



Down Syndrome

Chris Butler

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scarspublications

The poems featured in *Down Syndrome* have been previously published
in the following publications:

Asphodel Madness
Autumn Leaves
The Beatnik Cowboy
bear creek haiku
Breadcrumb Scabs
Callused Hands
The Camel Saloon
Censored Poets
Children, Churches and Daddies Magazine
Counterexample Poetics
The Cynic Online Magazine
Down in the Dirt Magazine
Leaf Garden Press
Opium Poetry 2.0
Poor Mojo's Almanac(k)
Shoots and Vines
Rusty Truck
Ugly Cousin

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GOD

I AM GOD
amongst the bugs.

Even outnumbered
by the annoyance
of storming swarms,

their exoskeletons
crunch beneath
eclipsing sneakers

without much notice.

Then I intentionally

dismantle ant hills
just to observe
how slavery rebuilds

under magnifying
glass eyes,

to cremate my
discarded children.

Baby Jesus

After the second cumming,
baby jesus will be born
by an immaculate abortion
from the lord,
once his excavation from
the virgin whore's womb
with crucifying wire
occurs, and
he is left to die for
nothing more than
the conception of
some masturbated
master race.

Youth in Asia

To euthanize
the youth in Asia
is to slaughter
the first-born
daughter of
every land owner,
as illegitimate parents
breed offspring
to adorn a barbed
crown of thorns,
with their chapped
vaginal lips stitched
shut and deflowered
feet bound within
concentrated
interment camps,
to equal one-billionth
less individuals
for the benefit
of government.

H1N1

This infectious feeling
is disease,

inducing influenza
without placebo vaccines,
causing recirculation
of ash storms sneezed
from the nostrils of
crematoriums,

sticking to the Purell-
soaked skin of white
masked zombies
standing in line
with their deceased
next of kin,

as the obvious solution
to purify an unsanitized
planet.

Colored

Nigger
is not a color
created by
Crayola,

but peach
flesh once
was
non-toxic
to American
children.

Generation Why

One – two – three - four!

The millennium generation, living with pain,
an alien nation, glad to feel anything.

We have no more focus, only distractions.
We have no more conscious, only reactions.

We burn the bridges to raise our stocks.
We shock and awe to stop the peace talks.

What should we do? We got nowhere to go.
What do we do? I just don't know.

Why are we Generation Y?
We're not alright.

Ordered

Life
in this great
recession is
a subscription to
the
Wall Street Journal,
which you were
charged for
but never
ordered.

Work

I sometimes
feel better
suited in a
straightjacket,
than I do
wearing a blue
collar bleached
white and a
necktie posing
as a noose.

Wishing Well

I wish I had
spare change,
even just a
jingle in my pocket.

I wish I had
a chance to change,
just to flush it down
a concrete drain.

I wish I had
a Susan B. Anthony
or a John F. Kennedy,
silver Washington,
Roosevelt or Jefferson,
even a copper Lincoln,
just so cents
made sense.

I wish I had
a million wishes,
all of which I
could waste on you.

Most of all, I wish I had
a wishing well,
but I couldn't tell you
because it wouldn't come true.

Beggar's Elegy

*Spare change? Spare change?
Got any spare change?
Anything you can to help out an old man.
I got mouths to feed, child support to pay.
I can't even work, my back is broke (jingles can).
Been on this earth 53 years, what can I say?
I been trying to get back on my feet,
been trying to take good care of myself,
you see?
I just need a little help...
thank you sir, thank you much.
I assure you it'll go to good use, like my kids' lunch...
Spare change? Spare change?
Got any spare change?*

Bilderberg

The few will
soon rule
millions of
minions,
like the architect
of an ant hill,
full of anti-elitist
servants
erecting cities
of dirt,
strictly for
the comfort
of us all.

Hail to the Thief

(December 12, 2000 - January 20, 2009)

Here's the story of a man,
who shipped his people to a foreign land
to fight knee-deep in the sand,
just because naive locos think they can.

First came the day when Cronkite was reborn in Matt Lauer.
The man became a hero when outlaws brought down the towers,
in an attempt to bully the world's only superpower
to put its tail between its' legs and cower.

