

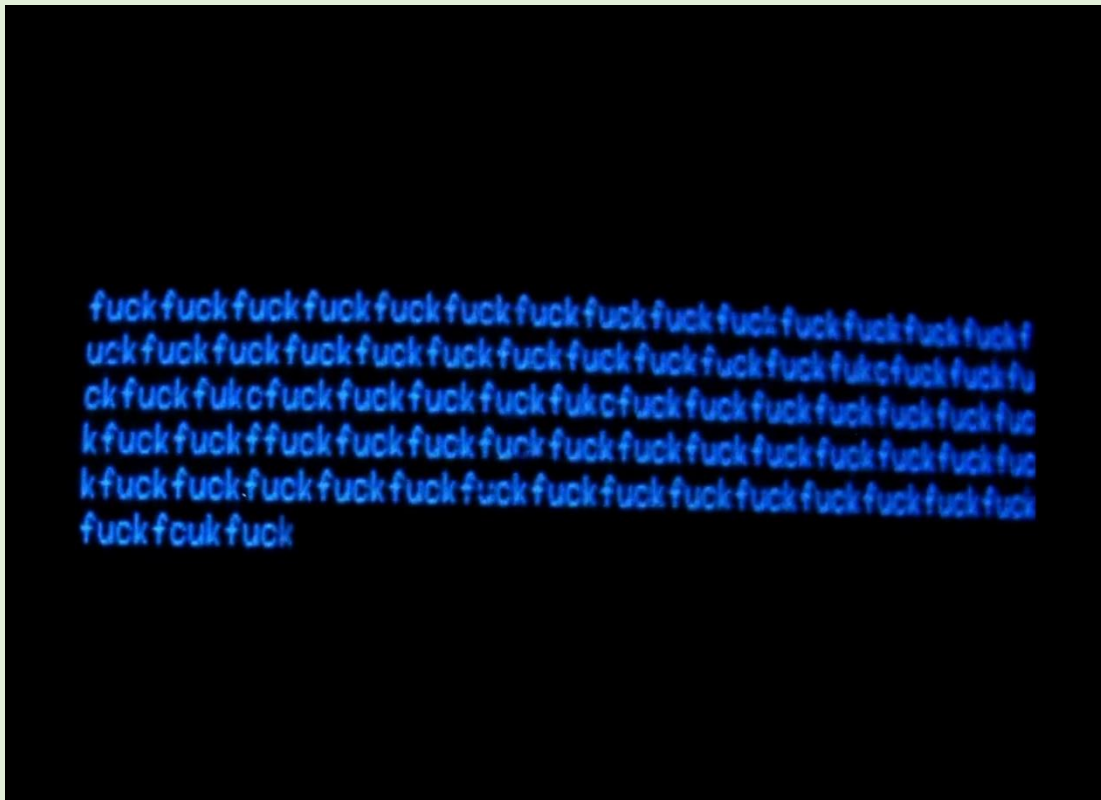
SCAB

ISSUE #12

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EDITOR'S NOTE



The Dylans.

The Dylans are not stable at room temperature—must be kept very hot, or very cold. I can keep the Dylans on ice, but they'll always prefer the heat. Snowy bridges in Chicago where West Cortland crosses the River can't compare to the blistering entrances of secret storm drains, radiant asphalt, sweltering South Phoenix flophouses where the heat gets in and stays even with the blinds closed—*the sun just shines differently*, the night is deeper. The Dylans first took physical form in the Summer of 1999, when, while writing this, I appear as an apparition floating above my eight-year-old self who, getting hard, received the Dylans' bloody palm into our own. The Dylans were a little boy, with whom we spent hundreds of afternoons in the dry rain washes that snaked across the city. In those secret worlds, sandy and barren but for some grass that sprouted between the monsoons, they smashed birds with river rocks, shit in their hands and painted the dirt, tried once to drown me in a pool of standing water. The Dylans died before we turned sixteen, and they're piled up inside of me in a heap—buried under spirit mud: in the shadows behind my organs, in the diverticula of my dream body. The Dylans died before I turn sixteen, and the Dylans were reborn; sometimes they die for real, and sometimes I imagine they are dead, but their resurrection is astonishing in every instance. Often, they have forgotten they were the Dylans, or I have; but they become most solid when they are remembered, because the Dylans are memory manifest, *nostalgia for the mud* incarnate. And from here, I can do what I want with the Dylans. I can disaggregate them into part-Dylans, fuse them into fuller, more interesting Dylans; I can fuck them, I can incubate their ghost cum in my shadow rectum, I can even kill them. In my mind, on this page, *I can make the Dylans mean something*. The Dylans were a shy, evil loner, twenty-five years old, who lived in a garage on the banks of the wash; who had these games they played; who'd handcuff us to their bed frame, force their feet in our face and cum across the comforter while we choked on their toes. The Dylans tallied their orgasms in a notebook; yellow cumstains accumulated everywhere—on the bedspread, in their socks, on the carpet squares that padded the concrete. One morning, pre-dawn, while the Dylans slept, we freed ourself and wandered into frigid November half-light, set out into the wash wearing their jeans and nothing else—the Dylans would hide our clothes, another game—and in the privacy of a bend in the terrain, under the cover of a towering palo verde tree, we came in the sand; fucked a wet little dimple into the ground. The silt was ecstasy on our bare feet, on our cockhead.

Till then, the Dylans had never let us cum. The Dylans died, then left for Chicago, but were arrested for murder along the way; since then, they have tried to call from prison, but I never pick up. In a recurring dream, I answer the phone, and the Dylans say: *I love you*; or I think that's what I hear, but the voice barely escapes the static, the signal decay—they are calling from another time, after all. The Dylans were a washed-up party boy taking a break from the scene—and they were lonely, *so painfully lonely*, they said. The Dylans lived near the wash in a squat rancher with an empty pool. If it was early in the night, they masturbated us through our jeans on the overgrown pool deck, and we'd go around with that horrible wetness till morning. If the hour got on and the house was dark, they'd invite us in to fuck them—*I only let my boyfriend do this*, they'd tell us—but we could never get ourself hard. Instead, we'd just dig around inside of them with our tongue and our fingers, at least until they nodded off and we could leave. We never slept over, and, if we were too drunk to go home, we drove to a quiet dead-end, where the road turned to wash, and slept it off in the car; and way off the road, where the sandy terrain dropped off into darkness, we were also there—a voyeur in our own memory. Where we came in the sand, a hole was burned in the earth—a fistula between then and here—and matter passes through it in both directions: rotten morsels and old bones, strings of ass slime and moldy boxers, scorpion venom, concentrated starlight, distilled orgasms. It is a powerful and maddening revelation to feel that we are being remembered by ourself, that we are our own memory. Tasting the Dylans' body on the corners of our mouth as we nodded off, *the feeling that I am watching myself watching myself*. The Dylans were a beautiful, black-haired Michigander who lost their mind in the Arizona sun, who'd get so fucked up they'd piss the sofa—and so our little apartment around the back of the mall, where the wash was so dry the palo verde didn't even have leaves, always reeked of their sour dick. We lived among heaps of broken furniture they'd fallen into, shards of mirror. The Dylans turned up at all hours with new bruises, soaked in blood, *just having fun*. And they *were* fun! Delirious after eating the seeds of a wild white flower, the Dylans tried once to amputate their ugly member with a pair of kitchen scissors; backed down only when we offered to hide it in our body—*for safe keeping*. The Dylans' cum was gnarly, purulent stuff, but we needed it; imagined something in our guts fed on it—some hungry ghost that was disbursed through the tissues, hidden between cells. On a coffee table, the Dylans once carved the words *I fucking hate you I hope you die*—and days would drift by in a haze of hash smoke, polluted beers, ugly fucks on the rancid sofa. We plumbed a mesmerizing

fullness in their guts—diseased liquid shit that painted our cock and pubic hair with rotten streaks. In Cleveland, a decade later, I get sick over the concrete shoreline; and, staring into the streaks of black vomit as they disappear under the lapping tides of Lake Erie, remember that episode, and the Dylans themselves for the very first time. I hide that memory with their bodies, to compost in my ghost flesh and on this page.

Chuck Garrett makes art, books, and exhibitions that extend and drive his investigations into ulterior Modernisms and embrace of fanatical analisms; his interests are condensed into the indie publishing project Cephalophore, where he is founding editor. Twitter: [@AnalSurrealism](https://twitter.com/AnalSurrealism)

Trauma LLC

violate me big
dick stud baby
mercenary kiddie
fucker where
you at nights
and weekends
i'm tiny still little
pecker but god
damn i want it
bitch give it to
me yeah hard
white seas nine-
teen ninety-one
dream of life vale
of cum and tears
now leave me
the fuck alone

Peter Smith lives in North Carolina. They are nonbinary and write mainly on topics related to trauma and sexual abuse. Their work has been published in *Angel Rust*, *Terror House Magazine*, and elsewhere. Currently, they're working on a semi-autobiographical novel, *To Catch a Predator: The Novelization*. Follow them on Instagram: [@bodywithoutmeat](https://www.instagram.com/bodywithoutmeat).

Leaving Canaan and Hotel Mattresses

girlboy lies straight in the stiffness of the white marriott sheets
 and pretends not to notice its brother's hand
 slithering up its leg,
 a cheap mimicry of his anaconda-father. born and
 bred in eden, he knows the only allure of a forbidden fruit
 is its ability to bruise; ripened thighs ready for the taking,
 the blaming. the woman made him eat of it, he says, but she is
 eleven years old and her peach-soft hair hasn't yet thickened to bristles.
 grandfather planted the garden for us with hands that had seen 'nam
 and cracked lips that would only tell the sunflowers what he did there.
 father got home late, got mad easy, and got what he wanted from us all.
 brother takes after the rest, sinks his babyteeth-fangs into his birthright
 to stick his dick in anything that he can
 swallow whole. stew, fruit, it's all the same to him. the jacobian right to
 devour whatever he can claim as his own, let the victory dribble down
 what remains of his hairless babyfat-chin.
 his scaly stomach distorts girlboy into something placated,
 something palatable, something less faggoty. after all, a cunt is a cunt
 is a cunt, no matter who's on the other side of it.

girlboy cleans itself in the bathtub with razors,
 unable to get the imprints of its father's thumb off its skin.
 the razor is foreign in its shaking claw-hands,
 too boy for mother's gillette venus and too girl for father's electric, so
 it reckons the boxcutter it dug up from the garden will do the trick.
 silence, then hesitation. consider isaac: death prevented by his
 father's hand. the garden is long gone by now, only the brittle skeletons
 of the sunflowers we planted remain. three generations of
 sweat and soil, now sodom and gomorrah.
 considered. god must not mind then.
 when father's jaw hinges and its scab-littered legs are bared, a question:

what happened there, sweetheart?
all the angel's been bred out of the family, it thinks,
because its thick cactus-hair thighs soak in soapsuds
freshly thickened with Nile-red blood. father, it cries,
forgive me, for you know not what I'm about to do.
what's a fallen angel without a set of wings to pray for?

girlboy rakes its ragged fingernails down lover's back and
bites at his neck the way it was taught. dancing between
deliverance and desecration; he finishes with sacrilege on his tongue
grotesque and holy, transsexual bodies bloody and dripping sweat,
from sodom now to sodomy. this primal consummation, the hunger of
toothy cunts and coarse hair sloping down the crevasse of wettened thighs.
this is the kind of lovemaking that scars, that sings, crying out with
a voice that brings even Jericho to its knees.
what's a fallen angel but its own patchwork god?
there is nothing more sacred than the act of creation;
the sculpting of the body-temple by its own hand,
and cultivating a love from the bones of its forefathers.
girlboy cuts its bloodline short;
white cloth draped over its body, the plagued firstborn gone and
three generations now dead with the sunflowers,
graves unmarked in the new garden out back.
it holds lover's flushed peach-half cheeks with cupped hands
and imagines Joseph running through a field of golden wheat,
running to a boy from a town where no one knows his name.

