

Practical Shooter Comes to Downers Grove

George Starbuck

They've took my Mach-10 Special.
They've took Dad's Remingtons.
When they get Bubba's, only
The in-laws will have guns.

Saturday night's a longshot
Contraption as it is.
A man without a Magnum's
A piece of agribiz.

He might as well push daisies
And model for a wreath
And pick a granite afghan
To cuddle up beneath.

You've seen the streets of Berwyn
In the county name of Cook.
We're talkin' cold survival.
We're talkin' donnybrook.

What if a drunk accosts you
And mouths an ethnic slur?
What if your wife takes refuge
And you catch up with her?

It's people that kill people,
An' people's bustin' west
Out of the inner suburbs
Like they was air-expressed.

It isn't just lost hardware
And that they got no right.
It's the humiliation.
You take last Tuesday night:

There in my bed, defenseless,
Woke up at three a.m.
And up the stair come footsteps.
It had to have been them.

I was a sitting target
Disarmed by liberals.
Ransacked my bedside table
And all I found was pills.

You see the situation?
You see the price of it?
A thousand drowsing suburbs
Just waitin' to be hit.

What if it had been baddies
And not Great Aunt Irene?
What if the one split-second
When they're behind the screen

And I'm where I can zero
Their shadow-image in
And they can't see who's pumpin'
Their bellies full of tin

Goes by, in dumb frustration,
While I'm still gropin' for
The family peacekeeper
That I ain't got no more?

I tell you there'd be henchmen
Emboldened by my death
Rampagin' into Downers
Before you get your breath.

(It takes a heap o' henchmen
To give them hophead hoods
The yellowdog bravado
To raid the neighborhoods.

It takes a heap o' henchmen
In winrows up the stairs
Now-and-then, to remind 'em
The country just ain't theirs.)

You think about your houses.
You think about your wives.
You think about the access
To ten-inch carving knives

And Lizzie Borden hat pins
And side arms of their own
Among the rougher classes.
Next time you hear the phone

Click off, because you answered
In your best Eastwood voice,
You think about it, Mister.
You only got one choice.

Stonewall 'em, like the heroes
And braves of long ago.
A man don't need a castle
To have an Alamo.