

Sex and Cheap Wine

My love floweth over
like a cheap glass of wine.
An old starlet has-been
secluded, unrefined.

No more parts to play
for an extravagant price,
only bar stools and beer
looking for men to entice.

Wasn't long ago
they sought my swollen crimson,
offering drinks and cocaine
to relieve their tension.

Foreplay wasn't the same
the merest formality.
Lovers complained
but they lacked sexuality.

Ate ice cream and pussy
as though they're alike
give them head anywhere,
use their cock as a spike.

Look back, not much changed
in the way I'm treated now,
except for how it ends,
I gather clothes, then take a bow.

Please submit your comments to Denise Baer at denise@authordenisebaer.com. Your time is appreciated.