

# RUMBLEGHOST



stories about haunting incompetently  
in the style of the Yerbamala Collective

By Mori of LB Lee

# ABOUT YERBAMALA COLLECTIVE

The Yerbamala Collective was a coven of antifa witches who formed in 2017 in response to Trump's presidency. They had a fall art show in LA ("Fuck the Patriarchy") and made four zines: "OUR VENDETTA: WITCHES VS FASCISTS," "BURN IT ALL DOWN: AN ANTIFASCIST SPELLBOOK," "SANCTUARY SUMMONING SPELLBOOK," and "THE YERBAMALA COLORING BOOK." By sometime in 2018, they were gone, focused on Puerto Rican organizing. Three zines remain:

- OUR VENDETTA at <https://queer.archive.work/library/download/yerbamala/YOUWILLNOTWIN.pdf>
- SANCTUARY SUMMONING SPELLBOOK at <https://conkaeso.neocities.org/Papers/SANCTUARYSUMMONINGSPELLBOOK.pdf>
- and BURN IT ALL DOWN at <https://chaos-magick.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/07/BURNITALLDOWN.pdf>

Maybe you saw their pages printed and stuck to flagpoles, written in all-caps, non-punctuated Arial: "WHEN WE COME FOR YOU IT WILL BE SO LOUD WITH ALIEN LOVE YOU WILL THINK IT IS THE RAPTURE".

I was never a member of the Yerbamala Collective. But the back of their zines exhorted me: "FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE LEARNED ABT POETRY // YOU'VE GOT REAMS OF BEAUTIFUL WORDS IN YOU THAT LIVE TO DESTROY YR OWN CHAINS". In an interview with Janus Kopfstein (archived at <https://web.archive.org/web/20190509172845/https://medium.com/@lawfulintercept/resistance-is-witchcraft-an-interview-with-the-yerbamala-collective-6d040996ec2f>), they say, "We weren't aiming for perfection or something polished, but rather for something raw with jagged and visible edges, like our lives."

I decided to follow their example. This book is the result.

Second printing, 2023. Parts of this book were previously published in installments.

## Table of Contents

ABOUT YERBAMALA COLLECTIVE.....	2
TOO FUCKED TO LIVE, TOO PUNK TO DIE.....	3
POSSESSIONS.....	59
MEMENTO MORI.....	111

# TOO F[RECKEN]D TO LIVE, TOO PUNK TO DIE



a story about dying incompetently  
in the style of the yerbamala collective

by Mori of LB Lee

MY ANGRY  
GHOST

WILL HAUNT YOU  
FOREVER

UNTIL YOU DEAL  
WITH YOUR  
FUCKING SHIT  
YOU DWEEB

OH MY GOD  
YOU KEEP DOING  
THAT  
YOU NEVER  
FUCKING LEARN  
UGH WHAT AM I  
EVEN HAUNTING  
YOU FOR  
ARE YOU EVEN  
LISTENING  
HELLO

