

Musings of a

Feral FAG

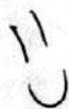


Ay Gurlz and Boyz
Papaz and Mamaz
Hes, Shes, + Zes!

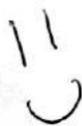
This is my first zine created
out of a few things I have recently
written.

Its rurl cute.

And dedizated to a current
fascination of mine, so yall
should read up!



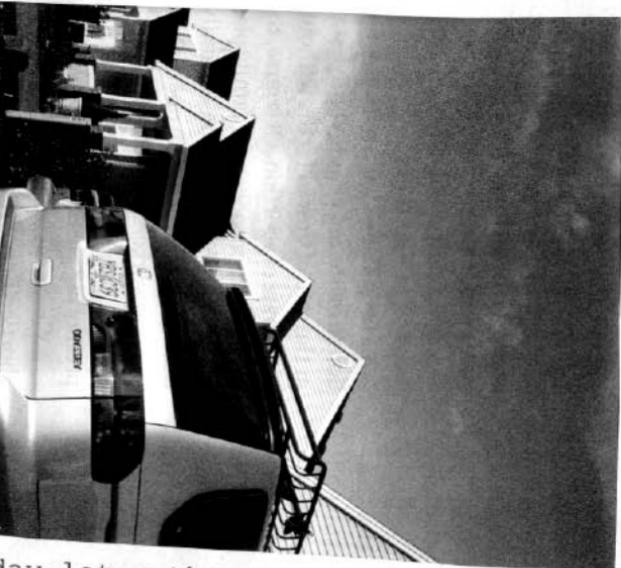
Enjoy!



- Your lover,
Sam Darwin

He awoke with a start to the sound of car tires screeching, and his nose began to bleed profusely out of its side. He fumbled for his MTV phone and saw that it was 11:11 a.m. and a Sunday; his least favorite of the days to be alive.

That day being such a melancholy type of day, he decided it was the perfect time to load his gun. As he bitterly went about this grim task he noticed the faint smell of saffron and clove wafting up from his fingertips. He was thus calmed, and eternity in his mind would survive for yet another day



A third day later the sounds of phones ringing and children crying echoed to his sleeping ears and he woke up a third time; this event much more subtle. On this day he realized that a different voice spoke in his head; one that had never walked those halls before. The new voice asked itself, "Good morning, where have you come from?" It could not answer itself. He lie naked on a floor next to a fan with a boy he didn't know and pondered where this new masculine voice could have originated. When he tired of wondering how his mind had received a new vocalization, he went on to reminisce on the previous night's sexual gratification.

To be continued...

I so often get really pissed when I can't wear my favorite heels to school. They're so fucking disgusting!



Gold stilletos and clear everything else.

That clunking that you hear from a mile away doesn't come without a price, my feet usually end up soaked in

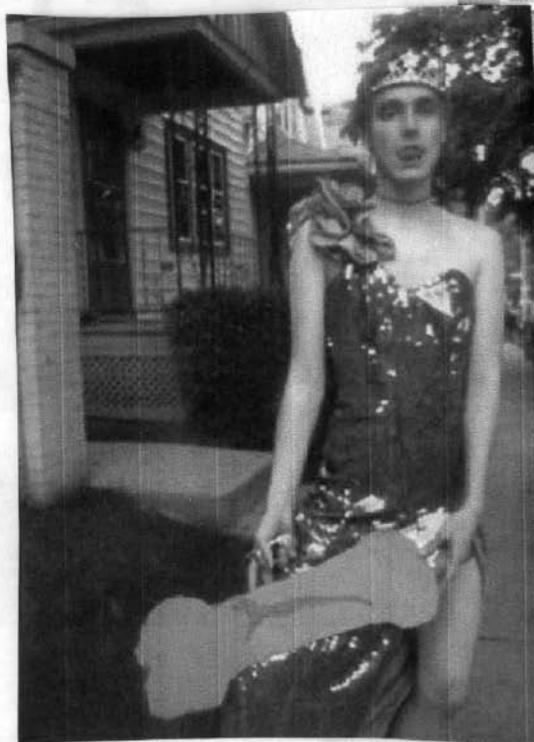


Red
Hot
Steaming
Fire engine
Cheery
Blood.

