

RATHER A FEW MISTAKES THAN FUCKING BOREDOM

giant cameras whirring  
on the lens hood of each  
stands a rifleman

his warning shot  
as the image approaches  
sounds in the past

today we are scraping  
every particle from the tin  
cocoa tin telephones

smell of steam trains  
unable to act his deformity  
sounds every where

empty affects all thinking  
whistling sounds  
as the familiar voice sells its pretension

(oh guide my hand  
to make these tracks  
i do not understand

soft needle mind  
now fills all grooves  
to amplify time's wind)