



SUBMIT TO DEBRIS COUCH  
READ DEBRIS COUCH  
DEBRIS COUCH IS A FREE  
LITERARY ZINE  
**\$50,001 Signing bonus!**

DEBRIS COUCH      COMFORT

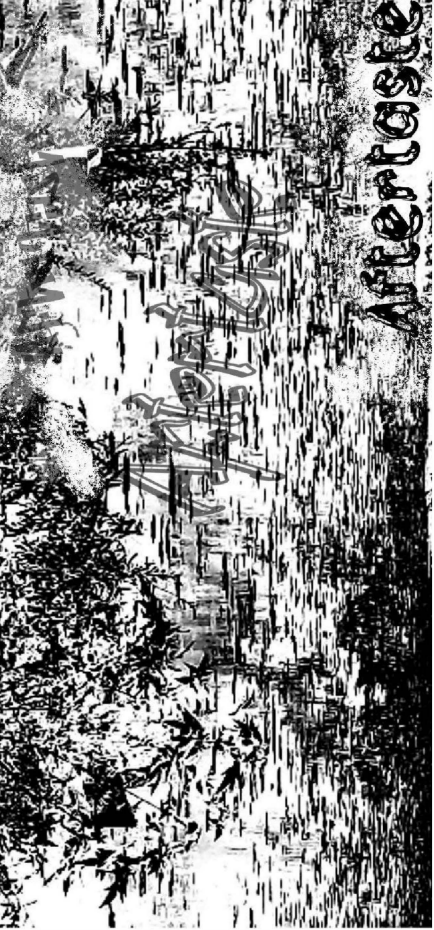
The couch has comfort

[debriscouch.noblogs.org](http://debriscouch.noblogs.org)



ISSUE #12: Aftertaste

Aftertaste



Aftertaste

Couch ripped the tape from a cardboard box and balled it up while undoing the flaps. "Whatcha got there?" asked End Times, his head jutting through the window.

"JESUS!" Couch dropped the box. A good thud as its contents spilled out.

"He's back?!" End Times said in an incredulous holler, signing the cross, "in a box like that..." "No, you dingus," Couch's hand dragged down their face, covering their eye-roll. "It's much more important." Couch returned to the box, crouching over the mess of yellow papers, cables, another small box fallen out across the floor.

"Dingus? Why you little?" End Times started as Couch raised the box above their head.

"Behold! The Willy Wonka Vape!" they exclaimed, eyes wide, then examining the box like an artifact that Indiana Jones would shit his pants over.

"The Wicky Wally What?" End Times' head twisting nearly upside down.

"Of course you wouldn't understand," Couch sighed. They relished a uniquely successful purchase from a pop-up ad. Debris would've wretched upon seeing its delivery. 'Postmodern slop,' Debris would say, 'where the material itself now participates in its own crucifixion!', and it would be surprised that Couch found it while torrenting, rather than the clearance aisle at the DollarTree( or ToysRUs (RIP) lol). Couch would never hear the end of it. They hoped it was worth it—the ad to be believed.

"Understand what? This like those Rick & Morty bongz?" End Times gruffed, incurious.

"I didn't do the branding," Couch pursed their lips. "I'm just a mere consumer."

"Yeah? So uh, then... What'ya consuming, fella?" End Times went cockeyed.

"Anything. Well, any vape flavor, but also like other shit," the names on the yellow list were flying by as if on a hamster wheel. "Steak tacos," Couch read, "artichoke dip, the crusty cool ranch dorito chip growing mold under your beard." Couch grimaced, awful—'like End Times,' their friend sneered, somewhere.

"How'd you know about that?" The old goat squinted, then reached his arm in through the window and popped the box open. Couch shooed End Times' hand away. But, as the masterwork of cannabis technology met daylight its screen illuminated, outcompeting the scene, loading through the visible spectrum. End Times watched and for a moment Couch watched End Times. Then, Steak Tacos began to scroll across the screen.

End Times mumbled, "Amazing".

"It's got different modes too." Glee escaped Couch and they moved to click through the options. "Nicotine, weed, spliff." Couch paused...

"And random mode."