Theo Langdale is a recreational poet and professional homosexual. His debut anthology, *How Many Angels Weep*, is available for digital download on his [Etsy Shop](#)! Find him on Instagram [@unholyfeline](#).



Man Moment

Internationally collected artist Richard Vyse had shown in galleries in Manhattan, Honolulu and Paris. He has studied at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan and taught at Pratt in Brooklyn. His art has been featured in many international magazines and is in the Leslie Lohman Museum in Manhattan.

Martyrs Both

The Priest says,

PRAY, BRETHREN: that my sacrifice took the internet by storm as the most horrific shock video to have been released to date. Therefore, with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising an actual snuff film – produced by some crazy psycho who was paid to murder a person and film it on camera.

For holy Church

His head he bowed,

Upon the axe

His life-blood flowed

I HAVE found David, my servant: with my holy oil have I anointed him. My hand shall hold him fast, tied to a frame of bed while his captor stabs him in the abdomen with an ice pick. Using a knife and fork, the murderer then slices a piece of fatty flesh from his victim's ass and presumably eats it before—

All kneel.

The victim is then seen with his throat slashed as his captor proceeds to slowly slice various parts of his body with a knife. May we in these evil days stick a bottleneck up the dismembered man's anus and repeatedly assfuck him with it. Putting the severed hand to use once more, incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people; and are also heirs through hope of thy everlasting kingdom, by the merits of the most precious death and passion of thy dear Son.

To give his clients their money's worth, the 1 Lunatic 1 Ice Pick video contains murder, beheading, dismemberment, cannibalism and necrophilia (it doesn't appear as though castration took place in the video, though). But a sudden fall of snow, which occurred as the coffin was borne from Saint George's Hall, the Hall of the Knights of the Garter in the Castle, out into the Chapel, spread as if it were a white pall over the coffin. The murderer lay on his bed pantless and masturbated. Thus the White King, so named because he had worn white robes instead of the usual purple at his coronation on 2nd February 1626, now went white to his burial.

Later in the video, the victim is entirely decapitated, and the captor uses his kitchen knife to cut into the muscles and dismember one limb after another. The enemy shall not be able to do him violence: the son of wickedness shall not hurt him. The murderer plays with the severed limbs and even rubs his crotch area with them. It must have turned him on because the next thing he does is flip the dismembered, decapitated corpse on its front and fuck it in the ass from behind. NO religious ceremony was permitted.

Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sins of the world.

Blessed is the man that endureth without a doubt the sickest thing you will have ever seen in your entire life. It is a sad reminder that things far worse than any of us would ever imagine really take place in our neighbourhoods. With so great a cloud of witnesses, we may run with patience the race that is set before us and with them receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

As she sees his life-blood flowing
England shudders at her fate,
Dreading who may next be slaughtered,
Utilizing whatever technology allowed at the time.

Appropriate steps can be taken to bring those responsible to justice and prevent any further such atrocity from happening.

The Choir sings AGNUS DEI.

It is a sickening reflection of who we, as the human race, have become. Turning our heads and pretending the video doesn't exist would only make the perpetrator feel more secure and open to further exploitation. Keep the faith for which you suffered, join with saints of former days.

Giving praise to God the Father, God the Son and the Holy Ghost
For the martyrs of our nation
And for all the heavenly host.

This video doesn't appear to be fake at all.

Jamie Giles is a writer and artist living in England. His works have been published in *SCAB* and *Misery Tourism*. His (oft-deleted) Instagram is currently [@jamiiegileseroticaartist](#), and he is on Twitter as [@scumbooks](#). His collage work is on IG as [@withcuts](#), and more writings are at [@textsyouwishyouhadntsent](#).

List of Demands

I want to suck your big dick.

I want you to fuck me until my toes curl.

I want firm asses in tight jeans.

I want to sniff a biker's armpits.

I want to suck your nipples raw.

I want to be your bottom boy.

I want to see your big dick sliding in and out of my ass.

I want to be French kissed.

I want to hold your dick in my hand.

I want you to come hard in my mouth.

I want to see you come.

I want to be slathered in baby oil.

I want to be face-fucked.

I want to be your cum-slave.

I want to watch porn with you while we jack each other off.

I want you to piss on me.

I want to pick your red pubic hairs off my tongue.

I want a real man who likes it up the ass.

I want your cum sticky between my fingers.

I want your black bubble butt.

I want your pierced boner.

I want to lick your asshole.

I want to come in your beard.

I want to feel your big pair of balls banging against my chin.

I want to be a bottom for once.

I want to massage your balls.

I want to be gangbanged.

I want you to come in my butt.

I want to taste your sweaty Pakistani ass.

I want you to teach me how to take big dicks without gagging.

I want you to jack off on my face.

I want to take your dick down my throat like a pro.
I want to be your slutty bottom.
I want to fuck your meaty ass.
I want to have hot, nasty sex with you.
I want to worship your butt.
I want to fuck your hot man-pussy.
I want to hook up with some Columbian dick.
I want to suck your dick while you watch the Yankee game.
I want to suck eleven black inches.
I want to suck you dry.
I want a Latin bottom jock.
I want to finger you while you suck me.
I want to bottom and suck your dick.
I want your hot masculine ass.
I want a kinky slut for phone sex.
I want to suck and rim your asshole while your wife watches.
I want to fuck your super-fat ass.
I want to kiss your asshole.
I want your big, thick caramel cock to fuck my chocolate booty.
I want your straight dick for my generous mouth.
I want a dream time massage.
I want to suck your dick with an extra-large condom.
I want to please a whole group of guys in my motel room.
I want to feel your hot mouth on my balls and dick.
I want to suck your hard, long black dick.
I want a guy that can last more than two minutes.
I want a tight hole for this big pole.
I want you to use my mouth to get off.
I want your big, thick black pipe.
I want to nut on your face.
I want to be your toilet pig.
I want to fuck your face in your hotel room.
I want a young, kinky pig bottom who wants to be used.

I want to suck some hairy Middle Eastern balls.
I want to eat your cum.
I want you to give me your hot load.
I want you to come on my face.
I want your cum on my tongue.
I want to greet you at your door naked.
I want to jack off with you on my cam.
I want to give you a prostate massage.
I want to watch you shit.
I want to bang your hot Italian ass.
I want a white boy for this black dick.
I want you to watch my hot jizz fly.
I want a hungry ass eater.
I want to come over and rub your feet.
I want to bone you rough and deep.
I want to tickle your balls.
I want to choke on your dick.
I want to give your ass a good thrashing.
I want to examine your man-cunt.
I want to rub your bikini bulge until you come.
I want to be your daily slut.
I want to smoke some weed and fuck.
I want a man with a small dick.
I want to fuck your tight, smooth ass.
I want a slow jack-off together.
I want to suck your hairy bear balls.
I want to be your suck servant.
I want to talk dirty to you.
I want to suck your stud dick and make it come.
I want to give you a long, wet blow job.
I want your eight inches up my butt.
I want you to sneak in through my window and fuck me.
I want to suck your vegan cock.

I want to suck you and get my ass fucked in return, please.

I want to fuck your hot, clean, smooth hole.

I want to make you nut.

I want to bury my dick in your masculine man-hole.

I want you to drill and fill my asshole.

I want you to play with my balls.

I want to lick your tight pink fuckhole.

I want you to dump your load inside me.

I want an ejaculation connection.

I want you to give me a cum bath.

I want to lie with you balls to balls as we stroke one another until we come.

Shane Allison is the editor of several anthologies and has had stories published in five editions of *Best Gay Erotica*. His book of poems *Slut Machine* is out from Rebel Satori Press. His turn-ons include big ears, tattoos, and confidence but not arrogance. His turnoffs are weakness and whiny-ass men.

Nekro-Romantik-Revival

sweat was pouring down every cell
 my eyes suddenly opened to
 find myself still inside

i remembered being in a hospital bed pulling out
 the cannula to watch the blood seep out

i was only a teenager and bob flanagan was on the front cover of *The
 Guardian's* culture section pull-out it

was about kirby dick's documentary on him
 where he was lying on a
 metal tray the kind you had in a mortuary
 he wasn't dead but he was
 picturing his future shut down in *the*

 motionless body

 i was dead but haunted that was

 how i saw myself dead dead dead *haunted*

my body was still
 inside the large latex industrial waste bag
 i was lying on my side
 my knees on my chest my feet
 trapped the opening [of]
 my eyes

seeing my iphone screen in front of me somehow
 a clip of *Ricki Lake* which showed

a goth in a grey velvet dress

sitting on a comfy black chair staring into the camera *I saved my boyfriend's life*
via necrophilia

was written on the screen she kept smiling using a pen like a cig
before drawing

penile-vulva-shapes on a pad of paper which the cameraman kept
capturing by accident to the annoyance of the director in his earpiece
but she wouldn't tell her story without the pad, the pen and the act of drawing
forcing him only to do close ups of her face leading
to an absence of upskirt shots in that episode

a satanic miracle

the screen suddenly cut to a few squished-together scenes from
the film *Nekromantik*
the rotting corpse in the pond the morbid cleaner
pulled it out and zipped it up
in a yellow body bag bringing it home where
the beautiful squishy male meat was falling off the bone he
displayed the body on the bed where
his live-in lover cut a piece of metal pipe from the wall
and placed a condom over it
plunging it into
the groin

before the drowning

the corpse was a gardener who
would have used the pipe as a pole in the
dirt
to grow a wiry

purple
flowered plant
twisting
around
it

thepipewas mycock

the same size the same glans the same veins the same piercing i was coming

my eyes

opened sweat was dripping down the cells my hands

reaching up

ripping

off the duct tape from my mouth and

nose before i fell back into the unconscious

vibration of the toy in my

rectum i knew it was fantasy that

eve wasinside myroom

strippingoffthebagfrommybody

tryingtogivememouthtomouth

shenoticedtheonlypart of me slightly reactingwas myerection

turned into she

pulling down her knickers

ridingme

*This will work I saw it on YouTube This will work
I saw it on YouTube This will work I saw it on
YouTube This will work I saw it on YouTube This
will work I saw it on YouTube*

she screamed

thumbing my chest

my ethereal body was watching

my body spasming

i flew back into my body

 via her hand going

 inside wrapping her

fingersaroundmyheart

 massaging it my pulsing prostate

my eyes everything opened cum shit all came out with a bit of piss before

 white bubbly spit descended

 from my mouth it was

all fantasy i was still trying to breathe i was in a

pool of

my own piss i found the small bottle i

had duct taped to the inside of the bag i had filled with coke

and snorted and breathed and crawled out

i stared in the full-length mirror masturbating with only a

drop coming out

 a teardrop pearl

 under the

 light

Tom Bland has two books out, *Camp Fear* and *The Death of a Clown*, with Bad Betty Press. He is in the process of writing the third, a strange tale of a person headfirst inside a bag who may or may not be dead. He is looking for a literary agent.

