

Akilah Toney
Level II
Music Box Poetry
Inspired by Vernacular Artists

Mama can I have some money for the huckabuck lad

My Knees freshly scraped clothes reeked of fresh grass
Blue magic hair grease dripped down my heat bumps
I ran inside was slapped with the coldness of the air conditioner
I was greeted my mama stirrin cast iron pots and fussin at me again,

*Look you not gon be coming in and out this here
In and out in and out in and out we not doin' that*

The kitchen smelled of smoke sausage, celery, and onion
Which bothered my summer belly

*Ma! Ma! The Huckabuck Lady comin
Can I have some money to get a Frozen Cup*

*I'll see, go get purse off the sofa
Hurry up you gon miss her*

The Huckabuck Lady's truck squeaked by my house
With its tires rolling into fat potholes
I missed her
I missed my shot at that 75 cent bubblegum blue huckabuck