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Amarika Sheree

The Cab part 5

Its all I've got, the booze and the cigarettes I mean.

I guess it is hard for you to understand if your not in my position.

I know this neighborhood ,for sure, oh there she is that beautiful actress. I wait for her sometimes outside the stage door of the Minetta Lane Theatre just to get a short glimpse of her. Tonight she is alone as she steps into the yellow cab.

A big cloud of smoke stays awhile when the car has driven away, it blends with the smoke i now exhale. Fog ,like that night some years ago ,right in the middle of the city and you couldn't see your own hand. Only a white thick layer of mist almost like vanilla ice cream and the roaring sound of cars crashing into each other.

I read that 90% of the car accidents that night involved a cab.

Later that night got a name "The 57th night" since there were no less then 57 cabs crashing. That is a lot of cabs. It wasn't so many casualties only 8 or 9 people half of them foreign cab drivers. I remember this young girl, Amarika Sheree on her way home from a late basketball game she got into a coma when crossing the street right pass the Fulton Market where she got hit by a yellow cab.

I wonder what happened to her. She was the best basket ball player in her highschool and had now gotten a college scholarship. Did she ever make any hoop-shoots again. It was quite a sad story the newspapers made a scoop about her, she was from a poor African American family, and one of 5 sisters. She was the oldest in the bunch razing her family together with her grandmother, since her parents got killed in a robbery at local diner when she was only thirteen years old.

Now she had turned things around and was on the urge to success getting a scholarship to UCLA putting her sisters through school, and then...

Shit I Don't know the end ,maybe i should check it out. Yea ill do that, cant believe i forgot to see how she made it or if she ever made it. Damn booze.

I got to stop this. Its only making me forget. Why do i want to forget everything. Life is made of moments good ones and sad ones. Live on the bright ones and learn from the sad. But I have to start living in the moment as well. All these years!! I am finally waking up here. I cant do this anymore. I don't care about anything that really means something. Like that girl. Oh my god what have i become. A monster who only cares about himself and puts all his energy on getting himself through the day. I am out!! This isn't working any more i just cant. I have the gut feeling that I am capable of so much more then drinking, smoking cheap cigarettes, screaming at hoboies, wandering around this town in circles, almost always blurry and then waking up with a hammering head ache every other afternoon. Bye bye Johnny Walker!! hello life!!! I swear this following hang-over will be my last. I have looked the devil right into his eyes. Its not very dark there its just ,nothing. In the name of Amarika Sheree!! No more booze for me!

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