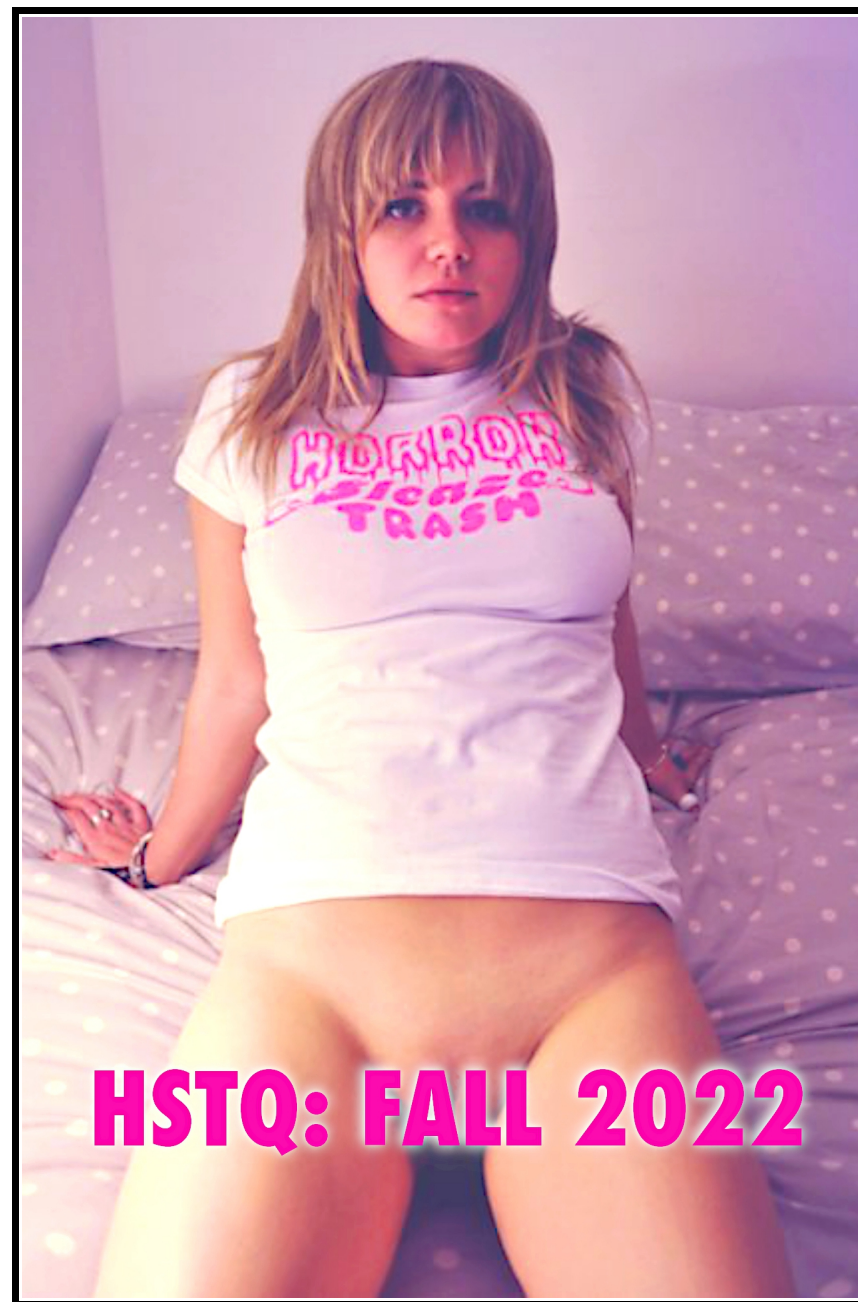




<http://www.horrorsleazetrash.com>



**HSTQ: FALL 2022**

**Diction**  
**Ken Kakareka**

Dick!  
Dick!  
Dick!  
How's that  
for *diction*?  
Dick, fuck,  
cunt, shit,  
balls!  
Some words  
have no  
substitutes,  
like teachers,  
but we use them  
anyway.

Students *cringe*  
at the word  
poetry —  
they hate  
the sound.  
Maybe if we  
spice it up  
with *baby*  
at the end.  
Poetry, *baby*!

