

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES IN TRANSITION TO WHERE?

Sounds radiate from the greenish black bullfrog croakin as it leaps from the deadwood tree roots that sit just above the murky emeralish brown water flowin down from the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico.

Oh, there are sounds abundant to the eye of one's ears to see that a splash need not be a white mouth bass playin in beams of mornin sunlight, but maybe the ploppin of a cooter fallin off into the water from the eerie deadwood trunks along the banks of my bayou swamp home in Louisiana where these childhood memories remain a part of my transition from rural-to-urbanite consciousness.

"Possum, you be a-gettin your rump up-down,  
causin dat school boat be blowin upriver, you  
hear me now, Possum?"

Ma sure made some cajun sound, it be love, no?

On eve of youthful folly, memories linger not,  
in waning cajun moon, no disillusionment at  
night end, tears, laughter so dismay son of  
raisin daybreak.

Let Possum play at livin memories once again...

"Show be somethin huh ma, wiffin all dat noisey  
Rosie mae,  
Be ah screamin bout pullin her hair, she be lyin,  
ma I no pull nothin!"

"You be hearin me Possum, now gat boy."

School days wif youngins wearin bib coveralls and little misses wif printed dresses on just ridin long the wa-  
ter way learning bout writin, knowin, and numbers sure be somethin back then.

In youth, joy of curiosity to peek outward from self  
in cravins so long and black each echoing back...  
Told you so, onward they grow,  
Rosie mae remains a childhood wif hangins  
down her back--midnight black ringlets.

Bein seven years old often brings about day dreams of exploring wonders of what only a child can find inter-  
esting enough to not question action or deeds until done.

Surveyin Possum is havin a wib-bill cuttin blade  
and one shell for huntin dinner wif, nowyabe ah  
watchin real close at dat thar bush tail jumpin right  
to ziggity left, dar it go Possum...

Rosie mae be ah standin on a hill wif tall elephant  
grass peekin out, if'n she mite catch the woodsman ways?

Pa be aimin, eye shut-open wide, somethin in  
God's playground be bout to die, pow-bang-whoose,  
sulfur burnin-smellin awful, somethin be dyin,  
Rosie mae seein men's way.  
Thar be nothin fun when skinnin back innocent flesh  
bush tail at 7,  
Big brown eyes reflectin tears of no surveyin, Pa  
just sat by lookin forin it to be right,  
Rosie mae backin downward witness to the woodsman way  
of his eye.

In my bayou home of color and sounds thar be grief along'in the way, sight of bones dry'in bare, substance-smellin, no laughter be, as spring turns into robust summer songs of skippin flat rocks crossin old Cooter's Hole shinnie green face, round by-the-way of sugarcane spouts or rice wavin upward at blue skies passin over, just waitin for harvests, Rosie mae skippin by.

Cooter's Hole, Possum-children playin, splashin from  
fallen swings into cool mirror, emerald green life,  
sorrows come in knowin many to few, never  
lost comin to Cooter's Hole, lazy summer noon day at play.

Sorrows at havin cat-eyed marbles hidden away,  
dam mason jar some June day, Rosie mae in circles,  
dismay broken in.

She be a-callin out now, so and so Miss Rosie mae,  
Cooter's Hole be no more Possum hide-away,  
swingin, fallin naked in youth,  
sorrow came, Rosie mae not only to you.

Goin across the bayou wif Pa on a hot sweaty heated day, out to the left be Rosie mae sittin wif her Ma pollin thar way to our trading store wif winter trapins like us to survive.

Her ma be a might manly cause it takes strong back to push at muddy river bottoms bayou movin as I sat thar day dreamin at how Rosie mae had grown...

Long silken black braids, butter skin wif peachie glow  
almond brown eyes lookin from a face of pure delight,  
Demi-jeans cutoffs ripped just right, long slender  
fingers runnin ripples water ways, some Goddess love  
no forgotten.

Cajun Red, did ya see Rosie mae prancin wif her bottom hangin out, she sho be lookin like rock candy so sweet a tooth be beggin, don't she?

Possum you be a day dreamin too much bout dat girl, whar do babies come from anyway? Cajun Red just sorta asked me.

