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Broken Arrow

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Broken Arrow

MYRON HARDY JR.

Alone in the night,
her wanton eyes pierce through the darkness for
company.
Dressed in a red gown and silk stockings, she
traverse alleys for pubs
looking for love that requires compensation.
When badges are patrolling, luck is bad,
but not discouraging.
Three drinks stammer the knowing
children are over yonder with grandmother.
Caring and controlling husband has little patience
and many concubines; time is money.
Even while intoxicated, drunken thoughts of hard life
abash pride.
Hurls ambition back to earth when confidence begins
to rise.
Awakening—facing the morning sober and broken
over and over again.

She could have stayed in school, perhaps even made
it to college,
if she wouldn't have been misled by a con artist.
One who spoke the language of dreams like a
promising pimp.
Then again, back then, what was a girl to do?
anything to escape the clutches of the demon at
home.
The demon who's breath smelled like death;
Who mistook a daughter for her mother,
especially on fight nights.

Her mom glares at her like competition now.
Then, she was only a child.
The streets have always been apparent
teaching her of hunger and survival, the birds and
bee's,
never about the little train who could.
The Johns and Jane's she met never would,
even though most of them knew the story or one
similar.
Even I a man of God in lust, failed to see past her
occupation.