

(17)



PINK LITTER

Humanity. Divined.

GLORY THE LOST EPISODE





Hello dear readers and friends. And by now if you're a reader and/or a friend you know what you're getting with us. And we hope that you find that a good thing. We aim to please, by tickling that spot inside you that you might not even know you have. And and hopefully it's not a guilty pleasure, but even if it is, we're not here to judge. No, no, no.

In an attempt to right the wrong of the past and not drip I mean drop the proverbial ball on my lovely contributors, who are few and far between, we have wound the clocks back a little and produced, or reproduced, an issue that happens in the Pink Litter cannon before that last one that came out which was number 18 (following soon by issue 19). We don't believe in letting things go to waste, and perhaps that's the theme of this issue, if there is one.

So, with that, we're as happy as the girl on her big day (as if she won some kind of award LOL).

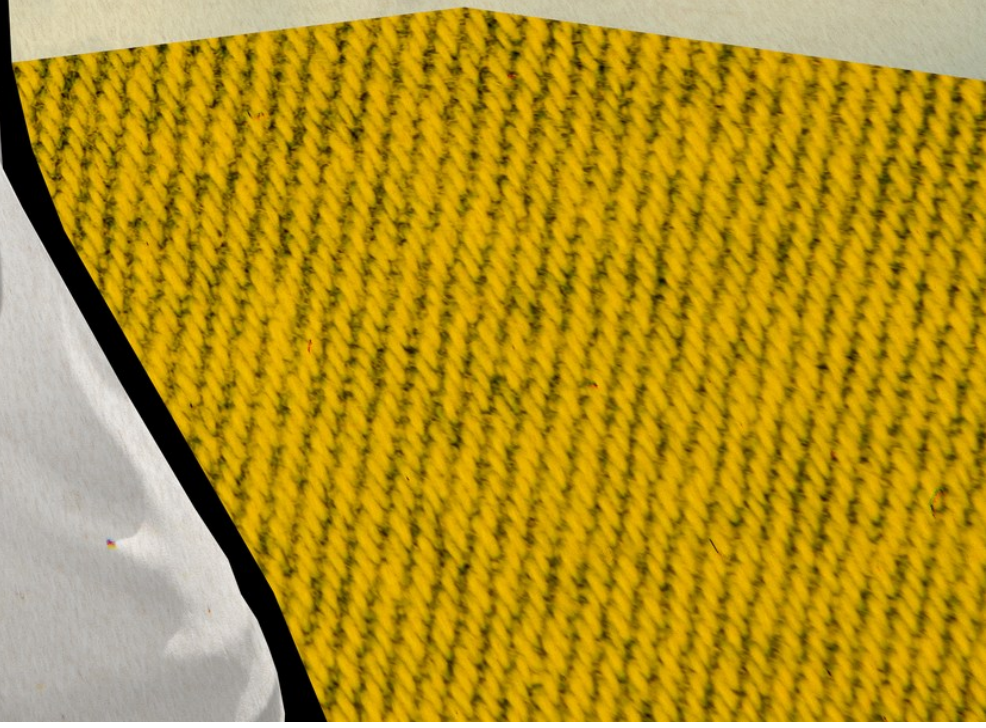
Anyway, with love,

Misty





"SPILLS"



Spit



1,001
Revolutions in your



Glory dripping out of
every pore...



**It's Good
to Be
BAD**



*Random
Maze
Experiment
Part II - Objects*



**Don't You
Think?**

EVERY LIFE A DIRECTIONLESS ODYSSEY

BY NOEL NEGELE





Dawn had turned to early morning and the rain outside had become a pouring rain, almost storm-like in its intensity.

He stepped into a brightly lit bathroom from a single light bulb that reminded him of open pharmacies at night, and he glanced at himself in the mirror for half a second before diving his dopey face, time and again, in the water cupped in his hands.

He hated the sight of himself in the mornings.

He stepped over and into the bathtub and had a hot shower where he almost nodded off there, resting the side of his head against the wall tiles, staring with a dumb look on his face at the only small window in front of him— the darkness of the morning, the occasional flashes of distant lightnings and then, the delayed and rumbling thunders.

The thought of promptly masturbating crossed his mind.

It was a strange thought as she had kept him up almost all of the night in a crazed state of lust-stricken behaviour. She had had a few drinks with her girlfriends because her best friend was finally engaged to someone, and when she had knocked on his apartment's door she was already hammered and had a predatory look on her face.

Now, leaning his head against the wall and holding his mouth a little open so that he could breathe while the hot water was coming down his face, he thought how selfish she often was.

Fucking a tired construction worker almost all night long, while he had worked ten hours glazing windows that weighted 109 kilograms each, knowing he'd had to wake up less than four hours later to do much the same and knowing full well he couldn't ejaculate because of the antidepressants he was taking.

After the first few times, he had laid on his side to try to fall asleep—the first few raindrops starting to thud against the ceramic rooftops of the neighbourhood like a pleasant lullaby.

At some point in the night, with the rain much heavier then, she had turned him over again. Pitch dark as it was outside in the sky, an almost divine interference had taken place and some clouds had parted just enough for the light of the moon to shine right through that large window that were over his bed and onto her lovely naked body as she rode him something fierce, her gorgeous breasts dancing around in such a mesmerising way—it almost looked like a black and white pornographic gif.

A while back, in one of their first dates, she had admitted to him that one of her favourite sexual positions was when she would ride a man and he'd grab her and pull her close to his chest and pound on her from underneath.

Something that he did. To speed up the process. To finally go back to sleep.

Now, showering in the bathtub and shampooing his thighs, he couldn't really be certain about

the amount of times she'd woken him up to initiate each time a long and exhausting session of aggressive fucking that essentially benefited only her in the end.

Blue balls and sadness he had thought. A good title for a blues album.

He was hungry and felt discouraged about the working day ahead. His dick ached in an almost pleasant manner, like a muscle recovering after a workout.

After peeing in the toilet, he flushed it and closed the lid over it and sat there naked, slightly hunched over and observing the water drops dripping off his hair and nose onto the tiles, remembering all of a sudden an old, recurring nightmare he used to have as a young boy and realising solemnly that he was a man that had odd thoughts often.

In those nightmares, he was tied to a chair, completely immobilised in front of a mirror and the back of the chair was strapped against his forehead and it gradually leaned backwards, slowly breaking his neck. All the while, the damndest of all, the more his neck was pulled backwards the more his face started to resemble his father's face. By the time his neck was completely snapped backwards, he looked like a spitting image of his father.

He decided against shaving and he wrapped a towel around his waist and walked out of the bathroom.

He lived in a sixty five square feet studio apartment. Everything was condensed into one room and then, paradoxically enough, you had the bathroom which was even slightly bigger than the



rest of the apartment.

The kitchen could only be called that with sarcasm as it was nothing more than a small sink, a microwave with a single hob on top of it, and in a crevice of sorts he'd manage to jam in a small hotel-type refrigerator that didn't have a freezer section in it.

Beyond that, there was a king sized bed on which she lay and a 55" inches TV at the foot of the bed that he'd bought on a credit that would finally be paid in full 24 months from now. A nightstand with a cologne, his wallet, his tobacco and the books he'd read no more than a few pages of. A closet that was being affected by the damp weather and had started to lean away from the wall and a small couch that could accommodate two asses at best, if they were to squeeze right next to each other and neither of them being on the heavy side.

She was sitting up on the bed with both his pillows propped up against her back and was manicuring her toes while watching a reality tv show she watched reverently every day about a group of well exercised people on a remote island that gossiped and competed in childish games for whatever awards.

He glanced at the television screen and started wearing his underwear and his work pants. There was a war in Ukraine. Bombings of children in Gaza. We could be watching the goddamned news, he thought. See what's happening out there, what might be lurking to get us.

He was putting his work belt on with his back toward her.

"You realise that what you love to watch so much has teenagers as a target demographic, right?".

"Everybody watches Survivor, Reed," she said "it's for mass audiences. Its called a broad demographic. Ever heard of it?".

