

Who are you

Who are you,
To act in such a way,
Always so askew.

You see me in blue,
Conveying obscenities for your dismay,
Who are you.

You blow through,
In your fury of rage over a parfait,
Always so askew.

Who are you,
To dehumanize me as if that is okay,
To think I adhere to you.

As you blow through,
In your ever so apparent disarray,
Always so askew.

I am no less of a being as crew,
What does that make you when you act in such a way,
Who are you,
Always so askew.