



<http://www.horrorsleazetrash.com>



Changing of the Guard
Arthur Graham

Welcome to the Winter 2018 issue of *HST Quarterly*.

Horror Sleaze Trash has been blessed with some amazingly talented and dedicated individuals over the years, most of them working for little more than their love of what we do. And if this is true of all the writers, artists, and models we've featured, then you know it's true of the man who started it all, Ben John Smith.

For the better part of seven years, Ben has worked tirelessly to bring us the funk through personal hardships, relentless opposition/indifference, good times and bad. A hero? A saint? No, not by a long shot, but I'm proud to call him my brother regardless. Even as he refocuses his time and energy elsewhere, there will always be a place for him at HST.

Ben may have stepped away for now, but as the new sitting Editor in Chief, I consider it my duty to uphold his daunting legacy, keeping this baby alive not just for the simple hell of it, but for the goddamn fucking hell of it.

Oh, and one more thing – thanks to our Assistant Editor, social media expert, and all-around hottie in residence, India LaPlace – we now have a new home on Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/horrorslztrash/>

Follow us there and bring your friends if that's your thing. Otherwise, you know where to find us.

Onward and downward, y'all.

Arthur Graham
Salt Lake City, December 2017

3:33
Scott Emerson

Middle of the night
rage poem, impotent
bellowing into that black void

about women and the creative process
my twin frustrations, my dual downfalls
and it's not making me feel any better

but just over my shoulder, skirting
the edge of my peripheral vision
I feel him hovering
Bukowski's ghost
watching me bash the keys
nodding his head with a sloppy grin
as I hemorrhage like a motherfucker

it's a little intimidating
like standing next to your boss at the urinal
knowing he's judging your manhood
by the thunder of your stream

yet he's not here to criticize
or validate my ego
or any of that shit

he merely thumps among the shadows
in benevolent indifference, another wrecked soul
fucked and forgotten by the Muse

I figure he'll hang around
until this poem's finished, or once
he discovers the cupboards are dry

All Inclusive
Ryan Quinn Flanagan

Every time
I hear another one of those yuppies
(usually mousy voiced women straight from
their latest hair appointment)
say that alternative tourism is all the rage
and that they paid top dollar to be
locked in a prison cell
for the night
so they could know what it is like
to be in prison
I have the sudden urge to gang rape them
and give them AIDS
and hepatitis
and stick them
in their pretty little perfumed necks
with a metal shank
when they're not
looking.

You see,
I don't want them
to leave disappointed.

I think anyone who pays top dollar
to be locked away
should get the full
prison experience:

lousy food,
beatings from the guards,
and no partitions
in a men's crapper
that Heinrich Himmler
would be proud of,
where you can sit
reading the bible
with thirty of your closest
associates

(and no toiletries),
wondering who's going
to sodomize whom
with a weight bar
from the rec. yard
first.

Spider in the Garden
Philip Vermaas

Hunched in the dark
on familiar filthy stairs
brother to the thousand
garden spiders
spinning midnight webs.
I take a rolled cigarette,
rolled badly at that,
to count the long seconds
I'd otherwise forget.
I take a large neat whisky,
twice and twice,
the only toast
to my troubles and cares.
It's hell to see beauty
everywhere,
then to look again
and see nothing there.
It all begins to look like
the solitude and loneliness
that crawls on spider legs
down my neck.
Beauty looked back
for a while;
twined her legs
and took
with pleasure
this spider friend
to web.
Now she's unspun,
moved on,
and I'm back
on familiar filthy stairs.
My web of longing
intricately expanded
waiting for daylight
and one more
golden dragonfly
to come along.

It's all that's in me
at this moment,
the hunger for
the food of beauty.
No matter that it
will leave me
ever empty.
But
beauty is not beauty
unless there's someone
there to see it.
To the dregs
I drink
for my troubles and cares.

Sorry Wrong Number
Michael Crane

At 12.29 am
he had a phone call
from a young English woman.

She said it was Helen
but he tells her
he doesn't know her,
she has the wrong number.

She says for \$3.99 a minute
he could get to know her well
and that she would even
call him daddy, and he said,

'look here I have ethics
and morality. I am a noble beast
with good intentions
and I am offended.'

