Tongues of lace brushing at my neck,

I didn't ask for tiptoes but she did it anyway.

It reminded me how many hills I've crossed now,

trying to see over, my telescope had a compound lens.

She might have glowed in the dark,

I Knew she had night vision.

I was scared I'd leave fingerprints

until I found her in the cradle of my form.

She happened all at once

with her own electron cloud nine

that made sure dust had no time to land.