He was slow to take action,
developing a delayed reaction,
and even after he was informed by his faction,
he finished children's stories to give him satisfaction.

Although he was never popularly elected,
he believed he was the one God selected,
so conservative ideology he resurrected
but the dots he never truly connected.

All those libelous lies,
that destroyed so many lives,
incited the Middle East into a bee hive
but JOIN UP and take the dive.

Because of a shit kickin' cowboy claiming Crawford, Texas,
we now have to settle for stability at best,
but would he had relinquished his throne, been honest, or even confessed
if there was only three seconds left?

Holiday in Guantanamo Bay

Searching for the American dream elsewhere
with counterfeit, greenback green
cards, as a stowaway on embargoed
cargo across an abandoned border,
I pocket the lone key out of Florida.

Flying south as the twenty first hijacker,
brandishing rusted box cutters
for free healthcare with a cigar
and sharp glass catheters,
I spend time on Roosevelt dimes.

Or floating in inflatable rubber ducky boats,
to surf water-boarded waves
in constrictive plastic handcuffs.
LOOK MA! NO HANDS!
as I'm chafed across the barren sand.

Tanning under the blood soaked Cuban sun,
my epidermis burns as leather
masks, stripping linen skin into
suicidal al Qaeda complexions,
on holiday in Guantanamo Bay.

Mohammed's Self-Portrait

Mohammed's self-portrait,
drawn with invisible ink
on an imaginary canvas,
exists in the minds of Muslims
born without unoriginal sin
for seventy-two virgins
atop some non-smoking heaven,
formed from the C-4 emissions
of suicide bombers'
strapped chests on a
crowded street corner.

All for Allah.

Atom

To split
a single
atomic
particle
is to splice
open and
reveal the
contents of
the human
soul to the
world, then
nuke it.

Bombs Away!

Feathered	to
B-52	continuously
bombers	blitzkrieg
drop	countless
aerodynamically-	collateral
designed	civilians
atomic	suffering
bird	from
turd	innocence,
bombs	by
through	flying
thinning	over
air,	war
using	torn
overnight	regions
delivery	and
with	defecating,
twin-	while
engine	looking
silver-	out
winged	for
american	number
angels,	one.
camouflaged	
amongst	
imploding	
mushroom	
clouds,	

The Eagle Has Landed

From the
great wide
unopened
nothing,
asexual
homo sapien
extraterrestrials,
accompanied
by their simian
companions,
pilot spiraling
spaceships
out of
controlled chaos,
through an unholy
ozone
and into the
vacant air
of our outer
atmosphere,
way up there,
where birds
cannot chirp
and clouds
shout out loud,

as a single
whistle signals
the arrival of
burnt rubbish
into the dirt,
to burrow
underground

for silence.

Moth

Heading into
the darkness
of infinite light,
locust insects
blindly fly in
sporadic circles
into inanimate,
objectified objects,
while blue flames
form orange
eyes to singe
powdered skin,
as the flutter
of humming
wings shutters
images of earth's
overexposure
to an
artificial sun,
just for them
to crash
and burn
into it.

Suicidal Squirrel

The suicidal squirrel,
scurrying across the cracked
concrete or hung over the
high wire of high voltage
power lines, does not realize
the fragility of life.

Whites of their Eyes

Deer fear freezes us
before the whistling shrapnel
pierce of snapping twigs.

Dead Bait

Spring showers
flush organ-less
organisms
out from the
surface of
this earth's
subterraneous
dirty anus,
well before
the pecking
order chirps,
whose intentions
are to intertwine
intricately
around barbed,
rusty hooks,
to fill drowning
fish and ultimately
feed the final link
lying atop the
food chain,
which in turn
becomes
the worms'
sustenance -
six feet deep.

Leafers

Life encircles each passing season.
The climate falls into predictable patterns.
Nature's death provides beautiful scenery
in the region of New England.

The climate falls into predictable patterns.
We still admire the fall foliage
in the region of New England,
as we pile up the dead.

We still admire the fall foliage
in seas of orange, yellow and red.
As we pile up the dead,
we swim through rotting mounds.

In seas of orange, yellow and red,
absent of anything resembling green,
we swim through rotting mounds
of decomposing corpses nourishing the earth.

