his love life and the poem he's recently written. While at first glance the poem seems to only speak of the former, upon closer reading of the countless paradoxes and metaphors, it is obvious that the speaker's true focus is on his writing. It makes sense then that the love for he feels for this piece of work is truly stronger and deeper than his love for the woman. So while the flower of his love has lived and died, the blossom of his writing will be forever fresh in the minds of readers.

Carefree

By Nick Cellucci

The passage of time flows differently there.
It's a place, not in space, but in the deep recesses of my memory.
It shifts shape, morphs color.
Sometimes when I'm there I see a cold, dead field,
The long grasses dried and browned, with not even the slightest breeze to breathe life into them and make them dance.

But we didn't care.

How we ran, plowing down the grass under our bodies as we tumbled carelessly,
The shapes we made mimicking the places the deer slept under the silence of the starless sky.

Sometimes when I'm there it rains,
And the mud is slick and perilous,
And the thick, gray skies break their silence and yawn open with a mighty thunderous boom that seems to shake the eroding earth.

But we didn't care.

How we laughed, splashing in a thousand tiny lakes,
Our long hair plastered wet against our smiling faces.
The great craters we dug without tools, now oceans across which we would skip meteorites found nearby.

Sometimes when I'm there I can hardly move,
For the gravity of the sun seems to be working in reverse,
Its unbearable heat pinning me to the grass,
Now cool, soft, and green.

But we'll never care.

The trees my father planted long ago tower overheard, providing new shade as our bodies grow and age.
And we gaze into an infinitely blue chasm of sky,
Finding no clouds in which to store our childhood dreams,
Which slowly fade away.