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**HSTQ: WINTER 2025**

**His Ghost has a Fine Ass but  
I Still Won't Let it Move Through Me...  
Casey Renee Kiser**

Yeah, I may still feel a spark of a spark  
of a spark on Valentine's  
And I may let two fingers put on spiked heels  
and go walkin' downtown,  
to remind me the pain of Cupid's arrow  
And just how long it takes to crawl back up  
from the depths of Hell  
Oh yeah, I may still see the shape  
of him dancin' around me once a year  
But that doesn't mean

his *fine* ghost ass has permission  
to treat this construction site like his graveyard  
The zone fee is a heavy one, *better know*,  
I'll write that ticket

I'm a work in progress; my boo-ridden heart  
stitched up nicely by the stars,  
and he's a lost soul who lives for the haunting  
aspect of Life. We are *too different*

Of course, I know he'd have me back  
on the aloof loop of wandering aimlessly;  
to be a side boo,  
a peek-a-boo,  
his sweet, sweet boo-berry icing  
on the cake he always has and eats too  
But I already buried that cake

Only underworldly things still try to tell  
half-truths on a full moon,  
so I *had to* put him in his place  
And now,  
I have day visions of colorful worms  
that I sometimes mistake for his face

**Dirty Books  
Charles Rammelkamp**

At least we got the Bible out of the schools,  
all that violence and vulgarity  
no better for elementary school kids  
than the so-called danger of LGBTQ books.

Davis County's always had its problems,  
standing out even in a state as white as Utah,  
widespread racial harassment throughout  
the school district, hundreds of complaints  
simply ignored by the local authorities.

A few years back, a school-bus driver  
slammed the doors  
on a biracial kid's backpack,  
dragging him along a few hundred feet.

So I was glad when one of the parents  
leveraged the new law aimed at LGBTQ authors  
to complain about the "pornographic content"  
of the Bible, to get that "sacred text" banned, too.

Of course, they established a "committee"  
to review the request,  
all that filth in "Song of Songs"  
about his sister's vagina tasting like wine,  
her breasts being "pleasing" to him,  
the part in Numbers about raping a three-year-old girl.

Finally, the committee agreed the Bible  
was a "challenging read" for children,  
best taught and discussed in the home.  
The best part? Watching my neighbor,  
that smug, hypocritical bigot,  
fuss and fume about how the country  
was going to hell.

**The Three Halves to Sainthood:  
Brooks Lindberg**

I.

A prophet seeks to change the world.  
A saint, themself.

I spare neither myself nor others  
following my nose.

II.

A prophet blushes at their sins.  
A saint, at none.  
But both feast on sins  
and famish in their absence.

The difference is a matter of gluttony.

I gorge on oysters, pussy, argument, honeycomb.

III.

A prophet needs a devil to overcome.  
A saint, their will.

I throw my skinny body into cold ocean—sickness, old age, and death  
are all I brawl  
while knowing this:  
I lose.

You do too.

IV.

I consecrate the earth—  
your eyes  
your dry skin  
every worm in every bowel.

I shall not live posthumously—  
I love you now.

Give me a call.

If we are wretched creatures  
then friend  
fuck salvation.

**The Only Path**  
**William Taylor Jr.**

Don't beat yourself up  
too much about it, kid.

Sure, you're not everything  
you thought you'd be

but that's how it is  
for most of us.

All those people  
you've disappointed

they probably had it coming.

Give yourself some days of silence,  
forget to hustle for a while.

Understand the universe  
will forget you and everything  
you have and haven't done.

Find some peace in this  
and sleep, guiltlessly,

and then get up  
whenever it is

you feel like  
getting up

and do something beautiful  
and useless

because that's the only  
path to grace.

**Your Stupid Heart**  
**William Taylor Jr.**

Hey friend, tell me  
what's left

of your  
stupid heart.

I want to know  
what music  
is yet within you,

what secret joy  
untrodde,

what scrap of beauty  
you've kept hidden  
from the thieves.

Have you harnessed  
the horror of the average day

with some new  
form of laughter,

a graceful movement  
of the hand?

Have you learned  
to sing like fire?

Tell me as we drink this wine

and cast tomorrow  
and all their dumb

and empty faces  
into oblivion.

