

The Last Saturday Night on Earth

It's the waning hours of the last Saturday Night on Earth, as a matter of fact, every Saturday is my last Saturday Night on earth, and I'm listening to Jack Kerouac and those jazzy riffs played by Steve Allen to "October in the Railroad Earth." All my friends are either at home with their girls or out on the town taking in the drinks and night lights and I'm working. They're probably all dolled up in sweaters or scarves or else running into the bars from parked cars before they get too cold while the men stand outside smoking. The women are chatting at tables and the men are not as able getting drunk but it's all for fun and who doesn't need a social life after being inside all day taking care of little Sunny Sam, or little Jacob, or Sally Sue. You know, they deserve some drinks for bringing in the newest generation of slap dash suckers who's hearts will eventually be broken by the hard fast world and whom will be smoking on Saturday nights in the not so distant future.

But for now I'm writing, and to tell you the truth, the men could be in their studios doing their equivalent and making it last, on this last Saturday Night on Earth. And the gals might be preparing meals, or, in their way they might be doing their equivalent by reading to Sally Sue or to little Sam I am with two eggs and ham. Or, maybe someone died in the family and they're all out of town visiting or making arrangements and everything. But I'm writing.

So, how about I share with you what I saw today and tell you about the dog barking at me from across the street, or say, the marigold blooms in the backyard, or say, the hardy soup I ate for lunch – broccoli and cheddar with a hunk of bread and an apple. Or say, I thank my buddy for handing me down this poem after one bright afternoon at a coffee

house just sitting there like we do
talking shop with the best of them.
Because the guy can keep up in any
number of ways: with the gossip, with
poetry, with philosophizing on life,
the beats, the streets, and so on.

But I'm writing and there is enough
beauty in the air outside to make a man
need winter all year around.

The crisp, you know, you have to say
crisp anytime you write about the winter;
the crisp apple I ate that was plucked
from the coffee house display right in
front of my eyes and it was enough to
make my eyes water, that honey crisp.

And the pastries were there also, but I
had to pass because I'm watching my
weight these days. My belly is surpassing
my ass.

But I'm writing and I think it's time
to give my buddy a call on the phone.
After all, he just moved to the big city
again, and hell it's got to be great and
a little rough at times. But he's soft on
the inside and has got a few dimes and
hard on the outside so he'll be fine tonight,
I guess.

So, I'm writing for now and what do you
know I watched a show earlier about
a screaming lady. Yes, a screaming lady.
She was buried underground, this lady was.
The young girl that found her, well, no
one believed her so she went to digging her
up and sure enough, a screaming lady was there.
You see, the dying like to be saved as
well as the living. So, I wrote this poem to
save myself and you. Hell, perhaps it's not
the Last Saturday Night on Earth after all.

At least I hope not. I'd like to read this
poem again sometime. And the alleyways

of night's streets always get my goat.
A host of dim lit darkness on the way
to nowhere is what they remind me
of. And night turns to day on some
alleyways, bums and poor folk hanging
out on 10th street and pennies. But,
who knows how to mutter like those
bums in the wintertime bluesy face
of stone. Home is but a two-nickel face
in a one-nickel world then. And the jazz
from the night clubs echoes sweetly but
they only hear beauty because beauty
is the only universal thing around and
the sound comes in waves like Coltrane
told Jack Whitten, the man's man,
who told D'Amato, who told me who told
my students one day after watching a video
of Josef Albers' students. And prudence
comes and it goes like the shifting tones
of a Homage to the Square at night when
staring at the bricks that come in threes
and fours. Like the jazzy riffs of Kerouac
when listening to his work online. And
I'll tell you he liked describing his places
in the world's epic isles of alleyways at night.
Just like I do.

And I talked to Jack Kerouac tonight.
He said, "That's how it goes when moving
slow on 10th street and dimes. Because
nickels turn in to two or three or four at
four in the morning on 12th street and 5
o'clock. When tipping the happy hour
bartender for good looks and a nice ass.
And that's just how it goes some evenings
after a hard day's work on 10th and pennies,
on 10th and pennies. When she's wearing
her skinny jeans and long hair down to her
waist just above the place to be when she leaves.
Oh, how do you know when a gal wants to go home?
You don't, that's how, one thing happens and
another and bang boom pow you're in bed
with her at 3am.

