

Spotlessness is a virtue. The longevity of male conversation remains as certain as war and so there are plenty of hours available for polishing while facts are served around me. Polished skin and face, nails that can rip stuff before neatly repairing other stuff, polished crystal glasses for eternal servings poured for eternal sirs. Something tasty to devour.

Politeness is a virtue. Letting my lowered gaze spark with the pseudo-glow of submissive excitement while compliments are thrown at my feet. Great service, great legs. Throats cleared and filled up again until next day's well-mannered zeal. The art of making someone believe that an obvious favor is not a favor. Subdued voices until the screams.

Hotness is a virtue. Water needs to be more than 80 degrees to properly kill bacteria on used kitchen ware. That's hot. I am perfect tits and skinny fingers and the shiniest hair, long enough to throw out the virgin's window. That's hot. I am gone. That's hot too. Presence can be such an obstacle. My torso is ripe. Who is a better wiper.

Purity is a virtue. I am my body and its possessable functions, and they're filthy when I detonate them, and they're humiliating when I curb them, and I'm criminal when they're exploited, and ass is always invitation, and instinct (someone else's) will be my life partner.

Service is a virtue. The etymological overlap between virginity and servant in the shape of a maiden *mädchen* maid is too sad and obvious to dwell on, and language doesn't furnish the world. Crotches do, inevitably owned or employed. Could only the birth giving sex resurrect its native anger once more. Once more point out its own land and master it. Reach for its own fruits and eat them. The sky is still fair from the scents of these fruits.

Pace is a virtue. Young eyes, glossy with elevated indifference, for him to seduce and impregnate and desert. Motel fantasies, their ground floor criminal inclined to just imagine himself as a near-angelic excitement provider. Hungry for foam, skin, wheels, decision-making. I share the highways with someone more dangerous, less endangered and what their hearts sincerely crave are dolls or multiple wordless heads. Ride and die.

Kindness is a virtue. It's kind (and mandatory) to help with/manage the household with a bland smile glued to my face because that's what I learn immediately after being born. It gets me jobs. There is a service industry and who do we think came up with that. It's kind to sit down and maintain the gentle femme interest-nod: knowingly of the sheer triviality of whatever I'm being presented for as groundbreaking, probably unknowingly of the fact that uncritical sweetness becomes a risk zone. Sour faces must be less rapeable.

Shame is a virtue. Hiding bulks for the camera until the camera learns that capturing bodies is essential to devalue them. I suck up any pride left and strip before a lens and I'm probably able to genuinely love the flesh that's never only mine. I suck up any juice left because that's what I'm forced to and then the juice giver leaves with a cocky whistle and an undamaged cock and this is true until juice becomes poison, but it just never will.

Transparency is a virtue. To clean is to prepare for usage.

By Nanna Friis