Because it is  
a party —  
good poetry  
anyway.  
It deserves  
to be  
*celebrated*.  
There's something  
magical  
about words  
that hit right.

Not all words do.  
Poetry should  
*rage*,  
like a hard dick.  
Diction, baby!  
Use it!

**For the Love of Fuck Poetry & Orgasmic Prose**  
**Devlin De La Chapa**

I want to ride it  
slip those wet panties off my hips,  
grip that elongated pistol whipped  
then glide  
my pussy all over its tip  
leave a trail of slut cum hot  
tell me not  
what this body can do for my cuntry  
but what you can do for *this* cunt  
this isn't  
a demo-cock-crazy or  
a mc-cunt-thyism hump  
this is me  
on your saturday night  
a red, white and patriot blue bitch  
*your bitch*,  
who truly wants to subdue you  
with her suck n' blow itch  
in her one nation  
under your god-like bod, please, baby...  
for the love of fuck poetry & orgasmic prose  
*kiss me* with your best verse

**Neon Gods**  
**David Estringel**

Sacred footsteps  
of pilgrims and  
street PrOphETS  
atop  
piss-stained lottery tickets and  
dirty hypodermics—  
like rose petals, strewn  
under maidens' tender feet—  
pave the way  
to playing card Meccas  
beyond doors  
to salvation/damnation,  
below fiery eyes that cut  
the night (and souls) in two  
with gazes and blinks  
(but never sleep).

Quite the price  
to pay  
to cross these fickle streams  
that run  
sacrificial red  
with self-severings  
of thigh bone and fat,  
savory-sweet  
and spiced with lotus wine—  
offerings  
in want of burning  
on conjured stages and  
electric alters  
for Vanity's spectacle.

How divine  
the honied stench  
of auto vivisections (splayed out  
for all to see),  
making followers and  
the blue birds that tweet  
forget  
appetites and tastes for  
eyes (for eyes) and teeth (for teeth)—  
for the sake of ounces (of fame)  
for pounds (of flesh)—  
like cold Lethe  
and her gentle lapping,  
smooth, of jagged rocks  
upon Hell's bitter shores.

Let us pray  
(for emergence  
from this opiate haze  
and a quick flip of the switch).

Amen.

**Don't Call Me Daddy**  
**Kristin Garth**

One little word he doesn't want you to say —  
spread wide inside a tulle canopy bed in  
the dark.  
Easily you obey, every other way,  
but bite through a lip to avoid the remark.  
Braids in his hands pulled as he goes deep  
to fill you with cum and perpetual doubt  
that he'll reappear if you're indiscreet  
with those two syllables he must fuck without.  
Checks his reflection in your heart-shaped shades.  
Buys you a rainbow of cable knit kneesocks.  
Takes you to ice cream and skee ball arcades.  
Requests a shaved pussy. Proffers lollipops.  
Reads your daddy issues published in books  
but they are not his — no matter now this looks.

**How We Did Things Back in the Day**  
**Jeff Weddle**

You send out the thing that wants to be a book. You wait.  
You wait a long time. You wait a very long time.  
The thing comes back: "No thanks."  
Might as well say, "You suck."  
Rinse. Repeat.  
And again and again and again.  
Years pass in endless repetition.  
"Does not fit our current needs."  
"Not our aesthetic."  
"We don't publish crap like this."  
"We know where you live and are coming to kill you."  
"We have ceased publication because of this awful shit."  
"Go straight to hell, motherfucker."  
You send out the thing that wants to be a book.  
You wait.  
The thing that wants to be a book  
begins to rot.  
It festers.  
It wants you dead.  
It knows your weak spots,  
your pressure points,  
your night terrors and flop sweats.  
The thing that wants to be a book  
will see you suffer, by God, by Hell, by damn.  
It is your mistress and your fate.  
If you had the balls you would burn it,  
but you won't.  
Coward.  
You will send it again.  
Just once more, and once more and once more.  
And you will never forget, ever,  
to include sufficient return postage  
with your SASE.

**So I Could Have Something Again**  
**William Taylor Jr.**

The other night I bought a copy  
of her old book of poetry.

I'm not sure why.

I'd been drinking a bit  
and thinking about things  
that have gone.

I'd long since gotten rid of the photographs  
the texts, the underthings.

I guess I bought the book  
just so I could have something again.

