

We were all in the same place waiting to die,
Children of the same cruel father and mother,
My blood brothers and sisters.

I chose the pen and keys,
Listening to music and drinking beer,
And traveling to far places where no one knew me
 where the food was different
 but the people the same —
 ever the same.

It is like being at the bottom of a fish bowl
Swimming with all of the other fish
Dreaming of fish food
 and a little fish house
 with a little fish family.

We all know the bowl will break:
Its contents spewing onto the surrounding void
Water ejecting from the mortal plane
 onto a much lower one.
We hope it does not happen to us.
We hope it does not happen soon.

Stay a while, come in,
There is meat on the grill and music on the speakers,
There are some beers in the fridge and red wine
 over at the counter.

Take a seat, relax,
It is warm here.
It is safe here.
Just the way we all like it.

“Home”
By Gary H. Button

In the blue corner:
Weighing in at four-thousand-five-hundred-
twenty-seven-and-one-half kilos
Standing tall at one-point-eight-nine meters

With wings of pink and a glass face
And a record of two wins by knockout —

From the space laboratories of Medical Mechanica
A shining red beacon even in the darkest night
—

'
T

T

The 'Cannon' of MM
Il Hercules of Gundams —

Canti.

And fighting out of the red corner
Coming it at fifty-five-point-four-three kilos
With a record of seventy five wins, all by K-O
In the rabbit outfit with white bunny ears

From Outer Space
An alien patrol officer
And a skillful bassist
The ace in the hole and in our hearts

A vespa driving firecracker

The wily minx

The irresistible housekeeper,
A master shot and even better pitcher
The unkillable, indescribable, oddly flexible
The unmistakably pink haired temptress —

Haruko Haruhara.

"Robot fight"
By Gary H. Button

There is only one difference between a boy and man. But it is not the difference that matters, rather the outcomes. A boy will generally do “A” and a man will do “B.” Insert whatever cliché crap you want here — the more cliché the better.

The more interesting bit is that not all boys will become men. Some will stay boys forever even to old age. But some are born men right away, straight from the vaginal canal. It is not something you can see physically, but it is an innate part of being, like a psychopath or gambler. It is not something that can be taken away either, except under extreme psychological duress. There are no books or formula for it.

There are men children walking around, having wives or being single. There are millions of them, lost and never taught how to be men. Perhaps their fathers were killed or men children themselves. Perhaps they were men but knew the harsh existence that came with being a man and wanted to spare their sons from it. Perhaps they saw that is not more noble or righteous to be a man, just a misguiding tradition that refuses to die.

As the centuries go on, the tradition gets more and more lost. This is less of a world for men and more of a world for boys. Over many generations, all things eventually change: wolves only melt into sheep and the faces of fathers are forgotten even before their passing.

Perhaps you only have daughters and they have no interest in being men. So you sit alone in your house of women and dream. Your father was a cruel man anyhow, quick with the belt and always drunk.

Before you know it, the world has changed beneath your feet and the scenery feels different. The grass is greener, and the air is crisper. The sounds are higher pitched and sting your ears.

You are alone in this foreign place.

“Growing up”
By Gary H. Button

I walked down the hall, one night, looking for ice.
I had seen the ice machine before,
Tucked away in a corner somewhere,
But now it was nowhere to be seen.

Like it had vanished.

I stood there, looking both ways like a fool, and a
Sumo wrestler walked out of a room.
It was like a magic trick because after I got a
Good look at him, I realized there was no way
He could fit through that hotel door.

Just no way.

He bounced over to me wearing nothing but a
White loincloth and loud wooden sandals that
Made a “Thack thack thack” sound for
Every step he took.

He told me a joke, it was about a duck and a brothel
His voice was so loud that I could feel him waking up the
Entire hotel.
He laughed hugely at his own punchline and his
Huge pale stomach jumped
With delight.
It was mesmerizing and I just stared at it in the
Dead hotel silence.

The sumo man laughed again and the
Ground shook and
He asked me where I was going.
In that moment I was frozen and could not lie to his face
He had that aura of the guileless
So I told him the truth.

He pulled a map from his loincloth and
Offered it to me in his hand.
I reluctantly took it and handled it
Carefully.
There was an ice machine near the elevator.
I handed the map back but he did not take it.
He insisted I take it.

I bid him a farewell and
He gave me a giant hug and
Then I was alone again, in the narrow hallway.
Missing my sumo compatriot.

“Sumo Wrestler”
By Gary H. Button

[Website](#)
[Subscribe](#)