

**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*