

Gospel of the Skateboarder

Grinch, the skatehead, gripped his hands on the chain-link fence and leaked out to his baker-dozen bros, "Some shit's goin' down. Donut munchers been fucking with our turf. Say we can't be skatin' in drained northern pools no more. They crackin' up. I don't care who you is or who you are, somebody fucks wid yo turf, they fuck wid you. Somebody put your hand on my head. I'm no homo. It helps me think."

His bro Juddy put a hand there, but he had beef with Grinch. Juddy said, "You crazy, big brother. You only one buckle away from da straight jacket. We all been in da bird cage, and you know we ain't goin' back dere, not for no donut balls, not for nobody. We gonna skate wherever it feels right. You better eat some grub, yo. Even yo head is showin' bones. Your skinny ass need to steal us some last supper from Lucky's. We all about to eat ourselves."

Grinch spat. "Get yo own biscuits, dog. I ain't in da mood. You chose to be movin' and ridin' wheels and starvin' marvin. 'Sides, my head's too busy on donut boys to be thinkin' 'bout motherfuckin' mealtime. Somebody take yo turf, they destroy you. They destroy you. All we gots is whats under our feet, you know wha I'm sayin', yo?"

All the bros stuck out their tongues snake-like.

Tommy, who broke the most bones, said, "Stay outta my body bag, Grinch. I love you, but I might kill you."

Grinch stuck out his tongue back at 'em all. "Don't be scared of me, pussies. I'm just a child pissin' my pants, and I'm talkin' to you. Somebody's speakin', you listen. Don't let nobody fool you. It's inside. You play the fool, Tommy stupidhead, the fool will come. I'm sayin' you believe in what's under yo feet. You 'bout to get fucked over yo turf, and you don't give no bones about nobody. Somebody dies for you right now, yo. He might be a marine. He might be a junkie. Somebody dies for you right now. Wake the fuck up and forgettabout yo stomach eatin' itself."

Grinch rolled over to the half pipe, goofy foot lead, did a 360 spin. He yelled out, "Somebody's speakin', bros, you listen!"

All the bros felt dizzy.

Juddy said, "Yo, Grinchy, you don't need to have no ruptured spleen. We all get yo words are some insane bible from nowhere."

Peter Pan, the fat boy, yelled, "You dope. You da man, anti-Santa. Talk at me."

At the half pipe, Grinch hit that coping hard, flew to heaven, came back to earth and said, "Use your head, bros. I don't care who you is or who you are. You were born wid it. Red, yellow, black, white -- it takes two sane brains to make one. Is you sane or are you sane? You spend all this time splittin yo head on eight balls, forgetting where you come from, and somebody dies for you right now. You get it?"

Some bros fastened their wallet chains. Some bros stared at graffiti. Some bros hung on the fence like thieves and rapped, "Later man, we'll kill you next time."

Peter Pan said, "I hear ya, yo. I got your talk tattooed on my skull. Nobody takes yo turf, or you a fool. But it's overtime, and I gotta date wid Crazy Mary to score mass medications. You aaright, then I'm goin' to walk da dog."

"Get on it, brother. Her shit's quality produce, fresh bread. I'd tell you I love you, but it ain't in my brain," Grinch said.

And that is the gospel according to Grinch. He lit a joint and rolled on over to Bethlehem Skate Park, where the cement was sick.

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