



AFTERGLOW

By Wayne Visser

The flash of your smile still glints
The charge of your pulse still flints
The spark of your laugh still bursts
The flame of your voice still thirsts

The wisp of your scent still looms
The blush of your look still blooms
The breeze of your breath still strokes
The spice of your taste still stokes

The sear of your kiss still burns
The mark of your touch still yearns
The heat of your blood still flows
The fire of your heart still glows

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