

Tool, Jimmy

What was it like to see
the face of your own stability
suddenly look
away
leaving you with the dead and hopeless?
Eleven and she was gone.
Eleven is when we waved good-bye.
Eleven is standing still,
waiting
for me to free him by
coming hooooooooome.
Moving me with a sound.
Opening me within a gesture.
Drawing me down and in,
showing me
where it all began,
Eleven.