much needed daredevilry

Shem Shelley

THE KILLERS ORGANISM

THE KING'S ORGANISM

I

We travel across the plague piss waters of our land,
Our home Squelch sinking off in the distance,

"Fetch me the ingredients oh Prince Madok,
Son of mine who will create thy birthright!"

He sent me to the unborn Land of SPECTAKILL
With his most trusted Sexual Druids,

Portothello and Docturine among their leaders,
Regale me with tales of their prior journeys,

"I, on my knees as he dripped his surging electricity,
The Thunder God's virile effluence on my tongue"

"Splendid yes, but does thou not recall our previous duty,
The great conundrum of our Lord's defecation dream?"

"As you can see Prince, we have seen many a wonder
But what awaits us next upon this new land will surely test us"

Days of travel make me question father's soothsayers,
Days more, my sanity and the outcome we all seek.

The King's Organism

II

SPECTAKILL's beauty has no adoration from me,
No time to gaze upon a land whose future is corpse,

The Druids rap the godless land seeking direction,
We travel by foot to a lake governed by a paltry moon,

Archery tinged in magical concoctions by the Druids,
Fly like fire serpents towards the shrieking moon,

Ablaze, its embers cool and fall revealing an iron star,
Hollow figures stare down on us but we dare not stare back,

After retrieving samples we escape the lake heading west,
Through the dark swamps of faded symmetry.

The King's Organism

III

One Druid falls from illness none are yet to diagnose,
Yet we bury the Druid's soul feeling ire from the land itself,

A month has passed and nothing we seek has manifested,
I begin to doubt and plan revenge on father's soothsayers,

A damp cavern we inhabit leads us to what we next seek,
Although many are lost when we find the dire Fangsnake,

Supposed a sentient dental remnant of a lost giant,
Its size will never fail to haunt me in my life hereafter,

Escape leads us far, far away, our morale sunk ever low,
Our hopes of returning home closely follow in the depths.

The King's Organism

IIII

After collect of the various ingredients has been done,
One is left, as we infiltrate a colony I have forbid mention of,

A neon foreigner procured as prisoner, we return east,
Many a Druid lost to the insanity of SPECTAKILL's scorn,

The pain and suffering we endured I refuse to bring back,
To provide fodder for jesters to mock our hardship,

How much age has now been grafted upon my brow?
Will father be ashamed of the bitterness his son now exudes?

Our travel home on the dangerous seas are but a comfort,
May I not ever return to the cursed soil of SPECTAKILL.

The King's Organism

IIIII

"Never more proud can I be, my son home at last,
Excitement will blaze across my kingdom for now we feast!"

Days of celebration only acted to aggravate my fatigue,
Much rest is needed to quell the mind and body's ache,

Too much we have endured, too much we have lost,
Home does little to comfort me in these affluent times,

The sound of the Druids in the night keeps me awake,
My mind failing to shut as they toil on father's thing,

As I wonder the empty castle at dead of night,
A creeping sensation of disaster strikes my nerves.

The King's Organism

IIIII

The great throne converted into a receptacle,
Ingredients prepared and ready by the Druids,

Father's greatest achievement nearly at hand,
He takes his seat as the swarming crowds gather,

The neon foreigner brought to his royal guillotine,
With eyes that no longer cast the light of humanity,

With no will to stop them, they feed the foreigner,
Pouches and vials and steel plates of ill things,

Crowds erupt with a perverse jubilation,
My body feverish at the sight of it all,

And the royal guillotine rises high and proud,
And drops with a speed that resembles rage,

Thunderfull applause heard across the kingdom,
As the head rolls and is discarded for it serves no use,

Druids remove myriad organs from the foreigner's remains,
Anatomically incorrect things I've never seen before,

Nausea strangles my soul as Father eats the vile meat,
Finally he begins the process to create his thing,

On his transformed throne screaming in agony,
The crowd now masking their faces from the gruesome stench,

His body writhing like loathsome lightning,
The very air around us repulsing all humanity,

And Father defecates, his obscene creation finally birthed,
The organism alive throbbing in the gaping receptacle,

A bleak silence drips into every crevasse, rippling out,
As everyone watches and realises the king is dead.


no-fi(tion)
be
DON'T PROSECUTE

Dutch heavily medicated, tips his hat full of raw meat onto the white, bristling desert. His secret voyage near complete. No one knows he's there. They think he's still in his cosy little room at the hospice. Little do they know.

