

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.