

## PORNOGRAPHY

A poet and pornographer were arguing out loud  
Upon a city street where their debate had drawn a crowd.  
But fed on mocking satire from the smut-shop marketeer,  
The gathering was led to chide the poet's "prudish" fear.

A screaming female cry rang out to cheer the rights of porn:  
"My naked beauty's mine to sell! Free speech!" she yelled with scorn.  
But then an aging prostitute brought silence with her shout:  
"My beauty's gone! Let's have free speech, and hear the poet out!"

Conviction filled the poet's voice: "I stand for womanhood!  
Who markets nudity for lust, no beauty understood!  
Who sold her flesh as slop to fill the feeding troughs of swine,  
Was swindled of her value, doesn't know her worth, or mine!

"Our dignity as humans teach the secrecy of love.  
The privacy of mating is a treasure from above.  
But make the sacred common, and you lace the truth with lies:  
Love's intimacy wasn't meant for wanton public eyes!

"I welcome mothers' lovely breasts exposed to nurse their young!  
Bring on bare photographs of birth! Its beauties I have sung!  
Display a sculpted portrait of your wife, a gorgeous nude,  
But strip her for a show of sex, and you're a fool, and lewd!

"No healthy woman really wants the hurt that lust inspires,  
Nor can a spouse compete against a fantasy's desires.  
Just analyze the rapist's diet: what's his daily fare?  
Enticing looks that porno-pimps pay unclad girls to wear!

"The question's not of freedom, nor is it of rights denied.  
We've sold our children's safety, while our family honor died.  
An endless carnal thirst is gushing from pornography  
To drown the due respect that each man owes womanity.

"Unclothe the youthful nude they pay to twist the gawker's mind:  
Below the skin of powdered breasts and spreading legs you'll find  
A misled sister, daughter, cousin, mother, niece or wife  
Who's auctioned by a trade that drains her image of its life.

"Beneath the painted hide they hire to pose for filthy fame,  
A woman's raped of self-esteem and wrapped in sinful shame.  
But sons who buy their sister's theft have been the most untrue:  
They fail to guard the woman's worth that manhood calls them to!"

The prostitute began to clap . . . a teacher joined nearby,  
Some older men took off their caps . . . two girls began to cry.  
One mother lifted up her blouse to sing while baby nursed.  
But most were very quiet as the gathering dispersed.

-- *David L. Hatton, 5/29/96 (revised, 12/22/04)*