



<http://www.horrorsleazetrash.com>



HSTQ: SUMMER 2018

The End of an Era **Arthur Graham**

Ever since its inception eight years ago, we have all come to know and love the original HST website, but owing to a number of ongoing design/technical issues, it is doubtful we'll be posting new content there in the future. Long story short, please consider this our official announcement that horrorsleazetrash.com will be going static until further notice.

But that doesn't mean HST will be stopping anytime soon!

If you hate most social media like I do, it is doubtful you'll appreciate having to access our shit from these venues, but until we've found ourselves a new home, I'm afraid it's all we've got for now. So, hold your nose if you have to, but here's where you can keep up with us in the interim, until we're more properly resettled:

www.facebook.com/horrorslztrash
www.horrorsleazetrash.tumblr.com
www.instagram.com/horrorslztrash
www.twitter.com/horrorslzztrash

Our goal is to be back up and running with a brand-new site before the next issue drops. In the meantime, keep it sleazy, stay tuned, and by all means – keep those submissions coming!

Arthur Graham
Salt Lake City, June 2018

Lovely Filth **Winter Zakalwe**

I don't think it's right
to think of other people as trash,
but some of my favorite people clearly are.

Using you is only a petty act of vandalism
like tagging a dirty wall
in a poor neighborhood.

It turns out I'm not fucking you—
I'm fucking the world
and you're my condom.

Misunderstood
John D Robinson

'My mother doesn't understand me
and it's upsetting me that she
doesn't understand' she said to me:
a 64-year-old squat, bald, toothless
guy who had recently and
superficially changed his gender:
he was no longer Colin but
Julie and wore a huge and
hideous oversized blonde wig, a
dazzling orange dress, cosmetics
smeared and clumsy, a pair of
bright red flat shoes: she told
me that when she first visited
mother in the care home as
Julie, her mother laughed,
for the first time in years,
she laughed thinking it was a joke
and it took a while before he could
explain to her that he'd had
these feelings all his life and now
was the time to let-free his
inner-self and mother said that
she would never be able to bring
herself to call 'him' Julie and
that he'd always be her son Colin
and that it was probably just a
phase he was going through
and that he would out-grow it.
'Maybe she needs time' I suggested.
'She hasn't got a lot of time left,
she's 96' he replied.
'Maybe shaving the beard would
help some' I offered.
'I've been thinking about that'
said Julie.

Hitting Home
John D Robinson

The wine is hitting home
and it's a good place to be
right now
at home with a couple of
bottles of diablo's
chardonnay and the poems
offering themselves up
like cheap whores or
fallen angels taunting
and teasing like a 1950's
censored Elvis:
the wine is hitting home
as millions of strangers
around me starve and
fall victim to oppression
and injustice and abuse,
as animals are hunted
and forests burned and
slashed, oceans poisoned:
it's a good place to be
as the wine hits home,
numbed and fucking
useless against the
relentless mad swirl
of the world,
just for a while
as the wine hits home,
it's a good
place to be.

Fuck Politics
Scott Simmons

An angry woman complained to me
about the guns that I like jerking off to
As well as the porn that I love to shoot
with my friends

Or maybe it was the other way around
I truly can't recall

We had a civil political debate
or at least so I thought
as her yelling was really
quite sexy

I just nodded and occasionally
tried to explain a different perspective

Her lack of knowledge about porn and small explosives
deeply saddened me

And she must have misinterpreted my words
as some kind of display of sexual prowess as well
for she told me "fuck you and your redneck friends"

She seemed like an honest person
so I unzipped my pants
and I was ready for her

Yet she never did fuck me
or any of my friends
nor did she ensure that we got fucked

And frankly I was disappointed
by her complete lack of sincerity

And now I'm considered a registered sex offender
just for trying to make her happy

Politics are truly a strange beast

The Folly of Numbers
Leah Mueller

Before the November 8, 2016 election,
I passed 9 "Make America Great Again"
signs on the route between I-5 exit #236
and Glacier, Washington. The signs
were attached to long sticks, protruding
from the ground like middle fingers.

