

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...