



## Foreword & Acknowledgments

Arthur Graham

horror, adj.

inspiring or creating loathing, aversion, etc.

sleaze, adj.

contemptibly low, mean, or disreputable

trash, n.

literary or artistic material of poor or inferior quality

Here at Horror, Sleaze and Trash, we have never shied away from the horrific side of things, those uncomfortable realities that have no place in decent art and literature. Nor have we ever sought to deny our sleazier, baser impulses or obsessions, those which make us the animals we are. And, unlike some snobs, we have always known that one man's trash truly is another's treasure. We are gathered here today in celebration of this unholy trinity of Horror, Sleaze and Trash.

So, without any further ado, please allow me to welcome you to the inaugural issue of *HST Quarterly*. But first, some well-deserved thanks:

I'd like to start by thanking the gods of sex, wine, and poetry, and everything else that makes this life livable; none of us would be here now were it not for the boon of your blessings. Thank you to Bryanna, our lovely cover model, who was willing to work for whiskey. Thank you to Ben John Smith for starting Horror, Sleaze and Trash in the first place, and without whose steadfast dedication and support all of us would have one less publishing credit. Thank you to all of the amazingly talented people who have submitted to the website over the years, the *crème de la crème* of whom you're about to experience for yourself. And last but certainly not least, thanks be to you, dear reader, for picking up this rag to begin with.

We sincerely hope you enjoy.

Arthur Graham

Salt Lake City, September 2016

## Contemporary Poetry

Michael Marrotti

It's a digital  
playground  
of unworthy  
abstract  
artists  
Desperate  
smiles and  
poetry that  
owns no merit  
Who can write  
in volume  
the most  
forgettable  
amount of  
poems  
It's a race  
to be first  
and nobody  
is watching  
The audience is  
the competition  
Both are stuck  
on the same stanza

Write your boring  
little heart out  
Write like you  
actually have  
something to say  
If your writing  
meets the standards  
of contemporary  
poetry  
You'll be awarded  
a friend request  
on Facebook  
by some other  
guy with an  
equally small penis  
waiting to praise  
your boring poetry  
in the hopes that  
you'll do the same

**The Cleanup**  
**Robert Beveridge**

Two candles left to burn  
on the corners of the bathtub  
and your hands move  
soap slithers over arms, neck,  
the underside of your chin.  
You pick up the straight razor  
and pause, your eyes far away  
a few seconds later you begin  
to shave your legs

**hand in hand**  
**J.J. Campbell**

i see	is
two	
people	who
walking	is
	going
hand	to push
in	whom
hand	first
down	
by the	
water	
the only	
thought	
i have	
on my	
mind	

**Baby, You Know I Like To Be**  
**Amber Decker**

bossed around in the sack, but don't you dare  
try telling me what to do anywhere else.  
You do what you need to do,  
and I'll do the same.  
My pussy is yours  
when I say you can have some; otherwise  
she belongs to me, and if she craves  
a vacation with 2 or 3 different men,  
it won't mean  
there's any less for you.  
You vacation on your own,  
and I promise not to say a thing.  
Possession is a dirty word,  
a drug-related offense, and it offends me  
when someone tries to put  
a studded collar on me, cause I ain't no bitch.  
I'm a sucker for a bad boy  
who drinks and swears too much, and I can deal  
with all kinds of trouble.  
But no yelling matches, and no crying  
about how you can't live without me  
because you know damn well  
I'm not your heartbeat  
and certainly not your lungs  
filling up as you sleep.  
You're not my man,  
and I'm not your woman  
unless I'm coming, dripping  
my stuff all over you,  
leaving rifts in the skin of your back  
like a lioness scores the trunk of a tree  
when she's heated.  
What I'm saying is  
I love you  
like a good woman should,  
like a bright moon on a dark night  
spotlighting you home  
after the applause has died down,  
so just appreciate me  
while I'm here, knowing that  
even when I disappear,  
I always come back for more.