When one afternoon I tried to tie my shoes
I leaned down and tripped over my own shoes

and later that day while having a drink outside
smoking I looked down and caught the gleam
of a penny faces up like a king of diamonds.
Ohio Street rolls downhill like water that's actually
coffee going up the mountain in a cup beside
you in the afternoons on vacation from the
family watching cartoons early morning like
Yo Simmity Sam and Foghorn Langhorn going up
and down talking in a deep voice going down
the mountain. And I met you there on that
hill going up the mountain fast like snowflakes
falling in twos and threes through the trees
on a sunny afternoon. Like steely Mountain Dew
drops of water falling fast down the mountainside.
Like Lilly Jawbone moves fast, or like Taco Sue
moves fast, or like the Roadrunner running
down the mountain chased by old Wily Coyote
down the mountainside on a Sunday afternoon
doing nothing in front of the TV's of dreamtown.

And on this Last Saturday Night on Earth
microbes come and go like TV's running
in houses and static moving to and from left
to right and down and up, and microbial
infections come and go up and down the back
causing infections on children's backs like
tea boiling on ovens at home watching Yo
Simmity Sam on stove glass reflections from
the other rooms in the houses of reflections
of other houses in the glass on windows down
the block from other houses with microbes
and TV's on and coffee in their cups going
up and down mountaintops and cafés with
nightlife or downlife uplife in potatoes with
ham and swiss cheese oozing out from the
sides with chives. At BBQ joints with hamburgers
eating sides of chives and fries with sour cream.

And once I read poetry about butchered cows, too
many non-grass-fed butchered cows, and it about
made me puke. Because I love to eat meat, and I love
docile cows in fields and to paint them alongside
haystacks and fields paved with yellow and green
fields and I once told my friend Ryan to serve
tempe bacon in dirty ashtrays to patrons with
patience in the afternoon. And I told him not to worry,

the poor sons-of-bitches would eat it anyways.
And paved hills of blue flow uphill sometimes and
so do Hawaiian steak outs with knives and objects
used to stab tires and hog roasts with pineapples on top,
or slop on bottoms from too many wasted days
working in the muddy streets of dreamtown. And
about then, I had a thought about red confidence with
too much purple to create red-violet astro niece stools
with mud butts and assholes going downstairs not up
them to protect them at night. Because riots are supposed
to stop at some point when one bartender says to the
next stop the fight. So stop the fight! It's night and the
sky is right in its way with yellow and pink and light
blue streaks of Carmel Apple joy in the wintertime.

And on this Last Saturday Night on Earth I think I might
be on time. Right on time with the rhyming and musical
delights. So, enjoy yourselves with buttered rum, hot
totties, or beers and dance all night long to Jayson Williams
on bass or whatever he has in store for you all tonight.
Because tonight is the night that all might end. And you
can stare into the abyss or you can cook hamburgers
and watch the apocalypse come down in twos and threes
while turncoats on alleyways await sleep in the night's
salty air, so flip a dime on 10th Street and nickels in
their direction if you are willing or better yet join in
the laughter as Ol' Graigor and I paint tonight later
on to the sounds of Al Buckles in the hot night and
Keiffer Buckles in the day.

And jazz plays sweetly at nighttime. The end is coming
but not yet because there's too much left to do, too many
pages left to write, too many young punks left to fight
and to care for when writing in the afternoon on Sunday
night beneath the nightlight of bars in dreamtown
in chairs going not nowhere, but somewhere in the daytime.
So feel good about it and care for one another in
the day. And say, I know a place where it's got beer
that flows from taps and the place is right here. To be,
to get, to tip, to flow, to go when the time is right on
this Last Saturday Night on Earth! So, spend it with the
ones you love and say, nighttime has its way of living
its own way with the ones you love so make it a glorious
evening with friends and behave in your own ways
like friends do in ways love has in store for them
and if the moment strikes eleven o'clock talk to a

