

The fat man sits at the table,
He harasses the waiter to order a steak and red wine,
The food is so late he screams
Until his face contorts and turns purple,
He eats loud, with rotted yellow teeth,
For dessert he gets a slice of pie,
But it is cold so he throws it to the floor
And leaves the restaurant.

He passes an artist on the street,
Poor, with holes in his shoes,
And a cheap bottle of beer at his feet,
He holds a chipped guitar in his hands,
And sings and plays Neil Young.

The fat man hustles home
In time to watch the news
In his large empty house
And a glass of brandy in his hand,
He sends a few angry emails
And falls asleep in his chair.

The artist takes the bus home
To his wife and children
He cooks dinner
Feet aching from standing all day
Curry and rice
Always the same.

The fat man
Has nightmares
Of his ex-wife, screaming like a banshee
And his kids, with their grubby
Money hungry
Hands.

The artist
Dreams of concerts
And a record deal
And a chef to cook
And a maid to clean.

Everyone worships,
Kneel to the throne,
The mind is a stringent master,
Unconscious freight pulled by
Unyielding machines.

“The fat man”
By Gary H. Button

Hustle and bustle, make moves to get paid,
Invalidate the cache, split disks over raid,
Take a vacation to Barcelona, there's cocaine for trade,
At a rave with a bunny, goin' to get laid,
Constant sun fatigues skin, SPF in the shade,
Shake hands with a blacksmith, a master of his trade,
A sushi chef, a fresh octopus, and only his blade,
Down the streets of New Orleans, life is always on parade,
A lie is caught and pinned so your wife throws a tirade,
Sip wine and cider and juice and kool-aid,
Squeeze everything out of life before it flies away.

"Squeeze everything out of life"

By Gary H. Button

At a soulless building
In the heart of the city,
They sit you down
On an aluminum chair
And shine a bright light
Into your eyes.
A good-looking man
Incredibly handsome
Sits opposite you
With a white smile
And pushes papers towards you.
He puts the pen in your hand
And it seems innocent.

Later you slouch in your chair
Staring at some pixels
Pushing data on a hand cart
From one end of the warehouse
To the other
On a monitor that needs cleaning,
Keystrokes and clicking buttons.
The pay is fine
And everyone seems nice.

Your boss changes,
He yells
And ignores your ideas,
Your nice coworkers
Morph into bitter
Uninteresting ones,
Plodding and poking
Their way through work.
But it seems bearable.

There is a fire
In the building
But no one seems to notice,
They squabble at each other,
Point their gnarled fingers,
And measure their penises
With bribes and fists,
But when you leave
No one remembers your name
Or really notices.
It seems futile.

"It seems innocent"
By Gary H. Button

The incessant beep of a chime,
Burrowing deep between your ears,
Pulling your eyes from the task at hand,
A worm, crawling, squirming.
You can feel it, the foreign entity,
A struggle ensues,
But there is no way to get it,
Without clawing your own skull open.

Madness follows like a shadow
And the insect delves deeper
Until you can't feel anything.
It is gone, but the feeling lingers,
In the back of your mind —
It could come back at any second
And devour your entire brain.

Wake from the dream,
And the worm has taken over,
You sit in the back seat,
And the worm walks,
And makes small talk.
You watch the worm,
It forms words,
Kisses a woman on the street,
And drinks your beer.

Soon there is only the worm —
You are gone,
Left in the corner of your mind,
Sitting in the darkness,
Staring at a screen,
Bobbling up and down,
A coward in a jar,
Dead before death.

"The beep"
By Gary H. Button

Split a fashion nugget in half and barter for psychedelic toast,
Crush a crunk dance and whisk the brain hemorrhage,
Star napalm and neon bombs light up the desert ocean,
Board a runaway train with a swimsuit and box of way bread,
The low rolling band plays in the ass,
And the martian girls dance in the pussy,
And everyone, everyone, smokes money outside.

Don't follow the path, it is only a circle,
Sip from the grape, warm your hands with yeast,
The shopkeepers stall will be open tomorrow,
Churn eternity beer near rocks in the spaceship,
The storm is too real to be heard or felt,
Silence muffled cries often, scream only for real.

Look over the wall and see history sprawled in the dirt,
A tower — a hundred men tall — filled with secret publics,
Ride a black horse past the edge of the world,
Buy a mustache mask belonging to a faceless monk,
Walk outside souls of a thousand travelers traveling,
Blink dagger out of the dark to pass a book in the night,
The high tide has passed and your ship will take flight,
Trade certainty for wit and past for present.

“Fashion nugget”
By Gary H. Button

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