Like I said, I'd been drinking.

I'm browsing through it now,  
hearing her voice.

She's not as good a writer  
as I remembered her to be

and there's some comfort in that.

But when she was on, she was on  
which is more than you can say  
for most.

And even the not so good poems  
are still uniquely hers, which is  
also more than you can say for most.

On the page she's tough and mean,  
all sex and trouble and above all else  
a burning desire to live.

Her softness doesn't come  
through much, or her humor.  
But she was sometimes soft  
and I've never known truer laughter.

But all of this was years ago.

I don't think she writes poetry anymore.  
You can't find her on social media.

Just another ghost in a world  
lousy with ghosts.

I guess it's good that I don't have to see  
who she's flirting with, her dumbass kids  
or who she's married to.

I thumb through it a while then give the book  
it's rightful place on the shelf, wedged in  
between Keats and D.H. Lawrence;

all those tough sexy poems she wrote  
for everyone but me.

**Down Boy**  
**C. Renee Kiser**

Burn the witch and all that jazz, *eh*?  
Sit down boy, for a quick lesson today?  
This one doesn't involve any spanking  
Sorry to disappoint; you lack ranking.  
Do you dare dismiss the poetess?  
Fuck up her mind with your toxic kiss?  
Do you dare hide the razors and knives  
to bore her with your shallow dives?  
Do you dare dream of a grand vacation  
fucking your side chick at the Days Inn?  
Do you dare ask to have your glass refilled  
after ordering the hit for her spirit killed?  
Do you dare daydream of a life so fair  
while making *hers* a waking nightmare?  
Do you dare not answer, *darling*?  
Do you not hear Karma calling?

**Sweetie**  
**Jessica Heron**

If you're cold in your bath move the toaster closer.  
The clock is ticking, are you coming or going?  
When you cum in the bath you aim for your mouth  
opening then closing the circle. Close it then.  
Make it permanent.  
Make haste.  
What fool thing lingers between is and is not?  
I will gladly clean up. I will eat your secrets  
with a kiss. Your blueish lips will stop their chatter.  
The clock is ticking. Heat up the water.

**Deborah Does Dallas**  
**Dustin King**

Don't phone Freud-admit it: When Debbie sheds  
her cheerleading outfit in the opening scene,

pubic hair like some barn animal,  
tan lines stenciled like where Gary's Oakleys go,

she is our mother, young again,  
using it while she had it;

every gripe,  
every revelation,

every dream out of reach  
once assigned full parenting duties.

Frankie, question: Are we to believe  
she fucked a whole city?

Slut-shamers! So what if she did?  
We were miracles, Frankie, maculately conceived.  
So why so afraid of what a mother did?

We aren't the storyboarders of every bedroom,  
not romance novelists, not the fuck police,

certainly no angels ourselves; According to our records  
we jerked off 26,142 times since adolescence,

chalked up one and a half today.

We presume Deborah never prioritized pleasure,  
never went searching for the G spot,

rarely enjoyed Gary flopping on top like  
the smallmouth bass at the bottom of his Jon boat.

We know she elegantly or inelegantly  
evaded hundreds, if not thousands

of men's advances, several assaults,  
and still she kept the Victoria's Secret Catalog

in the bathroom, scrubbed the toilet seat,  
hauled baskets of crumpled socks and yellow-stained briefs

to the laundry. Load upon load upon load.  
She dutifully waited by the door, Frankie,

while we used up her fancy hand cream,  
the only luxury she ever allowed herself.

**The Viaduct Girls**  
**Damon Hubbs**

in high waisted acid  
washed jeans & Def Leppard  
half shirts

the viaduct girls  
give furious  
fleeting hand jobs

as the D&H railroad  
shoots its load  
across the Susquehanna

later they teach us to skip rocks  
ducks & drakes, they call it  
to further mystify

in a few years  
they're at Vassar or Bryn Mawr  
or some other college we can't pronounce

we stay or leave  
or leave & come back  
it's all the same

drinking beer every night  
at the Copper Fox  
on Water St

nowadays nobody skips rocks  
& the train stopped unloading  
years ago

**Walls**  
**Damon Hubbs**

The house is playing games with us.  
It hides and we seek, digging into soft secret places  
the rituals of concealment  
a barrow of yellow clay and oyster shells

