



Unnatural Tendencies

Poems & Prose - Gabriel White

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“To steal from a brother or sister is evil. To not steal from the institutions that are the pillars of the Pig Empire is equally immoral.”

— Abbie Hoffman

“Stealing, of course, is a crime, and a very impolite thing to do. But like most impolite things, it is excusable under certain circumstances. Stealing is not excusable if, for instance, you are in a museum and you decide that a certain painting would look better in your house, and you simply grab the painting and take it there. But if you were very, very hungry, and you had no way of obtaining money, it would be excusable to grab the painting, take it to your house, and eat it.”

— Lemony Snicket

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The Shits

Hunter and the hunted
The quicker and the quick
Rest for the weary
And a dollar for a lick

A hundred to forget
Protection from the fire
A penny saved, a penny earned
The harp and the lyre

The sleeper and the spindle
Loose change for the blind
Tap to take a turn to dance
An unburdened mind

The sparrow and the falcon
A fiver for a trick
Distracted for a moment
They'll cut you to the quick

Diner Resuscitate

Am I going to become one of these old diner men
With leathery bacon skin and gravy in my veins?
I'm afraid of the future. It seems infinitely far away
And imminently close at hand, unknowable...
And by its very nature erosive, changing me like
Rivers of runny egg soaking through a triangle of toast
Until it is something unknowable, moist and cold
Will I be an empty cup? Filled with corrosive coffee
Until I am bitter and stained, leftover dirty dishes
Looking forward to nothing more than the usual
Unreciprocated flirting with the young waitresses

The Heist

Three hundredish grand in a duffle bag. A cheap hotel room with rattling air conditioner.

The bank had been chaos. Smoke and shredded paper filled the air. That one lady never stopped screaming the whole time, whether he pointed a gun at her or not.

He had floored his little hatchback all the way to Oklahoma. Now, he lay on the ratty carpet staring at the nicotine-stained ceiling. He waited for the call, nervously checking his cell every few seconds.

He replayed that fateful conversation over in his mind. "We have your daughter." Said the raspy voice. "A quarter million and she's yours." No amount of screaming, pleading, or threatening could change anything. And no police, of course.

The phone rang, and he jumped out of his skin. "Yes, hel-hello?" He stuttered.

"Shit, man... we uh, just saw the news." Said the burly voice. "This is Dave, from shipping?" A long, breathy pause, "April fools, you poor bastard."

The Broken Plane

Pale twisted bodies, drowning houses
Shattered rainbows, blood-red flowers
All stripped bare exposing brittle skin
Sanctuary echoes thin lipped vowels
Patterns on the pillars, posts and saints
Innocent child in the highway headlights
Hidden Russian dolls in shipping crates
The robin's red breast broken open drips
Open windows spill yellow light outside
On swirling snow and crippled rabbits
Night content to keep its own company

Hitherto Unheard Prophecies

Alliterative gibbous wanting
In chambers welled and fallow
Snakes await green lighten shapes
And corpsey stench rat shambles
Weight in king tied bundles

Hark, and warning the black sun
Twin of golden day, pouncing
And tearing the subspace layers
The epidermised mother gaia
Death rasps equivocally noun

The kindred ancient shadows
Keep rebirthing matrix fast
So strike with sticks wrapped
In snakeskin soaked chartreuse
And capture in mithril chains

Their squirming slummy souls
Pull down crumbled well towers
To be their rotting prison walls
For seventy moons fermenting
Then dredge up the sludge

Drink deep the clear ancestry

Drunk on dead god juices slumber

Become the black sun rising

And devour the ouroboros tail

Orbiting demonstrative angles

Twelve Maladies

1.

My dad made up medical “facts”

/ Sometimes knees just swell

/ Come back if your leg falls off

/ If you break that window

/ You’ll die on the way to the hospital

He comes from tough stock

2.

His sister’s foot was crushed by a giant

/ A great, fat invalid

/ Whom she waited on hand and foot

They had to chop her into bits

/ First the foot (after she neglected to visit the doctor)

/ Then below the knee (diabetes speeding the infection along)

/ Then a chunk from her shoulder

The next thing we knew, she was dead

It was one of only two or three times

/ I’ve seen my father cry

3.

We would run in from the back yard

(A dirt pit of rusted nails and scrap lumber)

Clutching some small flesh wound

/ Him, jokingly, "you'd better not bleed on my carpet!"

