

## ***'From her eyes: a prostitute's perspective'***

*(Every night when we visit the bar girls on Bangla Road, I see free-lance prostitutes on the streets.)  
As I reflect on their faces and countenances...these are some of the musings of my heart stirred in observing them  
and their interactions with potential customers on the streets + some photos I snapped the other night.*



*Alone I stand on the streets night after night.  
My tightest clothes, my tallest heels...still something's not quite right.  
I comb my hair a few extra times, and put on cover-up...  
perhaps they're blind.  
Can they not see me here? I'm standing in plain view?  
Why will no one pick me? Are they afraid of what they'll do?*

*Business is tough...what with these bar girls and all.  
The touristy men find choosing them more noble...choosing me would make their practice an obvious fault.  
I stand up straight, I stand up tall...I keep wondering when I'll get a call.*

