

# The First Cuss

## Firehose

the first cuss  
it bust the rust right off the padlocks!  
sprung the cells as well  
wrung the bells on the alarm clocks  
raymond's paintings stating faking is the shifts  
while minnesota's busting quotas on the blues lick  
mowing and hoeing and growing from towing the bonus weight  
from tradition's mission of vision, wide as the great lakes!  
now the formula calls for us to play the same part  
fifty times more  
but fuck it . . .

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