

Joe Wheeler

by Chad Smith

Oh dear Joe Wheeler,

Show stopper, the deft scene stealer
I hope, I hope I can remember the lines
Only now do I understand the signs
Veteran, master, mentor, sage
A mystic meant for a different age

Bearded massage parlors of dissonance
Whittle away hours for a few dollars and cents
How's Donna? Say hello to Terry
Carpool miles jammed traffic will bury
Talks of rebellion ride in the patrol
Sit at our stations as the work day takes it's toll

Come now drunken Santa, make merry rhyme
Fumbling the muse, I'm the poet this time
Now on the stage of my history
You kept the spinning of words a mystery
Irradiated poet nuclear poems you make
But now from you the words I will take

