

In my dream, your naivety is amplified possibly one hundred times.

In my dream, you thoroughly embrace all forms of male attention.

In my dream, the man who cares about you is nowhere to be seen, but there's a man to both your left and right, one a once-dear friend, both with arms around you, and you don't seem to know the difference.

In my dream, I come between them with no object more than to pester.

In my dream, things are somehow better.

In my dream, things are somehow easier.

In my dream, I don't need to wonder if I love you, or if I even could.

In my dream, I don't need to care.

In my dream, I can look at that generic blue and brown backpack without being taken away.

Lucy represents new flesh and fresh blood.

I've let my feelings for you grow stale, perhaps it's time to move on.