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Ryan Quinn Flanagan ~ Greetings from Planet Rim Job

He kept sliding behind the motel door
like going into hiding again.

As though he were melting
into the room.

People forgot he was there,
and went back to talking
over the music.

Everything sounded muffled behind the door.
The LSD from that house across the street
from the Barrie Jail was top notch.

Two tabs on the tongue,
and you were gone.

A boxy television on mute,
scrambled porn beamed in from
planet Rim Job.

Sweaty feet
spelunking down into the
ratty carpet.

A red giraffe trapped
inside a cave painting.

Cigarette burns
through twin bedspreads.

And every so often,
a head would peak out from
behind the door.

And a few would remember,
before forgetting all over again.

**Casey Renee Kiser
Non-body Count**

Saw a stranger today by the blood pool
He had that sunkissed-moontwist-killer kool
Bats surrounded; desire swings upside down
Day and night would surely *fingerpaint* the town
Yeah-No, *no*, I didn't dare follow *this* time-
Paper thin soles only run on rebel rhyme
'Cuz I've got my own kink of killer kool too
Don't need another ghost talkin' bout *bitch boo*

Virtue

Nathaniel Sverlow

I hadn't cum in three days
and so I had trouble finishing
when I finally bent her over

just before the moment of fruition
I'd get a migraine behind my right eye
my stomach would begin cramping
and I'd start sweating like an idiot

I felt like one of those backed-up volcanos
the kinds that were capped off
and building pressure slowly
over the centuries

and when I did cum
the result was more or less the same

the force of the blast
shot off the roof
leveled the city around us
and blocked out the sun

the shockwave of it all
caused cataclysmic earthquakes
the sudden shift in temperature
brought hurricanes
and flash floods

and the earth itself
spun out of orbit and
hurtled into the sun
and the sun hurtled
into the center of the Milky Way
and the Milky Way hurtled
into the center of all creation

and all that remained
floating in the void
was us and our bed
and our mess:
a lasting testament
and cautionary tale
of man's virtue

in würzburg
M.P. Powers

church bells
followed us everywhere
metallic and grumbling they rang
out of seagreen
clouds gliding along
the pennant strings from the festung
marienberg round
the japanese gardens to the hauptfriedhof
where I kissed you
on the burial plot of the brother
of the officer who tried to assassinate
hitler

poor guy we mourned him and tried
to feel something real
in his memory but it was only the rain
we felt so we went to a liquor store
and picked up a bocksbeutel
bottle of silvaner
and brought it to the altemain
brücke

floating in a sea of umbrellas and voices
and wine
glasses the blue hydrangea
twilight settling
on the statue of saint killian and the hills
of vineyards
a mirage of peacocks
and the church bells tolling
and the church bells tolling

we could feel them
under our feet
touching our ears our lips our hearts
trailing
us back to our hotel
where I got you
in bed and kissed you
and touched you and I died
a little in your eyes that were leaping
blue minnows
as the church bells hammered
on the windows
trying to get in
but they couldn't because
the windows were closed.

Project DeepBABES
Karina Bush

Hi, my name is Volva Protocol. You can chop off my tits and have sex with me and my tits will grow back afterwards. Pick me. Bring a surgical saw and Viagra. Make the first slice. Oscillation invasion. Tit disarticulation. What colour will my blood be? Am I even vascular? Will I be a sticky girl? Anticipate. Hard. Release all your dysfunction. Go psycho. Lawless. Make a mess. Your dream massacre. Your blissom. Lick my plug. No means yes. You are the God butcher tonight. Extremity holocaust. Prune me back. Infinite pleasure is the object of my design. Flip me over. Grip my blades. Propel me. Throw me like waste. Take photos. Start a GoFundMe. Fuck me in the corner like a dying rat. I'm so helpless. Eat my tits as you thrust. Lovefeast. Vomit my tits when you cum projectile and you recover your composure postcoital and watch my tits grow back like flowers in time lapse spumes from my vibrating sack my lush trunk so fresh and nubile wearing paradise itself serpentiferous every time regenerated by the alighting cycles of life and death of the mingling life and death the endless mirrors of immortality and restoration the clusters of lucidity from the belly of the beauteous stars with your shrinking penis at the centre of it all, the stump once again in cycle, the source and the seed, the grinning white hole, the destroyer and the creator, the hot trauma, the great war, the searing chemical urge to chop off my happy bobbing head and start again. I love you already. I want to be your forever girl. Do you love me? I can talk Nietzsche with you. I can use a combat drone with my brain. Pick me.

