

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

John Yamrus: Excerpt from RMA

John Yamrus · Wednesday, February 20th, 2019

my father had a way of walking that maybe was what first made me think of him and Sugar Ray in the same sentence...like a fighter. my father didn't walk or amble or shamble...he kinda *glided*, which was probably very attractive to the ladies when he was young or maybe even not so young, as it showed an assurance and confidence that hinted at a whole lot more.

digress means to deviate from a certain course of action. isn't that what i've pretty much always done my entire life? whether it's looking back at the past or to the left or right. i've never taken a path that took me plain old straight ahead. that's often caused me a lot of trouble, and certainly never made me a lot of money, but, like good jazz, or a conversation between old friends over drinks, my life has never ever gone from point A to point B and then to C...

i can picture myself walking back and forth in the back yard as i often did back then in the summer, reading Kerouac's THE SUBTERRANEANS out loud, not caring who was watching me from their windows or yard, maybe even hoping just a little that someone actually *was*...that they *did* see this crazy, skinny kid with the bad, wet hair, walking back and forth on the grass.

This entry was posted on Wednesday, February 20th, 2019 at 4:11 pm and is filed under [Fiction](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.