

Chris Butler

A Time to Be Alive

A time when it is illegal to live,
when the masks hide the enemy in all of us
and don't protect the heroes running in through the crowd,
in the first rotations of a steel barricade, chain links and ply board blender
that fully encircles main street USA, pouring in the Molotov cocktails
to influence the tires of a burnt out police car to reach for the sky.

Smoking

While dead poets smoke their ancestral pipes
packed of potpourri and dried weeded flowers,
convulsing the capillaries to expunge
the phlegm with each coughing breath,
an exhale that exhausts the notion of being on high
with the gods.

Thirsty for salty tears...

Butterflies
in desperate search for salt,
will berate a turtle
so it can drink its tears.