"Read it somewhere," he said.

His head was in his shirt as he was wearing it when he heard her scoff.

"It entertains me," she went on, "lots of hot guys sweating on nice beaches. Wearing nothing but swim shorts on. A nice tan to them, too."

He sat on the couch and started wearing his work boots looking at the side of her face as her chin was placed on her knee, multitasking a manicure and watching the hot guys and girls talking like you'd think mannequins would talk if they suddenly became human.

At times she looked so appealing to him. Almost as tall as him with an ass on her that could in-



spire military coups. Her long, straight black hair concluded into a v shape close to her waist. Her small shoulders when she laughed. He looked at her ankles and for an instance felt the urge to kiss them.



At one point in time, if you were to ask him if he was in love with her, he'd say yes with a whole hearted honesty specifically on a particular day were they were both being lazy and decided to spend the whole day on bed, fucking and taking opioids and watching repeatedly a movie they both shared in favoredom: Pulp Fiction.

She used to work as a nurse back in those days and she and a friend of hers would pocket all sorts of opioids and injection caps and morphine and oxycodone and Percocets and oxymorphone and codeine and even fentanyl and all sorts of other tablets that were meant to ease the pain or the different mental or physical ailments of the elderly patients. A chemistry there to help people. A chemistry that could be used for entertainment, too. Over a span of months she and her friend had filled up a wooden trunk halfway up which she called her treasure chest.

With that treasure chest between their naked bodies under the warm sheets, on that particular day, they'd try them all one by one, snorting some Ketamine from time to time and watching Pulp Fiction again and again, competing with each other about the lines of dialogue. They'd try to say them to each other before the actors did in the movie.

Sometimes they'd complete an entire scene before it had even begun, like that scene where Uma Therman was taking a line of cocaine in the bathroom of that oldies diner. They'd had already finished the complete dialogue of the milkshake and the pilot episode called Fox Force Five, and the gossiping about a foot rub that had led someone through a window four flights of stairs, and the persuasion to dance by the time Uma Therman was exclaiming in the bathroom after sniffing a thick one;

"I said GOD DAMN!!"

Undoubtedly the best day they had together.

He wore his work sweater and while looking at her, his mind was suddenly clasped by a summer memory at a beach in Albania, sitting on a lovely evening just at the mouth of the shore, noticing the orange in the cloudless sky and thinking about who knows what, when he felt someone kicking sand at his back.

He'd turn to see a giggling, mentally handicapped teenager.

"I am so sorry about that!"

His mother and father hurriedly had taken him a bit further from him.

"It's alright" He'd tell them and had wanted to add something to it like, that it was no bother to him, not at all, that he completely understood. But all he had said was that it was alright and had stopped looking at them, thinking that it was the right thing to do. To avert one's eyes from this type of tragedy because it required discretion out of respect.

Sitting on that small couch of his, he stopped staring at her face and started to look toward the window ledge and the ashtray there with a half finished joint tilting inwards into the ashtray, getting wet from droplets of rain that spattered on the ledge because the window wasn't fully closed.



He stood up and walked to the window and picked up the wet joint and placed it on the radiator that had been installed just underneath the ledge and lifted the ashtray with his left hand and wiped the ledge with the right sleeve of the hoodie and after closing it shut he rested his forehead against a window that felt cold and of which you could see nothing out of due to the drenched surface of the glass and the drizzling raindrops that had created small waterfalls against the outside of the window.

His mind wandered again back to that summer afternoon, in Albania. Sometimes he felt he was

sitting in the passenger's seat of his own mind.

Even though he rarely looked at them, they weren't far from him and the waters were calm and the beach completely empty, presumably the reason they'd bring their retarded son to the beach, so that there were fewer people to none. So that they didn't bother anyone perhaps, or so that they could avoid a feeling of embarrassment. He could hear them trying to persuade their son from going into the water.

"I'll get you that banana flavoured ice cream you like, sonny, let's go." His tired dad's voice would say in a tender tone, "I'll get you two. But we have to go now because the shop is going to close any minute."

His mother, grabbing him by the elbow, having adopted the more austere role in the parental duo.

"Now you listen to me young man, we're going and we're going now. You wanted to see the sea. We didn't agree to swim in it. You'll swim tomorrow all you want, now let's go..."

But their son was too strong for them. They looked old to Reed —those parents, tired, broken almost by the weight of this, all this time and all of the time.

He broke free and started running toward the sea, taking all his clothes off before he made an erratic dive into it.

Mother and Father, slowly picking up his clothes right down to his underwear, trying to persuade him to come out. He wouldn't listen, of course. The joy he must have felt making all those happy noises, almost like you'd imagine the first homo sapiens that figured out how to make fire. Trying to splash his parents with water because they were shin deep into the water, calling him out.

For a while they all seemed to have fun. The parents splashing him back because the water was smooth and waveless and because their son wasn't going in deep.

Reed had almost smiled before realising that the parents weren't having any fun at all. They were playing along to keep him close. Splashing him with water so that he played back and stayed close to them and did not wander too deep.

But soon the son got bored of this game and Reed stood up as he saw him going deeper and deeper like a man would if he was dead set on drowning himself. Soon, he could not touch the ground and he went under. Mother and father, fully clothed, had jumped into the waters, each swimming faster than the other to get to him.

Reed himself was chest high in water, by then.

But they had gotten to him quick and held him up from each elbow, his mother giving him a good telling to and his father, sad eyed, had waved Reed away because now there wouldn't be much resistance from their son who was crying like a little child, red-eyed and scared, with snot

coming out of his nose and a coughing fit he had a hard time stopping.

When they walked out to the shore, both his parents dressed up their boy and started walking him away from the sea with their clothes soaking wet on their tired, hunched over bodies.

Suddenly, her voice in the room.

"What are you doing over there?"

"Waiting for this joint to dry."

"And why are you laying your head on the window like that, deep in thought, like."

"I was thinking that saying 'in a jiffy' is an actual measurement of time. Did you know that? 1/100 of a second is a jiffy."

From the change of audio angle, he understood she had turned her eyes towards the TV again when she said, "You're stupid. Why would your mind register such a nonsensical fact? You ain't got enough room there love, don't go filling that limited capacity of yours with these types of facts."

"Maybe I should fill that space with Survivor episodes. Maybe they'll prove to be more beneficial to my life." he said opening the window and putting the half finished, dried out joint in his mouth, tearing away the tip of it and pulling a lighter out of his hoodie pocket.

"Definitely will, love, if you think about it."

Now the voice was directly communicating in a straight line to his right ear, meaning she was looking at him again. He looked outside at the few lit up windows in the neighbourhood. His lighter wouldn't work.

She went on.

"Most definitely now that I think of it. It could inspire you to go to the gym or plan a bloody vacation for us. Not even a different nation pal, even fucking Wales will do. But the most beneficial as you smugly put it would be to see how people socialise. An aspect of you, that believe me when I tell you, needs urgent assistance."

The lighter would not light beyond a frustrating sparkle, hard as he tried. After the eleventh attempt, he pulled his whole shoulder backwards and sent it flying outside the window.