**like she had done this before ~ J.J. Campbell**

had me one of those nights out  
drinking gin and i ran into a stripper  
with a cast on her right hand

i told her i'm sure the other bitch  
looks worse

she laughed, we went into a bar  
and had a few drinks

since i was drinking gin, the dirty  
part of my imagination was running  
the show

i asked her if she was a squirter?  
she smiled and said yeah

i said i'll give you \$100 if you let me  
watch you get your clit excited and squirt  
all over my face, \$50 extra if you get it  
in my mouth

like a clown? she asked

yes, like a clown

we went to the bathroom and she hovered  
over the toilet like she had done this before

she got it going rather quickly and told me  
to squat like a catcher

ooh, she knows sports, i might have to marry her

she exploded, first getting it on my eyebrows  
before getting a really good stream into my mouth

i handed her \$150 as she gave me some toilet  
paper to wipe my face with

i refused it

i have this long goatee for a reason

we've been together for a few months now

**Re: Man From P vs. T**  
**Tempest Miller**

Pulling out his guts via dildo.  
Do you know how long that takes?  
That's twenty-eight hours of nighttime butt-fucking.  
Butt-fucking in his boiler room flat - hung, drawn and quartered.  
That's four-hundred-and-thirty-two orgasms.  
A dilation sufficient to consume the polymer base.  
It's stuck to the doorsill by suction,  
planted on the mirror so he has to stretch  
on the toothpaste-stained sink rim into the slight alcove.  
Stretch under the narrow but incandescent shelf light.  
The shelf light like the sun,  
like the oil truck that exploded on the M4 corridor,  
like the car bomb outside the software infrastructure HQ,  
the terrorist cell house in residential Dorset.  
It's a scalpel for his insides, a lifting hook.  
A commixing of prosthetic cock and the turrets of his animal body.  
His seagull-white bladder,  
his monkey-brown rectal cavity,  
his pink-red-orange elbow joint.  
The unseen videos, phantasms, of his undergrowth,  
awash with blood and the secreting yellow.  
His guts get ripped out at 11:51 AM on his  
student living bed.  
Sheets muddied with dried lube, piss, spit, cum, blood,  
bird shit, dog froth and chunks of body,  
and now an overspill of beer shit and unprocessed waste.

He doesn't react. It's still not fetid enough.  
The warm, alien parts rub against his self-spanked butt cheeks  
lying twisted on his side.  
He smears the newest cum batch over his lips.  
Enters a neutral wavelength.  
Reaches for his bedside table and takes a swig of Jack Daniels  
from the bottle.  
Blood in his missing teeth he knocked out four hours before.  
University student, nineteen, but crow's feet, sunken eyes,  
acrylic pallid flesh polish.  
Thinning hair.  
Another swig of Jack. A night-out that lasted two months,  
came back with no teeth, went to sleep with no gallbladder  
or spleen. With cow guts, the sensation of having antlers,  
but really just nodes he plugged on for electro-sex torture,  
which he forgot about.  
He gets onto his knees on the fluid-soaked mattress  
and picks up his dusty-red entrails.  
He wields them like a joined-up scythe, a flabby scarf.  
Extremely, deliciously red when held in concert.  
He feels the light, zero-gravity drag of something decoupling from  
within.  
He punches hard under his bottom rib to distract from it.  
At last, he piles every last meaty pound of it into his bedside drawer.  
Slams it shut with a bit caught in the closing.

**Fuck Haikus I**  
**Francesca Miele**

Sun rises early.  
His hard cock enters my cunt  
my smile greets the light.

Hard deep and fine  
I am glad his cock is mine  
Puss purrs on the bed.

Cloud covers the sun  
A farmer is ploughing field  
Hard cock breaks my will.

My ancient house creaks  
His cock pushes me to scream  
Puss perks up her ears.

Cunt or Ass or throat  
The choice of venue is mine  
The moon hides her face.

Bitch is lovely to be  
My leash is silver and light  
A dog is waiting.

**Fuck Haikus II**  
**Francesca Miele**

My hunger is rare  
Pearl divers plunge in the sea  
Thick cum on my tongue

How big is too big?  
The waves rush into a cave  
Your cock pushes deep

Kneeling is pure joy  
Hot wind bends the tallest reeds  
My mouth is open.

The bull mounts the cow  
Dragon flies over the pond  
Your cock makes me moo.

I finger my cunt  
My dog's vulva has swollen  
Two bitches in heat.

Your palm filled with cum  
Dew is heavy on the grass  
I lick it all up

Cum blesses my face  
Showers drip down the windows  
Your cock is my God.

**California Boyfriend**  
**Andy Seven**

She said she was from London  
slept and woke in the West End  
I said if it pleases her pretty scarlet heart  
I'll be your California boyfriend  
my heart burns like the Laurel Canyon hills  
turns cold as the Santa Barbara waves  
she said tell it to me softly  
like the Hollywood Forever graves

I said this one died from heroin  
this one died from cocaine  
and this girl inhaled monoxide from her running car  
so she didn't feel any pain

California boyfriend  
it's all make believe  
it's not intentional  
you're not being deceived  
we're just not three dimensional

She said she came from the Deep South  
the swamps sang lullabies to her in bed  
I said if it pleases your pretty crimson heart  
I'll be your California boyfriend  
I'm like the rolling hills of San Francisco Bay  
and planetary mystery like Joshua Tree  
she said tell it to me softly  
why California's the national capital of mystery

