

Whore's Hour
By Modern Hooker

The necklace of hours the prostitute wears
The hour that knocks at the door of the heart
The swollen hour of masks and moans
The hour that slides down the wall like warm syrup
The hour that is the mother of minutes and grandmother of seconds
The hour of the imagined empire
The hour when the fat, calloused fingers of fear first caress your slender neck
The guilty hour that precedes catastrophe
The blue hour that stands at the foot of your bed
The hour of the blade that flashes like lightening in the skies outside your window
The haunted hour of injustice
The numbing hour of struggle and surrender, enough, enough.
The deepest hour of the darkest moon
The hour in which the universe begins to die
The hour of final music
The hour of painless solitude
The central hour that exists without you
The extra hour given back to eternity
The hour of moonlight upon your hair

(After a poem by Mark Strand, *The Hours*)

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