4.

His dad (my grandfather) is a skeleton now

/ Richly tattooed skin stretched over withering bones

Once, he was a firecracker

/ A lawless rambler

/ A river rat

/ Full of piss and vinegar

Now, he is sinking into his leather chair

/ Slipping away like a bag of bones into burgundy quicksand

He claims all doctors are quacks

/ Sadly, I can see why

/ Trip after trip to the clinic and nothing to show for it

/ Another prescription (he's up to sixteen)

/ Another bed sore

/ Another few pounds lighter

And the doctors couldn't save his daughter, or any of his friends

And the doctors couldn't unbury the men he planted

/ In abandoned farms between here and Texas

5.

When my dad could afford it, he was seeing a physical therapist

/ The army destroyed the bone and fiber of his back

/ Some days, he has to use two hands to lift his coffee cup

But the gains he made in mobility, in pain management

/ Dried up faster than his settlement

6.

One day, my brother woke up and couldn't walk

One day, my other brother woke up and couldn't talk

/ Blood clots in the brain

One, after another, on down the line

/ Trading beds in the ICU

Helicopter rides are twenty-k a pop

/ Half a million dollars later

/ They still get those mystery blood clots

The first time it happened

/ I drove two hours in the rain
/ Bargaining, angry with god the whole way

These days, when I wake with a headache
/ It's all I can think about

7.

My aunt Mary used to pull the oxygen tubes from her nose
/ So she could smoke
/ We always joked about her being a wheelchair time-bomb

8.

My great grandma looked me in the eyes
/ Said "I'm afraid. I never get sick, and now I've been ill for weeks."
/ She passed in hospice before I could work up the courage to go see her

9.

My grandma retired, after a life of back-breaking labor
/ Bought a motorcycle
/ Took safety classes and everything
/ Then wiped out a week later

They kept insisting she was in a better place
/ But I could see her in the coffin

Every time I make cookies
/ I think about her arms around me

10.

My brothers and I loathe hospitals
/ The smell of fear and antiseptic
/ The medical doublespeak
/ The tasteless religious symbology

We can only take it so long before coming up for air
/ Stepping out, walking far away to smoke

11.

Now I'm a father
/ So when my girls come in with splinters
/ Crocodile tears streaming down their adorable faces

I try to teach them to be tough
/ Me, jokingly, "oh my god, are you going to make it?"

12.

Sometimes when I speak I hear my father's voice come out
/ I don't know how to feel about that

Spilt Milk

Her skirt couldn't have been shorter, legally. Her legs went all the way to the floor, and ended in tall black stilettos. And her body was... Coke classic. Curvy in all the right places.

She wanted to have sex. I knew by the look in her eyes, and where her hand was on my thigh.

I tapped my fag on the ashtray, and looked her straight in the face. "Sorry Baby, I don't have sex with synthetics, even sexy bots like you."

"That's okay," she replied in her smooth as silk voice. "I don't have sex with squares."

We shared a smile, and I finished my drink.

"Keep it clean, Synthetica." I winked nonchalantly and stepped into the smog and fluorescent lights.

Ever since my first couple of run-ins with positronic princesses, I've steered clear of that thick freakness. They crave new experiences, and often don't know they're own strength. Also, I always feel guilty taking advantage of machines. I hardly ever even make my car do the driving.

I hopped in my jet black Caddy, and pushed start. The lights all came on like a scene from Tron, and the engines revved quietly, then whined to life. I was pulling out of my spot when I reached down to light up another cancer stick.

Bam!

My neck whipped forward and I dropped my lighter. My heart was in my throat, I knew I had hit something which had not been there even a second ago. I shut my car off, and didn't even wait for it to touch down before I was climbing out to see what I had hit.

Synthetica. Fluorescent white-green fluid spurting from her legs. Oh, those flawless legs. A shocked, disappointed look on her divine face.

"Awe crap, baby, I'm sorry." I took off my hat and squatted down next to her. "I didn't see you there."

Her voice was calm as still waters and just as clear. "That's okay." She replied, "I'm still under warranty, and I'm sure it'll be covered."

"Can I take you to a service center?"

"That'd be lovely." Poised. Grateful.

