

The only meaning is
Laying in bed in the dark
Floating near your lifeless body
Viewing a husk
Smitten with blindness.

Jerk alive and
give love
 warmth
 food
 and sex.

 Blink.
Blink.
 Blink.

The window outside is open
A cool breeze blows in
Lick your lips
They taste of gravel and moth balls
There is dirt under your fingernails
You can see the dark ring under each of them
The woman stirs next to you.

Walk over to the kitchen and drink some water
But it tastes of sulfur and calcium
The fridge is full but nothing catches your attention
Until the prime rib catches your eyes with an iron grip
With a little salt and pepper
And a hot cast iron
You grill a juicy steak.

It emits an aroma of life
It fills your nose and mouth
And you drool uncontrollably
Clear, slow drops from either side
And pools onto the floor
It taste like sex
With a texture of a sunrise on the beach
And a smell of swimming of the ocean.

You make a mental note
To quit your job.

And go back to your woman in bed
And snuggle close to her
She smells of sweat and lavender perfume
Her neck tastes slightly of salt.

The darkness is coming
To take you to sleep.

“Darkness”
Gary H. Button

I can take a beer
Out to the water
With a little fold up chair,
The shitty aluminum kind
Held together by plastic.

It is a little trek,
But I can sit there
and drink my dark beer
And watch the joggers.

Most of them are women
With round asses
And skin tight clothes.
They are the best to watch
With sports bras
And toned legs.

There are men as well.
They are flagrant in their own way:
Toned with muscles
And tiny balls
Skin burned like
Pork katsu.

Usually the sun shines
And the air tastes like salt water
And the tourists walk by
And jeer at me
And my beer.
I consider
whipping my dick out;
It is the most
Human part of me.

There are some people who jog funny,
Like one side of their body is heavier
Than the other
And they kind of gimp along.
I chuckle at them.
Not to be disparaging
But because they look funny.
I can't help it.

There are joggers going up
And down the street
And I wonder where they are going.

Bums don't move much,
In comparison,
They stay put.

The men like me,
Go for beer
And watch women.

But joggers are a different breed,
They are always on the go,
Never stopping

Running from anything stationary:
A life of constant fear.

I drink and watch.
Here comes another one.
She is a real
Beauty.

“Joggers”
By Gary H. Button

Wake in the morning, bacon tastes the best when put on a baking rack,
Make a soup and squeeze the brain until it drips with facts,
Keep up the routine, pump iron, ink the page, no time to slack,
Put on a suit, hat, go to a bar, seduce a woman, you have the knack.

Bump a vinyl, look at the cover, the smooth sound of the rat pack,
Smoke a cigarette, relax, after it goes out ask a friend for a kickback,
Sit outside on the deck, watch the sun set and play with the cat,
The neighbors are yelling and screaming, they have a little spat.

The night comes and the stars shine against the black,
For a moment I see my life, from birth to death, in a flash,
My mind at ease, my body relaxed, onto the future no going back,
Onwards and upwards, running down this one way track.

“One way track”
By Gary H. Button

The king crab is one of the largest and most delicious crabs, hence the king part of its name. There are no female king crabs through — it doesn't make evolutionary sense — there are only queen crabs. They often get together and have little prince and princess crabs.

A giant squid swam off the coast of Japan the other day. It was the size of three buses put together, with each tentacle weighing over a ton. It thought about rising up from the water and crushing the entirety of Tokyo, destroying the fisherman who, for so long, have wronged its kind and eaten its brethren: rolling them up into sushi and grilling their carcasses. What horrors these humans have caused. But it stopped short — opting instead for peace and understanding, to which the humans responded with hooks, nets, and spears.

The most rare shellfish is the golden abalone. People will dive a million times in a vast abalone field and never see one. They are more rare than drag queen crab or puff puff fish. The last one was seen in a village in northern Hokkaido about twenty years ago. It was wrested from the earth, stolen from its home, and its mouth pried open. The yellow interior was immediately obvious, and the village chanted: "gold, gold, gold." There was a massive party and the whole village was invited chanting "gold, gold, gold." The shell alone would make them all millionaires with private jets and mansions in the hills. In addition, the meat from the golden abalone is a delicacy in all countries and all humans long for the pink flesh, regardless of their taste or pallet. It is said that no one who has eaten such flesh has ever died of cancer or heart disease, they always lived until 100 years old chanting "gold, gold, gold."

"Seafood"

By Gary H. Button