

# BROTHEL CHRONICLES

## BY CHIDIEBERE UDEOKECHUKWU



### II —Red lipstick on Good Friday

On a rainy Good Friday,  
I'm down along an alley,  
craven cold and dark;  
in a two-piece dress and  
plastic shoes, and Red lipstick  
for older, mature looks.

I am ten and four a teen,  
and cry through every thrust,  
and every slobbery kiss.

Those five men showed me how  
to kneel and bend and bicker.  
They taught me things to do.

My innocence and youth,  
and foolishness inflamed  
their hungry zesty lust.

For 400 Naira,  
they banged and banged  
and knacked and knacked  
and left me limp from too many thrusts.