Her shoulder, white like a page.
Her sex; her words.

Her words; italic little men
dancing naked ‘round a maypole.

*I’ve* drug myself *through the tombs of unnamed princes,*  
*those child-kings spared of contracting their graves, and,*  
*through the hole the floor dug in my knee,*  
*I’ve* taken thousand-year-old dirt into my bloodstream.

Say I were  
to take my tongue  
to her naval.  
Would her stomach turn to jam?  
I ask the Internet  
*how to give a girl an orgasm.*

I am the aggregate  
knowledge of a millennium’s men.

Say I were to compare her  
to another lover.