Spicy Silk

I am the spicy zest of Louisiana hot sauce

You are the cool fluff in a whipped cream can

I am the hollow ping of an aluminum baseball bat

You are the silky, melting song sung over my cell phone

I am the sour smog of an overflowing ashtray

You are the coconut-vanilla-almond scent left in the nape of my neck

I am the sandpaper grit of raw knuckles

You are the cool side of a soft pillow on a hot summer night

I am the quick-flicked threat of a chewed fingernail

You are the sparkling clarity of a teardrop

Without you, I might be a bit too zesty, a bit too hollow,

a bit too raw, and a little bit of a threat to myself, I suppose.

Without me, you’d still be silky, soft, and sparkling,

but all that perfection would just go to waste.

ASSIGNMENT

Write a poem in which you compare yourself to someone else using the I am/You are metaphorical format.

*Courtesy of Mark Maxwell*