

Cameron Mount

Eden—A Brothel Near Gdynia

I buy you for a table dance,
watch your breasts swing to Europop,
smell your sex from inches.
Three minutes of gyration for ten dollars
a minute, no touching—strictly enforced.
Or for twenty bucks, I can have you
for up to an hour, if it takes that long.
It won't. But that requires more risk,
and really, I can't enjoy it.
Besides, I am a married, faithful,
Naïve American. I buy you for
three minutes at a time, so I can see myself
as benevolent rescuer, not a john.
I leave at sunrise, just after four this far north,
witness dozens of others like me,
slouching shipward,
eyes cast down, souls lagging behind
in long, early-morning shadows.