She said just for him
she would give out
a fifty percent discount

and he looked around
his squalid flat
and he could hear the
voices of the many women
who'd said no

and then in his deepest voice
he said,

'are you wearing any underpants?'

and she said Oh Daddy
you are naughty.

Yes Oh yes Oh yes.

Definition
Aneka Brunssen

the line has been crossed
the wall was erected
as soon as I transcended
words like
"transcendence"

and as I'm watching
the minstrel show
waiting for the punchline
just to criticize its potency
I'm wondering if I should have
kept squatting in the old factory.

because
back when we tagged dicks
on cop cars
I felt I had a purpose.

now I'm drowning in
meaningless descriptions
and intellectual conceit.

give me back my
teddy bear
my dildo
and my pocket knife.

definition is adulthood is a trap.

Natural Enemy
J.A. Carter-Winward

I started having affairs in my second marriage.

I could think of all sorts of ways to justify them,
one reason being he was always so spent
from looking at internet porn, but no matter.
Point is, I fucked around,
and I liked it.

I especially liked married men,
so sex-starved and disillusioned...
they were always hungry.

And I got to be the thing
they looked forward to the most.
It was great for the ego, theirs as well as mine.
They did shit with me
their wives would never do.
I would, not for them, but for *me*.

But my biggest excuse
was the role each wife played
in sending their husbands my way.

She withheld sex, bartered, manipulated.
And plus, she'd let herself go—
safely married, she no longer worried
about being attractive, interesting, or dynamic.
She'd reject his advances because he didn't compliment
her new fucking earrings
or some shit.

The story was always the same.

So, in a way,
I was their sexual
comeuppance.

I was their punishment for their gratuitous arrogance;
taking their husbands for granted; holding them hostage
with their dry, uninviting cunts.
And the shitty bait 'n' switch
they'd pulled at the altar
the moment
they said
I do.

I'm not saying it was right
and I don't do it anymore,
but I was
that woman,
once.

The one all housewives
whispered about
when their husbands
were finally caught
cheating.

I was a golem, the succulent succubus
of their serene suburban nightmares:

A terrible justice,
sucking on their
husband's cocks.

Investing in the Future
Arthur Graham

“Small donation to
the beer foundation?”
asked the haggardly
handsome man,
raising his empty
as I passed him
on the street.

I flipped that fella
an entire Euro,

fearing it
might one day
bear returns.

Designated Drunk Driver
Chris Butler

I drive
slower than the speed limit,
inches between the double vision yellow and white
lines,

steering away from the ungrateful grates
that drown us in the sewers of chlorine and alcohol,

but as
I drive
into the driveway,
I must have made
it home safe without a sound.

For the Better
John D Robinson

There are days,
perhaps too many,
when for my own
safety and for
that of others,
that I stay in bed
or at best don't
leave the house;
but even this
is no guarantee,
like today,
I was sat at the
kitchen table
reading from my
1st edition copy of
Dan Fante's
'A gin-pissing-raw meat-
dual carburettor-V8-
son of a bitch from
Los Angeles'
when there came a
knock at the door;
I was expecting nobody;
I put down the book
and barked
“Who the Fuck!”
I opened the door
to 2 silver haired
retired
well dressed persons;
one male
one female;
“Yeah” I said looking
at the 2 of them;
“I've some pamphlets
here” the guy said
holding up some
glossy paperwork;

Asking “WHO REALLY
RULES THE WORLD?”
I glared hard at the
guy, fixing his eyes and
said
“I do.”
the silver haired lady let
go a soft nervous laugh;
when I looked over,
she stopped and looked
silently down at her shoes;
“Is that all?” I asked
looking back at the
silver haired guy;
he looked puzzled,
frowned and said
“Yes.”
I closed the door and
made some espresso
and watched the rain
beginning to fall outside
and then
anxiously waited for
the next asshole to
intrude upon my life.

Feeble Witchery
Misti Rainwater-Lites

All the doors are locked and in my bare
feet I cannot kick them down.
My pounding fists drip blood on thick
ancient carpet decorated with eyes.
They smell me coming in the stagnant air.
They lurk they watch fat with wait.
Yellow lights blink then die.
I am mocked by the cherry EXIT
I will never reach.
Too feeble in my witchery to fly from
this sticky place
I grope blind
buying a palm's worth
of life's last ticks.

