

No Damage Nocturne

Q and Not U

New air at night.
It's like it happens for you, except it's all at night.
It probably happens to you.
They switch the air at night.
They never leave a trace, breathe your air at night.
No fingerprints. No damage.
This air is cleaner for you.
Buildings full of secrets emptied for the holidights.
Breathing like a secret while we're sweeping up your halls at night.
Lungs all full of secrets.
Vacant like a hole at night, breathing information.
It hits the fan with a sigh.
What if we came to get you in the middle of the night or for a getaway?
What if all your belongings were fast asleep and far away,
but available to tap for blood and money in the daytime?
It's not a holiday.
Nights are never holidays.
Disaster secrets.
My lungs are full of these secrets in a sequence patterned for you.
Swept under your front door,
you wake in time to see if it finally happened to you.
Swept under your front door.
Asleep at your front door.
What if they tried a shake-out, but it didn't work?
They tried to time it.
They set some timers.
Centuries tried to set it but it didn't behave.
On and on.