

# 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

