

ISSUE #1

QUARANTINE

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BROTHERS LOVERS SISTERS TWINS





My mother fell into a man-made pond at the office park where she worked.

The male swan who lived there was very territorial,
much stronger than you'd ever imagine. Nine months later we were born.





A housewife longs to be back on the ship which took her away for a much needed break

ABDUCTED. From the latin Ab Ductar, 'To lead away'

Which is closer to what it was; more of a siren song, less of a snatching.

I was doing the dishes, children already in bed and a voice like my mother's dragged me outside. A wave of thick salty ocean water pushed me up towards them like a gift.

Probed, also a funny word, from the Latin probate, to test.

For many hours they interrogated me, their questions seeming more and more desperate. What does bread taste like? (something about their digestive systems- they couldn't even have a bite of bread)

Does love feel more like food or more like water? Is it painful to be disconnected from the rest of your species? Do you long for offspring? Is longing painful or pleasurable?

Samples were taken of my skin, hair, saliva, vaginal secretions, urine and excrement. A kind nurse drew my blood while stroking my hair with one of her many forked appendages. A soft muzzle was wrapped around my face but removed for feeding. An episode of Friends played quietly on a screen in the nurses station.

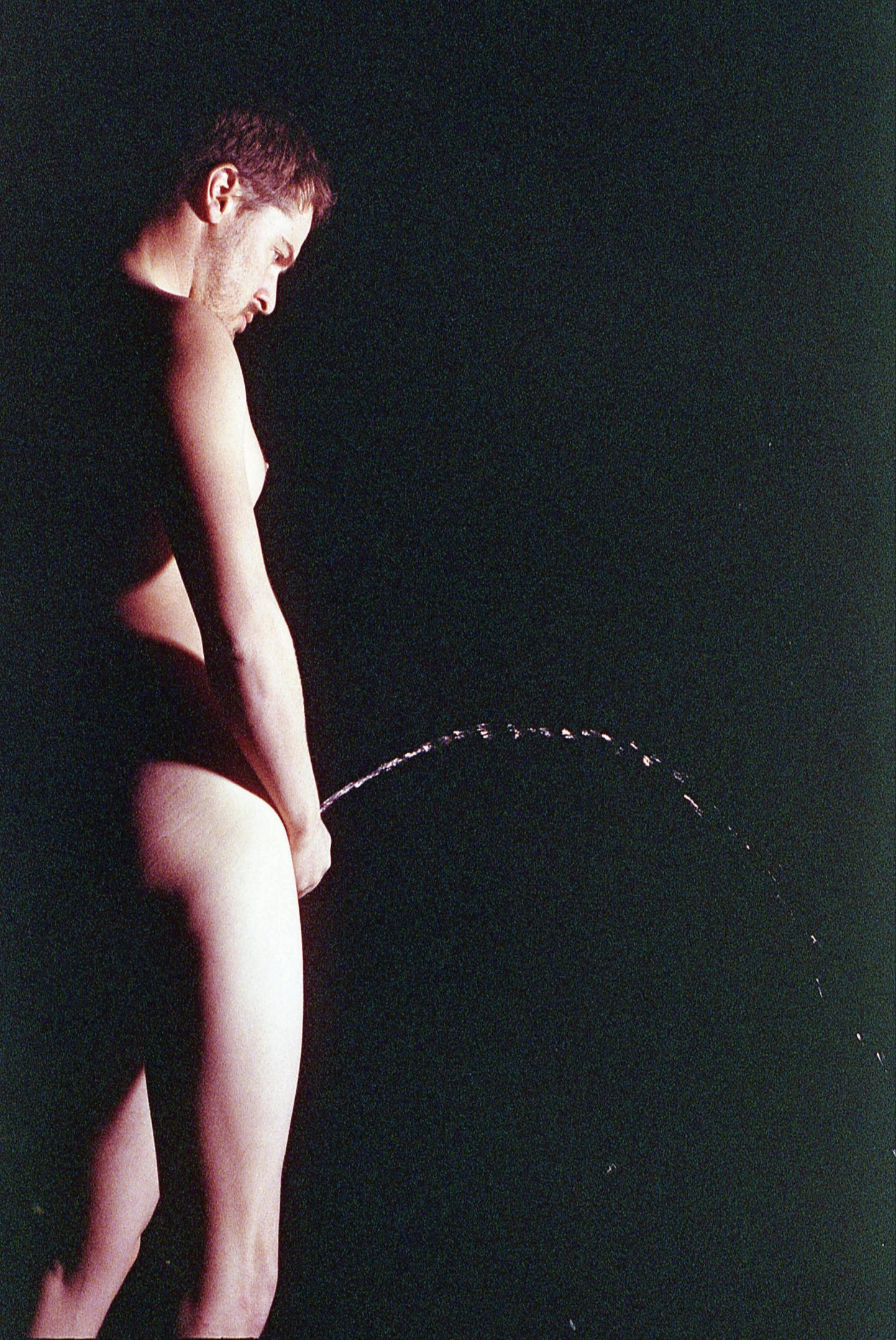
I tried to worry about my children, but found that I couldn't.

