

Shade in the twilight of the Milky Way,
The bounce of life in the flesh of heart.
Ride the space car to the stars.
Sleep with your back to the dirt and knife in hand.

Build the world from a foundation of books
Slave the body and work the mind.

A thousand suns lit afire,
A flaming oven against a wall of ice.
Spin the Earth on your finger.
Set up tent on the Moon,
Sleep in a bath of lights.

Build the world from a foundation of books
Slave the body and work the mind.

Sail in the darkness, a beacon of hope.
Crush the beasts under the heel of knowledge.
The mind rattles and vibrates,
Until it heats like a sink.

These hands are worn, hardened by use.
The tools lay within reach, a perfect circle.
There are handprints in the handles.
Always sharp and ready.

There is a pile of wood next to raw iron and gold,
Huge silos full of Hydrogen and Helium,
A powerplant generating crackling lightning,
Barely contained in wires and rubber.

Build the world from a foundation of books,
Slave the body and work the mind.
Slave the body and work the mind.
Slave the body and work the mind.

"Foundation of books"
by Gary H. Button

Drink until the world is softer
Brown liquid,
That takes the edge away,
Off,
Further,
And further.

Cross into the world
Where pretty girls sing
And
laugh
and
dance,
Clothes lost
In muscles and brawn
Airplane abs and
Bronze skin.

The music plays loud
And the couch screams at the LEDs
No one in particular
Rushes to the state
And sings about
Nothing.

The world is soft
Pliable,
and ready
Open like the legs of a temptress
Or whore
It calls to you:
Drink,
Eat.

The meat tastes salty
And is rubbed with life –
Veggies are crisp
Tortillas hot.

Dance
until
you sleep
And
forget
about tomorrow.

"Birthday"

by Gary H. Button

Long gone and almost forgotten
Reigned the wizards of the machines
With grey beards and round glasses
Who tamed Beasts with a single command.

Eons ago were the men,
Whose delicate fingers pushed the buttons
In exact combinations
Never a keystroke too many,
never a keystroke insufficient.

Huddled together around a small plastic table
Beer in hand, stomach full of sausage and cheese,
Their plump bellies hung slightly over their belt
Jesting and riddling jovially.

When time came for business
The wizards straightened their faces
Straightened their backs
Speaking a language that only they knew;
To the servants and squires,
It was a foreign tongue.

The process would take hours, or even days,
An idea carefully crafted,
An immaculate design,
Bending but not breaking,
Functions at every turn.

Those were the stories passed down from before
Only myths, perhaps falsehoods or outright lies
We will never know the truth
Fed to us by parents:
Promises of old men.

Lone gone reigned the wizards of the machines.
Now we sit among the broken and forgotten,
The crossed wires and scattered objects.
The language has been forgotten, a relic of the wind.

"Wizards of the Machine"
by Gary H. Button

Save me from this banal banter:
The weather
The weekend
Your precious little son.

I drown in a pool
As shallow as a meter.

Give me guns,
Blood,
Murder,
And sex.

Vlad,
Doc,
Elon,
And Amelia.

These are the classics,
The strange,
The weird,
Ignored and put in a corner.

What a travesty!
This world,
Forgetting its heroes and villains.

I am allergic to half-truths and misleading stats,
I abhor blandness with no real substance,
Repetition confuses me,
The simplicity blinding.

Thank you, kind stranger, for breaking the line,
Rabble and rouse,
Protest and Riot,
Wake up and stay woke,
Fight until you can't breath.
For that is all that we have,
In this simple little life,
Fight until you die.

For when you stop
Fighting,
Surely you are dead.

"The Fight"

by Gary H. Button

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