

Like seasons, pain repeats  
*by Cam Best*

Dead rose petals pluck off like insect legs –  
falling one by one from winter’s soft kiss.  
Crunching cicada shells – Sweet cider kegs  
are bursting from the burden of young bliss.

Romance is in blackened flowers, water  
turning brown in the crystal vase. It takes  
mother’s young son and father’s sweet daughter  
to the slaughterhouse of future heartbreaks.

Beyond fierce kisses and petty yearning,  
I have not missed you slightly. Such lust heats  
and brims like hot wax from candle burning,  
and scorches me. Like seasons, pain repeats.

Roses resemble relationships: blooming  
when cared for – But winter is always looming.