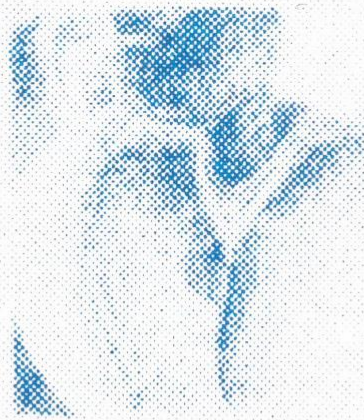


From feeling to felt,

*they*  
~~she~~ said

Porn shops' blackened windows  
ribbon-feted doorways  
waving me in



swaying taffeta swaying hips  
lull with plastic perfume candied  
nectar



a little sticky a little sweet  
boy,

I see you young and bright-eyed,

a little sticky a little sweet  
man,

I see you older and wide-eyed,

a little sticky a little sweet  
girl,

I see you fetishized and shut-

eyed up from head to toe



toeing the line as I enter this erected cinema  
shadowy circus of tricks framed  
women distorted



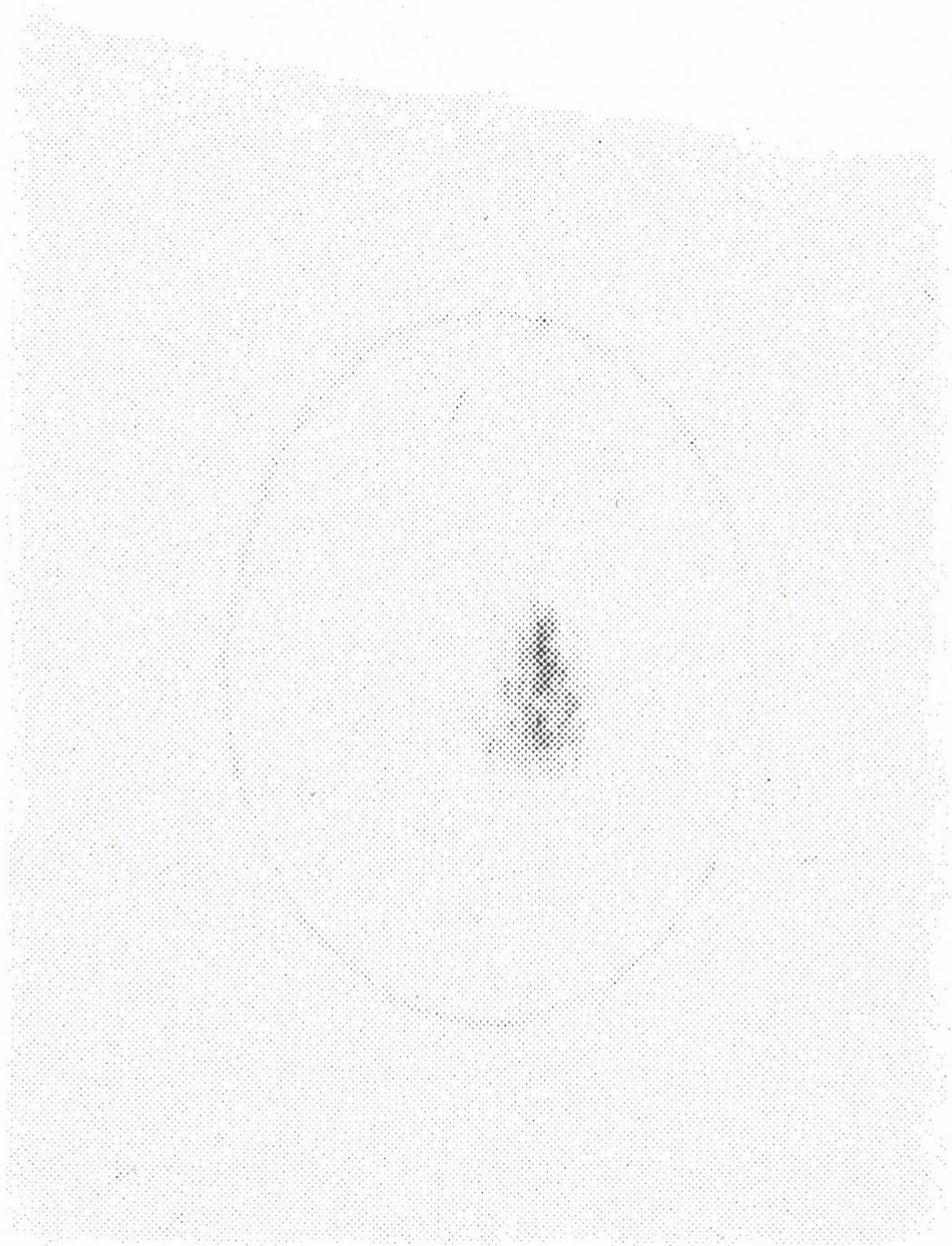


pink,

6 11 1 1 1

pink,

011111

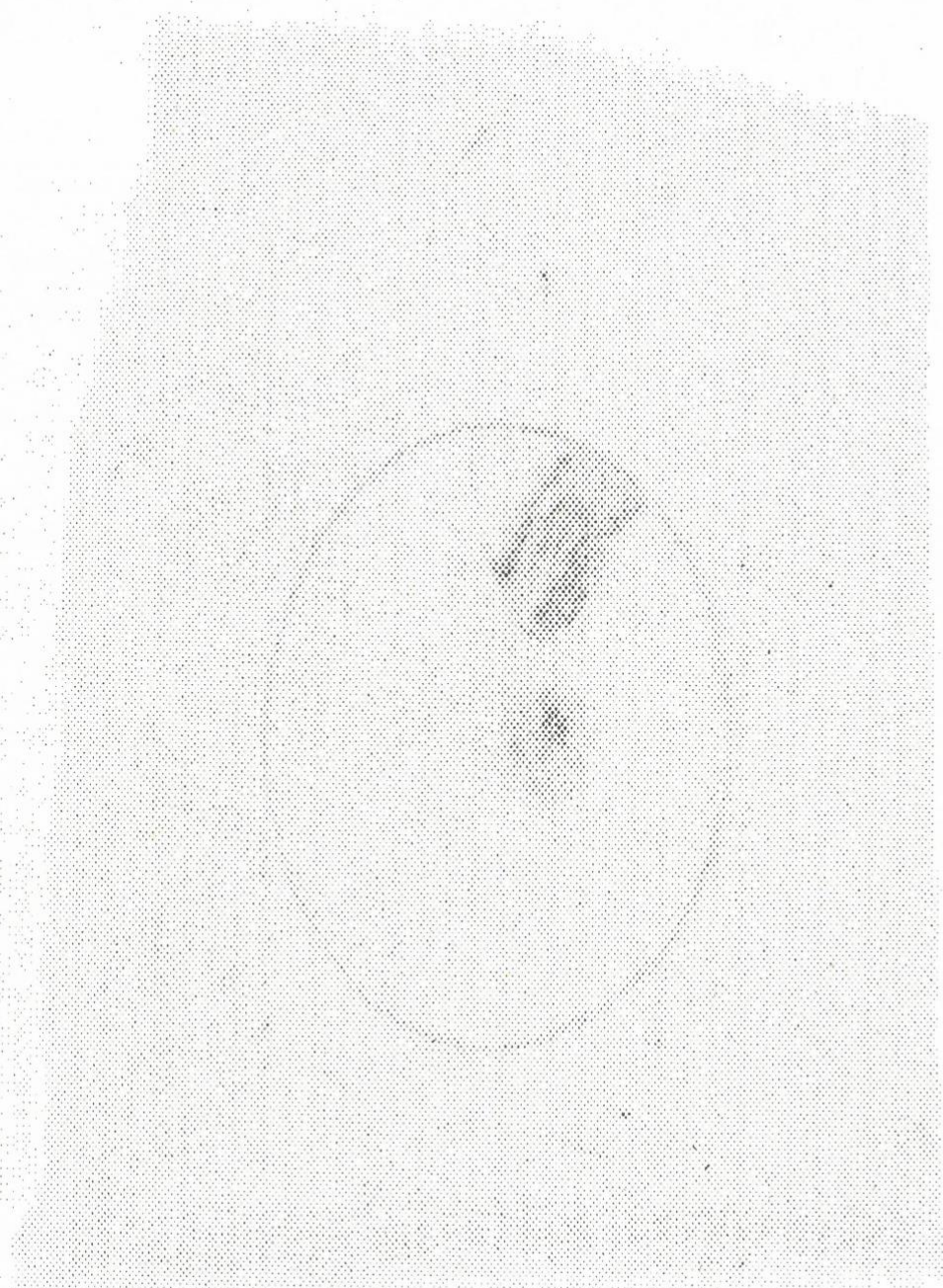


pink,

Old and middle-aged,  
M and I go into the shop together,  
appearing strange to the sea of men we encounter.  
A woman looking at men looking at women.

