

# BROTHEL CHRONICLES

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I—blighted beginnings

The dawn of dusk descends a veil  
to see this troupe of near nude chicks  
in see-through skirts and rainbow hair,  
standing by our house.

In wondering why they're there,  
or pondering what they do,  
I'm nudged one day, to quiz granny;  
“What do those women do?”

“Why are they in the streets?”  
“Why are they in the dark?”  
But granny takes a while,  
to mull and stare skywards.

At last her teary gaze,  
descends in bated breaths.  
“They pull their panties down  
for men to give them money.”  
Inwardly I'm buoyed.  
It seems a bright idea;  
some dream I'd likely chase.

Granny has some friends  
who steal into our house  
to pull my panties down.