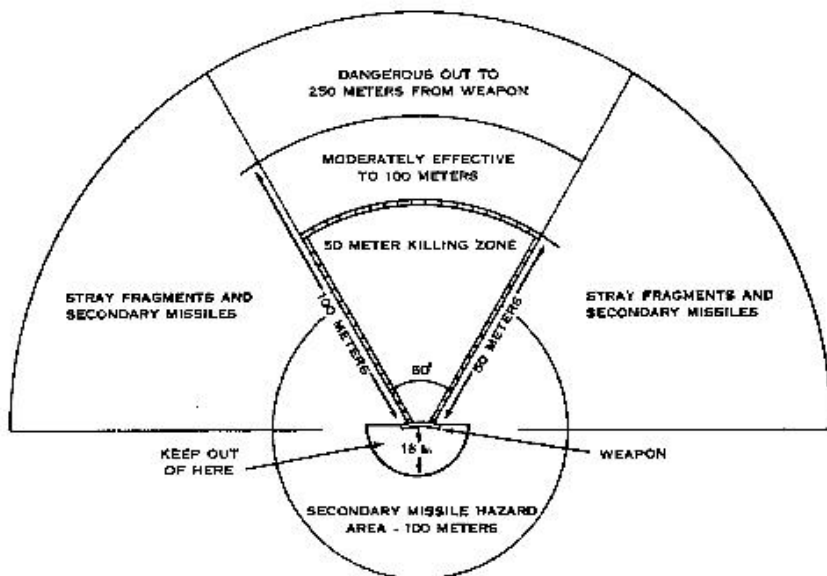


Walther  
Model PP & PPK Pistols

# [PSYMORTAR]

a zine by  
mika ft. vera

war is machine. automatic consumption. stained weaponry eating and eating and eating and eating in flattened warzones. gore & the infinite battlefield victim to bodypower. the PSYMORTAR is shelling from an astral no-man's land. identity fragmentation within omnipresent violence. queer bodies cannibalized in spaces of hostile entities. distortions of meaning in the tightening jaw of Capital's empty present. poetics of a total communist anger. we're in a world moved at the pace of imperialism. it will not change anything. but, maybe, PSYMORTAR will communicate something to you, and i hope you respond. standby.

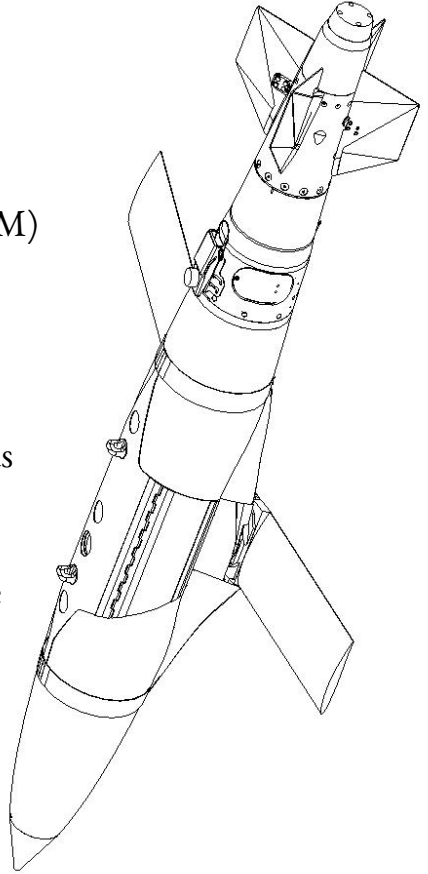


## *JDAM*

a village in the Syrian desert  
a dozen names to the people  
making water from the sand  
nameless to all the spectators tuning in  
to see the sand made into blood

the Joint Direct Attack Munition (JDAM)  
goes kill intentions all-weather  
empathy stricture along strake kits  
watch heads vaporize in smokey air  
unknown faces grasping at limbs  
their memories drained out on dirt roads  
eyes coated in monochrome nights  
pupils drawn in crosshairs  
precision-guided shivers down the spine  
tableau of multiplying  
infrared white smoke clouds

grainy torso soaked in fragmentation  
beating hearts reduced to view counts  
non-combatants disseminated as data  
banshee yells haunting compressed audio  
go-pro footage slick with red dust

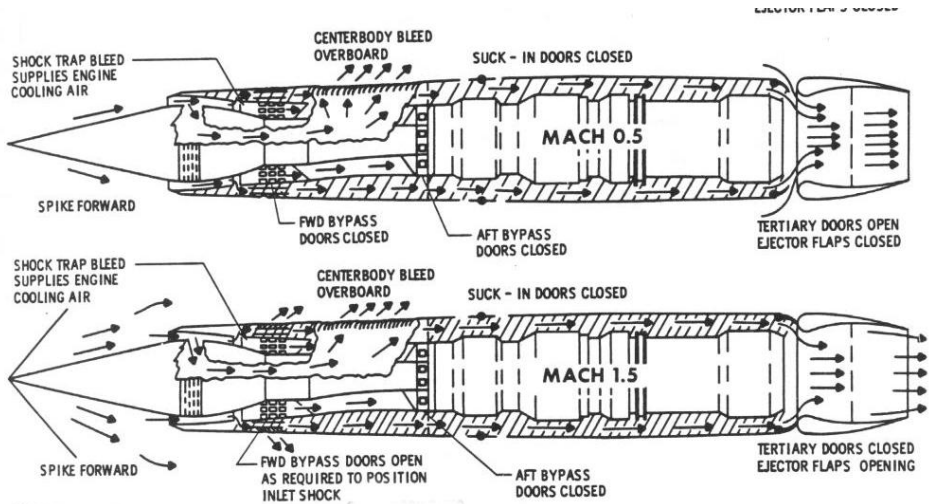


fire and forget me, bitch. laugh all  
you want i'm casting daggers clean  
through your conscience  
your headless soul