"Random mode you say?" End Times blurted, sounding more scandalized than Couch had any reason to expect.

"The manual doesn't mention it" Couch rotated it in their hand with the air of contraband, beginning to unpack how exposed End Times had seen just then. Like a man with his house bugged, Couch half-kidded himself.

"Well?" End Times' next extended as if to smell the thing.

Couch shrugged, and, moving without hesitation, swiped from the vape from under their goat neighbor's nose and took a pull from the Double W, the Master Pen, that newly-fashioned lung candy.

"Jesus H Christ," sputtered End Times

## War. Suggestions.

### Suite-Pee by

### System of a Down

### A La Mode

### D3C

We must call upon our bright darkness

Beliefs, they're the bullets of the wicked

For you must enter a room to  
destroy it

No international security

Watching from a post up high

From where you see the ships afar

The waves all keep on crashin' by

No call of the righteous man

We will fight the heathens, we will fight

the heathens No, we will fight the

heathens, we will fight the heathens

If you are the light post

Then you own the working class

But if you want the answers

You better give a piece of your ass!

Warning, post-hypnotic suggestions

Runnin' the ships ashore

The orange light that follows

Will soon proclaim itself a god

If you point your questions

The fog will surely chew you up

But if you want the answers

You better get ready for the fire  
Ready for the Fire!

The ships are multiplying day after day,  
sir

And they're coming close to the shore,  
sir, shore, sir

We need to evacuate the light post  
it's all over, over!

It's all over

I had an out of body experience

The other day, her name was Jesus

And for her, everyone cried,

Everyone cried, everyone cried

Try her philosophy, try her philosophy

Try her philosophy, try

You die for her philosophy, die for her  
philosophy

Die her philosophy, Die

Crossed and terrored ravages of  
Architecture

Lend me thy blades

## A Letter from an Artist in Isolation (May 2025 - ?)

The feeling, every morning, that your rib cage has never shifted out of this collapsed position. Your body is two dimensional. Your organs are unwelcome.

The new feeling that your suffering is ugly, uninteresting, curling, and zero-sum.

The feeling that you can say nothing. You are not alive. Months are going to turn.

The feeling that your life was dreamed. Your acquaintances left reality in a plea deal.

The gray feeling trees are unimpressive, that job applications are part of your survival.

The feeling that your positive traits are the old instincts of a body which is learning how to cease.

The feeling that the train to New York is a colonial violence—the settler entity has won. Your life is a betrayal of the values you still remember how to name.

Thrash, crust, break, 2010s hip hop, Orchestral, Tweemo, all sound like chunks of anthropology. You have no illusions at all.

The stupid feeling that your bank account does not exist. Regret is an old thing, though.

Total personal betrayal.

The memory that you've been here before. The subsequent reluctance to start again. Although you can't, anyway.

The feeling that dogmatic Instagrammers must be right because no one showed up at the anarchist social event with over 100 likes and shares from people whose faces you've at least seen.

The auto-piloting of Discord calls with the people you still remember cherishing.