Absent of anything resembling green,
stripped skeletons of towering trees,
decomposing corpses nourish the earth
from bare branches now lacking leaves.

Despite her natural splendor,
nature's death provides beautiful scenery,
although we know the redundancy
that life encircles each passing season.

Tree Farm

Somewhere,
under the rainbow,
I lazily graze
in the shade,
knowing the grass
will never grow.

Beneath the
breathing pines, I
find comfort in the
dry dirt and yellow
needles, but when
the westerly winds
slowly tow in
the final round
of bloated clouds,
converging where
the three rivers merge,
I head for higher
ground to keep myself
from drowning.

With fertile soil
soggy and seeping,
I stone-sharpen
Indian arrowheads
for my makeshift
bow, because
it's acceptable to
kill animals if I
make use of
every organ.

Stagnant Water

Disease breeds
in the source of existence,
huddling in evaporating puddles,
waiting for me
to pass by
and cry.

Multiple Personality Disorder

Frigid ice
bites freezer-
burnt extremities
repeatedly with
frosty fangs,
pumping frozen
cherry slushies
into icicle
ventricles,
to lower my
internal
temperature
to absolute
zero.

Placid water
rages, swelling
into fifty-foot
tsunami waves,
to erode brittle
bones and
feeble minds
by smothering
repetitive
breathing,
altering this
ego.

Boiling steam
blisters skin in
rising degrees,
causing moshing
molecules to
brutally burst
boiling puss
out from
spouting
geysers,
three-fourths
emo,

just like
H₂O.

Dandruff

god's
flurries
forever
cover the
footprints
of a
paroled
murderer,
departing
the outlined
crime scene
of an
innocent
angel's
scalped
halo,
once he
inconspicuously
drops an
icicle shank
amongst the
mound of unique
snowflakes.

Below Zero

Freezer burnt.
Trapped inside
the leftover
refrigerator
in the garage,
hibernating
months after
the winter
solstice, thousands
of miles north of
the invisible
equator, where
my escaping breath
proves this
meaningless
existence,
I expire
in extended
periods of
endless time.
When no other
worthwhile life
survives.

Acedia

I am one
with no tale
to tell, as I
prefer peace
beneath
skinned sheets
and atop pillows
stuffed with
the pluckings
of nudist ducks,

with comforting
sheep's wool
comforters
preventing the
exposure
of beak tipped
toes as the
windows'
fur drapes
shed no light,

all because
bed bugs can't
bite hard enough.

Anemic

I won't get out of bed today.
Motivation has run astray,
my mind, body and soul in decay,
hemoglobin in disarray,
all potential wasted away,
but one dumb question, if I may,
just please don't take it the wrong way...
...it doesn't matter anyway.
I have nothing profound to say,
so I will remain where I lay.

Rust

I'm not lazy, just rusted,
resting in metal beds,
passively resisting red oxide
ions slowly corroding my iron
exoskeleton, without
galvanizing the process
by getting up today.

Insomniache

Please wake me when I'm walking
as my mobile conscious tires,
even
when I hide in the bountiful darkness
of slumbering lumber
full of unfulfilling chlorophyll,
while
tallying all the shaven stray sheep
and grinding grains of sanded men
or
memorizing the artificial shadows
from television infomercials,
despite
howling my melancholy lullabies
below an unpredictable
sunrise of god's only bastard child
with
the letter x scratched across his eyes,
as
I alphabetically repeat dyslexic zees,
because
I must sleep to fix my broken dreams.

How Did I Get Here?

I tend to forget
my dreams, and
even myself,
after those first
few moments
when I awake
and I don't know
who, where,
what or why
I am.

Blind

My eyes

have seen the light breathe beneath the pillowed clouds of moonless nights, and beyond that cigarette burnt infinite ennui eclipsing the expiring decalcified galaxies, through cracked lenses spiraling subterranean spider webs across the cavernous surface of my unconscious mind.

My eyes

shine twin yellow crescents, to incomplete darkness.

My eyes

scan with callused hands the great barren american landscape, lackadaisically searching tan plains for desiccating oases suspended over the vanishing smog horizon, while lying parallel in contorted fetal positions inside foggy plastic bubbles peeling to reveal rays of transcendental days.

