

One Thousand One Nights

Billy Woods

Met her through a personal ad
Back of the Times-Picayune
This is '81/'82
I was nervous tongue tied
She played it cool
Eyes the size of Olympic pools
Still waters simple jewels
Conversation wanders
I took my cues
Sipped wine with imagined sophistication
Stormed the castle
Swam the moat
A moments hesitation
Then took the pussy like a slave revolt

Yes, I think you may omit the details of the seduction, they're never very enlivening: just describe the event itself

I left to make a sale
She stayed in bed
Soon as I returned crooked a finger
Spread those legs
I gave her head
No need for reciprocal
She can't suck dick worth shit
The scale is digital
Olivia Newton John
Urging me to get physical
But I ain't have the heart
A squirter
Floods biblical
The sea parts
Post-coital
Cherry glows
She asks me what I'm thinking
I'm wondering what she knows
Draw is no joke
Start to doze
But she gots to have it
40 acres and a mule
I'm outta practice
Played myself
Mars Blackmon

Sackcloth & ashes
Victory has a thousand fathers
Defeat is a bastard
In the group home
Oliver Twist flipped his way to the coupe
With the roof gone
David Copperfield shit
Wuthering Heights
She had me working all night
Union job
I got time and a half
Praise be to Allah
Ignored the fact that her stories don't add up

Like Scheherazade