I can't remember which highway is #7
or #9, but then there's #542, which goes
all the way to Mt Baker. 9 signs, in front
of 4 different trailers and 5 modest homes,
all of them covered with dirty moss,
old engine parts and overturned chairs.
America's new greatness hadn't
quite made it to Highways #7, #9, or #542.

After the election, I counted only 1 sign,
propped defiantly against the side
of a trailer. It stood there for 17 months.

The owner remained patient.

He wanted to believe his country
could be restored to a more civil time
when white men ruled,
women kept their mouths shut,
and the working class was strong.

Finally, the sign disappeared, and now
there are 0 on the route between the off-ramp
and Mt Baker. America must be great again.
Some of us just didn't get the memo.

New Faces
Marc Carver

I had an idea
for making love to the same woman
less boring
I would put a screen over their face
and you could pick anybody you wanted
I wouldn't pick a supermodel though
I would go for the lowest dirtiest slut
I could think of
loads of makeup
smelly
the lower the better
I have never found a woman
low enough yet
but there is still time

The Laughing Man
Marc Carver

I see a man
bent slightly forward
hands in face
as if he is putting on a mask
He sobs
the only way
a man who wears boots and cream shorts can
screams with misery
then he takes his hands from his face
he starts to laugh
and his face changes
then he looks at me
and laughs even louder

Temple
Karina Bush

Bleach my cunt
The spinning vortex
Of slut crystals
That started all this

You are a little brain slut
And your cunt is in your brain
Where your conscience should be

Slut crystals spinning
Edges shredding
Unnecessary head cells

I often wake up choking
Need no blockage
Inject bleach into my brain
Wipe the disc

RIP
Karina Bush

Little girls
If you played with Barbie
Listen to this
You'll want it
You'll beg a higher power
You've been
Biologically programmed
To be driven over
By a truck-man
It's so fucking romantic
You'll rip your fucking hair out
You'll stand outside yourself
Some long bastard night
The ejaculating painball
On that bed
Is you

Girl
A. Lynn Blumer

I love the way you twirl
under my hand
& how your skirt flies out
To brush against my calves in
a gentle collide.

I love how your glasses sit
before your dark eyes
& somehow hide the freak
underneath—the freak
I recognized in me,
so very much the same.

Oh Girl, I just love the way
you taste—shamelessly
making out on dance floors
around town & then slipping
you away to my cave for
a more salacious scenario.

Oh Girl, I can't describe how
nice your skin feels against
my face, but I can say how we
played with our cameras
& I pulled out the silk ropes
I had saved for the most
trustworthy of lovers
(you're still the only one I let use).

I can't wrap my mind around
how we managed to fuck
the shit out of each other
without any cock, silicone or not,
present in the bed, but
there we lied, thoroughly worked over,
& one hundred percent satisfied.

I can't match the making
we mate,
no other tender thighs
to lips on lips even, especially
no man.

Girl, I wanna make you twirl
again in our gentle,
carnal collide.

old poems
John Grochalski

if
you writer
assholes
want my unsolicited
advice
you should never
read
your old poems
when struggling to write the new
it's like
comparing
an old lover
when fighting with the current one
thinking of
a smoking hot taco
while faced with a bowl of brown lettuce
it is
a dumb
act
made by a desperate fool
a time machine
to nowhere
the irretrievable past
staring back
at you
on the page
letting you know
how far the mighty have fallen
or that
you never
had
the talent
to begin with
at
all.

dipshit poet
John Grochalski

having
wasted an hour
on a poem
destined for the wastebasket
you look back
toward the bed
and think about
all the things
you could've done
if you'd have
just stayed
asleep.

Man In the Moon
Mitch Green

Slim silk strummed airplanes dive
down an evasive blank terrain of
dappled blue. Hands caught
exploring scissored pockets of
adolescent wonder. The cheeky
staleness of having your first
orgasm under phantom breath is
enough to feel like shiny plastic
concaving into a pulsing knot.

