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HSTQ: FALL 2018

**Two Years On
Arthur Graham**

Welcome all to the second-anniversary issue of *HST Quarterly*! We've got some exciting news to share with you this quarter, so I'll skip the prattling on about this momentous occasion and cut straight to the good stuff instead.

First of all, after months of sitting in limbo, we are pleased to announce that Horror Sleaze Trash is FINALLY back online with a rockin' new website! The old site has unfortunately been retired for good, but we've managed to preserve enough of its eight-year run of art, poetry, and general badassery to keep you in classic and new content alike for many quarters to come. And, while we will be devoting most of our focus to building up the new site moving forward, we do intend to maintain our more recently established social media presence as well, so don't forget to check for updates!

Not much else to report besides that, except perhaps for one huge thing – HST Does Japan! Stay tuned for highlights from our rampage across the Land of the Rising Sun.

Arthur Graham
Salt Lake City, September 2018

**The Mountain's Summit
Justin Mank**

I traveled to the foot
Of a great mountain.
Followed the path
Into the backwoods.
When I found the summit
Testosterone howled,
Like a fire had engulfed me.
I removed my pants,
Raised my arms up
Like a proud tyrant,
And screamed for God to watch.
I pissed and watched it flow
Like a river
Down the sides of the valley.
I masturbated furiously,
Enflamed by my virility,
And watched the waste fall.
Like a goblin in exile
I prepared to shoot again,
And washed the valley below
Like a bird lets his droppings
Fall.

Free-Range Teens
Leah Mueller

I worried about promiscuity
when I was seventeen,
and its alignment
with moral character.
I felt certain
I had sacrificed
my own values
without much resistance,
and I feared this
would go on
a permanent record
that would reflect badly
on me, later.

In secret locations,
I furtively opened
medical pamphlets,
library books,
and paperbacks I'd bought
at yard sales.
I read everything I could
about penises and vaginas,
eagerly devoured details
about their angles
and dimensions.
I gorged myself
with gaudy images,
but felt sick afterward,
as if I'd eaten
too many hamburgers.

My boyfriend and I
had an elaborate ritual
that summer-
I spread out my body
on his basement couch
like a cheap buffet.

While my head
nestled in his lap,
my boyfriend probed
the inside of my vagina
one furtive digit at a time,
until he was finally able
to place his entire hand
inside me, at least as far
as his knuckles.

His parents
never came downstairs,
and never asked
what we were doing:
it was 1970s America,
and they couldn't
have been less interested.
We ate hot dogs
in bright red baskets
at the drive-in afterward,
and my boyfriend
talked about planets
and where he was going
to college in the fall.

None of my
moral pronouncements
made a goddamn
bit of difference,
because our parents
and geography
would shove us
so far apart that
we would never find
each other again.
Milkshakes and sex
were all we had
at the moment-
the viscous sweetness
of cream,
and rapid metabolisms

that would make it
much easier
to forget everything.

straight from cuba
J.J. Campbell

seek out the lord
in the piano bar
down the street

maybe in the
curves of the
beautiful woman
playing the bass
guitar

maybe the lord
is lining up on
the table in the
corner

or unzipping her
shirt a little as she
tries to make an
impossible combo
shot

seek out the lord
in a plume of cigar
smoke straight from
cuba

the lord surely must
be in this glass of
whiskey

you have to be
a little drunk to
believe in a place
called heaven

She Asked For a Poem About Mermaids
Arthur Graham

A man gets
lonely
out at sea

Shapely
seals &
manatees

She calls to me
from waves
of ice

Says I won't
drown you
if you're nice

Argonaut's Agony
Mike Zone

naked hydras
melting sexes
slithering form unicorn skin
husk is what you've got
full of radioactive gum drops
he-she chants in ironic devotion
semblance of the humane
in the realm of species splendor
mythos point
Saturn's rings jumbled
in the trench of Hades' rainbow
Neptune washes
none of it away

another bodily fluid
Ben Newell

I had just
moved in to my new apt.

Boxes strewn all over
the place—

“Look, Mom,” I said.
“This one is full of contributor copies.”

“Wow,” she said, “that represents a lot of
blood, sweat, and tears.”

And another bodily fluid
I kept to myself
out of respect for her.

Last Memory of Dad
Keith Rawson

He said,
“Just make it easy on yourself.”

I said,
“I can't”

He said,
“Look, you're not getting any more money out of me
while I'm still alive.
So use the pillow and squeeze,
then the inheritance is yours.”