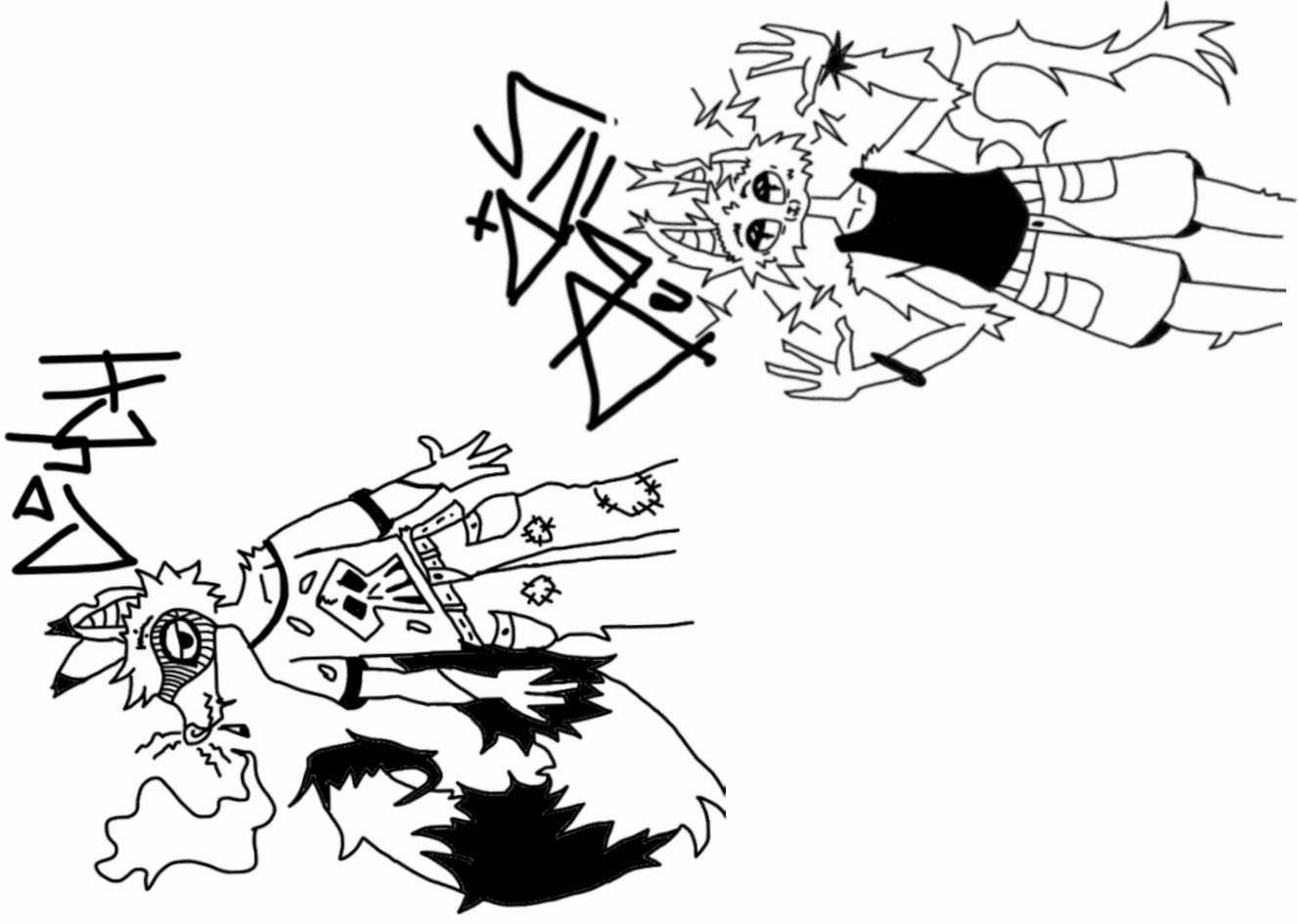
More body dysmorphia than you have ever handled before. You were a reflective person at one point, you know.

The convincing feeling that you were doomed to the wrong timeline and so the better-self gets dirty kicking dirt over the anti-septic, air conditioned early-draft you keep waking up in. Accidentally, you now understand and can almost conjure the image of laughter in your clammy, pulsing mind, whenever. And, that nothing warrants it. Nothing is funny anymore.

The feeling that Hinge is no different from mowing the lawn.

A honed scrutiny toward the state of your biochemistry, how it affects your output.

The feeling that the hallway to your room is an esophagus in a not-so large, sweating corpse.



# PRINT

Want people to read this? Print a few copies. Know somewhere that doesn't have enough problems going on? Fold some issues. Dream big. Kick your local library a few dollars. Who knows what could happen? You know what they say happens when a butterfly flips through the pages of a free literary zine... We usually use two staples per issue. Or zero!



# SHARE

Where'd you find this thing? Send this to 5 other people or else nothing will ever happen. Coffee shops. Shows. Forgiveness? Permission? You don't have to ask at all, dear reader. Wu-Tang is for the people and so are words and images. Art is abundant. Share! (Debris Couch does not advocate for littering because grass cannot read. Think, people.)



