Typical Saturday Night

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol15/iss1/26
Upon moving to Kalamazoo, I was in a state of confusion. I only remained in contact with Craig and Karl, but they were elsewhere. My roommate didn’t arrive until a few days after I did. Meanwhile, the winter weather worsened (the worst in recent memory, some said). The weather kept everyone inside and I found it challenging to meet new people right away. I sat in the room with only my acoustic guitar giving me something to do. It seemed to be the only way I could purge the loneliness.

It wasn’t more than a few days after I moved that Craig called again. He heard from his mother that the Grind had closed down. The owner ran out on the lease and the landlord repossessed the building. It was too perfect and too poetic to ever happen again in my life. Now it’s a sandwich shop and I’m in a better place than I’ve ever been. But still, anytime I return to downtown Wyandotte, I have fleeting pangs of wonder and sick nostalgia. Not at what used to be, but at how small it seems now. I came back to get a glimpse of who I was then, but found that as time goes on, that person is harder and harder to find. But here, Joni has it right again: “Something’s lost and something’s gained, in living every day.” This sentiment never seemed so poignant yet so brutally obvious. But, maybe that’s what wisdom is. It tells you something you need to know but already do. Somewhere it’s there, just waiting for you to come to it when you’re ready.

TYPICAL SATURDAY NIGHT

Jackson Kocis

The Setting:
Dimly lit hovel
Dusty and content
Crowded table
Resting on cement

The Monologue:
Feed me death
Breathe, next
Swallow.
Forget, now
Ease into coma.
I’ll get there yet

The Question:
House of dereliction,
Where is your son?

The Sound:
Plastic rings sire the smell of yesterday’s perfume
Cracks, while the spire mothers a familiar tune:
‘Ah svidi dah dum,
Ah svidi dah dum’
Or something like that

The Soliloquy:
“And became the first time in a park.
The only thing you can get the best
That’s life in general, you know
Wind through a vacuum
And illumine a sliver of pine”

The Conclusion:
Let’s do it again sometime.