



## THE BARBER SHOP

Step

Into a different world

Where brothers converge

Not to speak the street colloquial word

But to observe new faces

The pace, and grace

Of the 7 deadly masters.

Music erupts from the B&W speakers

The pitch, the tone, bass lines are blown.

As the 7 deadly masters don their silk threaded gowns. Step back Burberry.

First up is young Freddy

Like Marley Marl, he is ready

The fade is a haze

As the first deadly master plies his trade.

Next is Jake

But wait.....

Ok

Now he's ready.

Adjusting the Sean John jeans is no mean task when you're 7ft 3, skinny and mean.

The deadly master flicks the switch blade.

Now he's bald and lean

The waiting heads are laughing.  
As "Tubby" Marley steps to the chair  
"Pass the shoehorn", I hear  
Dreadlocks flowing, like Cristal in the air.  
He squeezes in, must be singing another dance hall affair.  
Soon the room is alive with sounds and commotion  
Like a Maceo Parker jive and a bebop devotion.  
7 deadly masters at their leather thrones  
Waiting for the Benjamin's to come  
Into the rusty till still looking ill  
With the hanging sawn-off, and Glock underneath  
Staying put till the heads are all gone.

Enter

Madame Amazon

You know the style, 36-24-37, made in caramel heaven dressed in  
"just enough" to make you weep: Peeps  
Straight outta Black Pride  
Step aside Naomi, this Cutie is all that  
Will someone please call 911!  
I want these brothers gone  
So, there's only one.

Me

Her mouth opened wide,  
Teeth so bright  
Pass the Ray bans  
WOW! Out of sight!  
Her question is straight  
"Have you seen Jake?"

A dozen mouths open  
Waiting to speak  
But all you hear is a choking  
Squeak!

My Man Leon is first, square jaw, gold tooth, Nr 2,  
To utter the words  
"Soul kitchen baby, on Lincoln and 3<sup>rd</sup>"

Brothers are distraught.  
What's up with him?  
They wanted Madame to stay, and play.  
Really, I think. Not.

Back to the beats and rhymes.  
The B&W speakers are now warmed and primed  
As the door swings open the ballers arrive  
Now the world is really alive.  
With dialects deep in street grind.  
Pass the thesaurus.  
Not Collins, backstreet, of course.

As dusk draws near the last brother packs his gear. Satchmo  
beats still ringing in his ear  
No 7 locks the door and turns  
To his fellow deadly masters gathered on the floor

Donnell, your turn to amuse  
Before we depart in our D&G shoes  
The moment of the day if you please  
Donnell is quick

Like Grand Master Flash  
Fingers to the deck  
He flips the cellnet  
The cutters stand in awe as the green screen roars.

11 digits and name already gained!  
All in this small frame  
Miss Amazon will never be the same  
Donnell's the deadly master at this ol' game