


Emo



Chris Butler

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Scars Publications 

The poems featured ***Emo*** have been previously published
by the following publications:

bear creek haiku
The Cynic Online Magazine
Down in the Dirt Magazine
Leaf Garden Press
Left Behind Magazine: A Journal of Shock Literature
Love's Chance Magazine
Opium Poetry 2.0
Origami Condom
Zygote in my Coffee

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Morning Wood

At sunrise I find I have already risen
after swimming in a sea of wet dreams,
to see that my appendages are stiff
and damp drops of dew have formed indoors.

I come to notice that I'm affixed to my sheets,
as all the blood floods towards my head
and tangled hairs dangle like icicles from my follicles,
while peeling off caked layers from my encrusted eye.

Every day I erect my cotton tent,
which is the perfect place to hide in.

Pedophile

I fell in love
with a girl,
but I couldn't
get off the
ground for awhile,
staring up her skirt
from under
the bleachers,
when she finally grew
grass under there...

(Under where?)

...under her hairless
underwear.

Token Shakespearean Sonnet

My love does not yet know that I love her,
yet I can't find a way to break the news.
I'll write a letter; *Dear* (insert name here),
but first I must choose the diction to use.

I could amaze her with euphuisms;
I want to be besotted by your grog
and erupt like volcanic orgasms,
or; *You're the arid air to clear my fog.*

She is my auroraborialice,
slipping into my form fitting glass shoe,
so I'll offer her a boring palace
and my dismembered ear; shriveled and blue.

She's the spark to thaw my freezer burnt heart,
but for fine art I'll rely on Hallmark.

Love Sick

Babbling about building a home in Eden as I dabble
from your vast array of temptations and poisoned apples,
I want to sow my seeds in your garden of vegetables
so I can devour your vital vitamins and minerals.

I'll grow you a bouquet of beautiful flowers
straight from a pile of my own fecal matter,
once I soak my sack in a powerful aphrodisiac
so there's no doubt I can lay you on your back.

I need you on your knees begging please,
as I may easily contract your venereal disease.
Even unprotected your face flinches with concern,
unless you drain yourself of my tainted sperm.

You may wash me away like oceanic erosion
or rip me out with a coat hanger as a late-term abortion
and evict me from the shelter of your fetal home,
then toss me in a dumpster behind the prom so I might be alone.

You could read between these lines contextually,
because I would like to reproduce, and not asexually,
since you make me feel like some notion of a man,
instead of some guy with external genitalia in hand.

Dry Vagina

Inside this
dry vagina,
mummified from
asphyxiating latex/
absorbing her
queefed breezes,
lips chap
munching on
edible jelly,
caking dilated
eyes atop
flooded heads,
while swimming
up streams
of Vaseline
with attention-
deficient semen.

Still

Mother's Day, Two-Thousand and Eight,
I awake, around dawn, caked
to my plastic mattress,
as my dearest mistress in distress
huddles on the corner of our bed
in a puddle bloody red,
cuddling her pillow,
flushed of her motherly glow...

We stand in the shower,
steaming under the hot water,
with bubbles foaming lather
and scrub our tinged skin.

Monogamy

I keep my butterfly in a jar
and it sits on display atop my mantle.
I drill tiny air holes in the tin lid,
spread grass across the bottom
and nestle a twig for perching.

But over time the lawn turns brown
and condensation is in drought.
So my imago desires to fly
and unfold the black and gold wings
fluttering against the rounded wall.

In an embrace I grasp the glass case,
knowing I have to unscrew the cap
and discard it far out of sight.
I sit back and turn my head to sigh
and await patiently for flight.

Flowers are for Pansies

Melancholy Colleen
has grown
up
and
away
from her
cauliflower gardens,
and towards
something more
than
the absence
of color
in life,
stretching with
whatever's left
of her lobotomized
brain stem for
some semblance
of heaven,

as she searches
for her paper
heart
littered
among
wilted
lover's letters,
painted with
the stains
of
pressed
petals and
bloodied
from the day's
prepubescent
dew,
leaving me
each season
to be
alone
with
deflowered
nature.

In Vein

One day my heart just up and left
from its bone and cartilage cage in my chest.

First it divorced the arteries and veins,
preventing the valves' drainage from my brain.
Then the four chambers split into two
to muscle through dense flesh and connective tissues.
The medulla oblongata tried but couldn't regulate
this vital artery's premeditated escape.

Using the aorta and cavernous venae cavaes,
my vital organ climbed higher and higher,
ascending this esophagus,
damming my rapid pulse,
causing me to convulse and cough
my myocardin right out of my mouth.

When it was gone I crawled along the floor,
following the blood trails through the back door.

(bleeping)

My (bleeping) heart,
bleated and bleeding,
beats to my feet
and into the floor,
before it beats
no more.

Muse

Her eyes
lie in the
center
of the artist's
brain storm,
which is why
he names
poems of
pain and
hurricanes
after girls.

I'm Sorry

Loving her
meant never
having to
apologize for
writing my
wrongs,
but I'm sorry
for ever
loving her.

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Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (MFV Inclusive), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, *assorted artists* String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Screaching to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the Joanne Powlers Trio* Fusion (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kuypers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kuypers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kuypers* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Kuypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kuypers and the HA!man of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set)