The P.O. in the Castro

You will not have to stand in queues;
There will not be a madding crowd.
Our homefolk need not wait for news.
We send no letters. We are proud

We cast them off by coming here.
Our cell phone calls are largely local;
Their billing, though, is no small beer,
For we are nothing if not vocal.

It’s well behind, that life of porn
In plain manila envelopes.
And one out here can be reborn
As porn himself. A while, one hopes.

Not everything, of course, works out.
Hustlers in time seem merely tramps;
A small town’s walls still close about:
No exit. But we save on stamps.