

What It Must Be Like To Be a Fox

By Robin Lipinski

Drip your laces,
Frilly and erect nipples
Showing the boys to be boys,
Being sold to her way.

Barker announcing flesh for sale,
Cheap labor bringing dollars to soil her pride as she twirled the pole,
Erect sitting chairs looking her way,
Old Chinese woman waving her fan,
Cooling no passion as she ate noodles.

Never in youth did she wonder,
To dance or marry into slavery,
No choice except once in school,
'Imagined what it must be like to be a fox

The End