

T H E
E C U L P
A L P H A B E T

Eric Jermaine Culp was one of the best friends I ever had. If you knew him then you know the kid could talk. The gift of gab, he had that. Eric and I would make up rhymes almost every time we got together.

Here is a rhyme for every letter in the alphabet or every year of Eric's life.

*Dedicated with equal parts Love and Gratitude to
Barbara Culp*

A is the Artist

Disciplining entropy

The walking x-factor

The dance floor chiropractor

A sage of simple sensory

The Architect of scenes

Splitting cutters from the seams

And spilling magic beans

From the pockets of your jeans

B is for the Breezies

Who you loved and loved you Back

So numerous it's humorous

Dispensing domers in the sack

C is for Chonk 'Em

From the top of the Coronet

To the beach bonfire's flame

Nothing Compares to the guts in your stare

Declaring, "welcome to the game!"

C is also for a Cold Corona

Ya need one there to make a pair

When you're rhyming in sonoma

D is for Decepticons

The greatest crew in history
And the suburb Daly city
The kingdom of your infamy

D is the D in Donald Culp
As proud a Dad as I've ever known
With his incomparable wife they gave you life
And through you reaped the love they'd sewn

E is for Eagles

That soar resplendent in the sky
In the soft blue silent landscape
Beyond where worldly worries lie

The Eagle whose flight cannot
End but only start
With icarus you're flying now
In the candles of the heart

F is for Freestyle

You called up rhymes never dialed

Educating adversaries

A mercenary oscar wilde

G is for Grimace

The purple emblem of hilarity

Shaped like a pear

With a dull, happy stare

And the Gentlest sincerity

Larry bird used to throw balls at his head

To make money for mcdonald's

But Grimace never made a fuss

Observing, "dat was funny, ronald!"

H is for Hats

Hella Hats for all occasions

The color in the trim?

That's the color in the sneaker!

(Complex fashion math equations)

I is the Interstate they call 280
Where the pulsar learned to mash
On your way to swoop a homie
Or else get home and smash

Wind blasting In over the window pane
Where your cigarette cherry lingers
For you driving was a video game
Volume dial beneath your fingers

J is for the Jigga man
Of whom you were a student true
His sermons never hit so hard
As when I studied them with you

How to focus on the moment
How to hack it in a racket
How to make a demand
Without clenching your hand
In the pouch of an anarak Jacket

How to wear a sweatsuit like a tuxedo
Blowing 'out of your league'
Like a breath on a reed
Away from the prose of your credo

K is Krispy Kreme

A pilgrimage to union city

Sober in the last call evening hours

Break dancing beneath the glowing marquee

In the frowning gaze of normalcy

Because victory was ours

L is for Language
Untethered from the ground
Jargon transcendent
Fermented in sound

Writing grammar's obituaries
As they scribble out new dictionaries

L is also b's Living room
Where we first got our fade on
And her outdoor patio
We drank Lemonade on

M is the Mainy ones like redneck Kyle
Those fools with a glaring lack of style
But you know a thing about this, I think
Hocking loogies into dollar bills
Vomiting in My kitchen sink

N is for Nathan like 'Nathan to do'
Maybe take hickey to jack drive thru?
While the Nancies are dancing
You drum on the dash
Stopping only to hand me your cash

"We could go to gellert and play some ball?"

"Break into the abandoned hospital?"

**"...Nah, let's go to arnold's, watch some flicks
With half of the homies from tru dynamix"**

**The double o mob had Nathan brand New
So N is for 'Cos and for Raffa too**

O is the shape of all things in life
It's the bang and the ice
It's the dots on the dice
It's the moon hole-punched in the sky

O is the loan we take at birth
On all the joys and all **O**ur tears
O is the promised return to the Earth
The zeroed balance paid in years

P is for his greatness, Pootie tang
And his handbook, Psycho-cybernetics
And when you'd get Perved
Rhyme rivals were served
With Prolific Poetic Phonetics

Q is Quintessential

You epitomized everything you did

Taking over kingdoms

While the former rulers hid

You could have conquered politics

Or recreated hip hop

You knew culture was a matrix

You could make a bullet stop

Q is the Question I'll ask as I age

Did you have to so suddenly exit the stage?

R is the Reverberation
Resounding through the silent fright
Of the m80 we shot off
In the middle of the night

Beneath the brother's Residence at Riordan
And the veil of the still black sky
Belly down on the cold Rock ground
Under cars while the cops cruised by

S is for Skyline

Winding foggy past your home
And Sub center in west peeze
S is for a Starbucks bathroom
When you gotta take a Sheeze

S is for the way you could Sing
Like you didn't even need to try
The Sound Shot up
From the bottom of your gut
Like a bird who just knows how to fly

S is for the western Sea
Where the Sun Sat down up in the Sky
To watch rockaway beach on the 4th of july
With patriotism personified
Strut built up in the Salty tide
Perfect Shaolin Suicide

T is for Transformers and Tail spin
For the ninja Turtles and the x-men
Kids the world over in living rooms
Home from school, watching cartoons

Idealistic in ways adults call clichés
Believing in magic and dreams coming True
Justice and legends and the right Thing To do
Since adam's apple first Touched his Tooth
The best of mankind is the unresigned youth

U is for Unity

Respect without complications
You could have made friends
Between hostile nations

A genius of society
You drew crowds like a pencil
Kings beside peasants
For the gift of your presence
Your heart: the essential Utensil

V is for Victory

We took it without asking

To our enemies shame

We ruled every game

Invincible and multi-tasking

Water bottles with punctured caps

Lucky seven's shooting craps

Cookie crumbs blown in the eyes

Ice cream hair gel lunch surprise

W is for the West coast
San francisco and the bay
At the tip of the pier
The final frontier
Where the seagulls like to play

The Water is cold
As the floating dock creaks
And the Wind blows hard
At the top of twin peaks

And for all that gray, never far away
Is the redwood's sprawling nature
Or the vibrant fruit stands
Laid back mexicans
Of the spanish nomenclature

X is for Exxon where you barked at the clerk
It boomed from your throat like a firework
Exiting quickly at his frightened command
The police station ringing in the phone in his
hand

Y is for Young, which You'll always be
It is also for PTMTC
And a bottle of sobe energy
During the greatest summer in history

1999, a players holiday
Doing it the company way
Clad in black belts of break dance
Hawaiian shirts and cargo pants
Breaking hearts and inventing the cool
Some slick kids from the all boys school

Girls with squirt guns in the backseat
Looking for trouble in the afternoon heat
Performing a coup on the murk in their eyes
Burritos, Doritos, and pre-packaged pies

Z is for the san francisco Zoo
Which we made a habit of breaking into
Under the moon and light on our toes
Throwing our pennies at the sleeping
flamingos

And Zzzz's are the sleep you were able to get
That time we went back to retrieve your wallet
Which you left on the bench
Near the polar bear pit
When those headlights popped on
And we had to split

Decepticon crew, tight like super glue
E Culp, forever my brother...

S H A Z O O

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Shouts to Aneezie, Kevin, P-Rad, D-Lin, Nando, B-Easy, Calvin, Anna Dub, Courtney, and B-Schmitt

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