

The Audience

From core to extremity, that familiar burn begins to crawl.

Every counter intentioned breath only fuels the sensation.

Is it the chance of failure, urging my withdrawal?

Or is it pure, unbridled, raw anticipation?

Commencement is upon me, with deep yearning to enthrall.

Before my thoughts catch up to me, begins the separation.

My mind is secondary now, my soul above it all.

Gushing from me, through me, creative liberation.

My fulfillment is complete, but without you, not at all.

I offer all I have: Absolute appreciation.