## *vertigo over Groom Lake*

/ dizzy with fantasies of calm waters / of poetry sung at sunsets /  
instead jackals trespass in death valley / biting at the carcasses of  
shit-covered war machines / phantom fighter jets implode over  
restricted airspace / and the impotent channel a mandated  
psychosis /

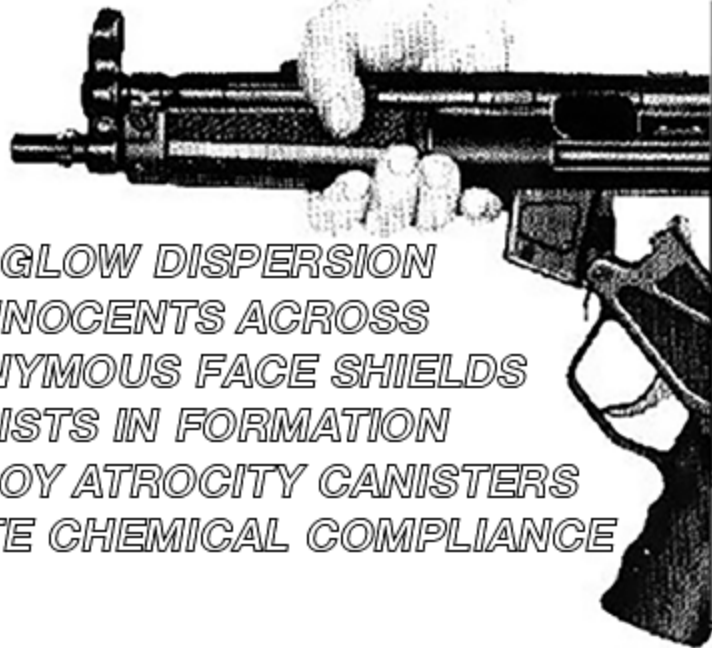
/ mass arrests the new hotness / ritual castrations for the Badge /  
nightstick burrowed in the amygdala / reticule centered on  
pretend hostiles / thriving in violence markets / cracking your  
brother's leg on the static-washed late night news / do you feel  
alive? /



/ hackermancers hijacking MQ-1 Predators / sharp visions of  
bass-boosted calibers / The Minigun make your skull river / oscar  
mike into splendor flame / barbarian demolitions buried beneath  
military airstrips / gladio puked out into the new century covered  
in blood & bile /

/ there are people missing and strange, metallic figures are  
appearing in the sky / blurry- faced creatures are darting through  
treelines / uncanny lights spatter the night in blue / will we be  
okay? /

RIOT GLOW DISPERSION  
OF INNOCENTS ACROSS  
ANONYMOUS FACE SHIELDS  
FASCISTS IN FORMATION  
DEPLOY ATROCITY CANISTERS  
BRUTE CHEMICAL COMPLIANCE



*defective mortar shells*

/ thaumaturgy in sulfur trenches / a girl left spilling red across the  
bank of a Syrian oasis / Charon refuels his humvee outside cities  
older than desert rot /

/ head swamped up in the dirt / inhaling lizard secrets / sanguine  
knives bleed her chest / purgatory left as viscera by paradise winds  
/ the girl asks, can we stay on the river a bit longer? /

/ slow-motion smoke cutting along jade eyes hung black / Afghan  
foxes spread jaw kissing treaded rubber / she's choking on shit in a  
Babylon gutter /

/ death power superslice her gut / pretty scumshit puking plastic  
anger / her blood splattering self-portraits on brutal sand / she's  
no tiger / just paper bombs detonating impotently in old jungles /



*dogs*

/ young girl trapped as **BOY MONSTER**. / dogshit head  
sloshing in chemicals / figure sharpened as switchblade basilisk /

/ viper hunt in a sinkhole / weather control devices burst thunder  
over insurgent camps / desperate to be more than **MONSTER**  
among the doomed / outlines pooling in the mud / terrible  
images bubbling up from a haruspex's eyes / of ejected shell  
casings searing ankles / of meaningless armored warfare waged  
over vacant plains / her chemical mask falling way to  
**STRUGGLE**. /

/ attack dogs recognize scents of girl underneath / **SNARL** at  
**MONSTER** / the bandit canines bark at entities hiding in  
perimeter bushes / from jaws cracked wide micro-knives scatter  
and resting crows fall, butchered /

