

Purple Whore

I met her outside
of the dancehall
because I wasn't
21 yet
and she had
drinks back
at her place.

"Oh, did we have fun!"
she said
taking off her high heels
and carrying them on
two fingers

"Boy, did we DANCE!"
she said
wiggling her hips
"My feet are killing me!"

"I'm glad to hear
you had a good time."
I said

"We had a GREAT time!" she said
*"Men were coming up and buying us drinks,
grabbing my ass!"*

"You didn't let any of them
get too far, did you?" I asked

"No darling, not as far as I'll let you."

"That's not far at all then."

she slapped my arm with her free hand,
hard

"Ouch!" I said
and grabbed her around the waist,
her little gut bulging out
of her dress

*“Let go! Let go!
You filthy little boy!”*

I let go

“I invited some people
from the dancehall
back to drink with us.”
she said

“Oh, for Christ’s sake,
did you have to?”

“What’s the difference?”

“The difference is,
the men are all coming
to fuck you.”

“No they’re not!” she said

“Okay, okay.” I said

“All you want to do
is go back to my place
and drink alone,
you’re just no fun.”

“No, *THEY* are no fun,
that’s the problem!”

she just shrugged her shoulders as
we made our way down
the avenue-

We weren’t at her place
five minutes before
we heard knocks on
the door

she was in the bathroom
changing clothes

so I answered

a barrage
of drunkards
entered the room

“Don’t get dressed on my account!”
one of the men said

“I think she’s out of your
price range.” I kicked in

“What are you, her pimp?”

“No, I’m her... *financial adviser.*” I said

she entered the room
like a whirl wind

“Show me some of those
moves you were doing
at the dancehall.”
another man said

she began
to dance,
wobbling her ass
and lifting
her dress just so
you could make
out the pitch black “V”
between her thighs-

In my Italian household
there were whores
and then there were
purple whores

my grandmother would
forewarn me about the
women of my generation

*“They’re all whores, boy!
Purple whores!”*

I don’t know why *purple*
but it was reserved for the
the women with absolutely no scruples,
the real lowdown tramps

and right now my woman
was as purple as an eggplant

she took one of the men
into her bedroom
and closed the door

a few minutes later
they surfaced
and she glanced at me
with a ravished look

“What’s that word I’m looking for.” I said to her,
“Oh, that’s right... *class*.”

“Shut up!” she laughed
and gave me another slap

“You’ve definitely got it, baby.
Class all the way.”

she fell back
on the floor,
kicking up her legs,
giving everyone a bird’s eye view
of her snatch

I poured myself
a drink
and watched it all
unfold like
a falcon on some
far away
branch.