

CHAPTER 3

Post nightmare- I did step my sore ass down from off of the hot and humid bus into the cool and breezy salt smelling air; wearing the same throwback outfit that I had been hauled off with, along with my apple jack hat atop my afro'd out hair

With my state laundry sack slung over my right armpit holding all my mundane shit; socks and drawers- a hand-held radio, hygiene- Afro sheen- and that's pretty much it

Firmly secured within the tight grasp of my left hand, bound within a white t-shirt- was Keeba's specially constructed gift; of which I raised upward to my forehead area and used to give my apple jack hat, a slight lift and angular shift

Next thing- I reached down into the right pocket crack of my dark mustard-colored slacks; and pulled out my Newport cigarettes, one of those bright green and white fresh newer packs

I tore open the plastic sealing and took a brief moment to breath in the invigorating tobacco aroma; I then slid a stick into my open mouth, preparing to inhale myself into a euphoric nicotine coma

Playboy lighter ready, Newport hanging between my lips with a low wagging sag; I sparked up the tip of my fag, and proceeded with an invigorating drag

With the first lingering puff set free, I instantly felt the relieving of all my accumulated anxiety; and with the second exhale of cigarette smoke, I felt completely at ease and ready to conquer all society

Cigarette still smoking, I slowly scanned the station's murky background- all around; winnowing through the activities of all the dealers- hoes- and vagrants abound

Such a familiar sight to behold with a bounty of illegal merchandise and fast pussy openly being sold; in that same ole classic urban ghetto portrait, so familiar- sad-depressing, ominous- and *'Alpine November Cold'*

Here- there was a cheap black prostitute in a Tina Turner wig with red brassier; leaning over while whispering things into some old fat white John's hairy pink ear

Here- there were dealers in tiger-striped purple and orange gear, all wearing more jewelry than a Hollywood movie premiere; all leaning their backs against a bus station wall, passing around a cold forty ounce of Old English Eight-Hundred malt beer

Here- the local vagrants did retreat, curled up within a paying customer's seat; while zombified addicts did walk in small circles, searching the grounds about their feet

The Reverend Martin Luther King Junior proclaimed these words before his brazen politically motivated death; that sadly- *'There- is -nothing- more- tragic- than- to- find- an- individual- bogged- down- in- the- length- of- life devoid- of- breath'*

"NEGRO- I outta slice yo retarded Smokey Robinson lookin' assRIGHT- HERE!", I heard a deep voice threaten from the rear; instantly spooking me- and propelling my distressed heart chambers into a paralyzing state of primordial fear

(.....)

.....Now you turn yo yellow- Gary Coleman sized- ass a'round- SUCKA!Real nice- and smooove!;And ya best not try'n be no hero nowAnd make no sudden- crazy ass move.....

.....JIVE- SUCKA!"