2:15 AM

A cathartic fog sneaks itself on little cat feet over the terrain of my unconsciousness. Falling into memory like a fever, I see it come through the cracks of the windowpane- A love, a wind. Your eyes like headlights from heaven driven down to save me. Your smile shining brighter than the North Star. In a town so easy to get lost in; Far from a world I had once known, I always find my way to you. The red star in the constellation of my personal cosmology.