

The Saturday Afternoon Western

Ma stab at this story's no worse than a dozen, similar stab stories: all just for nothin'.
And claiming the title of 'Stab of the Year' on the first days of January's, not a career.
Cause at 15-year-old yer not thinkin' clear,
Considerin' yer decisions, had you endin' up here!

Fiction, was the 'Saturday Afternoon Western',
a situation, following the Saturday mornin's animation.
Friction's, when you seem tae be in a 3D film of yer own creations – me against him, his
mate, and his mate's relations.

Pushed back tae a drop off due tae mass indecision,
the punch in the back was in fact, a dangerous and deepenin' incision.
Immediately, ma strength and abilities went in tae remission,
like ma sight, ma fight, and ma mind, had barely been visitin'.
Vulnerability was suddenly, ma most pressin' position.
Like the dream when yer chased and the strength in yer legs goes missin',
and ye can't understand why yer mind can't command
yer hearin', yer thoughts, or yer vision.

Back in the Western, in the room ah'd been sittin',
wae one punctured lung and a wound barely drippin',
the door opened wide, and the two polis burst in !

Then ma da, then ma mum,
and what could have become
- two grievin' parents, and a forever young son.

The polis spoke first - though it wasnae their turn!

Ah looked at mum's face where her tears wouldn't dry,
showing relief, mixed with fear and a vulnerable surprise,
that things went from nothin' to a thing of this size,
and that life could just change in the blink of her eyes.
As ah watched her tears drop, ah was soaked in the thought that the pain ah had brought,
whether ma fault or not, that ah'd never again see her shocked and distraught.

Wae the polis coercion tae relay the facts,
'bout identifying 'chib-boy', and the sequenced attacks,
then threatenin' and shouting when ah wouldn't grass,
Implying, ah was in control of the future and past,
sayin' "*when it happens again*", "*It's your fault the next time his victim is slain*"
Ah turned to ma dad tae answer their claim,
as his anger exploded 'til it swelled every vein,
and he turned on the polis like he wasnae the same!

When a looked a could see in the face of ma dad,
the love, and protection of a man for his lad,
so that everything after could never be bad,

'cause ah knew ma dad loved me - much more than ah had!

Though the public had stuck me tae the hilt of their blade,
the same public hadn't flinched, when they came to ma aid,
havin' stopped all the traffic to allow ma escape,
they'd kept shoutin' directions 'til they saw ah was saved.

The same public that ignored me, when ah said "Ah'm OK!"
(though ah'd used all ma breath and was driftin' away)
had remained in the ambulance, to jokingly say:

"Yer fine, son. Don't worry. You've had a rough day!"