

Big Heater

by Tim G. Young

they got some heat here in the West
wash the paint right off your car
with that big heater way on fire
you better make steps to run and hide
reminds of a song called ball of confusion
but it wasn't about our fiery star
but about this blue satellite

this satellite having attracted
a rare cosmic cowboy able to sink his spurs
into us real good
all night long and
long past daytime

But not simple matter to achieve gallup
blue seems to want to remain in the same place
all the time
all the damn time

Hope can be the thought of movement towards something different
the movement of said satellite for instance
and ain't no doubt this is one hell of
a mind bending exceptional place
one hell of a

Been here a long time too
a long time
in case you didn't get that
just stand by a solid big old red rock
and breathe the air and watch
the millennia roll by like thunderheads
which then dance like primordial goop

deep inside a shiver

Hey remember when folks used to sit around campfires
and someone would strum a guitar and people
would all sing a song together
that was a pretty nice time
a memory in a music box
locked up

And it's great people are still singing today
even though it's a lot different
So easy to see kids sitting around
strumming on those electronic devices
singing, playing and
making up stuff
making stuff up
light on their faces

Out in the garage I got some beer stashed
sometimes I think it's just waiting for a party
to happen
if there was ever time to get out the invitations
put the pretzels in the bowl and such
It's gonna be a damn good time
but a little tricky keeping good chill
on all that beer
My momma and daddy, bless their souls,
would have been the first ones to arrive
but my mom would want a bourbon old fashioned
so the ice needs to be out and not forget to put it
away so there's some remains for more

Never did mind drinking on my own though
still do it all the time
especially when Mr. Sun slides the

covers over his head
Keeping most of that heat to his old self
is really all right with me
even though, you know I can still dig on the vitamin D thing

Don't get me wrong I'm still rooting for the
son of a bitch
be just too fucking cold without that big heater
I wouldn't even be able to scratch my little letters
into the dust on my electronic device
something damn attractive about them devices
So it gets crazy sometimes (with the dust)

If I had a basement I might keep some alcohol
down there too and maybe a couple or three of
some ripped out chrome and vinyl bar stools from some ice cream
counter
when I was a kid (Bryers)
my dad would have saved them for me
and attempted to fix them

But at this point I'm just glad I had enough
sense to come in out of the soaring temps
my brain likes a creative cook but doesn't like to cook itself
into a stew not meant to be

