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Southside, Chicago Town Whore

Michael Lee Johnson

Do you remember me?
Southside, Chicago town whore.
I am that brown butt bitch,
fantasy your white bitch dream night.
I am that girl
with dark shinny skin
cooper toned sunscreen.
I am just a little white bitch.
I am shaded negro in the dark.
My panties pulled down for a few bucks.
I panic for my food stamps and child support.
I am the slut of this southern evening.
Just a child dropped out of high school.
My night is brown baked potato
with wild crocodile shoes,
a crooked smile bent over the years.
I am a cooper penny who failed grade 8.
I am rotten-toothed woman
with a wounded left eye.
Jesus is in the center of my heart aborted.
Night is a scar and a belly
hit of aborted babies.
I am the rotten-toothed woman
out of tune, touch, times.
I enjoy little painless sex.
I am moist mouth Chicago Garter Snake.
Grab my baby formula, 5-finger discount.
I am out of tune, out of touch.
I would enjoy a little painless sex,
grab baby formula, five-finger discount style.
I am moist in mouth, open for excitement,
eager force me down on it.

In my face lean into my hungry eyes,
genitals of sex-starved skin lookers;
affair makers, lawyers, priest of the cloth,
stealers of their children's piggy banks-
all for pleasure-
\$25 now week for a quickie;
\$175 next week for full service accounts.
I am woman cradling sex dream babies of wild men gone crazy.
They are men twisted in their thoughts, focused on their imaginations
just below belt, level where brain function seems retarded.
When I finally fall asleep, these few men this night go to bed,
all rejected personal ads now satisfied clinging to fantasies
of oriental and those pretty faces not mine.
Men, to me, are nothing but attention seekers,
tinker toys, pay boys of the heart, big wallets of professional fools.
Police whistles, men whistles, wind whistles in all nights confuse me.
I pump up with anxiety, bi-polar 2, meds.
As my body ages,
even the diamonds on my finger
the gold chain around my ankle tighten
bleed, hurt, burn inside.
Some of my whitest dudes
even now, will not cum for me, or kiss my sagging breasts.
When I no longer have their bodies, I will remember them,
request their hearts; let go pilgrimage off the streets.
I am very fond of all of them,
remember me, who thinks of love this way!
I am a cut scar baby, and a silver dollar whore,
I rock on the Southside shore tonight.