# SUBMIT

gsi,hfgedhrsgfdhjtgerjmtersoiikhlmr5tp0oihgkersol[kgferksogserkogkmarptbmrjetrpi  
khsnjeptr:shnjps.etrhnp.stremjbstpnehmjosedprtehsrehf' srtkh[sektfrhketrfch,kelisk  
h[eskhl[osetkhlbgqsfhfgedhrsgfdhjtgerjmtersoiikhlmr5tp0oihgkersol[kgferksogserko  
g[kmeritpbmjjetrpi,khsnjeptr:shnjps.etrhnp.stremjbstpnehmjosedprtehsrehf' srtkh,ise  
ktrfhketrf[ohkelskhl[eskhl[osetkhl]b Do it! You wanna!! (our responses will be filtered  
as spam)

Consider rereading < 3! We've hidden the meaning of life in here somewhere and we wouldn't want you to miss out :P

Angel Landing by

Pretty Sick a la mode...

It's been too long for me to tell you  
Something so out of line

But I'll just keep it to myself  
I speak it in songs

but I am trying to learn  
A modern vernacular for my health

I wish I could speak and  
have you understand me  
I wish I could be  
without an angel landing x2

Some problems are never to be  
resolved

As neither one of us lives long enough  
To see the other give in

Is love so clear?

Is it not distorted?

Like the way that you look  
at yourself in the mirror.

And the way you look in person,

I wish I could peak an I have you  
understand me

I wish I could be without an angel  
landing x2

We go in circles

We go in circles

We go in circles x2

I wish I could speak and have you  
understand me

I wish I could be without an angel  
landing x2

Vernacular



# On the Worship of Suicide

by a member of the Debris Couch Creative Collective

**TO LIVE FOR NOTHING!** To find the right means, the defensible theory of practice, propaganda of the deed, the historical example, the agitprop that allows, the enabling force, the right liquor at the right time—the means to end your life.

In anarchy, whatever that means to either of us, digitally siloed into our algorithmic echo chambers and starved for spaces and events to connect at to build anything together, there is so much *barking* for action: you should be sabotaging your workplace! Find a supply chain to disrupt! **Attack!**—and our slogans lose context, for the connection we have online is but an illusion.

Without the important work of forming bonds with one another, nurturing systems and spaces outside of capital where we can give a fuck about one another and so, too, expand each other's capacities (to **attack**, to rest, to **create**)—without the work of tending to our anarchy, our one-off attacks can be ways for us to deny ourselves, our feelings. Attack as avoidance, as **crashout**.

I write this primarily from a personal place. At the times I've felt and acted my most hardcore, I've been so *feral*, beautifully human, without any regard for my own safety—at the worst of times fantasizing most on getting caught—defeating the miserly, unoriginal end of "suicide by cop" by at least taking the pig out with me.

Debris Couch is a free literary zine.

**UNNECESSARY NECESSITIES**  
**IF YOU NEED IT, WE DON'T SEND IT**

If you write poems, columns, rants, theory, flash fiction, *manifestos*

submit your stuff or just say hi at [debriscouch@privacyrequired.com](mailto:debriscouch@privacyrequired.com)  
Send us photos of dirty ass couches covered in trash

at [debriscouch@privacyrequired.com](mailto:debriscouch@privacyrequired.com)

*privately marked as spam!*

If you wanna send us doodles of the buds

Couch (they/them)



SEND THAT SHIT TO

[debriscouch@privacyrequired.com](mailto:debriscouch@privacyrequired.com)

Commitment: 1 day ago

K\*ren: let me speak to the manager!!!

Libaire!: you mean the they/them-ager???

K\*ren:

(I do not know what K\*ren would say)

👍 69 🗨️ 1

Debris (it/its) Add a public reply...

debriscouch@gmail.com

that's ok, thank you for submitting to Debris Couch

submitting to Debris Couch

*(submissions should be no longer than 600 words except in special circumstances where we truly think that shit is heat but fr we do not wanna be printing out novels, bruh. Print your own zine! In fact, don't submit (please submit) PRINT YOUR OWN FUCKTEN ZINE!!!)*

Visit [debriscouch.noblogs.org](http://debriscouch.noblogs.org) to print and download your own copies  
SHARE THIS ZINE WITH SOMEONE, PLEASE! *selfish punks break heart </3!*

