

Confessions of a Tennessee Lowlife

by Anthony Tinsman

I talked to Mom. She's got a nursing degree, doesn't use it. She was high and surfing the web. She'll probably go to my Grandma's later for Thanksgiving and try to bum 4.50 for a pack of smokes.

I've been around that my whole life.

That's probably why I started selling drugs at such a young age. I wasn't going to live broke. I grew up in a two room duplex, around 12 other people. All of them on welfare. Every month they'd pool together money and pay the rent, then they'd sell their food stamps for a quarter pound of weed.

We'd eat good like a motherfucker that first week. Then we'd starve. Scrimping for a canned potatoes chip or a hot dog bun. That's when my Dad would usually show up in nice car, with nice clothes and he'd give me a ounce and couple hundreds of a roll the size of a football, and I'd be like "I'm going with you." He'd say, "No."

I'd bring up all the fat gold rings on his fingers and ask, "What's that?"

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“I’m just doing business.”

I’d see the fine chick in the front seat of the Eldorado and be like, “What’s THAT?”

“She’s just doing business too, son.”

I wanted THAT and I told him I was going with him without a doubt and he looked down at me, said, “Maybe.”

Maybe nothing. I knew we he was fooling. He pulled out and took off and was gone for 9 to 12 months at a time. And it was then I realized I wanted to be like my Dad. And look where I am. Prison. I pulled it off at 27 just like Pops. It’s a shame. Really. But we joke around, me and Pops, the father son convicts. We moved in together and I was so embarrassed when he told the guard “I made him.”

He started air-fucking right in the guards’ office. “I MADE HIM!”

I’d save the weed he gave me and when everyone ran out at the duplex they’d hook me up. I had a BIG SCREEN TV, Polo everything, shoes, a Rolex watch made in Korea but I thought it was real. Being 13 all I needed was a car to pick up some girls but one day when I came home from school Mom had pawned it all. “It was all stolen! I had to give it away!” She yelled. “Then why’d you go to a pawn shop?” She bought us some food, which was good. Then she blew the rest on something to smoke.

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I can deal with the concrete and steel and expensive commissary but I still haven't gotten over not having any pussy.

Brings back memories. High school, my old buddies Cowboy and Ed Vaughn - his dad had a job inseminating hogs. Then, of course, my first piece of ass. Rhonda Sheldon.

Man... I guess my first piece of ass was from the second time I banged my first piece of pussy. I mean the first time I actually busted one inside her. The first time I was with her came after we'd been hanging out for a while.

I'd wanted to fuck her but I just wouldn't come out and tell her, "Hey, let's fuck." And turns out she was a slut anyway.

I'd been going around telling my homeboys that I'd been tapping that ass and while I was at this one party I got to running my head about it and her girlfriends came up all "You ain't been tapping that at all!" My homeboys were like, "WHAT?"

Me and Ed Vaughn had just bought a quarter pound from this guy who knew my dad, lived 5 miles out of Memphis in some trailer. We owed him money and he looked at me knowing I'd lied. Man, it felt terrible. Made me mad.

So I looked over at Rhonda, embarrassed, red in the face, and told her "Come here!" We went into the bedroom and I told her we're fucking. Right now. She wiggled out of her pants

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immediately, “Oh, God, I’ve been waiting for you to tell me.”

She got naked, looked good too, and she laid down. Her breasts stuck straight up, nipples hard as a motherfucker with heat coming off her body.

I barely got five strokes before I felt weird so I pulled out to check, “What’s wrong...” she looked up over her tits and I shot my load like a garden hose.

Right into her eye.

“That wasn’t worth a fuck!” She screamed, wiping it out.

I was totally spent. First nut! I felt amazing and collapsed in my buddy’s chair just cheesing.

“That’s it?” she was mad.

“Yeah.” I shook my head, “That’s it.” I could tell she wasn’t happy. “Just give me a minute, I’ve never cum so fast.”

It was totally true. “Must be the weed I smoked.” That was, well, not true.

Anyway. My girl. I can’t think about her without cracking a grin. This one time I took her out to the military base to fuck and there’s this place where everybody goes to fuck if they can’t go home or don’t want to spend on a motel. Man, sometimes you’d go down there and there’d be a few cars parked ROCKING. Steamed up windows.

Might see a bare ass humping up and down, shoomp,

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shoomp, shoomp. I mean, GODDAMN. But this time it was vacant.

So we pulled off, I had a F-150 with real low windows. And she was like, "How you wanna do this?"

I told her don't trip. I was experienced. I'd been watching pornos now so I knew what I wanted to do to her. So I rolled down the widow and pushed her legs out of it and got to work. She told me she ain't never cum like that before, her hands and legs was shaking. I told her, "Don't tell me those lies."

And she was like, "No, baby, look I can't even light my joint."

I took her home and Mom was up. It was like one or two in the morning and she wanted me to take her to Wataburger. "Mom, are you high!"

"I just want a Wataburger, c'mon..."

So I took her out to the truck and she was like "Oh My God. I can smell it. You fucked that girl in my truck."

"No I didn't Momma. How can you smell sex?"

I didn't want her taking my driving privileges away, it was her truck though I drove it all the time, she was too fucked up.

"I'm 43 years old! I know what sex smells like!" and she opened the door and there was this wet spot like the size of an ass dent in the seat from where my girl was getting off. It had a

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white crust on the edge and Mom was like “What’s that?”

“It’s nothing Ma!”

“You’re paying son!” She pointed, “You’re paying to get the shampooed out.” She was mad. “I know what THAT IS!”

Anyway. My girl sucked me off in a Win Dixie parking lot. We were in the truck. Mom was inside shopping. My sister was by the wheel, my girl was in the center and I was over in the passenger seat. She said, “I’m gonna suck your dick.”

I shrugged, proud, “Okay, get on it.”

And I told my sister to get out but she bucked, “Hell no, I’m not getting out.” So my girl sucked me off and sis got out of the car fast, like a cold wind.

It dawns on me, my girl was a real slut. And I love her.