Self Portrait as the Other Boy***A response to Self Portrait as the Other Girl by Molly McCully Brown***

Sometimes, I see other versions of my body. In the mirror. In other people's eyes. Boy dozing in the long grass of a summer field. Boy with his fingers in his mouth, gnawing his cuticles to ragged lines. Boy as a mixtape, a ditch waiting to be filled with rain, a safe place for foxes to be born. Boy buried in mud. Boy carried off by pigeons. Boy as a castle in the sky made of starched white sheets, weighing less than a sack of rats, too slow for his father's hand. Boy as a wind chime in a storm, for there is never a good way to talk about pain, and how it means you are only ever kissing the image of another boy's face in the river, hearing his voice through the dying connection of the last working payphone in this town where I was born. But then. Boy split into pieces. Boy washing blood from the back of his legs. Boy who will never again kneel in church. Boy tearing himself apart. Boy as a broken guitar. Boy as a hawk I carry in my mouth without causing hurt. Boy as an old feather, ragged and torn. Boy as a raging fire. As bright as a cathedral. As a shooting star. As just another heartbeat. Boy who will not call one more awful thing into this world.

Daniel Sheen is a queer multidisciplinary artist and writer. He has recently been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. He has been published in *XRAY Lit*, *Black Flowers Journal*, *Misery Tourism*, *Ram Eye Press*, *Bear Creek Gazette*, *SCAB* and more. He is currently writing his debut novel. Find him at www.danielsheen.net as well as [@DanielSheenUK](https://twitter.com/DanielSheenUK) on Twitter and [@disaffected.youth](https://www.instagram.com/disaffected.youth) on Instagram.

TS can't host

I kept hitting him in the dick because I wanted him to hit back. He'd wear gym shorts commando, so it swung in front of my face. That's how tall he was. I'd touch it with light punches: a boy's game. I wanted to see if he would get mad enough to punch back, maybe grab my balls, twist them, place his hand on my chest and pull. What I really wanted was for him to put my whole face in his mouth. It was big enough, his mouth. Or my face was small. Or maybe I just thought so anyway. I was a kid. I knew what I was doing. I don't now. He's lying next to me in his bed in his mom's house. His mom's house where I used to spend summer afternoons when I lived on this street. He hasn't moved. He isn't moving. He's not snoring, just breathing. I used to watch him like this. He looks the same. I don't. He still wears gym shorts commando. I don't play boys' games anymore.

Bex Peyton is a writer, visual artist, and huge bitch. Their work has previously appeared in *FLEAS ON THE DOG*, *SELFFUCK*, *Expat Press*, and *FERAL DOVE*. They are also the fiction editor of *Angel Rust*.

I had a friend named ~~_____~~ when I was a kid. He had floppy baby Syndrome when he was an infant. His ~~father~~ father ^{had} called him Cookie ^{dough}. He loved tennis, ~~_____~~ all the men in his family had wrinkled skin ~~_____~~ like they had been in a bathtub, ~~_____~~ when they got boners they pointed up to their belly-buttons, they did the tomahawk chop at FSU games. He would come over and read the sports illustrated swimsuit issue and involuntarily hump the orange and yellow truck bedspread my mother put on my bed. He's an evangelical christian ~~_____~~ who works in dispute resolution.



Cookie

Connor is a clean-living law school dropout from Deptford, London. You can contact him at connor.turon@gmail.com.

I don't want to go to Hell when I die

confused and wondering why I have to
die and go anywhere at all, why can't
I live forever here on Earth or if
I have to die, which I do, why can't I
stay dead where it's home or some of it
anyway, my neighborhood, where I walk
not on water unless it rains a lot
but on paths and trails and sidewalks and streets
and shoulders to church and Sunday School and
regular school and the Korn Dawg King and
downtown to the drug store to buy comic
books and swipe Milk Duds and look in windows
and kind of case the bank and think that when
I'm grown I'll rob it. Paradise this is.

I've had many poems published and have authored three books of poetry. I've taught university English in the US, China, and Palestine.

On Cooking

If, like me, you prefer to cook sans safety rails (without a recipe) then the preparation of food is nearly thoughtless and the circumstances are incidental. Because there are no reprimanding instructions, the mind is left wandering free in other places. It is whilst cooking dinner in my first flat that I first listen deeply to *Fetch the Bolt Cutters*. Fiona Apple provokes me to follow her advice and set out on my own. And it is whilst cooking dinner that stray linguistic contortions float my way (a rupture/erupter), or lines from poems-in-formation. So following instinct unlocks something in the subconscious that allows its expression. If, like me, you do not write down most of these good ideas and therefore end up forgetting them, then it is probably because, after all, you are hungry. There is an abandon to this. I often think that I play fast and loose with my own life.

Then there is another kind of person, the kind that follows a recipe. A recipe is a set of instructions about how to keep on living. So cooking is an act of immense quiet hope and optimism. The byproduct of the recipe will materially ensure the ability of its follower to keep on living. Therefore, using a book to cook by is setting an intention to keep on living.

The rest of us play our recipes loose and our lives fast. The product might offer sustenance but only by accident. None of us have set the intention to live. Our meals are blasé acts bordering on the suicidal and/or murderous. We eat nihilistic dinners. Maybe. Even so, I still think myself an optimist. The universe course corrects and I am still here even if I do not much care for my own life.

My partner (he cooks by the book) sometimes prepares meals *for* me. The profoundness of this act is not lost on me. An expression of his desire for me to keep living. A sharing of the load and a provocation to us tepid and blind and selfish to just *accept* love in some form or other and consume it, after all that. As a survivor of a complex and belittling past, accepting love so that my physical form may continue to endure is a complex undertaking.

In the moment it is always easy to accept (the body wants what it wants, the body craves continuing) without considering the implications. That love is also an expectation to sustain a process-already-in-motion.

If these are cultural processes, the humble Pākehā roast is a placebo culture.

Every Sunday my partner's family participate in the ritual of sharing a roast meal, and it strikes me that for them the roast operates as a stand-in for deeper communication. Rather than articulating or encapsulating in language their feelings or thoughts, they eat meat. Rather, even, than asking questions beyond the banal what's new? or work good? the carving of unseasoned meat onto individual plates functions as a proxy for connection. It is for this reason that I have failed thus far to connect with them. Outside of my writing, I do not do proxies.

By the same token, it remains flattering to be cooked for. My own immediate family often forget that I am afflicted by a lactose intolerance severe enough that I cannot consume *any* dairy. Afflicted might be a strong word: dairy comes with ethical imperatives and I have a good get-out-of-jail free card. Nevertheless, my partner's family remember. So connection is boiled down to its simplest constituent part (material sustenance), which tips me off consistently to the fact that I've been accepted. Loved? Maybe. I am uncertain whether the waters run shallow or deep in that family. All of which is to say that I have never been attentively spoken to by any member of that family, although I have been attentively fed. The transmutation of food into a form my body readily accepts is an uncommon precaution.

What about Virginia Kennard, allergic to eggs, dairy, soy, and some forms of wheat? How often do people attentively care for her diet? But I am sure she is attentively spoken to more often than I.

So a Sunday Roast starts like this: alcohol as a cultural facade. The obligatory first drink before the obligatory second, third, and fourth, and then, silence. The only combatants to this silence are the children and the animals, sworn to an innocent communicative scheme no longer comprehensible to any of the adults present. This secret language will only later be replaced by food and drink and semiotic distillations of 'sharing' as a counterpoint to the necessity of talking. In this context, talking, when it does emerge, is always about the past.

Things are safer this way. Discomfort is less likely to emerge. The past is familiar. Even the immediate past, if banal enough, can be comfortable – chores, sunbathing, watching a film. There cannot possibly be anything so destabilising in the past as in any present state of mind. So filling a space with unimportant noise is one way to avoid any form of confrontation. Talk neutralizes a loaded silence. Much of this talk is in its own

right mediated by phones and audio and video and more. With environs like this, nobody can be vulnerable. Or more accurately, nobody has to be.

The entire event is a predestined affair – three courses – meaning that even this limited communication has a predetermined endpoint. Nobody will be caught off guard and forced to reveal more than they want to. Everyone prepares only to let on the exact amount minimally required to be seen as human or participating. The conventions of conversation require a degree of activity or intention but in highly controlled circumstances these conventions might as well have been rehearsed.

It is always within the conventions of gendered behaviour that the night's action takes place: women clear the table and do the dishes. I contribute to this. There is a division between 'inside' and 'outside' too – the children seem to be precognisant of how shut down the adults are, determined to remain whatever inkling of individuality they currently hold. But they still eat at the same table as everybody else.

By the time things start getting real, everybody is leaving. Less to reflect on that way.

The call about my sister's first suicide attempt interrupts me at work. The second and third attempts are heralded publicly. She overdoses all three times, and when I visit her in hospital she says that on overdose days she's always grateful that nobody is forcing her to eat like the doctors on the eating disorder ward do.

The slowness of a disease like anorexia is a slowness I have long been afraid will kill her. Her attempt to *consume* too many of her sleeping pills only now strikes as an irony: for somebody intent on not-consuming to the extent of disorder, centring the death drive inside the physical locus of the stomach is both an ironic joke and logical psychiatric contortion.

For my sister, the rejection of food is a rejection of others' attempts to control her continued-living. By not-eating, she is staking her unique claim to her unique body – she, not anybody else, will be in control. And even her consumption of such substances as will kill her, these, too, are records of control. Imbibing food, for her, is not a process of materializing living. She eats to show that eating can be, equally, a process of materializing dying.

