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.