

## **Trap Them**

### **"Wafers And Wine Of Sandblast Times"**

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There were smelling salts that day, and she was like  
him was like them was like us, holding plagiarized  
decisions based off backlogs of survival tactics in  
another phone booth founded on shattered glass and  
traffic stops. and every one of those corner dives had  
quiet young teeth that were ready to spark the hidden  
cameras... ready to document the damns and fights of  
revolt built on a stolen dime. and we all screamed,  
"nevermind the cops. just keep your head down and  
your eyes on your watch and when the sky turns loud  
and your body shakes apart, give them a horror / sight  
of how the vigilantes march." there was a halo of shock  
that night that surrounded the city halls, the statue  
stones. it blocked the doors and gave up the roads to  
threats and running hostile codes. cadavers rose and  
walked out of morgues and looked for new ways to  
signal out that the hired guns will not work tonight. that  
the mains will run wild tonight.

That the sewers' residents, the alley's inhabitants, the  
orders' vacants...

All toss their livened limbs into tonight

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