I said we kill all our history  
we can be anybody you want to us to be  
I'll always be your California boyfriend  
and nothing's ever real, nothing's ever real

California boyfriend  
it's all make believe  
it's not intentional  
you're not being deceived  
we're just not three dimensional

**Chlorine**  
**Mark Parsons**

My sister's vagina  
Comes alive  
Underwater,  
In the shallow end  
Of our swimming pool.  
The water's not cloudy.  
I can see everything  
Push out between the 'v'  
Of Dad's fingers:  
The snub  
Beak of clitoris  
Unhooded  
At the apex of yawning pink  
Set in rubbery outer lips.  
Dad's on the second step, my sister on his lap.  
I'm wearing my new swim-mask.  
His other hand is spread out like a starfish on my head.  
My sister's legs  
Outside my father's legs,  
The strip of turquoise and white swimsuit  
Bunched and pulled aside  
Grooves her skin where hip meets thigh.  
I've got a snorkel  
That came with the mask,  
But I forget to breathe.  
I kick and try to swim away,  
But Dad clamps down on the back of my neck.

I'm counting hairs on his middle finger  
When a speck of air  
Clinging to one crinkly inner lip detaches  
And zigzags to the surface.  
His fingernails  
Are squarish, long, and thick.  
I'm wondering why he doesn't cut them,  
And why  
His fingers don't appear orange,  
Like he's been eating cheese puffs from a can,  
When he begins to stroke.  
I'm worried his fingernail will tear  
My sister's delicate-looking skin.  
The tip of his finger inside,  
My sister's feet  
Arch on the bottom step  
As she rotates her hips.  
I can't tell if his finger making circles  
Makes her hips  
Move in circles, or vice versa.  
His finger slips  
Almost out, back in.  
I'm breathing  
Hard and biting down  
Hard on the molded rubber projections  
Of the snorkel's mouthpiece.  
I taste blood where the flange scrapes my gums.

**Relief**  
**Noel Negele**

Friday reaches for Saturday  
like a hand around a throat  
while we drink together  
inside one darkness or another  
lying on bed, bottle between us  
like a buoy in the gloom,  
boredom gradually taking over  
the left side of my brain,  
bad memories start to swell up  
like a tumor  
when she gets up suddenly  
switches the light on  
and tap dances like a lovable moron,  
her breasts going up and down,  
such a sight to see, I tell you–  
Imagine me in a red dress, she says  
red lipstick and expensive earrings  
and a diamond necklace that's killed  
more people than Christianity–  
wouldn't that be grand?

I remember how she cried  
one night I blew through  
both her windows with my fists,  
how she chased me down the road  
asking for forgiveness,  
her bare feet on the asphalt  
when I leaned against a car,  
my hands dripping blood all over  
my pants and shoes  
and looked at her saddened face, all teary and panicked  
and I realised there's something wrong with me  
always deciding against joy  
always hurting souls that deserve better

That night I poured Jim Beam  
on my wounds under her kind and caring eyes,  
her trembling hand gripping the side of my shirt  
and when I picked up the shards of glass from the floor  
wearing nothing but shoes and a pierced underwear  
she started laughing suddenly  
and pointed at my crotch  
and I looked down to see my balls  
spilling through the hole.

So when she lies on the bed again,  
after switching the light off  
I tell her that expensive things  
on such an authentic soul  
can only darken the glow  
in this terrible life where we have to do  
indecent things to live decently  
and in this darkness, in this black room  
something in me stirs, something good  
that laughs and cares  
as her cold feet rub against mine  
underneath the covers  
I am almost completely certain  
I'm happy.

I can feel you smiling in the dark, she says–  
I can feel you staring.

## **I'm Afraid of Monsters ~ Davide Nixon**

You have a beautiful singing voice,  
but I can't hear you over the screaming.  
This is not theatrical-  
these are gigantic women that rape men  
of their emotions-  
and gigantic men-  
men as large as couches-  
they devour women-  
swallow them whole  
like the goa  
of ambitious pythonesque  
middleclass monsters  
out for a bit of fun.  
They killed your parents.  
They ate the titan girls.  
They killed their own children-  
at least according to gossip...  
at least according to the wolves.  
But who can trust those old whores?  
They run with hawks  
that see everything  
but feel nothing.  
Good god-  
what a dream!  
What is this fear of nightmares?  
And you can't even breathe  
with your dusty lungs  
full of ants,  
and termites,  
full of fears  
you can no longer express,  
because the child in you  
was eaten alive  
by a Medusa  
driving around  
in a beautiful new car-  
Hallelujah!

