

Winter 1992

## Saturday Night Overtime

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John Davis

## Saturday Night Overtime

Rodney yells *Rat*, shoots  
nails with a clamping gun  
at a five-inch rat jumping  
onto our rails. I drop my door,  
bash after the rat with my mallet.

Five hundred rails cascade,  
crush redwood panels. Rodney shoots  
my feet and I'm dancing until the foreman  
chews us out, his left eye flinching  
like a turn signal. Between my earplugs  
I hum *Love it here, Love it here*, don't hear

a word the foreman says, his head  
shaking like a souped-up Dodge.  
I want to rob his pen, caricature  
his chin on a panel. The tape  
wound around his glasses is brown  
as the chew in his teeth. He X's

black ink across a work form,  
points to it with fingernails  
cracked like dried earth. Our foreman's  
so backlogged he can't fire us.

Twenty minutes and the rails are stacked.  
Rodney clamps, shoots me into dancing.

I'm gluing doors, watching the rat  
jump on the glue bucket, dance his Saturday dance.