The sycamore husks of intimidating
giants lean down and above, shoved
windlessly into the immaturity of
sprinting bare and free before a rose
bush of horned wilderness, only to
capture the smile of a girl.

Only to lose life in between a pair
of dagger eyes spun white by the
tongue of hubris. Asunder the artery
wood that bleeds the earth so that
crystal nectar befalls venom. This
avalanche is no stretch to swallow
as the man in the moon masturbates
heinously.

Let there be innocence to the soil we
worship. Let the woman in the water
share with me her unhealed matter.
Let the scalding sensory planks of
mammal mud strangle a garden to
blossom richly.

She is thunderstorm blue; baited out
of wrist-high water, naked and negative
with greasy thumbs, teething on a red
bent cigarette.

"Eat me up" she whines.
Louder than the man in the moon
"Fuck me up" she cums.
Shiny, plastic with phantom breath

The Stain of Snow
Michel H. Brownstein

Color lines the snow, rivers of color, pools of color.
We did not look from our windows at the violence
nor did we gather at our open doorways.
When we passed the car on fire, we did not stretch our necks
nor did we smell the burnt flesh black and syphilitic.
We visited the dormitory of the perfect birds instead,
we became part of the passion for the perfect violence.
Cut away our eyelids, take out our tongues,
stretch our facial skin till we no longer wrinkle.
Elsewhere a child cries for its mother waiting in the darkness.

A Need For Underwear
Michel H. Brownstein

This is how death strips everything but underwear,
Strips the shape of the sun, the vapor of meaning,
Slits its flash into disposable skin, lets its mucus slide
From the body. This is how death takes away breath
And breath's shadow, gray shadows in pubic hair and
Public hair. Death does not listen to petitions
From wind and stream, nor does it miss the missing.
Let us sit here a moment and ponder how much energy
It takes to die, how much matter is displaced,
How in the end death leaves us naked in our underwear.

Why Would You Like to Work For Our Company?
Martin Appleby

Well,
It is all down to the fact that I have
a constant, pressing need
to pay my rent and bills
and to eat a decent meal every night
and ideally have enough spare cash
to buy the odd book
or go to a gig
or even take the occasional holiday
and once in a while
(All too often if I am being honest)
get absolutely shit faced
and maybe even
buy some recreational drugs
(which, as I am sure you're aware, are not cheap)

You see
I have no real desire
to work for *your* company in particular
but the capitalist society that we live in
dictates that I give away
a certain amount of my time
in exchange for monetary remuneration
and your company
seems as good as any other

But that probably wasn't
the answer you were looking for
was it?

exemption clause
John Gartland

So, you made it
through the payroll years
and this phase came to pass,
a prostate like a frankfurter,
another bloody funeral,
and God's hand up your ass.

A ventriloquist's dummy,
a borrowed script
and a stranger for a wife,
a proctologist's glove puppet,
with a blockchain for a life.

Prosthetic imbecility now
power-assists the age,
malignant infestations breed
a biomass of rage.

But poet and philosopher,
perennially poor,
find there is consolation
edging closer to the door.

scrub
Ben Newell

celebrity chef Anthony Bourdain
got his start
as a lowly dishwasher

the job, he claims, taught him
every important life lesson

I concur—

toiling day after day
in this dish pit at 46
has been a superlative education

I've learned
some really vital stuff

including
but not limited to

I'm fucked

I Am Not a Ghost Yet
Casey Renee Kiser

Your tongue was the only black you wore
to my funeral
You're such a fucking rebel....

