



Gilbert or Frank

by Terrence Mosley

Stevenson: I'm in the locker room all the time, my friend. I've seen it all and my informal survey tells me black guys are swinging. Hung like Christmas lights. It makes sense anthropologically speaking. I'm not saying I'm an anthropologist, Frank but how else is the black man going to make it through the wilderness! You guys gotta be competitive. Just like modern life. You gotta know where you stand. I like to know where I stand. When I glance, it tells me everything I need to know about the competition.

This is the way I see it. The guy dressing next to me. Hypothetically, he could best me career wise. He could be making much more than me. He could be driving a beautiful car. But when his towel comes off and he reveals he's got a quarter pack of Mentos for a dick, I know I'll catch up. I know eventually, I'll surpass him. Cause covering the smell of genetic failure with designer MBA toilet water just won't do. People always know.

Look how far you've gotten. Wait, now... Don't take offense. Lets look at the facts. You don't go to the gym. As a result, you're husky and your clothes look a little sloppy. Appearance, as you know, is everything. A man who doesn't care about his appearance must feel he has something to fall back on. I've always assumed, the way you carry yourself, your swinging. I'll be honest, You should have gotten this promotion. Your work is flawless, you're a good guy, good communicator but you should try harder to show you got the whole package. Cause when you pass me. I'll know my place. Just like you know yours.