

# *October*

I haven't slept in three nights.

I know I make life too much  
In a way only an insomniac can

This evening breaths of air soft still  
And its rarity belongs to no one but October  
Trees try to hid their mistake and  
Revert to a time primitive

Before I spread away from comfort  
And learned I could molt

This night only perceived as inconsistent tells  
Faith and romance they matter  
As little as if  
I loose tonight to sleep

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