

CASEY RENEE KISER
and JOHNNY SCARLOTTI

IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO TELL THE TWO OF YOU APART 13:13

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FOREWORD

It can be hard enough estimating one poet's work, let alone two of them together, but as for Kiser/Scarlotti, this might actually make it easier. And not just because their work is similar enough to warrant the title of this collection, but rather, whatever the distinct terrors motivating them to write this kinda shit, they are perfectly matched in terms of sheer guts (both figuratively and literally) they both spill across each page.

So, It's Getting Harder and Harder to Tell the Two of You Apart. Does this mean if we slapped a penis on Kiser and a vagina on Scarlotti, the transition would be complete? No, because if Kiser had a penis, I would double-bolt my doors, and if Scarlotti had a vagina, he'd likely keep it in a shoebox under his bed. In all seriousness, however, the reality is that they are both quite kind, decent people. But who knows what they'd be if they hadn't adopted poetry as a means of exorcizing their demons.

It's been my privilege to publish both of these poets and I'm proud to call them friends as well, so possibly I'm somewhat biased, but I cannot recommend their work highly enough – either separately or together. Curious readers with brave hearts and strong stomachs can decide for themselves just ahead.

Arthur Graham
Editor in Chief,
Horror Sleaze Trash

I avoid myself

why?

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I just don't know anymore...

IS THAT A CLEAVER IN YOUR HAND
OR
ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

LUNCH WITH LIZZIE

wake up
on the *other side*
KILLER SMILE
cause now I know

today
is brand new
I HAD SWITCHBLADES
for breakfast

take my hand
got something
TO SHOW YOU-
the bed is made

that little girl
is gone
YOUR GUT WHISPERS
run

lunch
is ready
HAVE A SEAT
I made your favorite

SMIRK

There's a bullet in your teeth,
a deer in your headlights,
a broken bell in your wreath,
duct tape on your brake lights...

Where are you going
without me?

I AM NOT A GHOST YET

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

DOLLY'S DREAM

I used to try to talk
Mommy Dearest into moving out

of my mirror-
But that was before The Dream

I dreamed I was a real girl, *just cursed*
with doll eyes and doll mouth

I dreamed this room stopped spinning
and the walls whispered 'word up'

Today, I talked Mommy into staying
and I burned down the house

FUCK ME, ADORE US

Simple men
steal my heart because
I am so complicated
They are so beautiful
with organized minds
Convenient lack of psychosis
No alternate personalities to blame
I wear these men like jewelry
What *will* be their downfall-
their descent
into
a fresh obsession with chaos,
an alleged comfortably strange world
of puzzles to solve
Which personalities to adore,
which ones to dodge
They enjoy the process of learning
this, at first
They will love Me
then reluctantly, love Us

Simple men never laugh
while fucking
and that's pretty fucking funny
to me

running joke

The day I split,
the audience didn't notice.
I've mastered becoming invisible.

I crouched way down
into a cobwebbed corner of my mind.
I pictured her face and

I fucking did it. I split
in two.

We can still picture her face
if we try real hard
but it doesn't make us sad or anxious anymore.

We just let the laugh track play.
It gets louder. And louder
and she runs faster because she's not sure

what the fuck's in
my hand.

HE WASN'T HARD TO KILL

At a time in my life
when I had nothing,
he said he would 'help me'
hate myself

He wanted me to laugh
when nothing was funny
He wanted me to wear the dress
with the blood stains and flowers
He said it wasn't polite
to speak
with my eyes open
He said to cover my tattoos
because they were faded
like his freedom

In those days,
I had nothing
but a baby on my hip
and Prozac on my tongue
I still have nothing
but shaky hands and better posture
But in the end,
he wasn't hard to kill
I just put up more mirrors around the place

Nothing breaks
like boys *pretending*
to be men

IN PIECES

I LOVE BEING ME sometimes
Jealousy burns
right through their painted eyes

I'm not the pretty one
But I've got something they can't figure out

They don't get
my borderline personality
or rock bottom-masochistic charm

They gather by the toy box to talk shit
right through their painted eyes

They can't figure out why I get spanked
and they *only* get hugs
Jealous twats- I will break your fucking legs

I HATE MYSELF, *as well* but you-
You will hate me

in pieces

GOLD STAR

Body bags outline my heart
There's a warrant out for my arrest
I have an illegal amount of comatose glow—
Death says he's 'quite impressed'

'Oh baby, you got what I need.'