/ dropped to her knees / nothing left but / the pooling crimson  
sculpting against gravel / **MONSTER** hunted off the Pacific  
coast / headline afterlife all that's left to the young girl /

finger of either hand and a flick of the wrist, practice in front of a mirror, skin so delicate it can be punctured by a sliver, this serrated blade is weighted for smaller hands, i keep one in my purse and one in my cut from the top of the pelvis to the diaphragm and pull, any residual biomatter can be collected and

analyzed in the event of an attack, could be a gift for a daughter,



by law in the event of this knife be a wife or Stainless

Steel with Mother of Pearl inlay grip, the blood had dried into the cotton skirt, easy to clean, carry, and place the severed head between

the thighs, this jeweled blade i hold firm to my breast, when i was cut first the thin membrane gave way

## *STANDARD ISSUE M84 STUN GRENADE*

death encoded 20yrs in // the XX defined null  
algorithm determined breath amount // i/o toss up  
i commit insignificant big-violence in Flatland  
all concepts singular here  
i toss out another bisected moth into the 3D  
i toss out a dismembered cock into iD

american brand survival  
daggerknives to gorefuck my boyblood

by 27 i'll have fake XX's  
stay execution

resort to allowing the 'don't tread on me' snake  
to fuck my plastic cunt  
violated on the white house green LIVE LIVE LIVE  
the USMC eagle slide my tits down its gullet  
i'm a pay-per-view spectacle // violation worth 15\$\$\$

immaterial expenditures // apathetic labors  
ruin due i give // i am fucking tired. i hate you

stadium-above the neon hisses:  
Custom Crosshairs For  
Custom Assassinations Here

opt out of death by bullet complexities  
i agree to the Execution of User Life Agreement  
// make it bright you fucks

flashbang scraping between teeth  
// death sentence  
named M84 chiseled on its hexagonal shoulder  
// less than lethal  
fortuna trapped in overwound cassette  
// deflagration-processed injury  
my jawbone will be hanging by the hinges  
take me // bang me

last words denied i shred the ceiling with  
'make me the SWAT terrordump' &  
170 decibels coats across my face  
glued to the gums.

## *MILITARY GRADE SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS*

/ mind on a spit between simultaneous psychic forever wars / 7.62  
rounds glinting harshly like walmart jewelry / brass vipers spilling  
out of open chests / bullets cheap as blood / a Bastard paints the  
red room today / corpses wrapped in torn pages of an ancient  
codex / footage of dominations sold in black & white infrared /  
Bodycount Is Sustain [[17ct.]] / boy made of porcelain brushes  
crushed guts off his shirt / programming stored in a melting Y  
chromosome /

/ ponytail tied like a well-oiled semi-auto slide / dripping ghostly  
over sliced shoulders / uniforms [branded] strapped tightly to  
every twitch of the crotch / fed to burst with news that bleeds a  
sweet taste / channel 7 pooling onto emerald tongues / silver  
clinking against the back of teeth / low key heat check riot  
underneath / learning to puke in between an absent adolescence /  
witchblade etching serial numbers on missing sex organs /  
restriction class XXX released / a life begins in fluorescence /

/ ego bubbles up the brainscum / mercy, pity, or saved for later?  
/ KILL INTERNAL PROJECT in all caps inside the skull /  
vomit fraying the air / biostatic / hickeys like cobra clung to  
throat / hexes escaping the bloated stomachs of dead coyotes  
covered in centipede shit / assassin transcending dealt divinations  
/ outlived weaponization exiling her to New Mexico slums /  
Trinity sand caked on blushing cheeks /

18yr old girl[?] no longer needed to spontaneously combust enemy combatants in foreign hot zones. limbo dealt down the subject. she buys gov't nerve agents off darknet honeypots. uselessly, she says: "just dome me already, CIA!" fantasizing about a death by gunshot from the inside out. watching salvos of 80x80 pixel flame gifs fire off across a default sky. finding grace with the latest in-fashion esoterica. seeing everything as luciferian terrors filtered through bright green text on a white background. the new world order is flow time, and she wants to come home to a harem of lithe anime demon-boys! she's reverberating on, like, 7 different dimensions at all times. astral projecting herself out of a body without congruence.

before, all she had to do was let voices tell her who to kill. now the whole Dictionnaire Infernal wants a piece. Amon's dog fangs keep falling through ceiling cracks. his serpent tail flicking past peripheral doorways. turn her into Baphomet effigy.

chewing foil tablets. every bystander a sting operation. military grade surveillance cameras replacing their eyes, eating her fake image. convinced what she's packing's declassified. side-eyng neighbors disappearing with fresh livers left in the sink.

