

CHAPTER 7

The two crazy-ass looking negros- who's low frowning eyes I did briefly meet, oddly wore no shoes or socks upon their feet; and both stood motionless- intensely scanning the area, as if searching for someone's ass in particular to beat

These black maniacs had naps upon their bare chests like fibers from a gunnysack; and the man to the right- wearing one boxing glove, clutched an open bottle of yak

I stared awestruck- for they both rocked smooth bald heads with long hanging shags, twas the back of the head where these curly patches were stuck; and both wore filthy ass coveralls, appearing as if they'd fallen from off the back of a passing watermelon truck

The short one was dark-skinned and chubby, rocking three chin braids that were thick and shrubby; with a bulging gut and right hand fingers, that were all thick-greasy- black- and stubby

The other negro was light complected and slender, a man blessed with great height all on account of his genes and male gender; both men had heavily intoxicated red eyes, as if they'd been up all the night on a twenty-four hour bender

.....*SUDDENLY!*

All the folks around that did hover, began to kick rocks faster than a mother; as a woman did snatch her child from out its stroller and swiftly ran for cover

Happening right before my shocked eyes was public transportation pandemonium, a true scene of mass hysteria; in less than thirty seconds the station doors were locked, and we were the only two that still remained within the area

When the men began to step forward across the concrete, my heart did skip a beat; for they were headed straight in our direction, marching hard- with synchronized bare feet

“Damn! ...Ya- ya- you know these fa- fools- Gutta?”, I had thusly inquired of him- with an uncontrolled apprehensive stutter; yet- when he had failed to deliver me a timely response, my body had begun to involuntarily shutter

I swung my head to the right, instantly swallowing hard at the grave frightful sight; Guttaman and the beach cruiser had disappeared on me, along with the sunlight

And it was in that very disheartening moment that I had begun to glean flashes from my very own murder scene; yellow police tape- chalk lines- flashing red and blue lights- scattered body parts and gore, that would take authorities weeks to clean

I swung my eyes back toward their forward approach, their incoming malicious encroach; in which they'd targeted me like an endangered species fit for slaughter- and poach

With supersonic hearing- I counted the pounding steps of their approaching gait, two steps- then four steps- six steps- and then eight; and even though I desperately wanted to take flight, It had become most apparent to me that it was much too late

In a violent display- the tall one kicked the stroller right from out of their way; causing me to silently plead out to the heavens, for my safety- I did pray

.....'Til they were upon me!