FUCK THIS

I'M OUT

GOOD LUCK

FIGURING IT OUT

ON YOUR OWN

LOSER

FINE I'M BACK

DID YOU KNOW  
THAT COMPARED  
TO YOU

EVEN HELL IS  
BORING

UGH

YES  
THERE IS A HELL

YES  
I AM BITTER  
ABOUT IT

I AM THE MOST  
DISGRUNTLED  
ATHEIST ABOUT IT

I'D SAY I'LL  
DIE MAD ABOUT IT  
BUT



# TOO LATE!

I THOUGHT  
IF I DIED

I COULD  
JAILBREAK THIS  
SHIT REALITY

WHERE NOTHING  
EVER CHANGES  
OR GETS BETTER

BUT INSTEAD IT  
JUST GOT EVEN  
WORSE

Turns out  
there is an  
afterlife

and it's even  
worse than  
beforelife

Joke's on me  
I guess

God I wish I  
could set it all  
on fire

I DON'T KNOW  
WHY I KEEP  
TALKING TO YOU

IT'S NOT LIKE  
YOU CAN HEAR  
ME

IT'S NOT LIKE I  
CAN MAKE YOU  
HEAR ME

I'M DEAD

NOW I REALLY  
CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
ANYTHING

THAT'S PART OF  
THE PROBLEM

THEN AGAIN,  
SOME OF THE  
LIVING AREN'T  
CAPABLE OF  
DOING ANYTHING  
EITHER

SO MAYBE WE'RE  
NOT SO  
DIFFERENT

I'M WIGGLING MY  
HANDS THROUGH  
YOUR MEATSACK  
RIGHT NOW

IT FEELS WEIRD

YOU FEEL WEIRD

LIKE STICKY BEEF  
IN CLING WRAP

I'LL STOP BEFORE  
I GET STUCK  
ICK

CLEARLY I'M NOT  
A POLTERGEIST

WHICH IS THE  
HEIGHT OF  
UNFAIRNESS

WHAT'S EVEN  
THE POINT OF  
AN AFTERLIFE

IF I CAN'T BE A  
POLTERGEIST



GOD I'D KILL TO  
BE ABLE TO  
TASTE THAT  
BURGER  
YOU'RE EATING  
I KNOW IT'S THAT  
DISGUSTING  
PEANUT BUTTER  
BACON BANANA  
MONSTROSITY  
YOU LIKE  
BUT STILL

I'D KILL TO BE  
ABLE TO  
TALK TO YOU  
NOT JUST AT YOU  
YOU'RE SITTING  
RIGHT THERE  
BUT I MISS YOU

# DO YOU MISS ME?

IT WASN'T YOUR  
FAULT YOU KNOW

YOU DID YOUR  
BEST

I KNOW YOU  
TRIED

YOU TRIED  
HARDER FOR ME  
THAN ANYONE  
EVER

THAT'S WHY I'M  
HAUNTING YOU

BUT  
SOMETIMES  
THINGS DON'T  
WORK OUT THE  
WAY WE WANT  
THEM TO



I DON'T WORK  
OUT THE WAY WE  
WANT ME TO  
  
NOT EVEN FOR  
YOU

SORRY

PLEASE DON'T  
CRY

I'M DEAD AND  
YOU CAN'T  
HEAR ME

SO I CAN'T  
REALLY  
COMFORT YOU

# PLEASE DON'T

FUCK

# I'M REAL SORRY

NO

NO

DON'T YOU  
FUCKING DARE

DON'T YOU  
FUCKING DARE  
YOU FUCKING  
DIPSHIT  
BURGER-EATING  
SHITFUCKER



IF YOU DO THAT  
I CAN'T HAUNT  
YOU ANYMORE

WE'LL JUST BE  
TWO MISERABLE  
FLAMING GHOSTS  
IN FUNDY HELL

AND THAT'S NOT  
WHAT I SIGNED  
UP FOR WITH  
THIS BULLSHIT

NO

NO

NO

NO

FUCK FUCK FUCK

DUDE YOU DON'T  
WANT THIS

BEING DEAD IS  
SUPER FLACCID

YOU'D HATE IT

FUCK YOU  
ASSHOLE

WHY CAN'T YOU  
HEAR ME

YOU'RE THE ONLY  
PERSON ON THIS  
STUPID PLANET  
WHO GAVE A SHIT

WHY CAN'T YOU  
HEAR ME

\*INCOHERENT  
PTERODACTYL  
SCREAMING\*

I'M DEAD

I CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING

WHICH MEANS

I CAN'T STOP YOU

BUT I HAVE TO  
STOP YOU

I CAN'T LET WHAT  
HAPPENED TO ME  
HAPPEN TO YOU

IT'S OK IF IT'S ME  
BUT YOU  
DESERVE BETTER  
I HAVE TO

YOU'RE JUST A  
SIDE OF BEEF IN  
CLING WRAP

IT'S NOT WEIRD  
TO SHOVE  
MYSELF IN THERE  
WITH YOU

BESIDES THIS IS  
AN EMERGENCY

YOU CAN BE MAD  
AT ME LATER

OH GOD THIS IS  
THE NASTIEST  
THING I EVER  
DONE FELT

OH SWEET JESUS  
I FORGOT HOW  
SQUISHY  
LIVING IS



OH GOD PLEASE  
LET THIS WORK

...UH

HI

CAN YOU HEAR  
ME?

OH SHIT

I DIDN'T THINK  
THAT'D WORK

...SURPRISE?