pink,

011111



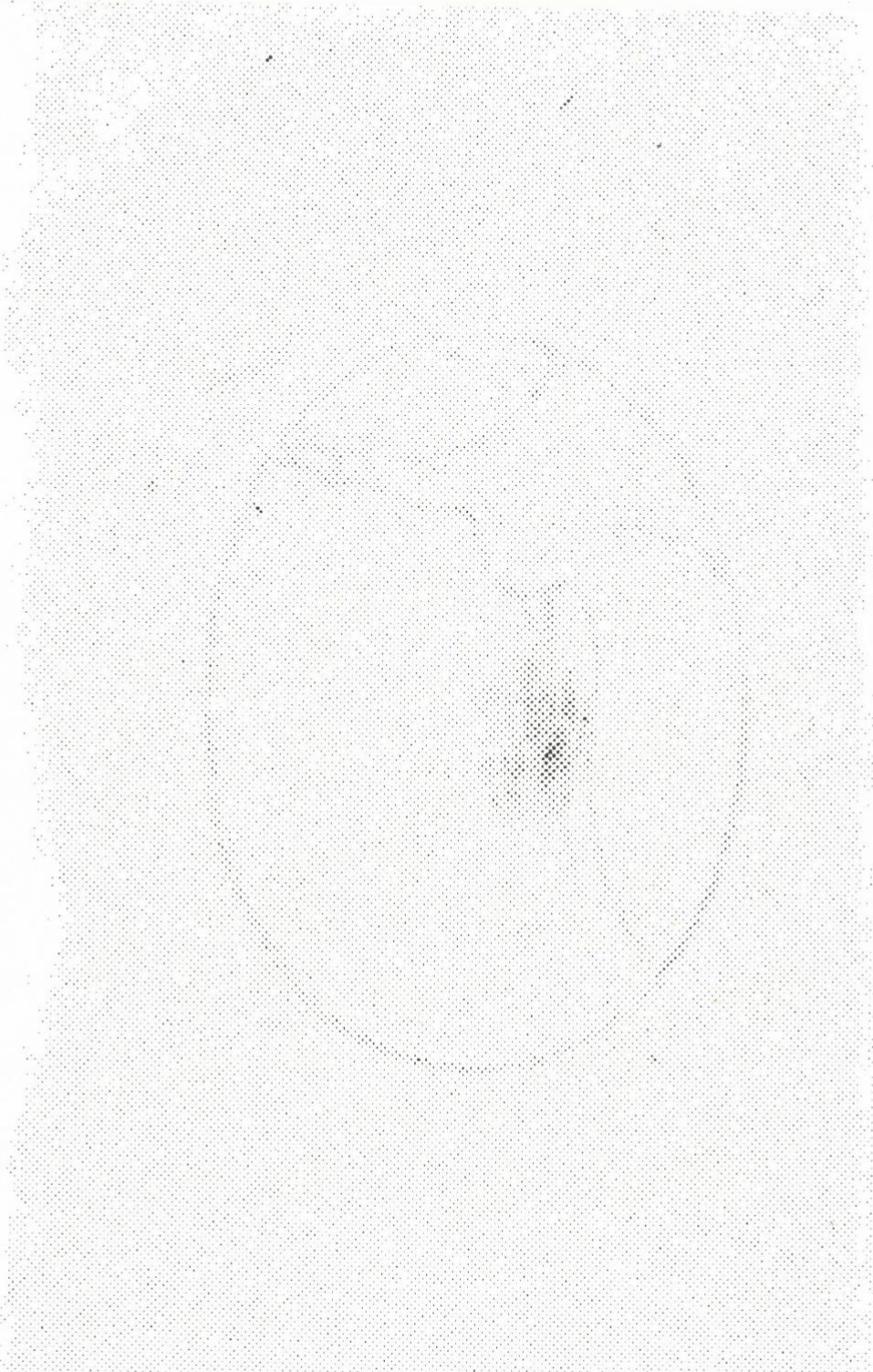
pink,

— 6:11:11 —

Here is an uncomfortable place,  
of being conquered  
conquered by organs

enlarged  
larger than me  
than life  
isn't real here.

pink,  
soft pink baby pink



pink,  
soft pink baby pink

growing heavy  
growing angry.

And then I became very cold and numb.

