

# joey smoke

**Writer**

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**Publisher**

ScribeSlice 2013

Hello people.

My name is joey smoke.

I am 35 years old , and as far back as i can remember i always knew that the only person or thing that i am truly and passionately in love with is none other than myself .

Yes,me.

I love me .

Nothing strange there , at least as far as i am concerned. For after all i do possess all that is required and needed for me to feel the way i do.

Elaborating further on this fact i would have to explain to all why this is so.

I am good looking, handsome and beautiful. That i am. Dont take my word for it please, but this fact will be confirmed by all the girls i know, past, present and future; and i can not recall a single instance when this was not the case. I am to many a girl what is regarded as a prize trophy, the ideal perfect man to be with, a stud, a hunk, a catch. Call it what you like but there is no escaping the fact that i am beautiful.

Style is prime among the many other abundant god given gifts, blessings and qualities that contribute to, compliment and cement my good looks and love of myself. Style i have. There aint a better dressed dude in the neighborhood nor beyond that can come anywhere close to match when its time for me to put on the mother of all wardrobe ensemble cladding my beautifully handsome well proportioned statue like torso.

Opportunity came knocking on my door when i was handed a written invitation to attend a friends law school graduation ceremony, where some top notch folks from the legal profession would be attending as head hunters of star student graduates while they are still cheap for the taking. Never one to miss a chance to show my style i became excited at the prospect.

Getting up early for the big day, i do the camel walk to the J.Brown i feel good tune as i strutt my way to the shower; whereupon i help myself to generous Head and Shoulder dabs of shampoo and set upon my scalp in a 3 cycle of wash and rinse. Done with my head i next grab my large african loofa and with a Detol disinfectant bar of soap go to work scrubbing scrapping and grinding away the prior days accumulated remnants of dirt and grime for a Fairy Liquid squeaky clean shiny finish . Done with that, i naked, do the jackson moonwalk backwards as i enter my very large teak panelled wall to wall dressing room and survey the mix and match assortment that will live up to the occasion.

Letting my fingers do the walking , i stop to pick out a chess board pink and orange checkered mohair slacks in the style of Bogart, hand made by the famed Italian menswear designer....Tutti. Taking a few steps back and one step forward and after a quick glance i settle for the maroon colored silk shirt made by the same; and finally a pair of pink colored socks to match my red Zimmas snake skin loafers . Still naked, i make a spin to the right, a spin to the left and a forward moonwalk lands me in front of th blazer section, grabbing in the process a blazer specially made for maximum shock and awe effect taking the form of a large sunflower print . Almost done now but not before hitting on the accessories department going for a mickey mouse print for the tie and a blue swatch to adorn my beautiful neck and wrist. All this was crowned with the ultimate Gucci shades and a maroon Portellini hat .

Finally getting totally dressed now for the occasion i take a Gangnam style trot to the dressing table and help myself to a few squirts of Dior aftershave; looking at the floor to ceiling mirror i blow myself a kiss and go as far as hugging myself and kissing myself all over....god i am beautiful .

Arriving punctually at the graduation function, i was met at the front door by two very nasty looking black dudes who adamantly refused my entry unless i showed them my invitation card, which i had absent mindedly forgotten to bring with me. Taking me for some kind of joker and after some heated exchange, both

men fire at me a barrage of verbal insults and ridicule .

A small crowd who were also waiting to be let in had gathered around us trying to break up the argument before it developed into a full fledged fist fight. It is precisely at this moment that i joey smoke had to improvise and use my personal gifts of charm and wit to gain entry thus doing the sinatra as i sing :

And now, the end is near,  
And so i face the final  
curtain.

My friend,ill say it  
clear,  
ill state my case,of  
which i am certain.

I,ve lived a life thats  
full  
I,ve traveled each and every highway.

But more,much  
more than this,  
i did it my way

The small crowd outside had by now become a chorus and start singing along :

Regrets, ive had a  
few ;  
But then again,too  
few to mention .

I did what i had to do  
And saw it through  
without exemption.

I planned each  
charted course;  
Each careful step  
along the byway ,

And more ,much more than this ,  
I did it my way .

The crowd now bigger breaks into a full orchestra of song raising the pitch singing :

Yes , there were times ,  
i,m sure you knew  
When i bit off more  
than i could chew

But through it all

when there was doubt ,  
I ate it up and spit it out .

I faced it all and i stood tall ;  
And did it my way .

I,ve loved ,I,ve  
laughed and cried  
I,ve had my fill ; my  
share of losing .

And now ,as tears  
subside ,  
I find it all so  
amusing.

To think i did all that ;  
And may i say - not  
in a shy way ,

Oh no ,oh no  
not me ,  
I did it my way

The singing crowd now growing larger joined by those inside the conference room had come out to see what the rukus was all about only grew louder going into the songs finale :

For what is a man ,  
What has he got ?  
If not himself , then he  
has naught .

To say the things he  
truely feels ;  
And not the words of  
one who kneels.

The record shows  
i took the blows-  
And did it my way !

yes , it was my way

the end

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