It hides and we seek, digging into soft secret places  
behind air vents and electrical outlets  
a barrow of yellow clay and oyster shells  
sealing up shoes, a candy G-string, play wand and flesh loop

Behind air vents and electrical outlets  
the house breathes with squeaky squamous lungs  
sealing up shoes, a candy G-string, play wand and flesh loop  
old newsprint yellowed as a jar of urine and nail-clippings

The house breathes with squeaky squamous lungs  
and croaks a blackbird out of its fireplace;  
newsprint yellowed as a jar of urine and nail-clippings  
bottles, more shoes, and a note scribbled on a sales notice:

*This house has sunk six feet since it was built.*

The house is playing games with us.



**Even Though Ginsberg is Dead**  
**William Taylor Jr.**

Cafe Trieste in North Beach on a Sunday afternoon  
is still a place to be seen

even though Ginsberg is dead  
and Kerouac is dead  
even though Ferlinghetti is dead  
and Paul Katner is dead  
even though old Jack Hirschman is dead

even though everybody who was ever anybody is dead  
they're still here posing and pretending

millennial hipsters and fading hippies  
bohemians and businessmen

with their espresso and mineral water  
their laptops and fashionable notebooks  
their flamboyantly scribbled words that nothing  
much will come of

no one here high on anything stronger than caffeine  
but for me and a woman at a table across the room  
with golden earrings and a glass of red wine

her laughter like a torch in a graveyard

she's the only one here with any grace  
or style, and she surely knows it

like something in technicolor  
something from a time long gone  
they forgot to cancel

she meets my gaze and condemns me  
with the rest of them as she should

and then she's gone

and it's just me and the rest of the fools  
talking nonsense and looking at their phones  
dreaming they are doing something immortal

it's all too dreary and I take my beer  
outside where it's easier

to be seen.

**Autogynephilia**  
**John Yohe**

I have worn women's underwear at night  
I have looked in a mirror and wondered  
my nylonned legs smooth and shiny in black  
worrying if I even look alright  
identifying my greatest asset  
telling myself I'm still not good enough  
but feeling sexy in panties and bra  
feeling how women can dress for themselves  
wondering if they desire themselves too  
I have wanted to fuck myself somehow  
while wanting to be fucked by a real man  
I have wondered  
what would happen for real  
wondered what for real for me even means

**Home of Cold Beer and Killer Women**  
**Ryan Quinn Flanagan**

That's what the sign reads  
out front The Last Resort  
outside Daytona Beach,  
a seedy biker bar  
now famous for being  
where serial killer Aileen Wuornos  
was a regular,  
throwing back Budweisers  
and Marlboros  
while her favourite  
Randy Travis song  
"Digging Up Bones" played  
on the juke,  
and they scattered some of  
her ashes under a tree out back  
after her execution,  
so that they say she now haunts  
the bar, which may be true  
or just a desperate way to  
drum up business  
in The Sunshine State.

**Lady Breezy**  
**Walt Shulits**

Show some respect for the late Lady Breezy  
Despite intimations she lived her life sleazy  
And men forever fantasised her easy—  
That they could do whatever they please-y.

Born into circumstance utterly glum,  
Deserted by father, disowned by her mum,  
Thoroughly alone, she refused to succumb,  
Determined to prove that she was not scum.

Not yet adult but more woman than child,  
Needing boundaries but from society exiled,  
An elegant gentleman with a kind smile—  
Breezy was beguiled and soon after defiled.

Now awakened by adolescent stain,  
Aware of the power in her body and brain,  
Sensing no limits to what she could attain,  
She began to plot her lifelong campaign.

First, for a rich man in age very senior  
She took work as a cook and a cleaner.  
As in Pygmalion, he refined her demeanour  
Assuming in bed the right to demean her.

Next came the case of the portly barrister  
Who ostensibly courted but clearly harassed her.  
In return for caressing her skin alabaster,  
He wrote a letter to the uni headmaster.

To study law then specialise in divorce  
Was completely logical given her life's course.  
In court she proved an unstoppable force,  
To cheating husbands she showed no remorse.

Fame and fortune arrived Godspeed  
Providing the means for pursuing her creed:  
Brandishing sword on galloping steed,  
Protectress of women and children in need.

