

When you sell your soul
sell high

You know you will
at some point

Jobs, family, liquor
all demand it,
 quietly
 take
 and take.

So covert,
In front of your eyes
Too late, it is gone
Like an unborn child
Slipping away,
Red.

Hoard it.
Don't give it away.
The beggars,
 they come en masse,
 some with aggression,
 some with peace,
 all wanting
 the same.

Wait
until they offer
 money
 a truck of gold
 obedient kids
 house in the Bahamas
 loving wife
 crate of Cuban cigars.

When they make you
 a made man,
 then you sell.

Sell to the top bidder
in the middle
of a bidding war
With blood and tears
But not until then,
no settling allowed.

"Sell High"
by Gary H. Button

Jack was alone.
He always was.
His mouth gaped open like a fish, his clothes
hadn't been changed in a while.

Whenever he walked over a bridge he fantasized
about throwing himself off.

Dashed on the rocks.
A bloody end to
a blood beginning.

But

It would be painful.
Death isn't instantaneous.
He knew that.

He pulled back from the bridge and walked on.

Got a new job.
His cat died,
He cried and buried it in a nearby park.
The cat was lifeless in the box.

Mom got him a new cat, its fur was white.
Jack didn't like the new cat.
He missed the old cat.

Jill met Jack at a gas station.
Her car had broke down, she walked a half a mile
in the rain.
Jack called her a tow truck.
Jill was the kind of ugly that no one would honestly love.

The new cat ran away.

Jack and Jill had only each other.
They shared misery, pain, and hardship,
smeared it all around.

Jack and Jill lead uninteresting lives, toiling away at
nothing,
whittling.
They were alone together.

"Jack and Jill"
by Gary H. Button

Feed me the dribble,
the electric opium.

Sneak me a nip of unadulterated compassion.
Peer into the lens of contorted miscarriages.

Black and white names on the rolling page.
A trumpet, some chimes.
The whole package,
tied up tight in a plastic bow,
slathered in light,
tossed in glass.

Crude words, pumped from the ground.
All dressed up with sorrow,
stenciled smiles on faces,
fake trimmings,
no dimension.

Beauty and sexiness,
You know would be a bad lay.

Nibble the words,
they leave a bitter aftertaste.
Manufactured without blood,
shaped without soul.

Riches, cars, money, and fame,
building blocks of the american nightmare
tear away the wig,
turn off the globes,
the wheels stop,
and the stage hand cries himself to sleep.

Lies, half-truths, fictional facts,
profoundly sweet,
aggressively nurturing,
uncontrollably loving,
Lies, half-truths, fictional facts.

Take me, electric opium.
It is far better than where I am now.

"Electric Opium"
by Gary H. Button

white stain red stain
blood stain stew stain
blemish freckle pimple wart
ugly wretched naked tart
pregnant fat cow wretch
breeder keeper homer tuber
homeless diseased disgusting twisted
disabled dismembered pedophile
Burden trash shit hole beaten
retarded vegetable empty hollow
lazy violent apathetic rube
killer rapist thrasher pusher
luddite arsonist politician
drunk boor poor unrefined
sloppy spilly silly whore
thief molester liar trickster
wanderer imprisoned pervert
touchy hardened crass loud mouthed
grape juice dog piss
disorganized burnt rice unwashed clothes
latchkey crumbs dirty dishes
spilt milk

"Imperfections"
by Gary H. Button

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