Epithalamium
Michael Faun

You rub your gums
To milk the last high
Of my coke-infused cum

You're so fucking dumb, my darling
The bride of all whores
Queen of trash
In a gown of dirty pants
That drips with disease

You walk the aisle
Down at the drug rehab
The church of ugly miscreants
Pimp pusher daddy bares his snaggle teeth
As he sells you away

A scumbag caught the tossed bouquet
The wreath of wilted flowers
Picked from a garden of syringes

support system in times of sadness
Karl Koweski

I knew Sharon would be upset
having had an appointment
with the vet this morning
to put down her sheltie, Nike,
a constant companion
for the last fourteen years.
I knocked on her apartment door
with my libido geared toward
a bout of hot mourning sex
only to hear Nike pattering
into the foyer as Sharon
answered the door.
goddam, I sighed.
Sharon, never one to tolerate
sex with me
while in her right mind,
eyeballed me suspiciously.
“just in the neighborhood,”
I muttered nervously,
suddenly aware of the
Irish whiskey wafting from me.
“I thought you were
gonna have Nike put down?”
her slender hand petted
Nike's crown as the dog
wheezed beside her.
“he was so responsive
this morning, I couldn't.”
“yeah,” I commiserated,
“my hair never looks better
than right before
I get it cut.”

we stood there
Sharon, Nike and I,
forming a Bermuda Triangle
of sorts that sucked
the common sense
right out of the air.

“well, maybe tomorrow
will be his day,” I shrugged.
“catch you around soon.”

in the hallway, I tried
to remember who it was
had the sister sick with cancer.
Becca, maybe?

Technicalities
Kerney Bee

I try to be all poetic and shit
but really at the heart of it
I'm just a girl who once
played clarinet in a band.
Not a band, but first chair
if technicalities are cared
about when discussing
how cool I might be.
I technically watch football
but I don't know all the rules and
I love basketball but technically don't watch it.
So technically when I say that I'm in love with you
It's just enough that I worry I'll never fall again
or just enough that you
don't worry about me tripping.

Underwood
Benjamin Blake

Typing the night away
In a smoke-smothered room
A drink on my left-hand side
And a cigarette burning
In the too-crowded ashtray
The woodgrain of this desk
Speaks to me in ways you never could
The words forming upon the paper
Tell of secrets never dared shared
By the stuttering tongue
It makes one marvel at the beauty of it all
These small fires of the fingertips
That pyre that Death himself
Will one day rest upon

Can't Stop
Johnny Scarlotti

we made blood angels
on the linoleum

usually
when we cut each other
it's contained

but tonight
we got drunk
and did some other stuff
and one thing
led to another

and now we're bleeding
all over the place

laughing

crying

aww, it feels so good

"ok we should stop now"
I say

she jokes
"i don't think I can stop"

I joke back
"haha me either"

she says
"i wasn't joking"

I say
"what?
you don't really want to die
do you?"

she says
"no
but I've always wanted
to kill someone"

I say
"NOO—"

she slits my throat

I say
"nrhhh"

blood sprays
I hold my throat

I try to run but

she stabs me in the back
and I fall to my knees

she's about to
give me one last stab

but I pull out
my little revolver
from my ankle

and
shoot myself in the head

ha!

didn't want to give her
the satisfaction

with jealous eyes
J.J. Campbell

i often look at
beautiful people
with jealous eyes

i try to explain
the difference
between those
and creepy eyes

but the police
never seem to
be listening

i suppose if i
wasn't wearing
dark sweatpants
that are a bit
moist and had
on something
respectable

there would be
no confusion

they throw around
the word bum these
days way too casually

i see bums walking
the street

i spend most of my
days sitting down
in a chair

it's electric
just not in the way
you want it to be

(Metaphorical) Postcards from the Road
Cole Bauer

Life in the fast lane
Had my blinker on
And eventually made it
Over

Life in the slow lane
We all just cruise
At a relaxing
Take-in-the-view pace
We will get there
That's what matters

I've sped through the abyss
And I've sat at the rush hour table
I'll take the in between
Right here
Where the journey is so good
The destination to oblivion
Isn't desired or anticipated

I jumped on here
Thirty-three years ago
One day I'll exit
And all the while
The GPS
Is silent

Wish You Were Here
Alexander Akyna

Right by my side
Summer days where we used to play
Same teenage movie all over again
But with you drowning at the end

