Somewhere within me is the feeling of...

The fire,
it's mastered incandescent
touch, grabs hold of me,
thrashing and rampant.

I'm familiar with
Its depth and movement,
Its music and dominance.

I adore the emotional appetite
Of this forceful wind gone-off
to play among my senses.

Yet still there is critical
Fear and hesitation
For only few can occupy
The tempo and pace
of such kinetics.

--Katie Fishwick