

Pornographer's Dream

Suzanne Vega

She's a pornographer's dream, he said.
I knew what he meant.
But it made me imagine: what kind of a dream
He would have, that hadn't been spent?

Would he still dream of the thigh? of the flesh upon high?
What he saw so much of?
Wouldn't he dream of the thing that he never
Could quite get the touch of?

It's out of his hands, over his head
Out of his reach, under this real life
Hidden in veils, covered in silk
He's dreaming of what might be

Out of his hands, over his head
Out of his reach, under this real life
Hidden in veils,
He's dreaming of mystery.

Bettie Page is still the rage
With her legs and leather;
She turns to tease the camera, and please us at home,
And we let her.

Who's to know what she'll show of herself,
In what measure?
If what she reveals, or what she conceals,
Is the key to our pleasure?

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