

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 shits
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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