

NOTES

Over The Counter

It happens, and it happens, and it happens.
I go around tacking up signs
"I am not for sale,"
Saying "No amount of anything
Can buy the rights to me;"
- And after all, love is not the currency
For the gruesome business
Of selling souls -
But when it comes right down to it
I can get me for you wholesale.

Wendy L. Josephson

. . . and Under the Bargaining Table

Bright attractive psychologists
seldom call themselves hookers, Wendy
Only cold crass mercenaries
and dumb dogs
market their love

So how is it we so often feel we sell out cheap?

Those who do not trade in love
fail to set a price
We go for seven thousand dollars one day
and seven cents the next

Nina Lee Colwill