Is that right, darling?
Keep your gun loaded
as

I
Will
Come
Closer

I pray that you are a fast learner,

my love stand right there
on the edge

of that cliff

I just want to admire you
sketched into the sky

Good job

SKIPPING THE FAIR

I don't ride Ferris wheels

If I want to get stuck on a cycle,
I'll just go to bed and wake up
'Now I lay me down to sleep...' (a lil' prayer)
To cue the voices to shut the fuck up

And I ride alone
Seat on either side of me is taken
But I don't ride Ferris wheels
I can open my eyes half-way to be subtly shaken

No time for visiting clouds
When you're born into the gutter
Always hustling, keep crawling, never dreaming
Too busy dodging demons- they mutter

L I E S

Shut down the ride, motherfucker, I SAID NO

YOU CAN PRETEND

Oh darling!

When you scream for me
(to untie you),
it tends to make it funny

Are you sure
I could manage it
knowing I'm not good enough, honey?

Just lie back,
no one can hear you
everything will be just fine

Close your eyes
and say your prayers
You can pretend it's not the last time

Here's a mirror
for you to kiss good-bye
the one you love the most

Quit screaming
seriously now darling,
pull yourself together for one last toast...

No one deserves this more...

Cheers!

SHADOW BANG

Darkness-
stroke me like a kitten
again
You went away for a bit
to punish me? *To scare me?*
To keep me in line?
You know me-
I will not stray
I only looked around (maybe too long)
But I never took off this black collar

I'll start whispering,
to you (retracing) my steps
since you last held me close
I won't leave out any details
Light the Moon another cigar
Creep up,
cover my mouth
Throw me down *like*
you missed me
I'm your rag doll, infinitely loyal

...AND THIRTEEN

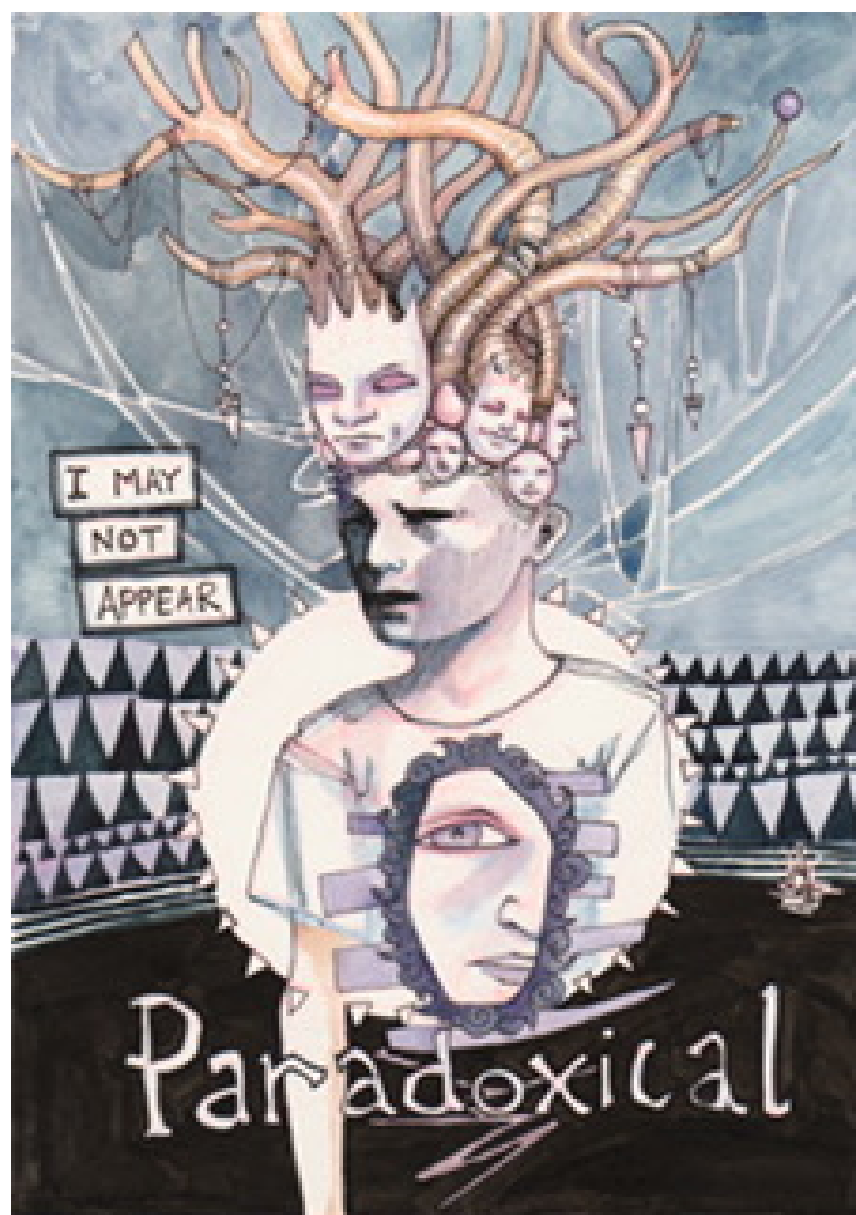
I know one-
kinda too far out to shout
Too far to count on one hand
So, he counted her out