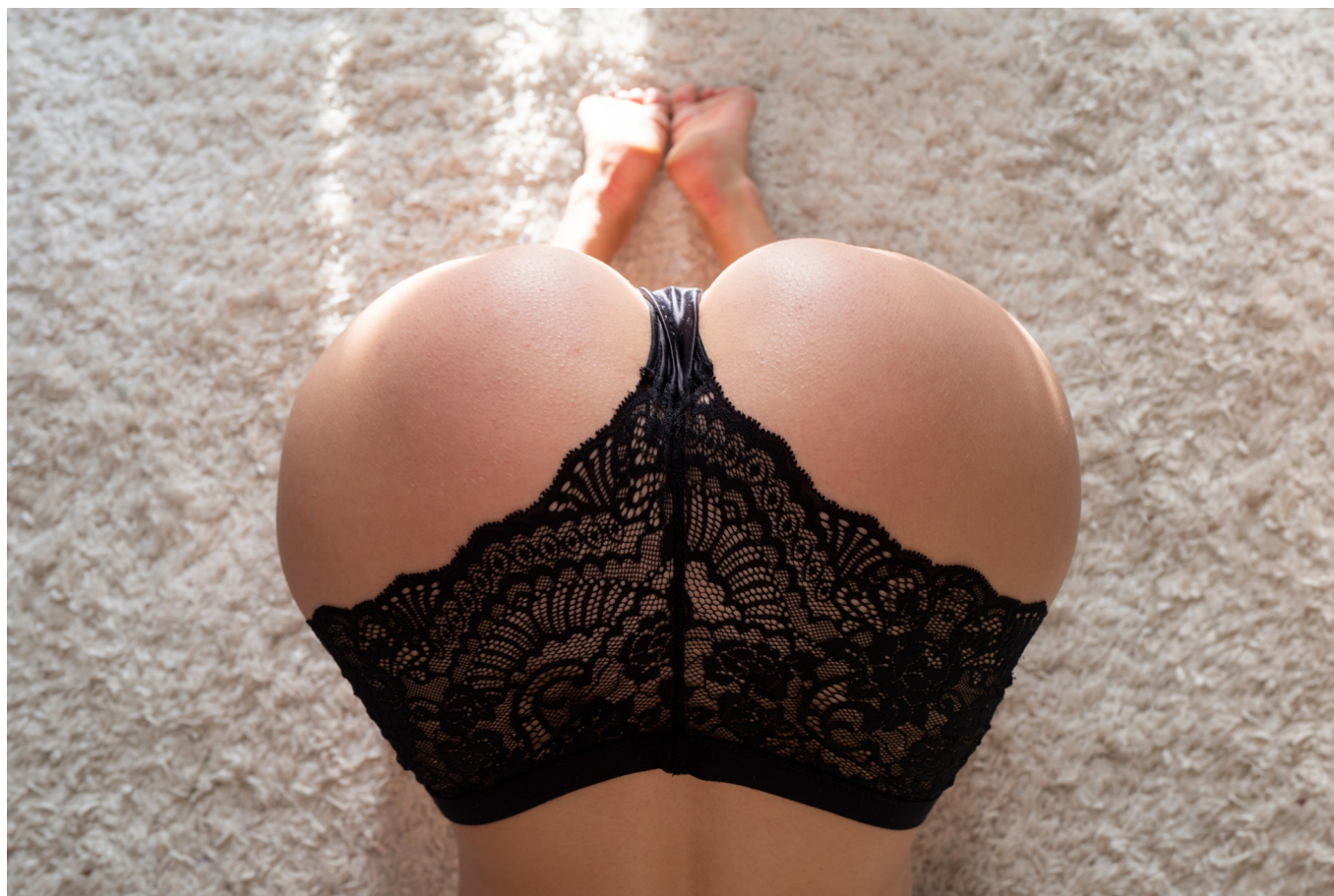
"Where the fuck do you even find the energy of attacking me when hungover-ed?" he asked with increasing frustration. Not so much because of her mean and accurate digs, he knew she was a cunt and it aroused him most of the time, but mostly because he couldn't find the lighter he always wrapped in the tobacco on the nightstand.

He opened the closet and started looking through every jacket pocket for a lighter and after a quick rummaging of the couch he went to open the nightstand drawer and they locked eyes be-

cause by now she had decided to lie on her side observing him looking for a lighter all the while holding one in her hand. The one taken from his tobacco pouch on the nightstand.

"I sweated all my toxins on you yesterday. Feel good as new, me, babe."

He spotted the lighter in her palm on her thigh. He grabbed it right out of her hand pulling her towards him as he went back, dragging her with him, her body halfway off the bed.



"You fucking brute!"

He went to the window and finally lit it and started inhaling strongly and deeply because he needed the effects of it as soon as possible.

Who the hell wants to fight this early in the morning, he thought, closing his eyes. That Pulp Fiction day was over a long time ago and now, being sober the both of them for the most part at least, they didn't seem to match any more. It felt sometimes to him that it was only habit and sex that kept them together lately. They had become too different, and he was essentially friendless which always made such a bad impression on her, and before you know it, he thought, we'll start detesting each other.

Companionship, he thought, was important. But not worth sacrificing your peace of mind.

"You smoke a lot of weed, too," she remarked, almost to herself, as if already making a list of

reasons to break up with him. "I mean, you're going to work innit? You really want to be high while working as a cladder on who knows what altitudes?"

He put the joint out in the ashtray, since he'd smoke it all. He sat heavy on his couch and started putting his work boots on.

"Well, babe, I wish you didn't get me back on weed again."

"Yes, of course, I got you hooked on weed again," she said almost amused, "I just took two joints on that weekend to Scotland and you smoked weed for two days."

"After two joints, I was just getting started, babe."

He got his hi-vi jumper on and was set on leaving through that door even though he was thirty minutes early.

He heard her stand up from the bed.

"Are you really telling me right now, Reed, that you; a thirty-two year old grown ass man is going to victimise himself by placing blame on his girlfriend while smoking two ounces of weed a week, instead of owning up to the fact that amongst his blatant incapability to socialise with people, he has a terrible lack of self restraint? I find that pathetic." she said walking to the bathroom and closing the door behind her.

"Pathetic is such an emasculating insult to a man," he commented, opening the outside door.

"Sorry" he heard her say from inside the bathroom and after a deceptively long pause that for an instance made him think she was actually apologising, and just as the sound of her peeing was heard, she added, "but it's true."

As soon as he stepped outside and opened his umbrella, a gust of wind broke its half instantly so he turned the umbrella around toward the unbroken side, and he broke that side too and then threw the umbrella in a recycling bin.

On the run to his car, he slipped and fell and almost dislocated his shoulder trying to break the fall. When he got inside his car, he took his hi-vi jacket off and started making rotating movements with his. It hurt less and less with each completed cycle. Yet, he'd almost already decided to call in sick to work.

He looked at himself in the rear view mirror and noticed immediately a large hickey on the right side of his neck. He looked for a while, in disbelief with his mouth open. Then he let his head fall flat on the steering wheel, blasting the honking noise for a good thirty seconds before he lifted his head again and got his phone out of his pants pocket.

He took a photo of his neck to better examine the damage. A large dark purple area with almost black red bite marks in the middle.

So juvenile, he thought.

He called his boss up.

"What is it this time?"

"Mean headache boss-man. Too much bourbon. I'll make it up to you tomorrow."

"You fucking imb..."

He switched off the phone and put it in his pocket. He didn't even care to wear the jacket he'd thrown toward the back of the car, he just got out and locked the car door and started walking back toward the apartment with both hands in his pockets while the strong wind pushed him left and right like an invisible bully. A rain coming at him almost from the front rather than the top and the sheer gloom of the sky, thronged with black clouds, from horizon to horizon, engulfed the morning in darkness.

By the time he was outside his door he was soaking wet and shivering.

Inside, the apartment was so dark and grey, mostly lit by the television's glow, that it would be a sad sight to him if it wasn't for her naked thighs, half covered by his bedsheets. She was half laying down and eating leftovers of yesterday's Chinese food they had ordered, a much bigger mouthful than she'd allow herself to take if there was anyone around, and she was looking at him with an expression of obvious confusion in her face—her brows in a slight frown.

"Sometimes you disappoint me in big ways my lovely," he told her, standing there dripping, making a puddle of rainwater around him in seconds," and these things need to be addressed otherwise we might end up in the news you and I."

He walked into the bathroom and stripped naked and started drying himself with her towel. After a little while, he heard her from inside.

"What are you even on about, you weirdo? What happened?"

"A clear display of lack of respect babe." He yelled back, "no relationship ever worked without respect."

He went to the closet and started rummaging for underwear.

"What the hell happened to you? Did you fall?" she asked, leaning closer towards him but still lying on the bed. He looked at her, who was almost smiling.

"You're smiling?"

"Not smiling. Confused grimace."

