

## EVERYDAY AS A CHILD

Everyday as a child,  
on my way home from school,  
I'd pass the prostitutes  
lined up on Rundberg Lane.  
I felt such sorrow for these  
women with sad lost eyes  
and hollow faces.

Everyday as a child,  
on my way home from school,  
grown men would honk and whistle at me.

I was only 10 years old.

It got so bad that  
I would wear hoodies and  
baggy pants  
just so I wouldn't feel so attacked...  
So the creeps wouldn't  
slowly  
pull up  
by my side,  
Ask where I'm going -  
Offer me a ride.

I'd just keep walking  
quickly,  
quickly:

Head down.  
Don't say a word.  
Try to not to shake.  
Never show your fear.

– *Natasha T.*