Pretty When I Cry
Casey Renee Kiser

Flick my nipples
to see if they still work,
if they're still connected
to this body (ha!)
this Tuesday night train wreck
this gummy worm brain
this neon sign,
in which the 'Y' is the only letter
that still lights up... as in
"Why, oh fuck why
don't you just tie me up and
KICK ME"
What else is left?
I NEED RAW EMOTION
and you got two good stories
that are getting stale
I need revenge on my nihilist heart
and I'm too drunk to do it myself
Fuck me too, if I'm indeed pretty
when I cry
Just make yourself useful
Go fetch me some vodka
and make-up remover

Ghost Girl
A. Lynn Blumer

I was going to write a poem about you,
But you don't deserve it.

You're nothing but a cowardly bitch,
So here's your shit poem.

Have a nice life.

Lucky Us
Scott Laudati

i knew love once.
it was back before
my first execution,
before the hounds were released
and the hunt was easy for fresh blood.
back when i lay on my floor and
pictured a wild west
and if my mom asked me what i was doing
i'd say "listening to music."
and she smiled at the simple world
that once spun so slow
an old record could
take up whole nights.

but not now.

not since i opened and closed
and forgot to buy postcards in
Havana and Minneapolis.
and if i promised to let people know
i was still alive
i didn't remember or worry
because somewhere along the way I realized
no one really cares.
and the girls didn't need
a prince on a horse
by the time they were ready to kiss
their father's goodbye.
they just wanted what was there
and if it hadn't gotten drunk and beaten them yet
it was worth saving.
inventing a history is easier than thinking about
what might have been.
no one needs love anyway
a new show premieres every night at 8.

Couples
India LaPlace

I'd say I'm going to stop getting involved
With married couples,
But I'm already wrapped up
In the thought of them.

It isn't fair that they're so enticing,
Because I'll always be
Disposable to them.
The line between infatuation
And reality
Is so thin.

He's argumentative,
Sometimes just for the sake of arguing,
Like I can be.
And the way his eyes look when he smiles
Gets me right in the heart
And the panties.

And her, with that endearing awkwardness
And precision with words.
I didn't stand a chance.
Not to mention, she's a redhead
And goddamn.

When I say I'm going to stop getting involved
With married couples,
Don't ever believe me.
If my mouth isn't already busy,
I'd be telling you
Nothing
But lies.

Money Shots
Oliver Stansfield

these days he takes two blue pills
just to get started—
like a battered engine
on a frosty morning
mechanisms splutter to life.
an old frustrated bull
he can still go all day.

on cheaply lit bedroom sets
he fills squealing blondes,
their perky plastic tits bouncing wildly,
but now he worries about his creaky knees.
his contract requires a comfortable cushion.
energetic cow girls half his age
ride him fast,
instinctively he grabs
their tight little asses
squeezing for the camera—
all a blur to his tired eyes.

he misses the seventies, Hef and Jack's debauchery:
jacuzzi orgies with champagne,
bunnies and cocaine lines,
when
fucking
was a work of art.

The Mean Streets of Bombay
Jake Cosmos Aller

One wild night in Bombay, India,
I walked into an evil bar 20 drinks too sober
on the wicked-wrong end of
a Friday night booze run.

On the bad side of the Moon where Martian men
drank, ogling the Venus girls and leering
at Earth women in skin-tight pants
that made their eyeballs hurt.

I gave into the spirit and decided to join them,
getting drunk on Martian whiskey and
smoking that good old-fashioned
Mars dust as well.

Next thing I knew,
I was on my way to Jupiter,
on a lark with a gal who
said she was from Saturn.

Didn't learn she was from Pluto
until I woke the next day,
naked and in jail somewhere
near Alpha Centauri.

A million miles away,
a thousand years in the future,
with no money, no honey,
and no fucking way home.

Still 20 drinks too sober,
I just pissed away my time
with fine Pluto whisky
and cold-ass alien wine.

Then one day I found myself outside that bar again,
enveloped in the miasmic mists
by the old Martian whorehouse,
down near the Gate of India.

Walked up to my Pluto babe
and said, man,
that was some *bad* shit;
let's do it again sometime.

Knew the day
would come again,
I'd be drinking with
those Martian men.

Something bad
my way would come,
another night
of wicked fun.

On the wrong side of the Moon,
on just the right night,
in the mean streets
of Bombay.