performance music for SCAB Issue #3.

Tonight, I'm Erik Estrada

Tonight I'm wearing panties
I'm a big shooter
I'm a hard top
I'm a femmy bottom
I'm your jack off buddy tonight
Tonight I'm your beefy stud
I'm a muscle daddy
I'm an afternoon delight
Tonight there are no strings attached
I'm a Queens encounter
I'm a bear always on the prowl
It's time for a blow job
Tonight I'm looking to eat ass
I want some sensual body work
You will find me at all downtown clubs
I'm just a college student looking for fun
Tonight I'm that fun hang out buddy
Tonight I'm a horny bachelor
I'm an Asian hottie
I look like George Clooney
Tonight I'm Donny Osmond
I'm Erik Estrada
I'm looking to worship big dicks
I'm handsome with a big cock
I am adventurous and open-minded
Everyone gets no hassle blow jobs
I'm a black top with 9 scrumptious inches
Tonight I'm not married
Tonight the wedding ring comes off

I am old fashioned, yet modern
I'm looking for a Japanese boyfriend
I'm looking for a sugar daddy to fill me up
I'm boyfriend material
I'm chasing my cheating boyfriend down the street with a machete
Tonight I'm a medical school slut
Tonight I'm Greek and new to the city
I'm experienced and well-hung
I'm a show off
It's my first time and I'm cute as hell
Tonight I'm looking to \$ervice you completely
Tonight I want my ass filled
I'm your body shaving buddy
I'm a loving guy with a juicy dick
I got a thin rod with a mushroom head
Tonight I'm looking for bisexual fun
I only want a discreet relationship
Nobody's perfect
Let's fuck tonight
Let's play
I give free sensual erotic massages
I got a big thick dick
I got a fat man-pussy
Tonight I want to suck young fat cock
I want a jock
Tonight I want someone nerdy and sexy
I want to sniff used underwear
I'm a park slut stalker
I'm a transgender French maid
I suck and lick
Tonight it's full service for all midtown boys
Tonight it's free dildos for everyone

I got an ass you won't believe
Tonight I will jack off in front of you
I'm a bi fem
I'm a walking g-spot
I'm your Asian masseur
Tonight I'm available exclusively for you
I give great phone sex
I'm cute with a little baby fat
I want it now tonight
I'm a cock-craving maniac
Tonight I'm a dick-needing daddy
I'm young and black in Brooklyn
I'm clean-cut and uncut
Tonight I will massage your ass
I am your disease free top daddy
I'm a hairy chest German
Tonight I'm looking for fast fun
Tonight I'm wearing nothing but a jock strap
Tonight I'm in all places at once
But tomorrow I won't remember your name.

Shane Allison's new collection, Sweet Sweat is out from Hysterical Books. He is at work on a new collection.

AFTERWORD

The 8th issue of SCAB comes out in March 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:

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(Photo by Robert Mapplethorpe. I'm sure he wouldn't mind.)

