

# Yellow Second, Fruit Flies

the red follow pink  
voices and eyes trembling tell you  
of my stance, one last glance  
on the brink  
intellect flees its cell  
so long now,  
I'll swallow whole  
or utter stillborn sentiment  
she knows how  
for she taught me  
but could it be me that was wrong?  
she summons a tear  
as all her efforts decay  
years reverse, it's much worse  
than she fears  
her firstborn inveighs