My eyes

split into drifting double vision, focusing on nothing.

My eyes

were once sewn shut to the world, seething weekly while simmering with vegetable lobes in steaming stews of iodized saline solution and rubbing alcohol, until made aware of the arid air lingering longer within the patched atmospheric pressure persistently pushing against my compressed chest.

My eyes

center my universe, unequally balancing equilibriums.

My eyes

enhance these seven senseless senses, as cartilage appendages consisting of waxed drums beat compositions of distorted noise and nostrils serve allergenic stuffing in drips, draining down sinuses to replant tart taste buds among fertile tongues when my phantom pains become unnervingly numb.

My eyes

peripherally perceive depressive depths, shooting blood spots to map out hollow earth and shallow oceans of stagnant white waves in each compassed direction, unturned on a warped axis in spastic orbits gravitating towards open flames posing as unplanned planets with toupee heavens.

My eyes

feed steadily on orange carotene, from god's illegitimate sun.

My eyes

consist of bucketing black puddles entitled pupils, tracing imperfect circles in sequential in circumference to the surrounding brown irises defecating truths of shit, to project repressed memories as impressionist images and scattered surrealist dreams refracted through depreciating hues.

My eyes

hide inside shaded red skin lids, tanning between random periods of rapidly repetitive blinking spasms of tourette's twitches with nervous ticks, rolling over desiccating moss molding in the secluded corners of rotting sockets amongst the reaping shadows of frivolous decomposition.

My eyes

bruise into blackened blue ripening fruits, blooming only once.

My eyes

sting from the showering ashes and acidic embers of burnt lashes, rubbed in with tensed fists covered in razor barbed follicles, sweating salty streams of trickling tickling bodily fluids down the wrinkling eroded valleys formed from fractured crow's feet onto bottomless dirt floors.

My eyes

tumble from the wormholes in my unpolished shakespearean skull, dangling strung out with loosened shoestring yo-yos knotted together, acting with equivalent and opposite reactive twirls around the spinning windowless room, until busying dizziness hovers over hallucinogenic visions.

My eyes

fly higher than the limitations of my detachable head, when pogo libidos with springing brain stem cells bounce rhythmically to foreign beats, standing over the silent picture of differentiating indifferences to living colors from atop hills of infertile soil lazily grazed by lamb fed children.

My eyes

close slowly as the single witness to blissful ignorance, blinking smokeless signals from fire pits furious with intoxicating oxidized molecules, like an extinct species deemed obsolete by ancient beings claiming to be human when they see everything except exactly which exists before them.

My eyes

in twenty/twenty hindsight, have both gone blind.

i

i wouldn't mind if i lost my mind
since it's not too hard to find

MISSING: ONE LITTLE GRAY BUGGER
LIKELY LIVING IN THE GUTTER
OR WHEREVER THE SUN NEVER SHINES

because with no body
it has nobody

Thought

If I had
a thought,
I'd be
thinking
too much
about
everything
and
nothing,
all at once.

Once

I once was dumb
to consciousness,
unconsciously
mumbling ums
under asthmatic breaths

when questioned
about IT,

the basis
of existence,
the contents
of an endless/
nameless universe
and the meaning
in this meaningless
sentence,

which you just
in deliberately
ingested.

-ism

This ignorance
gives birth to
optimistic bliss,
of convictive indecisions
insisting upon
precise incisions
of blind, deaf and
dumb justice,
to sacrifice saviors
with no known
nemesis for the
gift of an angel's
instant kiss,
as unintelligent
design funds common
nonsensical madness
and incoherent truths -
a meaningless existence
of meaningful extinction -
a drastic distinction
between pessimistic
-isms,
as systems
to believe in.

ADD

Semiconscious
existence and
undead daydreaming
falls hyperactively
between shortening spans
of my drifting interest,
bored
with particle board dust
floating beneath
florescent beams,
despite sedating daily,
not with Ritalin,
but a placebo
known as living.

Boredumb

I tried
killing time
by
twiddling
swollen
thumbs into
widdled
nubs,
mechanically
severing my
internal clock,
but it refuses
to die,
as
tick-tock
pulses life
through the
night.

