

THE RAVEN-HAIRED HARLOT

By Mark Edgemon

What if Edgar Allen Poe and Dr. Seuss collaborated!

Upon a night that I was weary, I passed a brothel, which made me leery,
Where I spied a trollop standing in the door, who herself was one of four.
She came toward me and commenced to teasing; with her body she was
Sleazing, until she started sneezing, outside the brothel door.
She was sneezing, this slovenly woman, standing with three others like before.

As I began to dart away, she grabbed my jacket to make me stay,
The Johns were few, she needed more, I pulled away and my jacket tore.
I recognized the foul smelling stench, which filled my lungs and made me
Flinch, it was death I smelled from this loathsome wench, who was standing in the door.
I had to leave this gruesome place and this mad, persistent whore.

She talked of love in her laughter, but it was money she was after,
And soon the flattery began to pour, while pulling on my arm, which made it sore.
I turned as I was leaving, which made the floozies seething,
So they all began heaving me toward the brothel door.
I was pushed down by the whore and so I lay cringing on the floor.

She sat on my neck this foul smelling dish, which reeked of some outlandish fish,
Then gyrated in a happy dance, as if in a zombie trance.
She ripped my shirt, which felt quite airy, revealing the change that did not tarry,
The fur that grew and made me hairy all not by happenstance
She showed her readiness to take a chance to be parried with my lance.

Blood squirted from my throat, soaking the lapel of my woolen coat,
She sucked the blood without a care, which gushed from my veins landing everywhere.
Her needing me from desire, was not for some purpose higher,
She was only a damn vampire and I was in her lair.
Although the experience was rare, it was one I would not care to share.

A werewolf I became or was Old Spice to blame,
Their brood included three witches or were they just money grubbing bitches.
We danced in the pale moonlight, until their likeness vanished from sight,
As my fantasy took flight, In time to get some stitches.
Next whore house I hope will be without hitches and plenty of crème for the itches.