You think those zebra print flats are cute?
You think those '65 vans make you look like the trendiest little scene boy there ever was?
You think skull covered converse make you into the most HXC SXE kid of the tough crew?

Pussy ass bitch.

YES MA'AM!



This shit has character. Stolen from
a half blind Jewish drag queen
GODDESS.

worn ⁺ for 2 years.

I work it.

Get in my way.

And you will have a heel sticking out
of your right eye socket.

A big fucking dick right in front of you
after your hands have been tied down for weeks
and they just get their kicks
from watching you squirm

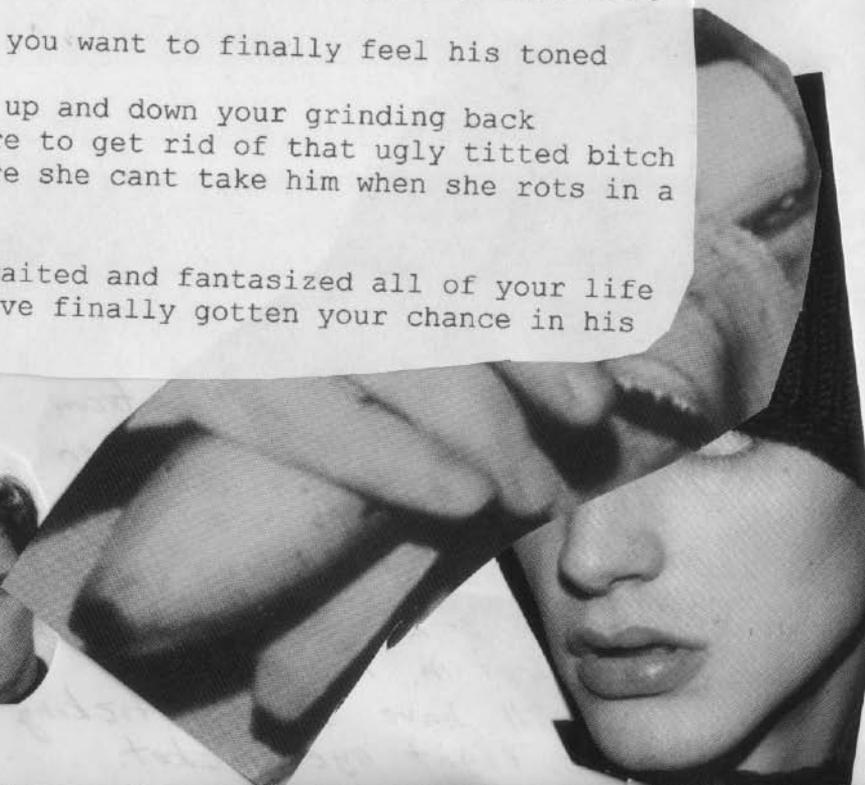
when you've been in a desert for weeks
without a drop of even salt water to quench
your cum craved lips
they'll wring their veiny muscled hands
right across your eyes

and when you think that you finally see that
great stream in sight
when the fountain is all pumped and ready to
spill
modernization comes in its cruelest form
a spigot has sent it all to hell

that spigot all silver and sleek
constantly dripping and ringing and ruining
your chance
its all easy and girly and full of shit
makeup, blood, cum, and thoughts of Brad Pitt

so when you want to finally feel his toned
arms
rubbing up and down your grinding back
make sure to get rid of that ugly titted bitch
make sure she cant take him when she rots in a
ditch

you've waited and fantasized all of your life
now you've finally gotten your chance in his



car tonight
don't get distracted by the ringing phone
hold down his hands while you suck on his bone

