

Lament Of An Aging Whore On Saint Valentine's Day

by Rosa Johnson

The mirror sees my aging face,
Too many lines, too little grace,
The face reflects the heart within,
Too little faith, far too much sin.
But come you men I once seduced,
The game's the same, the terms reduced.
My lips are still as passionate, my eyes are wide and bright,
My loins are soft and tender between linen crisp and white.

The mirror tells the ugly truth,
And I regret my squandered youth.
Beautiful features I abused,
My body ruined and misused.
I lived on love and flourished too
As all we fallen ladies do.
I gave my kisses willingly but as my ardour cooled,
I knew then it was not amour but Old Man Lust who ruled.

The mirror says it's time to quit
And who am I to question it?
Too proud to kneel before the Saint,
Far too much powder, too much paint.
Like tarnished brass I've lost my glow,
And altruism made me so.
So now I'm desperate for a love, who'll true to me remain,
The flame of passion's going out, who'd like to kindle it again?

The mirrored countenance I see
Reflects on what I used to be.
I patched up many a broken heart,
Restored moral to every part.
Consoled and comforted what's more...
Such is the duty of a whore.
Saint-Valentine-The-Virile, blest patron saint of lovers,
Please send someone to do for me, what I have done for others.

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