

How Are the Bucket Boys?

I miss watching sticks beat bucket bottoms faster than CPD's speed trap said I was going, while each loc floats on beat. I miss praying that the musician singing through the stench of stale pee finally gets discovered, or even just makes enough money to pay for dinner tonight and the night after. I miss our rats, not the kind that cook dinner, the kind that dine and dash. And stopping to pet all the pomeranians in fake service vests. I miss wiggling my toes at the edge of the blue bumps wondering what if I jumped? I won't do it, but what if I did? I miss the drunk girls after Lolla, glitter everywhere, screaming so I know that Jason is seeing Kayla but Kalya is also seeing Maya but Ashley likes Jason even though she's kinda dating Adrian. I miss listening. And getting off at Jackson to get iced coffee on Michigan Avenue. When I was that boujee, when I wore Doc Martens, before I was an Art School Dropout™. I miss falling in love with the flustered man in the medium-expensive suit, standing, stumbling constantly. He's not really holding on to the loops. What would I say if he looked up at me from his all important iPhone? I miss the hoards at Addison for a game. The secret is that it's worth walking from Sheridan to avoid the crowd. I miss sitting in the stands seeing trains pass just beyond the Ivy. Everything smells like peanuts and Budwiser. I miss the beer-induced—almost—brawls between Northsiders and Southsiders after Crosstown Classic. I miss the first place I remember a rainbow: Red. Orange. Yellow. Green. Blue. Purple. Brown. Pink.