

Tyrone:

Suicidal thoughts II

Herb: Tyrone, remember me? How the hell are ya man?

Tyrone: Hey herb, good to hear from you. It's been about what?

Herb: About six months man and thanks to you, I'm still living and doing good, too. I aint felt like committing suicide since we first talked that one day. Aint that great?

Tyrone: Yeah, that's great herb. That's good shit...

Herb: Hell yeah, that shit is great. You don't know what it feels like to want to commit suicide Tyrone and I'll tell ya what, that shit aint no great feeling. I think I even grew an inch too.

Tyrone: You haven't grown an inch Herb.

Herb: The hell you say. How do you know? You haven't seen me. I know when my ass has grown. I'm looking at it right now.

Tyrone: Herb, if you're looking at your own ass you're a freak. It may have grown but not you.

Herb: Bullshit. You can talk smack if you want Tyrone but hell, I'm eating way better than I have ever been able to before; wearing new clothes, have a new place to live, not to just stay in but to live in, it's my place and you know what else T? I have a girlfriend who has long ass legs and I owe it all to you.

Tyrone: That's great Herb. I'm glad for you man...

Herb: Shit, you don't sound like it. What's the matter with you?

Tyrone: Shit, my ass is still in prison Herb. The parole board told me I was being deceitful, talkin' about I didn't tell my family I committed the crime I'm in her for, aint that about a bitch?

Herb: Ah man, is that all? Shit, you gone get out. You just gotta wait your turn like everybody else. Hell, people before you didn't think they was gonna ever get out but they did, eventually.

Tyrone: Yeah, turns. Maybe you're right Herb but damn, turns can take forever.

Herb: Well, at least you get a turn and besides, you have me. I can take care of you until you get the hell outta there but you paying my ass back when you get out, too. Hell, I might even charge you interest for what I give you, if you take too long to pay my ass back.

Tyrone: Well, at least you keep me laughing...

Herb: Hell, I aint laughing. I'm'a need my money back.

Tyrone: Money aint everything Herb.

Herb: The hell you say. It's part of everything and you can't buy shit without it. Look, T, we all hunger for meaning in our lives; what our purpose is...

Tyrone: Yeah and just how the hell am I supposed to search for any kind of meaning in here when this damn place is so depressing every day, unless it's meaning in somebody else's life?

Herb: That's just it, T you have a better opportunity than most people out here in getting your shit together, man. You already have your meaning etched in stone and you mean to tell me you don't know it? your purpose is those drawings that you

create, as funny as they look, business ideas, some of which can use a little tweaking, the poems, books, short stories, plays and that commentary but your main purpose is to help people man. You're good at that shit, man. Put it this way, if you can talk a midget, yours truly, into not committing suicide, get a job, find a place to live and fall in love, plus make my ass grow an inch, hell, that better be your damn purpose because if this shit is all a fantasy I been going through for the past six months, I'm breaking in that damn prison and kick your ass myself. Oh, and remember when I told you I was blind?

Tyrone: Yeah, I remember.

Herb: Well, I'm not. Shit, I can see better than most people who wears glasses...

Tyrone: Why did you lie to me Herb? I thought we were friends.

Herb: Well shit, man. If you were going through all the shit I was going through in my life, you would've told people you couldn't see either. I just didn't want to see all that shit I was going through. It was too painful. Plus, if I wouldn't have said I was a blind midget, you wouldn't have helped save my life. Not if all I said for the reason I wanted to commit suicide was because I'm a midget and people laugh at me. Shit, through my felonious blindness you found your true purpose. Don't be mad at me man.

Tyrone: I'm not mad at you Herb. I still don't think your ass has grown.

Herb: The hell you say. It has too. Just ask this bad mama long legs crawling all over my ass and after what I just finished talking to you about don't pick you up, your ass need to lay down and get some sleep.

Tyrone: Since when did you start giving out advice, Herb?

Herb: Every since you helped a blind man see that he's worth something and has something to live for. Plus, like I said, I have a pretty long leg girlfriend to help me keep thinking that way. By the way, I have a sister if you want to meet her.

Tyrone: Nah, I'm cool Herb.

Herb: What, you don't like midgets?

Tyrone: Later Herb. Will I talk to you again?

Herb: T, are you a undercover woman and lied to me about being a man? Will we talk again? What kind of...

Tyrone: Click...

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Tyrone!



