A Ride
*After Major Jackson*

Who cares if you don’t like
Jamall’s 2005 Escalade: Pearl-colored,
midnight hued windows, spinning
rims talking in super-speed Morris code

hypnotizing shorty’s eyes
like a ten-foot chrome metronome.
When the speakers fall to a murmur
and the passenger side window drops

he ain’t gotta ask for a number,
cause shorty already wanna ride.
Wanna be on the air conditioned side of the tint
hugged in piped-out beige leather

as if she’s in Saks trying on a coat
she know she can’t afford.
Jamall licks his lips, smirks,
switches the CD to R. Kelly

just to make sure that shorty knows the fare.
Her Lil’ Kim video moment is near,
Jamall thanks God for his ride,
shorty waves at you, recline, smiles.