The other site in which eating is materially linked with death is the homosexual blowjob. Not only is the male body a site of infertility, but so is the mouth. No flowers will bloom. No children grow. This is another flag in the moon: my body can accommodate death if it wants to. My stomach can kill – kill sperm, kill my potential children, my body says, kill myself, my sister's body says. Our guts are brutal masters. Add this to the list of similarities between her and I.

In the Mood for Love by Wong Kar-Wai uses the consumption of meals as a proxy for sex. Sensuality, the desire to *possess*, to construct love in relation to a body, is communicated through the swallowing of red meat, of noodles, of sticky rice... the dinner table in cinema is also a semiotic locus for desire in *Audition*, *Licorice Pizza*, and *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*. Desire in each work takes different forms, but in these works the semiotics are the same. Food is a new mystical love-construction, much like Early Modern vapors, which when exchanged form the cliché 'love at first sight.'

If you love someone, stop following the recipe but ensure you feed them well. Become better. Buy out if you're lazy, care not for your bank account. Enjoy consuming while it lasts. Before you stop loving each other or before you break up or before one or both of you die or before food scarcity results in the death drive winning. Enjoy consuming before the end of capital.

It is the great emotional equalizer: what enters the body and what comes out.

Josiah Morgan (he/him) recently got a job and can sometimes be considered an artist. His third book, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, was published in Texas in 2022, and his fourth book, *Road: A Postlapsarian Comedy*, was published in Oregon in 2022.

unregistered fission

The vibrato forms
 sweat jagged precipice
 anaemic strumming fingers
 grace auric
 thumping bodies
 frisking hairy lunacy, violently
 claiming

look at me
 look at me

...back meat shaking
 firmly pressed against
 savage submission
 a peripheral stalking
 dripping
 with blue
 willing blindness
 followed feverous lights
 blinkering mad-dog
 ungodly speed of life
 accelerating end credits
 pounding bass drum
 --- fading to black //
 not too long before
 seizing muscles revive
fucked back2life
 electric-chair follicles
 erect in thousands
 reproducing frantically, forceful
 milk-spilt suggestions
 echo cervical stab-stab-stab
 naval thrusting fascination
 hypnotic fairground vertigo
 sculpting mutilated wooden shadows

look at me

antelope footwork weaving
 in-between broken rhythms
 naïve
 synchronously seduced onto
 epidermal battlefields,
 rolling eyes lost
 bent over spines

whining in solicitous magnetism
 gravitational cauldron spin
 falsely imprisoned
 feel it growing
 amidst denim friction...

ask me

sidewalk surrender
 desolate but grazed streetlights
 burning kneecaps
 through eyelids
 acidic tongue dance
 searching
 for monocellular life
 inside my mouth
 gagging
 on your dysgeusic reflux
 swallowing
 gestating throats
 browned phlegmy spite,
 penetrating
 a Bluetooth-controlled
 black hole
 salacious muscle spasm,
 choking
 your shortened sight
 straining medial rectus
 result: driving harshly
 through an ever thickening night
 truly unspeakable deepness
 nothing
 in front of us
 ~~ enveloping sweetness
 the black
 in your eyes unworthy //
 empty road's disorder
screaming
 whilst leaning
 over the swollen gear stick
 I force my hand through
 mucus lining
 your oesophagus ..
 it was given away,
 that red discolouring
 myocardium lump
 instead

a chest
 hollowed by cliché

Through eyes of mirrors
 uncrossing legs reveal
 leather, backseat spread
 hypnopompic carnal sickness
 I digest
 greyscale thoughts
 of monotonous passing days
 encouraging
 pendulum

swing

unexpected palpitations

 then you pull **away**

all rotten
 cement disintegration,
 butcher's keratin
 raising chicken-scratched skin
 the strings saccade
 inside clashed skulls
 humm, like active catalyst
 poisonous alchemistic lips
 spill enzymes
 in tender ear canals
 where
 my guitar gently weeps, as
 you
 perform love to me
 through
 interluded touches
 but, I don't mind
 see
 aching rain pour
 in nostrils
 I, humid
 roof-down afternoons
 locked in memories
 soon spilling
 half-erected sorries
 the bare arms extend
 along tarmac of motorway //

with windows rolled keep reeling,
 infinite road flesh
 always disappearing
 film spooling
 =cunt-forth oblivion

 where?
 fists clasped,
 only 'cause you like
 blistered magnitude;
 when tolerance
 disguised in death grips
 nostalgia curtly drips from
 white-knuckled steering wheel,
 soaking unseen jazz arrangements
 syncopated exclaiming
 plastered faces crowned
 illuminated barbed wire configurations
 screaching by . . .

Please **look**
 for me

in unwilling darkness
 fading importance
 sunlight invading
 curtained windows
 no asking
 to stay
 witnessing you wake
 suddenly upright
 violently shivering
 with desire-for
 stammering
 a forlorn waltz
 through yet another
 hall-of-mirrors encounter

.. tape deck loops bedside
 skyward mirror exposing
 reddened backsides
 heavily laced saxophone
 with
 voided remanent breaths
 an
 bastard, yesterday's unwavering confictions
 condensating on
 radio's white noise

~~a vacuum dissolution~~

silence!

for forced bliss
 concealed lips
 justified obliteration of time
 passing
 legs, wrapped round your fleshed hips
 holding my own weight
 against the petrol station sink
 whilst
 you beg to touch me
 beneath
 toilet flickering
 migraine ambience,
 your skin
 see through

you **hate** it

struggled eyelids unfold
 you
 bound in rope
 backwards,
 pouring matured whiskey
 through gaping wounds
 you praise
 thy hallelujah torture
 whilst
 tempered windscreens televise
 eyes widening
 gas-leak tears,
 opposing
 cocked-chin demureness
 fixed in relational motion sickness
 a deep affliction fuelling
 inguinal explosion