You were hovering,
salivating, breathing in my death
I felt your eyes dismember me

'Everything was beautiful the day you died',
you said as you touched my cold hand

You were hovering,
salivating
at having the last word

But I was holding a piece of the mirror
I had lived in for 3 years
with you-
Holding it tight in my other hand

Split second
New life filtered through
One casket to hold all these personalities?
Ha! Who planned this funeral?!
Split your jugular
You were asking for it

I am not a ghost yet
but you are already boring me
in the afterlife

Night of the Sadist
Scott Emerson

He broke into six houses
before getting caught
a swath of spilled DNA
and teeth-stamped flesh
in his wake
but he never said a word

He was found in front of the TV
Victim #4's panties in his soiled fist
staring into the blank screen
head cocked, awaiting
a message, a command
but he never said a word

In custody the police
bombarded him with questions
(the symbols scrawled in lipstick
on the victims' torsos
What's this devil worship horseshit?)
but he never said a word

They beat him, calling him
a pervert, a dirty no-good faggot
You're looking at the needle for this
Why don't you make it easy on
yourself?

he said

I'm still thirsty

down on you
Kurt Newton

feel my lips
against that mouth that bleeds
will one day birth
the lives that will replace us

trace my tongue
along each hidden recess
taste each bitter sweet
moment we still possess

whisper my dreams
into that fruitful chamber
hear our future
echo back to me

coming home
Kurt Newton

when she wraps her skin
and traps him like an egg
between the folds
he knows it isn't love
or god or even pleasure
that keeps him coming back
but a distant fetal memory
of a place he once called home

Black Smoke
PJ Carmichael

From the ashes of waste,
the remnants of discarded furniture
and packaging from processed foods,
floats the carcinogenic miracle,
headed for the heavens
with no intention of paying the entry
fee. (A costly cover charge
to be sure.)

Flames swallow the excess debris,
fuel for a dirty fire,
releasing the noxious ghosts
trapped therein,
spirits haunted by preservatives
and unanswered prayers,
desperate for a view from the looming clouds.
Fallen embers scorch the Earth,
slip through the cracks,
descend into soil
through gaping holes in the pit.
Corroded metal permits the passageway.

More scraps are thrown
into the blaze, their fumes
littering the open air,
choking out the nearby trees,
racing towards the void above.
Vapors combust. Glass melts.
Dead wood burns leisurely.
Ink evaporates from
the paper it's printed on
as the carrier is
incinerated.
Forgotten plastics, misplaced bottles and
bags, fall victim to the inferno.
Black smoke rises,
piercing all possibilities
of an unblemished future.

Manic
L. Murphy

I used to beg for him to just
Stand in the doorway
I would kneel on the edge of our bed
Saying his name repeatedly as he slipped through the front door
I found this comfort in my mania
In my starvation
He left me emaciated,
Never fully satisfied I would stumble through our apartment
Picking up inanimate objects and throwing them at the wall
Watching as they plummeted to the ground
I could feel the sigh of relief
Immeasurable to what he used to do to me
He provided the healthy appetite of rage
With each door click
Each time he slowly said my name
Licking vowels clean
The frustration his fingertips
Sprouted
His plane landing on the other side of the world
He was closest to me when he couldn't see
The outlines of my freckles
But instead the visions
He'd manifested in his own head
The first time he told me he loved me
I felt the bed shake as the words fell out
You could see the regret
Instantaneous, he'd forgotten that loving
Meant more than being attached to the heartbeat
meant loving my mania
Meant loving my forgiveness
Meant loving open doors
It meant feeding me until I was full,
I believed him only when he was disappointed,
when he was too drunk to remember
The moments when he finally let his eyes wander
When he closed his lips to kiss me

Screaming through the phone
The final seconds
When his words were always
“I have to go, I have to go”

Diary Entry of a Webcam Girl
Steven Allan Porter

Panties draped over my lamp, my bed and laptop.
My clients favor my red corset.
If you have a valid credit card, you can see me in ways
only the bathroom mirror does early in the morning.
They like it when I keep my window open, so many
of them have voyeuristic fantasies.
Sometimes, my neighbors pass by while I work, but
they haven't even taken a peek.
(At least I hope they haven't)
I have one neighbor though, who smiles at me when
I leave my apartment. He sweeps his porch even if
it's clean. I wonder if he's seen my show?
I know other college girls who work at strip clubs and
must face their client's erections and hear their cat calls.
I read on a screen what they're afraid to say to
women in person. They ask me to choke myself,
stick a cellphone into my vagina and tell me
I remind them of their daughter.