Ennui

Repetition perpetuates habits and/or vices
and routine creates unconscious existence,
because everyday is the same.

Remember to floss fuzzy teeth, then wash, rinse and repeat my hair,
apply deodorant and wear clean underwear.
Repetition perpetuates healthy habits.

Out the door for work at the store to perform boring chores, firing my
desire to quit,
it becomes so redundant I break for fifteen to shoot shit.
Everyday stays the same.

After punching out, I stagger towards the corner tavern for happy hour,
to drink myself under the influence of warm liquor.
Repetition perpetuates enticing vices.

Dinner's for practicing good posture with dulled elbows off of the dining table,
over fine china troughs of dead animals and vegetables.
Everyday is always the same.

Night's disgrace digs my final resting place,
rolling away from a kiss on a familiar face.
They say repetition perpetuates habits and/or vices,
neglecting that everyday remains the same.

I've been singing the blues
for about a lifetime or two.
But it's nothing new.

Back down the same old dark dirt road,
I barely budge as I grudgingly trudge
over and around the brown camouflaged toads
and through puddles of fudge mud.
I get the feeling that I'm being followed
between the rows of hollow pines
but I turn to find it's only my own shadow,
even though the sun won't shine.
My somber timbre of sorrow,
with mellow melodies of sadness
makes me believe I'm shallow,
as I drown in this mess.

Nothin' New Blues

Been singin' the blues,
about a lifetime or two.
It's nothin' new.

Walking miles wearing the same old shoes,
so the sole's wearing thin.
Metric miles in disintegrating shoes,
until my soul's worn thin.

Singin' these blues
'bout a lifetime or two.
Nothin' ever new.

My sneaker's seams have come unglued
and my socks are soaked straight through.
I'm seemingly easily susceptible to the flu,
while I still feel ill, feeble and subdued.

It's harsh to swallow but it's true,
but if you still need a clue,
I sing my blues to you
because it ain't too hard to do.

Gland

My grandest gland
secretes precious
serotonin, or other
useful bodily fluids,
littered across infertile
lands of khaki sand,
tasting very bland
sprinkled upon
bleached rice,
and lacks enticing spices
after it's ultimately
removed through
intensive arthroscopic
surgeries, as intrusive
perversions of personal
privacy, to expose
bottomless holes within
my whole, without any
formless form of
chemical self help,
until I feel all alone
and/or lonely, but I'm
still happy.

On TV

The people
on TV
aren't like me.

Oh, they're so
pretty,
boney bodies
costumed
for my uneasy
amusement,
and they're so
happy,
sneering bleached
teeth,
canine fangs dipped
bloody,
but I can't be
like the people
on TV.

Oh, I'm so
ugly
in the dusty
screen,
daydreaming of
dreams
where I'm not
me.

The people
on TV
will never
be like me.

I Hate my Face

I hate my face,
and that crooked
look it displays
every morning
from the vanity
mirror,
as I pop the
peaking white-
capped pimples
to be cleansed
in effervescing
peroxide,
subsequently
spewing
oily puss
in wayward
projectiles
to blemish the
compressed
molecules of
this sandy oasis,
reflecting
me.

Happy

What ever happened to happiness?

More effort is required to turn upside
down frowns around than over again,
so simple grimaced faces ripple dimples,
expressing reactions of our primal fear,
when emotionless oceans motion waves
to wash away my subconscious oasis,
and toilets flush draining serotonin in
wishing wells of swelling brain veins.

It sure will be missed.

Delving deep into depressive depths,
I tend to pretend over the ledge,
as fleeting feelings spring little feet,
wanting to sprint past feeble needs,
along the path with shoeless buddhists
searching for shrines of lost ignorance,
or fishing for flopping fish as a treat
of innards where there's no red meat.

What ever happened to happiness?
It sure will be missed.

Each Breath Is an Excuse to Sigh

Exacerbated
expressions of
agitation, irritation
and aggravation are
exhibited by several exaggerated
exhalations, exiting me to the expelled
exterior, but don't expect any expletives,
since actions are better than these explanations.

