

**Homicide: The Game**  
Presents  
**Painseeker**

**"Painseeker"**  
by Lance Wagner

Dearest Painseeker,  
from this porch  
watching you  
in the field  
chin out  
searching for a breeze  
leaves me torn.

The coming storm  
will wound  
both of us.

You  
because I know  
it will blister  
the open arms  
you welcome it with.

Me  
because I believed  
I could have  
stopped the storm.

When the storm passes  
I will go to the field  
take your battered form  
back to the porch.

But after I  
kiss your wounds,  
all tears dried  
pride restored  
will you leave again?

Or will you stay  
and realize  
the angel you seek  
in a breeze  
has been here all along?

*Lance Wagner*  
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