

CROCK'S BUCKET LIST

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CROCK'S BUCKET LIST

AT THE RISE

Center stage: A jail cell. CROCK alone, sitting on the bed, writing in a notebook.

CROCK

To himself, as he writes:

Goddammit.

I wish they never found my lethal injection.

How unfair of them.

People are queer.

Especially people who write.

Most especially people who write bucket lists.

On death row.

This is my Last Will and Testament.

I, David Matthew Crock, alias Crock Shit, alias Crock *of* Shit, or King of Shit, being of sound mind (Ha! Ha!),

and acting under no duress other than having to sit here waiting for my executioners,

do hereby make and publish this as my final bucket list,

revoking any and all previous bucket lists heretofore by me made; namely:

My life's purpose was to kill as many drug boys as I could.

And die for it, if I had to.

After getting at least twenty-one of them.

For one last meal. Monster's Ball and all. And revenge.

What's in a bucket list anyway?

Egotism.

Like flying a hot air balloon over the North Pole.

Or doing Carnival in Rio, wearing my favorite Argentine football jersey.

Or dancing Argentine tango with Kamala Harris.

Or visiting the Pope with Donald Trump.

Or climbing the Alps in a speedo.

Or bathing in Loch Ness.

Or Niagara Falls in a bathtub.

Or down Mt. Everest on a snowboard.

CROCK

Being in a biker flick with Beyoncé on a Harley hog.
Or Burning Man.
Or a Dead Sea Mule.
Or hiking through the Dead Sea Scrolls.
Or racing a cheetah.
Or snorkeling at a nude beach.
Building Barbie's castle out of pink sand.
Writing Stonehenge on a banjo.
Debating in the Roman Forum.
Or up a lazy river under Northern Lights.
Or Paris, camping next to the Moulin Rouge.
Route 66, Chicago to L A, driving a Tesla Cybertruck.
Playing Monster Chess with Elon Musk.
Dropping out of Harvard, or a Presidential election.
Parachuting over Mt. Vesuvius.
Drawing colored pictures for the Skull and Bones Society.
Water skiing on the Thames.
Learning Karate blindfolded.
Or Taekwondo.
Or Russian.
Or winning a Texas hold 'em tournament in Juárez.
Elephant hunting in Guadalajara.
Taking my horse to the old town road, and riding till I can't no more.
Face timing with Taylor Swift.
Or best yet: Houdini-ing my way out of this crappy jail cell.
Playing big time in a rock, reggae, soul, grunge, or psychedelic band.
Or die trying.
Except, Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, John Lennon,
Freddie Mercury, Bob Marley, Prince, Kurt Cobain, Syd Barrett, and Amy
Winehouse all beat me to it.

And when I feel that lethal dose,
I'll catch the last train for the coast,
with three men I admire the most:
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Singing: This'll be the day that I die.
This'll be the day, my sorry ass dies.

Davy.
Davy Crock Shit.
King of the last frontier.

CROCK puts his notebook down on the bed, thinks a moment, and then picks it up again to write one last thing.

CROCK

Goodbye and Amen.

END