

# One

By: James Berry

Only one of me  
And nobody can get a second one  
From a photocopy machine.

Nobody has the fingerprints I have.  
Nobody can cry my tears, or laugh my laugh  
Or have my expectancy when I wait.

But anybody can mimic my dance with my dog.  
Anybody can howl how I sing out of tune.  
And mirrors can show me multiplied  
Many times, say, dressed up in red  
Or dressed up in grey.

Nobody can get into my clothes for me  
Or feel my fall for me, or do my running.  
Nobody hears my music for me, either.

I am just this one.  
Nobody else makes the words  
I shape with sound, when I talk.

But anybody can act how I stutter in a rage.  
Anybody can copy echoes I make.  
And mirrors can show me multiplied  
Many times, say, dressed up in green  
Or dressed up in blue.