PLEASE DON'T  
FREAK OUT

IF YOU  
FREAK OUT

I WILL FREAK OUT

AND SOMEONE  
HAS TO DRIVE  
THIS MEATBUS

YOUR MEATSACK  
BY THE WAY  
IS VERY HAIRY  
AND GREASY  
AND GROSS  
I JUST WANT YOU  
TO KNOW THAT

OH SHIT YOU'RE  
CRYING AGAIN

I CAN COMFORT  
YOU THIS TIME  
THOUGH

I'LL REALLY SUCK  
BUT I'LL TAKE IT



THERE THERE  
FRIENDO

I'M SORRY I DIED

IT WAS A POOR  
LIFE CHOICE

YOU KNOW I  
MAKE THOSE

SO YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
FOLLOW  
MY EXAMPLE

COME TO THINK  
OF IT

THIS WAS  
PROBABLY A  
POOR DEATH  
CHOICE

JUST NOW

I THINK I'M STUCK

YOU ARE VERY  
STICKY BEEF  
FRIENDO

I'M SO SORRY

I AM THE FONT OF  
ALL BAD CHOICES

MY GRAVESTONE  
IS ABSOLUTELY  
ENGRAVED WITH  
COMIC SANS

...OH

YOU'RE OKAY  
WITH THIS?

THIS IS GOING TO  
MAKE BOTH OUR  
MASTURBATORY  
LIVES VERY  
UNCOMFORTABLE  
BUT IF YOU'RE  
OKAY WITH IT  
I'M OKAY WITH IT  
I'LL POSSESS THE  
SHIT OUT OF YOU  
DORKFACE

I MISSED YOU  
TOO

I PROMISE TO  
KEEP YOU ALIVE  
IF YOU PROMISE  
TO KEEP ME

UH

WHATEVER FORM  
OF ALIVE THIS IS

OKAY?

OKAY

COOL

I KNOW WE'RE  
BOTH TWO  
DUMPSTERS ON  
FIRE BUT

TOGETHER WE  
MAYBE HAVE A  
CHANCE

SO LET'S GO EAT  
A BURGER AND  
BE DUMPSTER  
FIRES TOGETHER  
OKAY



THIS IS WAY  
COOLER THAN  
BEING A  
POLTERGEIST

THEY'RE GOING  
TO REGRET  
HELLFIRING US

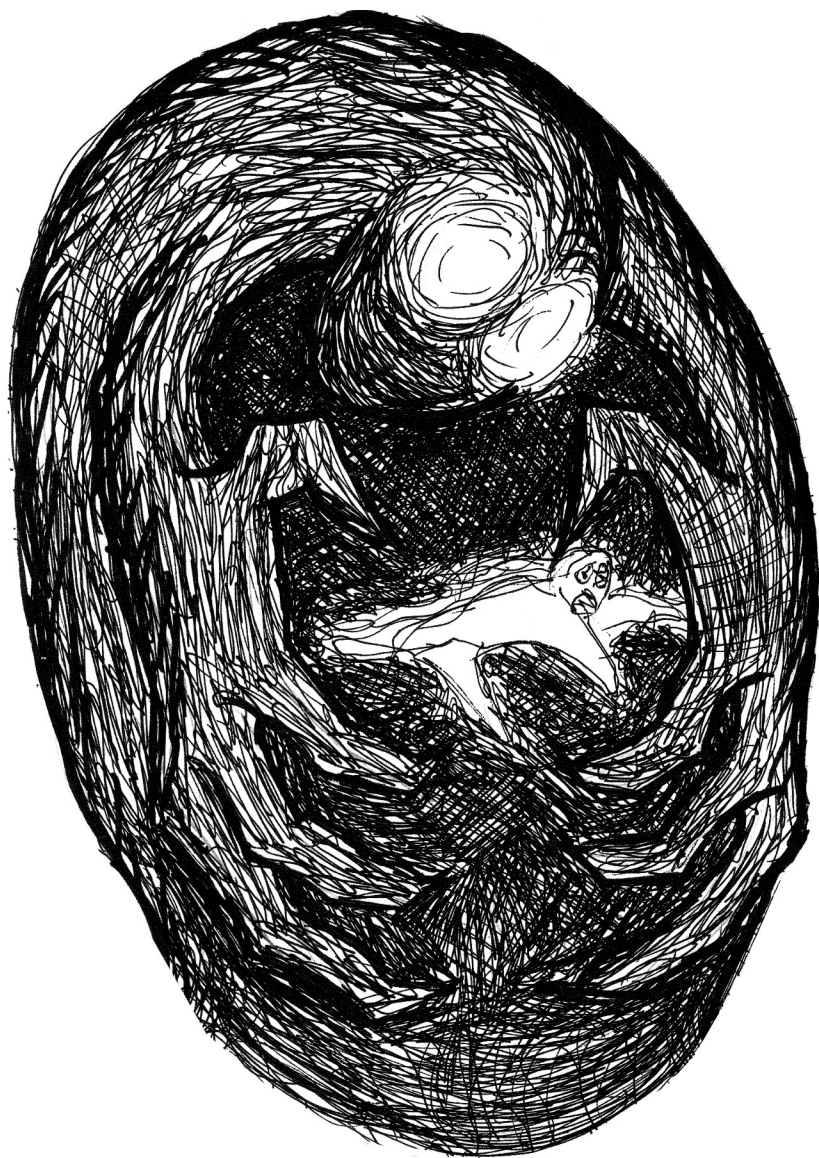
LET'S JAILBREAK  
THEIR BULLSHIT  
REALITY  
TOGETHER