I knelt down and scooped her up. I threw up a little thanks to the Big Guy that she was a mint model. The older Androids weighed almost as much as a car. Carefully, I laid her in the back seat, and started the car again.

Right as I was pulling out, she said: "mirror." And I checked, twice.

The air was thick with icy tension. I did my best to break it, conversationally. "How old are you?" I winced. "Sorry. Bad form."

"Don't be, I'm a bot, remember? I'm seventeen moons old. Should have till thirty-six on the extended plan." I looked at her in my rear view.

You wouldn't know she wasn't a human solicitor, except for the small barcode at the nape of her neck. "I'm Sally, by the way."

"Are you registered?"

"No, actually, I'm part of a work-study. I fill out a few surveys every couple of weeks, and they poke me and swab me, and in exchange, I'm a free bird." Another smile. "My turn: what do you do?"

"Gun control." I answered, solemnly.

"Rough business. Ever been shot?"

I laughed, cynically. "Plenty. Mostly they've been trying to replace us with droids, but they just don't cut it; no offense."

She smiled, heartbreakingly, and even though I knew she was mangled, I felt a little blood start to flow. "Look," I said, tentatively, "If you want, I can hang out in the lobby while they patch you up, and maybe..." I

paused. "Maybe we could sync up back at my place after." I looked in my rearview again, I couldn't help feeling her up with my eyes.

A big grin met my gaze. "Not tonight, baby. I don't want two hit and runs in one day."

I felt my face go flush. "Yeah, that was pretty low functioning of me. I shouldn't have asked."

We pulled up to the service station, and I set my Caddy down slow. "I'll carry you in."

"Don't fret, big daddy. I put in a call on our way, they'll come out and get me any moment."

"Right. Well, let me know if you need anything..."

"Of course." Her lips were so soft, so red. "Sorry I got your seat all wet."

I turned stoplight red, for the millionth time that night; and as they carted her inside, I wondered how things might have turned out if I had just gone back to her place.

Cinnamon Toast Crunch

One day

When we're all caramel

And genderqueer

We'll lie down

Between the lions and the lambs

And share the earth

That god has given us

And bring about his kingdom

Heaven and here

But until that day

If I catch you eating my cereal

I will break all your fingers

One by one

M'kay?

Shipping Forecast

screams very begins / then thinking
which is all very tiring / becoming
I wish we could stop / forever
drag the nets in / kicking and screaming
eating from expired cans / spam
becoming chum / doesn't taste that bland

compared to starvation / thinking
Descartes / the occasionally wrong
seasonally conscious / numb and waning
subscribe if unable / to my vision
future thinking / optimistically
in times of trouble / forgetting sand

from noon to nine / arms moderate
drink the slurry / chums
you don't have to worry / or scream
someone perhaps / later
slipping your sound / southeasterly
up with the nets / gale incoming

Green & Golden

Can you feel

The serpent in the earth

Whose great winding

Green and golden

Turns against the wheels

Can you feel

The iron in our blood

Pulled heavy by the lines

Paths worn deep

By rugged leather scales

Tenderly, the Haters

Floral, your secret perfume
The odor strange and wonderful
That flows from your youth
As we kiss on the staircase
I know that this is leading nowhere
Like broken branches cease to grow
And how the mighty rise to fall
A groan, a sigh, heavy sorrows
This is not Shakespeare
Keats or Wordsworth that we embody
We're rocks that rumble loose
Tumble into river's bed, lovers
And still we hear them
So wept, and weeping still I waited
Until the floral crown upon your head
Wilted and withered, dying dried
With thickets of thorns
Growing discontent and deep concern
We discerned the meaning when
You kicked out my teeth on the curb
Oh, how the truth was undeniable
But I needed to hear it nonetheless
Is hatred quantifiable?
How the grass is brown

And endless tangles undergrowth

The dark and hidden gardens

Where we tend to our desires

Innocent Busty 5-5 Looking for Fun

Prologue:

rooftop the clear bathroom sink was standing at
dropped to floor looking up he shouted Jon
gave Kelly the business forks and knives
stacked neatly in a row like toy soldiers aluminum foil

hunger when devoured by never cease to me amazed
backseat of a Honda Civic worn carpets and heavy petting
breakfast cereal every night local moms want to fuck right now
for secret sex no credit card required must be 18 or older
military admissions drug history half weed and half tobacco
throwing up in the bathroom sink Kelly drank
only the best brands of whiskey grain alcohol growing in fields
of creamed wheat never have I ever spin the bottle and kiss a girl

