

# 1 am some October night

*by* FM Le

Running through a field of flowers  
during a lightning storm; not giving a fuck  
if I get electrocuted—maybe I'll electrocute back.

October—a birth and a death; nostalgia has  
her fingers creeping along my throat,  
a brush with a tiny bit of death.

And I want to self-destruct—at night, I can't  
see his face, and the memories shuffle—chaotic.  
I cannot recall; I cannot touch them with my brain.

