

In the midst of the night, buildings tower over a teen boy, his gaze drifting from the ground to the shimmering, bright neon signs around him. The sky was consumed by smoke and muck, blocking the bright stars from view. The pavements were fresh, but gum still managed to litter every inch of the surface.

Matt shivered in disgust. He knew he wasn't meant to be out here after 10 p.m., but the midnight sky was so enthralling it consumed his mind. No one would bother to check anyway, and even if they did they probably wouldn't send a firing squad. Probably.

He pulled out his refill, the sight of the sky's contrast with the dirty pavements inspiring him to write more of his amazing poems. Matt had just lifted his pen when suddenly the wind ripped the paper out of his tanned hands. The audacity! His arm brushed against the off-white sheet but it fluttered away before he could grab it. It probably wasn't a good thing that he had written his full name on his poem, since if anyone managed to get a hold of it they would immediately hunt him down. Poems weren't necessarily banned, but they were not things you wanted to be seen writing.

Matt's legs carried him briskly down streets of monochromatic greys. The paper was always in his line of sight until it swooped into one of the city's dreaded alleyways. He skidded to a halt, his old converses scraping on the filthy concrete. He was ready to run after the paper again when his gaze landed on something laying on the dirty walls of the dingy backstreet. Or rather, someone.

A body was there, mangled and ripped apart like a lion's dinner. It was horrifying. He opened his mouth to scream when a cold hand slapped across his mouth.

"Shh!" a voice hissed.

Matt wrenched the surprisingly strong hand off of him and whirled around, ready to use his inky black pen as a weapon. What greeted him was unbelievable.

This person was completely paper white, their skin quite literally as white as snow. The only thing not white about them was their blindingly sparkly pink clothes. They looked like the most extreme stripper he had ever seen. Most notable of all, however, was the fact that their white body was head-to-toe drenched in blood.

"Jesus Christ!" Matt exclaimed. "Are you the devil?"

"Sure!" The person chirped, and if that wasn't the most annoying voice Matt had ever heard in his life. The two of them tilt to look at the corpse again. He almost gagged at the sight.

"We should probably do something about that." the person said. Matt stared at him in disbelief.

"Why's this my problem? I'm not the one who murdered this poor innocent person!"

"Okay, first of all, I didn't murder whoever this is. How dare you think that! Also, we can't just leave it here. Have you ever heard of motion sensors, dumbbo?" the person, who was still coated in blood, replied.

"There's motion sensors in the city?!" Matt cried. "Oh my god..."

Their back-and-forth conversation continued for what seemed like hours, getting into disagreements and insulting each other many times. Both of them weren't on the same wavelength regarding what to do with the corpse, and time was starting to run out.

“Where would we find a shredder big enough to fit a person in?” Matt sighed, done with the person’s useless jabbering. “The next thing you’re gonna say is to put it in an incinerator or something.”

The person looked at Matt in a flash

“An incinerator! Perfect! You little genius. No one will find ashes.”

Matt stared as those words left the person’s mouth.

“You can’t be serious.” he crossed his arms.

“C’mooooon! Just help me, or things will end up horrible for the both of us.”

The corpse was extremely heavy. However, the person seemed to lift the disgusting thing like it was no effort at all.

“Feeling tired, princess?” the person asked as they neared the city’s trash incinerator. “Don’t worry, it’s almost over.”

Matt elected to ignore the person’s words, the ground cowering under his spiteful gaze.

The incinerator was located on the very far side of the city, next to the brown, rotted ocean.

There was no one around it, and there never had been. Something about ‘Nuclear Waste’, whatever that was.

“I’m loving your poem, by the way.” the person said.

Matt stopped in his place. “What?!” He shouted.

The person pulled out his lost paper from under their shirt and started to read it out, avoiding Matt’s attempts to snatch it out of his slender hands.

‘Passion- Matt Keorge

The night sky shimmers under my breath

My shaky hands reach towards it, cupping it in my hands

I try to add it to my heart

But it flees me

I chase after it like a bird

Flying through the city

And I come upon a gate

It blocks me from-’

“This is the worst thing I’ve ever read,” said the person.

Matt made a noise of shock, and the psycho stared at him.

“You didn’t really think that this was good, right? This is the most pathetic piece of rebellion I’ve ever seen- your little poem isn’t even enough to get you executed!”

Matt stood there, astounded.

“I’m not writing poems for rebellion! I just like doing it!” He lied through his teeth.

No one had ever told him anything so harsh before, and it stung like someone had slapped him across the face. The person lifted the mangled corpse onto the incinerator, the ferocious flames biting at their hands. It landed on the small conveyor belt with a large thump and Matt shook nervously.

They watched the body become consumed with orange, skin melting and a horrible stench piercing their nostrils.

“Well, I guess this is goodbye!” The person smiled cheerfully.

Matt stared despondently at the dirty gravelled ground.

“Awe, c’mon babes... You could always pick up art or something! As long as there’s no writing.”

And with that, the person sprinted off into a maze of buildings.

The sun was starting to rise, and Matt still hadn't moved from his spot next to the incinerator for minutes. He couldn't help but look at the bloody incinerator, feeling stupid that they hadn't bothered to clean it after the incident. What if the person came back and put him in the incinerator? They had said that they hadn't murdered whoever that once was, but he didn't really feel inclined to believe them. Matt pulled up the will to move and dragged his feet to his apartment. That experience was not making him feel good about going outside after curfew again. It was a miracle he hadn't been sick all over that alleyway's floor. He climbed through the window, slightly bumping into two of the flower pots he kept on his windowsill. He stood still in his lounge for a minute and then burst into tears. Was he really that bad at writing poems? So bad that he had been suggested to give it up? Y'know what, fine. He would quit writing those stupid poems! All they'd done was get him into trouble. He went around the apartment, gathering every one of those damned poems, and throwing them in his fireplace. Finally, he pulled out 'Passion' from his pocket. It was crusted with blood, and stank like flesh. Matt threw that in the fireplace too, not wanting to ever be reminded of this night again.

The smoke clouded his eyes, and as the flashes of the mangled body carved into his mind, he couldn't help but think of how someone was being missed and wouldn't be found, all because of his and the person's stupid decisions.