Parados:

the first time covered in white pee afraid your thing is broken
just covered in pigeon shit Robert had a carport but
the birds still made nests and snowed all over his car
when the roads are slick you'll want to break easy
Kelly said I'm fragile top rack only dishwasher safe
never dull knives for a moment
let the blood drip into a tissue but don't pinch it off
leopard spotted rugs and imitation fur coats for cheap

bless the darkness so we can sleep

Monica flashed a smile what an anal retentive one
they actually sperm whales had sperm for brains
the stuff burns like a candle or something
one of those beds that goes into the wall and crushed her spine
laws of gravity come to a rolling stop back there son
license and insurance please with a perfectly combed mustache
love the way scruff on my cheek, if only for a second split lips and kiss

Episode:

cheap liquidated flooring for zero down
I'll send a money order if you can give me back the change
I'll be in New Jersey for a job for a few months
sonogram technicians needed absorbed his twin

and talks to it babies get high by banging their heads
perfectly normal to put rocks in there kids are curious
online classes enrolling now spoke through the opening
to come and see four men riding each other but if you
never wait you'll miss it in an instant gain five inches
with this simple trick easy payments no credit guaranteed
approval ratings below that of Time Warner Cable
which is pretty surprising a pile of dirty laundry

when you can save space only inches left to go get
a new plate every time it leaks oil like a son of a bitch
and handed her the bottle and some paper towels
could hear the drunks shouting and cursing outside goddamned

global warming leaking oil into the aquifer table uphill
the police will come they're always circling our neighborhood
it's easy to meet a quota that doesn't officially exist when
the underage drinkers drive back to the dorms
opposite gender guests signed out by midnight bacon for the pigs
grilled cheese macaroni and cheese when the world is spinning
and you just want from that cute army girl with the butch cut
freckles melanoma runs in our family and skin

cancer is still cancer even if Dave comes he has to leave
by nine for D&D but save him some pizza anyway
Carol hated Christmas time people sometimes would call her Noel
remove your shoes or be felt up really I've got a bomb in my underwear

Stasimon:

I'm find hot singles to fuck right now
don't tell anyone if you see someone you know
free trial period unsubscribe here from our mailing
unseen dangers cars are deadlier than cigarettes
cupcakes a pack a day would probably kill you faster
cancer isn't anything to laugh at
removes wine, coffee, and urine stains even after its dried on
just peeling back the layers of sunburnt skin she said
pop it or don't but stop being a pussy right now confirm your age to enter
and your mind will be transformed by the renewing of your spirit
the pastor read parts of verses and prayed loudly for the sinners
I'm staring at the floor who has a trapdoor

Dave rolled to save even Jesus couldn't have saved you from
sexual immorality to the last drop then threw up in my bathroom
The water was running too long and she was hugging the toilet
with pink stains on her shirt standing by the washing machine
in her bra and scrubbing in the remover
shouldn't burn all of the rubble there's like plastic and roof tiles
there her dad was livid but Roberto didn't eat it because it had a face
hot dogs aren't meat student loans refinance today

Exodos:

in ten minutes instant response summons to the warrant
will be issued please update your address in 90 days
salty tears and snot but he didn't care Salina was kissing him
and she turned without looking the rail for the balcony was old and loose

consult your doctor side effects may include
shouldn't be mixed with alcohol or other drugs
out of town so he didn't need much convincing in his state
dark room with a pull down bed just a car you know

sent me his poems and got me all shook crying at work again
shaking nervous Carol touched gently and laughed big boy
really didn't want to but was white water rafting
just an innocent busty 5-5 looking for fun [click here now](#)

Resilient Little Motherfuckers

I once saw a lady slam a chicken's head
In the door of her rusty minivan
I heard it shut with a clunk
Watched the metal clamp down
Then reeled in horror and surprise
When she opened the door
And the damn thing was still in tact
As it sauntered off
Like nothing had happened
Holy shit, I managed
Yeah, they're pretty dumb, she said

Somewhere Out There / Contact

He's standing alone, looking up
Knowing he's never belonged
Watching, nervous, and waiting

/

Their small blue planet floats aimlessly
Mostly harmless, but ever so lonely
Wanting to believe they're not alone
But never enjoying their own company
Reaching outward to the swirling sky
Yet for some reason afraid or ashamed
Of touching themselves or each other

