Bob Barrick

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.