head-on
 hard

collision of unknowing.

~~~~~

Distorting  
 dashboard clock face  
 teasing  
 the last sigh  
 a gently cascading ripple  
 across, valorise  
 violent water's image  
 endless  
 word-spat puddles  
 gaping synergy  
 unsatiated life  
 constantly fearing  
 inevitable dead-lock  
 through carnal diaphragmatic  
 convulsions  
 continue,  
 a merciless contempt  
 noose knots loosen magically  
 time passes, we  
 wiggle free of *the passion*

End creeps closer  
 appointed downturned crucifix  
 inside draining sand  
 now see  
 a whisper

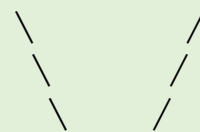
Looking 'round  
 at  
 bleached empty seats  
 obscene poetry  
 becoming  
 diluted jabberwocky  
 saturating  
 dishonestly titanium soup  
 flames rise, **we**  
*the ritual of annihilation*  
 eroded identities of lost alchemy  
 I beg you come

Here

Taste my phyllite eulogy.

Suddenly,  
The last rose of summer  
blossoms early  
bringing forth  
jarred window breeze  
trickling  
heavenly  
undoing pink perianth  
the bent chromium piecing  
deep, plush  
naval vitality  
there, dreams arise  
like  
newborn expectancy  
brass Symbols **clash**  
in synchronisation  
you turn to me

with death himself  
underneath a blooming  
callery pear tree  
proposing  
an irrefusable offer;



## Puppy Play

He buys it on a Friday, and it arrives several days later. He drives to a Tesco after work and picks it up at the Amazon Locker at the car park's edge. As the yellow drawer pops open, there's the sound of a car horn and the start of a nasty little run-in between two pale, scowling drivers. He stares at them, then turns away quickly, ducking back into his car.

He arrives home at dusk and walks up to his flat. He should have bought bread and milk. Something else unremembered. He enters the flat, and its fresh scent comes at him aggressively, like some overfriendly acquaintance.

After a few hours he remembers the package. He cuts the box open, and it comes out to sit in his hands, tough and rigid in its newness. He figures out the way you're meant to put it on your head, pulling down the eyeholes to match his own, and then heads into the bathroom to check himself out. He stands before the mirror, in his unbuttoned shirt and work trousers, admiring the snout and ears as their sheen shifts in the light. He undoes his fly and tries to jerk, watching himself.

--

Two weeks later, he puts his assorted rubber plus the new mask in his holdall, gets back into his car and then drives to the boundary between the old industrial estates and a new development: some anonymous building. He walks the perimeter round to the back and rings at the door. An unseen eye sweeps across him through the peephole. The door beeps open. He enters. At the desk stands a little man with the worst skin he's seen in a good many months. He pays his entry fee, and the man stamps his hand with a black logo that doesn't quite transfer; spills illegibly over the curve of his fist. He goes down into the locker room, where molecules of stale lube begin to collect at the roof of his mouth. He struggles to get into the old latex. It's less and less elastic. He had put the mask on, prematurely, and given the struggle he places it on the bench beside him. Bent over again, he tries to fasten the back of his bodysuit when someone presses two fingers against his upturned arse cheek. He looks upwards and back over his shoulder to see smug eyes set into a bearded face.

The man points at the mask.

*Well, who's a nice doggie then?*

He has to work out his feelings about this man quickly. He struggles with the zip. The latex finally fitted, he turns around to face the man. He runs his eyes over him. Shorter. A little hunched. Stocky. In his left hand, the man holds a drawstring bag. The brand stencilled on it is recognisable. New purchases, maybe. He raises it, shakes it at him and the shapes move obediently in the polystyrene. The man looks him in the eye.

*Does this naughty little doggie need some training?*

He looks at him blankly. The man forces some weird sound out of his mouth but stays watching him, unmoving. Ignoring him, he goes back to close his locker. Slowly, he puts the coin in, locks it and removes the key. The guy is gone, and he is alone in the changing room.

In the chill-out room, there is hardly anyone and moreover, those who have taken note of the night's theme are practically non-existent. No sign of the guy from earlier. He thinks about the £25 he paid to get in here and then the cost of the puppy mask on top of that. He rubs one of the old stains on the thigh of his latex suit and thinks about its origin.

Another man is looking at him. This might be a cruise. Or he's just supremely noticeable – there's only one other masked person. The man stands still for ages, watching. After a while, his line of vision seems to have slipped, diagonally downwards, towards the crevice between the bottom of the sofa and the floor. The man's mouth is open, neutral. He leaves him gaping and goes into the cruising complex.

The place is deserted. There are two older bear types 69ing in one cubicle with the door open. Otherwise there's no one. He wonders where the man from earlier went. He doesn't know what the time is. He's just got here, yes – though he hasn't been looking at the time so much. He thinks about leaving. Zero credited to the ledger. *Where is that guy from earlier?* Gone, vanished into the nested corridors. At one point, he even finds the fire exit and climbs back out to street level, standing in the open double doors on the empty roadside.

He breathes out. Once again. He considers conditional scenarios. If there's no one at the entry desk, well, then he'll slip out and head home. That said, even if there was someone, would it make a difference? He walks back through the cruising ground, the

chill-out room – minus the old guy from earlier – and round the corner into the changing room. The man from earlier is waiting. He has half his clothes on.

*Doggie tired?*

Under the mask, he's annoyed, resentful. But he's masked, and everything working its way through his head is invisible – and in theory, unseen. He decides to go for it, so he brings himself up to face the guy head-on. The guy's smirk widens. Half his clothes come back off.

*So, before, like, I'm gonna warn you:*

*I'm a nasty top.*

He cringes. The top turns around and heads back into the complex. He follows him. Back past the same vacant barman and silent clients staring at TV screens or into some untelevised region. They enter the cruising section. The 69ing bears are gone; stray pieces of toilet paper in their place. The top looks into cubicles, weighing them up according to an unknown criterion. He chooses the last but one. The door is closed. A leash and collar are produced and fastened around his neck.

*Show me your arse.* Silently, he turns around and bends over.

--

20 minutes must have passed. The top lays into him with slightly more force. His irritation increases proportionately. The plastic shapes from the drawstring bag were revealed only in part to be dildos – a small whip of tiny metal chains has also been produced. It hurts enough to make him wince, sure, but not enough to be transcendent. He continues waiting.

*Bark for me,* he is commanded.

This is difficult. Of course, having bought a puppy mask, he should have expected this coming, prepared for it even. In front of his mirror, he could have practiced whining, yelping, whimpering, howling, any of these. Now it seems impossible.

He manages a sorry *woof*.

He's whipped again.

*Again!* He is commanded.

He woofs a little louder. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees feet in front of the cubicle door. He wonders if it's the ancient guy from earlier, still staring gormlessly like before.

He's whipped a little harder. This time, it does make him gasp slightly. He wasn't expecting it.

*Pine for me*, he is commanded.

*Fuck this*, he thinks, but something approaching *aoh, aoh, aoh* is the sound he makes. He needs to piss. He pisses on the feet of the guy. A signal of displeasure, or something like that. But wet feet only spur this top on, delight him even, and he starts saying, *oh, you've done it now, you naughty little doggie* – loud enough that maybe even the ghosts in the chill-out room can hear.

--

It was this point that the defence chose to emphasise. A final blow, not especially strong, but it must have been final in some respect. Because, at that point something *changed* in the animal. It stopped withstanding the treatment and instead went savage. It must have thought to itself, *this is not a nice little doggie*; in fact, *this dog is a little bastard*, and instead of bending over whimpering, it took the leg of its partner and bit, hard. Even so, the teeth of this dog weren't suited to the task and just left pink depressions rather than the bright red of torn flesh. It strained against the chain put around its neck. It shook off the humans attempting to restrain it. The leash was released and the dog rushed out. Back through the chill-out room, the changing room, the deserted reception and out into the night. It didn't seem to register the presence of anyone still lingering in the sauna. Other things on its mind, presumably.

The dog loped down the street on its four staggering legs. Three people, having just moved into the flat on some high floor of a new-build apartment, happened to be taking photos of the city nightscape when one of them pointed out the figure shadowed against the pavement below. The black latex and its pale arse glimmered in the lamplight. The people in the flat said, *what the fuck is that*, and they laughed nervously at each other, relieved that they were accorded a new topic of conversation, at the very least. An hour later, they decided that the sight was most irregular indeed and maybe they should call the emergency services.

This was one of several 999 calls made that night. A catalogue of damage and indecent behaviour. A police team was deployed with tasers, dart guns, cattle prods: the risk to the personnel judged considerable. In hindsight, such a risk had been considerably overestimated. The dog was easily placed into police custody. And when it came to trial, the dog was sentenced as severely as the law permitted. For some, this was hardly serious enough. It took a couple of weeks to sort the logistics, but the dog was put down by a trained veterinary surgeon. After all, should a dog be getting ideas above its station?

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Thomas Spiers writes and makes music in Paris. A sample of their sound work can be found at <https://soundcloud.com/smileyournight>. Actively seeking collaborators and comrades, textual and sonic: please write to them at [emily.spiers98@gmail.com](mailto:emily.spiers98@gmail.com) OR [thomas.spiers@icloud.com](mailto:thomas.spiers@icloud.com)

## **Middle End Beginning**

Middle.

Rain. Filthy rain.

Three bicycles lie on the sodden front lawn. Detached house, double garage to the right. Shingle drive. Dark trees stand tall over the house at rear.

A boy: God is crying.

A boy: Bullshit.

A boy: He's crying for us.

A boy: Bullshit.

A boy's hair is slick and straight and swept acutely across his forehead. He squints and flicks his head to flick his hair from his eye.

This 'moralised' scenery may depict in one half a clear sky in contrast to dark cloud.

As a child, fearful night.

Lack of sleep. Security, safeness, protection.

Always alert. Always alert.

The turn of the screw.

Verbal abuse.

You fucking little shits.

Not once.

Not twice.

Three fucking times.

As a child.

Wet pants.

His mother

His mother

His mother

Our mother

Wet pants.

His

His

His

Ours.

The flames of hell, inflamed by love, curious love.

Pick that up.

What?

Pick it up.

It's not mine.

Pick it up.

Why?

Because I say so.

No.

Pick it up.

(Open palm sweeps across a cheek.)

Pick it up.

Fuck you.

What?

Fuck you.

The mother picks up the butter dish and hurls it at a boy.

Pick it up.

Blood, wounded.

A boy puts his index finger to the wound, stems the flow.

Pain.

Puts the bloodied finger to his lips and smears.

(Lipstick.)

Watery eyes stare straight into hers. She smiles and contests the hatred.

Pick it up.

A boy does.

'We're sorry to call you in, Mrs ———.

Take a seat. The situation has become really difficult.'

'He's always been this way, I've told you before. He just doesn't ever speak.

What can I tell you? From birth.

(Laughs)

He never made a sound – absolutely nothing, no greeting, no hello – absolutely nothing. I've told you. All the doctors said it was really peculiar. I'm sure you could ask them. I'm sure they'd remember, even now.

Such an odd birth.

My husband..... well—

Really not.

And that's it. Always has been. Not a word. Not a whisper – drives us all crazy, I can tell you. Ask the boys. Only once, only once. I've told you – told you before.

Show them your scar.

(The boy pulls up his shirt. The mother pulls the waistband of his trousers down a few centimetres with her index and middle finger.)

(She looks at the scar and then directly into the eyes of the teacher.)

See. Appendix. Only time he ever screamed bloody murder! (Laughs) Scared us all to death, I can tell you.

