

# Typing: 1974-2048

## The Faint

i've been  
typing for hours while he waits  
alone in the bushes  
there's a guy on the back lawn  
he can look under mats but he won't get in  
he scales the walls with almost no sound  
i'm sitting dead still with the light on  
i'm sending off my resignation  
before he gets to all i got  
i'm staring at nothing  
my frozen joints all broke away  
i'm sending off to find them

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