Further he walks into the area they warn you not to. Further away from anything civilised. His body creaking under the strain of the hot sun. A hat can only do so much here. He keeps going.

Head spinning from dehydration, he can't even picture the family he thinks he had. He can't even realise he's not alone.

The cowboy speaks out in a somewhat tape crackle voice.

"That'll teach you, partner."

Looking up, Dutch sees not the same desert he was momentarily in. He sees a slow-time landscape. A 1950's roadside illustration left out in the sun and dry as his tongue.

"I told you. I told you I'd be seeing you again."

Dutch takes off his left slipper and pours out a thick stream of oil. The black-brown gloop crudely feels its way down a slope.

"I want what's mine. Do you hear me?"

Hands slowly surrender to his pockets as Dutch pulls out soil, tangled roots and shards of a terracotta plant pot. It all falls onto the ground with a soundstage echo.

"Now that's a good boy."

Dutch looks at the cowboy for the first time.

He sees his spirit tumble.

The cowboy puts out his hand and Dutch reaches out.

UNSEEN COWBOY

THE RAGE OF YOUTH IN COMMERCIAL CINEMA

Analyzing the Depiction of Youthful Anger in Contemporary 21st Century Cinema

Sharon Shelley

Chapter 31

"We welcome the beacon, into our lives. Unholy as it may be."

Snakemen stand far outside the Financial District
—An accumulation of Mental Wealth under the ALLSOUTH
With tongues that form into cigarettes sticking out,
Romonde handed a lighter by the pig,
Lights their tongues as they walk past,

Flames rush turning tongue to ash,

And when the flame reaches inside

***** **** *** ** *

GREAT INCENSE mother's impure primal wasted GEB the hole district on the belly of slime candles in distance some songs away both of them travel on with the furryman mire of drip block of spice a blind alligator tapped with wind wooden paddle to direct through peeking tress of carrruption exhosted wordcars out of control skidding uncontrollably into addictive predetermined tracks IT'S SO C O N VENIENT

Turgid green lights prick the damp oil drench of warm thick ooze

Closer! The District nears...

THE PLACE THEY DRAW APART THE END
—a farce! I'm insure of it
N O T I N Y O U R B E S T I N T E R E S T S
"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha"
—liars beware

As they step off the blind alligator and onto the human soiled district,
Shadows on the skeletal ferryman's face ripple like water,

He’s paid in new images,
Today a magpie, tuxedo cat and killer whale
Intermingled into one great monodeity—

Romonde and the pig walk on, look back,
See him feed the blind alligator a bloatus flower,
Bruised honey and using an old, orange potato peeler,
Slices discarded batteries into the hungry maw.

THROUGH THE GATE

—A STRANGE WOMAN LOST
WHY IS SHE HERE

Crushed glass soldiers handing bouquets of scuttle fish
to all who enter

s l i m e l i g h t

masculogic vision, gently blot of
allgator swimming in the streets

A Chrome Lightning head
Muscles walking,

“LIFE IS A TOXIC POND OF UNEMOTIONAL ANGUISH”
screams the thing holding a bowl of sheared white dog
fur
feeding the half-educated

And Bureaucats fill the streets!
Collecting TAXidErmy Stuffing
Everyone must produce,
As playful payment,

Hissing, hissing spilling the juices of the underworld into
all ears as if they are their cups to do as they please

O f f a l s e t t o

Wandering jalapeño people let loose pigeons in the rain
—

A Sequential meat planet in place of yellow bolden sun,
Gravitates above Silk paupers who offer grand gestures,
And come undone,

—RISING FROM SEWER SLUM—

Council members rush to stop them,
But they are No Longer There,
For Serious Debate?

Romonde and the pig watch,
as the paupers return,
to eat council members,
every last dull inch,
consumed while they all shout,

ALL HE WANTS IS RECKLESS IGNITION

As I entered the euthanasia pod finally at peace with my decision, the doctor's slight smile gave me cause for concern.

Only when I awoke tied up in a room with no windows did I realise why.

Enjoyed this issue? Consider buying me a pizza as eternal gratification



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