

Keva's Poster Piece

"D-i-S-C-O that's the way my disco go.
My name is Keva.
Can't you see all these boys keep jocking me?
I know karate. I know Kung Fu.
You mess with me and I'll do it to you.
D-I-S-C-O, that's the way my Disco go."

Let me laugh the way I did while playing this game, as my hands collaborated with the girl down the street.

This morning I visited that moment. Oh how our eyes sparkled. I swung my black hair back, getting all into the game, going faster and faster. Our smiles were everlasting, and nothing could take them away. I'm in this moment as if I was a stranger passing by. She does not see me, but I see her. I try to jump rope, but the rope is continuing to stop as soon as she jumps in. I want to tell her that she gets it later on in life, but somehow I assume she already knows.

"C'mon Keva let's play again," the girl said, while the other end of the rope still tied to the gate.

"I'm tired," I moaned.

The two girls sat on the porch watching life blossom.

I watch this memory as if it is some episode on tv, but it isn't. It is playing right before my very eyes. I step to this little girl, assuming she would know who I am, but she doesn't. Her hand is as soft as mine if not softer. Her head is as round as an orange, just like I remember. I quickly hug her before she can ask who I am.

All of a sudden I am not hugging anyone. I am back in my computer chair with a blank Microsoft Word Pad in front of me. I wonder about where my memory went. Then I slowly realize it is no mystery. It went back into the part of the brain that stores that stuff.

Let me laugh, let me feel the innocence, the freedom, I did while playing this game. Let me watch her for just a minute more.

D-I-S-C-O that's the way my universe goes.

By: Keva Carr
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