

Dream deep as the gods do,
Fly to the ends of the ocean on the back of the Turtle,
Your very own ship in the vast ink of space,
Huge golden sails made of butterfly wings
And pixie dust.

Your broad-backed metallic steed
Ever rearing to ride,
Millions of years
By your side.

A Viking stands atop the moon,
His spear is sharp
And his teeth polished,
Guarding the world from the wolf of death.

Live a thousand lives —
'Til your blood is dust,
And your bones are iron,
A million children, lovers, heartbreaks, foods, wines, and breaths,
The pain of life, growing old
Hunger and torture, thirst and hate.

Cast away.
Cast away.

There is another place and time calling your soul,
Far away in another life,
With cities full of gold and spice,
Tall buildings and women of all shapes and colors,
Chaos united in a front of flesh,
The winters have warm snow and the summers a cool breeze.

Don't sleep.
You have miles to go, miles to go.

"Cast away"
By Gary H. Button

In the deepest blue ocean between Japan and Hawaii,
Lived the huge octopus that controlled the world,
Its huge tentacles spanned miles of the sea floor,
And created tsunamis of all sizes.

Turtles flocked to his limbs for warmth and shelter,
Rubbed against his skin to shine their shells,
Huge sheets of skin lied on the sand,
The eye of god reflected in the waves.

A hoard of jellyfish blasted the water,
Semen gleamed on the surface,
Shock and fire, glands flared,
The jellyfish swirled into a cannon,
A storm was uncapped, started, and could not be stopped.

The octopus turned into a man and swam to Japan,
Tirelessly, he traveled through lightning, rain, waves, and freezing cold,
Upon shore he walked naked towards a house with a light on,
There lay a fisherman's wife, naked and willing.

The octopus man started with oral sex,
She cried out with pleasure, uncontrollably,
It ended in penetration, with the woman unsure
If it was a penis or tentacle.

He walked back to the shore, the waves smashed on the sand,
Soon his entire body was submerged in sea water,
The octopus felt better in his own body, growing and growing,
Retreating back to the depths,
The darkness consumed it.

Fish and sharks swam in the whirlpool,
Turned it a blood red,
In the middle grew a pearl,
A sea anemone waved with the tide,
The octopus was still, powerful and waiting.

"Fisherman's wife"
By Gary H. Button

Simmer the bloodlust,
thicken it
until it pools and coats the back of a spoon.

Grill the jealousy
until it builds
a thick crust.

Anger boils over,
splashing on the counter
and burning the metal coil.

Happiness needs to be tenderized with a mallet,
and cut into small pieces,
coated in egg and bread crumbs,
and fried in canola.

Keep an eye on love,
if gets too hot
it can deflate.

Chill revenge,
it needs to be on ice
but not frozen.

Comfort can be covered,
and sugar and torched,
like a sunkissed brûlée.

Salt and season testosterone,
the spices brings out the rage
But does not overpower it.

Boredom is bland,
use with caution.

Euphoria is light but powerful,
so addictive,
like butter and honey.
Boil for 15 minutes,
then blanch the smugness.

Sex is a staple,
it can be used with anything,
in any situation.

Pour hot water over curiosity,
let it really breathe,
the aroma is lovely and flowery.
Try your hand at a skillet,
Fold an omelet of glee.

Savor the wonder.

“Simmer the bloodlust”
By Gary H. Button

The door of God
Waits in the bottom
Of the bottle.

A man
With arms covered in tattoos
Riding on the subway
With a folded pieces of paper
And some low grade coke.

Goofy running down the block
And a cop with a gun
Firing at him
He got around the corner.

Droopy eyed junkie
With two razor blades
A stack of ones and some change
Walking toward you.

A tired rundown
Pharma assistant,
Dressed in red scrubs
Waiting at a bus stop.

An old Chinese man with a bald spot
And grey hair
Holding grandchildren's hands
As they run around the bus.

Their souls are tired
Shattered into a thousand pieces
On the hard pavement.

Only free
After the banks fall
And the politicians killed
And the bullets ricochet into the brain.

Light a candle
For the soon to be extinct
Common man
A relic of the past.

"Door of God"
By Gary H. Button

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