Pa, whar do babies come from? As he poled the muddy bottom to push our way down river as childhood thoughts got the best of me thinkin bout pretty Rosie mae.

"Possum what might you wanta know bout babies forin?  
It no be right unless'n you be jumpin dat stick,  
wif some woman first,  
You be knowin what to do boy when da time comes."

Pa just kept polin wif a smile on his face, be a baldin gray head, must be Rosie mae gettin at him.  
I still be ah wonderin as we be pullin to the tradin store door...

Cajun Red, I be seein some lillie white woman standin in da store wif golden hair just a fallin down her to bout thar it do, bein noway I be a touchin it, just sorta reached out wif my hand, she scream like some wounded cat, she be yellin!!!

"Is dat why your Pa gots to send you North Possum?" Red asked me.

Rosie mae be standin at waters edge, naked as born,  
unknowin of beauty, seein minds eye-spyin we...  
Nothin be more like Rosie mae opennin eyes of knowin  
somebody be watchin her...wonderments of beauty she  
be."

That Black pickinnie boy touched me! Somebody grab, grab him, forein he get away!

Dis be somethin to remember as some hairy long a-be reachin for me cause of some dam gold coloured hair,  
warn't no gold noway! So off I be runnin to my bayou home wif out Pa.

Summer day sweaty wif heat, no breeze a-comin my way  
dis day,  
White line, yellow line, just blackish gray asphalt  
runnin afore me, blindin, turnin, swayin likin  
Dragons back headin somewhar's...  
Sittin back bus movin onward, lights shadows playin.  
Strange sounds be comin in de dead of nite, cold it  
be movin beyond bayou solitude,  
Sittin back, feelin-movin onward, lights blinkin, to  
signs passin-flashin say nothin.  
I's, I's, eyes goin back, goin back, begone aheadin  
way north from home.

Swoosh, the bus sounded as it had pulled into our first Northern city after morin 16 hours. Thar be lights,  
signs, wif people every which-way movin bout in thar Sunday best clothes.

Rosie mae wake-up girl, we be somewhar's for sure!

No Colored Use Back Door, Big water place, Little water  
place, wonder whar a drink be at?  
Welcome signs, how come, whoopin, screamin, scarin souls.  
Yellin, horsemare sounds, nigger boy get yourn ass out  
har...  
Rosie mae sittin wif Baby Sister her'n best friends,  
shakin cryin, next to me,  
Get my baby screams be my ma callin out,  
Rosie mae just took my hand smilin upward,  
mumblin, dragons be roamin bout nite air  
chillin souls of God's children.  
Northbound bein free, free to speak, touch,  
feel, sorrow wifout fear in teardrops runnin

The tallness of the buildings and the noises that came from things racin by wif eyes like lightnin bugs, bel-  
lowin smoke as chimneys layin ah sideways hangin out back, honkins soundin as geese flyin south over by bay-  
ou home, Rosie mae and me just sat on concrete rails at the edge of black asphalt pavins waitin on someone to  
come and rescue us.

"Possum, thar be ah stick pencil layin over thar,  
jump the stick wif me bein scared I be,  
Well forin me somethin cried inside as pride, be  
survival to woman, child, man I be raised cajun first

from birth to grave, it be sayin yes,  
Rosie mae, Rosie mae be askin for our sake.

Rosie mae reaching out ling slender hard/soft hands wif fingers so gentle that a baby stops cryin when touched like me seekin comfort.

Ma bein arisen at gator's yawin, hearin clackin sounds  
muskrat scratchin, muddy water sho to get clean some,  
Singin Ma's song of Naomi, Ruth, Mother Sarah, Rosie mae  
reached within her upbringing-cajun Ethiopian woman,  
Dat be Holy ground da feet naked standin on each,  
Dat green grass so green be Holy ground acrossin over  
dat be teached,  
Dat ground, dat ground be Holy ground lookin Black like  
we, water burst, after birth, rite of passage man/wo/both  
do stand Holy ground raise we.

This be all that Rosie mae be sayin in sweet sounds of the Ancient Ones.

Somehow the ground weeped that lonely night hour for two children who knew that jumpin a stick meant eternity as symbolic wedding vows were exchanged between Rosie mae and Possum, me.