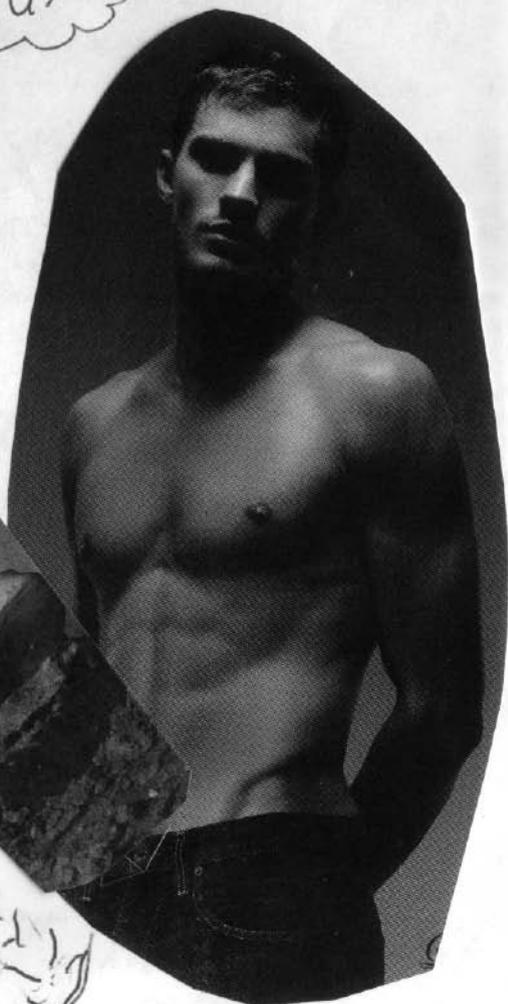
they'll destroy you and turn your soul dry
these fucking boy loving liberal boys
so go and get what you want
kill their mothers, stone their girls, and
drive a knife through their sweet cunts.