**Sigourney Weaver Reminds Me of My Mum  
Andy Carrington**

That hair  
that mouth  
that take-no-shit attitude  
it inspires me. She's a strong woman  
running after the baby carriage in *GHOSTBUSTERS II*  
(it seems like only yesterday).

She might not even be in the same country  
or even galaxy  
but her essence is alive (I believe) somewhere  
in space  
just floating, watching  
over  
us  
from what seems like the heavens.  
Ellen Ripley never got a proper send-  
off (*RESURRECTION* was gash)  
and Mum died  
soon after before I could say  
bye  
but sometimes I like to sit back and watch all the *ALIENS*  
films back-  
to-back  
- even though I've seen them a million  
times already -  
there's a certain appeal  
in seeing an attractive woman take on  
outer-space  
monsters  
in her underpants.

Freud might say I'd kill  
for these women  
in order to keep playing out this fantasy  
but I adore them both (I ain't just  
some love-sick fan-boy)

they give me hope.

**Hiroshima no amour  
Terry Smith**

I got sucker punched  
in the psyche again  
by a venomous bitch  
with a nasty left jab  
& the sweetest ass  
you ever saw  
she knew she had me  
from the time our eyes locked  
across this filth riddled den of sin  
where the only thing you wore  
was a name tag & an attitude  
& she was the star of the show  
we lived fast & hard  
on this one way dead end street  
we call life  
where concrete & steel  
were cuddly things  
she became a cult queen  
to every hand that had  
a dick in it  
& tore through life  
like a Hiroshima honeymoon  
till one day i came home  
to a scene of carnage  
that would make a snuff film  
look like it was made by Walt Disney  
....like I said sucker punched

**Too Drunk To Drink  
Chris Butler**

I'm too drunk to drink,  
as the bile rises inside  
until I taste acidic vile,  
then my brain cannot think.

I'm too drunk to drink,  
but I wrote this poem  
in the dark all alone,  
where my smell isn't stink.

I'm too drunk to drink  
but just enough to  
spill the ink.

**Certificates  
Chris Butler**

I will die  
the same way  
I was born...

naked and afraid

with the proper  
documentation.

**Guzzle**  
**Chelsea Howard**

choking  
sucking down  
I swallow  
the world you  
live in  
all you thought  
you were getting  
was head

**Dangerous**  
**John D. Robinson**

Standing at the urinal,  
my dick in my right hand;  
half-way through, my  
mobile sounded; with my  
left hand I fish inside my  
leather jacket, jiggling  
and wriggling this way  
and that and finally  
retrieve the thing and  
then I thumb a pad  
and say "Yeah?"  
"Hi; are you okay?" she  
asks;  
"Well, I've got my hands  
full at the moment" I say  
"Where are you? I can hear  
an echo" she says;  
"I'm taking a piss in a  
supermarket crapper" I say  
I look down at my shoes  
and noticed I'd splashed  
them; I glance over  
at the guy in the next

urinal and for some  
reason I wink at him;  
he frowns, quickly zips  
up and disappears;  
"Are you there?" she  
asks "I need some  
cigarettes"  
"They're bad for you"  
I say  
"So are you" she says  
I don't argue.  
"Okay" I say and  
terminating the call  
I zip up, wash my  
hands knowing that I  
am more dangerous  
than a pack of cigarettes  
and I step back into  
the supermarket feeling  
invincible as I joined  
the queue with the  
other nicotine addicts.

**Blue Whale**  
**Johnny Scarlotti**

it was our third date  
i was confident i was going to get laid  
everything was going great then  
we went skinny dipping into the ocean and...  
well...  
we encountered a 105-foot blue whale  
the biggest fucking creature on earth today  
and i yelled at her  
"STAY AWAY!"  
but she was mesmerized  
she swam up to it  
"STOP IT!" "GET BACK!" i yelled  
she started petting it  
"NO, DON'T!"  
"OH MY GOD!" she squealed  
"IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL!"  
and  
well  
she was petting it and hugging it  
and all of the sudden a 12-foot, 1,000-pound penis jutted out  
"tough and fibrous"  
the biggest penis on earth  
it attacked her  
gored her, fucked her  
into a million little pieces  
amongst 40 pints of ejaculate  
then it turned on me but  
i was a safe distance away  
and i made it to shore without a problem  
the ocean is fucked  
i'm never going in there again

