

# One Two

## Fresh Moods

Rows  
Of flailing light  
Rip open eyes  
Long closedCrack,  
The clamor of  
The cranes above  
She growsTall  
And tenuous,  
She rouses us  
BelowOne two  
One twoSore  
And lazy-eyed  
I wonder if  
She knows  
Of all  
The victimized  
Who don't know where  
They'll goOne two  
One twoOne two  
One twoWhen  
She falls asleep  
I wait for her  
RepriseAnd then  
They drill her walls  
Awake to remember me

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