POETRY

Moral Prostitution

by Natascha Jurácsik

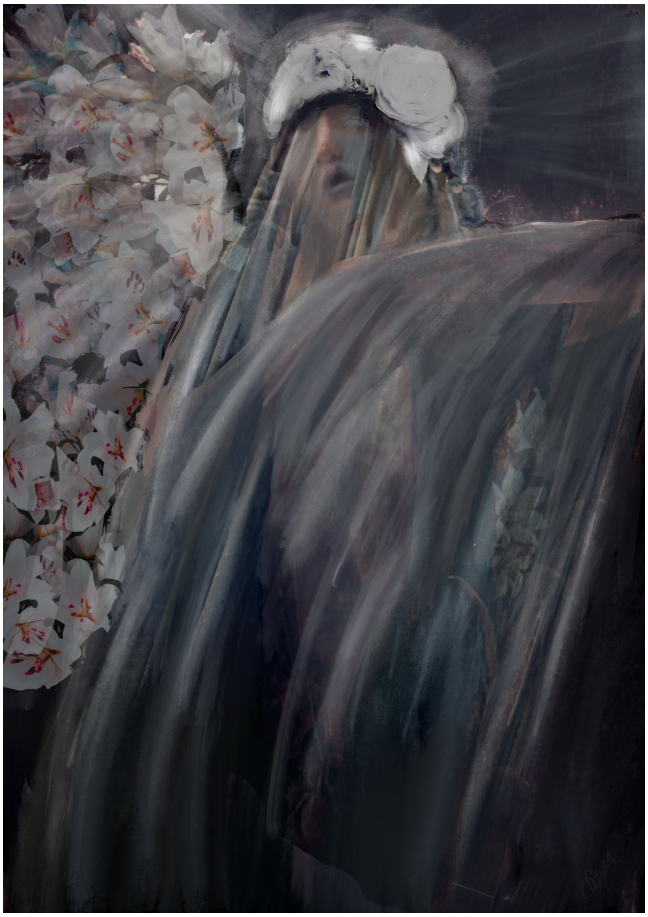

Illustration by Bianca Cosar

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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

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bother anyone.

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