**Toucan**  
**Johnny Scarlotti**

i drive off road  
until i come across a flat wasteland  
hundred degrees in AZ  
no water  
on E  
no phone  
there's no going back  
i smile  
this'll do  
no humans in sight  
might take a while to find me  
which is alright  
i imagine myself in a couple of months  
being a dried out husk  
maybe some vultures will pick me to the bones  
i finger the barrel of my gun  
then i see a bird in the distance  
a big colorful bird  
what the fuck is that  
i aim my gun at it  
i look through the scope  
i think it's a toucan  
what the fuck is a toucan doing in Arizona  
it sees me  
and starts flying towards me  
it must have escaped captivity  
maybe a zoo  
maybe a person's house  
it's making distressed croaking noises  
it flies down to me and sits on my shoulder  
it's all fucked up looking  
like me  
it rubs its beak on my cheek  
i pet it  
it cries  
i cry  
it's OK  
i'll help you big guy

it's alright  
i'll help you

*bang*

*bang*

**Trash**  
**Thom Young**

the dead people in the world  
afraid to live  
we pass each other  
in the grocery  
in the places  
we both don't want to be  
me going one way  
and they the other.  
I don't look at them  
and they don't look at me  
this is how the world spins  
until we meet again  
Tuesday  
the trash  
needs to be on the curb  
by seven a.m.  
we both know it.

**What Happened to You?**  
**Jon Bennett**

I'm pretty desperate  
so when she calls  
I say OK and go to Pinole  
because she was hot ten years ago  
and not entirely insane.  
"I've been arrested  
12 times," she says at the bar  
and then calls the police  
to ask them if I can park overnight  
in a tow zone  
because I'm drunk.  
Her spine has gone crooked,  
she's partially bald, and  
she claws at my chest

when I try to leave.  
I get home, shaken,  
thanking God I'm not her  
as I look in the mirror,  
but then I wonder  
if she's  
thinking the same thing.

## Morning Cereal and The Universe

John Grey

Three stars explode  
as I swallow my breakfast cereal.  
Snap. Crackle. Pop.

## Work-Related Injury

Ryan Quinn Flanagan

She said she had to quit giving hand jobs  
because her arthritis got too bad  
she would have customers at the full body massage,  
regulars wanting the regular  
and her arthritis would flare up  
so she went to this specialist who filled out  
all the requisite forms  
and now she collects disability  
and doesn't have to give hand jobs  
anymore.

She showed me the form which explained  
the cause of her chronic arthritis:  
*repetitious work.*

She said the term "work" was important because the injury  
had to be work related or you got nothing.

I guess she told them she was a secretary or something  
and there was no follow-up.

Good for her, and quite the looker as well.

Retired at 23.

## Editors Can Be Dicks

Angelica Fuse

No sir,  
I don't care if I'm submitting  
at the end of your window  
No, I don't  
give a shit if you  
have your issue filled  
You think you can sit  
in your fucking  
ivory tower  
casting judgment on me  
I will build my own fucking site  
(bloodrootpoetryblog.blogspot.com)  
and I'll fucking reject  
your ass if you try  
take my author  
dreams and squash them  
be a dick  
because you know how  
to use Blogspot  
or WordPress  
tell me your issue is full  
one more fucking time  
I'll publish a thousand fucking  
poets you wouldn't look at twice  
give them airplay  
let them sound off  
let them have their poetic  
dreams  
Fuse out.



