

Portrait of Amanda from 90013

By Princess Arinola Adegbite

4am, Amanda's pimp guts an opp like the soft white underbelly of a pufferfish,
homicide becomes a delicacy, cuisine ticked off her pimp's bucket list.
Rain plays the album called Autumn while Amanda dons a heart-shaped bra

to skydive into magma, the car slows, a window is rolled. The trick's wink
is traded for her smile. Amanda is never at the right address, hostage to Skid Row
experience; despite crisis, Beverley Hills beams behind her eyelids.

Cardiac arrhythmia escorts her into the ambulance's stomach. Time and time again
she thinks quitting would be winning, tossing pennies into sewers.
Circling the same street, the longest sprint. Wearing a different colour wig every
week

to be somebody; Wintour, Winehouse, Whitney. Dreaming
of crack, Colombia-imported until submerged in a bathtub full of serpents.
Tone deaf songbirds wail outside like banshees premeditating white noise.

On the tattered mattress, Amanda rubs his raw salmon, screams in the VR headset.
In the morning the director of the rehab centre asks her to say her name,
trains her for YouTube, to make it fall out like good news.