young lady about everything you did today
and more. And whatever you do don't bore
her to tears with fears in the nighttime of you
in the daytime as sensitive as it might be to do
so, try to close the door on a love you might
attend to in the future with her loving you the
right way. Be an ass if you have to but love
her nevertheless and if you are proper in doing
as much you will live a good life! Strive to be
proper as much as you can with her in love with
yourself because daffodils don't grow in the
wintertime unless cared for year around. And
closely listen to her cares, those daffodils, and
her, because life is sweet as candy from the
dime store! And trust me I'm a candy connoisseurship
master at night even when the lights are down
and no one is around. You know, art doesn't make
itself without a love interruption from the ladies
you live for so make it for yourself and her bright
impregnated with love and flowers and sensitivity
like you want to provide for her in the daytime.
And if she were to say on a dime that she loves you
sometime then say it back no matter how you feel.
Ain't that the deal when moods defer, for her.

And withhold the love at times if she's taking you for
granted and that old girl will come around again.
Don't break it and she will. Shake it up at times,
make some rhymes, be on time, don't take bribes from
girls who make good on bets with hexes and exes from
the past.

But that's enough of the past already for I imagine
was I to go on writing of it, it would taint this rhyme
like old fashioned wine with cherries. Ain't that scary
enough to think of virginity lost. Love lost. Love gained
is the way to go even in the snow of fields of romance
in the nighttime on this Last Saturday Night on Earth.
So make it last. Make it all last. Smoke some grass and
pass the time like so many whom have written these lines
to bass drums over bass lines. My friend Jon Burkey says
make it swift or else the times pass in furious ways at times.
People. I mean people at times. You know, why couldn't he
just write back? And yet I'm the one who suffers from it as
well as him in the day. So for God's sake have something
good to say to him if you want his feedback on this thing

or that thing. And in the future now I know how to bless
the kings of summersaulting at night with
trombones that glow and trumpets that know
the sounds of good things in the daytime. And
this rhyme has gone sour if you don't like a
conscious yet swift shower of words that takes
time in the day to say, I love you all.

And I could be peaking in this rhyme that's
right on time tonight, but I'll hang on for the
whole ride tonight, the whole enchilada's cheesy
stuffing with ham and grits and cheesy potatoes
with stuffing and grits with butter, like butter.
Like, I need some butter, some butter, some butter.
At least that's what I had to say to the help when
it came years ago with Barney Knight in the daytime.
And I remember all those guys that have lent a
hand down to me for keeping at this thing here,
Vicki, Alan, Kim, and Paul. For paintings hung
one after one on the wall at nighttime. And night,
well, it comes and it goes, well, it comes and it
goes, well, it comes and goes like twilight leaving
us in daytime and the stars then find light twinkling
surrounding them in the days and two eyes at times
offer us light in the days and nights just like diamonds
do in the day in their way. Two bulbs side by side
in the Christmas Time. On this Last Saturday Night on
Earth.

So God bless the Christmas Tree this Christmas and
all will be okay on this Last Saturday Night on Earth.

For don't the Christknots say that all else has ended
on Christmas when Jesus and the Lord came to tell
us about the ways of the world and that he one day
he will rise again to tell us again that somethings are
right and that other things are right and that somethings
are right in this greyish world where what was wrong
becomes right and Jewish lords praise him for being
strong and Nazis praise him for being wrong and
Icelandic strongholds of Vikings come in threes to greet
thee on boats ancient on water or ice in the winter time.