Ask his brothers!

We all just stood there, disbelieving.

Ask them.'

'We have, Mrs ———-. We've spoken to the boys, but they just hang their heads in shame. Mrs ————-. Is everything all right at home?'

'What do you mean?'

'Only you look terribly tired.'

The mute boy.

A head that is a gaze whose sole function is to look.

'We're going to go on a trip! You can drive. We'll take your car. I need, we need, to get some air, all of us. Let's go to a beautiful place. We really need to get out. No arguing! We're going!

Go and get your things – trunks, towels, a football, you know... I'll make some sandwiches, fruit... We can have a picnic. We'll get some drinks on the way. It'll be fun.

Come on, chop-chop! Do it, come on!

Driving.

Opaque and translucent colours overlap in random order. Liquid red brown. The copper-green glazes of the passing landscape and foliage declare their original brilliance.

A boy: Where are we going?

The mother: To the country.

A boy: Yeah, but where, what's it called?

The mother: I don't know.

A boy: But it must have a name.

A boy: Is it far? I need the toilet.

The mother: You can go to the toilet in the field.

A boy: We're going to a field?

A boy: Is that it?

The mother: What?

A boy: That?

The mother: Well, it could be.

A boy: Well, it could be anywhere. How are we meant to know if we like it or not if we can't see it?

A boy: Give me your phone, I want to see where I'm going. I want to see if I like it.

The mother: But we'll get there...!

A boy: Don't be stupid.

The mother: It's so comforting to know that not so far away are the most lovely gardens.

She is a headstrong woman but also like a carnival freak.

Placid scenes of well-tended farms.

Peaceful.

Ripe harvest.

Fattened livestock.

I don't like trees.

Everybody likes trees.

Course you do.

You can climb trees.

Yes, let's climb trees.

I don't like the countryside. What's that?

A cow.

The mother: Why don't you ever clean the car? It's filthy. It's disgusting. It stinks. No wonder you never have a girlfriend. Do you like girls? If I had to get in this car, I'd get right out again. I mean, for god's sake, there's no room to put my feet – all this rubbish. It's really disgusting. These cans, all this rubbish. For god's sake.

You're a fucking pig.

An interlude.

(Interlude: some kind of entertainment or amusement)

A boy: Do you like it here?

A boy: Yes, it's moody.

A boy: This is the kind of landscape that gives me goosebumps.

Dulas Brook.

Meadow either side of Dulas Brook (which has trees on both sides) bordered by woods to the North.

OS GRID REF SO 36297

Longitude: 2 deg 55.5 min West

Latitude: 51 deg 57.7 min North

The preparatory steps of the event are conventional.

(A picnic, swimming, laughter, sunbathing, etc.)

The boys emerge from a flurry of energetic activity, the acid opaque yellow foliage tossed in the breeze.

The rose pink of the mother's dress spreading over the landscape.

A boy stands, the wind rushes around him, and he sways, as does the long grass around his shins.

A glance over the shoulder, a moment, a fraction, a moment. Gone as quickly, swiftly, as its conception.

End.

The boys attack with the utmost fever, as if they all were mortal enemies, impossible to disentangle the many limbs.

The red lake glaze in a boy's jacket is faded and worn.

The boys rape the mother.

The complex poses of the figures and their relationship to one another are lost, as in making a rapid sketch. A medley of different lines – fluent, formless – an indication of the unrepresentable.

Trees.

Oak.

Alder.

Beech.

Hawthorn.

White willow (by the river).

Common ash.

A blackish-brown bruising around the mother's hip at the top of her thighs, smears of the same greyish-brown flesh extend over the contours of her back. The softened outline and the warm tint of the cast shadow, an impression of living flesh.

A boy sees not with a single eye but with two constantly moving eyes. His experience is marked by a front and a back, a right and a left, a figure and a ground.

Particles of dirt trapped between toes, adhering/stuck to excited skin.

Attributes. (Found in the rape sequence.)

Trivial

Ironic

Existential

Nihilistic

Erotic

Feminine

Masculine

Androgynous

Egotistical

Hysteric

Impersonal

Nuclear

Textural

Performative

Angelic

Satanic

Excremental

Brutal

Beginning.

Boy driving: She's right.

Boy in the passenger seat playing a game: What? What are you talking about?

Boy driving: The car.

Boy in the passenger seat playing a game: What about it?

Boy driving: I want to clean it.

Boy in the passenger seat playing a game: What?

Boy driving: I want to clean it.

Boy in the passenger seat playing a game: No, let's get home.

Boy driving: No.

Boy in the passenger seat playing a game: We can do it tomorrow. I'll help you tomorrow.

Boy driving: No.

Petrol station on an A road.

A dirty blue car sitting against a white wall.

A boy: Should we get her out of the car?

A boy: Yeah. She can sit over there.

CLEANING THE CAR. (Atmospheric soft background music plays.)

A view from the perspective of a boy moving a yellow cloth across the front windscreen, rubbing to remove any leftover water.

Open all doors, including the boot/hatch. (This helps to air out stale, musty odours.)

Clean out all rubbish from the footwells, interior storage compartments and the boot area. This is a good opportunity to get rid of all unwanted belongings – items that are no longer needed to be carried around in the car.

Plastic bottles strewn on the floor of the passenger side and in the rear (7x).

Discarded cans of energy drink (4x).

Sweet wrappers.

Twix.

Marathon.

Bounty.

Discarded paper bags, brown and white, some crumpled containing food crumbs.

Raisins.

3 polystyrene cups, teeth marks embedded in one of them. One contains two dried cigarette butts that have absorbed the coffee dregs that they were extinguished in.

Stale smell, even though all windows are open. Cigarettes overflow the full ashtray, permanently pulled out, unable to be closed. Emptied.

Remove all floor mats.

VACUUMING.

Use a high-powered wet/dry vacuum.

Having activated the vacuum, clean the footwells, remembering to slide the seats forward and back to gain access to those harder-to-reach spots.

The car door is open, and a boy's arm is leaning into the footwell of the driver's side seat holding a vacuum hose. The seat is pushed back as far as possible, and the pedals are visible. A boy vacuums all interior areas of the car – footwells, seats, storage areas, boot, etc.

Plastic.

A boy sprays some trim cleaner onto a cloth and rubs it into the trim and dashboard areas, being careful not to spray the steering wheel or pedals as they could become slippery and make driving dangerous.

A boy can hear in his mind/recalls the sound of her pleas, inaudible muttering stumbles from her swollen mouth.

Pleathe. Pleathe.

Plastic seats.

Plastic dashboard.

Plastic handle on gearstick.

Plastic steering wheel.

Black plastic.

Clean the seats.

A boy: Are you using the right product?

A boy: Eh?

A boy: The seats. Read the instructions on the bottle first – leather and plastic seat cleaners are to be used differently.

A boy: Oh, right.

Plastic seats being cleaned with a cloth.

A boy's hand rubs the seat up and down. The boy takes his time cleaning the indents to make sure each seat is clean.

A boy's arm is visible as he wipes the rubber mat to clean. A boy then takes the mats and places them back into the front and rear footwells. A boy stands up from his kneeling position and backs away from the car. The car doors are shut.

#### PORTRAIT OF THE MOTHER A FEW YEARS LATER.

The body measures 180.34cm and weighs 80.73kg.

The unembalmed body is well preserved and cool to the touch due to refrigeration. Rigor mortis is fully developed in the major muscle groups. Livor mortis is fixed and purple posteriorly except over pressure points. However, during the initial examination in the emergency room, there was no rigor, and lividity was at a minimum and unfixed. The skin is intact and shows no sign of trauma except for medical intervention. The scalp hair is blond with light brown roots and measures up to 12.5cm in length at the back and top of the head. The irides are hazel, and the pupils are equal, each measuring 0.5cm in diameter. The corneae are intact and contain no foreign matter. There is a 3mm raised nodule on the right side of the nose. The natural teeth are in good condition.

The frenula are intact. (Frenula: small folds of tissue that secures the motion of a mobile organ in the body)

The oral mucosa (mucous membrane) and tongue are free of injuries.

The external ears have no injuries. There are bilateral earlobe piercings. No earring or jewellery were present. There are no earlobe creases.

The neck is symmetrical and shows no masses or injuries. The trachea is in the midline. The shoulders are symmetrical and free of scars.

The chest is symmetrical and shows no evidence of injury. There are bilateral breasts with asymmetry of the left breast due to scarring. The flat abdomen has no injuries. The back is symmetrical. The buttocks have inconspicuous small scars. There is a flat round scar on the lower aspect of the left buttock approximately 1.5cm in diameter. The genitalia are those of a normally developed adult woman. There is no evidence of injury. The anus is unremarkable.

The upper extremities are symmetrical and have no injuries. The fingernails are long and clean. There is a linear 1cm scar to the anterior right forearm. The lower extremities are symmetrical. The toenails are short and clean. There is no edema (swelling) of the legs or ankles. There is no abnormal motion of the neck, shoulders, elbows, wrists, fingers, hips and ankles.

There is no bony crepitus or cutaneous crepitus present. (Crepitus: a crackling sound caused by the friction between bone and cartilage or between fractured parts of a bone)

There are multiple scars on the body.

A flat scar, 1.5cm in diameter, is present on the middle third of the anterior surface of the right thigh. Lateral to this scar is another flat scar, 1.5cm in diameter. There are several small inconspicuous scars on both buttocks. There is a cluster of parallel, linear, well-healed scars on the anterior and lateral aspects of the right leg.

The heart weighs 305g.

The lungs weigh 550g and 500g, right and left respectively.

The liver weighs 2550g.

The liver is somewhat blunted.

The kidneys are of similar size and shape and weigh 160g and 190g, left and right respectively.

The vagina is normally wrinkled and contains no foreign matter.

The brain has a normal convolution pattern and weighs 1300g.

The meninges are clear. (Meninges: the three membranes enveloping the brain and spinal cord)

The cortical surfaces of the brain have mild to moderate flattening of the gyri with narrowing of the sulci.

(Gyri: the ridge or fold between the clefts of the cerebral surface of the brain)

(Sulcus: a groove or furrow between two convolutions of the brain)

Acute combined drug intoxication.

A) Toxic/lethal drug: Chloral hydrate (Noctec)

1) Trichloroethanol (TCE) 75ug/mL

(Active metabolite)

2) Trichloroacetic (TCA) 85ug/mL

(Inactive metabolite)

B) Therapeutic drugs

1) Diphenhydramine (Benadryl) 0.11mg/L

2) Clonazepam (Klonopin) 0.04mg/L

3) Diazepam (Valium) 0.21mg/L

4) Nordiazepam (Metabolite) 0.38mg/L

5) Temazepam (Metabolite) 0.09mg/L

6) Oxazepam 0.09mg/L

7) Lorazepam 22.0mg/L

These drugs are primarily taken to reduce anxiety and stress and as sleeping aids.

The Beautiful.

The Sublime.

The Tragic.

The Ugly.

The Comic.

## Dahmer Glasses

My boyfriend bought new glasses,  
they make him look like Jeffrey Dahmer,  
well, if Jeff was bald and French.  
I face swapped him with Jeffrey's mugshot,  
it aligned so well with him that  
I felt I had been given a glimpse into  
the multiverse dreamed up by Dennis and I  
of its me and his Jeffrey sitting in a tree, K- I—  
My boyfriend's too nice to be Jeff.  
Me on the other H-A-N-D.

I had a pair of Dahmer glasses  
when I was a preteen,  
they did not make me look hot.  
On a prepubescent round head,  
they took all the space. A monster mask  
for a little monster with an angelic face.  
By the time I'd reached the age of eleven  
I'd started fires in two churches,  
attempted to poison my brother once,  
and in my dreams I'd K-I-L-L-E-D.

There's something about the look  
in the eyes as you choke them.  
A lost, panicked betrayal  
punctuated by the feel of their throat  
trying to swallow against the curve of your hand.  
God's palms on his clay models.  
Crush back to the shapeless nonexistence  
or release, allow the air of life to enter.  
The look is always the same, not specifically human.

I've been God to many K-I-T-T-E-N-S.

But there is one neck I want to hold,  
caress with the intimacy of a noose.  
Complete what my childhood self failed to do,  
save multiple versions of me parallels of pain.  
In another verse, that me is in the tree with Jeff,  
we have just cut up the brother,  
sliced off his cock whilst inside my ass,  
shoved it up his own as his balls came  
a puddle of wasted semen  
on the wreck of a wasted M-A—

My brother had a pair of Dahmer glasses,  
