

## Red

Beneath the street light,  
What I knew was red, like fire,  
Had changed to ash:  
All its richness bled to grey.

I fought it,  
But no other colour would come;  
No hint of pink, or amber or maroon:  
Just this stubborn, nothing-hue.

I thought:  
The moon will tell the truth,  
Won't enfold me in this grey pall.  
But above, all light was doused in clouds.

So I walked away  
From the bright neon lie  
And embraced the dark,  
Keeping my red inside.

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