

Streetwise

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By : Mistress of Word Play

The story of what our young woman have to contend with....



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New shoes, tight seductive clothes
big hoop earrings, plump red lips
all made up from head to toes
thick mascara, hands on her hips.

Cheap, inexpensive perfume on her neck
she's only fourteen, but looking so bold.
She tells her family, "What the heck?"
eyes shining bright, so wizened and cold.

Another busy Saturday night
money's good, she doesn't care.
Standing there beneath that light
war paint on, curly, frizzy hair.

The car pulls up, she gets inside
gives a tiny giggle, a perfect smile.
She suppresses feelings, they are denied.
She plays the role, for a little while.

Morning comes, she's thread bare and spent
her eyes are hollow and black, dark as a crow.
Someday she'll wonder where youth went
and why she never had the chance to grow.

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