

Bite the end of the electric tiger's tail,
Sip the soup of righteousness along an icy river,
And squeal into the void,
As the mustard parades around Tokyo,
And the colors intersect in lines,
A golden haired angel fellates a bum in the corner,
The man across the table twirls his beard,
Bathe in lust,
Throw yourself off the awkward chasm into a trap of flowers,
Traipse your mini slut,
The rounded glass run dry,
With crooked teeth, yellowing at the base,
And a microphone, and a vespa with no protection,
The world has just begun —
Hold on to the tail tight.

“Electric tiger's tail”
By Gary H. Button

Roses smell the best right before they die,
There is a climax of fear inside of them,
And they ejaculate a perfume of
Essence.

The flowers must feel fear before death,
All living things do.

Quivering as time ticks away,
The pedals soften and no longer stand up tall,
Bullied by gravity into submission,
The stem wilts ever so slightly,
Casting the face of the rose to one side,
Opening up slightly more,
Until the first pedal falls,
And hits the table,
And a silence is felt by the entire rose,
As it feels the knife in its stomach,
It lets out a final
Breath.

A penultimate odor of beauty and love,
That slowly fades away.

“Penultimate odor”
By Gary H. Button

Bunk every day,
Sleep while the sun shines
And wake up in the waning hours
To drink dark beer
With bubbles
And smoke a pipe.

The world is an island
And life has been cut off on all sides.

Water:
As far as the eye can see.
Rest on the sand —
It is warm but not hot,
Cool but no cold.

Travel in a plane to
A new place
Where you don't speak the language
But get by on hand gestures
And cash,
Where they drink beer
And have foreign vegetables at the market.

No one knows your name
But it doesn't really matter
They will shake your hand any way.

"Bunk every day"
By Gary H. Button

Crusty, dusty bottoms
Smoke them if you got them
Shake that heavenly body
An apple makes it rotten
Pink and purple cotton
Dynamic like Batman and Robin
It ain't trickin' if you got it
Show respect in a mosh pit
Suckling pig on a spit
Boi, that party was lit
You know what would be sick
Drop your fancy trick
Blood dripping out your dick
Run, it's time to quit
Now is the time to be fit.

"Dusty Bottoms"
By Gary H. Button

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