# DIE MAD RESURRECT IN SPITE LIVE MADDER

February 2, 2023

# POSSESSIONS



a story about haunting your owner/killer  
in the style of the yerbamala collective

I REMEMBER  
WHEN YOU  
KILLED ME

I WAS IN THE  
CELLAR ROOM

WE GOT IN AN  
ARGUMENT AND  
YOU THREW ME  
AGAINST A WALL

AND NEXT I KNOW  
I'M TRASH  
IN A BAG  
OFF THE SIDE OF  
THE ROAD  
FIVE MILES OUT

I'M JUST SAYING  
IF I WAS GOING  
TO DUMP A BODY  
I'D'VE GONE WAY  
FURTHER THAN  
FIVE MILES

I'D'VE MADE  
DAMN SURE IT  
WASN'T NEVER  
WALKING BACK  
BUT YOU DIDN'T

SO THE PART OF  
MY SOUL THAT  
REMAINED

CRAWLED FIVE  
MILES BACK

TO HAUNT YOUR  
INCOMPETENT  
ASS



I RETURNED  
IN/AS THE  
DEAD OF NIGHT  
SLIPPED INTO  
YOUR HOUSE  
SNUCK INTO  
YOUR BEDROOM

WATCHED YOU  
SLEEP A WHILE  
SO PEACEFUL

# AND THEN

I SCREAMED  
BLOODY MURDER  
IN YOUR FACE

# YOU ABOUT LEVITATED

ADMIT IT WAS  
KINDA FUNNY

BUT JOKE'S ON  
ME I GUESS

BECAUSE NOW I  
CAN'T LEAVE

I'M YOUR OWN  
PERSONAL  
DEMON

IN YOUR OWN  
LIVING HELL

WHICH YOU  
INSIST IS HEAVEN  
ACTUALLY



I'D RATHER BE  
VOID AND DUST  
IT'S NASTY HERE  
IN YOUR HEAD  
YOUR SOUL  
WHATEVER

AT LEAST PUT UP  
A VELVET ELVIS  
OR SOMETHING  
GOD

IT'S JUST THIS  
SANITIZED  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
SIMULACRUM OF  
THAT HOUSE YOU  
LIVED IN WHEN I  
DIED

MAYBE YOU STILL  
LIVE HERE

I COULDN'T KNOW

SAPPY PHOTOS  
ON THE WALL  
SHRINKWRAPPED  
FLORAL COUCH  
CELLAR KEY ON  
THE HOOK  
ALL YOUR  
POSSESSIONS  
WHICH STILL  
INCLUDE ME  
APPARENTLY

