Saturday Matinees on Hastings Street

When we were children the world
of dreams was one of violent retribution:
Saturday afternoon chases with Roy Rogers
or Gene Autry or Hopalong Cassidy
and we thundered hundreds of miles
across desolate wasteland worlds we saw
only Saturdays and at night. On swift horses,
gleaming white steeds that caught the raging sun
or honey-golden palominos, we ran to ground
the villains, the unshaven and unscrupulous
who spurred with fury their lathery nags
to that inevitable weekly confrontation
where they paid for their sins
and were soundly whipped once more
to the bawls and howls
of our justice-seeking hearts.

But now when I redream that child's world
the one I moved with ease through then
that was so very much a part of me
though I never thought of it then
I remember only the trappings of that world
and can't redream the silent thunder
of the blood that flushed me through
that weekly chase and showdown
that seized my heart, and the six
ensuing days our pulses needed to abate
and then begin again the slow ascent
to Saturday afternoon to catapult us
from low roofs to saddles and send us
whirling across those bleak landscapes
to another triumph over darkness.

— Glen Sorestad