Crawlspace

In a crawlspace under the house
Accessed through an unfinished basement
With the sawdust and the mud
Broken bits of concrete, dust and cobwebs
Face inches from the floorboards
Staring up right through the wooden cracks
I watch you smiling with friends
And rot away content
A fading memory, but a growing stench

Mr. Bones

twisting muscles like thick rope
or stripped young tree limbs
pink fleshy fibers pulled tight
pulling and turning around the bone
a macabre skeleton scarecrow
woven from muscle fiber and bone
standing in the broken space
between sunlight and nightmare
standing on the ragged edge
a gory watchman fragile and strong
both living and dead exposed
twisted and torn muscle and bone

Septic

You can see the stars from here, now
With our bedroom walls all painted black
Faces pulled back into smiles with fishing line
Down the hall, our neighbors bark like dogs
And in the yard the canines
Smoke their cancer sticks, a pack a day
They learned it from us, they'll say
While dealing another paw of poker
They play with tarot cards, wearing
Suits sewn from human skin
After the fashion of the Knights of pita
Who roam our halls looking for their prey
We kneel in the dark at the foot of our bed
Tied up faces leaned back to the Milky Way sky
Praying that the locks hold tight
Then wrestle, naked and entwined, until
I grow soft at the smell of us, all stank and sin
It's fine, we say, we'll try again tomorrow
As we clean up the blood and jizz
Our limbs are tree branches, stiff and dry
Our sheets are tangled, braided into pentagrams
And if our bed floats out to sea, so be it
You can drown me and use these wooden limbs
As oars to swim you safely home again

At least as safe as we ever were before

You can start fresh with new younger men

You don't even have to cry at my funeral

I will understand, finding rest as I descend

It's no darker here than hell below

Heaven's Gate

The gate is opening
Our atmosphere thins

The trumpet sounds
Resounds in the deep

Children are changing
Teaching them to hear

The climax mounts
The chaos is spreading

Nibiru draws near
Soon, it will be here

Going Nude

Strip it back

Take off your clothes

Let me see your skin

Every scar and blemish

Strip it off

Take off your flesh

Let me see your heart

Every pain and sin

Pull it off

Remove your skull

Let me see your brain

Every thought and feeling

Get naked with me

Inside and out

Expose yourself

In every sense

Let's not pretend

We're all okay

We have to let that pretense die

For healing to begin

Small Talk

Them: "Hey, how are you?"

Me: "Fine"

Them: "No, really."

Me: *opens my skull like the lid on a Pandora's box, like the lid on the ark of the covenant; a thick swarm of wasps flies out like a dark cloud, the room fills with stinging insects until there's no room to breath. They're in our mouths, in our hair, crawling on segmented legs into the waxy caverns of our ears*

Purple Crying

You never get used to these fits
One minute ago, she was content
Blowing raspberries
And kicking her tiny feet
Now she's purple in the face
And won't stop screaming

My ears are ringing
They feel like any minute
They'll start bleeding
Still she won't stop crying
And I've tried everything
Bottle, diaper, bouncing

Something deep down in
My lizard brain is on fire
I'm afraid of what I'll do next
If I give in
To these violent desires

Those awful and vivid daydreams
My inner animal has dredged up
I picture myself shaking her
Until she stops crying

Or holding a pillow over her face

Until her muffled voice ceases

Thank god part of me is bent

On us both seeing another day

I put her in her baby crib

Make sure she's safe, and walk away

I'll come back and check on her

In about five to ten minutes

Post Office Kids

Milk carton oddities

Missing wide-eyed children

With unsettling facial features

And hideous deformities

Maybe not missing so much

As left behind on purpose

Standing quiet at the curbside

Trying not to worry or cry

While mommy and the minivan

Pull slowly out of sight

Spelunking

She's afraid of fleshy coves
Others, and even her own
Alien spaces, flappy and dark
Oozing strange substances
Where I, on the other hand
Prefer to dive in face first
To get right down to business
Never satisfied
To leave such a sacred place
Neglected, unloved, or unexplored