I said,
blink, blink
Eyes open, eyes closed,
and squeezed.

ridiculous male bravado

John Grochalski

boys
used to have these standoffs
in high school

someone would say something about the other
then plans were made for a fight somewhere
away from the school grounds

it was always big time
promoted like a heavyweight bout
....but nothing happened

we'd go to some undisclosed location
kept top secret from teachers or administrators

like a bus stop or the park

this usually happened on a friday afternoon
as if a fight would gear us all up for the weekend

the combatants would stand face to face
their people behind them shouting invective at each other

they would just glare and try to look hard
maybe one pushed the other and the other pushed back

to tell the truth they looked scared
like they didn't want to hurt anyone or get hurt

but were caught up in this ridiculous male bravado

told from fathers to televisions to the president
that this is what you had to do to survive
to seem tough
kill or be killed in america

it made sense that there were never any girls there
because they were off being told a different kind of lie

the only people at these pseudo-boxing matches
that seemed to be geared up for a fight
were the ones who had nothing to lose

the ones who had no stake or chance of injury
the ones who stood flapping their gums
like red meat in the autumn breeze

because it was easy to be tough
when your skin wasn't on the line

although america never taught us that
it was in good practice in our conflicts around the world

after about fifteen minutes of this sideshow
to the miserable, traumatic school week
all the hoopla began to die down

some boys remembered their weekends
some boys remembered they had buses to catch
some boys remembered their girlfriends waiting for this to end

the fighters couldn't remember
what they were mad about anyway

and one by one
people walked away from the stalled melee

pacifists anew

slinking back into our own
little internal dramas
of trying our best to live
these little high school lives.

Show Business
Tim Ashworth

red carpets lit with flash bulbs,
strapless Stella McCartneys,
champagne flutes sipping adulation
stretched limousines
private planes

saggy white gorillas in 10 thousand dollar suits.
executive fantasies of painful submission:
movie careers hung on meat hooks
beaten, sliced,
sold in penthouses;
worn like cheap thongs and thigh high boots,

Call me daddy bitch
it's all bright lights
and blow jobs baby

his hairy gut slapping bubble butts
as bee sting lips deep throat rich meat
totting up costs of fame

entertain us, they
moan at the girl
with green eyes, as she
writes receipts
for herself

Vicious Girls
Stephanie Wytovich

Creatures,
creatures are what they are—
violent Eves, rotten apples,
victimized damsels, Salem witches;
they bit the snake that fed them
drank his poison,
pulled out his fangs
and now they bleed,
they bleed once a month for his death,
the death of the devil who cursed their wombs
for they are vicious,
they are venomous
they are women,
and they will wait,
patient and persistent,
ever-enduring
and damned
and they will sing,
sing in covens, sing in brothels,
sing for men,
sing for whores
and their words will kill
they will damn
they will puncture
for they sing with lips,
lips not of mouth but of sex
sex that weakens, that confuses,
that traps
and once they have you
have you between their legs,
they will kill you,
they will eat you,
and they will love you
the only way
that they know how

Billy the Kid Can't Be Dead
Ryan Quinn Flanagan

The muscles in my body seize,
which ones? which ones?
all of them together like a symphony
orchestra of pain
and I jump up in bed,
try to stretch things out
lunge my way through the dark
feeling for the wall
standing for applause
for the national anthem
doubled over
at 4:36 in the
morning
knowing Billy the Kid can't be dead
because Hollywood won't stop
talking about him
Elvis, he is goners,
kings are always forced to
abdicate
or they lose their heads
and get sold as
lettuce.

Vestiges
Rodney Gardner

That deceptive innocence you carried
Eventually became something we both possessed
You gave so unrestrained
And I followed with no concern
The shape of us converged
Songs of joy ran through my head
I thought it eternal
I only wanted this

It fell through slowly
Peripheral pieces of memories
Though this was not for us
I would've stayed until the end
The screams I had shoved beneath
Now come in fragments of shattered scrimshaw
Symbols indecipherable
But I remembered every word and gesture
As I threw all you gave into the fire
When no one could see
I still don't know how we got here

while we were still happy
Rob Plath

when i'd
cut myself
shaving she'd
dab the nick
on my neck
w/ her finger
& suck off
the blood
while smiling
& thinking
back now

i should've
run the razor
straight across
while we were
still happy
& before she
did it for me

Mornings Are Only Good for Calling Off Work
Casey Renee Kiser

She lies on her back after the call
and listens
To the crashing of white rabbits,
To the punk frequencies that are rising up, tired of sharing the air
with shitty hipster spoken word
Sighs, as lazy ghosts hitch a ride on her fingertips
as she traces the word DREAM on her ceiling
She sinks into herself and hitches a ride on echoes of ego
She remembers back when she only traced the word SLEEP
She is waiting for the headless swans to return
and confirm
that the body is useless
And for the lake to pay off its debt to the moon
for keeping quiet
Fuck that lake
that lied to the swans for so long
Fuck going to work today, Fuck em all
She sinks into the bed and repeats
'I am not really here'

Inside Her
K.W. Peery

She would shave
her long, sexy legs...
with a hot-pink
Schick...
while singin'
the blues to me
in the shower...

