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.