

Homicide: The Game
Presents
Painseeker

"Passion's Flashes"
by Raychel Wagner

I first felt lightning at the age of five
Watching the wind kick clouds across the sky.
Flat on my back, half asleep in the grass
and hypnotized by a sinister sky.

The flick of fire brought fear
too late, as a lick of lightning lit through my eyelids.

Synapses sent screaming in electric epilepsy,
jolting and jangling, my mind momentarily mangling,
when darkness descended for a moment of madness.
Then sudden silence and a relieving rain.

Brain ablaze, mouth muted,
The smell of smoke still in my nostrils,
Eyes almost blind to the epiphany,
for first lessons in love are seldom so pitch perfect.

Passion comes in fleeting flashes.
Love leaves us aflame.

Raychel Wagner
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