

Remember Tito?
 Tito who was everywhere you were?
 Tito who was everywhere you needed him to be –
 106th Street, or 116th
 the fountain at Columbia, or the one
 at Washington Square?
 Checkin' DreamSpeak at Cathedral Café –
 man that Willie he could play, play, play
 guitar like a direct connect to serendipity –
 but I digress...

Tito always had what you craved
 when you were Ivy League Green giants
 his dreads were just little sprouts
 Back in the day at my old school
 so old school back in the day
 3rd Bass were still just three punk skaters

Something magical about the way he'd appear –
 Where'd he come from where'd he go?
 with that dark dark chocolate dark
 Island dark Caribbean dark
 Jamaica Blue Mountain coffee dark
 skin and that smile and the twinkle in his eye
 like a secret just for you

Hey – there's Tito and the white boys jes' kickin' it
 under alma mater's wise old robes
 talking with Mark and Farhan
 transacting covert bidness with Vince
 there he is again floating through the
 Brooklyn crowd at the Caribbean Day Parade

Did you conjure Tito or did Tito conjure you?

You're high and high-heeled and there he is already
 smooth blonde on his arm
 flashing that smile into the VIP room –
 does he have a diamond in that tooth
 the way it glints at you?

Tito no locale no homies no crew
 no past no future just Omnipresent
 Always apart observer ringleader
 hitchhiker to life
 never anonymous

Some years go by, you just out strolling
 strutting your stuff in the 8 million storey city
 & there's Tito
 & the back in the day look passes between you

But what is this?
 Bright smile dreads so long
 smooth chocolate city skin
 fly silk suit
 Mmm.
 Tito's doing alright.

But see here, he's looking you over, too
 that glint in his eye a little more specific than it used to
 and, see, you ain't bad, either
 Dropped that freshman 15 or 30
 got some fly threads showing off dancer's legs under Betsey mini
 with some House of Field thing covering titties
 sportin' downtown International Bimbo Posse style
 got a job a place don't spend your days in a haze
 heard your own life knockin' on that door –
 candygram shark attack or a calling to be called?

Did you conjure Tito?
 Or did Tito conjure you?
 Either way, you gotta wonder -- hey
 how did we get here?

Cuz' you see,
 Tito is a man a fine man a beautiful man
 with some respect working & some cash
 No status city floater but permanent resident,
 part of the landscape no longer mythical creature
 kickin' it everywhere with everybody

Yeah, everybody knows Tito
 Like you, sure
 Like you he didn't seem to need anybody
 Like you didn't need to explain,
 brought his own party with him
 Like you.
 Like you.

Remember Tito?
 No? I bet he remembers you.

Remember

Tito

E.

Amato



E. Amato has been featured as a poet and spoken word artist around Los Angeles at The Hot Spot, The Kotton Club, Reflection, The Echo Park Arts Festival, Poetronigirlz Backstreet Poetri at The Comedy Store, Renaissance, Froggy's, da Poetry Lounge, Tia Chucha's Café Cultural, the Rapp Saloon, and many more. Her poetry has been included in the *Poets of Midnight* anthology and online at poeticdiversity.org, getunderground.com, and the blue house, and she is a contributing editor to poetix.net. MONA & JAKE, her feature film script, received a Special Merits Award in the Long Island Film Festival Screenplay Competition and was a Finalist in the Saguaro Competition. E. Amato has been participating in Peace 4 Kids Peace Garden program for four years, and in 2004, coached the Peace Garden Team that performed to great acclaim at Youthspeaks' Brave New Voices Youth Poetry Slam Nationals. She considers this the best thing she has ever done.