Caller: Tyrone?

Tyrone: Yeah baby

Caller: I fell out of love, now what? I want to talk about men for a minute.

Tyrone: Talk to me.

Caller: Oh, U know what? That's a lie. I want to talk about me.

Tyrone: Speak on it baby.

Caller: Ok, 'cause I got to get this stuff off my chest and tell somebody.

Tyrone: I'm listening.

Caller: Ok, I want to be as honest as I can; as much as the good lord will allow me to be and that's full throttle baby. U still there Tyrone?

Tyrone: Yeah. Come on and bring it.

Caller: All right now. U asked for it. I did a lot of reflection within and do U know what I discovered about myself? I discovered that I wanted an *in addition to* not an *instead of*. Does that makes sense to U Tyrone?

Tyrone: If it makes sense to U, it makes sense to me.

Caller: Now we're talking. It turns out that my husband is an *instead of*. Instead of the loving, fine, chiseled body looking athlete in shining armor with a pimp walk like Denzel Washington I met before we were married, This man turned out to be a no good son of a bitch damn Mr. Potato head, Bart Simpson, lazy ass slob who barely want to get his ass up off the sofa these days; thinking I'm supposed to take care of his ass; cater to him just because he hurt his back. I'll tell U something Tyrone, he didn't hurt his back picking up all this good lovin' either; something he used to do but now he using all of his time playing them damn video games like a damn little boy. We still got time?

Tyrone: Take all the time U need baby, we aint on no timetable.

Caller: That's good Tyrone. I wish my man was like U. U'r a good listener. So, anyway, my man *was* a great husband but turned out to be a better friend *with no benefits*. sex was good in the beginning Tyrone. I mean, we were so intimate. I used to daydream about my husband sexing me down while I was at work and I work in a cold ass warehouse twelve hours a day. Now I find myself drawn to somebody else. Am I wrong?

Tyrone: No baby. U aint wrong. U cant get what U want just by dreaming about it.

Caller: I like U Tyrone. I wish my husband was like U. Hell, I wish he was like any Other man; maybe Denzel or U.

Tyrone: Thank U baby.

Caller: So, now I just go in my favorite room, my bedroom and cry. I mean, what else am I going to do? My husband doesn't love me anymore. Hell, he doesn't even have time for me anymore.

Tyrone: Hold on now sweet thang. Aint no need of crying about it. If u'r man aint showin' U no respect, let alone in u'r bedroom and especially after U talked to him about it. U did talk to him about it, didn't U?

Caller: Hell yeah I talked to his sorry ass about it. I talked to him time and time again but I can't even pull his ass away from them video games.

Tyrone: Let me ask U a question. Who buys the video games?

Caller: I do.

Tyrone: That's one of the problems. Stop catering to him. No more video game buying.

Caller: Ok.

Tyrone: Now, if the man still doesn't give U the time of day, U go out and have the time of day U want to have.

Caller: What are U telling me Tyrone?

Tyrone: Only that U should stop wasting u'r time on somebody who aint wasting their time on U. U'r settling when U don't have to. It's not u'r fault the man is not interested in U anymore. I'm sure u'r a decent looking woman...

Caller: Uh Un Tyrone. I'm not just decent. I'm fine and I don't have low self-esteem and I don't think what's happening with my husband is my fault either...

Tyrone: Then, what's the problem?

Caller: Oh, aint no problem. I just wanted to talk to somebody and like I said, get some stuff off my chest. I'm tired of settling. Why should I? Hell, there's a whole big old world out there. I don't need to settle for him like he got his ass settled on that damn couch and don't want to leave it; talking about bring him something to eat. Hell, I wanna eat too but his ass aint feeding me so, I need to go out and find me an *in addition to*. What U think Tyrone?

Tyrone: Well, sense U put it that way and U made up u'r mind...

Caller: Damn right I made up my mind. I aint his dam cum cup...

Tyrone: Ok baby. I get u'r drift. So, U simply have to find out just what it is U want in life. Not what other people want for U. What U want is fulfillment. Find its location. It can be in any location but once U locate it, U need to shake all the murkiness away from it so that U can see that it is clearly what U want. Then U own the spot of u'r own personal fulfillment. It's that simple.

Caller: Thanks Tyrone, u'r the greatest.

Tyrone: Good luck baby.

Caller: Uh Un. Whoever he is when I find him, he's the one who's gonna need that luck.