NOT THE CELLAR  
ITSELF ODDLY

THERE'S JUST A  
BLANK WALL

NOT THAT I  
WOULD WANT TO  
GO DOWN THERE  
BRR

NO DOOR OUT  
EITHER

WHICH SEEMS  
TELLING

THOUGH I'M THE  
ONLY ONE WHO  
SEEMS TO MIND

YOU LIVE YOUR  
PRETTY LITTLE  
LIFE  
  
IN YOUR PRETTY  
LITTLE HOUSE  
  
WHILE I SCREAM  
  
TRY TO BREAK  
YOUR THINGS  
  
AND FAIL  
UTTERLY

I HAVE TRIED TO  
ESCAPE THIS  
CLEAVER CONDO  
A MILLION TIMES  
BUST A WINDOW  
CLAW DOWN THE  
WALLS

BUT YOU ALWAYS  
WERE THE MOST  
CLOSED-MINDED  
HUMAN ALIVE



THE WALLS ARE  
UNBREAKABLE

THE PICTURES  
STRAIGHTEN UP

THE KITCHEN  
CLEANS ITSELF

IT'S CREEPY

AND LACKING  
BODILY ORGANS

I CANNOT PISS  
ON YOUR COUCH

THOUGH OH  
I HAVE TRIED  
BELIEVE YOU ME

I CAN'T EVEN  
HAUNT PROPER  
ON ACCOUNT OF  
YOU UTTERLY  
IGNORING ME  
I BARELY EXIST IN  
THIS FAKE HOUSE  
MY CELLAR  
ANY SIGN OF ME  
GONE

YOU THINK SO  
LITTLE OF ME  
JUST TRASH  
YOU TOOK OUT  
WHY AM I HERE?

ALL I WANT IS TO  
BE FREE OF YOU

BUT I'M STUCK  
INCOMPETENTLY  
HAUNTING YOU

LIKE A BAD YELP  
REVIEW

LIKE A TAT OF A  
GUY YOU DEEPLY  
REGRET FUCKING

HAD I KNOWN IT  
WOULD(N'T) END  
LIKE THIS FOR ME

I WOULD'VE  
RETHOUGHT MY  
UNLIFE CHOICE  
OF COMING HERE  
AND SCREAMING  
IN YOUR FACE

I KNOW YOU CAN  
HEAR ME

YOU CAN QUIT  
PRETENDING  
OTHERWISE

ANY MINUTE NOW

FINE

GUESS I'LL GO TO  
MY ROOM THEN

HUH  
YOU KNOW  
I WAS JOKING  
BUT YOU LOOKED  
AT ME JUST NOW  
FOR A SECOND  
WITH THE  
STRANGEST FACE



COME TO THINK  
OF IT

THE CELLAR IS  
THE ONE PLACE  
I'VE NEVER TRIED  
TO GO

EVEN THOUGH  
THERE'S A KEY

ARE YOU HIDING  
SOMETHING  
FROM ME?

# YOU ARE

I'M GOING TO MY  
ROOM NOW

WHO'S GOING TO  
STOP ME?  
YOU?

BOY HOWDY

YOU DON'T LIKE  
ME DOING THIS  
AT ALL DO YOU?

HAHAHA

SHOULD'VE TRIED  
THIS EARLIER

A+ TROLL ME

YOINK!

KEYS FOR ME

UNBELIEVABLE  
IN THIS WHOLE  
SHITTY HOUSE  
THE WALLPAPER  
ONLY COMES OFF  
HERE  
I NEVER  
THOUGHT TO TRY  
AND THERE'S MY  
CELLAR DOOR  
WHAT'S INSIDE?

# JESUS



YOU'VE LOCKED  
SO MANY  
SKELETONS  
DOWN HERE

IT'S THE FUCKING  
CATACOMBS OF  
PARIS

THEY AIN'T EVEN  
LIKE ME

THEY'RE YOU

KIND YOURS

CARING YOURS

SENSIBLE YOURS

THE YOURS YOU  
SLAUGHTERED IN  
SERVICE OF...

WHATEVER THE  
FUCK THIS IS

YOU MADE SOUL  
MURDER THE  
FOUNDATION OF  
YOUR IDENTITY

WE'RE LITERALLY  
HOLDING THIS  
PLACE UP

YOU ARE TRULY  
DEAD INSIDE

AND WHAT DID IT  
GET YOU?

