

Topic: Couches

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Yah Mon

By Morri Namasté

It was sometime during early autumn when the Caribbean beckoned. Specifically the island of Jamaica. Going on holiday to an idyllic island getaway and staying in a place right on the beach called Catch a Falling Star was just what the doctor ordered. The water was clear and warm and whatever heat was generated by being so close to the equator was mitigated by the cool breezes that came from who knows where. The sounds of gentle reggae mixed with the aroma of the valued smoke of ganja made for a very special time. It was to get better.

Close to sunset the Jamaicans would set up fish nets out in the bay and then carefully pull in a catch. Being ensconced for three weeks we had achieved local status. The friendly people knew our names and invited us to various outings at bars, on the roadways, in the countryside. One evening a couple of these fine friends carried a metal settee down to the shoreline where they gleefully placed it. Beckoning me to join them as the tide slowly rolled in, I knew I was in for some Jamaican treats. Bottles of Red Stripe beer and spliffs of immense size were dutifully shared.

As I was partaking in the splendors, a rolling wave struck me in the mouth. I was lauded for having the state of mind to hold the spliff high so as not to douse it. A mouthful of salty water was my reward. "You saved the spliff, mon. Good job. That's what we call a Jamaican Rollercoaster. Look out here comes another."

