

shut your fucking mouth. tradition does not seem to be  
working because of its mechanical tone  
its one that paralyzes my thoughts and defies my  
suspense, I breeze through walls as they scratch  
my floor boards a blue light. looks up, white flash looks  
away and one blue little fuck makes me look up  
two blue fucks make me look away. this is not the truth,  
this is lies, this is bullshit.  
I resolve you with a trick of hand and a joke of sight.