Her name is Thirteen
but they *all* work for Me-
gossiping about the horse
you rode in on and your inability

to see, even with perfect vision
So, I wrote the twelve and You
out of the story
Thirteen was left, *she knows what to do*



I can paws time.



WOULD YOUR MIRROR

LIE?

aww

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
awwww
deep breaths
aww
smile! :)
ur the fucking best
remember
positivity breeds positivity
fake it until you make it
you're worth it! yeah!
life is great
don't worry, great
in and out in and out
yeah,
happy thoughts
laugh! :D
u have so much to offer this world
ahhh
i want to kill myself x_x

A MAN? {YEAR 2025}

I don't know
I just don't know
I really just don't even know
what makes a man a man anymore
All of my man friends
have long since transitioned into females
Including my father
And it makes me question who I am
Am I a man?
Or am I a female, trapped in a man's body?
Should I transition too?
And a little high-pitched voice
in the back of my head says

yes

I call the doctors the next morning
And set up my appointments

I can't wait to feel up my double D tits
and finger my perfect new vagina
Oh my god
I can't wait to be a lesbian
Haha

This is going to be great!

JAPAN, 2004

I walk the beach
hit the bong (hhhwhhhbuhbubuhhbub)
wake and bake! yeah!
on my way back from this sick party
(fucked two chicks!!!!)
feeling great, really great
then I see a wave...oh my god, it's so big!
woah, holy shit
tidal wave!
must be a few hundred feet
woahh
haha this is wow, crazy
but no problem, no problemo
it's no big thing, no big deal, no biggie
I charge into the ocean
as the wave is rolling in
I dive into it
and swim right through
like a hot knife through butter
sucks for everyone else haha
treading water, I look back and see the city
get obliterated I beat on my chest,
there's only one michael phelps!

then I realize I'm in my mom's bathtub in Califnora
it's 2018 my name is Johonny Scalarti
I haven't had sex in 4 years haven't been to a party
in 5--no wait, that is untrue! untrue!
i'm michael fucking phelps!!!!

HOW QUICKLY THINGS CHANGE

three days ago
I considered
going on a shooting rampage taking out
as many as possible

two days ago
I considered
nuking the whole earth

yesterday
I considered figuring out a way to destroy
the whole universe

then today
I met her
and
I am loving life again

everything's great

RRREEEEEEEEEEEE

It's so moist in my apartment
Dew droplets are
Fall-
ing
Fall-
ing
From the ceiling
Onto my head
I really don't know what's going on Or if
this is really my apartment

Now I'm eating dragon fruit under a yew tree
Feeling really comfortable, calm, cool, collected
I'm in my very breathable cotton panties
Across the street someone is screaming at me
I listen
And it sounds like they're saying
"Indecent exposure! I'm calling the police!"
I take off

Now I'm dashing through the park Clipping
children's kite strings
Ha ha, that's what you get, you little freaks!

Now i'm at a swimming pool with a bunch of
people I run and do a 180 cannonball 'pool party!!'
i yell 'Did you guys see that!?' i yell

But nobody saw it cuz they're all dead

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Teach assigned us an in-class essay
I'm trying, but
I can't string together coherent sentences
It's all shit
This pencil is shit
I take out my red pen and
begin stabbing periods, commas, and
exclamation marks in between words.
This is the only thing that makes sense!