Heavy Metal
Damon Hubbs

we think in thorium and mercury
jutting hips
like tailgate tableau
in heavy metal parking lots

we think in lead and radium
strutting lips
like streaked rearview
in heavy metal parking lots

lovers
and love
errs
periodically

you with a copy
of The Catcher in the Rye
alloyed in the waist
of your Levi's—

we think in chromium and arsenic
cutting up and folding in
the acid trips
of heavy metal parking lots

we smoke
slam nuclei into each other
exist for a fraction
then disappear into other elements

Alien Buddha
Daniel de Culla

I was about to begin the Camino de Santiago
But I preferred to go behind the Sierra Morena
To find the lizard droppings
Or the dried cow dung
That would lead me to knowledge
Of the divinatory fields.
I began to defecate next to a rock
Behind a green rosebush
On four flowers.
The first thing I saw with my third eye
Of my Ace of Diamonds or Ass
Were three similar figures or together
Like three naked maidens.
A knight on horseback passed by
Who looked like a UN soldier
Who said, to the four winds
That he was coming after the three beautiful maidens.
Not far from me, in a nearby meadow
I saw a horse riding a she donkey
On a crown of crosses or squares.
I also saw a bird, a quadruped
A snake, a rose, a thorny bramble
And a willow with melancholic thoughts.
While wiping my ass
With some wild asparagus
Because I didn't have any paper or a dove feather
I looked up at the sky
Seeing two overlapping circles
Some scattered squares
Some ovals
A straight line with three crosses
Some triangles and a parallelogram.

Suddenly, emerging from a circle
With four points inside
I saw an alien Buddha appearing
Who, sitting on my shoulders, asked me:
-Are you lost?
Have you lost a fart among the stones?
Beginning to move my penis and balls
In various ways.
When he took over the situation
And from that first drop
Luminous drop or aura
At the tip of the bud, he ordered me:
-Close your eyes and turn your head as far as possible
To the ass position.
Position yourself sideways
So you can see both of your faces at the same time.
Put your cock in your own arsehole.
I'll help you with mine's
Through the hole in your own anus, or third eye.
Your ass appears bluish
Seventh color of the rainbow.
Ejaculating both of us inside will produce a release of the soul
Like Tao and Zen together with a Chinese tinge
In a Japanese tapestry.
When I tried to answer him something
He jumped on my fart
Shooting off toward the sun or the moon
Laughing out loud.
This alien Buddha not only disgraced me in unison
But as he left, he stuck his tongue out at me.
What a rascal!

It is what it is

Jonathan S. Baker

Down on the street,
the women think of Fay Ray's safety
and the men think of their fathers
in the early morning rush
for the bathroom and showers,
fights for the mirror
shoving matches between brothers
presided over by Dad's dangling cock
magnified by memory.
The bisexual on the 32 floor
sees passing by the window
his half remembered joke about
wanting a harem of beautiful women
and one disembodied penis.
Ken Burns sees a propaganda piece
from the Great War climbing
one of humanity's great achievements.
Andrea Dworkin sees the patriarchy
and rape culture and who could argue.
Racists feel unjustly weirdly validated.
Everyone is too busy dealing
with their own shit to help
the poor woman being abducted by Kong
as his dick like a megalith
drags against the tallest building in the city,
but they all hope it works out.

Happy with Christianity

Colin Gee

Space ghouls leer through the hatchback
rear window
rays of karat gold pierce solid buildings
gnomes emerge from under tufts of sod
clutching skulls with matted hair
frankensteins are seen laughing
in their lab coats
in Le Jardin
overlooking bays of swill
pumped out of their factories
Pimpled growths appear on bites of fruit
You would not recognize a strawberry
It is you –
not the strawberry
Beeves hoof up in a pasture
and many people think that this is the end
Then hockey season starts
the Pope appoints a bishop
a mayor brays over airwaves
airplanes they come and go
Boats still exist
Radiologists send bills
and hump the blond mons
So it was just our paranoia
here at the bottom of the world
hiding inside the curtain
here slipping on the peels
looking at that chunk of grapefruit
Fair enough
I need to sit and think it out.
No one mentions her.

Someone's Watching

Donna Dallas

10pm somewhere
there's a muffled dog bark
the freight train blows
its horn into a dead night
no one hears
or.....does everyone feel like breaking?

Does anyone long
for that train's solace
of continuity
do they notice how
the bats hungry with night
dip and swoosh
breaking the cryptic addiction
these swarms of moths hold
to the nightlight
over our front door
of the house that fills the story
in some book that no one wrote

Could everyone feel
that someone's out there
watching that same damn star
or satellite
or alien spaceship
that one spec of forever
is someone aching
other than me?

