

## Nature Boy

I knew I was lost when I looked in his eyes. They were two North Stars, leading me away from that terrifying concrete forest, and back into his breezy arms. He was the warmth of a fire, the relief of a clean stream.

He was the oxygen in my lungs, a fish that I ate, a tiny friendly spider upon my palm. But all things die; even trees, even love.

The birds stopped singing for us. The sap from the trees a little less sweet. The water in the stream a little less clear. His stars led me back to the skyscrapers, to an angry hot dog vendor on the street.

Even he needs love, nature boy whispered.

I wanted to decorate my apartment with the flowers in his hair. He wouldn't let me.

They will die here, he explained. As I will, too.

How could I not let him go when he lay dying in my arms?