**tough guy poets knitting circle**  
**John Grochalski**

it's always the feminists  
that give them shit for being honest

those feminazis with their hairy pits and unshaved legs  
who don't understand their place in this literary patriarchy

they just don't understand what these  
white male poets are trying to achieve

so they bitch about the feminists online  
complain and gripe about the women ganging up on them  
in their very own tough guy poets knitting circle

one claims he's too edgy for the masses  
no one gets him because he's so raw

if only bukowski would rise from the dead  
anoint him and set all of these bitches straight

another tough guy poet is mad  
because those fucking feminists  
didn't like his rape poem

the one that was about this girl but really wasn't

because he changed her name from jess to jane  
even though the rest of it he took verbatim from her blog

another one continues to hate the MFA poets  
he's hated those effete bastards for years

it's agreed amongst the knitting circle  
that the MFA poets suck  
that they're as bad as the angry women poets

those fucking feminazis!

i'm a dish washer, one tough guy poet writes

so everything i put down on paper is authentic and real

fuck that, another misunderstood wordslinger posts  
i drive a truck, so that makes me the chosen one

yeah, well, i worked in the warehouses, another chimes in  
that is, until i got my cushy librarian job

but i'll still take any fucker in a bar

fucking feminazis, they all write  
lest they forget the purpose of this little gathering of brilliance

occasionally a woman poet will chime in  
usually it's something about how those feminazis  
are giving them all a bad name

real women aren't like that, those enchantresses write

the tough guy poets knitting circle revel in those comments  
it proves their point entirely

people are just so easily offended  
everyone is so PC these days

the rape poem was a joke, the one poet says  
a commentary on the way the world works

how could she not see it that way?

and that poem about my ex-girlfriend's smelly snatch  
man, that was just me saying shit for my art

no one gets art anymore, they agree

only the tough guy poets knitting circle  
understand what it takes to make great art

because they are all so edgy and raw  
and gut-wrenching and direct



only they can appreciate the appetites of jackson pollock

who killed art? they ask amongst themselves  
it must be the feminists

those feminazis who are giving true women a bad name

it always comes back to them  
with their ancient gloria steinem bullshit  
with their scratched ani difranco cds and butch tattoos  
with their small tits and penis envy  
with their aggressive and pushy personalities  
with their inability to take a joke

those feminists simply don't know how penetrating and genuine  
the tough guy poets knitting circle is  
because they can't see beyond their own anti-male agenda

those tongue-pierced cretins who never understood hemingway  
those plain-faced haters who never understood saint bukowski

who hate all men  
who are all secretly lesbians

those traitorous cunts who just want to turn and fuck  
the tough guys wives and girlfriends behind their backs

while the real men are off writing poems

about how hard it is these days  
being a visceral tough guy poet

the accusers and the victims  
in a gender-wide conspiracy butthurt

pawns in world that fails to see them  
as true masters of the universe  
bathed in all the brilliant white light

of pure genius.

### **Show Don't Tell Russ Cope**

it's a show  
don't tell  
kind of evening,  
so I show  
but then the bitch  
told everybody.

### **Grinder Russ Cope**

she comes early  
often for writing lessons  
asking me to teach  
her about sex scenes  
so I do  
until she walks funny.

### **Bad Porn Russ Cope**

I can't believe the guy  
says "that's your butt"  
when she bends over.  
Like what the fuck did  
he expect to find there?  
As he pushes in  
over and over, I feel  
bad for her having to  
pretend to enjoy  
such a fucking moron.

**To My Robot Lover**  
**Marcus Severns**

You can't turn me on.  
I'll turn you on,  
Then  
I'll turn you off.

Then I'll say,  
"Get out of here,  
Go home.  
I'm done with you."

She'll get dressed  
Then leave  
And I'll smoke a cigar  
And revel in the peace.

**The Night Charles Bukowski Drank With Harry Dean Stanton**  
**Steven Storr**

When I tell my Grandma that I'm a writer now  
That my book is coming out  
That I've finally made it  
She smiles sweetly  
Nods knowingly  
Gazes upon me with warm, admiring eyes  
You always were a good little reader  
She reminds me proudly  
I still remember you  
Sitting on that floor of a Saturday evening  
Reading the local paper out loud to me  
When you were only four  
Only four, she repeats emphatically  
Holding up four fingers  
And gesturing to the carpet floor  
I look at the imaginary spot she's pointing to  
And point out that more than any  
Precociousness on my part  
That probably says more  
About the quality of writing  
in the local paper  
at the time.