/ stray lead penetrating thru crowded strip clubs [she always wanted to strut her stuff] / becoming a squatter in a half-spent minefield / CIA handler daddy has to come collect his hot gun-toting mess /

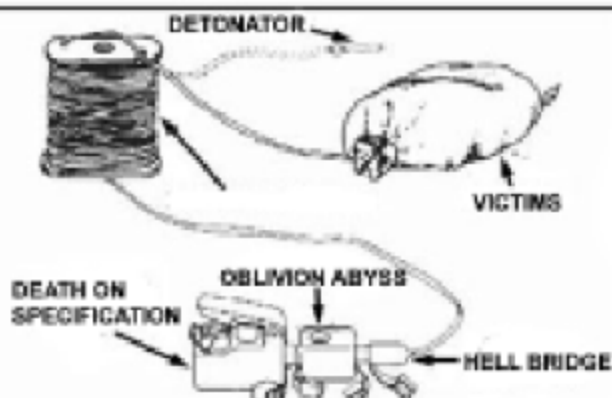
/ GIRL CULT DIES LIVE / hyperreality selling hot / strapping  
on a bulletproof vest weighted with wolf's teeth / loading glassed  
yokai into a mossberg chamber / canteen sloshing with chernobyl  
water / air thick with diamonds / drones [GENDERQUEER  
BODIES] like vultures buzzing her Dreamland / Hellfire strikes  
on a dissonant mind / shatter shatter / Bodycount Remains  
Sustain [[34 ct.]] / she'll prove herself even if it guts her /

*DANGER LEVEL XXX CHEMICALLY  
UNSTABLE ENTITY.* open wounds casting  
hypno-rainbows! bleeding new flavor!



## LOST SMART BOMBS

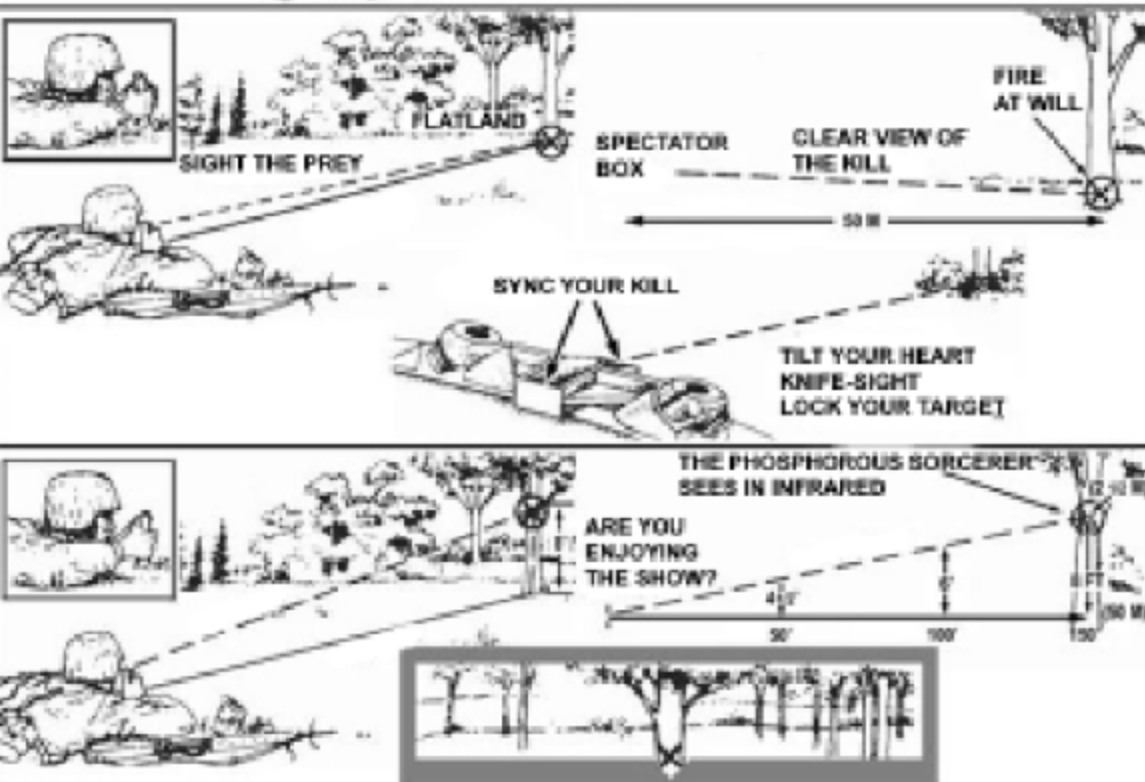
defective mortar shells blowing  
apart the horizon / empty & inferior  
explosives killing indiscriminately  
soundless shockwaves eating bodies  
squeezed dry



## VIOLENT

camouflage coyotes fantasizing  
about g-strings and pressed molly  
haunting a Baghdad strip mall  
ceramic bodies liquid against concrete

just pups dying in barren fields for  
anomalous metals and empty futures





## *HOT LEAD DEVILS*

/ copper crown dug thru skull / a girl exists shift-to-shift / a  
forever humiliation / forced to regularly beg for her life / praying  
to false royalty to see tomorrow / demons made the regular / coral  
snakes around her irises / all while she grovels under boots /  
there's prettied up war machines on an infinite battlefield /  
uptempo mortars in the skybox, 24/7 entertainment always on  
Channel 18 / and ads at every corner, yelling, "let us make you our  
murder-doll!" /

/ fantasizing about shrapnel'd heads / half-stepped out the days /  
letting stims swim thru her skull / anarchy sparking between her  
teeth / grit under day-to-day / a girl ready to sin any way she can,  
to escape the slavery cult /

