

# CHAPTER 42

Maundering and maundering- wandering the Long Beach city streets with a bummed Newport within my mouth- deeply pondering; not in the least bit did I focus my racing thoughts- upon the precious time that I had unconsciously been squandering

I was up Shits Creek without a paddle, on a wild horse with no reins or saddle; in a war against poverty, with no armaments to equalize the battle

It was the Karma of the perverse, the retribution rendered from some long since forgotten African voodoo doll curse; yet- within the unfortunate predicament that I did face, I knew that my situation could have still been much worse

Was the Universe just mocking me, was that harlot of misfortune stocking me; like some nabob safari hunter, for some exhibitionist's menagerie

How much bitter despondency before, I found myself free-falling without a parachute from a skyscraper's top floor; down- down- down- downward- into sloshed and squashed puree, forever asleep within a crimson puddle of my very own gore

One more of the tranquilizer pills, to keep me chugging along upon my heel; to relieve me of the worry- doubt- and the pain, of which I did not wish to feel

While trudging slowly past a pawn shop's storefront window, within a somewhat foggy medicated state of mental sedate; my subconscious mind had abruptly kicked in on me, shouting loudly within my head- *'HOLD UP JUST A SECOND! .....WAIT- WAIT- WAIT!*

Was the passing image that I did see, what I actually saw it to be; NO- NO- it was an optical illusion, side-effects of my catalepsy

I quickly stepped- back- back- back- back- back, instantly reversing my movements within my previously traveled footstep track; stopping right outside of a large storefront window, where I stood within the uprisings of an on coming panic attack

Overwhelmed with disbelief, I did shut and open my eyes- again- and again; yet- each time they opened- there they were, my clothes on a window display mannequin

It was everything from my dress shirt and black dress socks, to my cocaine white Bailey's flats- with the hard cherry red bottom flats; from my overly creased mustard slacks and apple hat, to my corduroy vest and two newly added crushed velvet cravats

I was emotionally numb, I felt victimized- upset- and totally glum; in knowing the odds that Keeba's box had been hocked, was mathematically fulsome

Those rapsallion hobo scum, those unholy mischievous descendants- straight from the cursed biblical lands of Edom; who had probably pawned my property for a bottle of blue label whiskey, and a microscopic crack cocaine crumb

How I cursed the wombs that they came from, wishing that their mothers had swallowed the cum; instead of in-taking those demon seeds into their worthless vaginal sanctum

**“I use ta know a maun .....’Im use ta wear flashy clothes just- like- dat .....”,** tooted a Bob Marley reject- Rastafarian cat; who stood behind me within the window’s reflection, puffing on marijuana with his dreadlocks in a tangled up mat

**“.....’Im was a vary- vary confused maun since birth .....’Im neva even knew ‘im worth.....; .....Dat maun- ‘im be dead now .....But- ‘im tran’scended .....’im spirit- it still walk ‘pon dis earth”**

**“What? .....What in the HELL is you talkin’ about man!.....”,** I reprovngly did snap, to that odd-looking Ghetto Bob Marley chap; but strangely when I had turned to face the brutha, he had totally disappeared from my sight on some ole spooky ass crap

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