

CHAPTER 60

Deep thinking session- half an hour later I found myself sitting on a curb, in an oncoming state of depression; smoking on another cigarette- while worrying and doubting myself, rapidly progressing my mental regression

I did not expect my journey to be an easy yard, but also not so hard; I couldn't figure out if I was being tested, or just dealt a real bad card

Could it possibly be- that the divine creator above had decided to forever turn his holy back on me; or had I just simply been making all the wrong moves, like some old door lock- in which I had been trying to jam the wrong key

“LORD I'M CONFUSED HEREWHAT HAVE I DONE- WHAT'S ALL THIS REALLY ABOUT?.....”, I did wail out; with tearing eyes- and my spirit wallowing within a mucky puddle of doubt

“Don't- worry'yyyAbout- a- tingCause- every- little- tingIs- gonna- be- alright'ttt Don't- worry'yyy.....”- Ghetto Bob Marley did come sing; appearing from seemingly out of nowhere, smoking reefer- and carrying that mysterious bag that he loved to bring

(.....)

.....Champion- where dat spear-et be?.....”,
he asked- as he sat down on the curb next to me;
”..... When da rain stop fallin’ pon your ‘ead
.....dair is a beauty’fal rainbow dair ta see”

“Brutha- It feels like the rain ain’t neva’ gonna
endMaybe I dun pissed the good Lord off- with
my past legacy of sin”;

“Da rain ain’t more powerful dan da man
it rains ponChampion- da lord ‘em
still luv ya now- so gone and lift up
yer chin”

“I haven’t had one good thing happen ta me-
since I stepped my black ass out of jail.....;And
with the way that things are going nowI’m
bound ta die and in up down in HELL”

“Champion- do not cloud yer mind wit’ da taughts
of pleasureCause Deez tings always happen fur
da good pee’pal without measure.....;I can
see dat your luck is changing of nowLook
right dair- ya already dun found yourself a piece
of dat hidden treasure”

With these words- I quickly turned my neck into the
direction of which he did point; spotting my stolen watch
on the ground- abandoned like a tossed marijuana joint

With elation- I spun back around to thank the man, but he had disappeared on me like a wallet in a train station; once again- leaving me totally speech-less and confused, stuck in a state of sanity questioning self-contemplation

.....Did I believe in ghosts?