How proud they sit  
in their rusty cages-  
the dogs with their  
cancerous fleas  
have been locked  
in with the lions.  
These are not  
the brazen beasts from fairy tales-  
lies to make children sleep well.  
No- these are putrid  
down to dirt earth snakes-  
white eyed,  
no slit  
for the trusting-  
no heart for the loving-  
no warmth for the soul.

These are nightmares incarnate.  
You're not afraid  
because you love them.  
You adore the spiny worms  
in the ground  
that eat your children  
in their practice coffins.  
They bundle like infant weasels  
waiting like buffets  
for creatures  
of very little wit  
but very large ambitions.

Are you uncomfortable with all of this?  
These are the monsters that you love.  
They eat your parts when you sleep  
and you don't say a fucking word  
because these creatures...  
they take care of you.

You are the pet of dead-eyed apes  
with the brains of frog kings  
and the guts of stray insects  
that feed birds too fat to fly,  
and speak to you in your nightmares-  
and tell you how much they miss you-  
how much they miss looking into your eyes.

**when you wake up**  
**Scott C. Holstad**

nocturnal goings on  
like thunder dreams of  
a dark, dank hunger,  
like when the sperm  
hits the back of your  
throat, you blink &  
swallow, like bitter  
tendrils of ghostly hands  
forcing you apart, like  
the boogeyman hiding  
in the eternal closet,  
waiting & wanting  
you & me too,  
us,  
i,  
me,  
knowing he'll wait  
& strike, tearing  
& gnashing in a  
horrorland violence  
of murderscene,  
& flimsy, going  
too hard & fast

nomore  
life  
like a giant  
jagged hole  
art dreams  
in the head,  
your head,  
until it hurts  
  
& you wake  
you wake  
you wake  
to sweatsoaked  
vision of cum  
dried gash, having  
black bush in the  
hand worth two  
birds at least,  
panting & heaving  
&  
vowing and knowing

**Right Here**  
**Jeff Weddle**

Not far from where you sit, right now,  
just a mile or two away,  
there is a house  
you never really notice.  
It has white, vinyl siding,  
a small porch, a basement.  
A single rose bush decorates the front yard.  
Not far from you there is a man  
sitting in a chair and savoring  
the weight of a gun in his hands.  
It might be a new gun  
or something he's had forever.  
Maybe it was his inheritance  
from a careless father  
or he bought it from the back of a van  
or at a gun show.  
Depending on where you are,  
the man might be holding  
a semi-automatic rifle  
or a .22 caliber pistol  
or maybe a .357 Magnum.  
Not far from you, a woman,  
or child, or man stands, oblivious,  
in a kitchen, maybe chopping onions,  
or on a sidewalk,  
or is maybe entering a school or movie theater.

A commonplace horror  
will happen very soon.  
It will happen so close to where you are,  
right this second,  
that a stray bullet  
could come through your window  
or even a wall  
and take you the fuck out.  
Or it might take out your child,  
your wife, your dog.  
You have always  
held that "Guns don't kill people.  
People kill people."  
What about when your own baby  
has been shredded  
by high caliber bullets?  
What about when you don't even know  
you are screaming  
until someone puts a needle in your arm?  
But you still have a little time  
before it all goes down, so relax.  
Drink your coffee and don't think  
about your neighbors.  
Look out your window at America.

**Everything's happening just as it should**  
**Julian Thumm**

Everything's happening just as it should  
with hateful lucidity  
& cringing coherence  
& perpetual moments  
of vile clarity

everything that falls apart  
must face its own collapse  
every being that brings destruction  
must witness what it's wrought  
the sublime arousal  
the culmination  
of every booming vision

the gripping hand  
the stacked odds  
the dubious dyslexia  
& maddening myopia  
that needfully bends  
to conservative pegs

We slough ourselves down  
& slime ourselves open  
knowing no better  
'cause better is beyond  
the frittered  
& fruitless ken  
of our decimated soil

All we are  
is all we can possibly do  
& doing is deaf & dumb  
a dead-end death drive  
up an endless slope  
but still we flail  
fellating the cock of fate  
licking Sisyphus' calloused sole  
a mosquito on Achilles' balls  
in final measure  
a laughing stock  
in our masters' cannibal soup

**Black Motorbikes**  
**Damon Hubbs**

Was it too much too soon  
all the racing against impermanence  
on the back of black motorbikes...  
You had the feeling  
it was going to be an odd year  
and it's true  
all the girls at the Peppermint Lounge  
have matching beehives.  
Who wants a fresh take on modern love  
when you can draw Rimbaud's face on a windowpane.  
There was fun to be had  
and I stabbed myself in the heart,  
built a shrine over the hole  
whilst yet to prove  
I can lick the heat off your body.  
We differed with the classics  
and Jessica says karate is as bitchin' as ever in the Valley.  
We'd go west but you'd burn down the scenery.  
Let's breathe close to the knives, you say  
Let's smoke a cigar  
with what's left of living.