"You've fucked me is what you'd done Mira!" he yelled, an occurrence, for him to be loud like that, unsettling to her because of how rare it was. She pulled back further on the bed, where the

bed actually connected with the wall.

"You've fucked me", he went on yelling, "in such a mind-numbingly childish way! And I knooooow, I know you're just gonna blame it on the fact you were drunk last night as if that is justification. No baby, relation through causation is what it is!"

She hated the sound of his voice when he yelled.

"Will you stop shouting or keep shouting like..."

"Let me demonstrate then," he interrupted her, with a lower tone but equally demanding.

He hopped on the bed wearing only his underwear, and walking on his knees towards her he turned his head to the left and she saw it.

"This is some juvenile shit right here Mira. I'm a serious man, me babe, not a fucking clown."

"Oh my" she said with a worried look, like a nurse looking at someone's skin burn, "I really fucked up here, love. I'm sorry. I really am."

A man stranger to trust like himself didn't of course believe the sincerity of her remorse.

"Not an ounce of remorse in that tone." he accused her.

"Entire kilograms of remorse in my tone as I do feel like shit, thank you very much," she said, caressing the hickey gently with her fingernails making him pleasantly shudder.

"There's no real guilt in your voice," he said "You don't care. You don't give a shit in any real sense."

"I'm sorry love."

He stared at her for a moment. Then, a half-smirk appeared on her face. She couldn't help it.

"It's embarrassing to the both of us," she said, "not just you."

"Much more embarrassing to me though, innit?" Had to call in sick because I can't go to work with such a gigantic hickey and have someone say something funny about it to me, babe, and me being in the bad day that I am, a bad day kick started by your morning cuntiness, I might just respond with violence as sometimes it's either self hatred or just plain dumbness that ends with me losing my job or sometimes catching a court case."

"Christ, Reed. Your jacket covers your whole neck. You have balaclavas because of how cold it gets. And the reason you called in sick today is because of my hickey? God, I wish you weren't so lazy."

"And I wish I was more in control of my emotions."

He dropped next to her in bed, staring at the ceiling.

"Besides," she added, " isn't it a safety hazard to work up there with this wind?"

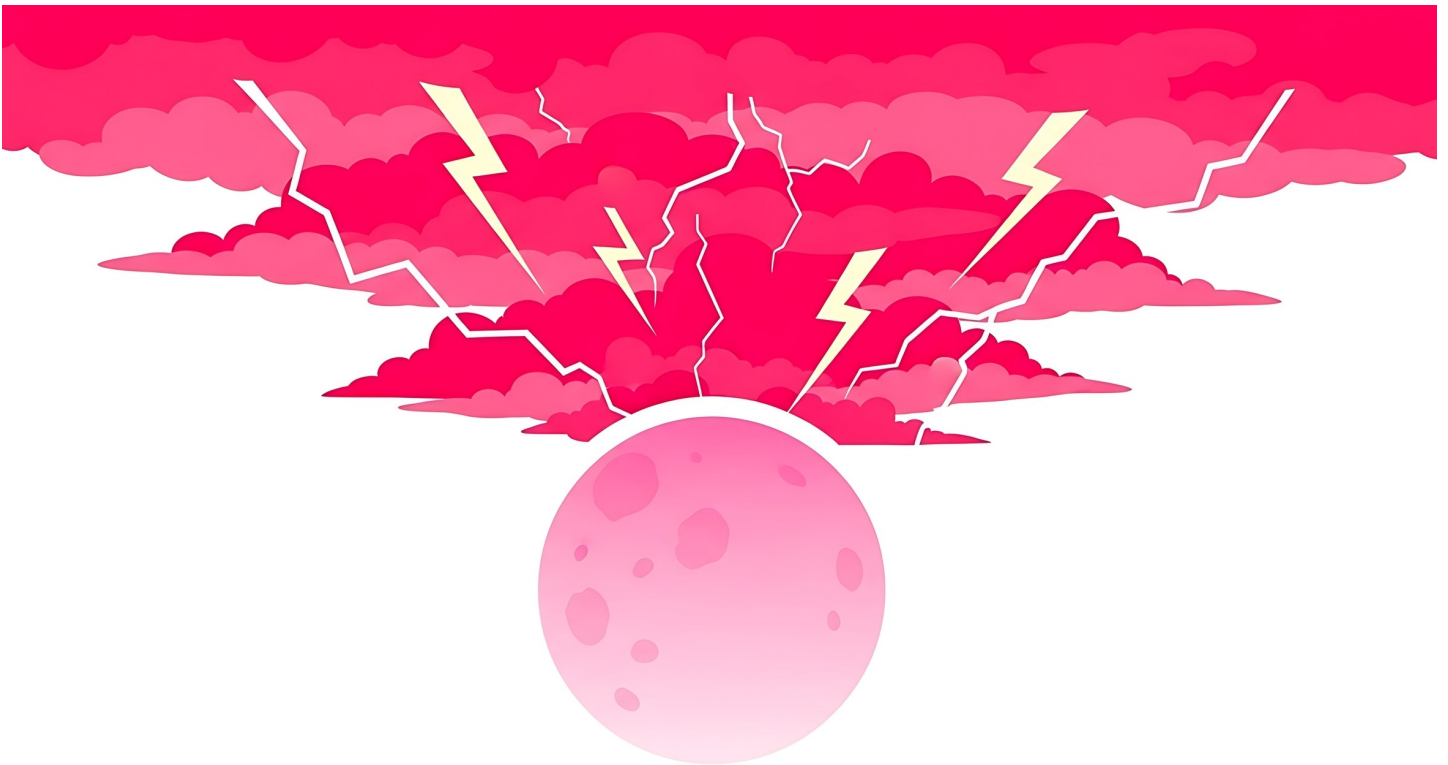
"They find you shit to do inside."

The dumb bitch is right, he thought . It's not as if a large hickey could ever be considered a satisfactory reason to not show up for work. I'm lazy, a bum at heart. It runs in my blood. All the way back to my great-grandfather who was a notoriously lazy man and who would use his wife to tend to the crops.

But what could he tell her? That he's been cutting in half the tablets of the last Sertraline strip and had started to taper off it, much against the professional discouragement of his psychiatrist. Tell her that none of them worked? Not the fluoxetine, the Paroxetine, Doxetin, no matter the dosage, or that god forsaken Mirtazapine which, although it shut the lights out when needed, gave him the worst, most horrific nightmares.

Nightmares that would occupy much of his thoughts the following day.

Dark and cold outside that morning, with a bleak brush of grey to everything and a funereal atmosphere out there in a rain that had become so loud, she had turned the volume of the television up at fifty percent and had cuddled against his sides.



He had thrown the covers over both their bodies and cocooned them in a way.

A barrage of thunder was heard.

His mind went to dark places. All of the time. It took someone else's voice to be there for him,

he realised. Distracting him. Pulling him back from the abyss he free fell daily, sometimes, hourly. That was the solution after all he had concluded. Distraction by any means necessary from all that existential despair, the boogey-man of his soul, an inexhaustible creature chasing him, screaming at him from behind that he'll get him some day and he'll have to answer for a lot.

Damn it, he thought. Used to be a rock hard man. Now, I feel like a ghost of my old self. And I feel so alone.

She rubbed her nose on his neck.

"Fucking hate this weather," she said, trying to initiate a conversation.

"Please babe, if you can, turn that fucking tv off. You can't completely block out the noise of the storm so I'd rather just hear one noise instead of two noises fighting each other over volume supremacy."

She turned the tv off and immediately the room got significantly darker. The storm's turmoil quadrupled in noise. He felt her clasp against him more. He put his arm around her neck and she laid her head on his chest.

"And now what you're thinking then?"

"What are you thinking?"

"Was thinking what this weirdo of a man I sleep with is thinking right this moment."

Reed took a big breath and exhaled.

"Not so much thinking but wondering."



"So, what's the wondering about, then?"

"A hypothetical one."

"So another nonsensical one?" she asked, laying her fingers on his jaw.