And
"Baby What's
On Your Mind"...

never sounded
so fine...

than the times
she covered
Jimmy Reed
with me
inside her

A Miracle on Marine Parade
Bradford Middleton

The walk to work is often a horrible thing
As it always goes the same way, always to the
Same space but now not for much longer, three
More weeks and I'm gone for good. But
Today was different as I left early to grab a coffee;
A caffeine blast to help me out of my stoned
Stupour and get me through six long hours of
Friday night hell. The weed had me feeling all
Kinds of funny though as I walked out onto
Marine Parade and saw no traffic so took off
To check out the beach side of the street. It
Was then she appeared, off in the near-distance
But enough suggested to make me pick up my
Pace. Ahead my eyes on storks by this point she
Stopped and, clearly forgetting, the shortest of
Short skirts I'd seen in a very long time was all
Between her and a public exhibitionism charge as
She leant down to adjust her trainers and suddenly
There it was, a miracle on Marine Parade, a gorgeous
Pert arse encased in only a golden pair of the
Laciest panties and I suddenly realised that today
May just be a good day indeed.
Of course ten minutes into my shift at work any
Thought of that was dispelled as the first hen party
Laid siege to our wine fridge, clearing shelves of
Prosecco for their final blast of the single free life.

A Lesson In Listening To Others
John Dervishian

For 3 weeks straight
she called every night
looking to come over
what did I care
I had nothing else going on
I'm not sure why
I never considered myself
a great lover
but one person's trash
is someone else's treasure
so maybe I was hers
there would be very little
in conversation
we would strip down
have sex
make some noises
smoke cigarettes
like the orgasms were
all that great
and then just lay there
that was the most real
I ever felt
as her finger tips
gently moved
up & down
torso to chest
and back
she would then try to talk
about "us"
future plans
likes
dislikes
I would pretend to listen
as I remained in my own sanctuary
morning would come and she would leave
just as she came
with very little conversation
the phone stopped ringing after a while

I wondered what happened
I guess I should have
paid more attention
to what she was saying
she probably broke up with me
and I didn't even know it

Bad Seed Crying
Angelica Arsan

This love is a symptom
Of my disease

A damaged mind's
Declaration of intent

Self-loathing mated with self-destructiveness
Our love's the fruit of their best fuck

I'm bearing
The schizophrenic child of our insanity

I hear it cry
As it flows through your cock

I swallow the bad seed

It screams down my throat

I think it's trying to warn me

Exhumer
Benjamin Blake

Why must I dig up the bones of the long dead?
Fall face-first into graves opened like ulnar arteries?
Pry open the cellar door
And let these corpses stumble out
Into the morning light?

Tombs are sealed for good reason
And unmarked resting places
Should stay that way

But the folly
Of the loins and the heart
Never learns a thing
And tonight, I have a taste
For almost-forgotten flesh

Onomatopoetic Supervillain Junkie
James D. Casey IV

Confessions of an
Unredeemed drug addict
Whose name shall not be mentioned

Screaming onomatopoetic imitations
Sinking dirty syringes
Into floppy celery veins
Pretending to be a shitty knock
Off Supervillain Junkie
Is the highlight of my day

DING!

BAM!

POW!

Junk gives you superpowers
It turns you from
Invisible Man to
Retarded Tortoise

It even cums
With its own cape

I got this star tattoo
Right on my sweet spot
So I can always aim the needle
For my honey hole

ZING!

Been from Florida to
California and
Never found a better
Lover than this laconic
Muse
Shit's better than hot and heavy
BBW sex smeared in
Pumpkin Pie
It's got all the

PLOP!

SLAP!

CLAP!

I'll ever need
And she don't talk back

The perfect supervillain
Sidekick

Everybody's searching for that
Special somebody
They just don't realize her
Name is Dope
I tell ya

DOPE!

