



Montage of Madness
Poems of Pain by Chris Butler

*The Poems in **Montage of Madness** Have Been
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Cover Artwork by Chris Butler and Kyle Baris

Dedicated to the life of Kyle Baris

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Hippie

I was born
a flower child,
but grew up
in the life of pesticides,

dying in the dirt
that once gave birth,
succumbing to the sun
that once nurtured nature,

but what happens
when the fire of
napalm pollinates palm trees
to create life?

Wild Fire

Fires run wild
across the dry countryside.

Orange glowing coals
roar with the souls
of the damned,
crackling like
the laughter
of devils,
whistling like
the wick of
imminent fireworks,
hissing with a
vacuum of oxygen
deprivation,
while bringing
the smoldering world
around it to silence.

Weeping Willow

For Ali

Please don't cry
weeping willow.

The sun will come out
to dry tomorrow.

Drinking rivers won't
drown your sorrow.

Underground, your callow
roots will mop up
all of the overflow.

So please don't worry
weeping willow,
I will keep your
wood afloat.

Opposite Sex

In many instances
on this planet,

the male is
the beautiful species.

The peacock's plumage,
the lion's mane,
and singing frogs.

However, homo sapiens
are hairy apes,
but our woman
is the artists' goddesses.

Designer Skin

Some people
are comfortable
in their own
skin,

yet others
feel trendy dressed
in designer
fibers,

but a few
folks feel better
wearing the skin
of others.

These citizens
are referred
to as
serial killers.

Who are you wearing?

He/She

Who should I be?
Him, her or me?
Or a castrated
he slash she?

A white man
with a gentile head
mutilated in white
khakis

or a disarticulated
woman prettified
and cut by a white
triangular
dress.

Or maybe
they'll push
he slash she
into the room
with handicapped
wheels.

Third Wheel

The third wheel
tries to get in the middle
of bisexual bicycles,
creating a love triangle
of cyclical predicaments
riding on tricycles.

Good Fortune

I cracked
open a
fortune cookie
and it read,

“Come back later...
I am sleeping.
(Yes, cookies need
their sleep too)”.

I guess
I’ll never
get to
rest
(in bed).

Damaged Goods

I am the can
of store brand
creamed corn,
dented and left
on the shelf,
behind the
rotating stock
of my long lost
cousins and
the cultivating
coverlet of
consumer dust,
only to be
discovered
years after my
expiration date.

Bruised Fruit

I am
the last
apple left
hanging in
the orchard,
skin dented
with bruises
that will
never heal,

left to rot
and decompose
in the compost
once my quivering
pinkie finger
stem surrenders
to the Autumn wind
and the gravitational
pull of Newton's
cranium,

until he devours
me raw, tossing
aside my soul core
once his hunger
is satisfied.

Ego

The ego
is a rubber based
balloon,
a yellow smiley
face
floating freely
towards the cloudy
sky,
bloated blue
from atmospheric
pressure,
filled to capacity
with hot air
helium,
until it bursts
with a pin prick
and
shrivels into
the form of a
scrotum.

Hope is a Hot Air Balloon Flying by the Power Lines

Hope is a hot air balloon flying by the power lines,

so don't fly too high
or you'll fry,

zap, crackle, pop!

But if you go too low,
you might knock off
the hanging kitty
dangling by one
paw's single claw
on the high wire
without a net.

It would be
a pity for it
to let go.

Slow Clap

One hand clapping sounds
the one man band then
the crowd's crescendo
into one celebratory moment.

Where are There Stars?

Where are there stars?

Where they are
is so very far.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
cannot be traveled by car.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
is not on Hollywood Boulevard.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
couldn't be confined behind iron bars.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
the darkness never departs.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
constellations burn further apart.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
breaks my gazer's heart.

Where are there stars?

Where they are
is worlds apart

from where we are.

Church and State

god is a fraud,
sending prophets
for profit

as the collection plate
is passed from pew to pew

until it is spewing
George Washingtons.

Antichrist

The antichrist will have...

Alexander's modesty,
Caesar's backstabber,
Napoleon's stature,
Washington's wooden smile,
Lincoln's beard,
Hitler's mustache,
Mussolini's jowl,
Churchill's thirst,
FDR's seat,
Mao's squint,
Stalin's empathy,
Castro's lung capacity,
Che's face,
Kennedy's head,
Nixon's middle and ring fingers,
Pol Pot's eyesight,
Kim Jong Il's stand-in,
Bill Clinton's penis,
Hillary Clinton's menopause,
G.W. Bush's dim wit,
Obama's hopelessness...

and is the next president of THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!!

(Published soon after the presidential election of 2012)

Hell

I've been to hell
and back
but I found the weather
to be better
down there
than it is up here
on earth,
even when I left
with a sunburn.

And although heaven
has the best view,
I know I'll never rest
eternally next to you.

Heaven's Sunset

Heaven's sunset
is paradise across
hell's horizon line,

to melt the flesh
and burn our souls,

as blood red clouds
shoot blinding beams
through the pupils of
earth's onlookers.

From atop the hills,
the angels and the devils
bask above the scents.

Heaven is a gated community
and I'm in the ninety-ninth percentile.

