

CHAPTER 41

The karate man laid motionless upon his back side, with both eyelids closed- appearing as if he had suddenly died; as if he had suffered a massive coronary thrombosis, and in result- his brain had been deeply Kentucky Fried

For the brutha- I did not know what to do, I had not the faintest of a clue; and mouth-to-mouth was out of the question, for his breath reeked of garlic and doo-doo

It was just my luck- for as I looked around for help it was apparent that I alone with the karate man was stuck; and even though there were other people passing to-and-fro, not one of those selfish ass bastards- did seem to give a fuck

.....Accept for me!

“Hey brutha- bruthaCan you hear me!Hey brutha- are- are you okay!”, I did say; and though I knew it was a dumb question, I felt the need to ask it anyway

To my verbal inquiry- the karate man did not thereafter respond, no- the karate man he did not respond; he just laid there stiff as a board, as if he had skipped down that yellow brick road into the dark tunnel of the great beyond

.....When- SUDDENLY!

Like a scene from the Exorcist, his eyes popped open and he grabbed me by the wrist; scaring the shit out of me, as he resurrected from out his paralysis

I instinctively attempted with a strong and swift arm wresting twist, to free my wrist from out of his tightly gripped left fist; as he did stare me square into my startled pupils, and then proceeded to open up his heavily chapped orifice

.....Saying-

“Today your spiritual journey will beginWhat you seek- ye shall find in the end.....;A righteous warrior you shall becomeAnd your loss- will become your greatest win...

(.....)

.....There is a commercial portal that doth strongly offendIn the place where Long Beach boulevard and Anaheim street doth blend.....;Setting in motion a cataclysmic chain of eventsThat will guide you through the passing of the torrential monsoon wind.....

.....HURRY- YOU MUST GO!”

Following his spoken prophecy, he opened his mangy paw- and released me; yet still stared- while lowering his head, as if he had lost his grip on reality

“Is you crazy- JACK!I ought’a break my foot off in yo stupid ass- grabbin’ a’hold of my GOT-DAMN wrist like that-SUCKA!.....”; I barked out- as I quickly backed a safe distance away from that old-tall- black- crazy- karate kickin’- Muthafucka’

“.....You need ta find a good therapistCause you can get killed out here grabbin’ folk wrist!”; I angrily spat out- with both my left and right hand balled tightly within duel fist

The karate man was dangerous and strange, and for this very reason- I stayed far the HELL from out of his striking range; as he rolled over onto his side, at which point- he slowly began the task of re-collecting all of the scattered change

.....AND THERE WAS A WHOLE LOT OF IT!

As if that weren’t loco enough, he began to mumble out gibberish stuff; having a convo with himself, while scratching his nappy beard- that sounded quite ruff

I momentarily went under, as my dimensional state of time and spatial awareness had been torn asunder; as I stood there hypnotically watching the karate man, stuck in a daze of silent bewilderment and wonder

Wondering- which Bantustan slum, had he migrated and originated from; was his only crime eccentricity, or was he just some vagrant street Dumdum

Was it possible that he did actually know, Taekwondo- Jeet Kune Do- Kungfu- Karate- or perhaps Aikido; maybe even some Judo- or Brazilian Capoeira- Kung Soo Do- or perhaps- the secret ways of the Bushido

.....HELL NO!

He was clearly just some delusional bum, just another that would go and come; cleansing the gutters and trash bins of all their recyclable aluminum

One who partook of daily cheap mind numbing libation,
with no general discernment for functional moderation;
dehumanized by modern society, for his non-compliance in
Republicanism- or income taxation

Though I do not recall the time span, that I stood there
watching the karate man; but when that wig wearing pooch
hooked the corner, I utilized both legs- and I ran

.....I RAN!