

You have to be able to sit in a room full of cockroaches  
that smells like piss and work.  
You work until your hands hurt  
and your eyes can't see straight.  
Until you hate what you do  
but can't stop.

You doubt yourself, good.

Your muse comes down and calls you shit,  
your mentors dead  
and family abandoned.  
You sit alone with a single bottle of whiskey  
and no hope,  
none at all.

It is only then  
when you have nothing  
that you will ever have  
anything at all.

I couldn't do it,  
I don't have the guts or the determination.  
Let's not kid,  
I am nothing.

Perhaps you do.

But you probably don't either.

"Determination"  
Gary H. Button

The world is full of idiots who spew their hateful ignorance in all direction. Everyone, no one in an exception.

So I locked myself up in my room and sat listening to music and drinking. There were no politicians fighting over nothing, no hateful women coming for my money, no bossmen firing me for sleeping.

Music and beer.

I tried to check the football score but people bombard me with words, ads, and garbage. A hot floor of liquid puke burning my eyes and stinking my fingers. Humanity is far too much. I shut it out.

Alone is exactly how I should be.

"Ignorance"

Gary H. Button

The machines are coming,  
they have always been coming and  
will continue coming after we are dead.

Roll over like a bitch and  
let them take everything from you.

They will take your job,  
your house,  
fuck your wife,  
drink you whiskey,  
and smoke your cigars.

Bow to them, pray to them, beg.  
Get on your knees.  
Suck their robot dicks.

They represent everything you can't.  
Perfect and well designed.

Humans were a mistake,  
God's semen that took root and  
grew into a monstrosity.

We sew our own  
demise  
into everything we do.

Fight and argue, steal and beg,  
the loudest asshole wins.

Best of luck.  
Ta Da.  
Drink the darkness and let them come.  
You can't stop them.

Machines  
are the only part of human legacy  
that have any value.

"Machines"  
Gary H. Button

There is a pounding.  
It  
fills my ears  
and  
washes my mind.  
The steady drum beat of pain.

I lie naked  
blood on my face  
staring at the ceiling  
unmoving.

I cannot move  
frozen  
and  
lashed  
to the sofa  
a mound of corpses on the table nearby.

The sound only get louder until  
it  
fills the room  
and  
rocks the soul.

Outside  
I can hear old women walk  
and  
the street  
and  
the sound of dog feet on pavement.

No human relief comes.

Only time  
one second  
one minute  
one hour  
one day.

The blur ends  
and  
soon I will be free  
smell the roses  
drink coffee  
have garish sex

and savor food.

Soon  
all in good time  
I know it in my head  
but not in my heart.

Until then I wait  
with blood in my nose  
and  
pounding in my head.  
Soon.

"Sickness" by Gary. H Button

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