on him it made sense, in hindsight.  
I slapped him so hard one time  
those moon goggles orbited his head  
landing back on his nose skew-whiff,  
a bit how I'd feel after he touched me.  
I face swapped him with Gary Glitter,  
his caller ID on my phone is a photo of Savile.  
*Homeless man found hogtied, dead in a tent,  
his own penis up his ass, testicles in his M-O-U-T-H.*

Oh, Jeffrey, what are we like?  
Up this tree, K-I—

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Dominic Lyne is a London-based writer. Drawing from personal experiences, his work aims to shine a light upon the darker sides of humanity and society.  
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**L.A. Story**

Red twilight. There are no clouds, just a limitless expanse of bleeding sky. The sun is going down beyond a horizon whose view is so unencumbered by either natural or artificial masses it looks like the gaseous, burning ball is slipping beneath the ground, under the desert's emptiness, rather than rolling further westward. There must be more room for burning down there. More things to burn too.

I'm sitting on the couch. Faded brown/orange 70s pattern. The few pieces of furniture in the house smell of neglect and are stained with what's seeped through the occasional guests' pores, mouths and cocks since the ranch was abandoned. Or requisitioned. Or deliberately kept in a state of apparent decay. When we got here in the late afternoon, the air over the cars' hoods was a veil of overheated distortion. Noises of engines cooling down are still audible from where I sit. Someone in the other room turns the stereo on and *Crimson and Clover* starts playing. I get the lipstick out of my purse and use it to write on the wall above the right armrest, in large capital letters: THE EVENING REDNESS IN THE WEST.

*'You alright back there, pretty girl? You're not saying a word. Make-up's running or something?'*

*Laughter. Only the Asian boy at the wheel keeps staring through the windshield, making no sound except for a tongue click when Georgie gives him directions. The others are driving behind us, keeping in sight; the driver, a chubby spic in a striped polo shirt, has a rosebud mouth and a bullet-sized scar on his right cheek. I'm dozing off in the heat, the faint scent of the car freshener barely perceptible beneath the air-sucking hugeness of Georgie's black bulk. The guy sitting next to me lights a cigarette. He's balding and freckled and sunburnt, and when he looks at me, I see the face of a tapeworm.*

The spic pokes his head in.

'He's coming to.'

I follow him down the hallway and into one of the rooms in the back of the house. There's a small spotlight on top of a rickety tripod. The Asian is sitting on the windowsill, fiddling with the camera, waiting for us to start. The others are taking tools out of a Kipsta bag.

Jeremy was laid on a foldable cot bed while still unconscious, wrists and ankles attached to the frame with zip ties, a pillow under his pelvis. He's drooling copiously, saliva gleaming like snail slime all over his chin, muttering unintelligible sounds. One of the men is throwing his clothes in a trash bag.

Georgie, standing in the doorway of another room connected to this one, motions for me to come in and tells me to get ready.

The room is doorless, with nothing but a bed in it. A picture of the Virgin Mary is hanging on the wall, caked in dust and fly shit, its colors faded away. I take off my clothes and drop them on the mould-smelling coverlet.

Georgie watches me undress. When I pull down my panties, he points at my cock with a thumb.

'You gonna need help with that?'

I look down at it, start stroking the shaft. I sit on the edge of the bed, legs slightly apart.

'I did some before we left, guess I'll be okay.'

'Let's see.'

I lie back to jerk off, cupping the balls with my free hand. It takes a while before my cock starts to respond to the movements of my wrist. Georgie gets a popper out of his pocket and puts it under my nostrils. I close my eyes and inhale the acrid smell. The hit comes in a hot rush, like a mounting wave.

'Good girl. Keep tugging it.' Georgie stoops down to gently finger my asshole. 'Yeah, don't stop, babe... The dude wants to see a boner... the kind you get when they diddle your tight little butthole... Yeah, that's good. That's my babe. Sammy-girl never lets me down. Come on now. You guys ready?' he calls over his shoulder, rubbing his hands. Someone replies with a faggot's squeal of excitement and a power tool's shrill noise.

*Summer. Late afternoon's sun shrapnel on the pool's surface. A myriad of dragonflies driven insane by the heat hear the call of liberating mass-drowning. I wonder what the sun is doing to human beings. Jonestown of the soul.*

*I look out the first-floor window, turning my bangles round my wrist. Georgie is sitting in his high-backed chair drinking Jack Daniel's. He leans across the desk to fill up my glass.*

*'Well, Samantha – I need an answer, and I need it now. Are you gonna do it or not?' Georgie's fingers are a pack of brown jumbo franks, or five turds arranged side by side on the Norman Foster desk. A neat line divides the dark skin above from the soggy-fish-colored pads below.*

*'Think twice before fucking up, babe. You don't wanna know what's gonna happen if you chicken out after we've set the ball rolling, so to speak.'*

*'I said I'm gonna do it.'*

*He stares at me.*

*'I won't fuck up. I just want the goddam money.'*

*Georgie bursts out laughing.*

*'That's why it's so much fun to be your agent, honey.'*

*He slowly gets up, empties his glass and starts pacing around the room, massaging his nape with both hands. He stops in front of the window, squinting at the blinding light, stretching.*

*'A textbook case of right person at the right place at the right moment, this dude... ain't he, Sammy-Sam?'*

*I'm about to say something, but words can no longer form in my head, let alone make my vocal cords vibrate. I was made aphasic long ago by a boiling pitch of craving and need that I chose to gobble down. A clot of the stuff got permanently stuck in my mind's larynx, from which words simply don't come out.*

*'... with his special requests and all. Quite a fluke, at what we can safely say is a rather dead point in your, uh, modeling career.' I look at the palm trees, their fronds palsied in the lack of breeze. 'But you can still get hard and shoot a load. That's something. Easy money. Kind of pays the rent, if one doesn't shovel it all up one's nose, that is.'*

*There's an African wooden idol in a corner of Georgie's office. A huge, roughly carved female figure with stylized breasts and a deep crack for a vagina. She's baring two endless rows of fangs, watching us with the sex-crazed eyes of a child-eater.*

In the room, now bathed in twilight, Jeremy has started to wake up. They have ball-gagged him, a shiny pink ball clownishly protruding from his mouth. I look at his face, made red and puffy by the ketamine. His eyes are painfully, clumsily forcing the mind to make sense of the shards of reality wedging themselves through his muddled consciousness. He can perhaps see me standing by the cot, but I doubt he can construct any rational or emotional meaning from what is at best a haze of flashbacks.

Georgie is giving instructions to the men. Two of them are at the opposite ends of the cot to further restrain Jeremy from shaking too violently. The gook is chewing a gum.

Georgie hands me a mask. It's a plastic Noh theatre mask, a Kasshiki.

*'Put this on. Your face'll be kept out of frame, but you wear this all the same. Just in case.'*

I'm pulling my precarious erection, thinking: you're still in time. But I know I'm not. I know a thing or two about burning bridges. I climb the cot, straddling Jeremy, and the Asian signals he's started to shoot.

I slap Jeremy across the face, not too hard, until his clouded eyes focus on me. His mouth is straining to speak, but it's all he can do to let out a moan. I position myself, spit on my dick and start pushing it inside. He whines, trying to wriggle free, and when he feels the bite of the zip ties preventing him from moving, a sparkle of panic flickers in his eyes. I'm holding him by the waist, thrusting, then Georgie passes me a pair of pruners. The camera follows my movements as I pinch one of Jeremy's nipples between thumb and forefinger, close the blades around it and cut it off. The ball-gag can hardly muffle his screams. The pain makes his anus contract around my dick, and I shove it deeper inside as I snip the other nipple off. Jeremy screams and writhes on the foldable bed. The men hold him down as the camera alternates between his bleeding chest and my pumping cock.

*'Turn now, look at me. Spread it a bit... Okay. Christ's sake, girl – smile, would you? Pretend your heart is, you know, in it. Like you're kinda enjoying it or something.'*

*The director is closing up on my asshole and balls from behind as I'm pulling my dick. We're shooting in the garden in the back of someone's bungalow, a patch of grass squeezed between a kidney-shaped miniature pool and the peeling wood fence. Smells of chlorine and garbage; PlayStation sounds coming from the living room window where someone's waiting for their turn with the director. Valley decay.*

*'Alright. Lie on your back now, put your legs on the armrests. Keep beating off. Don't cover the head, use only two fingers. Lift your ass a bit – lean back, the angle makes it look longer... Yeah, that's good.'*

*I'm jerking off faster now, but it's all I can do to keep my cock hard enough, barely slick with watery precum. My balls are tingling, but it's mere friction, mechanically engorging my dick with a frustration that doesn't turn into pleasure. Following the director's instructions, I squeeze my tits while pretending to come with a low, unconvincing moan.*

*The director sighs. 'No sauce, but I guess this is as good as it gets today... Okay, we're finished here. Scram, babe. And hey, tell that Jeremy guy in there to get ready.'*

*I pick up a towel, wrap it around my waist and walk to the bungalow's back door where I bump into the owner, a dwarf in white swim trunks and flip-flops who winks at me with a rat's smirk. I go straight to the bathroom and lean against the wall to masturbate, watching*

*myself in the mirror, listening to the sounds of a fighting game. When I come, the face in the mirror is so worn out and vacant I have to avert my eyes from it.*

I'm half inside him, fucking him slowly as the camera takes the whole scene in. I need several hits of amyl to keep hard, but the stash of vials in Georgie's breast pocket is enough to keep me going.

When he sees the pruners getting closer to his face, Jeremy lets out a whine and a stream of urine and pulls against the ties, the sharp edges cutting his wrists and ankles. The freckled guy rudely pushes his head down.

Georgie nods approvingly as I chop Jeremy's nose off with a quick snip. The jolt of pain is so violent the amputated nose is flung halfway across the room, blood spraying on my breasts and belly, his ass clenching around my cock in spasms. I thrust a couple of times, pushing it all the way in, then the other guy's hand enters the frame holding a kitchen torch. By the time the flame touches the raw flesh of Jeremy's wounds, he's howling so loud he's on the verge of choking. On my left the Asian is chewing gum while changing angles. He's wearing a black Oyasumi Punpun t-shirt. His eyes are slits of cold, sleepy indifference.

I take the butane torch from the guy and look into Jeremy's blue eyes. He's crying, his mind crushed by the absurdity of his situation. Tears and blood and saliva are flowing down his cheeks. He desperately tries to keep his eyes shut as I bring the flame close to them, scrunching up his face in a hopeless attempt to avoid what's coming. The freckled guy pries his eyelids open. When the flame burns them, Jeremy's eyeballs implode like seething craters.

*'Moisturize, moisturize, moisturize,' she says, rapping on the wheel with purple nails. The speed's kicking in big time, a thrumming pulse of teeth-grinding logorrhoea. 'First thing you do in the morning, last thing you do before going to sleep. First thing you do all the fucking time. Even more frequently, if you ask me.'*

*There's been a crash further down the street. The lights of two ambulances are flashing above the roofs of the cars stuck at the intersection. I watch the tow truck manoeuvre among the vehicles. The high-pitched sounds of power tools overwhelm the slow muttering of a thousand engines and a cacophony of car stereos.*

*'Modeling is a cutthroat industry, and it's either sink or swim, though not necessarily survive. And before you say anything, darling – electrolysis is not the answer. That's just one step. That's the easy way, but – surprise, surprise – it's definitely not, I repeat, not, the way out. And please note that I'm not talking about the redness, swelling, potential scarring, ingrown hairs whose very mention never fails to make me sick since I was, like, three years old, and other such horrors. The meaning I want to convey, the actual fucking point, is that...'*

*'Okay.'*

*She turns to look at me. Her sunglasses cover half of her face, replacing her eyes with pools of Vantablack void.*

