



INSTINCT

If the heat was bothersome, my antics would have come to an end having shone a bright but brief light.

I am neither here nor there, where I am is inside you in need of more than a hum.

In search of your wet spots, the well that never runs dry. The rush is all encompassing; this is a first and the first of many.

In you I have found the meaning to ecstasy.