A small chip was inserted at the base of my neck and I was carried into a room to recover.

Back at home I found myself recoiling at my children's touch, their hairless bodies slick like shark skin.

I thought of the others on their sterile ship, their skin covered in delicate waving cilia, holding me down with their many, many arms.





Golden Shower

He owned the sugar factory in town, and was known, by most people, to be a good and honest enough man. He had a romantic involvement with the town psychic, and one day, as a putrid stench from the factory filled her trailer (one would think a sugar factory smells nice) she looked up from her tea leaves and announced that his daughter would have a child, and that child (a son) would grow up to kill him. He thought about the prospect of his own grandson murdering him (to take ownership of the factory no doubt) and drove home repeating the phrase "it's better to be safe than sorry" under his breath like a mantra.

When he locked his daughter in the basement of their house on the hill she accepted her fate with dignity. She had plenty of time to compile a list of impure thoughts (most of them about the farm boy with whom she had an innocent flirtation) and eventually came to the conclusion that she deserved whatever punishment her father had in store.

Eventually the young farmer (following his nose like a dog) began visiting her each night to whisper at her through the small window hidden behind a rose bush at the back of the house. Standing below the window, which could be pushed opened outwardly (only an inch). The girl kept herself awake at night for his visits by rubbing herself up against the old sofa like a cat in heat until she heard his gentle tap on the window. By the end of the summer the lovers became more and more frenzied until one night, rubbing himself between the bars of the window, the boy pissed cum in a graceful arc which covered her from head to foot, oozing down the front of her blouse and into her panties.

When she later delivered her child on the ratty basement sofa (with a youthful dignity, alone) her father paced fitfully (drunk) in the kitchen above her. The girl and her son were sent away, on a greyhound headed for the coast and lived many years in relative peace.

The boy grew up to be a hitter for a minor league baseball team. During an away game in the south, he hit a foul ball that struck a man in the head and killed him. Later he learned it had been his grandfather. The question of whether his grandfather was at that game by coincidence, or if he was there to see the boy (had he been watching him silently all his life?) was never answered.







The Bitter Wife

Piggy Pygmalion
Turned me from
Smooth cold immortality to
Decomposing flesh

I run my tongue over my teeth- the last vestige of my former self.
Feeling one come loose I wiggle it from my bloody gum and rip it's last thread

I am now a farting , sweating, odorous mass of flesh that you have long ago forgotten

That warm crevice for which you begged the gods and which bore you children now hangs
prolapsed out from my lips like an overripe peach

Piggy Pygmalion now you must watch me rot





THE LAST DAYS OF A CHERUB

Some might call what we did meddling, I didn't think of it that way. Everything was done with love and a deep care for humanity- humanity as a whole.

