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Dancing With A Candle

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The heat transfers to my hand
As my cupped hand favors the small flame
The flame grows steadily from a child to a mature being
Giving off the soft radiance it creates.

We both step back and look at each other
She receives my warm smile by reaching for my hands
Like a floating angel she guides me to a joy never felt
Anytime in my life.

Soon, we both embrace, more like grasp each other
Acting afraid that one of us will be taken away prematurely
That can't happen tonight, though
Because we've found one another.

Making symmetric geometry with our dancing steps
Our eyes meet again and again hoping to fetch a glimpse
Without the other looking
So as to appreciate the other in privacy.

The perfect smell clings to the perfect woman
Apricots growing on trees
Their scent is carried swiftly by the passing breeze
Is what she must be wearing

I can't help but kiss her
And I do; she lingers with my lips for awhile
As we keep moving to the melody
The candle won't go out this evening.