

from Juked #4  
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DOMINIC REHAYEM

## *Archaeology*

THERE IS NO girl to be found with whom a man could lie on white sheets, clothes piled high at the foot of the bed in a heap; a girl whose pale skin a man could admire in the light of the moon with his hands, clever monkey hands. There is no girl to write dramatic monologues about her love for Pre-Raphaelite secularism, or the hunted protagonists in film noir. She does not think to tell the world about the time she climbed into an old church and spent an hour lecturing on the savagery of Gothic architecture. She does not tell of her love of old churches, about the smell of faith, how it waits patiently in the dust, quiet and confident with centuries of piety under its belt. Even less a girl who would smile a dreamy smile as her skin was gently dotted with silver rhinestones bought that day at the dollar store. With a girl like that a man could smile and explain how, in his dreams, this girl's eyes couldn't dim her starlit skin. He could kiss her, this man. He could whisper that in his dreams, they could spend all night under the light of a winter moon, but he would still wake up hot and thirsty for the mouth of a girl clothed in stars.