

# HANNAH WATTS

## *INTO THE GREY*

It spilled there  
a crimson flower on cement  
one drop of who-ever you are exposed  
warm wet not yet drying in the sun  
how could you be so careless?  
leaving your precous life nectar for a stranger to find  
will you thank God that you have enough to carry you away?  
your deal with the sidewalk  
sealed in blood and ink  
seeps into the gray