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My Favorite Candle

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JACKSON

My Favorite Candle

I ooze my fingers into your

Warm, liquid dampness

After your fire is lighted.

Warmthness of your soft, jellied

Marsh electrifies my slippery hand

After I touch you.

Around and round, I stroke

The silky immersion,

Glorifying in your juicy softness;

The dewey freshness

Touches my soul,

Igniting the flames.

Round and round, harder,

Intensifies the moisture;

My hand drips dew.

I could linger on forever

In your ethereal glow,

But my now withdrawn hand

Is dessicated by the Air.