

Latin Quarter, Close This Account

Bewildered children and stunned Vietnamese
Cold prints in Hamburg; can you tell me how much are these?
The bookshop grilled up its flesh
Racked up the sex
And dragged my gaze in through the mesh
Contortions widened my eyes
But those mouths
Spoke only stifled cries

They told me all I need to know
It came right to me, blow by blow
'Love for sale' they said
Of any kind for an agreed amount
But love has failed and can we please
Can we please close this account

There's twisted leather and a women on her knees
Like a zoo in Amsterdam; tell me, what is the cost of these?
The video scummed into light
The tape scraped their heads
And humped the bodies into sight
Adrenalin rang in my veins
But desire
Was the least those eyes contained

I was persuaded and, sated,
I felt degraded
And very far from liberated