

## **fawm 2019 – fireball & the isolated incidents**

### **6. butterscotch**

oh  
that  
smell when i walk in the room let's me know you been cookin'  
make me  
twist can't desist can't resist when you start makin' scents  
make me  
fill up with gratitude just like your tasty turducken  
for such a  
feast it's the least i can do and i spare no expense

oh  
you're  
smooth like the butter you mix in the pot with brown sugar  
and you  
fill up the room with that presence/something that can't be denied  
and you  
purr but you sure ain't no house cat and you ain't no cougar  
you're a  
sweet little treat with an oh-so-complex saccharide

there were  
days when i lazily ladled up nothing but ramen  
there are  
memories of blandness that tasted like peaches and cream  
there were  
times when i felt pretty sure we had nothing in common  
there are  
times now i feel pretty sure that it's all just a dream

whether you're  
here or you're there, i don't care, it don't matter a smidgen  
whether you're  
cookin' or not feel the heat it goes up by a notch  
and the  
alarm bells go off every time that you slink in the kitchen  
oh the  
smell when i walk in the room of your sweet butterscotch