Highway 16
Johnny Scarlotti

She claws his face
and reaches over his lap
to unlock her door
through the master control
and he almost swerves off the road into a tree

He's forced to slow it down
He tries to punch her unconscious in the process
But she gets it unlocked
and lunges out of the car
while he's still going at least 30 mph

He looks back and watches her hit the ground
Tumbling
Like a cigarette
Saw her orange heels flipping about
Like embers on the blacktop

This isn't the way it was supposed to go
Shit. He turns the car around
Sees her staggering barefoot
Into the dark forest

Damnit
He pulls the car over
gets out
and goes in after her

The Green Flashlight
Glen Armstrong

I'm not so sure I get
all this hubbub about
a man becoming a woman.

We crave that.
We always have.
Uncle Mildred enters and the crowd goes wild.

Explain what makes
an eyelash "false."
Consider the streets of Bangkok.

To illustrate my point, last basketball season,
the fellas and I would get together
after each game to try on makeup.

We would take turns wearing my mother's
Japanese geisha robe in the dark and singing
"Lady Stardust" into the green flashlight.

It was a great way to unwind
after playing so
aggressively.

Some of us still pass around
the green flashlight
as needed.

Some of us glow
green from deep
within.

My Poetry is a Tinder Hookup
Elliot Ross

One where she sucks
the scabies out
of my dying dick.

She doesn't smell
the way I'd hoped.

Poopoo ashtray mouth
and Eau de Netherswamp.

One where I'm fist deep
and missing my watch.

Her acidic juices
remove the tattoos
from my knuckles.

Her asshole dilates
and quarters
fall out.

No.

My poetry is a tweet
ABOUT
a Tinder hookup,
written entirely
in emoji.

Eggplants,
peaches,
and smiling
piles of feces.

The purple face
of a fallen angel
keeping it 100.

A Good Dive with Personality is a Great Place to Be
Ryan Quinn Flanagan

Whoever said mercy is for the weak
never knew mercy

and Doug and I are sitting in this bar
along Garson
with the smashed-in jukebox

and it is getting dark outside
in that slow way leukemia sneaks
up on you

bags under the eyes
and piss warm
beer

and Doug announces rather loudly:
I LOVE THIS BAR!

The bartender stop ragging the glasses
and looks up at us.

I take one long swig
and agree:

A good dive with personality is a great place to be.

DAMN STRAIGHT!,
Doug clanks his glass to mine
emphatically.

*Hey, what's that stupid word they use
for when rich people make a good thing bad?*

Sex?,
I ask.

No, when they make all the cool places vanilla
and ship all the winos and whores out
so they can eat \$14 olives.

Gentrification,
I say.

YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE!
Doug hollers.

The bartender is glaring at us now.
I can tell he is about to gentrify the joint
out of the two noisy assholes sitting
in front of him.

A strange line keeps repeating itself
in my brain:
the devil smokes meat, then he says drats
the devil smokes meat, then he says drats
the devil smokes meat, then he says drats
the devil smokes meat, then he says drats

just like that
over and over again.

I do not share because sharing is not
always a good thing.

Give someone hepatitis
and they will not be pleased
that you shared.

YOU THINK LUDMILLA MISSES ME?
Doug yells.

Do you miss her?
I ask.

NOT ONE BIT!,
he hollers
so that everyone in a
five mile radius knows
he sniffs her stolen knickers
when no one is around.

That's it, the bartender says,
I'm 86ing the both of you
right now!

YOU CAN TRY!,
Doug yells.

The bartender reaches under the bar
pulls out a green baseball bat
and knocks it against the top
of the bar.

I get up to leave.
Doug rushes past me out
the door.

It's true, I think to myself,
all the good joints are gone
and most the good people
too.

Halfway up the stairs
I stop to pick up a dime.

It is glued to the pavement.
I have been tricked again.