

Comptonian folktale,

Once upon a time there lived a whore
of meager wages and of meager hope,
who walked the streets of Compton every night
in search of tricks to fill her veins with dope.

And every night those men did surely come
to feast upon her flesh and weary bones,
that every morning woke to alley streets
laden with trash, and everything she owns.

She, like the rest of us, hated her job
and took no joy in work, derived no thrill,
from letting mend deposit wasted seeds
into a womb no child would ever fill.

One morning after her crack-induced sleep,
she lifted herself from that alley floor,
and screamed with every fiber of her frame
“It’s over, I can’t live this life no more!”

She took her earnings from the night before
and walked into the Goodwill right off Brutes,
where she bought three nice dresses and two pair
of stockings to go with her hooker boots.

She got dressed, combed her hair and greased her scalp,
then walked right into Mom’s Cleaners on Hyde
and said, “ The sign outside says you need help.
My Daddy owned a Cleaners fo’ he died...

I worked there thirteen years cleanin’ them clothes
and if you let me work here, you gon’ see,
I’ll be da best employee thatchu got,
Please Ma’m, gimme this job, just trust me.”

She looked her up and down, then crossed her arms
and said, “Who the hell do you think you are?
You think just cuz you bought a dress, these folks
don’t know you sell your ass behind that bar?

Every night my husband leaves my house
and spends My Money in your alley streets,
then brings your stink into our marriage bed
and marinates your sweat in my white sheets!

Listen to me good, unlike my Man
I’d never give my money to a whore.
I’d slit my throat before I’d ever let
a tramp like you work in my Goddam store!!”

She walked out of that place with head hung low,
then marched to Jerry’s Liquor up the street,
and bought a pint of Vodka, which she took
back to her alley home to claim her seat.

And there she sits today, her dress still on.
A mound of broken flesh and broken hope,
who waits in Compton alleys every night
for tricks, that she might numb her pain with dope.