Saturday Night Overtime

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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.