



Black Satin

Yvonne de los Santos

She wormed in on Granby Street for the free bus fare.
All she possessed born in a torn duffel bag.
Her refinement unveiled in her rouge stained lips.
Worn-down Etienne Aigner loafers guarded her feet,
As specked- white gym socks lavished over them.
She wore slacks of black satin,
As black as her skin.
Faux diamond chandeliers hung on her ears.

Despite her glam,
Her cheeks displayed her nakedness.
It was a scar 5 inches long.
Letting all she was slip,
For anyone to see.