

Sketches: the Online Creative Arts Journal of Tennessee State University

Volume 1


Article 20

2013

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Recommended Citation

Raiford, Christina (2013) "When Sweet Me Meets Experience and Pink Panther in High Heels," *Sketches: the Online Creative Arts Journal of Tennessee State University*: Vol. 1 , Article 20.
Available at: <http://digitalscholarship.tnstate.edu/sketchestu/vol1/iss1/20>

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When Sweet Me Meets Experience and Pink Panther in High Heels

by Christina Raiford

Sweet me strikingly gorgeous I can be told nothing. Ego becomes best friends with humble and logic. Eyes and body guides me. There's no need for words when they take over the night. While they reign only one person to trust is my girl intuition. Harmless stories untold some repeated. I release you only for you to return. Reality comes once every blue moon. So my world is where I reside most often. Sweet me means no wrong wants no trouble. I promise honesty because the truth hurts. Inspired to only love my obsession knowing bigger than me I only desire to do what makes my entire body smile. Who says you're special until you tell yourself. I only move when He tells sweet me it looks right.

Pink Panther I call myself. Representing what we want but won't ask for. Tricky with the slender of body, color of my tone, and meat of my thighs. I'm devilish with my grin as my eyes cut to your left my right. I am where no one can tell me about myself because my actions won't receive words. I crawl into your mind and seep from your pores. I'm the very idea you indulge in all thoughts concerning me. I tickle up and down your spine. Your brain will tell you to run but I've already poisoned your heart not to respond. Heart will move to rhythms unlike the ones who struck before. I have lovely conversation. You dream of me. I walk up to your conscious and your suspension mixed curiosity will ask my name. Pink panther I call myself.

I'm starting my high heel life. In that life I'm the baddest. Ha! Without that we humble. Gotta see it in your eyes. My clarity is dazed. Doing a lot, all but accomplishing slowly to

nothing. Heat is so silky but sticky. Breeze is seductive. Focus doesn't exist. I have never felt this unnerving surrender before. I have no motor control. My body is caught between whelms. Time is few but it must be taken to sit in this hell of a bliss. I'm in unreal territory.

Altitude rising. Anxiety escalates. Spontaneous has arrived. Altitude rising. Traveling has begun. New has arrived. Messages sent no love lost. Wait see wait hunger for adventure excited to breathe the colors and culture of all surrounding. Embark on smiles, eyes, flirtation, giggles, and deep laughter. Excitement has no place in such a speechless endeavor. Skipping regular and moving smooth straight to extraordinary. Youth time and beauty are on my side never to let me travel alone. People, men, women, boys and girls of all breeds encounter engage ignite. Pink green brown clear are all good times and comes with many faces called experience. Praying I make it to change before the real me realizes it's happening.