The Last Porn Star

The virtual has out-performed me.
Exertion of my parts deformed me.
Organic diet has reformed me.

Food raised in nature's own bird droppings
From Easter Island rock outcroppings,
With queen bee jelly cells for toppings.

In youth I was a virtuoso;
In middle age no more than so so.
My co-stars thought so; now I know so.

Home movies, video camcorders…
The squares were pushing out the borders.
I gave myself my marching orders.

An implant might have kept me going
Some few more years, but always rowing
Upstream. I chose full stop to slowing.

Programmers replicate the motions,
Augment the time scale. Sicker notions
Also they add. Perverse love potions,

As one might think of them. But human
Responses too are programmed. Showman
Or amateur, top man or low man

On the totem pole in orgies
Or poor fool waiting at the edges,
There is a limit set to urges.

Warm bodies or computer graphics,
Straights, gays, bi-sexuals or Sapphics,
It is with pre-set hopes one traffics.

Who, reconfigured by the tonic
Force of steroids, electronic
Feedback, will--tongue-tied, moronic--
Be Porn's first star of the bionic?