

KARMA: the hooker with a knife

by Daniel John Sullivan

You dance with her,
in a smug swag way.

Your harlotry contracts,
in such a light,
with that mystical beard.
All black, and scraggly?

You wander the streets,
fair game all about,
young tarts,
tight dresses,
scarred legs and singed hearts,
cigarette burns inside the mind ...

But the victims?
They know a trick or two.

They know the John.
They know the dick.

The victim?
She carries a knife,
near the scars,
below the marks of a forced abortion,
beside the reminders of this broken city.

That girl you hunt?
She hunts you ...

She sees in you the abuser ...
She sees in you the bully ...

And you say you're a cop?
She says ... "that's ok cop ..."

That's ok cop ...
That's really ok ...

She carries that knife,
as you might suppose,
mostly for you ... COP ...

She carries that knife sharp ...

Her hand is always ready to slit your throat ...

Because she's not getting burned again.

She's not getting tossed again.

She's not being beat up again,
by four or six men in blue ...

She's come around again,
the boomerang of history,
and her knife is ready,
and her hand is steady,
and KARMA?

She's a hooker with a knife.