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Blow This

I'm so susceptible,
really such an accessible
receptacle
for all and sundry,
the dolls and drags
the riffs and raffs
that hide in ether,
I holler and call
the temptress,
I see her
and crawl
all the wormholes
of interstellar intercourse,
follow their course
through and through
with harlot kin
I revoke and rescind
what's moral, and worse
I'm not even legit
for the spectacle
of sin,
instead I became
just a speck
on your skin

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