

## The Heart of a Prostitute

No one knows the power of hope. I do. Not because I have hope, but because I know the power of hope-less-ness. In order to have hope you have to be alive inside. I died a long time ago. Now I'm just surviving.

When did I die? It was the first time that I was betrayed, the first time someone took my body, the first time my heart was robbed.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. It was supposed to be my choice, my decision, not his. If only I had been stronger, then I could have resisted, I could have stopped him. But I wasn't. I was only a kid. The power is with the powerful, not with a scared little girl.

I need a place to hide, a place to be safe. But there isn't one, so I hide the only place I can. . .deep inside myself. I'm tough. . .on the outside anyway. It doesn't matter. I don't care anymore. I wish I were dead.



You have to be a stone inside when the pain comes. Otherwise you can feel it, the repeated assault on your body, on your soul.

It doesn't matter anymore anyway. Do anything you want to me. After all, slaves don't have a choice. As long as you pay me. That's my revenge. I can't stop you from your lust-driven desires, but I can make you pay me. What I was worth was determined a long time ago. My father used to collect the \$2.00 he got paid for giving me away. Sometimes in a neat pile of quarters on the kitchen table, sometimes in smelly, dirty, crumpled dollar bills passed quietly into his hand.

Smelly and dirty. Funny, isn't it? The money and I are the same. I can never be clean again. It's too late for that. I see the look of disgust in the eyes of the "nice" women who pass me. They know what I am. I know what I am. A slut, a whore, a piece of s\*\*\*. I don't care what they think. At least, that's what I tell myself.