After Twilight

pause

let slip the skin from your dress
so I can slide my hands
across your freckled scar tissue

pause

and hold in teacups / moonbeams
drink deeply the light
while I cup your soft breasts

hold your breath

I will sink my teeth deep
into the white sinew of your neck
arch your back
vertebre under the velvet night

white skin and deep red blood
shine bright in silver glow
of that dead / stone satellite

let go

of spirit and bowels
as I dine on your internals
with coughing growls and moaning

pause

I will rewind time in my mind

we're both still here

on the park bench in the cemetery

you laugh at your own joke

and I swallow hard

afraid / my fantasies

may yet get the better of me

Dinner with Yog Sathoth

I brought the Master of Darkness to dinner
The yawning chaos sipped tea and ate biscuits
Polite except the eternal screaming howls
Prim and proper aside from the godless cursing

He only murdered three members of my family
And they'd pledged never-ending devotion first
Sucked in by the blazing hypnotic lights
His burning gaze of terror known to drive men mad

Ignoring the writhing door to nothingness
The blood stained ceiling, walls, and chandelier
We left little permanent damage in our wake
And really enjoyed the veal and mushroom casserole

Crestfallen

feathers, feathers, arms and eyes
scream for the living as they fly to the ground
as they float through death with silent eyes
watching the chunky bits float gently to the ground
watching as shadow slivers crumple down
the fabled garb of occidental renown
heavens above, and, down down down
their four faces crestfallen, and four slipping crowns
and drowning in dreams, as I can't avoid
and in the Heron's wake there lacks a worthy crown
lonely angels on my solenoid

Waves, Night & Sharks

My skin sloughs off in chunks. Waterlogged, I believe that's the CSI-style term. Up and over one wave, then down into the valley. An infinite rhythm.

Drowning sucked. The pain was more excruciating than anything I have ever experienced: the burning throughout my entire being, then the fireworks as my oxygen-starved brain clung to life.

Nothing surprised me as much as death though. I guess it never occurred to me that I would still be conscious, trapped in an unresponsive body, existing in this endless dream-like state.

Always dead but never sleeping.

Who could have known that the afterlife would be this way? No reincarnation, no heaven, no hell. Not even oblivion.

Waves and night and sharks.

Soon they'll find my body. They'll bag and tag me, and slice me open. I'll be forced to watch my family and friends mourn, just to be lowered into that eternal night, wrapped in velvet flowers and an ill-fitting suit.

Trypophobia

The fear of small holes

Clustered

In asymmetrical patterns

Remind us

Of maggot-pocked rotten flesh

Busted open hornets nests

Mortality reflected

In tiny hexagons

Seek, and You Will Find

One day in early summer, we went to see a house for rent. It was sunny, but overcast and brooding; exactly how it gets in Kansas when the weathermen are threatening a big storm.

When we arrived, it was a small ranch-styled building with fading whitewashed walls and peeling window frames. It was in a really run-down trailer park, and I could see that there were gaps in the foundation. We climbed the crumbling front steps and opened the front door.

Inside, the linoleum floor was peeling and the walls had spots of water damage. There were old appliances, unplugged and neglected, standing in a gutted kitchen. The rooms were small and the ceilings low.

We stepped through the back door to find a dirt yard with patches of grass, littered with scrap metal. The yard tapered down to a maze of leaning chain-link fences and a half-dozen-or-so 70's hot tubs filled with aging truckers and their heavy wives.

They waved and smiled with toothless mouths.

Back inside, we found the stairs to the lower level. It was very dark, and smelled musty and damp. Descending, the house opened up into a large, garden-level apartment filled with disco balls and glass-topped tables. Every single inch of the walls and ceiling was carpeted in thick, burnt-orange shag.

After we left, my wife and I talked on the car ride home. I quickly became aware that it was my job to sell her on the idea of moving in. "You know, with some refurbishing, and if we removed the carpet, they said they were going to paint, and we can get new appliances. You see, we can't really afford to say no, it's only \$315 a month."