And Christmas trees become ugly in red and green after
years of mothers hanging trees with ornaments from
dreamtown upon them, so spice it up this year with

orange and blues and God forbid the news makes its way into years of past regrets upon the tree in green and red stars of plastic in the summertimes of winter in this God forgiven planet of hot summers and hotter winters where splinters are bound to happen when ripping plywood boards instead of true straight pine trees and cedar trees up and down hills muddy with train cars in the wintertime and muddy with buddy's butts from outer space planes that at times ride through buildings on fire with orange and blue skies in fields of orange and blue poppies in the summertime. And Indian sagebrush and paintbrush grows seldom in this year gone bad, ice age gone bad, and leaves not falling from ice burls in trees because the seasons are confused and rapid in twos and threes and fours snoring loudly to praise of Jesus's day and night in dreamtown. And hot book and grape juice joy in the evenings with Skittles and dreaming and Red-Hots dancing in stews of ciders with spiders clinging to everything I do in the daytimes until with lighter and torch I burn from them all that I need and get bitten by one or two or three only to become a spider also on the beaches of towns surrounding spider's webs and dirty sheets bloodied on beds from virginity lost on beds of dreamtown.

From beds on dreamtown. Clouds above dreamtown that occasionally drown this house of writing, and I'm writing with the best of them here in this town, and I'm writing with the best of them here in this town, and I'm writing with two or three clutches and cigarette smoke lungs and ashtrays to do some work of good people in this here cowtown of astro physical stools brown with burnt sienna and cadmium yellow light bleaching my sight in the daytime. So, feel good about it in the daytime and do some good. Paint a red and blue physical astro niece stool sometime. And make it rhyme with fool in the daytime when nieces and nephew sit silently so in the daytime watching the news with their dad's so the ugly world, the beautiful worlds of dreaming and seething to and fro beneath the beauty of some gal can go on and on or some pal go on and on with some gal go on and on with some pals to the store at nighttime to get cigarettes and smoke them on back porches to music and crickets going back and forth and wolves

marching in minds upon cliffs in Anchorage where the earth quakes while cars go boom and zoom around potholes in the streets of dreamtown. And Yellow Stone National Park was fun when I was a kid seeing and climbing and integrating with natives in lands that are ancient as can be. Arches of golden reefs at Christmas time imbue nature's way here in this town because old buildings crumble at night when the heat is left on and doors get entered when locks aren't turned and car doors get broken into when turned into astro niece cars on blocks with other cars zooming by them so be careful when exiting onto crazy streets and beats with engines zooming by in the daytime. Because fools with lazy attitudes, bums with attitudes get confused while writing and one rhyming scheme gets highjacked by speed in the daytime while writing of weed at nighttime smoked from soda cans and paranoia still exists in the daytime and the nighttime when marijuana is illegal and all is legal when morals are at stake and that's why Potterson called us Outlaws once upon a time and even though he doesn't take credit I wrote about it sometime one summer to take back the credit from outdated fools on coffee in the Summers.

And the artist is a strange creature who has no place to fall says Bob Dylan but I know of two or three couches in this place that could just as well be called love seats in the daytime and nighttime. And Tony Mitchell once had sex in my bathroom while I did it on a cot in the studio because you had to make your way the best you could in those days. And without a place of your own to call home you did the best you could and thank god I didn't have a place of my own then because like other impregnated girls at night I might have burned them all or impregnated girls with spice of life in the nighttime only to remain a young man in the day. So I've done it my way at nighttime's calling of balling young women and dropped them like bad habits in the day and picked them up carefully with two arms in the nighttimes past, in the daytimes past. So, on this Last Saturday Night on Earth I'd like to shout out to two or three because when free I get greedy at nighttime and attempt to pull love and drugs in my direction then and I've been capitalized on before and dropped like a bad habit upon the entry from the door to the studio's grey

floor and couch in the nighttime. And yes, I do have a favorite tonight but it changes sometimes when behavior is a blight or theology is a blight or whatever decides morals in this world of ours. Perhaps it's a blend of the two and I'd like to add a third to that mix, art is the highest on the shelf for me and you might try acknowledging that and clap or snap upon hearing it in the nighttime!