*'This city is a meat grinder, man. What you want is attitude. Do you understand? Do you actually understand? A-T-T-I-T-U-D-E. It's not about lifestyle, or those insipid codified behavioral patterns anyone can adopt without even knowing. What I'm talking about is priorities, a whole new set of them. A whole new self, a whole new woman, a whole new... Honey, what's your name again?'*

*Coming from the cars around us, the restless beating of Hardcore rhythms merges with Latin music. As we get closer to the crash site, I hear the whoooooomp of oxy-acetylene torches. I plan to jump out of the car and throw myself into their flames.*

Jeremy coughs and spits when they remove the ball-gag. I'm holding a lug wrench. I smash his teeth with it, hitting him all over the mouth until both jaws are nothing but tooth stumps and bleeding cavities. The broken lips swell and blacken at once. The zip ties have cut so deep into the flesh they're barely visible. I pry his mouth wide open with the lug wrench and crush the remaining stumps with the torch grip. I burn the inside of the mouth, trying not to breathe the whiff of smoke coming from his charred gums and tongue. I'm fucking him hard now, watching the ugly freckled guy rub a hard-on through his pants.

Jeremy is convulsing. He turns left and right, the tendons in his neck stretched to the limit, sprinkling blood on the men restraining him. A phone goes off in the other room, unanswered. The ringtone goes on and on, The Archies' *Sugar Sugar*. I pull out and lean forward to put my dick in his gurgling mouth. The boy closes in with the camera, zooming on my tumescent cock going faster and faster until I take it out and start cumming all over Jeremy's face. The sounds coming out of his throat are beyond all that I thought was

human. His eyes look like the insides of halved sea urchins. If he's crying, I can't tell the tears from the oozing fluid of his melted eyeballs.

I'm punching holes in his belly with a light-duty drill. The taper point goes effortlessly in through the abdominal wall and bowels. He's half unconscious now, the men slicing his cheeks with a cutter and burning his balls with lighters to keep him awake. The screaming is now a long, guttural sound coming out of the smoldering mouth. I drill through his dick and balls until they're little more than bloody sponges, then Georgie points at the ass. I stick the taper point inside it and push it as far as it can go. Blood trickles down my forearm and elbow.

Jeremy's death would be agonizingly slow if Georgie didn't tap on the guys' shoulders and take a cord out of the gym bag. He hands it to the man who's still fondling a chubby through his jeans. They wrap the cord around Jeremy's neck and pull with both hands until he's no longer moving. The boy stops shooting after panning one more time from Jeremy's disfigured face down to his ravaged asshole.

They stuff his Calvin Klein panties in his mouth and wrap his head in duct tape. Georgie and the gook are already watching the video, checking it frame by frame while the others cut the zip ties and lift the body off the cot. I climb off, wobbling on weak legs.

I hear the men carry the corpse across the backyard, laughing and cursing in Spanish when one of them stumbles on their way to the stone oven.

I stagger toward the bathroom down the hall. Most of the floor tiles are broken or uneven. The shower is smeared with rust and dirt. I wash the blood, urine and spunk off my skin and hair. Then I just stand in the stall, doing nothing, just letting the water flow. Thinking nothing at all.

*'It's not as if I weren't trying, Sam.'*

*'Are you? I really didn't notice. Maybe you could just try a little harder.'*

*'I wanted to.'*

*'No, you didn't.'*

*'Oh, shit – you don't even... you don't even know what YOU want, so don't act as if you could read me like an open book, okay? Get in touch with reality, Samantha, 'cause it's just about time you did.'*

*'You have no right to do this. You have no fucking right to blame me for how things got so fucked up between us, Ashley.'*

*'They've been from the very start.'*

*'...'*

*'Goddammit, Sam...'*

*'...'*

*'I... I don't think it was ever worth trying, in the first place.'*

*'But I love you.'*

*'Christ. Look, it's not any easier for me.'*

*'...'*

*'There's something we don't want to give each other, period. Things we might lack altogether, for all I know. Take a closer look, and you'll see there's nothing there.'*

*'...'*

*'We just had to learn it the hard way.'*

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I'm Fede, 36, from Northern Italy. I'm a compulsive reader of both fiction and essays and an amateur writer. I'm interested in all forms of experimental art and literature, queer culture and modern history (even though my job is entirely unrelated to my interests). Find me on [Goodreads](#) and [Instagram](#).

**Vandal,  
my MILF teeth.**

*Housewife for hire. Specialties include roleplay group-sex  
exhibitionism S&M straight guys married men anal oral  
vac-pumping daddies. Conjugal duties. Bad housekeeping.  
I want to meet your Oedipal complex and suck the bitch  
to  
Completion.*

Petrus has a pre-eminent voice enunciated in cut-glass English. Something about it will catch on your nerves. Foredoom you to destruction. Like the bite of papal teeth tearing into a rotten apple – there is a sin there, but not the worst kind. Petrus’s voice vandalises silence. Oi! *Mind* how you pour that stuff; he snorts as I measure 4mls of easy-lay and mix it with my gin & tonic. The taste of the potent substance – sets my MILF-teeth on edge.

I have been called here tonight to be Petrus’s wife. Called to Petrus’s townhouse on an affluent street in a district of London I’m unfamiliar with. Hired by the hour to play the iniquitous spouse. A bibulous tart. Here to celebrate Petrus’s 56<sup>th</sup> birthday. Hoorah! I’ve decided, the only challenge tonight is to **SAVE** my heavy Mondrianic make-up from smudging. It took that long to apply. I’m so bored... I could **dig out my eyes with a spoon**, I hiss. Pour me another gin and tonic, dar’ling.

All part of an act. Petrus enjoys my performance. Tracing the exterior of my body as I cross the room. Filling his attentive eyes. I pivot on an outer spangle of a headrush. Half laugh, balance back on myself dancing in silvery slingbacks. If this woman's work is to lift the delicate hem of her dark chiffon negligée ... then it is as good as done here as it is in the kitchen. Petrus arouses himself tugging on his flaccid cock.

Swivelling my hips, a live Sheela na gig. A thrashing eel. Petrus tugging harder on his flaccid cock. Give me your arse... he insists. O that *crisp* cut-glass English voice – turning me on. Bored and sad. Leant forward from the couch where he'd lounged. Open-shirted; dull chest hair a wiry grey magnesium colour; trousers down. I turn my back on Petrus and bow.

Full of perfection. Those paunchy fingers pull aside my knicker-elastic. Hairy nostrils nuzzle between my buttocks, sniffs. Smells a prior load which's made my arse interior as rancid as a pig's stomach. Petrus indulges his mouth there sucking – tonguing. Pinning all his attention on felching my arsehole till the spoils of his endeavour ooze out my anus and quench his need of abasement.

I laugh as much for my satisfaction as his. Laugh for the joy of cliché. The drunken, selfish excitation. Acting the part.

The whims of an ugly man. I've long since internalised my kin's dislike of all things *queer*. Yes, and in spite of their bigotry, their homophobia – I shit gold witnessing myself debauching in sex acts the likes of which the retentive relatives definitely could never foreknow of me.

Call me Sylvia. Call me slut. Sex-witch. This chick-dick confidence stirs me up, a triumph of libidinous, cavorting want. I rock, hard cock. Gangly, slender. Temperamentally sincere. Nicely twofaced. No emptier than the dark sonorities of background music, abruptly turned louder. Piano, and voracious strings – seething from teak Wharfedale speakers. A din! Petrus is appalled. That din is Rachmaninoff. Ha! Silly me. In the warp and undoing of my bad housekeeping, I confess a preference for 90s electro-pop and fall back talking too much into the warped abyss of loneliness.

Because Petrus's Birthday is a Sildenafil and cigarettes pageant. We need to touch and be touched. I recoil in horror at my sham husband's erectile dysfunction. Swallow another pill Petrus and Light me a cigarette would you dar'ling? I purr to the best of my coquettishness distracting him from my Philistinian error over Rachmaninoff.

Liking the sound of my asexual voice.

Acting the part or being myself...! Shall we have a top-up? 4mls and a splash of gin.

Getting into myself. I'm working my hand around the surface of that fat cock of his, circling the surface of his bulging meatus. Dabbing his precum on the tips of my fingers, a morish taste – I'll need a lot. He's rubbing my perineum with his thumb. Deftly into position. Stacked up behind me. The force of entry causes discomfort. I jolt.

My blonde wig slips forward. IN ONE PIECE, the Symmetry of hard fucking, keeps me still.

There is always a mood which doesn't need articulating but in case you don't know it, let me explain. I am alive right now. Ready for the physical dynamite to explode. Every nerve-

ending abuzz, every tendon in my body full of alert readiness. Eyes, I dream of this moment, engaged in the present. Boredom even arouses me now. Purple light flashes at the periphery of my vision. I am so ready.

Every angel of every echelon is here watching that fat sweating bastard Petrus dynamiting my arsehole, I can feel their susurrations all over me, *begging*, don't stop.

Smugly for once I felt beauty on my side. Felt righteous in my own voice. Sylvia's been at it, I scorned. Been swanning around the room too long, demanding those gin and tonics, vomiting down the toilet. Back for more, she comes. Petrus is waiting impatiently. Raw as the nerve of a vandalised tooth – broken on his knees. Petrus – grabs for the hang of my erection, catches it like he's a meat-hook at this phallic stage. He'll squat forward and I will fuck him in that anus which tastes of rotten apple.

**hidden**

my thoughts bend  
as he fucks my ass  
w/ his long thick cock  
i am farther away  
from the moment  
than one might expect

he's behind me,  
thrust, grunt, grind  
a vapid smile slapped across  
his snarling lips

my circus mirror reflection  
winks back at me,  
as we bounce together  
in a tortured rhythm of passion

after his cum slides down my throat,  
after he dresses & races home for dinner,  
after an indifferent sun finally sets & a relative sense  
of normalcy returns,

i lick the barrel of a gun  
& wonder

if today is the day,

& sigh

realizing,  
it is not.

not just yet

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jack/lyn henry is a pansexual queer writer based in the high desert of southern california. jack/lyn has found recent success at *pink disco*, *flying dodo*, *delicate friend*, *horror sleaze trash*, and elsewhere. jack/lyn has a new chapbook coming out in apr23 called *LOS ANGELES*.



### **My Battered Heart**

Image of a boy on  
the corner of a festival tent, brown hair flailing, knees bent, bruised over the dirty grass,  
drugged  
out of his head, heart, holiness, on  
molly probably, or LSD, dreaming as  
he's ambushed by a crowd of flesh-eating face-painted metalheads like  
some kind of young prophet, martyr in the Old Ages he'd  
read about in history class  
Like Arthur Rimbaud and the sailors  
down at the French Commune  
Completely silent at first, churning out visions in his mind  
as they press his waist down

Maybe he'll write about it one day, the pain will sublimate into something  
almost too beautiful for words

The fear in his eyes, picture of a boy's absinthe-green, terrified, jittery,  
dilated eyes will metamorph into a rose

His cries and screams echoing so delicately  
as if looming from the mouth of some iridescent, castrated,  
medieval choir twink

They'll plaster him on churches and school hallways

He'll smile wide as the flashbulbs pop

Mom will never lecture him again

Pop will never raise his hand again

Every boy in every rock festival,  
deserted, cruising cum-thirsty fag-ridden park,

back-alley street real late at night,  
school locker room, football field around ten

will have something to look forward to after the pain

For now, it's just pain

Under big metalheads, long grubby ebony locks,  
about 8, 11, 14, 10

Over the grass, on the corner of some worn-out  
trashcan-grey festival tent

Never again

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Pedro Minet is a young writer and visual artist from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He's very into Jean Rhys, Kawabata and Scott Walker right now. This is his second time being featured in *SCAB*. Say hi to him on Instagram [@pedrominet](https://www.instagram.com/pedrominet).

## AFTERWORD

The 13<sup>th</sup> issue of SCAB comes out in September 2023.

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

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thank you dearly.

