Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

they shot jacob on kobe's birthday

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and i wonder where jacob's people were from before the great migration carried them north maybe they from down round cane river like my people blake is a family name for me i am but one black man removed from being bridgette bianca blake that man a young bull who married baby doll a blake who turned out seven youngins four boys and three girls one of which

my mother took my father's last name who has his mother's last name and i never knew his father a black man removed before i even knew he was in this world and kobe was my father's favorite and when he was a black man removed from this world my father whispered he felt like my son and he mourned a man he never met but watched grow up

on television i wonder what will happen to the youngest bryant girls when they grow up and watch kobe on television without him in this world and realize they never really knew their father will never teach them to fly with a basketball like gigi who flew with him that sunday morning and who will teach jacob's sons how to fly will they remember their father like christopher reeves is still superman even from a chair will they ever forget

seven is the number of completion on the seventh day our father which art in heaven rested and it was a sunday kobe's birthday was a sunday and he died on a sunday and maybe jacob taught them to call on ancestor's to guide them to yell kobe when they took a paper shot at a wastebasket it was a sunday when the officer took seven shots into jacob's back in front of his sons' faces pressed against the window or the floor of the car too scared to call on the ancestors or to believe superman could save them

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