Serving her gender was not about charity,  
Having herself suffered barbarity.  
Men cringed at her ruthless temerity:  
A woman with power—a frightening rarity.

Still she yearned for a man she could trust  
With humility, intelligence, and feelings robust,  
Guided by more than a soulless lust,  
Delving beyond her legs and her bust.

Finally she met that special someone,  
Her long crusade apparently won.  
Once again her world came undone  
When he fathered a bastard son.

At this point, certainly no surprise,  
She vowed vengeance on masculine lies.  
Seductively flirting and flashing her thighs,  
Breezy lured men to painful demise.

No longer rational, mentally sick,  
She contrived a technique both crafty and quick:  
Puckering her lips and feigning to lick,  
Meanwhile her handgun blasted his prick.

Fourteen crimes left an easy trail-  
Breezy was sentenced to lifetime in jail.  
Defeated and shattered with no chance to prevail,  
She died in two months, thus ending her tale.

So pay your respects to the late Lady Breezy.  
Being a woman has never been easy.  
Men, if her tale has rendered you queasy,  
Learn to show respect, never act sleazy.

**Murder, We Wrote**  
**Alexander Poster**

When we played Clue as a family,  
Miss Scarlet always was the killer.  
It was my mother's warning  
about a certain type of woman.  
As a young Professor Plum  
In the study with a candlestick  
Guess who I pursued?

I don't like to dedicate poems  
But this one is for the harlots  
In the room.  
The ones who don't yet want to kill me.  
The ones with scars where they shouldn't be.  
The ones that actually need  
the unpoetic trigger warning I should  
Have just given.

Passion by both its definitions  
Is a form of consideration  
And the passion you gave me was a roll  
Of the dice.  
Through laughter and lacrimation  
Verity and vulnerability  
Your crazy intertwined with mine  
As we took each other's meds  
Which were the same.

I suspect  
It is a crime  
Against all genders  
That the game lacks  
A character, masculine and moonstruck,  
Easy and wild.

Make an accusation,  
Open the envelope  
And pull out the card I drew of myself.  
My mother hated when I did that.

**It's Too Cold**  
**John Tustin**

I wake up in the middle of the night because I have to piss  
but the room, it's too cold,  
so I just lie here in the dark  
and I think about it.

I really have to piss  
but I'm stuck under the blankets,  
my nose sticking out like a thermostat.  
I should get up, just do it fast,  
without thinking about it

and  
I should learn how to change a flat tire.  
I should clean the house, fix the toilet  
and apologize to people.  
I should undo my ponytail and fuck something up.  
I should break some windows,  
scream bloody murder,  
take a writing class,  
compose cranky letters to editors  
and learn how to play the guitar

but it's too cold.

I think that to myself —  
It's Too Cold.

It's always too hot or too cold  
or I'm too tired  
and who am I kidding? —

I can't even get up to piss without pondering it:  
waffling, as dolorous as Hamlet,  
still undecided after an eternity;  
my hands two pretend cubes of ice,  
the floor between the bed and the toilet a vast tundra,  
cartoon wind blowing loud and frosty  
from the open bathroom door  
and into that dimly lit cavern between my ears.

**Y'all Were Just the Pregame**  
**Damian Rucci**

Some say life is like a river  
& we're floating from the womb  
to our caskets & you always try to hold on  
but we all drift away from each other  
so it's best to sit on your hands &  
watch the world pass you by—  
watch the breeze greet grasses  
you'll never step on; watch the gulls  
dance in cryptic seafoam winds

& some say life is like a race car  
& nirvana can only be found with  
the wind on your face, with a stampede  
beneath your sternum, gulps of breath  
are milestones to completion  
life can end in a second & any second  
without the thunder of release is too long  
that the devil will get his due  
once we get our hands on ours

but some say life is what you make of it,  
that men should build monuments  
out of their bones, to stack boulders  
on their shoulders until they break the heavens  
another obelisk smited by our limitations  
& we all fall short & we all die  
just a little more alone

I want the last taste on my tongue  
to be the bitter lightning of adrenaline  
to have the hair on my arms marching  
to the drum of my screaming heart  
to feel the wind beat these hollow bones  
like it was the chorus of cherub angels  
You'll know y'all were just the pregame  
& that life can end in any second  
& when that second takes me  
just know that I fucking deserved it