can, and it grew wise as she said:

freely, slowly

sensually, revealing a truth

"A boy's lips are soft as baby's skin," mm, soft as baby's skin.

with a certain amount of freely savoring the words, to the end

The air closed over her words.
A fire-fly whirred near my ear, and in the distance I could hear the
warmly

street-lamps ping into miniature suns against a feath’ry

sighing

sky.

mm