Overheard at the Pornographer’s

"Men over 40 are attractive
women are merely middle-aged."

Mortality, my friend
is not confined to women over forty,
much as you might wish it.
Incarcerate yourself
before behind
beside inside
the nubile flesh
of pretty girls,
strut that spurious virility
as you must
despise the wrinkled female face
the heavy breast
the sprouting veins
that grim pimp
will have his price.

And copulation
in the brightest light
will not reprieve
the temporary silver
in your hair
caught like the sea
between the storms
of fretful vanity.

I call on all the awesome
women of the night
the temple proud tall
women of the past
Hecate, Medea, and great Artemis
to salt that shrinking parcel
of protruding limb
into petrified eternity.

Born on the wind of anger
drops of fire sing
in the arterial breath
of the years to come.
You will be beggared yet
who cannot love
except increase of self
in some pubescent child’s face.

Marya Fiamengo

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