

# Yattering, ...An Inanimate

An inanimate  
Blood - red spot  
Awakes curiosity  
Of the crowd passing by  
Still warm pieces of  
A short life  
Bits of human flesh  
Deprived of shape  
Reached by fate  
Enhances common fear  
Of the crowd passing by  
It's fate breathes deep  
It's fate welters nearby  
Smoking and coughing  
Biting nails  
He may recognize  
Half - dried drops of blood  
And a smell  
The exciting fragrance  
Of broken innocence  
The tuth's endangered  
So off he goes  
With a tear in his eye  
And the same  
Question - why?  
Slowly he dissapears  
Among the indifferent crowd  
Passing by...