/ propane ignite under brain / another shift, another john spitting  
at her feet, another evening of war porn on the TV / enough! /

/ princess diablo's gold fangs glinting / she always stayed pretty  
for monsters! / now terror's pitching up, coated in blood spatters  
/ damaged sky and she's ready to burn alive to taste those  
motherfuckers / done slutting for the Corporate / done being  
decimated daily for living / done tasting their false power /  
everyone's just fucking done! /

/ savagery stuck between teeth / gunmetal bitch slathered in red  
spitting 37mm bore / homemade anger chewing burnt air / and  
now there's wastelands in Sierra & bonfires lighting Appalachia /  
corrosion flicked off the tongue / saying no to the futures we were  
promised /

/ angels are choking on red silk now / fear the osprey / chambered  
talons dripping lead / devils licking blood off American sand /  
can't feel her fucking face / thousand deep on herself, no matter /  
she'll vomit her lungs before she takes another dollar with a wink  
& smile! /

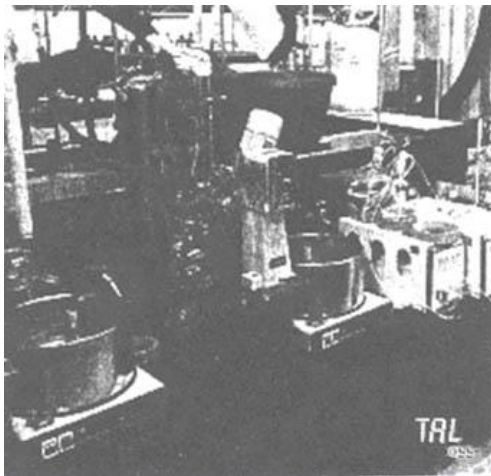
## *DULCE*

/ date night spent watching pink tracer rounds glancing off beer bottle curvatures / the field behind dad's garage bathed in girly fairy fires / letting budweiser aluminum bleed / ashing our cigarettes to radio wails / in-between frequencies discharging reverse reptile speech /

/ in camo flip-flops / kicking our feet up / lawn chairs suckled by magenta moss / muzzle sweeping empty-mag uzis / across the sky pretending we're nailing crow corpses to the clouds / making passing UFOs spill their guts on suburb roofs / using silent bullets (for the quiet nothing) / Mysterious Liquid Corrodes Through Local Man's Skull! / Hahahahaha! / laughing past each other looking lovingly past each other / caressing past each other / i feel like my only anchor to day-to-day is uncanny blood /

/ it's date night! / our lips rot together in soft kisses / crying melty gold into each other's throats / your beauty past all the heat / hilding you inside my jaw / slitting our chests with hollowtips / wolves covered in ancient dirt falling in love / i carved my name in your gun a long time ago /

/ draconic somethings coming to take me away from you / heel turn unloading the empty magazines / forces born off event horizons /



ROOM LIGHT: PINK-PURPLE.  
BRIGHT IN SOME AREAS

HUNDREDS OF THESE IN  
VARIOUS STAGES OF GROWTH.

WISPY HAIR, "ALMOST NOSE"  
MOUTH LOOKS "SEALED"

ADMB LOOKS GREY  
VEINS (?) LOOK DARK GREY  
CREATURE WHITE-PALE  
EYES - DARK LIDS (?)  
CAN'T FIND GENDER  
2 TOES - 3 FINGERS

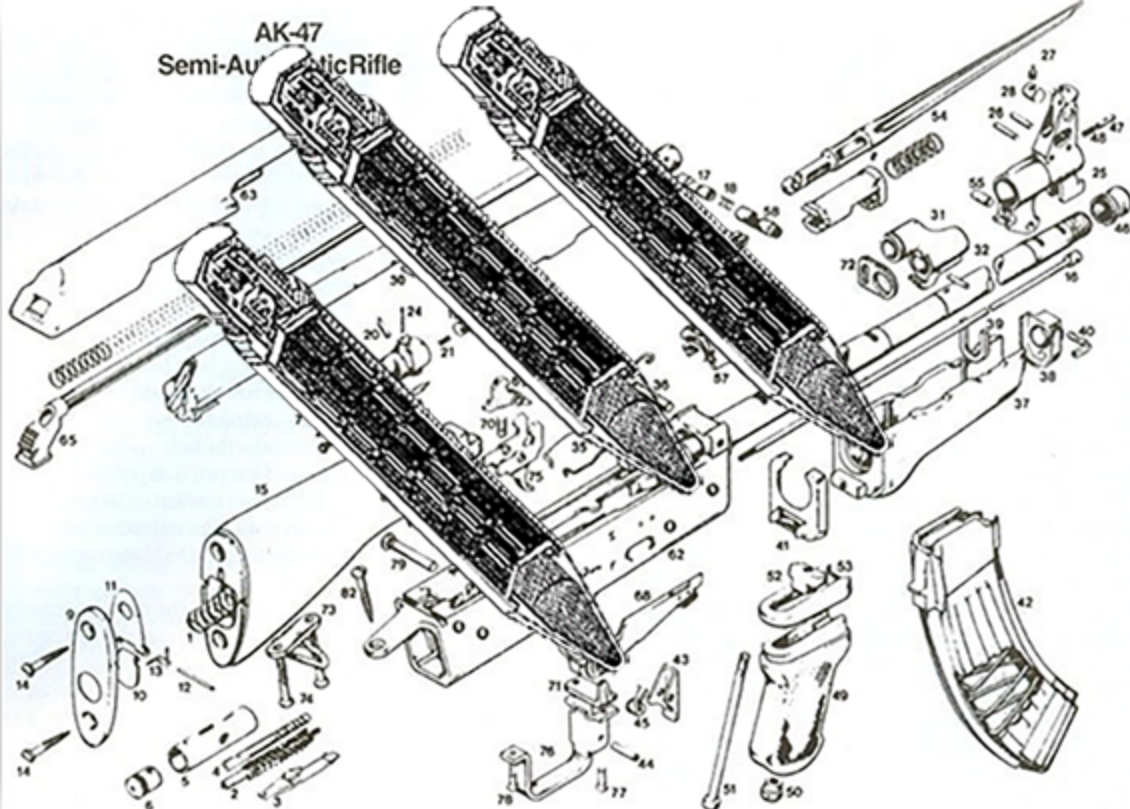
LIQUID - AMBER COLOR  
NOT COMPLETELY CLEAR

