

Stoop

By Angel Rodrigues

Excerpt....

Summer was finally here, and I sit here on my grandmother's stoop, with my journal on my lap, sinking my teeth into a crisp Lupini bean straight from the jar, because that's how my grandmother said you were supposed to eat them. Digging my fingers into the cool liquid they swam in, popping each one, setting them free from its pod into my mouth. Nothing tasted better on a hot summer day. The salty gush of water reminds me of the beach and growing up in New England where you are never too far from the ocean. Living in public housing systems, however, made it feel a thousand miles away. Any chance to bring it closer was all I ever thought about doing, even if it was all just a trick. Like Bernice says, "any time you get a chance to lie to yourself honey, do it! Lord knows life is too damn hard to be dealing with realities."