

MODELS NEEDED

C.B. Anderson

We see them on the internet
 In scanty underwear;
Their smiles convey, "I'm glad we met."
 As if they'd ever care.

We see them naked, getting fucked
 By teams of well-hung men,
And dream ourselves adroitly sucked,
 Then fluffed and sucked again.

Their breasts and lips have been enhanced,
 And that's OK by us.
It's not the case that we've romanced
 Them—sex, without the fuss.

They have their fun at our expense,
 Just as we do with them.
They model pure beneficence:
 A carnal Bethlehem.

An awesome wanton Christmas blow-
 Job for a birthday gift
Is something that the wise men know
 Will never span the rift,

The rift between realities
 And adolescent dreams,
Yet every day, on bended knees,
 We pray 'tis what it seems.

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