

Slut.

Slut.

Slut.

WHY?

There is not an inch of my skin showing but my wrists and my throat

I am concealed

My body is hidden

I have no form

Slut, slut, slut

My breasts tell me

WHY?

You disappear

Nobody sees

Nobody looks

Because you have us! they shout back at me

I did not want to

My body came like this

Which makes you a slut

(god they hate me)

You wear a bra, so you acknowledge us.

Slut.

I need to!

I'm not doing it on purpose!

You were born a slut, you will stay a slut

Slut, Slut, Slut

My coiling stomach tells me

WHY?

I need you

You work for me

I love you

Hah! it hisses back at me

It rolls over itself and folds infinitely

So much skin to touch

But nobody touches it! I cry
Your waistband does, it laughs at me
It cuts into you and reminds you, doesn't it
That you're a slut
(it's so angry, it wants me despaired)
Everyone needs a stomach
You were born a slut, you will stay a slut

Slut, slut, slut
The inside of my knees tell me
WHY?
Slut, slut, slut
The insides of my elbows tell me
WHY?
Slut, slut, slut
My armpits tell me
WHY?
So much skin that touches itself!
You're doing it on purpose, aren't you?
You sweat so you feel it more, don't you?
It rubs and sticks and transpires because you let it, doesn't it?
I don't want you to, I scream at them
But that's how you were made, they taunt me
You were born a slut, you will stay a slut.

Slut.

Slut.

Slut.

My body tells me
I don't ask why
I know the answer
I was born a slut, I will stay a slut