

Fairweather, The Treachery Of Images

the volume is up again.
closing the spaces left in this room. to watch instead.
it's light somehow will wash this out, this image, from playing out with
programmed time.
i'm moving in circles here. just watching this gun, these hands.
these hours are losing count.
waiting. wishing there was a way to stop this.
i can't help it now.
this light somehow will wash out, this image.
from playing out and keeping time.
believing in all i fear.
i'm breathing out. this repeating line.
the last thing i'm seeing is bleeding in through the sound.
just turn it up again.
but i don't know this...wash out the images.
and hoping that it might that it just might not come again.
you turn and watch the screen.
get up. do anything you can.