

Spark

You are the spark,
the fire beneath my skin
at the base of my spine
crawling up,
fighting its way out.

You make the wolf inside
growl and beg
eyes red and fangs bloody,
itching for exposure.
I howl at the moon.

You are my fever,
sweat dripping down my neck
legs tangled in the sheets
eyes closed, begging for a cool touch.
I will never sweat you out.

You are the spark
A burning candle in the darkest room
illuminating the ash stained walls,
teaching me where to go.
You set fire to the night.
The whole world, ablaze.