She's a Banshee Not an Artist
Mende Biondo

a dude told me about her
an artist living and working
in the basement of her own house
a dusty place full of art and books
stinky like a witches' brew

she was wearing a long grey dress
a swollen belly under flat breasts
her skin was birch bark
you've gotta love
banshee mama

her white fingers
her grey hair
she knows about life
she told you
hell's a cold place son
this is a town for zombies
a graveyard for artists

I fell down
in her basement
with two dogs barking
at my steps

I come from a far place
she said
hair flowing in the air
eyes glowing when you say to her
I know something about hell

the dude who brought you there
has no idea of what is happening
devils playing with his mind
he has seen pieces of embalmed tigers
rabbit's paws
little voodoo demons
skulls
painkillers on the floor
pumas with their shining claws
roaring from a painting

in the meanwhile I danced with a succubus
a fairy coming from another dimension
her evil dogs were playing their violins
and the hurdy gurdy of the world turned around
for another gig

the heck' bro
it was a real mess that place
I would not have had sex with that witch
for nothing at all
said the dude once the Sabbath
was ended

aww
Johnny Scarlotti

just took a long hike
i sit under a tree in the shade
pat myself on the back
i eat a healthy snack
and talk to myself
what a beautiful day!
deeeep breathe
awww
deep breaths
aww
positive affirmations
ur the fucking best
remember
positive affirmations
you're worth it! yeah!
life is great
don't worry, great
in and out in and out
ur life is a movie
be the hero of your own movie
yeah,
happy thoughts
smile
u have so much to offer this world
awww

i want to kill myself

Woodlawn's Piper
Parker Jamieson

A face in the thicket's wreath
Is merely a silhouette bird wings smoke.

He is drift wood like his cock
The night before, thrown out
By princesses wave.

There is no perfect resolution
For his protocol, his environment frowns

On the shore's vagina scalp
Littered with bone.

Where he went, I could only speculate.
But every time I smell a cigarette

Or an ember's cologne, I think of him.

And menstruation's blood
Glitters his upper lip. He can't see it.

A Parting Note
John Patrick Robinson

She was gorgeous in every way.
A beautiful woman no matter your mood
was always a sight to behold.

She paid no attention to anyone in the bar.
There was too much already cast upon her
for her to waste any upon another.

I just kept drinking cause after all
that's what true drunks do.

But still I viewed the scene
and admired one of the Lord's best damn creations.

The sharks swarmed and beautiful women
are seldom alone for long.

She had two dudes on either side of her in seconds.

She didn't pay for shit after that.
You had to admire someone who could walk in a bar
not spend a dime
and catch a buzz.

Something tells me even Brad Pitt himself
would still have to pay his own tab.

They sat there a while playing the game.
I knew neither would find success.

It went on a while till half the bar was gone.
The two guys tried every line and stupid joke
in the book.

Eventually she stood up
and simply walked out the door.

The two guys looked at one another
ordered yet another round.

One looked at the other, saying,

"Jesus Christ dude, did you fart!"

"Fuck you, it wasn't me!"

The other one quickly replied.

It was just then it hit the two of them.

No matter how good a person looks,
Everyone's shit stinks.

Poetry Boys
India LaPlace

They'll reel you in
With their carefully spun
Words,
Words that read like music
And make you swoon.
They really know how
To string those words
Together,
But often only on
The printed page.

They'll make you blush
With those smiles
And that spark
In their eyes.
You'll fall for how
They watch you,
Almost animal-like.
It feels primal,
Sensual.

It is not.

The truth is
That poetry boys
Spin words upon the page
Because those same words
Get stuck in their throats.
They smile those smiles
And wink those winks,
Making you weak
With their words,
Words (and hopes of sex)
Upon the page.

And the sex
Might be good.
It might be,
Until it's not.

And sex without feeling,
Sex without laughter,
Sex that's just sex
With no jokes
Or conversation,
Or just sitting quietly
In each other's
Presence,
Well,
It gets old
After a while.

Now,
There are exceptions,
And there are men
Who write poetry
Who aren't
Whiny
Unevolved,
Poor little
Poetry boys.
But those men are
Poets
And those men aren't
Boys
They don't slide into
Your messages
With:

"I'm drunk"

"I'm horny"

"My wife/girlfriend
Doesn't love me
Anymore"

They play up their sob stories,
How unfair their lives
Have been.
How things didn't turn out
The way their dreams
They never chased,
Never worked for
Didn't either.

So one bit of advice
When it comes to poetry,
Whether finding it in
Bookstores,
Through friends,
Or online,
Is don't fall
For those
Poetry boys

Unless all you want is
Another lazy lover
Who whines to
Younger girls
On Instagram.