

'Melting'

When I was a little girl,
and my mom allowed me being in the kitchen
while she was cooking,
I adored just looking
how butter and sugar
melted in the surface
of a heated pan,
the smell they produced was so
delicious,
intoxicating.

My fixation for melting just started.

After feeling butter and sugar,
I started experimenting
with the melting sensation of chocolate
in my mouth,
then...
I found pleasure in chocolate,
its taste,
its smell,
its sweetness in its bitterness,
its textures,
its shapes.

Finding pleasure in melting,
how bizarre, I thought,
until...

Until,
I felt myself
melting in your arms.

Melting
by the slight sound of music,
the subtle caress of your lips in mine,
your mischievous kisses in my neck,
the touch of your warm hands,
all
in the most luminescent darkness.

It all started
with butter and sugar,
chocolate and its pleasure,
and has ended with you.

However,

this is not an ending,
is the very beginning of my passion.