

# Beep Beep, Electronic Wolves

You can't cover your face.  
It's pixels on a screen  
producing droplets of sweat  
from faceless patrons  
paying fees to view their fantasies in you.

This makes them entitled and determined  
to own a piece of you.  
"Make her hands smell like coins!"  
Soiled dollars touching young skin.  
Bills dripping with milk.  
Shutters click as she bites her lip.  
"Please take my picture now."  
Don't look at me. Just let the camera peek.  
Replace what eyes would see.  
I have books to buy, tuition bills to pay.  
The camera's lens feels like a stranger's touch.  
This barter/exchange leaves a bulge in your pants.  
I need the money now, so don't judge me."

It looks like you have things under control.  
Your legs spread. Your crotch splayed open  
like a coin purse waiting for the money shot.  
You can't cover your flesh;  
it doesn't belong to you.  
It's been traded like steaks over chopping blocks.  
Your face in pixels drips static sex for sale.