

# Eau de Toilette

Ah, that striking bouquet recalls our previous dalliance!

Astounding fragrance, my stomach turns somersaults.

Gentle, mirror-like milky curves cast dancing impressions into the great abyss,  
striking the surface like a sword.

As it flows down, deep down in your alabaster chasm, I exhale.

That tranquil moment, seated above your silvery crevasse, makes my heart leap with joy.

The sound that resounds through your yawning chamber roars like a waterfall,  
pouring down the cliff and down into the void.

You stare back at me, flushed.

My business is complete.