

Porking

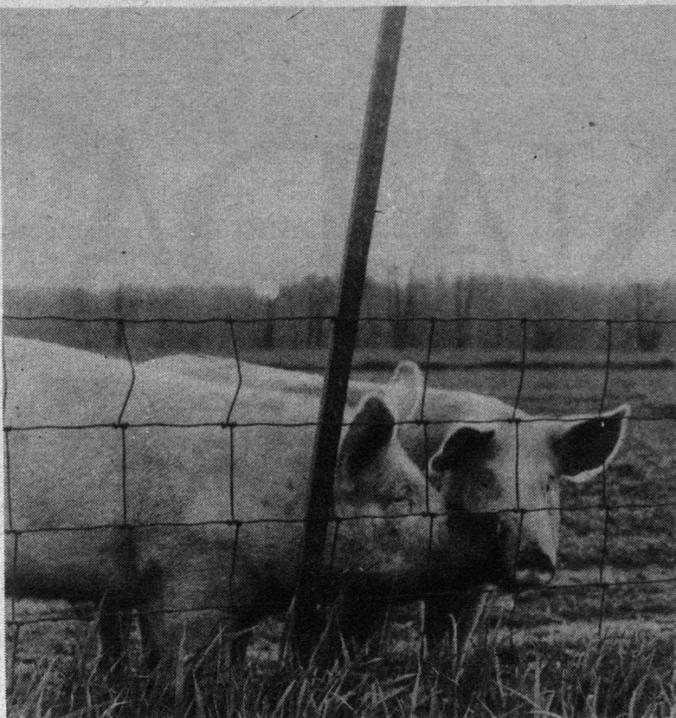
The fruits of
sow seduction
are quantity, not quality

Frustrating, as a slop slicked
piggy bodies slip
slither over each
others folds of fat
sunburnt pink
(hot, sticky, but
not sweaty, since pigs
lack, the necessary glands)

SNORT....GRUNT.....SNORT....SQUEEEEEEEEEEL

Pig pen ecstasy, thrashing
shit and gumbo over trough
fence, and errant farmboy

Gilbert Bouchard



Urban Hunters

Night jungle clearing:
The lust, the confusion.
Crowded city-scape connecting
The bar lost as they call,
Lonely call,
Through space and time.

The light . . . the light, and again
The night.

A girl, twentieth century
Glory come passion, fire in limbs.
The boy awaits her cold blaze
Tamed in heat, turning down lies in heart.

Conquest in leafless country,
Night jungle clearing.

N.W. McNeill

2084

Arnot sat upon Lackey heavily, the
pounds of excess flesh shifting in response to
Lackey's exertions like a boneless chicken in a
rocking chair.

"Turn!" he screamed suddenly. Lackey
turned obediently and shuffled laborously in
the new direction. His breath came in small
explosions and the huge metal bit was
shredding the sides of his mouth.

"Bla....gloog....argk...." he ventured to
vocalize but his words were impeded by iron
and he was forced to abandon the effort. Later

tonight, he knew, he would pour out his
intelligence into his typewriter when he
continued his thesis on biomechanics. He was
content, just as Arnot was content in the
knowledge that he would soon be making
merry with his friends — eating, drinking and
fornicating in reckless abandon. Neither
thought it was strange that the human race
had split into two such disparate castes
because neither had any complaints. But it is a
sad thing when man's ambition becomes a
slave to his animal desires.

by the Lady in Pink

Evil Denied

I like those lovely ladies not
For they smile at me alot.
I have no wish to burn in hell
I deny temptation, and you, I tell
the secret is a simple twist
that encrusts the pants, and strengthens wrist.

Scott Rogers

Power of Oblivion

There is no
power.
Only fleeting moments of its
image.
Gone.
Swept away into mindless gutters.
Mingled with other
sewage.

Bryon Paege

Once

I had a mind —
once.
But the system took me
and tortured my mind —
dunce.
I believed —
once.
Now I only do
what they wish.
I clutch at scraps of parchment —
dunce.

Bryon Paege

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