

I search for some feeling

Uncover rocks, unearth soil

Move mountains, forge streams

Build industries, destroy competition

Buy low, sell high

Make friends, fall in love

Dinner and laughter, sex in the moonlight

Fight, cry, plead, bleed, pine

BBQs in the summer, stockings in the winter

Hugs in the beginning and the end

Drink wine, eat steak, sweet dessert

Fine silk, suede tuxedo, polished shoes

Tequila and a worm, vodka and soda

Lights, music, coke, junk, sauna flesh

Taste, touch, feel, smell, hear

Art on the wall, music in the speaker

A new dance, slick with the beat

Sound no one has heard before, spit it slick

Clown the entertainment, stadium of bodies

Build a scraper, plant a house

The silence is maddening.

I call out into the darkness

but no one answers.

The line was cut a long time ago.

"Emptiness"

by Gary H. Button

A wave of shite crashes into a wall of dance
The beads fly, crows are scattered to the wind
Messages are passed, the actors receive
duplicates
In the physical realm, tallies are taken
Electric numbers dance in the wind

Pipes of glass set in the ground, straight as an arrow
God bless the Koreans
Three kingdoms at war, one will reign supreme
Bugs swarm in acid
A storm appears and ice rain pours from above
Hot earth produces a white gas

Crouch, knife, up, down, left, right
Fast fingers at the ready
Body merged with spirit, flick of the wrist
Troll on a troll bicycle
Ride to the store, but they are all closed
Boarded up, deserted, drunk on relics

Thicket of spies, rich on the blood of brains
Measure twice, A B A B A
Micro pins, data in garbage out
Conscript the script, tape it to a stick
The head whirrs, spin and spin
Cycles: Earth, Wind, and Fire

Shit into a bucket
Empty bucket
Eight buckets in a row, counts the shits
Straight lines, all in a row
Connect the heads, lay shiny metal down
It reflects in the sun, a golden tint
Yell around the world, in a different language

Struggle in the sand
Fire a gun at the chip, evolve the resistance
A slanted door, a taste of steel
Crush the bits into a powder, snort it up your
nose
Direct line to the main frame
All the lights flash, brilliantly
Just for a moment.

"Sand"

by Gary H. Button

Sit in a circle, watch beautiful people talk.

Dull faces, slack jaws, glazed eyes
An electric voice rings in your ears
Shill and loud, white teeth and red face
Lips peeled back, skin stretched to the limit
Frosted hair, gold chains, long legs
Dulled sex, numb feeling, botox tears
The nuclear glow warms the bones, shaking the muscles
Radiated rats with three heads and two penises
Nibble on human toes, collections of lint and dead skin.

Three suns burn low,
The ground heats up with sex and rage.

Wild lesbians rage and thrash
Their bodies against each other,
Men chained up,
Forced to watched
Voluntarily.

The sun baked their bodies, leathery and stiff.

Herded to the slaughterhouse
Balls ejected
and put in a ceramic bowl
for the homosexual god.

Sharpen the knife, clean the gun, unfurl the rope.

Male sex addicts roam the dusty streets,
Looking for prostitutes to entrap,
A bottomless pit of sex.

Five gold a go,
The tart licks her lips at the money,
They each take a turn,
No doubles.

A second hen comes to share the load

The handsome man walks the boulevard,
Old maids tear their clothes off
And smear blood on their lips.

They throw their pussies at his face,
He catches some but tosses most aside.
The scent of juice clings to his white suit.

The old pervert chuckles to himself.

With his dying day he brings out the old pornos,
The good ones from the 70's where the women all have long
hair.
He remembers the days when he had hair and an El Camino.
When the energy of youth flowed through his veins.

Those were the days.

"Circles"

by Gary H. Button

A blank sheet of paper is all I need.

An empty canvas, a set of colors, brushes, and a pencil for shading.

Just to start,
a fresh computer
and
a terminal,
a programming book and
a web browser.

It isn't much.

An empty recording booth, microphone, mixers, and some sampling equipment.

Leave your video camera with me and the random costumes,
I will write the script myself.

Just some raw ingredients,
fruits, veggies,
flour, eggs, chocolate, and
a stove and oven.

Please, if you have some cement, 2x4, dry wall, stucco,
paint, and a level.

I will build the Himalayas.
Carve the redwood forests.
Paint the stars in the sky, thousands of little shining
dots.
Adjust the moon's brightness, a nice pale yellow.
Shine the sun.
Whip the clouds.
Sculpt the cats, one hair at a time through minnow curves.

Other people keep gazing at me while I dig the Grand
Canyon.
They peer into my yard as I brush the sunset on the
horizon, a purplish red.
They mutter to themselves, I can hear their insults and
curses.

I appreciate the paper.
It is full of possibilities.

"Blank Paper"
by Gary H. Button

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