

# To the prostitutes on Boracay

*by* A. Pseudonym

To the prostitutes on Boracay, a paean

Hair like the midnight ocean there  
and drunker than what we saw before  
you three falling on our sand smiling and serve  
requests and invitations. I think  
you may be too wasted for your tricks  
and money hasn't come up  
so your kisses taste authentic

I leave off my shishah, smoke idling  
in the bowl, and attend to you, you  
sit on my lap, but nothing hard happens  
for which I am grateful, because I  
am better than this, but also kind  
I doubly improve upon your postures  
of romance so beautifully marketed

And you better than the others with  
their colonial maamsir subservience  
an attitude more equal to my station  
which I did not choose but do occupy  
more fully on islands than elsewhere  
here under torchlight and flickering dark  
and that is not my fault, it is theirs  
your compatriots all stockier than thou  
you are lithe and respectable

Having chosen among the mangos

what seems life to you, your shortskirt  
thigh and painted mouth are yours from God  
and that is not your fault, and my  
reservations here are not my fault  
so eatdrinkbemerry both of us on your beach  
it is after midnight now, and no one  
will take advantage of anyone  
not if I have anything  
to do with it

