

Interlude; 9/23/87 4:34 am - Falling

Crywolf

September twenty-third, nineteen eighty-seven

Four thirty-four a.m

Falling

And so I touched myself that night, like I usually do

Picturing your hands caressing me

Yet every time I close my eyes, the only face I can see was Lucifer's

"He'll never leave you alone , you know" you said

Sitting in a chair in the corner of a room

"He knows your scent."