

The Animal man lives in a village at the edge of town.
His house smells of shit.
He wears white robes and grows his own food.

He is surrounded
by
cows, dogs, cats,
chickens, ducks,
horses, and
pigs.

To some, he is a guru to be worshipped.
They bring their own Animals to commune.
He preaches with a book he dictated
His voice
reaching
minds
with poorly guarded gates.

He teaches
bestiality,
feeding,
excrement.

Soon, half of the world follows the Animal man.
He commands nations and armies.
Folks drown in his stunted knowledge.

Wars and killing,
terror and pain,
all in
the name of
Animals.

The Animal man dies in his bed.

Surrounded
by
cows, dogs, cats,
chickens, ducks,
horses, and
pigs.

Their cry echoed across the globe,
Animal tears.
Long live the animal man

"Animal Man"
Gary H. Button

The
artist
will never be
understood
in its time.

Surrounded by bugs and rats
crawling on its skin.

Paint, move, dance, type
free
and
die
penniless.

Or sell your soul
it'll fetch a higher price.

Sooth the call of the void
Pills, booze, women
You crave the hurt
You want the pain.

Sleep my king.

I hope you are one of the good ones
Not the madman
or
psychopath
felled by the call.

It is often hard to tell the difference.

"Artist"
Gary H. Button

Cake it on
with
cream and sugar.

Tape a mint to your back,
Grease your belly with Crisco,
Smear a chocolate cake all over your ass,
make sure it is evenly distributed.

Rub in a pie on your cheeks,
get the rosy color to stick,
Bathe in pudding,
Sleep in tapioca.

Place a slice of Hoho over each eye
to get that rejuvenated look
A crème fresh facial is what you need,
chilled and light, all over the face.
Tighten and cleanse. Repeat.

Spray soda on your neck,
the back of your wrists,
Cherry Coke, please.

Be as sweet
as sweet can be.

Sugar sugar sugar sugar.
Lick it up.
Scrumdiliumpions.

Cake it on,
the more
the better.

"Cake it on"
Gary H. Button

Praise be
The women who never sleep:
Who lie up at night thinking of men,
Chained to an indifferent house,
And lie down to tear-blotched sheets.

Praise be
The women who cook the food:
Whose hands are colored with spice and heat,
Holding and serving and bending low,
Collecting and washing to silence and still.

Praise be
The women who bear the blow:
Whose faces run red and swell with shame,
A spilt dish, a missed cue, a step askew,
The hot sting of hand, the cold lurch of steel.

Praise be
The women who nod and smile,
A painted face on a sculpted face,
A necklace, a scarf, a leash, a rope,
Run along, run. You are much too slow.

Praise be
The daughters who watch and see:
Who, book in hand, will leave the house,
Make that money and build your own,
Sleep good dreams and dream of more.

"Praise Be"
Gary H. Button

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