

## The Whore

Source of myriad dreams for a lonely man:

Slave of the drunk:

The hideous, the rogue

The scheming gentleman.

Purging tormented lives

Caressed in counterfeit joy.

Whose hands are trained

Whose lips are trained

Whose gestures spin webs of deceit

Whose openings are forced to caress

Whose depths are unknown to cherish no secrets

whose frame is dry

Whose being is full of motion, dead,

Adrift in a sea of passion

Whose day is now

Whose tomorrow is now.

Object of scorn, dragged

by winds of disgrace

And pity

In trade  
An object of cheap love  
Sailor's love!

Great port  
Your mystery alleys waiting  
Fanning your skirts smiling  
Across a dollar stained bosom  
Your beer-breath for my ears  
I come.

LeRoy

1966