Angels' Wings

Angels
in three piece
suits

don't need
to spread their
wings

to fly
into the
sky,

away
from the peace
of clouds

paved with concrete,

as the
rest of us
are left

with skyscrapers' skeletal remains.

OK

Everyday,
I wish that somebody,
anybody,
would say,

“Everything is going to be ok.”

Instead, they just tell me to relax.
I guess that’s why man created Xanax.

Chasing That High

I've been
chasing that high
for such
a long time,

like a dog
dizzily following
its stubby nub
of a snipped tail
in circles
until it burrows
into the earth,

that I've
forgotten
what that high
ever felt like.

King Cobra

The snake's fangs
penetrate my veins,
dripping venom
from its oral syringe,

spiking through the scales
of the concrete jungle's
hooded hoodlum,

becoming a servant
to the serpent,
sweating as if I was in hell,
as I seek my next
fleeting fix of
getting bitten.

Junkyard

The junkies inhabit the junkyard,
tied up inside of the scrapheap.

They stripped themselves of all precious base metals and
collapsed their own copper wire veins down to bare bones

and sold it,

until wreckers crushed
the rest of their bodies
into fist sized blocks.

Pain and Panic

I awake
everyday,

to a body
that can't even
fall off the
wrong side
of the bed

and a mind
and a heart
sprinting a
one hundred
yard dash in
a race with
no finish line
in sight.

Early Morning Self-Loathing

Early morning
self-loathers
shower

with their
soaps, dandruff
shampoos and
conditioners,
filthy washcloths,
dull and rusty
razor blades in
disposable shavers,
miles of fishing
line floss and
toothbrushes
balding bristles,

because they
can't look at
themselves, even
in the foggy mirror.

Nightmares by Daylight

The nightmares begin
with the sun's rebirth,
when I haven't slept for
days, weeks, months, years.

Until I no longer know
the difference between
my subconscious
and consciousness.

Between the Blinks

Behind
the thin skin lids hides
my crying eyes
from the ultraviolet light
in the sky

for one moment at a time,
until the dry
sockets are blinded
by the sights
of life.

Forgetting to Breathe

BREATHE!

AIR!

Gasping inhales,
exasperated exhales.

PANIC!

Quaking chest,
muscular tremors.

ATTACK!

Fade to black.

The Agony All Around Me

Everything hurts.
Nervous nerves.
Migraine headaches.
Broken bones.
Hollowed marrow.
Slithering spine.
Peeled skin.
Soulless heels.
Collapsible veins.
Disjointed joints.
Tender tendonitis.
Arthritic limbs.
Bandaged appendages.
Shriveled liver.
Harvested kidneys.
Volcanic stomach.
Disheartened heart.
Phantom pains.

And that's just
what hurts
on the inside.

One Inch

My unfocused
pointer finger
and my
devolved thumb
are only
one inch apart
and closing,
to signify just
how close
I am to the
lemmings' edge.

The Matter of Life and Death

Pain
is a reason why
some feel
alive.

Pain
is the reason why
the rest choose
to die.

Cyanide

Swallow
a whole
bottle
of Tylenol,
to call
it a night,
then call
it a life.

Old Age

Age
is merely a measurement
of how many
times
one
has been spun
around the sun,

and how old
one
becomes
all depends
on how dizzy
one
feels
as they fall
down
to earth
or
how long it
takes to
pick themselves
up
again
towards the sky.

My Fear

I only fear death
in that I may be
reincarnated
into a Hindu cow
or resurrected
to be the sun king's
second coming,

forcing me to
live out life
more than just
this once.

As the Poet's Pen Weeps

Tears smear
the groans and moans
of the poet.

Blacks,
blues,
even incorrect reds
run through the
tissue paper

to create a
beautiful rainbow
of misery.

This Poem is a Metaphor (Because She Never Smiles for Similes)

This poem is a metaphor
for more than this world's
vocabulary of words,

or the girl that pours
out of my fountain pen
into caricature letters
of her curvature figure
of speech, standing
as a silent silhouette
before the peephole
of the soul,

but my mind's eye is blind
when viewing my sentence
in the imprisonment of capital
punishment letters and punctuations,

as we are locked in a trance
of transference through
the broken window of
a glass home.

This poem is a metaphor
because she never smiles for similes.

The "F" Word

Fuck
is the most functional four letter word in the
world.

It is a
noun: I didn't give a fuck when I wrote this
pronoun: I wrote this all by my-fucking-self
verb: I fucked a letter, which gave birth to words
and then bred several sentences
adverb: This poem fucking sucks
adjective: This is not a fucking poem
conjunction: I considered recycling this paper, but
fucking didn't care
interjection: Fuck it
preposition: Who would read this? Fuck if I know
and every word in a sentence: Fuck!

Dirty Mind

I write
with the hand
that wipes.

Constipation

Shit
is written
in one minute.

Classics
are composed
on the toilet.

This
was inspired
by constipation.

H _ N G M _ N

This word is killing me.

By the twenty-fifth incorrect guess,
I've tallied up my
head, torso, arms, legs, fingers, toes
and gallows,
but since my vowels were disemboweled,

I'm already dead.

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