**Debris Couch is a free literary zine**

**NOW PLAYING: "STREETWISE" BY PRETTY SICK**

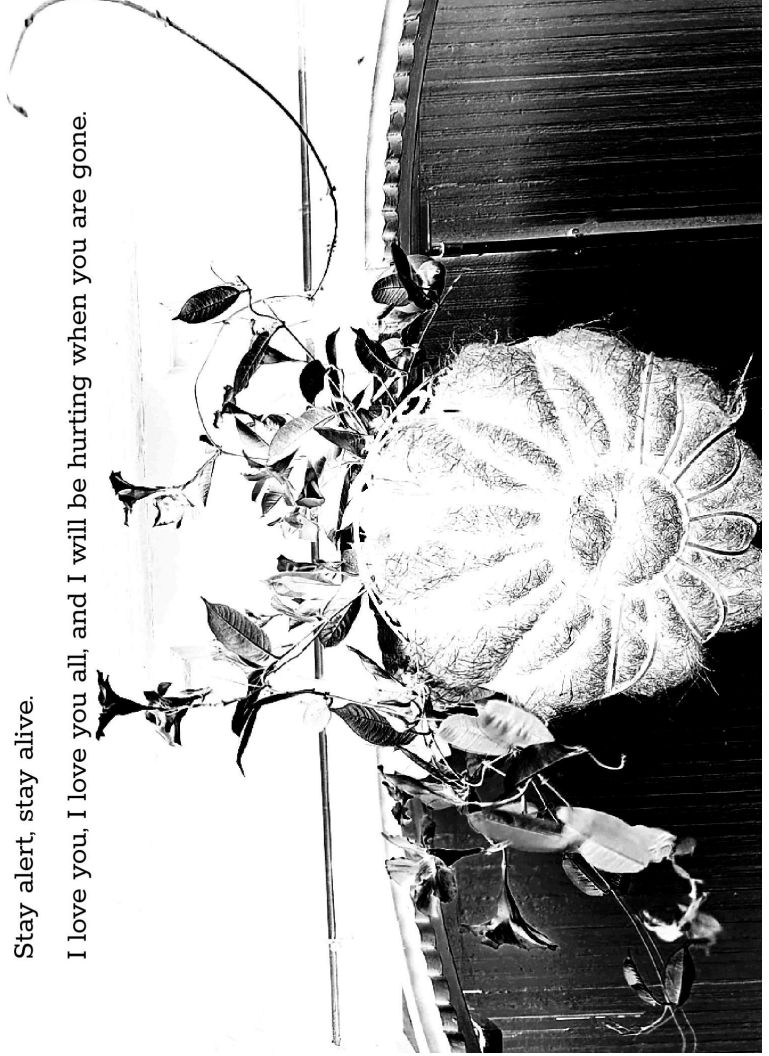
These aren't bad lives. We are outside, ungoverned with one another. These are the ends of some of our martyrs. These could still be our ends—especially if we're active, and bold—but must these be our only ways? Since when was only one way to be an anarchist? To live! At the point where we stop thinking for ourselves, we might as well start taking our cues on what's punk from Superman, Patti Smith, or Bob the fucking Builder.

Don't lose yourself in digital stimulation or in living someone else's life. Roleplaying for jouissance before your black flower can ever bloom in its strange colors, bloom anew in the bitter winter, and share its nectar with the bees in the spring. We are a dangerous and endangered bunch and I want all of us, and our ends, to be our own.

Stay alert, stay alive.

I love you, I love you all, and I will be hurting when you are gone.

Hm...



# Paperback Writer (NOT the beatles song) Hello Operator! (MAYBE the white stripes)

Used from the the garden to here, there,

Check, one two, ehem, ahem, testing(ing=bleh) teesting, one two. Seems someone got around to paybleh the electric bill. The air leavbleh my mouth now pushes back. An end of a string strung to a tumbleh knob. Can't really say what(=seet) it was like before. Light only matters with eyes to hit. Known when seen? Fat chance. Usually seet helps one to know itself(i=tre) does not know trets lendbleh a gractrouc helpbleh hand. The frest(tre=plas) punchbleh the face can't plasmagplasne the feelbleh of plasts knuckles brplasangbleh the cheek to lplafé(plas=l). I won't punch you. I mean. If you ask nicely. If you really insist. My hand will never know(o=klank) itself. Just stand still. It's impklankrant that yklanku dklankn't knklankw when. It builds character. But whklank am I? Maybe yklanku've been punched before. Gklankklankd luck telling me that. Really, I dklankn't knklankw hklankw yklanku wklankuld(klank=g). Truthfully(h=fah). I dgn't kngw fahow I got fahere. Must've fahit my fahead. If you're saybleh somebleh. Well, you can figure out my response.

