

An Internet Filter

by **Sarah Taylor**

Our Stephen that's Conroy
Is plotting a coup,
A take over, an embargo
On what we can view
On the screens of our PC's
Laptops, blackberries, Youtube,
So sure he knows best
What's offensive to me and to you.
There'll be more debate,
He's delayed the date.
But still wants to deliver a net
With the speed of a mule
Lacking the promise
Of this fast downloading tool,
To run the business
Study by distance
Catch breaking news
Pay mountains of bills
Check bank accounts too.

What's more urgently needed,
I WANT MY SAY!
Is a filter for the minds
Of those amongst us
Who make love to a screen
With no thought or regard
For children's degrade,
The bodies of women
Used and abused
To light an odious fuse.
A sure fire spinner
In lands of great wealth
Flourishing by insidious stealth.
We celebrate the end of slavery,
Thinking only of men
Stolen from countries
And taken to shores
Where cotton needs picking
And sugar cane burns.

The hold on our menfolk
So hard to untease.
What is it that captures them
In anonymous porn?
The flickering light
The lush posing pout

A breast pumped full and ripe
The labia sculptured and sliced.
The groans right on cue
To a credit card tune.
He sits in a dark room
Away from our view
Doing things he might
Be ashamed to admit to.
Has he given up on real girls?
Or the wife's let herself go
Perhaps he's a yen
For the loins of a man
Or the chaste body
Of an underage babe?
By the press of a key
It can be instantly had.

What fails to account
Is these images are
Flesh from you and me,
Papa bounced them on a knee.
Someone's mother,
Cousin, daughter, niece,
The hand of poverty
Traffic's to lands of the free
Boosting our ailing economy.
We never hear their history
Their stories won't be told,
As a woman growing old
It sickens me to think
Of sex without due care.

And a firewall deprives
In its bold sweep,
Information I may need
When my use by date
Across the threshold creeps,
And I wish to depart
Before a doctor agrees
To my desperate pleas.
I shall be sorry to gasp my last,
Take my one way flight from
A world so filled with beauty
But an appetite to defile
The body of a tiny child.