"Every hypothetical is nonsensical to you?"

She paused. So dark in the room they could barely see each other.

"Go on," she urged him.

"Okay...so there's a dwarf fucking a normal sized woman..."

Mira started half laughing, half insulting him, "...doggy style. Is he standing up?" he continued.

"Offensive in more ways than two. And not really a hypothetical since there's a factual answer to this," Mira said. Each flash from the window of a lightning made her glue herself more to him and each time the thunder hit like a far bombardment, she shuddered on his body.

"He's standing up then?"

"Depends on the squat of the doggy. Some women can go low, so no he's not standing up necessarily...But most probably is."

"Depends on the elasticity of the woman, then."

He recalled at that moment Dr. Singh's audacity to request a therapy meeting. Poor psychiatrist urging him against cutting the antidepressants cold turkey as he had done in the past and had barely survived it, trying to salvage some of the meddled chemistry of his brain or fearing a bad stain on her career, since he'd told her once while on Mirtazapine, that he was having violent thoughts that could potentially become actions.

A meeting with a psychiatrist felt so foreign and ludicrous to him. Only because it was him. Maybe it worked for a lot of people. He didn't really judge it as a concept because what was it essentially? That talking therapy, a simulation of having a truly best friend that is smarter than you, listening patiently to the dysphoria of your everyday living and accurately, supposedly, advising you to overcome any obstacle. A professional behind a desk, educated on your mental incapability to even feel okay, anymore. For all the people who do not have those real friends and those loving voices to string them along to normality and in areas where there are real chances of either joy or fulfilment of any kind. The person to emulate the healing that's missing from your life. And it's not even that, he thought. People with friends still struggle and feel as lonely as maybe even me. People that truly do have good friends around them, and are concerned about them, advising them to overcome whichever obstacle. Some people always stumble against the same obstacle, regardless of the encouragement and the cheerleader-y. And they go to that doctor who after a single meeting will advise a light, over the counter tablet for them. Lower their anxiety, making you sleep a little better, maybe. Over the counter makes people at

ease. It does not require a prescription. People take the over the counter tablets, because those tablets are there to be sold and someone has to push it, and with all that talking, it works for them. Some of them. Enough to have so many psychiatrists around. Not even psychologists who are infinite in number and who themselves sometimes see psychiatrists.

They're definitely cheaper than prostitutes as far as therapy is concerned, he randomly concluded.

"We need to make a lot of money," he said, looking towards Mira. "It's how the game is set. Damned if you play, damned more if you don't. We need to go for that money like fucking honey badgers, you know? Like charging rhinos. There can be no foundation for comfort without money. Lessens your anxiety to have some good money, doesn't it? We're not talking only about the fun aspect of it."



"Have the money so that you don't need the money. I know, love."

"Damn right."

"Plenty of things of quality in life that don't require a dime."

He touched his forehead against hers.

"I can only think of one," he said. "You?"

"Well..." she whispered, "we could just sit here and speculate. Surely we'd find more than one..." He shut her words with his mouth. After a while he'd flip her over and pound on her from behind, flat on her stomach, and he pounded harder and harder and as soon as he felt tired he bit into the side of her neck like a fiend.

Mira screamed in agony and tried to get her head away from his mouth but he was on her like a pitbull. He wanted revenge. Slowly, there was release and Mira's pain turned gradually into pleasure as her attempts to escape him lessened and lessened until there were none more.

He still kept going for a while after, holding her easily down. His hands like pliers on her skinny arms—her rapid heart pulse against his drooling tongue, sensations and sensations and sensations and still not cumming. Not cumming until you're breathing so hard you just want to light a cigarette or throw an axe at someone's face.

He rolled over and they were both heard panting in the dark. The pain on her neck, pulsating now.

Blue balls and dissatisfaction. Another good blues album title, he thought.

"You're such a vengeful...petty man, Reed."

Outside, the storm clouds had covered the sun completely and the day was rendered in the darkness of an actual night. Every lamp light in the street, still on.

"Fuck the job" he told her, how are we going out at places with these hickies?"

"I'll just wear a turtleneck," she said, " got a bunch of those. You need to get a turtleneck yourself, love, it'll look good on you."

"If I was a dictator, there'd be a firing squad for men who wear turtlenecks."

She laughed.

He thought about all the men out there in this storm, keeping this infrastructure going. Workers in sewers, deblocking them, ambulance drivers trying to reach a destination fast through the heavy rain, and kids everywhere who would survive to become adults but never had been children at all, dead men in trenches, seconds after maintaining a wavering hope of making it back home, the drug addicts waiting on corners impatiently and the small time drug dealers riding a bicycle through the storm for a 50£ bag and all the immigrants who used company buses to go to the factories for twelve hours and then used the same company buses to go live in house shares where they only bathed and ate and video called a loved one in a different country, or a family member and went to bed to repeat the same day. A routine that lasted many years for most.

The loneliness. Like a plague wherever he looked, wherever he went.

Her hand fell on his dick again in a swift, clasping move, like a spider pinning down prey.

Two months later they broke up at a train station, waiting for a train to London.

Some of her friend's party whose name he couldn't even remember and an argument that he didn't like any of her friends and that those friends were an important part of her life.

Every conversation on those last days turned to a debate of how much longer they were going to hack it. Neither one of them was dumb enough to drag it long. Maybe they had the benefit of never having been fully in love with each other in the first place.

In any case, it was the most cordial and painless break up either one of them had ever had.

They both commented on it, on that platform smiling with an obvious relief to both their faces.

When she entered the train and the train went its way, he didn't feel half bad.



FUN FACTS

devilish jangle rumble
swooshing **zag** flicker swirling
spinning **zig** spooky rattle swaying
dong chilling below tapping
pranced crept deep spiral blasted
crashed **and** stretch rasp
scamper clack rising soaring
haunting clacked clinked



DON'T LIFE PASS YOU BY

Weep Not For Your Mammories

by Janne Karlsson



JANNE
KARLSSON '14



Do your boobs hang low, do they wobble to and fro?
Do men understand what really happens though?
Growing up through puberty, where one grows bigger than the other, and you swear that everyone in class can see.
Then you come to school with your first bra on and all of a sudden you feel like a woman.
They hurt in a good way before and during your period, that's when you're the horniest.
All you want is someone to massage them, it feels good.
You want them massaged by anyone because it feels freaking amazing!
You can do it yourself if you're that brazen.
Every woman looks secretly at another woman's chest.
Are they nicer than mine, better looking, bigger, smaller, sexier, stand up perfectly?
Makes a woman jealous, wondering, is my partner looking at other boobs and thinking the same thing?
As a man I'd say yes.
As a woman, I think, do her nipples sink in when she lays back, do they have stretch marks? Do her boobs sing "You can go your own way" by Fleetwood Mac?
There are perfect boob women out there, it's very upsetting.

Never mind bra shopping, too expensive or too cheap. No matter how many bras you have, you really only have one that fits. And you will do anything to keep it in perfect working order.

Then there is pregnancy, where they grow big and hurt for a different reason as we become a milking cow after the birth. Breastfeeding our boobs away.

Then there is the lovely mammogram!
Where they tug, grab, twist pull and flatten down with a vice.
They play marionette with your upper body and say sweetly,
"Ok hold it right there"
When you want to scream,
"No let me outta here".

Years of love making with your partner. Having problems finding the same lost nipple, of the boob that goes into your armpit when you lay back. And then you have to grab their head and your boob and give them a helping hand.

We are told by people that they are beautiful, nice and that they even love them.
If you love them let others love them.
It feels really frickin good when they or you play with them.

Now lingerie, where the top doesn't fit quite right, or your muffin top or love handles can't be smoothed away.
So you find one that makes your tits look awesome! And with the right underwear, hide the muffin top, love handles, low belly flab, and stretch marks, so the focus is on your outstanding boobs!!
It's the breast feeling!!

