

## **Revenge Porn: The Sequel**

She awakes, turns on the radio, weather man says cloudy  
with a chance of whore, pours whore over her cereal  
dresses bright black, whores to the bus stop. A single to town.  
Driver stares into her eyes like open legs. Open your mouth  
In the market, the bananas cost one whore fifty. Bend over.  
She whores to cinema. New release is on at half past whore.  
Stop crying. Everyone has seen it. The woman at the betting shop  
the boy on his paper round, you. How long did you stare?  
Did you cum hard? See her whore on bench, breasts draped  
like curtains. Road kill thighs. Everyone can whore her now.  
Body published between these pages. Flattened. Forever young.