

PLASTER SAINT

I can knock a highball back at any time I please.
I can smoke a joint if I want a rush.
I'm a grown-up. I can utter lewd obscenities,
The kind that ought to make a sailor blush.

I can read those magazines that come in plain brown covers
Or populate the newsstand's topmost shelf.
I can frolic, if I choose, with one or many lovers.
I'm a grown-up. I can suit myself.

I can sunbathe, naked as the day that I was born.
I can leave my bedroom curtains open.
I can tell a dirty joke, or cruise the net for porn.

Unless
I have
Grandchildren.