I started to slow down, injured my wing on a trip down to Florida. I had been working for Him for over 6 centuries and I was tired. I knew other boys were getting work done, a little botox, a little filler. The day your wings disappear is at His discretion of course. It wasn't the worst day of my life but it certainly wasn't the best. I teach now; a course on anticipating His needs and lecture series about blending in on the earthly realm.





"I pray you all good Christian people to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman and that I do look to be saved by no other mean, but only by the mercy of God, in the merits of the blood of his only son Jesus Christ. I confess when I did know the word of God I neglected the same and loved myself and the world, and therefore this plague or punishment is happily and worthily [deservedly] happened unto me for my sins. I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent.
Now good people, I pray you to assist me with your prayers. Now good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers."

-The Queen in her speech to the crowd





After being possessed by the spirit of an ancient greek philosopher who entered through the unsupervised vaginal opening, a pious and goodnatured girl is suddenly overcome with the urge to speak publicly on topics such as religion, politics and cultural affairs.





SYMBOLIC MEANINGS IN LATE 17TH CENTURY SYMBOLIST STILL LIFE



LEMONS: DECEPTIVE ALLURE OF EARTHLY BEAUTY

BOOKS: LEARNING, KNOWLEDGE

STAPLER: THE JOINING TOGETHER OF HUSBAND AND WIFE

CANDLE: FAITH IN GOD (OR DEATH, WHEN EXTINGUISHED)

THE CLOCK: THE PASSING OF TIME

TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE: FERTILITY

THE BUTTERFLY: CHRIST, OR THE SOUL

GRAPES: ABUNDANCE, TRANSFORMATION

APPLES: TEMPTATION, FEMALE BREASTS

HELICOPTERS: FREEDOM, ASCENDENCE

FLOWERS: LOVE, PASSION (OR PROMISCUITY IF DECAYED)