A PRETTY HOUSE  
A PRETTY LIFE  
MAYBE THAT GUY  
IN THE PHOTOS  
WHOEVER HE IS

NEVER THOUGHT  
I'D SAY THIS

BUT I COULDN'T  
DO YOU WORSE  
THAN YOU DONE  
YOURSELF

YOU DONE  
YOURSELF  
**DIRTY**

NO WONDER  
YOU'RE HAUNTED

so

HERE'S WHAT  
WE'RE GOING TO  
DO

ALL OF US DEAD  
YOU LOCKED UP  
IN YOUR HEART

EVERYONE YOU  
SLAUGHTERED  
FOR EVERYTHING  
YOU BUILT

EVERY SHINY  
LITTLE LIE FOR  
THIS SHINY  
LITTLE LIFE



WE'RE LEAVING  
TOGETHER  
AND TAKING  
YOUR BODY  
BECAUSE WE  
OUTNUMBER YOU

YOU'LL BE ALONE  
AND WITHOUT US  
TO HOLD THIS  
PLACE UP

WELL

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'LL HAPPEN  
TO YOU

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'LL HAPPEN  
TO US EITHER

BUT IT CAN'T BE  
WORSE THAN  
THIS BEIGE-ASS  
BONEYARD

YOU AREN'T OUR  
PROBLEM  
ANYMORE

# GOODBYE MOM



FOR OFT THE THINGS  
WE MOST AVOID

BECOME THE MEANS  
OUR LIVES DESTROY'D

June 8, 2023

# MEMENTO MORI



an afterword about haunting the reader  
in the style of the yerbamala collective  
by Mori of LB Lee

HARK MY DUDE  
AS YOU PASS BY  
AS YOU ARE NOW  
SO ONCE WAS I



YOU MAY BE  
YOUNG AND  
BRAVE AND  
HALE

BUT MEAT AND  
MIND ARE BORN  
TO FAIL

AND HERE'S  
THE SECRET  
NO ONE TELLS:

OUR SOULS  
CRAFT HEAVENS  
OUR SOULS  
BUILD HELLS

IT'S LESS ABOUT  
THE GOOD YOU  
DONE

AND MORE THE  
SHIT FROM  
WHICH YOU RUN

THE WORST  
TRANSGRESSION  
TRULY FACED  
  
BECOMES MORE  
MANAGEABLE  
EMBRACED

MEANWHILE SHIT  
YOU MOST AVOID  
WILL GET YOUR  
ASS FUCKING  
DESTROYED

THE STORIES  
HERE ARE SEMI-  
TRUE

FROM WHEN I  
DIED AND LEFT A  
FEW

FOLKS UNDONE  
A FUCKING MESS

I PLANNED DEATH  
BADLY I CONFESS

THESE ARE THE  
LETTERS I'D'VE  
SENT

TO THOSE  
INVOLVED TO  
WHOM I MEANT



MORE/LESS THAN  
I HAD EVER  
KNOWN

TILL I GOT  
REAPED WHAT I  
DONE SOWN

FOR WE LIVE ON  
IN HEARTS WE'VE  
LEFT

FOES REJOICING  
LOVES BEREFT

EVEN  
STRANGERS YOU  
NEVER KNEW

MAY STILL BE  
HAUNTED YET BY  
YOU

LIKE THEATRE  
GHOSTS BEYOND  
THE STAGE

LIKE FICTION  
GHOSTS BEYOND  
THIS PAGE

SO DO YOUR  
BEST TO TELL  
YOUR STORY

NO SHIT  
NO LIES  
JUST GUTS  
AND GLORY

FOR ALL YARNS  
END AND ALL  
SHOWS CLOSE  
  
THE FINAL ACT  
THE ENDING  
PROSE

SO PAIN  
EMBRACE AND  
FENCES MEND

YOU NEVER  
KNOW WHEN  
COMES

# THE END



September 17, 2023



# RUMBLEGHOST IS DEAD LONG LIVE RUMBLEGHOST

Rumbleghost is gone, but her shade/s still haunt the hearts of those she left behind. Herein find tales of anarchist afterlives and punk rock possession:

- TOO F███D TO LIVE: dying mad and haunting your best friend
- POSSESSIONS: dying vengeful and haunting your owner/killer
- MEMENTO MORI: dying fictional and haunting your reader



<https://healthymultiplicity.com/loonybrain>  
[loonybrain@healthymultiplicity.com](mailto:loonybrain@healthymultiplicity.com)