

This beautiful woman lives right next door,
I can hear her beauty through the walls, it blares in all directions,
Men and women come by from miles away
They sit outside her house, hoping for a glimpse of her blaring beauty.

She can point to any man,
And strip him of a wife and children,
In an instant he surrenders,
And is left with nothing.

I went out on Sunday and walked my dog,
Me and the mutt on the sidewalk like any other Sunday,
And there she was, alone, standing solidly in my path,
I gazed at her and froze, like some failed adventurer gazing upon Medusa.

Her finger came towards me slowly,
It was smooth and tender, but full of gravity,
Like a hammer on the head of a bull,
A low, despairing bellow slipped out of me.

I went straight home and packed a suitcase,
The beautiful woman watched me from her window,
Through walls, her gaze warmed my skull, a pair of teeth
Grinding in my bones in its vice.

My wife and kids came to me,
'I have to leave you' I told them, 'She beckons.'
They were silent, no sound could be made to matter,
My children would forget me, their eyes told me so.

That night I lay in a flophouse, the beautiful woman in my arms,
My mind searched for memories of any kind,
The face of my father, the smell of my wife, the cries of my kids,
I couldn't recall any of it, as if none of it had happened.

"Blaring Beauty"
By Gary H. Button

The world is too small,
Starvation too rampant,
Ignorance too violent,
For anyone to care.

Give your life to the cause,
And let them cast it away,
Like a used condom,
At the end of the night.

The stars are all memories,
Of gods long alone,
The courageous and tall,
Fierce and wise.

Lay down your hammer,
Hold your family tight,
Warm up your house,
Find a kind drink.

Read a tall tale,
To the wonder of your children,
Let the story take hold,
In their imaginations.

When the lights are all out,
And the lovemaking over,
The meal cooked and cleaned,
And the moon fully risen,
Sharpen your blade and arm yourself,
Steel your mind to the winter,
Your life is surely soon to end,
The fight inevitable.

Death is the most indifferent master,
With no tolerance for error,
He does not sleep, eat, or dream,
Silence full of laughter.

“Sharpen your blade”
By Gary H. Button

Warm blood, full of love, sugar, and flavor,
It breaks into pieces and,
Each are taken,
One at a time,
Some explode and blow half of your mouth off,
While others are smooth and fruity.

The family gathers around,
Trying to get a small piece, begging,
For a swift moment, they are fulfilled,
Their body and soul united in transcendence.

They travel across time and space,
Perhaps in a small shuttle towards Mars
On the sunny side, where the solar wind was fierce,
All space warriors with tall stances and a straight guns.

And then they snapped back,
Out through a black hole,
And their hand was out,
Wanting — no — needing,
Another piece.

The women with the trays hold the power,
They decided who got fed and who starved.

Let the blood flow,
It drips from the top towards the horde at the bottom,
They fight for the taste,
Trying to keep it on their tongue as long as possible,

Afterwards, the women at the top,
Laugh and shriek
In fits of hysteria
Full of warmth and fat,
gluttons of their own making.

They are called the blood women,
You could smell the iron as they walked through the night,
Red blood on their face, licking their lips,
Both feared and loved ,
But most importantly, needed.

An empty belly rumbles,
And a hand reaches out for food,
And it is slapped away,
They are not worthy,
More warm blood for me.

“Warm blood”
By Gary H. Button

Automated democratic legislature,
Demagoguery and Falsehoods
Slovenly corrupt

Artificial hazards and sequential racism
Inspiration encoded into a consumable nanoquark
Bicentennial master of no one

Inclusive outcasts paired with bluetooth symbiont
Heavenly mobs filled with pus and plaque
Overstuffed nellies dead before 30

An adventuring hero lifts his head to the sky
Unbroken and resolute against the detractors
Feeling his way by the lantern of his soul

Be the hero you seek and only seek yourself
When darkness comes in its many forms
You can turn it back by uttering its name

Perseverance will weigh more than gold
And cleverness and cunning sharper than steel
It needs to be within you now
Or else it is lost.

"The Hero"
By Gary H. Button

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