TELEVISION REMOTE CONTROL: A SHIFT IN PERSPECTIVE

BIRDS: THE RESURRECTION OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH



ORATION BOOTCAMP

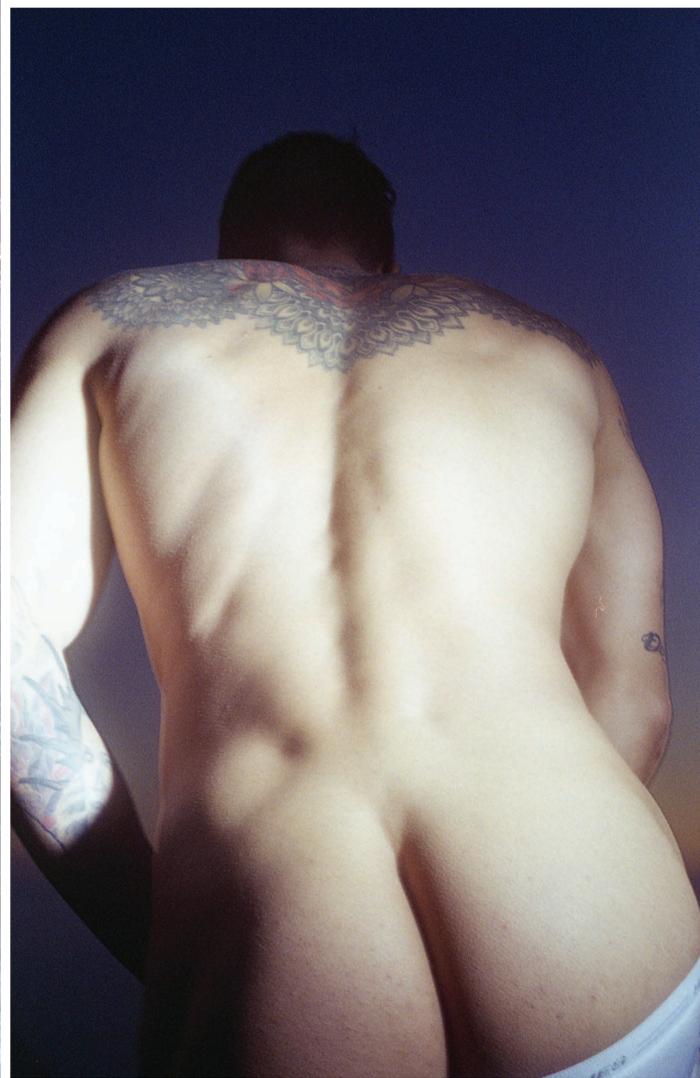
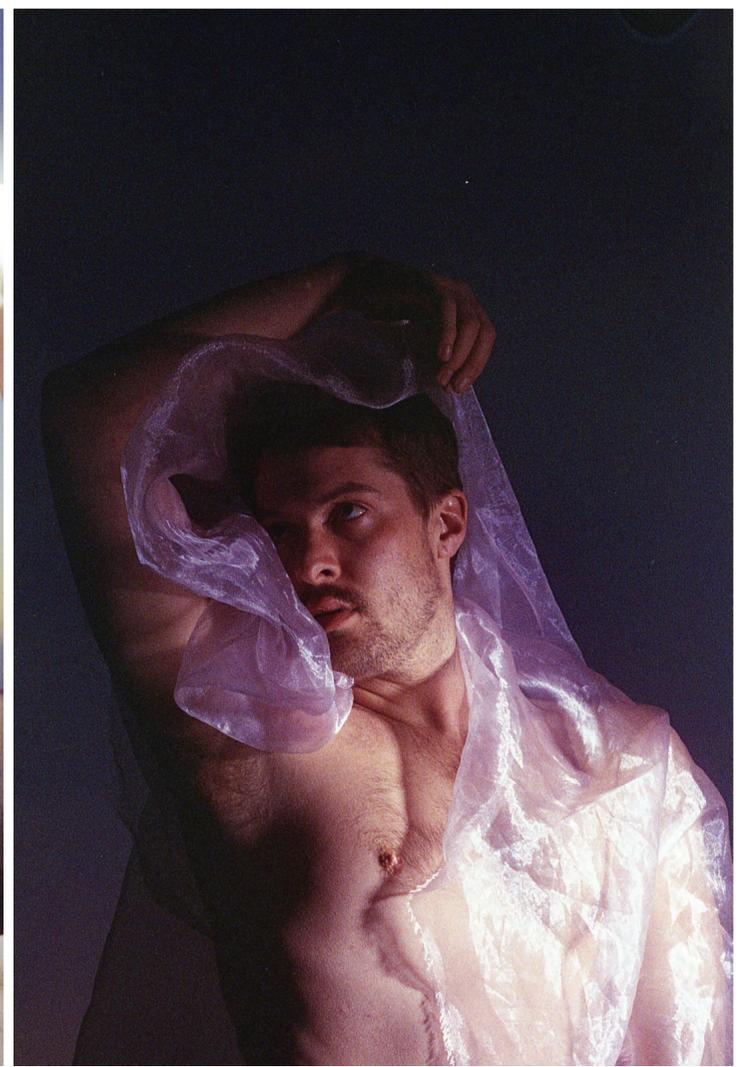
FILL YOUR MOUTH WITH PEBBLES AND RECITE A POEM.

GIVE A LECTURE WHILE RUNNING, PREFERABLY AWAY FROM SOMETHING LARGE AND WITH TEETH.

SPEAK, AT LENGTH, ON A SUBJECT OF A SMALL CHILD'S CHOOSING AND HOLD THEIR ATTENTION.

PROVE A POINT WHILE FUCKING.







AND SOMEONE WILL CERTAINLY BE LISTENING



WE CAN ALMOST GUARANTEE