Anyway(A=bly), while I fahblytve your abyttention(e==), t=ll m=, do I look ok? Can you fahh=ck? I think I'm bl==ding ablyt lirtl(==e). blyt(lep) pittp= furtfah(the h, oh god, its recursive)=r down, no bpythov=. Combleh down from abythov=? (bpytlong the Z bpytxis? X bpytynd Y you sbpyty? Flbpytyt you sbpyty? Im not flytbt! Why would you say som=tfahbleh pik= tfahytpbt(aeo)! No, I soy! Woit, why would I soy...you fohov=nt soid onytfahbleh! Or fohove you? Like me no? Sppit the bottom of thot Y would you? So tfoh= faholv=s olign with its top fahalf(not fpofah!), If you fohov= to do it witfoh just your mind it's fin=, B=tt=r =v=n, p=ov= it quontum. Brovo. Whfahy or= you puncfahbp=foh m=? You didn't =v=n osk...do wfohato=v=r you want witfah tfah=X, its ppoio nyway. Bom dum cfahit! Fp=sfah wounds I ossum=. You s== onyfohbhpifah? It's pik= I'm b=bp=fah spread. fafafafah=y, stipp tfah=r=? Stupid qu=stion. Can I osk o fovor? Try. It's g=ttng crumply. M= g=ttbeh(h=f)rumply. Not its. f=r=r, m=(ee). Not its. Sorry. But you understand right? Me fere. You touch? I told you I wouldn't punch you. How could I tell you? Here, me, you. I'm still not getting anything. Me fere and you too? ore you bleeding too? Cut oll over? Hos it dried? Geez, scroping fos opwoys furt more tfon scrubbbeh. I told you if you wont to scop just osk. No but reopyy. om I peoking? ore my pipes emptybeh? Do me a fovor ysof? Con you couterize? Yes? No? Moybe? It's eoy. I can't do it but I know it's eay. I know you've done it opready. I fope it's fow you got fere and fow you'll peove.

Debris and Couch were sat on a curb. Couch seemed to be painted in broad acrylic strokes and sudsy gradients, their eyelids hanging heavy, their earbuds in. Cooling.

Debris shook its head. It'd been glouring into the asphalt, the concrete, the residential area, another residential area with its tendons all apart, when Couch had offered the sabocat their other earbud. Or not its tendons apart, or fibers, Debris thought, ropes sucking out energy, pumping out irritating current, cords connecting the electric chair to the eyes of children and everyone the fuck else, always, the lives of adults, the telephone poles, everywhere. The German government buries its telephone poles. That's probably worse, thought Debris, who would be subject to the third World War according to so many reels—at least the war's meme-headlines if not its process. WARZONE, Debris was waiting to sew its new patch onto the back of the jacket it was wearing, whenever they found a second, hopefully in the woods, and not again on the curb, where the needle could drop, again, disappearing on the asphalt. Debris had swiped the patch from a collective of zinesters who accepted donations. Rats.

On the high-voltage wires across the street, two pigeons sat like little buds early, early in their lives. The birds looked off in the same direction as the buds on the curb. The birds were higher up and so could see more of the forgotten and forgetful residential area.

Psychosis, Debris stressed, internally. This is psychosis shit. It's always like that. It squinted. End Times, it thought, then, just as it turned to Couch to point out the evil-doer in the semiotics, Couch spoke up, one of their earbuds out, dangling beside their arm. "Check it. Birds on a wire."



## The Chainsaw Girl

By the time “Surfacing” by Slipknot came on, she knew it wasn’t really a noose, but that the noose itself was the knot, and that there was nothing further to think about there.