Numbness now replacing the anger.



pink,  
soft pink baby pink

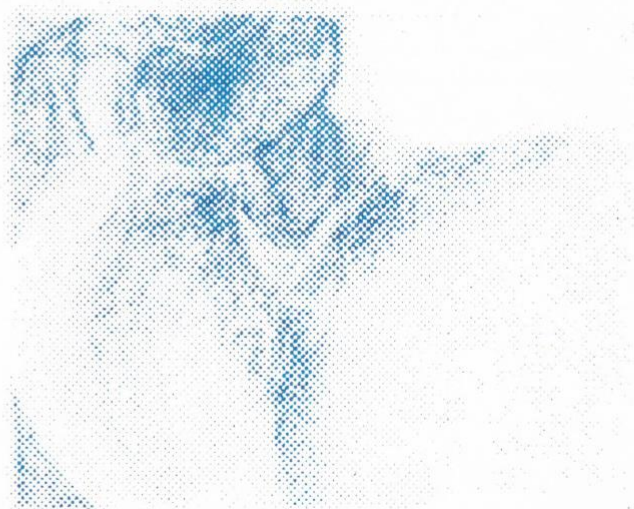


pink,

soft pink baby pink

baby girl's curves

baby girl has no curves but breasts enough for pixelated pricks



accommodate  
voyeurs jaw locked  
toned down voice,

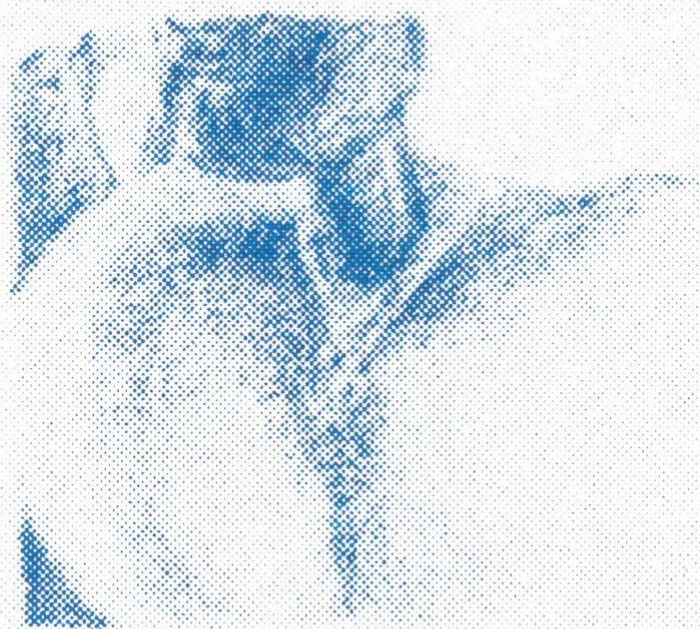
saturated vice

sinful,

that a woman should tread this floor

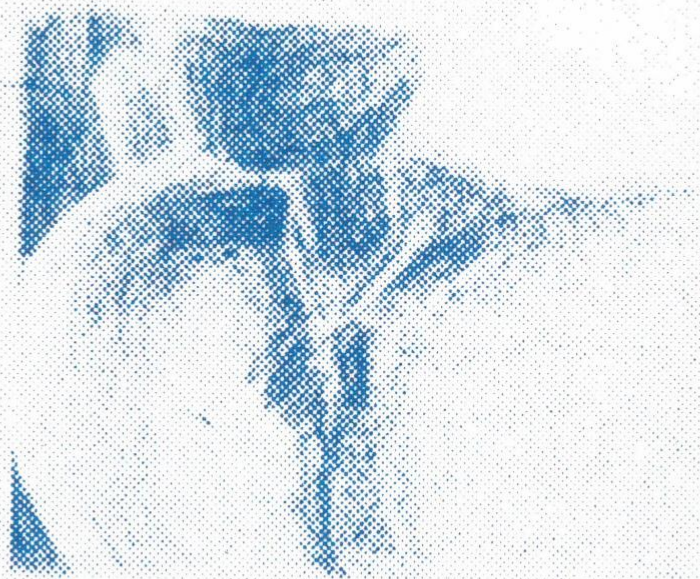
is sticky and sweet

women –



I wish for your voices to eroticise, romanticise themselves,  
for them to sway freely like these taffeta strips;

not in closed doorways,  
but through open windows.





Hou Lam Tsui - Lucy Rose Cunningham

Edition

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