Twitter Thread by Dr. Alexander Hamilton | Alter Ego: AHAM



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MORNING BANTER

Most people could not handle being around me & my wife due to our ruthless banter. In my wife, I found my match. At 1st glance, my wife seems like a sweet choir girl who reads the bible all day, but she can play the dozens w/the best of them & takes no prisoners.

Ive said many times b4, like comedian Flip Wilson said, "When I met my wife she had a Sunday School face & I had Saturday Night thoughts." I was a frat boy running around campus half naked & she was an honor roll student athlete seduced by a bad boy who partied more than studied.

Many mouths drop at the shit I say in stand up, in speeches, articles & on social media, but if y'all could hear da shit my wife says to me, U would be on the floor howling. Supersensitive mafuckas cant crack our door seal. My wife don't give a fuck about my feelings & I LOVE IT.

So here's an excerpt from our recent morning banter. Now to set the stage, I need to give you a picture of my morning routine. I love nature, so in the morning before I have my 1st cup of coffee, I get up & refill all the bird feeders around our property & water the plants.

Oh & by the way yall dont wanna see me in that garden I'm a beast. Ive been trying 2 do a little winter greenhouse activity 2 see if I can grow certain flowers in the winter & I also have a couple of orchids that belonged 2 my cousin that were dying & I'm trying 2 nurse them back

I also have a tomato plant that my wife had that was dying that I'm also trying to nurse back. Sidebar, I'm fascinated with taking dead looking plants & animals & bringing them back to life. I once had a Dalmatian, Pongo, that got hit by a tractor trailer on MLK & another

Dalmatian, Ace, who fell off a 18 foot fire escape. In both cases, the vets told me them dogs were done. I still have visions of picking Pongo from a pool of blood & picking Ace up with broken rips & legs. In both cases, I nursed them mafuckas back to full health.

Now on the plant side, Ive gotten real good at taking a dead looking plant & nursing it back to full bloom. I 1st got into this by watching this old Italian lady at local plant nurseries around town. On the weekend, no matter where I'm at, I try to hit up all the local nurseries.

Well, in DC, I would always run into this old lady at different plant nurseries around town. I would watch her very closely just to peep her gardening game. What was crazy to me is that this woman would always buy the most run down looking plants in the whole damn nursery.

Shit, sometimes, she would go out back to the dumpster & pull out plants out the garbage. This shit would drive me nuts. Why the fuck would dis old ass lady want these old ass dead looking plants? I started to think maybe them old ass plants remind her of her old ass self.

Not 2 make assumptions, 1 day I decided to ask her, "Pardon me's good ma'am, us lowly darkies jus wanted 2 knows whys a good white woman such as yoself keep buyin all deese dead lookin plants? Dey jus as dead as Us niggers." Ok, just joking, I didn't say no bullshit like that.

Seriously, I asked her about her plant choices. Check out what she said. "I'm an old woman who knows what it's like 2 be thrown away a time or two in my life. People like to throw you away when you don't bloom no more. So I just decided to make it my business to nurse old plants-

back to life just to show the world that no matter how old a thing is, with the right care, love & tending to, you can still make it bloom." Damn. Floored. Mouth on the ground. As I sat there to ponder this woman, a mysterious fog appeared out of nowhere & when I turned around,

the old lady had vanished. Ok, no the fuck she didn't. Her old slow ass didn't move 2 feet, I just thought it be cool to say that 4 all U mysterious niggas who like that White Jesus religious shit. Seriously though, she did say that & I found it very profound.

We live in a world that uses people up & throws them away. When we can no longer squeeze any more blood from the turnip, we simply toss it. So what the fuck does any of this have to do with the ruthlessness of the banter between me & my wife?

Well over the years, we have cracked horrible jokes on each other using hilarious garden/nature metaphors. I remember once after trial, I decided to decompress on my alma mater Howard University's campus. This was in the middle of the spring semester. I just sat out on the yard &

reminisced. It was a beautiful day & the students were hustling & bustling to & fro. Then my cell phone ringed. It was The Wife. "What's up baby? How was trial?" she said. "It was ok, just another day at the office." I said. "Where you at now?" "Girl, you don't ask a grown man-"

his whereabouts!" "Nigga, I will ask U what dafuck I want to ask U & U will answer promptly with briskness." Oh yeah it gets crunk quick w/us. I quickly retorted, "Well, if U must know woman, I am out here at Howard watching all these spring chickens frolicking in the sunshine &-

if U keep on w/all that mouth, I just might trade in my old hen for 1 of these nice tender spring chickens." She clapped back, "Nigga, spring chickens don't like old bulls." Then I said, "oh yes they do, besides, its nothing like watching young flowers bloom in the spring time.-

it makes me want to pull out my big long water hose & FERTILIZE THEM ALL BABY!" We both burst out laughing Checkmate. I won this round. So fast forward to this morning. As usual, the wife was complaining about me leaving dishes in the sink & not washing them & I was complaining-

about her not fixing my coffee as soon as I wake up. So I said, "That's why Imma get me a white girl who fixes my coffee & fetches my paper every morning as soon as I wake up." The Wife clapped back, "go ahead nigga & make sure she washes these damn dishes while she at it."

We both chuckled. Then I asked her what she thought about my little greenhouse & the plants I was nursing back. I told her that my cousin's orchids hadn't bloomed in 5 yrs, but I got 'em back blooming. She said sarcastically, "Oh that's nice sweetheart."

Now my wife knows Im very sensitive about my plants & gardening skills. So if she wants 2 jump rope w/1 of my nerves, she just teases me about my plants. So then she said, "when U gone throw out that old dead ass tomato plant. That shit washed up & ain't neva gone bloom no more"

Warpspeed clapback, "Dey say da same thing bout old hens. Dey ain't neva gone bloom no more. So I might as well get me a nice young spring chicken." Then she said, "Yeah I did hear that. I also heard that when stallions stop running fast, they send them to the glue factory."

Ouch. Ain't no comeback for that. A deathly silence came over the kitchen. The air became still. Then we fell into our ruthless stare down. Comprehending that she had won this round, we both burst out laughing & then got into our day. God I love this woman. "I do" all over again.