

Something worth waiting for (A poetic Justice)

Tupac was the best person they could have cast for Lucky in Poetic Justice, because the way he delivered his lines and scripts created such poetry you envision a person like him bringing you justice in more ways than one. A pretty boy thug that was self aware, but had such a way with words you melted at the idea a letter may be delivered to your doorstep.

You see my encounters have been few, not really far between. The time since then has led me to reflect that a time gap wouldn't make a difference. Crazy to think I found someone who could match the rhyme scheme but not the flow, got me looking over my shoulder to see if he stood behind me as we watched the same nonsense. Questioning aspects of life gone in modern media. However, unlike a rare few I can acknowledge that the fault was never the stars, it was my naivety.

I'm woman enough to admit he was pretty, carried the intellectual maturity of my future husband, though God made it clear the contents of the package were not intended for me, and were simply sent to the wrong address.

Whoever sent it really wanted it at my doorstep, because when the mail man arrived he was bold and straightforward. Slick and filled with finesse, but neither I nor God signed for it, so send it on its way.

Since then, my street has gotten a new driver because justice became corrupted by the jealousy of Lucky, so my mail man is different. As much as I wish I was getting a 1980 love letter from a person who took a page from Pac, I haven't seen

the mail man walk up my street. However, I know that two of what I seek share the earth, so more have to exist.

So I wait patiently by my mailbox, for a letter only capable of being unsealed by me, as I know soon after, a package covered in the finest wrapping paper will land at my doorstep with the contents needed to provide me with my Poetic Justice.