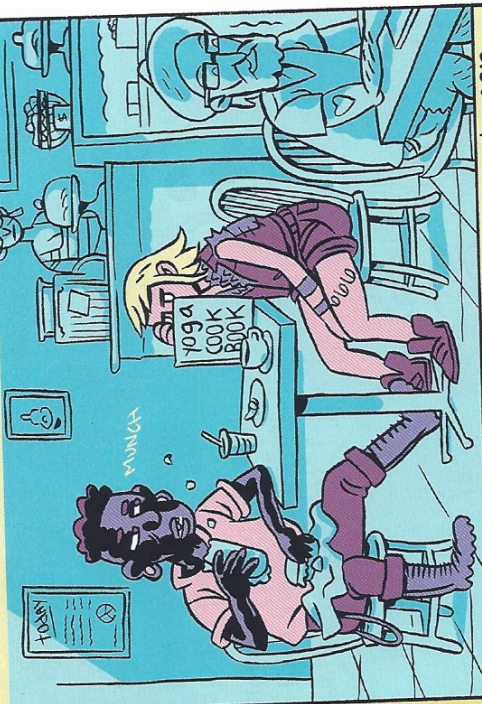


YOUR BUK FREN

Your black friend is sitting in a coffee shop, your favorite coffee shop. He's eating a po-boy even tho he knows he's not supposed to. He's hoping white guilt will keep the barista from confrontin him about it.



your black friend listens to a conversation between a nicely dressed white woman and the barista---

I saw this sketchy guy coming out of this backyard with a bike an I called the cops right away.

what'd he look like?

was tha house on France street?

did he have a big nose ring?

I dunno... black, tall, dreads, the bike was a 98 Gary Fisher w/ a big marlin on it, drop bars, disc breaks, a broken spoke and one of those Brookes racing saddles instead of the factory seat.

rich lady w/ fat, pray, love

think that my current darkness was born in my Shady Past.
-Boogie

by Ben Passmore