

Zulu leaned over and snorted the white powder up a rolled up five dollar bill. “Ahhh,” he exclaimed before jerking his torso to the back of his seat and shaking his head violently. ‘Marjorie always has the best blow,’ he thought as he wiped the residue dripping from his nostrils. ‘Now I’m ready,’ he said to himself as his heart pounded in his chest and his pupils dilated. He stood up and walked out of the small room backstage, slammed the door and made his way through a smoky maze of poetic associates, who praised him, encouraged him, and gave him dap.

“Get’em Zu!”

“My n***a! Rock the mic!”

“Shiiiiid, I didn’t know you was here!”

“Zuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!”

“Make’em guhls wet Zu!”

“Pro Black! Hit’em in the heart my n*g!”

The crowded pub applauded as a tiny black woman with an enormous afro walked off the stage and towards him. Zulu extended a closed right hand to give her a fist bump. Their knuckles collided and she smiled.

“I don’t know if I want to follow you,” he said.

“You’re a master at this. Tonight was my first night,” she said walking passed him and joining the assemblage of poets backstage.

“Y’all in for a treat tonight,” a short light skinned man with baggy jeans said as the crowd settled down. “The next poet is known throughout Southwest Atlanta, College Park, East Point, Lil’ Five Points, and Decatur.” The emcee removed the mic from its stand, “I heard he’s from Kentucky, but we plan to keep him for a while. At least until he runs out of herbal,” he grinned as the front row of candle lit tables broke into laughter. “Without further ado here’s the legend...the myth...and the n***a with the fattest dime bags on the Southside. My n***a Zuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!”

A thunderous applause erupted from the crowd as the patrons in the rear of the tiny club stood up in anticipation. Those in the middle sipped dark liquor slowly, while others who had premium seating sat up straight in their seats and leaned forward. Zulu stepped from behind the golden curtains on the left side of the stage dressed in black boots, sagging black jeans, a red Deion Sanders Atlanta Falcons jersey and a black furry Kangol cap with a crip twisted blunt above his right ear. He grabbed the mic with his right hand and clutched his balls with his left, “If your black and proud clap your hands like this!” he shouted as his left hand tapped the mic in his right and the crowd followed in unison.

“Now this dissemination,

Is for your alleviation,

I spit these rhymes,
And Bust on Time,
Listen closely,
And you will find,
The appropriation,
Of my Motivation,
Is inspiring to your minds,
Seeking elevation,”

He winked at a honey brown beauty to his right and she tooted her lips up and blew him a kiss.

“Ladies like the gyration of my hips,
Before I taste their soulful lips,
Or lick their necks,
Maybe give a peck,
On their beauty marks,
I’m searching for their hearts,
You know I got the herbal,
I’ll meet you in the park,
Don’t got no stems or seeds,
You’ll be happy as a lark!”

A brown skinned woman with large hoop earrings, wearing a green and black dashiki seated on the far left front corner threw her hands in the air, “Talk to me baby” she shouted as Zulu kneeled down and continued,

“The haze from the smoke,
Won’t make you choke,
You’ll be begging for more,
And you might go broke,
Puff puff pass,
Don’t take a long toke.....”

Find Zulu, the self proclaimed star of *The Bounty: A Poet on the Run* by Christopher Williams on Amazon and at ChristopherWilliamsTheWriter.com

\$30,000 by 4am or else...

Meet The Crew:

A Junkie, A Hoodlum, A Country Boy, and A Lunatic.

What could go right?