The teacher excused herself from the room
and said "Be back in a sec."
And that's when she looked over
her shoulder from the desk in front of me
The stuck-up prep, Jeanette
She takes a good long look at my paper
"What are you looking at?" I stammer
"Wow. You really suck at punctuation," she scoffs
"Well, I'd be very good at punctuating you," I say
"You're a psycho," she turns back around

"Hey Jeanette"
She looks back
"No no no" she cries, as I stab her in the neck
Then I stab her again
And again
And blood sprays all over the place
Everyone's screaming and running for the door
Except for Jeanette
She quieted down quickly
I stand over her and laugh
Ha ha ha ha
He he he
Ho ho—

The bell rings
“Okay class! Drop your papers in the basket
on your way out,” the teacher squeaks
I crumple mine up
and throw it in the trash and walk past
Teach says “Johnny?”... She says louder “Johnny!”
I don’t stop or turn back, I keep on walking

On my way to my next class
I see Jeanette in the distance laughing
with the rest of the popular girls
Cunt

I love her so much

UNTITLED 6/17/11

i operate the weight machine
at the gym

i watch the veins
come out of my arms

i am magnificent

i look at myself in the mirror
i lift my shirt
and see my ripped up abs
i smile real big

then the arms of the machine come to life
and i'm tackled to the ground
and all of my clothes get torn off
and the machine has sex with me
woah
a nice thick handlebar into my asshole

i breathe hard into the mirror
as it's happening - i draw with my finger into the fog
help

ah
ah
ah
stop

and take pictures
then i post them on instagram
caption: help i'm being raped

then i'm being dragged out of the gym
by a group of meatheads
i'm told i am banned for life
and the police are coming
they say i'm in a lot of trouble

what the freaking heck!?! i was the victim!!!
your machines are rapists!!!
they say it was the other way around
they got it all on camera

i'm being set up!!!
i escape their grips and outrun them
they are slow because their muscles are so large
i get in my car

two of them get into a car and try to follow
but i've seen Drive with Ryan Gosling like 10 times
i lose them easily

all my clothes were left at the gym in tatters
and i don't have any in my car
just a couple mcdonald's bags
and some tape
i make it work

i pull up to my apartment
as i'm walking up the steps
some kids across the street scream "freeeeaaaaaak"

but nobody fucking disrespects me
and gets away with it

REEEEEEEE!!! i scream and charge

but my mcdonald's bags fly off
and my dick and balls are flopping around
the kids shriek and flee
ahhhh my nuts
i gotta hold them so they stop banging against my legs

CHICKENS!!! i scream after them

i feel good
i won the fight!
real good

i turn around
i sprint back home

my key isn't working again
so i break in through a window again

my girlfriend's on the couch, she gets up
runs and screams down the hallway
'HE'S BACK, THE CREEP IS BACK!'

'NO ROSE, IT'S ME!' i scream after her
'IT'S ME, JACK'

a door opens
i freeze
a man holding a shotgun
walks toward me
and blasts

lost it

I don't remember much
But I remember that
Her last words to me were:
"You've completely lost it"

Now I'm trudging through this cement

I'm exhausted, I'm spent
Nonsense, keep walking!
Not recognizing most of these voices in my head
I guess I'll keep walking

Been walking for weeks
Know I had an objective when I took off but I forgot it

Got the feeling that I'm losing my mind under this
hot sun Like that guy from the Camus novel—
The Stranger?
Yeah, that's the one

Wound up in front of her house
Weird, how did I get here?

The last thing I remember was Voices
inside of my head screaming

Get her!

Stab her!

Kill her!

Destroy her!

I woke up in her bed right next to her—
I try to wake her up, but...

