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The Fruit of my Mother's Loins

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34th street is scattered with beggars and
people whose flashbacks you can only imagine.
But, as I gaze, from across the street,
at the dirty face of the woman who birthed me,
her background blends into mine.

A pink liquid drips down her inner thigh
landing on the stench of New York City sidewalks,
And spreading throughout the crotch of her jeans,
Right below her protruding stomach.

She's not in labor, though.
The liquid isn't a mucus membrane,
or signs that her cervix is ready
to push a watermelon through it.

No, it's actual watermelon juice,
sweet and refreshing,
but sticky enough to lure ants
to her unwashed, bare feet.

The rotting half fruit clings
to her flat, growling stomach,
adding sympathy to her act
of desperation and pity.

But that bitch doesn't deserve pity,
nor the time or attention.
It's not like she's ever done anything
to help anyone but herself.

A few pedestrians throw their pennies
into her McDonald's cup, labeled "Bank Account,"
But never dare to make eye contact
with anything but her abdomen.

Her sign reads "Pregnant & Homeless"
in a scrawl that implies her lack of schooling.
The round, purple bruises on her arms
let the people know what their pennies will go towards.

They'll go towards heroin and cocaine,
or "special juice" and "fairy dust" as she use to call them
when she romanticized drugs
to a four-and-a-half-year-old.

I steadily make my way towards her corner
and let my eyes be the first of the day
to make the mistake
of falling on hers.

Her crusty lashes flip up to meet my face.
Confused and surprised,
She lets her mouth fall open
with a bit of unformed words on her lips.

Neither of us say anything
until I throw a wad of cash at her feet
And she quietly mouths "I'm sorry"
while trying to touch my shoulder with her witch fingers.

I pull away, but never break our gaze,
as I swat my hand at her fruit baby.
The melon collapses between us
into little pieces of pink and green mush.

Even the pretend thought
of her bringing another strung-out newborn
into this shitty world
makes cold blood slither up my spine.

Fuck the woman whose watermelon I once was.
Fuck the people that give her sympathy pennies.
Fuck sidewalks that let her beg for drug money on them.
And fuck the ants that stick to my pink stained pumps
as I click my way back down 34th street.