Redbones as Nothing Special

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3694
REDBONES AS NOTHING SPECIAL

It is 1960 and a crowd is at Redbones. There is a jukebox, don’t know why I didn’t say so before. The music, the talk, the cuesticks are all percussion. The rhythm inculcates that something is stirring underground, a funky subway. It can be so dark and dusky in there teeth, eyes, red lips seem to have come unescorted. And this is nice. All the rear ends at Redbones are convex. This too is nice.

While the good deacons, the fine sisters boycott W. T. Grant’s, they can still go to Redbones’ booths that become pulpits when the deacons and sisters commence the laying on of hands. I like the men with gold teeth, I like to call them paydirt. The Alabama clay slowdragging with bicuspids and incisors.