

43rd and Main

LINSEY MORSE

They see a burnt-out bitch on a sidewalk,
selling sex, her soul, to the devil for a smoke.
A concrete cradle,
cold cement to welcome her face
as she falls,
and she fights
against tears, fond memories
of warm reds, earthy browns,
home, love, and sweaters.

Last night, she brought two-hundred to her
Ten-year-old—his ticket out—and prayed
that he prosper,
learn to know better than to beat up
burnt-out broads on the street.
The world withered in warped pornography,
as she walked
slowly to a rusted railroad bridge.
The girl, barely twenty-eight,
threw herself to the torrent,
and her flame burnt to ash.