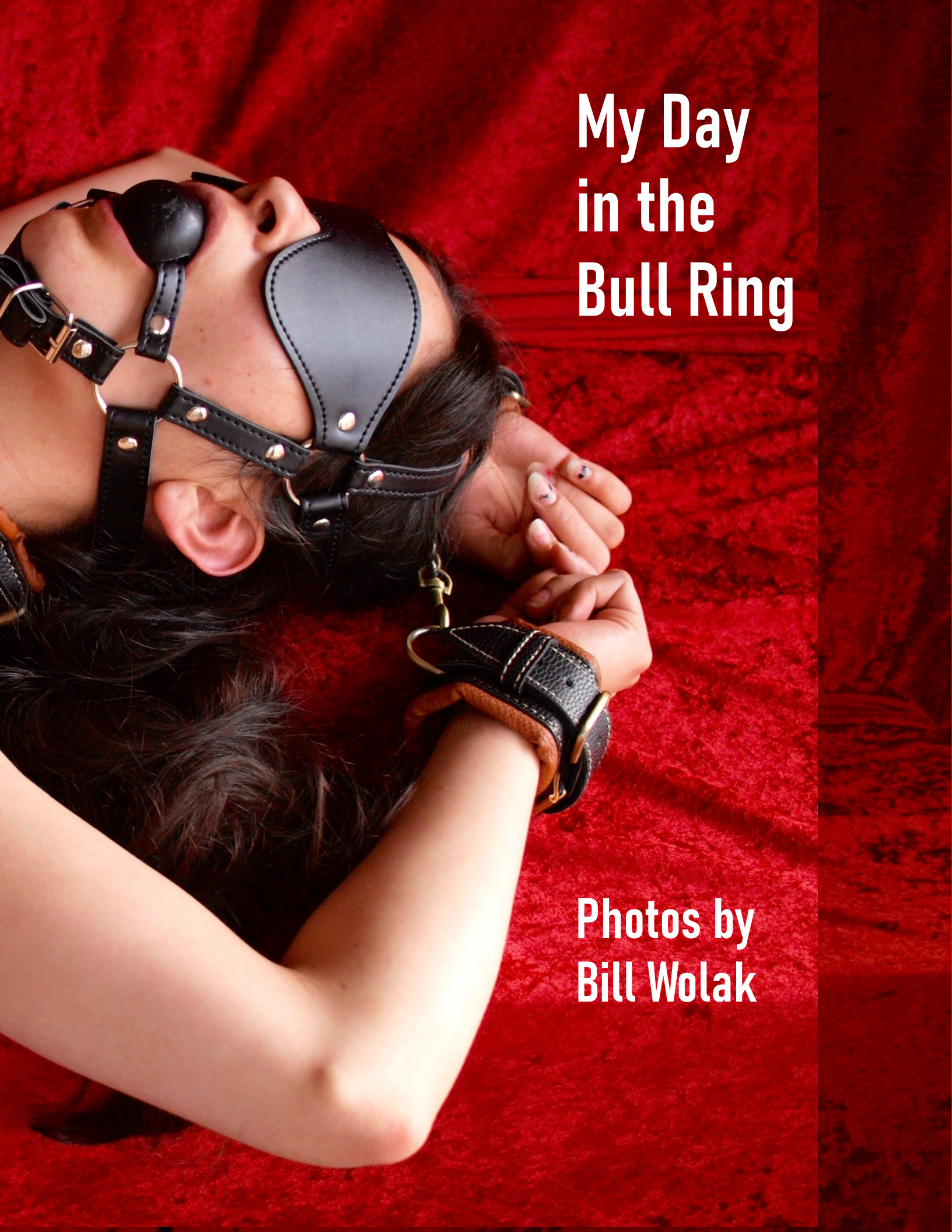
Breast augmentation, breast reduction, breast lift, breast sag, breast soreness, nipple sag, nipples at your belly button, definitely not glad. Cancer, losing a boob, Cystic Fibrosis Breast disease.
But ladies please,
Weep not for your mammories!!



**DIE
Skinny
Bitch**



The Readiness of Silk

A person with long dark hair is lying on their back on a red, textured surface. They are wearing a black leather bull ring muzzle that covers their mouth and nose, secured with straps and buckles. A black leather wrist restraint is also visible on their left wrist, attached to a metal ring. The person's hands are clasped near their face, and their fingers are painted with white nail polish. The overall scene is set against a vibrant red background.

My Day in the Bull Ring

Photos by
Bill Wolak



Waiting for Discipline

My Sneaking Suspicion



The Sudden Surrender Halfway to Orgasm

Has Something to do with Love



Bathe me in pink.

Deep as the Moan that Follows



Wait for it...



The Lightning's Blindfold

The Dream's Borrowed Smile



OK now go!



Red Velvet is a Tease.



The Sudden Agony of Arousal

This makes me feel at home.



The Mirror of Whispers

The Inexhaustible Clinging of Leather



Serves me right.



3 poems by jack henry

flee

i watch his naked body
move away from me,
toward a bathroom.

light clicks on.
pisses away his poison,
light clicks off.

moves back toward me.
his big flaccid cock
slaps his thigh
with each step.

i watch him.
the insatiable want
and lust
begins to rise
once again.

he bends into me,
kisses me,
pushes me back into
the center of the bed.

mouths open,
tongues engage.
i fold into the covers,
his weight on top of me.

i pull my legs back,
he prepares for entry.
the countdown begins.
he pushes into me.
liftoff!!

###

i watch his naked body,
he pulls on his boxers,
pants, shirt;
socks and shoes.



pushes a wedding band
back into place.
he bends into me,
kisses me.
my mouth opens.
a baby bird longing
for satiety.

i watch the door close.
i watch
the door

close.

i watch
the
door

close.



nooner pt 2

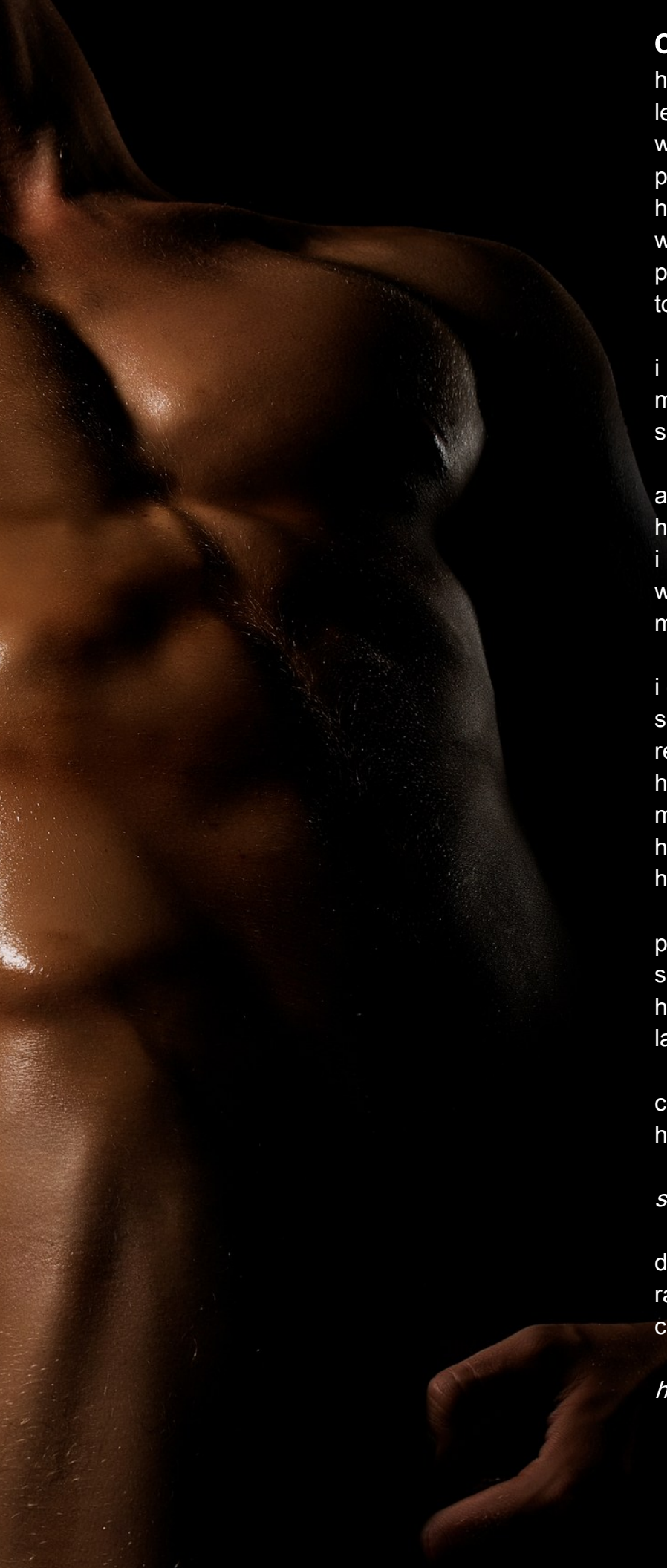
the heat of his breath
burns against the skin
on my neck, his rhythmic
thrusts lull me into
a euphoric stupor.

