

I need the state to forget me, then rot.

Among the populace of plentiful johns
 getting paid was my most political act.
 I canvassed an entire district
 for the right to monetize my sex,
 and men did open their doors.
 I destructed property with my pussy
 and many men uncomplainingly paid
 the fine. Thank you, Men.
 I don't need the state to protect me,
 I need the state to forget me, then rot.
 In the crusaders' gated utopia I would go
 knocking
 again every time—feet bare, breasts raw—
 before I'd wrap on an apron, put a bun
 in the oven, or wield a sewing needle
 without murderous intent. I will not listen
 to one more story in which a sex worker dies
 or hear one more woman advocate eradication
 I'm warning you, I've never met a whore
 who wasn't a writer or could be cured
 by a cage, never felt a single soft dawn
 of regret for what I do in the bare
 light of day. I prostrate myself
 for a printing press, I mint enough
 to buy myself back. No world on earth
 outlasts us so in this book, the prostitutes
 never die. Here they live free
 forever, and are happy.

Charlotte Shane

Newer

Older

25th April 2025

A book is a door

9th April 2025

Astonishment

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