Joseph Arthur, Dessert

You're the dessert brought burning in Bourbon
To smiles & Damp; glazy widening eyes
Extinguished by the breeze of hungry applause and the grabbed forks shine
Awake enough to see quivering lips reach toward your soft sweet heart
Now loosening flesh in spit of grinding teeth
Still trying to distinguish yourself from a ghost
Engulfed by the smile of swallowing