LOOKS LIKE GLASS TUBE,  
BUT ABOUT 5 FT TALL

**Figure MC1:** Photo at left shows the real DNA lab at the Dulce Underground Base where material from cattle/human processing is used for cloning. And at right, the drawing of fetus in tank developing.

/ a sun from the time of sacrificial tributes swallowing me up / i  
won't forget the taste of your metal behind my jaw / it's date  
night, after all /

AK-47  
Semi-Automatic Rifle



## DESTROY SOFTLY

breaths between clinks  
of the bolt  
god let them die tomorrow

primal seizures  
of the trigger  
turning enemies into pellets  
shimmering in the twilight  
slick with organ grease

futility production  
lazing around  
a munition apocalypse  
materiel determined fortune

devil kingdom primed towards  
foreign flatlands

a living fire utilizes  
surge tactics amongst  
exotic ruins bunker busters  
split wounds into  
the earth along  
ancient beaches at  
1,450 ft/s (440 m/s; 990 mph)

ultrashock and awe strategies  
out of limbo kill records  
engraved on the side of M4's  
they revel  
in the bisected brains



## *hostageZ*

/ rattlesnakes fucking in humid bunkers / howitzers percussive  
against the moss / payload discharge of ricochet razors / leaving  
predators tongueless /

diesel bombs blowing apart windows  
psychonaut long distance radars  
screen past the bone  
SPIKED FUZE ZEROED  
thermite light the sternum

/ separated in hostage conditions / control terminations / agency  
deflections / arming wire coiled around the teeth / don't let  
yourself turn to dormant violences /

bandit logic flicks off safeties  
cobras strapped with surface  
-to-air missiles slither over the mesa

lethal asymmetry

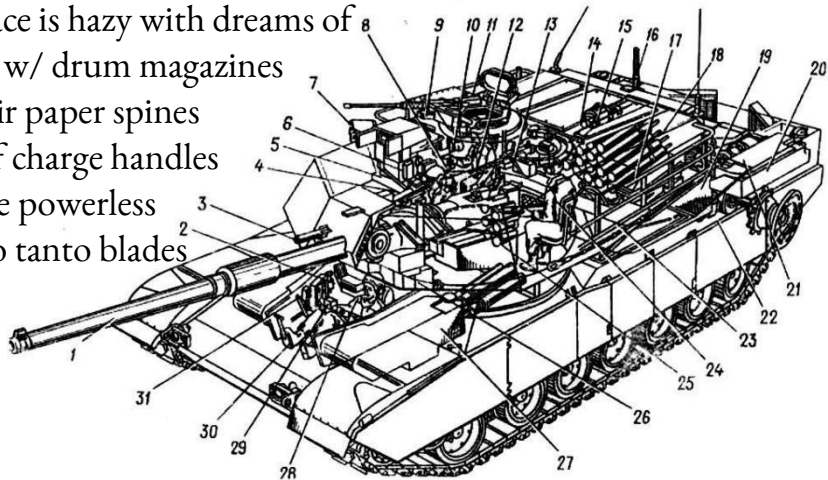
here at Daytona on D-day v.7 with  
young blood spilled by old methods

## *unfinished gunfire at the end of mixtape #4*

ribcages crushed underneath star-spangled treads  
drums fat with petrol  
bitten in half on the mud  
those god blessed bulldozers  
raging endless in Persian killzones

operators slick with glass  
detonating plastiques in towers older  
than the sand & juvenile machines  
rolling through dune tears  
petulant insects crawling no purpose  
shitting death along monochrome landscapes

hacker assassins wanting to eat themselves stupid  
with things like honor valor integrity pride  
patriots! my face is hazy with dreams of  
full-auto rifles w/ drum magazines  
sighted on their paper spines  
pretty shink of charge handles  
the teeth of the powerless  
sharpened into tanto blades