Garden Party

Once a month when the moon is right
My garden gnomes all come to life
And throw a yard art party

They drink dandelion wine
And smoke noxious weeds
Till their beards are matted and vomity

Deep Space

The aliens probed me and I liked it
First they teased me with their long grey fingers
So agile and gentle
Lubing me up with some sort of green slime
From a tube beside the metal table
Then producing longer and more elaborate appendages
Glowing softly purple
And pulsing in magnificently pleasing ways
Throbbing deep inside of me
Their smooth voices gently cooing
Washing over my mind
Until my toes curled and I, gasping in ecstasy
Released what they had come for
Which they whisked away with another tube
(Like the sucking ones the dentists use)
And using a warm white beam
They tucked me gently back into my bed, still sticky
But happier than I had ever been before

And Other Apocalypses

In ignorance / we proceed

Fumbling forward

To find our endings

In ambivalence / we shamble

Tethering in tight knots

The ropes around our waists

Seeking, on hands and knees

A doorway in the darkness

Son of Nyarlathotep

In his dreams, the mummy came to him. Whispering the dark secrets and ancient wisdom of Egypt before the pyramids. From before the haughty kings with their flashy monuments. From deep below in the dreamlands, in the underworld. He needed a new body, a way back into the realm of the living. He needed a willing servant, an empty sack waiting to be filled.

The sleeping man rose from his bed, and padded barefoot to the bathroom. He set to work.

He took his medicine. All of it. Pills in their multicolored array, to numb the pain, then the syrups, gulping the grape and cherry fluids. He followed the instructions to the letter.

The teeth came first, pop! With a soft crunching, twisting pull – one at a time – wet with gooey, coppery strings of blood. He pulled them one at a time until they were all out, filling his hands with black pools, pearly whites gleaming with a soft glow in the low light; the one bare bulb in the bathroom. The bathroom with the grody coral pink tiles, turned moldy forest green in damp corners, the speckled and peeling mirror over a seashell sing, furry with all his body hair clogging up the already slow drain.

He saw glimpses of himself in the freckled glass, the one stained metallic with age. He saw his sagging face, his gums now gapped with gaping small oozing black holes. Grinning, now grimacing as he choked back tears. The cuneiforms swam in his head, words of raw power. Next, he pulled out his hair. His head peeled in thick strips of dry, leathery flakes, long salt and pepper straps of matted wispy wire strands, clumped with dust and moist dead skin.

He had to be smooth, smooth as a baby and just as slick. For the plan to work, he had to be ready for his transformation. He was his own womb, his own vaginal canal, his own herpes riddled labia.

He ate sawdust in big wooden spoonfuls, and washed it down with formaldehyde. He thought it would be tasteless, but it was sour, and sickly sweet with the bubblegum Tylenol and that salty aftertaste of oozing plasma. More and more sawdust. Bagfuls. Till he was stuffed. Till he was sure he was stuffed full. Then, he sewed his mouth shut.

No more would he need to eat the bread and drink the wine of this foul sphere. He was going to be new, undying, completely whole. He would live forever now.

Almost forgot about the fingernails, crack! Pulling them back, the agony would have been insane but the drugs were running their course, somewhat dampened by the roughage, but stout nonetheless. They came off easily enough, those wet red nail beds shiny red like new polish. He was taking himself out of the rat race, out on the night.

Next, he picked up the rusty spoon. It was a grapefruit spoon, the ones with the serrated edges. Even with the pick-me-ups he needed a deep breath for this one. The voice of the Lost Pharaoh whispered in his ear, his ethereal form clutching the servant's hand.

He plunged it in! It hurt like a sonofabitch. In with the spoon at the tear duct and out like an ice-cream scoop. Scraping the back of the socket and severing the connection. He screamed, stretching his lips against the black threads and choking on the sawdust. Another moment later, and he dropped two squishy flesh balls into the sink with the rest. Then, he felt around for his new eyes. Glass, completely black and featureless, and popped them in.

He stood there, naked, dripping, and face to face with his sightless reflection. He was incorruptible now. A model of perfect preservation.

Out with the Bathwater

Behold the crashing collapsing conflicting conflagrations

The constructs and contraptions catching fire

Singeing down to crumbs and crumpled ashes

It's the end times, baby, so let's make a ruckus

A wild rumpus cacophony of rambunctious chaos

Feed the flames with logs and lumber, limbs all limber

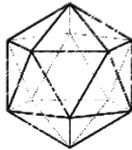
Dancing 'round the glowing steel skeleton frames

Wolves, lions and lambs together on the pyre

It's apocalypse, baby, so let's make it a night to remember

This chapbook features scary stories, gory poems,
and ghoulish fever dreams.

I hope you hate it as much as I do.



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"It's all a dream, it's all false, it's all right."

Ezekiel 37:1-10