

# Ruined

Mama: Drink up you drunk. You men kill me. You come in here, drink your beer, take your pleasure, and then want to judge the way I run my business. The front door swings both ways. I don't force anyone's hand. My girls, ask them, ask them, they'd rather be here any day than back out there in their villages where they are taken without regard. They're safer with me, in their own homes, because this country is picked clean, while men, poets like you, drink beer, eat nuts, and look for someplace to disappear. And I am without mercy, is that what you're saying? Because I give them something other than a beggars cup. I didn't come to this place as a Mama Nadi,, I found her the same way miners find their wealth in the muck. I stumbled off of that road without two twigs to start a fire. I turned a basket of sweets and soggy biscuits into a business. I don't give a damn what any of you think. This is my place, Mama Nadi's. Of course.