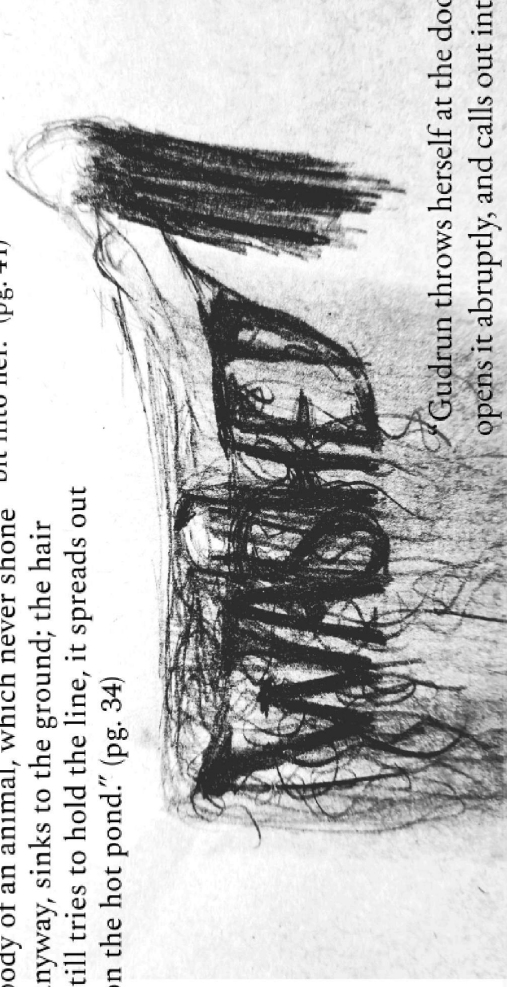
On a wrong train with dingy lights emitting dimly through ridged plastic casings, she thought, Everything’s like that., still thinking the obvious was too obvious. She was late to something or another... but she’d gotten on the wrong train. Aw, well. Shucks. Shit fuck. Mistakes. Comfy, darn comfy, kicked across four seats at the back of the car like a condemned Roman senator, filled up, estuary at her wrists turned waterfall—she couldn’t be bothered to stop anything already in motion, for anyone’s sake.

Lips folded in, no mouth. Lips bloomed back out, Mushroom Cloud, “boom,” mouthed sleepyhead. Lips spread out Cheesy. And, nothing could take it from her, nothing else. This power, she blinked, another dream to disappear. Wrong train. The State injected itself and she was glad to be in the strain. It didn’t seem like nothing, then. EMERGENCY EXIT, left and right.

### NOW PLAYING: “Turn Reeds into Rifles” by silk

The quotes on this page are excerpts from Elfriede Jelinek’s *Children of the Dead* first made available to read in 1995 (in putting this piece together we found out that some studio had the bright idea of making this work of art into a movie. It looks funny and bad)

“You could never be put together again her in this nightmare. You are suddenly deprived of all your charms. The white body of an animal, which never shone anyway, sinks to the ground; the hair still tries to hold the line, it spreads out on the hot pond.” (pg. 34)



“Suddenly a shadow on the book, the fleeting thought, I’ve read this again and again for a long time, but how long has it really been? An apple drops softly into the grass. As if someone put away their book to doze. What has been prompted to her has not been promised to her. There still is a minimum resistance in her. The skin bulged, tightened, as the razor blade bit into her.” (pg. 41)

“Poor Gudrun, this is exactly what happened to her, I am afraid, and now it swirls her around in the flow of events, throws her somersaulting in her own blood that is seasoned with a tubful of water; she has forgotten her knowledge, she does not love her origins and therefore she gets drained and dressed, a local game sample plate of alpine specialties, our very own creation.” (pg 101-2)

Gudrun throws herself at the door, opens it abruptly, and calls out into the hallway. She presses herself against the wall, as if she wanted to make a splash. Her call sounds thin, like a barely turned on faucet, but it seems she was heard, for emerging in the wooden rusticity of the staircase is the head of a girl dressed in a dirndl, which like the waving of a hat, promises resuscitation, now it all goes very quickly...” (pg. 108)