One Two

BlackMoon

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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