workers climb up
and down utility poles
just outside his window.
they chatter, little birds
searching for seed.

my moans grow louder.
his as well. the workers
grow silent, listening,
until we finish with
a crescendo of expletive
laden exclamations.

the birds begin to chitter
again, as they climb up
and down poles, and
try not to stare
when i leave his house
and walk toward my car.





cheater

he takes my hand
leads me to his bedroom.
we kiss
pull our clothes off.
his erection presses against me.
we wrap around each other,
pull closer.
tongue hot and sweet.

i lay on top of him, kiss his neck.
move down his chest,
suckle each nipple.

anxious, eager,
hands gently guide me lower.
i kiss the tip of his cock.
wet with anticipation.
my tongue teases.

i engulf him,
slide slowly back,
repeat with a rhythmic intensity.
hips move,
moans dribble from his lips.
he mutters, *i love you*.
he does not mean it.

pace increases,
suck the sweetness from him,
he explodes into memory.
lays silent and quivering.

cellphone vibrates,
he reads a message:

sorry babe. you have to go.

dress quickly,
race toward daylight.
cellphone vibrates a message.

husband home early.

Blood, Booze, and Other Things in Nature:

FemmePunkPoetry by C E Hoffman



maybe she'll write poetry:

Blood, Booze and Other Things in Nature by

C/E. Hoffman Review book Review and Interview with the author

I wish I could animate this book, it all but jumps off the page and smacks you square in the face. Like with something fleshy—made of rubber-like skin. Like a dirty girl trying to be clean. Or a clean girl trying to be dirty. It doesn't just diddle around with your parts, it grabs them and yanks then, pulling on them until they all but break free. Ironic, poignant, but TRUTHFUL:

*In other news, I'm making history.
In other words I'm totally
FUCKED
aka
damn lucky.*

It is damn lucky to be born with a fresh mouth. Introspective but not navel-gazing. There's pain, joy, but overall a desire and need to be free:

*I'm sick of all these motherfucking scars on this
motherfucking heart.*

And we have no doubt about the poet's self-actualization. Totally unafraid, and not unnecessarily impressed with what other people have going on;

*I learned cool kids are just
loud losers with friends*

These concepts are all encapsulated by the poem "(Bloom) Blowjobs" published in *Pink Litter*:

*After a mouth full of fucking
I guess I could tell you about
The bits of skin I left in Gillettes to which these scars still attest
but I'm bored writing poems about them
especially since
I've got new marks from planting trees and
making a masterpiece mess in the kitchen.*

*After a mouth full of fucking
I suggest
you wipe spit from your cheek when
your lover says it was the hardest they came in their life, and
you believe them
happy to be on your period
writing poems about blood/cum/
alternative fertilization*

*when your borage finally bloomed
so did you
after a mouth full of fucking.*

As refreshingly different as the poet is, they realize that deep down in life we're all the same:

*A life? Shit.
A perfect light that shits!*

And of course, someone after my own heart:

I only think I look good when I'm blonde.

But, I feel like the poet looks good no matter what. We live in a world of second-guessing, of hesitation.

My problem is I'm unbreakable

We are led right to it, in the poem *It*:

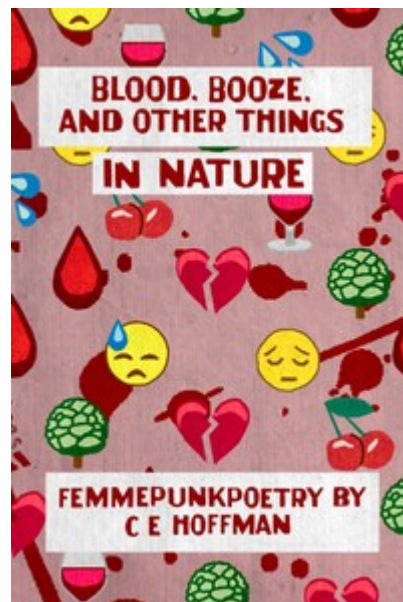
*It's the stinging of the ocean
it's the waving of the breeze
it's the facefuck of the music and the motion of the trees*

*It's a cunt that's salty spraying
it's a night that's mostly wet
it is fucking in the forest
it's forgiveness and regret.*

"It" is something that bites, so we must bite it back.

Here's where you can get a copy of a newly expanded version from Bottlecap Press: [Blood, Booze, and Other Things in Nature, by C E Hoffman - Bottlecap Press](#)

You won't regret it.





Misty Approved

Please start by telling us a little about yourself and how you began as an artist.

I've felt the creative urge as long as I can remember. My parents will tell you I used to narrate stories minutes long (often longer!) when I was wee. I wrote my first full-length novel (over 400 pages) at eleven years old, and the muse has remained ever-loyal- if not demanding!

What does the art express or mean to you personally? At the same time, what kind of thought or feeling are you trying to evoke from your audience?

Writing is my liferaft. Some seek inspiration to write- I seek methods to stop! Expressing myself via written word is a balm for my mental illness, which bodes for a highly-charged life experience.

I'd love my writing to be a liferaft for others, too. To be that friend a shy person can carry around in their pocket. Through being heard, I want others to feel heard, too.

Please describe your creative process (i.e. how do you work, stay up for days at a time or do a little here and there?)

I love having a project. When absorbed in a short-term task, like editing a finished manuscript, I may indeed work for 1-2 days non-stop. For longer endeavours, like plotting or writing a new novel, I try to take little steps every day. Either way, I work best in the morning, and often find myself bored by 11AM.

Who are some of your main influences?

Zadie Smith!! (NW- read it? If not, do so immediately!) Irvine Welsh. Martin Millar. C S Lewis. And many more! (Inspiration is everywhere!)

What is it you are trying to accomplish with your writing? Is it purely an expression of desire or more premeditated?

I want to inspire people to heal their past and shape their future. In a time of division, I seek to unify.

Do you have a specific "type" of piece you enjoy creating more (i.e. an "energy piece" or a kind of pithy or quirky piece?) Is it more serious or fun stuff?

I love experimental thoughtstream narratives, wherein little is certain but feeling. I have a lot of fun with quirky dialogue, too!

First the obvious: what turns you on, personally and professionally?

People who respect me, and respect themselves. Oh, and Taron Egerton.

From poets to erotic bloggers, online communities such as FetLife to pure fiction, writers and artists are making their "personal" business public in one form or another. How do you feel that, are sex experiences all public or all private or somewhere in between? Can they be both? Is sex meant to be a shared experience (beyond of course the literal meaning)?

I explore this theme in I Could Have Danced All Night (My First Orgy), a story found in the collection!

Sex is, in some ways, the most public thing that exists. Any human is a walking testament to sex and birth. In that essence, sex is life, which is all at once totally private (isolated, even!) and absolutely universal.

In that sense, in the private world, pornography has a wide audience (and outsells regular movies) but

most won't admit to watching. Similarly "erotica" is greatly marginalized both as a creative art form (writing, art, etc.) Do you see it ever changing from this mold, becoming accepted or even normal?

