

POETRY

# Moral Prostitution

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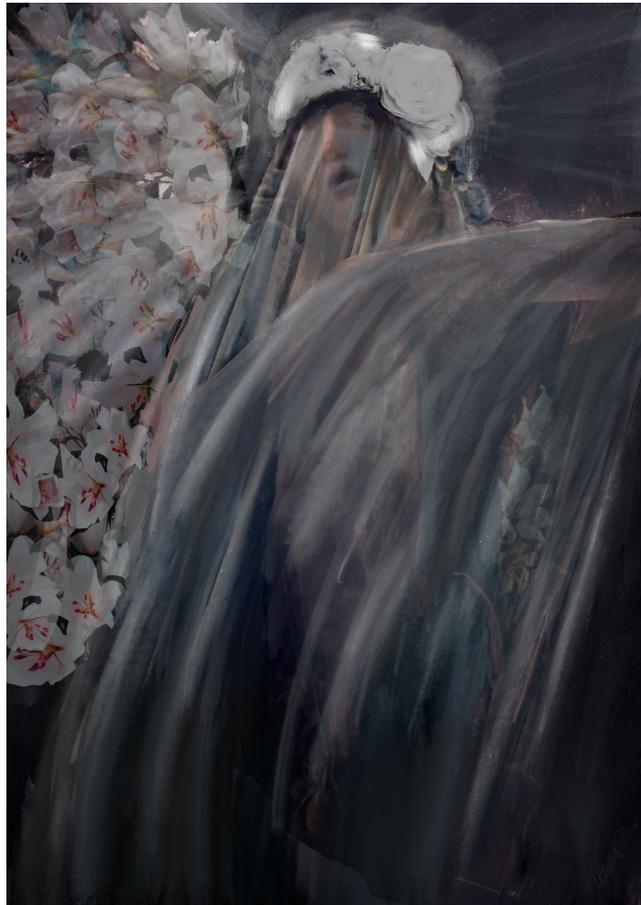


Illustration by Bianca Cosar

and the people are  
singing praises of  
a muse unknown,  
whispering hymns of  
apathy disguised as  
newfound ways to  
save the world,  
every man stands by  
her side in solitude  
for in his lunacy he recognises  
neither friend nor foe nor fallacy  
he needs no proof of her  
existence, what difference  
does it make to a madman  
whom he worships if  
nobody can prove him wrong,  
but my friends i swear i  
have seen her in all  
her naked glory, she is  
truly worth the sacrifice of  
cultural poverty  
filthy and frostbitten, her  
skin half decomposed  
the toothless symptom  
lurking at the very  
bottom of the ravine we  
used to throw our  
lepers into, the place  
of a history lived by few,  
escaped by none.  
yes i have seen her;  
she is worth every headstone  
and the sickening rot of  
her breath as she  
howls her rabid dog tune  
doesn't seem to

bother anyone.