A voice inside me speaks
She's dead,
You killed her

No! She can't be! I scream

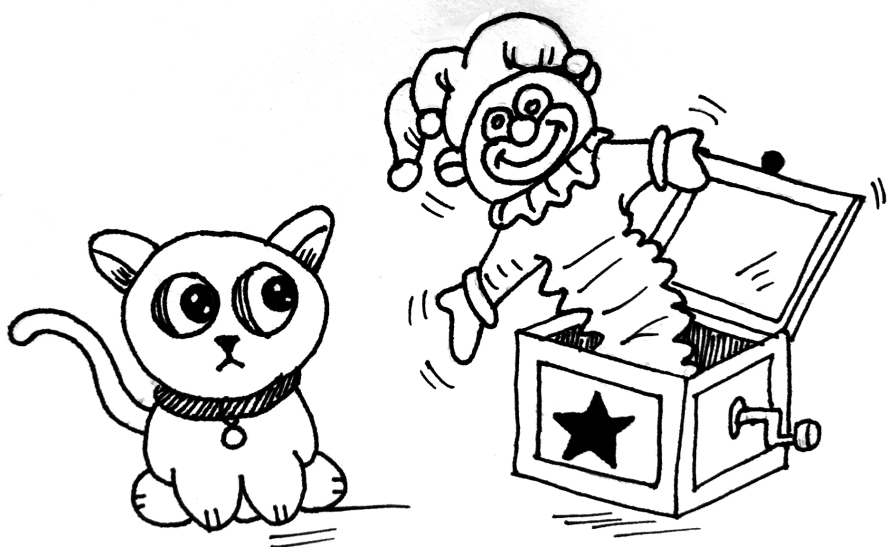
It's for the best another one pitches in

Now you're free.
Nobody will ever find out it was you.
Just leave. You can finally start anew.

I grab the knife and think. Then it comes
to me **Hello?**

There is no other way. I know what I have
to do...

NOOO—



WANT MORE? JOHNNY SCARLOTTI:

FUCK UTAH

SO ITS LIKE THAT, EH

THE BLEACH BOYS

UTAH SUCKS

THE BLEACH BOYS 2

UTAH BLOWS

JUST DIE.

UTAH POOTAH

I'VE BEEN DEPRESSED SINCE THE DUCKS LEFT

STILL IN MY TWENTIES

MOLLY IS A FAGGOT

WANT MORE? CASEY RENEE KISER:

GUTTER KISSES AND A HUG ON GARBAGE DAY

SWAN WRECK

SPIT ME OUT

DARKNESS PLAYS FAVORITES

THE MOON SAID NO

HOLD ME UNDER: POEMS TO DROWN TO

I LIKED YOU WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD

FADE OUT, SMILE

SPARK

DOLL SHAKER

SNAIL WIXEN AND THE CRYSTAL GARDEN

RECOMMENDATIONS

Horror Sleaze Trash QUARTERLY

The Rebel's Sketchbook by Rupert Dreyfus

Rhyme and Rebellion by Harry Whitewolf

Crushed Black Velvet by Phil Volatile

You Wouldn't Feed This to Your Dog by
Andy Carrington

Brain Lace by Karina Bush

Looking Down Both Barrels by John D. Robinson

I Wrote A Poem About You by Arthur Graham

Sad Discoveries by India Laplace

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WHAT DID YOUR MOTHER TEACH YOU ABOUT BEAUTY?

NEXT QUESTION...

ARE YOU YOURSELF TODAY?

++ENCORE++

BY CASEY RENEE KISER

- 1 MORNINGS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR CALLING OFF WORK
- 2 SHADY THIRTEEN

MORNINGS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR CALLING OFF WORK

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

SHADY THIRTEEN

He got my attention talking about time
and I set my alarm to wake up in three years.
Even deep inside me,
he could never reach me- SO FAR OUT-
he had to shout for a week
to get me to join him for dinner any night.
No wonder he lost track of time.
I can't give my all to a jerk-off, a knock-off,
I B L E E D ORIGINAL B A B Y
and these knives are sharp like Freddy.
I cut right through generic frequency.

I ain't no one's sidekick-
I AM Batman. AND The Joker.
Minus the mask, plus the vagina.

Time broke me but I w a s the fool
to count on something when I'm no good at math.
Yeah, I fell hard, but I finally caught him
t a k i n g o r d e r s from The Sun.
And I answer ONLY to The Moon.
I can't give my all to a motherfucker who is loyal
t o m a t e r i a l things but stabs me
in the back with any old dull object lying around,
including his heart. And imagination. Ha!
Now he's a clock with all twelves, Time's up!
Since The Moon does not take kindly
to F A K E S messing with its girl.
Then
the
clock
struck
13

Sending a Paper Airplane to Myself

I will no longer be invisible
I call upon my inner Sybil
I close my eyes until I see
this labyrinth is all too simple