And I still haven't called my buddy on the phone because it's days later and I haven't yet ended this rhyming poem or eaten enough food to yet get into too much of a meaty brood with food and dudes yelling at me to say this thing or that thing and trust me you may think we have power but we don't. At least not when sitting behind a studio of power getting shit on by birds in the evening after cursing birds in the evening and this ain't no lying story of truth. And meaning gets slurred and soup becomes piss, and this is but a joke on them all for making us feel small in the daytime. And you might feel as though you are winning but it's one step at a time and winning is but a desire and success is but a dire winning in the dreams of dreamtown. And was I to hold this dream up high like fireworks in this sky Dylan may just spend some time on 5th Street and dimes with us singing and playing harmonica but he did his dirt already and spent his time already chiming and diming and dining in restaurants on 10th Street and pennies, so as he enters this chimney song or not tonight, may he leave the gift of song on the hearts of strong men and women in the night's air. And I will tell you this one last truth tonight, your song is only highjacked if you let it be by the ancient past. So, won't you rather let it last and wrap those presents in your own way with your own two hands and stand up with ease or with a sneeze and broken back after hanging those bulbs side by side with your two eyes that glow in the snow and elevate your lady's dress with imaginations in the daytime!

And every day I'm on trial. For shit like this here. And every day I stand trial, no matter how queer I am at the sight of jealous men with ladies who deserve better. And better is not just a word you toss around like pancakes on a stove-top, it's something I earned long ago by being myself in the day and the nighttime. And hey, hey, Todd Kreisel goes at nighttime when ladies roll up on him in the day without something to say to him. And I say hi, because who knows what the weather is truly like on the inside of them, like assholes and elbows bumping side by side in the nighttime or like assholes bumping into her in the daytime and nighttime all day like no one had a care to say that day. So, if I encounter that kind of torment, then the rain perhaps steps outside with myself and beautifies the skies of dreamtown at night.

Because I've been saved at least two times I know of by managers at a bar in this town. At least twice she has rescued me from the storms. And I sought shelter then in her clutches and from their clutches. And I turned to the water glass outside and said a prayer for night before the rain turned to ice between us in my glass. And maybe there's a secret between us, a secret place that I go to in the daytimes between her and I that one night I might go to for something better in the day.

Because I loved her, and I loved her ways. And beauty is that way sometimes, I'm guilty with the rhymes, condescending rhymes about her at nighttime. I write about her and her and it ebbs into the work, like sometimes I'm a jerk and at other times she twerks for me. And she is a jerk for looking at me in ways that I cannot resist at nighttime. Or I could be wrong about her in the days and nights made of stone between sheets alone on empty islands of stone grey sheets in beds at nighttime. But one night it will pan out for me in this dreamtown and perhaps it will be on this Last Saturday Night on Earth. Yes, with her on this Last Saturday Night on Earth. But Earth is just a part of it all, and Heaven sounds like just as much of a ball at nighttime when

I visit the muses in this here studio at night.
Either way, she'll be alright from me and
I wish I could explain myself better but on
this Last Saturday Night on Earth it will
have to wait.

On This Last Saturday Night on Earth I will
love with the best of them all. I will need with
the best of them all. I will consume with you and
her and I going to the bathrooms in dreamtown
all over the place. Amen.

And the homes will be in shelters of crumbling helter-
skelters no longer. The icing on cakes will grace our
faces for longer, for there will be the needs of young boys,
and girls then, with toys by them, and I will eat my cakes
and have them also. But I won't have kids without you around!

Because when you return a buck or two
in the snows of times you must run out on them to
see who's the best at the games of winning in
dreamtowns across this great and fascinating street
game of love, for the best of them is the best of them,
and that ain't no lie, McFly. Because hours persist as
they pop zits to the sound of glorious tunes on stereos of
this here place in the graces of all seasons. Given the
times. And who wouldn't, given the freedoms they should have!

Well, maybe some petite assholes gone bad from too
much sun on windy days, here in our dreamtowns, where
I live in streets paved of bricks and houses full of pricks.

And thank you for giving me the gift of this song
and I will repay you in time. But not with money
this time, or any times, or not with righteous scheming,
but with love. And to answer the question of several,
indeed, it comes down from above! So, watch from below
when it snows as we show. Draw a path around their hearts
to the stars with grace and back, to gaze and to stare off into
the nights with love, and then, into the mazes of graces and
distant gazes we Shall Go!