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A Harlot's Tale

It's not she
It's diplomatic psychology...
That gave her this label,
This three syllable,
This so-called fable,
This grotesque servitude....
They call her a prostitute....
She scolds her breath,
Threaten her breast,
mould her tongue,
Squeeze her lung,
With her body and fob,
She does her job,
Like any other employee,
She too has to supply,
To feed herself protein,
She choose this routine,
Be judgemental if you want,
She doesn't care about taunt,
why only she is greedy,
When costumer is also needy,
She did try other profession,

But society want this narration,
She was fine nine...
When she was sold,
As a commodity...
Not less than a gold,
On her first time,
She was in frock and fear,
He holds her lock of hair,
After 1 and 2 trials,
As the time flies,
She realises her price,
Through this profession...
she earns and learn,
Bruises and burn,
Like any other daughter,
Like any other son,
No one should blame,
When the shame is fame,
Still society consider this profession a cult of insult,
That's so blunt!