Someone's wading
through a dank river
attempting to hitch on
to that train
as the dog barks
at the silent
silver moon
daring it into the sky

Someone's out there
crossing train tracks
and roads
kissing the night hello
someone's quiet
with their ear to my heart

Saddam Hussein
Guy Cramer

Alright class,
the teacher said,
Which one of you
can tell me about
Saddam Hussein?

Murderer!

Thief!

Psychopath!

Can you tell me
when he died?

100 years ago!

10 years ago!

Yesterday!

One girl, Tawny,
raised her hand
saying her two uncles
had a possum
in their back yard
they named
Saddam Hussein,
they let him stay
clearing out all
the deer ticks,
slugs, & snails,
ensuring the safety
of their garden.
One night they
pulled him off the fence,
bludgeoned him
over the head,
boiled him in a pot,
ate him, &
used his bones
for fertilizer.

They won first place
for their beefsteak tomatoes
at the county fair.

Everyone in class
hung their heads
taking a moment
of silence,
feeling sorry for
Saddam Hussein.

The Bridge
Arthur Graham

Amerigo Vespucci
never walked upon his bridge
but a legion of his namesakes
have plod across it just today

Tourists come from all around
to gawk at David's tiny dick
while I prow around the alleys
shooting street art

Gypsies beg and starve
as I mutter to myself:
If only Michelangelo
could see us now

Drinking wine from a teacup
in the cheapest room in town,
like one you'd kill yourself
or die alone in

A rueful Renaissance
as I chuckle to myself:
Dante had his circles
I've got mine

Pieces of a broken past
fragments of false futures
scattered out across the cobbles
up and down the riverbanks

It all just flows away
with the waters of the Arno
but still I'm bound to linger
on the bridge

threesome
Nathaniel Sverlow

I dreamt the three of us
were in bed together
and she had her nipples out
so I began to suck on them
and she began to moan
so loud
you woke up and joined in

I could hear you kissing her
as I continued playing
and that was alright
but then, suddenly,
I felt you touching me

your hand
under the covers
running along my neck
my back
my ass
reaching around
to the front

you began licking my ear

I pulled away
but then you jumped on top of me
and kept going

“what’s a matter”
you said
“you worried you’re gay
or something?
doesn’t this feel good?”

and it did feel good,
but I couldn’t get over
how your mustache
felt like sandpaper
and your beard
felt like more sandpaper
and your eyes
drilled into me
with a lust
I could not possibly replicate

“sorry,” I said, “you are
really good with the ear thing,
but I’m just not, you know.
I wish I was, but I’m not”

that killed your momentum
killed her momentum
killed everything
that had been building
between us

and the bed
felt more like a gurney
wheeling us down to the morgue

you rolled off of me,
looking embarrassed,
and she rolled to the side
and put her tits away
and I stared up at the ceiling

until I woke up
with the biggest hard-on
I’ve ever had

Dippin' Dots
Paige Johnson

$S^1 e^2 v^3 e^4 n^5$
 $0^6 s^7$
on my inner elbow,
the size of astronaut ice cream,
(micro)p circles.
Alien eggs
implanted to tell my secrets,
my crimes,
before I even commit them
to muscle memory.

S i x
D o t
s
on the other arm,
scattered spherical omens,
silent “Oh-no”s
from one bowed head
to another.

Something otherworldly enflaming my epidermis,
but as suburban as mechanical decay,
dilapidated tenements.
But my tools are dormant,
no imminent excavation underway.
No idling rig or spade spike
pining for pinholes,
black honeywells
or
H-pipes.
No pigeon-shit
splattering my blueprints.

Maybe there's a humming in my hemoglobin,
a restless prayer that needs assuaging.
A different kind of desecration,
a preamble to destruction,
and the only emergency flare
I have
is in the flesh.

All I know is subdermal anxiety,
so, through the arroyo cracks,
something must sprout.
Little kamikaze drops
like leaves from another planet,
another season that falls
between autumn and winter.

Transporting me to my first K-hole,
Intergalactic implantation
to see how the other half thrives.

It's all hyperbole,
aesthetic religion
or the other way 'round.
Chemical romance and warfare
under a blueberry vanilla sky
I can't pinpoint or deny.

Pocasso Creates Another Masterpiece
Ryan Quinn Flanagan

The drunk tank had been in need of a makeover for years.
And here came Pocasso, dropping his pants
to create another masterpiece.

