

Ramour M.

["Mailbox Whore"]

I was your little whore
peering into the opening of a mailbox,
fishing out circulars, and debt collections.
Was that where I met my conquests?
Was that how I lured my victims?
My outstretched hand
My bent knee
The shameless eight-year-old paraded for men to see.
In your defense, I was born like this
Vagina, Vulva, Vixen, Vamp.
We'd pray, you'd fast
And ask for my virginity to last.
How long would the spell remain?
When would the whore say it was offered in Vain?