

## Title:

In Praise of Satin -- Wordy Pleasures in Mind inDeed! - Sheets of fun or just Fun in sheets?

## Word Count:

344

## Summary:

Full of humor and imagery that scintillates the senses - rather as satin does!

## Keywords:

satin, satin sheets, satin lingerie, satin pajamas

## Article Body:

Satin exudes such wonderful images and connotations that it seems to have transcended its own meaning. From this point, perhaps sensual is one of the better descriptions one can find, though of course, there are endless possibilities of its use for conveying such a fascinating variety of over and undertones.

Onomatopoeia-cally pronouncing, the word epitomizes, conveys, abounds with that slithery sound of scintillating seduction, so smoothly stroking the senses as it swishes around savoring those saucy secret seconds that strengthen the soft sequences with a silky suave-icity sweetly secreting its soulful sound saturating this scribe with solicitously sinewy baloney ...need I say more! And I seem to have covered a fair few synonyms at the same time.

Imagery invoked from a few moments of thinking allows one to daydream the night away with fanciful fantasies of frolicking in fields of fern in a feeling frenzy of fearlessness fused with ...(OK, I know when to stop...well, maybe?)

Satin hits you with its moods of regality, opulence, or just downright "I'm in the mood" flashing billboard or banner. It is thoroughly expressive, exploding on ones senses in a way that you just wouldn't normally suspect from a piece of cloth. Then again it contradicts itself with that impressively delicate quality of smooth feminine softness lounging there exquisitely in such relaxed pose. It reassures you and soothingly opens you to its timeless side of passive restfulness.

As trimming on ones cot bedding is often where one first comes into contact with this motherly material. It took away the rough edges of life -- a bodily

knowledge grasped when young minds' concepts were still blended like baby foods; even earlier still, as one climbed ones mother's mountains and nestled into those nurturing nipples. Woe there! -- Who knows what subconscious powers this tantalizing textile has over us?

As lingerie, which woman would not succumb to that satinicity gently guarding her erogenous charms? As pajamas, could anyone wish for more erotic pampering? As bedding, who could not slumber soundly surrounded with such exotic coverings?

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