Nipple

I am
as useful
to the world
as a male
nipple,
spilling
emotionless
milk onto
the marble
countertops
of the state
capitol
from these
unnecessary
pepperoni-
sliced
utters,
consisting
of hardened
reddish skin,
which
summits
outside of
my hairless
chest,
thusly
secretly
secreting
this useless
juice for
you to
suck on.

Empty

The glass is
half empty,
because I
was thirsty.

But the glass
is half full,
and I still
feel empty.

Luck of the Irish

Us cursed with the luck of the Irish
would chop the hemlock tree for one wish -
clear weather conditions/
no potato famines...
no wonder we drink like thirsty fish.

Drunk

I drank so much
that my brain cells
drowned
one by one,
each screaming,
swirling,
around the rounded
tub of the bottle's
broken bottom,
in the whirlpool
of backwashed
beer and blunt
ashes,

until I finish
the final sip
and drive
myself under
the influence
to the store
for some
more.

Five Cent Deposit

My generation's
greatest depression
was spent by
collecting
broken beer bottles,
each fucked by a
bouquet of flowers
aborted from
potholes
across eroded
dirt roads,
in exchange
for Canadian nickels,
as an investment
to repress our
emotional recession.

Alcohol Withdrawal

The lowest tide
tows my
ingrown toes
under the
foam,
until I swallow
the Atlantic
ocean whole,
because I
didn't test
the buoyancy of
kidney stones,
sinking me deep
enough that
I can't help
but develop
the bends.

Devolve

I fear I've devolved
over feelings that
my problems cannot
be mathematically solved
by opposable thumbs
disposing digits in
incorrect calculations,
from my weakened
appendages resembling
osteoporosis fossils,
after the weekend binge.

Alcoholics Anonymous

Hi, my name is Chris
and I'm an alcoholic.
I've been sober about ten minutes
because outside I snuck a nip.

I awake every morning sick,
after slurping a puddle of spilt
liquor staining the shag carpet
with sultry sucks and erotic licks.

I came to this meeting for an immediate fix
so I would no longer exist as an addict,
extending the flame of my extinguished wick
and this slow suicide would occur not-so-quick.

I've climbed the twelve steps but tripped,
tumbling down the spiral stairs of bricks
in spastic somersaults and back flips,
but I survived with just scratches and nicks.

Now I have tired lips,
so for the rest
of the hour I'll sit
and remain quiet.

Liver

My slivered liver
lives off
of filtering
artificial
fillers,

detoxifying
non-toxic
Crayola
products
to flood
crimson
blood
through
periwinkle
blue
veins,

while
synthesizing
dialysis by
synthetically
sustaining
persistently
regenerating
degenerate
cells,
contributed
to science by
dysfunctional
immortal
donors,

finally recycling
sterilized,
pissed away
waste
into a
plastic cup
of iron-rich
onions,
and bottoms up!

It Hurts When I Pee

It's as if I have
salted glass
shards bathing
in my bloated
bladder, as these
sifting Siamese
kidneys roll
burning stones
down my rifling
urethra in
rainbow rivers
of pain.

Dirty Wings

Bleeding out
for a week or so,
all possible exits
leak straight through
hemophilic skin
and into an adult
sized tarred and
feathered diaper,
but with all of
the blood rushing
to my head,
I should be dead
after that time
of the month.

Cut and Paste

I sometimes
trim my
breaking skin
to feel the
repelled
felt pulled
back,
by indenting
my obese
abdomen
repeatedly
with a buttered
butter knife
marinating in
the kitchen sink,
until this
cratered
surface
succumbs
and bleeds,
without infusing
myself
with your
glue.

G.I. Cocktail

He swallows his pain
with a prescription bottle filling handfuls of pills
into a shaking hand,

welcoming hell with a hello
and an unconscious wave from the darkness,

but he awakes to an asphyxiating elixir
pumped within the uneasy queasiness of his

choking esophagus to bypass his gastro-intestinal
tract in the form of a chalky concoction,

forced-fed to him through a tube from a
disheveled orderly dressed in bloodied scrubs,

but he just lies there lying to the world,
as a wounded soldier in a losing war.

Down Syndrome

Chris Butler

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