

Craig listens to the
sounds of himself

.

Beer guzzling down
his throat
bacon frying
on the stove

.

His wife is in
the other room,
on the phone with
her sister

.

She speaks in
Chinese and Craig
doesn't understand

.

He thinks of
his brother,
a phone call away
but the phone is
in use

.

He thinks for a moment
how did he get here
?

Then he remembers
and drinks another beer
prays for children
to a God
he doesn't believe in
just on the
off chance

.

Someone to love
Someone to leave
behind
A legacy
An ordinary life

.

The beer tastes good
it is ice cold
He eats the bacon
it has that
crispy smoky
flavor

.

"Craig"
by Gary H. Button

Gender slop
 drips from the
 mountain of pusangels.

Narorange
 hair
 jizz
 lights down
 the electroplate.

Fire and neutriplosions
 in the sky
 masstinction and radioplasma
 Tidalpressure with cyclohurricanes
 Tsunahoon rabbits breed like witchfire.

The masses
 conglomerate in VR suits
 imbibe the electrodrugs and video holograms
 and seduce the robotitutes
 while the martians colonize the red.

All of the pictures
 will be unified
 the voices mute and echoed
 art forebanned
 and everything sacred.

"Escape"
by Gary H. Button

The child was sick at birth
His lungs were weak and
His heart had a hole.

So they gave him a set of robotic lungs and
An electric heart
That would not fail for 1000 years.

He lived for a few years
Until his own immune system
Attacked his liver and kidneys.

So they replaced his organs with
e-versions
That worked perfectly in sync.

His legs could not support
The metal in his body
And they took their toll.

So they swapped his legs
For titanium ones
And the boy could jump
Five times his height.

His bones rejected
Their metal counterparts
And attacked them,
Hard.

So they took his brain,
And placed it in an android,
So he lived
For a long time.

Generations passed and the boy's brain
Persisted
Until he could take no more
And he turned himself
Off.

"Android"
by Gary H. Button

Beef in Kobe,
Nights under the stars in Montana,
Clear waters of Teahupo,
Scotch at a noisy pub in Edinburgh,
Sex in the shadow of the Eifel tower,
Dances in the heart of San Paulo,
Paint strokes and marble of the Vatican,
Gritty streets of New York,
Kebabs in the Markets of Rabat
Chaat in the alleys of Delhi,
Poutine on a snowy day in Toronto,
Tequila in the sunny Mexico,
BBQ in Austin,
Blocks in Barcelona,
Drugs and women in Amsterdam,
Live music in Nashville,
Crawfish in New Orleans,
Cigars in Havana:

Not all those who wander are lost.

"Wander"

by Gary H. Button

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