**Cosmic Loophole**  
**Ally Malinenko**

Walking home from the store last night  
in the first snowfall of this winter,  
already so late into January,  
I was too busy looking at the snow coming  
down brilliant in the streetlight  
like a thousand stars  
like a whole galaxy  
lit up right there

that I didn't notice  
until I started to slip  
that I was on that spot  
on the sidewalk.

That spot that always turns to ice  
that was never shoveled,  
that spot where 2 years ago,  
you lost your footing  
you slid on the ice,  
dropped our groceries  
cracked your rib.

That spot from which  
you crawled back to the apartment  
cold and breathless  
and I stood with you in the bathroom  
pressing fingers against your ribs  
as you winced

saying, here?  
Here?

That spot that began  
that most terrible year.  
Our year of tears.  
Our year of surgery.  
Our cancer year

when my diagnosis knocked us down.

So out here now  
in the first snowfall  
I think about it.

About slipping.  
About falling.  
On purpose.

About closing up some cosmic loophole  
so that what started with your fall  
can end with mine  
and somehow  
we can trick the universe  
and this body of mine  
onto a new trajectory  
a new spacetime line  
the one that we were supposed to be on  
the one that we slipped off of.

As if we could catch up to those people  
to that life

that we were supposed to be living.

**Still**  
**A. Lynn Blumer**

Reflect in this obsidian  
Lake—I wet cold  
Flesh contracts  
To release  
A still growth....

Desire festers  
In a red bowl,  
Congealed last year's dreams  
& I am temporarily damned.

I have no regrets.

**Untitled**  
**Arthur Graham**

we wrote our books  
and chased our girls  
and most  
wound up drunk  
and alone

some of us miserable  
others okay  
consoled  
by the words  
that we wrote

i'm with my  
mistress tonight  
i tell her  
she's not happy  
but accepts it  
anyway

she has others  
of her own  
of course  
though none  
quite so envied  
as my book

**What Might Have Been**  
**Arthur Graham**

This one time I was  
at a Bill Hicks show,  
heckling him by  
yelling "Bill Hicks?  
More like Bill DICKS!!!"

And he found this  
quite funny, actually,  
so afterwards he invited  
me to start  
writing for him.

But I was  
only thirteen  
at the time,  
and then  
he died...

**Nice Days**  
**Ben John Smith**

The copper gives me a  
speeding ticket and a  
two hundred and  
sixteen dollar fine.

He says

Have a nice day

and pats the  
roof of my car.

The road to this point,  
after about 3 or 4 hours  
of flat foot driving  
has been paved with,  
at the very least,  
one million  
road kill  
kangaroos.

Nice days are like this.

Even in all its irony.

Nice days are the ones  
that back door you  
while reaching around  
and cupping your balls  
like a tea spoon  
cradling an emu egg.

Dead kangaroos and  
speeding fines.

It sounds like the  
perfect title  
for a really bad  
poem  
about  
nothing.

**Big Shot**  
**Ben John Smith**

I spent 5 years  
submitting  
to every petty poetry rag  
under the sun

Every online  
wank fest you could  
imagine

I groveled,

Sucked dick  
for mic time,

Read to rooms  
with an audience of  
two

(Them two people  
were other feature poets  
waiting to read their shit)

I begged my friends to come  
to my shows

I self published

I rotted my  
bones with  
a desperate  
ink.

Then

After a few good years  
being published  
interviewed  
and  
getting paid

People  
started to hassle me  
for poems

And now I have nothing  
to fuel me

No poems

No drive

No hunger

Nothing to write about

I'm a father

I'm no longer drinking  
myself to death.

Haven't been put into  
a mad house

No black eyes  
or a gaunt jaw

No gritted teeth.

Just bad poems

(Like this one)

And the good life.

The trade has been fair

But

I do miss the  
way desperation felt

When I was looking for  
it from strangers

And not the people  
that I love.