Great question! Something divisive occurs in the human mind when sex enters the picture. Even *Sluts and Whores* has been mistaken for an erotic collection given its title- as if sex workers and sexually-active humans have nothing to offer outside eroticism! If we are to come to a healthy balance with sex, sexuality, and pleasure, acknowledging these forces as natural, beautiful, and powerful, I reckon we have a while to go. I hope this collection can do its part to bring that change forward.



Actual Real Live Emoji





PROSE POEMS

BY PETER

MLADINIC

Sheer

The first class I ever taught was in creative writing, or maybe journal writing, 1978, at a community arts center. There were about 8 to 10 students. One night this one student, Colleen, came to class in a top of thin black mesh. Keep in mind, this was the tail end of the hippie era, and women in those days often did not wear a bra.

Anyone in the class that night could easily see Colleen's boobs through her blouse. They were small, and her nipples not big but pronounced, or not small, given the smallness of her boobs.

She was not especially tall, nor was she short. She was neither slim nor heavysset. Her boobs through the thin black mesh looked sensual. Just crying out to be fondled, kissed, licked, bitten. She had blonde longish hair and a ruddy complexion. To look at her, you might suppose she had a mound of hair down between her thighs.

I didn't know much about her, except the area where she lived, and that she lived with a boyfriend. I think she was in her late twenties.

The arts center was not far from my apartment, and she came there after the class that night. She had a pimply, rough chin. That, for some reason, attracted me. It complemented her blonde hair, and the sensuous small breasts and pronounced nipples that showed through her blouse.

She didn't stay long, and we didn't do anything but talk.

I only wish I had a vivid memory of Colleen walking back and forth across my living room floor, with those small boobs vibrating, up down up down up down very fast through that thin veil of black mesh.



prayer

WISH



Linda

Linda could suck a cock better than anybody! Funny thing, I never came in her mouth. She had an unremarkable face and figure.

We knew each other as friends only, for a couple of years, living in separate rooms in a communal house.

We started kissing, and soon she's sucking my cock like it had Never been sucked before, her mouth moving down to the very base of my cock, moving up and down, in a way I could feel it very firmly,

And not stopping for a long time, taking it all in, up and down up down, quickly, slowly, and nibbling at the tip.

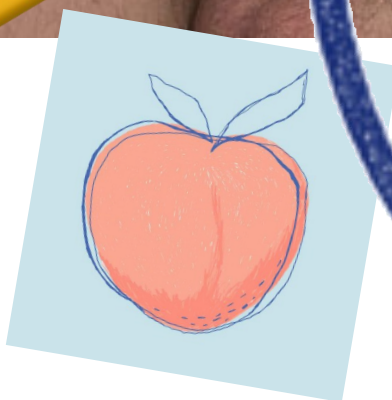
I don't recall her biting the tip, but I wish she had done that, bitten me on the tip, lightly then harder.

I think of really fucking a girl's mouth, going in, pulling out, stepping back and then coming again into her mouth, stroking her mouth, slow, faster, coming finally. Wish I had done it like that with Linda. She was the best! She loved giving a blow job. It made her very hot!



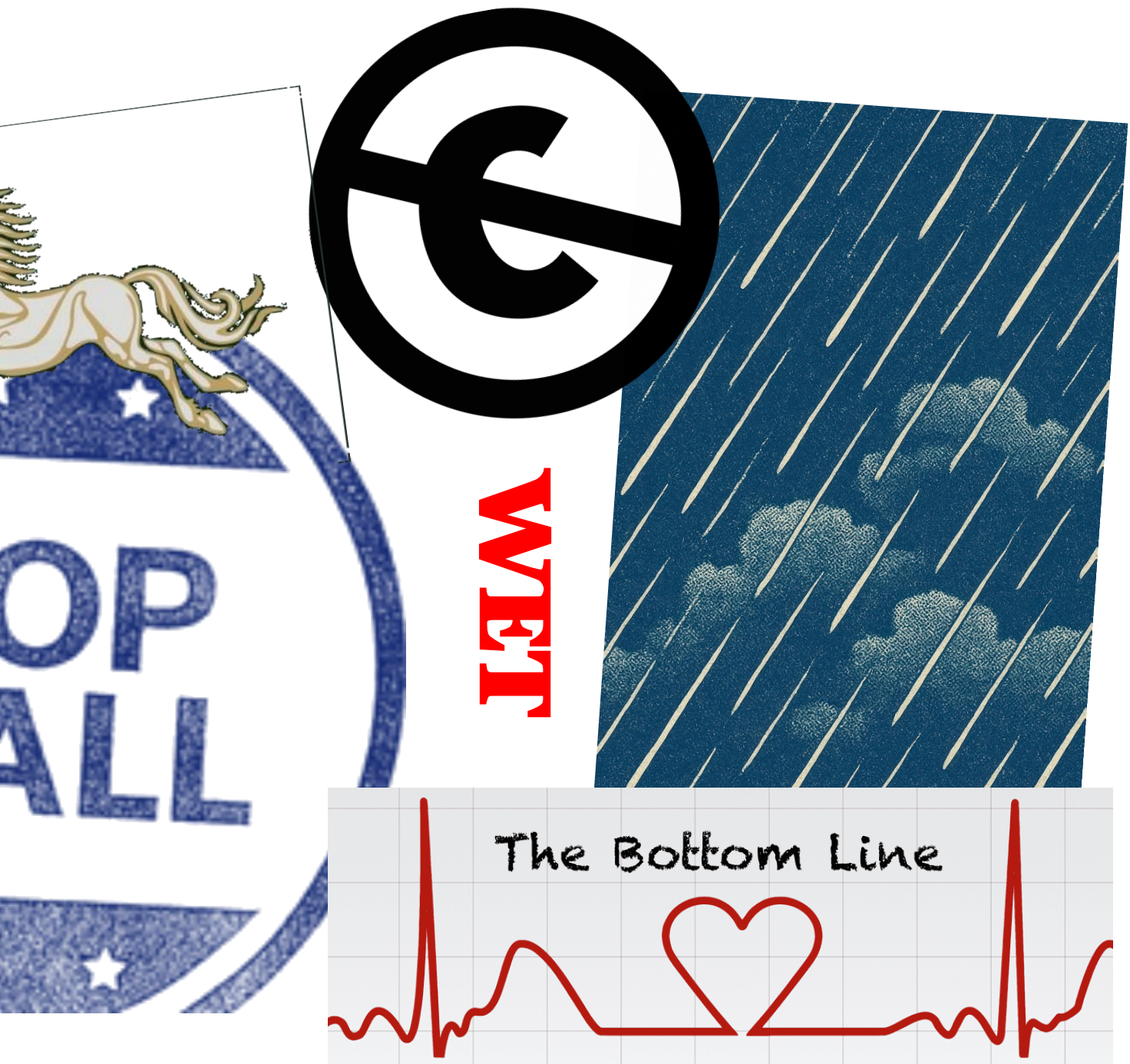


**PA-
TIE
NCE,
PA-
TIE
NCE,
PA-
TIE
NCE.**



Andrea

I'm in my apartment with 18 yr old Andrea. We're on my couch, my arm around her and we kiss and she rests her head on my chest. She's resting her head, and with my hand I guide her head towards my left nipple. I'm wearing a t shirt, as she's kissing I ask her to bite my nipple. She bites through the t shirt. There's a damp mark there. I ask her to bite again, she bites harder. A little while later we're naked and I'm inside her cunt. She goes to my nipple and bites very hard and leaves her teeth there. It hurts. She does it again. Oh fuck Andrea you're hurting me stop stop! I'm thinking. But she keeps her hard bite on my one nipple. It hurts a lot she knows it but Andrea oh my god it fucking hurts baby. It hurts and hurts and I cum and immediately pull my chest away. I'd never felt such pain before, and as I came it felt so fucking great. She knew she was hurting me and it turned her on. It was great!



Stay tuned for Pink Litter 19



Coming Soon!