

Shall We Go into the Rose Room?

shall we go into the rose room?

you knock your brains out
if you have any to knock
and if not you knock at the door
knock knock
who's there?
nobody
nobody who?
nobody knows the trouble I know (but Jesus)
and nobody knows the trouble he knows

I refer to Jesus Lopez poor bastard
you all but kill yourself to make sense
to give it form style importance meaning
a nickel's worth of soup greens his mother said
at the Crystal Palace Market
there's another place shot to hell and dead
five minutes before closing time 1929
some of you kids weren't even born then
let alone poets unwilling to shave

you cross yourself like the silly fighter
before the fight who can't fight
because it's something nervous to do
and some say religious and looks good
and at the gong you rush across the ring
into the ropes for a loop the loop
for God's sake where's the other fighter?



WILLIAM SAROYAN

you find your feet and turn in time to know he's there
a hammering son of a bitch with eight arms
and fall flat on your face
Jesus Lopez a total disgrace
don't count Arthur the way I've fallen
I'm here today and I'm here tomorrow
tell my mother I thank her for her soup

you go away because they say away's O. K.
and where the money is and a chance to forget
but you can't forget you're still old Jesus Lopez
formerly the California Kid heart of a lion
but without the necessary jaws and teeth
my name is Juan Gabilan of noble lineage
Portugese Spanish North African and San Francisco
my father was killed in a duel I study faces
I find that all faces are in all races
I am opposed to war and think highly of fun
on pointed shoes I tango a little but am better at talk
I like to talk about everything and not just doom
I am looking for a wife to bear me a son
I'm ready if you are Ava Lana Marilyn Tomat
time permitting God willing and all like that

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