Ephesians Six

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2018/iss1/51

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Raven is pursuing a Bachelor's degree in English with a minor in African American Studies. Her passions are literature, politics, and food. Her writing style is poetic and calls attention to the intricate beauty of everyday life and ordinary people. She is set to graduate in May 2018. Her goal is to become the editor-and-chief of your favorite magazine and to teach along the way. To see more of her work, go to litrebel.wixsite.com/rebel

Ephesians Six by Raven

The children congregated on the porch of the modest, blue home as they always did on Sunday evenings. Their growling stomachs created a choir orchestrated by the smells wafting from the kitchen. Collard greens, okra, yams, red rice, chicken. Magical women convened over pots and conjured up a feast. Older folks sat in the living room and wrapped an arm around their wife. Relaxing into her curve, the prelude to a giggle laced with a threat. Not bothering to lower his voice, his father looked over his head and the scene made Slick smile too. Understood?

"Yes, sir." His father looked over his head and met dark eyes. "Walk away from my house, Omar." The command was laced with a threat. Not bothering to look back, Slick watched from the entrance. Omar squinted. "You'll find a way. Sooner or later." A voice cut through the air, southern drawled and thick. Every head swiveled towards the entrance. Slick's father stood at the door, leaning against the frame, giving the impression that he was trying to cram as much of himself as he could outside. His words slurred as he called out. "Junior, come inside." A belch emerged from the pit of his belly and the kids rang out with sound ranging from amusement to disgust, the man smirked. "The rest of ya'll too, come on an' eat."

A stampede of kids rushed past the burly man, sticking out candy stained tongues as they passed. As Slick tried to squirm in behind Nina, his father reached out and gripped him by his t-shirt, creating a cluster of fist, crimson cloth and glittering gold chain. He stood firm, an immovable force, as if he was sober all along. Slick would have thought so if he hadn't caught the aroma of whiskey on his breath and he knew from experience how heavy it could make his hand. He pulled him in close but didn't bother to lower his voice.

"The first step you make down that street is the last one you'll ever take. Understood?"

"Yes, sir." The fist unclenched and smoothed out the fabric it once seized. "Good." He cleared his throat, manipulating his hand. He pulled him in close but didn't bother to lower his voice.

"I can't leave tonight."

"He can't..." Nina began and Slick raised his voice to compete with hers.

"Keep those records playin' cause I'm having such a good time dancin' with my baaaaby..."

The sun was fading away and dragging along the heat. Gathered outside, ordered not to leave the porch, the children grew restless, especially the oldest among them who had earned the moniker, Slick. Leaning against the railing, he reverently watched the boys who deemed themselves men, were standing on the corner of the street – alert but nodding their hooded heads to the smooth melody. "Keep those records playin' cause I'm having such a good time dancin' with my baaaaby..."

The sun was fading away and dragging along the heat. Gathered outside, ordered not to leave the porch, the children grew restless, especially the oldest among them who had earned the moniker, Slick. Leaning against the railing, he reverently watched the boys, drinking and dancing, having wiped off their makeup and masks they’d put on earlier for Jesus.