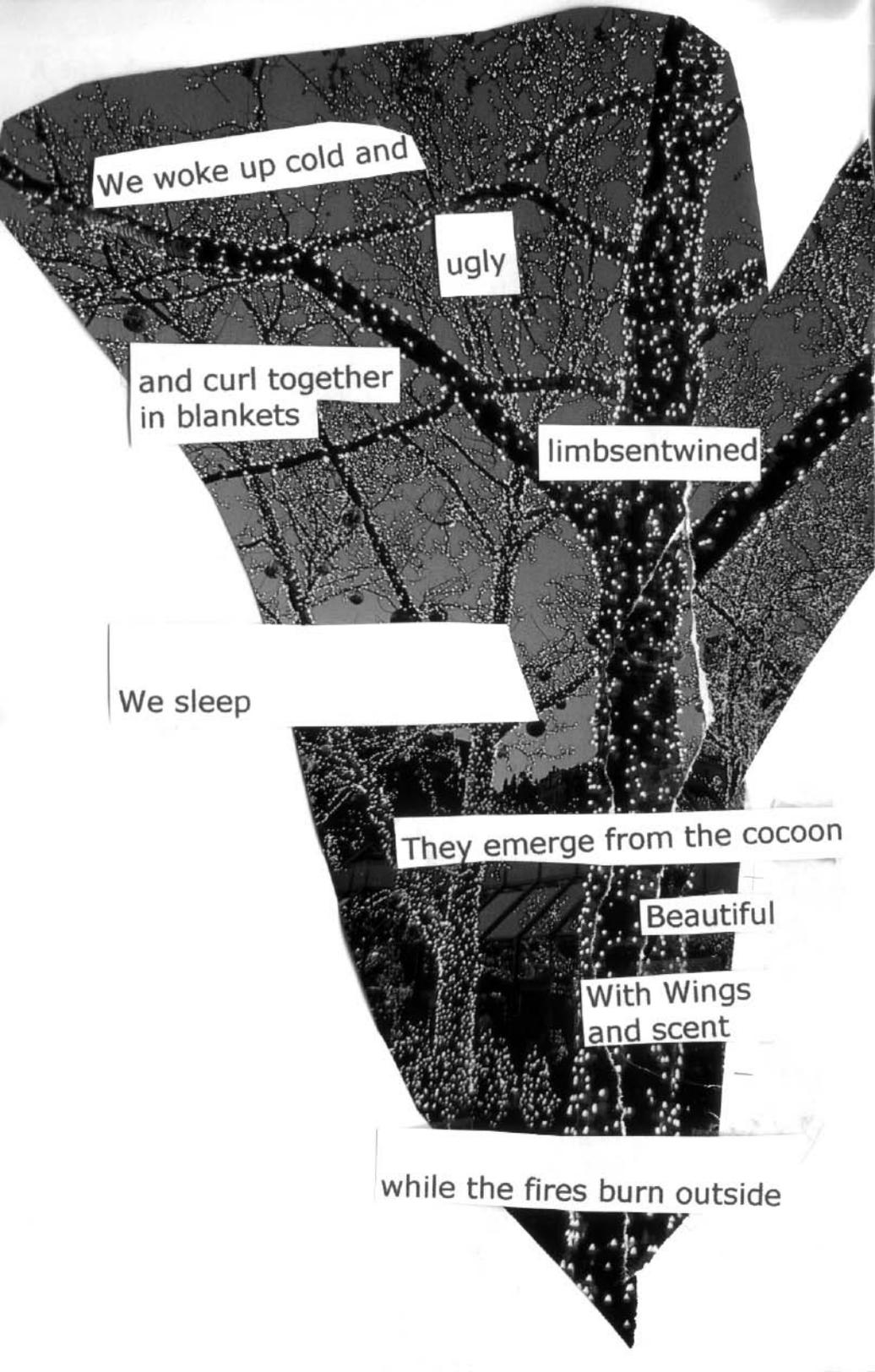


TUM!



BREED
ME!!!





We woke up cold and

ugly

and curl together
in blankets

limbs entwined

We sleep

They emerge from the cocoon

Beautiful

With Wings
and scent

while the fires burn outside



I sit naked across from

You

Our skin slippery and aging with the moment

Tepid comfort rains all around us
and like all of ~~my~~ stagnant dreams
the comfort whirls into a drain.

The walls are painted with dampness and
humidity

I slide one hand onto Your leg and another
rests on Your foot.

I hold elephant tusks in ~~my~~ hands.

My fingertips lick the waterfall and each
shining drop is a new dawn.

I let it go

Night encroaches

My hair is thin and I can see through to Your
skull.

It is endless and

full of so much dreaming

A great beautiful mass of dark hues
and thunder constantly burning and exploding
and continuous rebirth.

Your face is rimmed by a blazing wreath of
crystals and brown.

No decoration conceived by man in his
unnatural and artificial glory has ever
come close to creating something so pristine.

I could hold this vision in My eyes for
an eternity. I let myself fall into Your
hundreds of realities. As I float down

I count the freckles on your arms and
trace the asymmetrical contours of the walls.

I fall so freely. I leave my body behind.

I become instinct. I become myself.

I am pure. I am. I am. I am.

I exist.

The water cools and slows as it always does and regrettably You bring me back. I am once again bound. My mind is chained by flesh, language, and thought.

An ocean lies before us. Great dreams and mobility molded together into one amorphous fluid mass; the unfortunate destiny of this race. You rock forward and back, forward and back.

I lie down on the remaining mass and try to take what's left into my skin. "Please," I think, "Let some of these dreams become my own. I will absorb them, my brain is dry and there is no rush." However my skin is fat with soap and other rotten thoughts that never reach my consciousness.

I know this.

I weep and You hold me tightly in Your gentle arms. This eternity cannot end, it will not end, please God keep him here.

We embrace, our limbs entwined. The great trees blessed by the omnipotent gods of old. It is dreams will feed these roots and keep me alive.

We will grow glorious and green and shine white. Our branches will be thick and healthy.

I run my fingers through Your foliage and clench my hands. I bury my face in your bark and take in your scent.

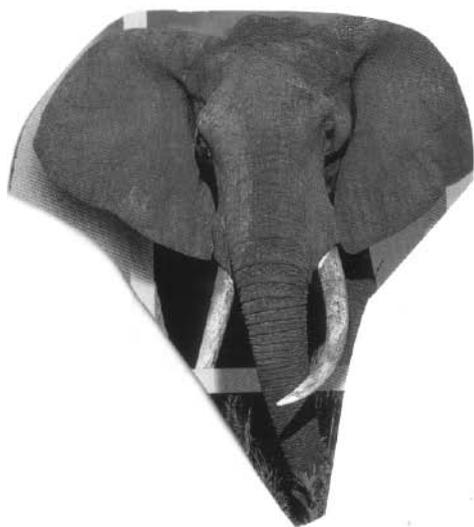
I return and we are lying side by side in the tepid jungle. Release. Bodies tense, toes bent, blood hard.

I cum.

Then You.

A small smile from Freedom or the flesh.

I live for these short moments. I survive for you, for warmth, and for the electrical current that catches us all.



Say hi sometime!

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