

CHAPTER 2

Infallible plans...at some point within our lives we all optimistically tailor out our own infallible plans; which always seem to quickly drain from out the palm of our determined grasps like the incapturable desert sands

A bulletproof plan for all affair with contingency-after contingency; til we come to know them intimately and wholehearted, with painstaking stringency

For eight dismal years regretfully wasted behind captivity's door, I planned- and I planned- and then I planned a bit more; and when I felt that my plans were solid, I broke them all back down- and reassembled them up from their foundational core

Many long hours I did apply, on the plans that I Intended to stick by; from the beans burning in the kitchen, to that deluxe apartment- in the sky-I

I intended to pay the cost , from a low paying slave position- to full-time with benefits that I could then exhaust; from becoming an apprentice in a local butcher shop, to getting certified and becoming my very own boss

Along with solid investment plans, that may- or may not have incurred me a loss; from real estate to retail chains- to my signature Smokin' Joe's Barbecue Sauce

From food stamps to five-star dining, from a transit pass to a V-twelve Mercedes Benz with five-star rims spinning and shining; from clothes off the department store clearance rack, to tailor made Italian suits with fancy double stitched designer lining

Though I obsessed on the good, I couldn't help but stress on the things that had gone bad; like the relationship with my daughter, and how I'd been such a horrible dad

.....I planned

The last time that I saw my baby girl was in cuffs from afar while shamefully sitting in the back of a police car; for several outstanding felony warrants and running stolen merchandise from out behind a local tit'ty bar

Whenever my eyes closed, I could still see her face and ponytail in clear detail; crying her little eyes out while begging the pigs not to take her daddy to jail

Only the expansive heavens' above did truly know the full domino effect, set in motion by my past neglect; between those late nights running the dark city streets and the hustlaz rep that I would have no doubt foolishly died to protect

And- It would be fitting of me to admit, that my life didn't amount to shit; I'd been in and out of jail ever since I could break into a G-ride- and sit

I used countless amounts of illicit drugs, abused alcohol, stole everything not bolted down and robbed a store- or two; schemed and scammed poor ghetto folk on the regular, even snatched a purse before- well actually- I had snatched quite a few

Relentlessly my baby did cry- and cry- and cry, until her poor little eyeballs had cried themselves red- swollen- and dry; and the only thing that I could do in the moment to console her, was to mouth the words- *'Daddy loves you'*- and then- *'Goodbye'*

I was a loser- a deadbeat- a dirt bag- a ball of slime with no inner spine; a flake- a miserable cretin- pond scum- a filthy four-legged razor back swine

In retrospect- so many ransacked habitations, stolen credit cards and checks; pedaled cheap knockoffs and fake jewelry that left folks with green stains around their necks

I swear- if there was even ONE fast buck to be made out in those streets, best believe that Alleycat Joe was sho'nuff right there; with my hustle hand and a Newport fully extended out, just below my slicked back and greasy overly processed hair

.....*HUSTLING!*

Hustle- hustle- hustle, all I ever knew was how to cheat- scam- lie- and hustle; up most nights smoking Newports, scheming out new ways to flex my hustling muscle

.....*YA DIGG!*

But I was through with that stagnating ball and chain, and ready to float and maintain; for all the sickly hustlaz venom, had been completely drained from out of my vein

For the first time in my life I felt free of the doldrums, in a state of abdication and spiritual liberation; Brother X once said that- ***'It- is- the- process- of- mis-education- that- inhibits- the- full- potential- of- a- nation'***

.....*YA DIGG!*

No more would I cheat and still, no more drugs or alcohol
would I use or abuse; no more scheming and scamming,
nor wily deceptions- would I hereafter so choose

No more counterfeiting of U.S. currency, no more pedaling
stolen goods- fake gold bracelets- watches- earrings- or
chains; no more stolen credit cards- or bank fraud, not
ONE red cent would I further profit from such sinful and ill
begotten gains

All those past immoral ways that I did know, I would
just let them wither and go; and in peace- settle for the life
of a square, or better yetthe Average Joe

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