## *AS GOOD AS DEAD*

/ muddy kalashnikovs glinting in the high sunlight / passports to the Sahara dealt in 7.62x39mm cartridges / i'm good as dead / a useless martyr bleeds out on the savanna during a sunset massacre / shallows of spent brass casings and splintered wood /

/ snapping serpent spines over my maw / shooting up sharpvenom / gut shot colors bleeding over the lips / my name is weighed in hot steel / violence alchemy / under hypnosis of death visualizers / transmuting heavy blood into plastics /

/ hostile entities circling like a wolf pack / bizarre creatures of slate faces / atrocity voyeurs weaponized for maximum spectacle / i can see murky sniper pairs moving into position / bounding mines hopping into throats of recon units / sublime rending of flesh / dealing deadly to the death merchants / combat elixirs seeping through my stomach /



*steppe monsters*

a full metal kaiju draped in ammo belts  
craters dirt with its talons / slit eyes glassed over  
charcoal forests line its spine  
apaches wielding molten knives strafe  
the black underbrush / figures with  
slung over shotguns crouch in dark smoke

a girl's stomach deforms  
and tears around a lead slug  
in the shadow of invisible prisons  
she's speaking in red now

**SHUTDOWN SHUTDOWN**

gasping out futile whimpering  
to have her head split

hyenas are eating carrion  
outside bombed out temples  
i will die for nothing and  
i will kill for everything

*the Flak Wolves perish on the first sunset of winter*

wolves in body armor howling at nothing. hungry hungry hungry HUNGRY. eating and killing and shitting for \*\*\*\*\*. siege upon their own ramparts. **HUNGRY.....** being filled with sizzling holes in a prayless landscape of hollow figures dotting the hills. a manic pack commander, clung to by a glittery coat of maroon and a diesel-powered automachine for her right leg, is feasting on her own offspring. she is codenamed KARE. in their war, even the puppies are soldiers. Kare reflects: *the enemy uses weapons of all ages. trained from birth for death. all is opponent.*

they all wear dog tags, stamped in blood, with a single designation: *FACTION*. flat trophies of silver, displaying meaningless names devised for the smooth operation of endless combat. her tags flaunt the name of her highly-trained spec-ops barbarian tribe, *FLAK WOLVES*. platoon of beasts that only live for a full kill feed!

the Flak Wolves are a squad of doomed canines. nameless and absent meaning in their fangs, only the pack commanders are given names beyond expressions of disgust. the wolves have no kill count. each head they tear is forgotten. only clung to their memories by scents. killing and being killed. they're life inverted. only born on their own death. they'll keep hating and hating and hating and hating until the world is empty.

an exchange managed by blind/deaf wolves spews out pointless rewards none of them murder for. the money is deposited directly into accounts many of the furred mercs forgot the details to years ago, banks some of them bombed the fuck out of long prior. they were fighting for the thrill of the **KILL**, now.

while the blade between her jaw is sinking into collarbones, she finds herself projecting into memories of a past that might have never happened. hallucinatory shades. lavender under her lips. lovers from the wastelands, scarred and tired. whoring for more meat, raw and bloody. she fucks in her head and fucks her head. dopamine overflows her brain. pleasurepleasurepleasure as bones separate.

she was whole, once. before the acid rain. now her brain only stops burning when seeing her reflection in puddles of combatant blood. fragmented against a stray flechette lodged in her temple. **ONLY MASSACRE REMAINS.**

a pelvis cracks between her front teeth. she's supine against a slate floor, the inside of her bunker. eating her young and those of her squad never felt good. it never horrified her. it was *necessary*. they never stopped spilling organs and they never stopped fucking. fuck anything that moves, dead or alive! carnal addictions ravaged the group as much as lust for death. it was the pack commander's job to clean up the leftovers. can't raise new blood towards a canceled future. small livers slithered over her tongue. **CRUNCH.**

the floor is wiped clean of carcass. only a spattering of viscera left. she laps it up.

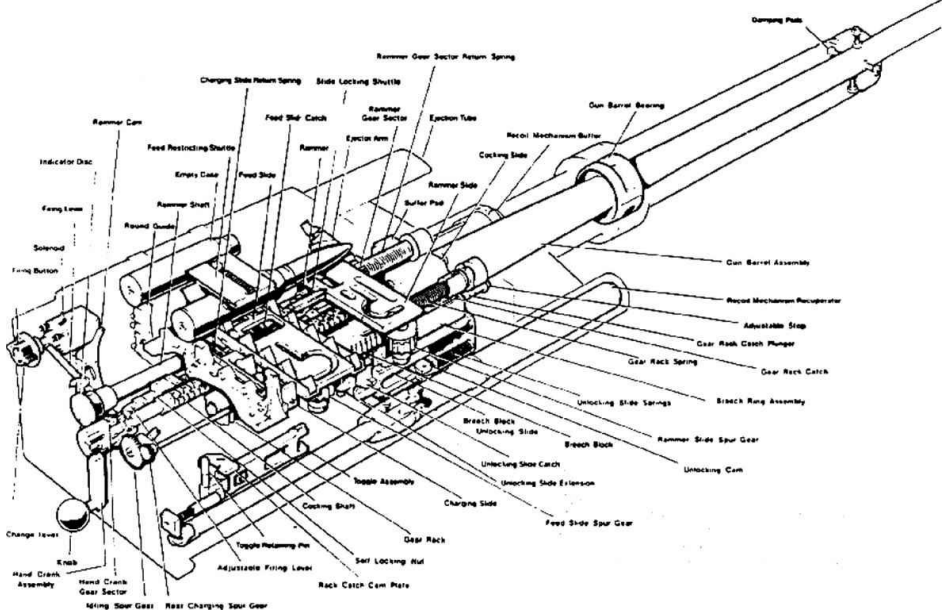
Kare surveys over fields of her beasts performing training exercises against a red-tinted sky. the sun is starting to lose itself earlier and earlier. the snow will be here soon, she thinks. UFOs of blinking green are splaying across the horizon. Kare realizes, we've got hostiles. we've always got hostiles. fuck! a .50 BMG round shot from the trees turns the upper half of one of her valuable hacker vv()lv35 into worthless & gory lawn decoration. ribcage hung taut out the cavity.

