

Ester

by: Samantha Lê

They call me Ester the Molester,
and that's alright. I've been a *puta* all my life.
Daddy, I'll take what you got hanging between them legs,
ain't nothin' else warm you can give
I can't get from a fifth of Jeremiah Weed.

I got two hundred sixty and a half pounds on me, need
the feel of a man pressed flat
like a *quesadilla* under me.
Barbeque Joe's been dead a long time,
thirty years today,

but that don't stop him from comin' back,
grabbin' my ass night after night.
Mama, give me some lovin', it's cold where I've been...
from his skunk-oil hair to his bare rooster feet, ugly mean
even before his *chili con carne*
face burned black like cracked peppercorns.

But ain't nothin' he can do dead
that I don't already let
yous broken-down-honkies 'round here do.

When we cremated his body, skinny
from too much black coffee, my four girls each took
a quarter of ashes like splittin' up
a dollar, nice and even.

Whatever they wanted to do
with their shares of the nightmare
was alright with me. I try to forget, but they remember
how he locked 'em in the bedroom, grinded
cigarettes out on their skins.

Ashes melted into their arms, coffee stains
in their burns; but still,
I don't say a thing... even when two of my girls came back
and buried their shares under the avocado tree
just to carry out his wish;

or when my other girls scooped him
into metal containers to keep on their kitchen counters
like cans of pinto beans; or when the half of Joe
under the avocado tree comes back
to chase me 'round again...
even then, I don't say nothin'.