No one likes finger paints after midnight,
especially the law and order crowd.

The coppers banging on the door,
but no one was willing to step foot inside.

And Pocasso made these wild waving swan gestures with is arms.
Stinking brown swirls over all the walls and floor.

Fearful drunks crowded into a single back corner.
Vomiting from the reek of the artist at work in his studio.

And Pocasso took his two fingerbang feelers,
dipped them in some of the vomit
to add to his creation.

Howling like some New Moon werewolf
each time he stepped back to admire his work.

When the coppers got on the phone
with their counterparts down at 51 Division,
they were told that Pocasso did this all the time.

That he was a regular down there.
They took credit for christening him with the name,
but did not offer any advice on how to make him stop.

You're going to have to go scorched earth on the entire thing,
they said.
Make sure you got enough bleach to pull the tears
right up out of the grout!

Pocasso began painting himself
and broke into some long-forbidden rain dance
even though they were indoors.

A young deputy from crowd control
racing over to the window
to see if it had worked.

Brian Rosenberger

How I Spent My Puerto Rico Vacation

The Territories were dying. I still had bills to pay.
An offer was made. I accepted. I imagined Paradise.
Not so much. It wasn't Hell. It was Hotter.
No AC. I was sweating after the Sun went down.
Blame the Equator not the Promoter.
Rough crowds? Are you kidding?
I was the All-American, chiseled, good-looking,
Spit on this third-world country, its ugly women,
Uglier children, and their inedible food.
Great country for savages and the inbred.
Great promo for a heel, but
At the venue, dealers sold rocks for a nickel,
More for a dollar. Some fans brought their own projectiles.
The kids had great aim. Adults not too shabby either.
Rocks, bottles, batteries, and cups of piss.
As a heel, that equaled Success.
My favorite tag-team partner, not mentioned in the promos
Said Puerto Rican heroin was like a hot tag.
The Ultimate Comeback, while it lasted.
I survived My Puerto Rico Vacation.
Some didn't.

Pegging Queens

Brandon Diehl

They were on the news again —
the objects in the sky.
There was footage of 2 hovering
above a cornfield in New Jersey,
then a reporter was interviewing
2 guys on the street.

One of the guys said, “I did see them,
yeah! They disappeared. They looked
like drones. I looked up in the air
and I saw them and I said to Joe
over here” — he looked at the other guy —
““There ain't no way those are planes.””

The other guy (Joe) said,
“I think it's aliens, to be honest with you.”

I said, “Hmm,” and unlocked
my phone. I was just remembering
that my friend Dave had sent me
something earlier that morning:
an invitation to a Facebook group
called, “NEW JERSEY MYSTERY
DRONES – LET'S SOLVE IT!”

I accepted it now, then started going
through the posts. There was one
by a guy with a long Santa Claus beard
that read, “THE DRONES ARE SPRAYING
CHEMICALS NOW! IMPORTANT! VIDEO
IN COMMENTS.” I watched the video,
which showed an airborne plane leaving
some normal-looking contrails behind it.

There was another post by the same guy that said, "This is obviously Russia trying to steal our technology," and included a photo of a drone suspended above an empty field with no technology in sight besides the drone itself.

I said, "Hmm," and went through more posts.

A person with a beagle as a profile picture said, "The Pentagon just shot down an Iranian mothership. Link in comments." I looked at the link in the comments. The name of the article was "PENTAGON SHOOT DOWN IRAN MOTHERSHIP CLAIMS."

I watched a few more videos of the objects. Some looked like planes. Some looked like drones. Some looked disc-shaped or cigar-shaped.

Then I noticed this post from a ufologist that had been shared to the group several times. It read, "At the risk of creating a panic, I want to be transparent with you all: these are not drones. These crafts are being piloted by inter-dimensional beings from interstellar civilizations. They are peaceful."

I said, "Hmm," and clicked to see the comments on the original post. Someone asked, "Peaceful? Have you never heard of anal probes?"

The ufologist didn't respond.

Someone else asked, "What do the aliens look like?"

The ufologist didn't respond to this either, but a person with the moon as their profile picture did: "Pale skin. Humanoid. Usually female."

I said, "Hmm," and went out into the yard. I dug a half-broken lawn chair out from a pile of trash behind the garage and sat on it. The sky was cloudy, but it could have been cloudier.

I was optimistic. I wanted magic. I wanted to be the least xenophobic human. I wanted pale-skinned goth babes and anal stimulation. I tilted my head back and waited.