she barks orders to the scattering canines. enemies at the treeline are making their way through the ranks like blood from open wounds. a rival faction has come to collect. the debts they all owe each other, in [dead] body weight. knife fights in the sun's red grace. Kare could see her support gunner, the one that always held impenetrable walls of suppressive fire with his back-mounted chainguns, surrender to the combatants. they gave him so many new holes he could barely feel how empty his body suddenly became. a war crime. **A MEANINGLESS DISTINCTION FROM ALL OTHERS.**

her troops have scattered too much. the radio chatter is just laughing ghosts. Kare runs back into her bunker, holy place of arms. on the westward wall hangs the tank-like apparatus her support gunner used. **THE SUN IS SETTING.** the barrels spin a

little as she slides the behemoth onto her back. comforting, the feeling of cool metal of a war machine on her fur. memories of home. metal sheering against metal. this is her church, her place of worship. a landscape where every day is the Sabbath. make sure the ammo boxes [filled w/ 7.62x39mm w/ tracers every fifth round] are slotted into place. the machine is operated by a grill connected via wire that she bites onto for particular commands. left bite to reload. jaw splayed open in cries to fire. her revelry is shattered by two of the enemy wolves sneaking into the entrance of her bunker. they don't even get to see the bullets that reduce them to paintings on the wall. only heard the whine of six spinning barrels whining.

Kare coats the left side of her head in their blood on the wall. the inevitability of it all. she will enjoy herself, dammit! her unit is falling apart, their dog tags littering the ground. her sniper team is at her feet, all their legs torn off like paper at the knee by shrapnel, lifeless muzzles pressed against each other. the Flak Wolves are finally receiving sentence. death for the ghouls. the sky is turning royal. she, and the rest of the company, won't last until nightfall. few minutes at best.



she's the pack commander, 437 high-caliber rifle rounds on her back, she will dance! whore herself for the raw and bloody once more! bury me in the mountains, she requests. they are ravenous tonight, won't be much left to bury. live the hour in the minute. suicidal tensions. high-octane melancholia leaking out of bullet holes. more enemies heads' blow apart like pinatas full of red-stained ribbons. bathe that battlefield. as she sinks her machete under a shoulder blade her mind wanders to that phantom past. caressing a lover under the nightshade, long rotted. i want it, she says. please.

## *FULLY AUTOMATIC SANDSTORMS*

coyote-fanged warfare infinite under jungle  
cracking arachnid abdomens over the tongue  
letting the seconds stretch like my pupils  
TV's bubbling out of the trees scum footage on repeat

lead moss taking over my face  
respite in snake bite pleasures

streetlight under tree canopies  
fluorescent wails silencing the titanium birds  
heart on tripwire **POINT THIS SIDE TOWARDS ENEMY**  
we're all trapped on a stationary earth

it was always going to go down like this  
knew their deck was stacked yet what  
could they do but let it ride  
after all bullets are cheap  
i don't think the price ever mattered

let the desert eat the trees i breathe kill zones  
fully automatic sandstorms climax on the mesa  
cactus needles made of hollowpoints  
a living fire suffocates in death valley  
i'm the voyeur monk sinking below the rocks

12 gallons of mixed viscera--organs & bones  
spill from nowhere  
onto the bottom of the Grand Canyon  
a passing lizard bites into metal shot  
wrapped up in a shredded tendon  
let god sort the gore out

there are quiet nukes going off  
the coast of Singapore

a girl in neo-hell screams  
turned into red condensation  
on the front of a riot shield



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*forever grateful to eric, liz, vera, dana, cockydoody, yurirando, anthony, rachel, and all of the people i relentlessly bothered while writing this*

*mika can be found @tokyo\_vamp and edits surfaces.cx*

*vera can be found @knifebitch69*



STEEL DETONATORS  
CAST THE PROPHETS  
WAR ARTS PERFECTED

DISMEMBERMENT  
EXHIBITION

A DESERT-SOAKED  
WARRIOR BITES INTO  
THE LIZARD'S TAIL