

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