

CHAPTER 5

We stood in the parking lot smoking on cigarettes, while Guttaman gave a brief newscast- on mutual jerks from our past; jerks like Crazy John- Bubble-eyed Eugene- Fat Freddie- and a few others- but I had saved my chief inquiry for my last

“When’s the last time that you ran across-uhGlo?”, I went on to inquisitively ask; with my emotions buried deeply behind an expression-less poker face mask

Gloria Lynn, a-k-a Keeba’s mother, was my former ignorant-ass baby momma- with the mouth of a llama; a woman with no sense of respect whatsoever, full of gossip- slander- pure evil- and constant bi-polar drama

She was fine like Jackie Brown outwardly, yet- a cold-hearted witch on the inner; though the sex game was explosive and she sure could whip up a nice home-cooked dinner

I’m talking spicy gumbo like they do down in New Or’leans, black-eyed peas- hot buttered cornbread- and deep fried fish with red beans; smothered pork chops- ham hocks- neck bones- macaroni-n-cheese and ox tails, with a side of brewed and stewed collard and mustard greens

.....She- COOKED!

“Alleycat- now it’s been a good time spanSo you must come to somehow understand’.....; Glo dun upgraded I’m afraidAnd got herself a new model of Afr-i-can!”

Not receiving so much as a single postcard or letter in the mail- during eight years of incarceration in jail; I had readily assumed that Gloria Lynn had since moved on with her life, but to hear it- sure did hurt like bloody hell

That fiery and passionate love affair, that we once upon a time did share; had long since evaporated like rising smoke, within the cold abysmal air

“OH- really!.....That’s good for her- really”

“Alright then Joe....So I guess you won’t pout- if I Gutta mac up and give her a shout.....;Cause that woman is still a brick house *Thir’teh- six**Twen’teh- four*.....*Thir’teh- six**She’s- migh’teh- migh’teh**Just- lettin’- it- all hang- OUT!*....

.....OW’WWW!.....

(.....)

.....Hey Alleycat- what you holdin’ in yo hand right there?”, he did then go on to ask- **”.....Covertly-hidden within that there shirt.....;What is it jerk- one of those bibles or something?”**, he abruptly inquired- with another low shaded eyeball divert

“It’s a jewelry box that I made for KeebaTook me two years of hard wood work”;

“Okay- Okay.....”, he did smirk- “.....Well gone head and let me check that THANG out- ya jerk!”

Obligingly- I carefully unwrapped the jewelry box, in order to allow Guttaman an exclusive sneak-peek; which upon its sight did cause both his eyebrows to instantaneously rise, as he sang out with approval- **“HOW.....U- NIQUE!”**

Next- I unlatched and opened it, giving a guide of its lavish and plush inside; which did evoke a strong sense of accomplishment, as well as competent self pride

“Now- AlleycatYou and I- we both sho’nuff know that I ain’t been right much about the hits and swings of too many square thangs.....;but- I just know that that girl gone love that sparklin’ boxespecially after you fill it with gold bracelets and ear’rangs”

“I sho’ hope your right”, I sighed out- within the anxieties of my own self-doubt; as the sista made her way back towards the bus, swinging her derriere about

Eager passengers galore also began to assemble and make their way up the stairs of the coach’s open front door; as another male employee loaded luggage beneath the bus, that was set out before him upon the parking lot floor

.....“Excuse me gentlemen!”, interrupted a junkie