

Watson's Pharmacy / Soda Fountain

Watson's, end of an era for sure, what's this 1890's craze, pharmacies with fountains.

Acid phosphate, chocolate syrup, a tall glass, continuous stirring, don't forget the seltzer, guaranteed to cure.

The place after the big game says the Class of 47'. Many first dates blossoming into countless anniversaries.

End of an era you say, street rods, poodle skirts, burgers and malts now the way.

A last-minute gift, late night prescriptions to fill, a meal to go.

Hate to see it all go, simple economics, it's the numbers you know.

The jeers, the cheers, everyone wants you to stay, but, oh those changes.

Cheaper please, a coupon I will find, please don't go! "It's just not the same they exclaim."

You moved the soda jerk! Why-oh-why? My-oh-my, too modern you see, just ask meeee.

"Save it we beg, bring it to code, history preserved, save it we will." "It's just not the same, they exclaim."

New booths, matching stools, all so smooth, "hey, where's that juke box you have moved?"

New faces, new managers, new chefs, figure it out, "hey, where's my stout?"

Many have asked, few agree, is it a plaza or a circle we see?

Barber next door, observer of much change, 1991 staked a claim.

His 50th a Watson gala, chauffeured by Sam's 56' Packard Patrician, a fine motor car.

Precious wife rented the place, entertained by Elvis, 2005, what a birthday surprise.

Barber too has encountered a few, welcomed to town, handshake denied by Clarke as he barked,

"I've heard about you, no traditional pole that swirls of blue. Those prices he shrilled, no 2 bits for you!"

Everyone pleads, nostalgia we want, yesterday prices we need, juggle those rents if you please.

The community weeps, why-oh-why, a cash register answers my-oh-my.

"That remodel they exclaim, too much change, service too slow, please don't go!"

The city proclaimed, No Music, No Happy-Not Any Hour, Street Fairs' not for you they claim!

Re-paint the building again you must, compare the swatch, a fuss we must.

Save it we beg, bring it to code, history preserved, save it he tried. "It's just not the same all exclaim."

Keller Watson heard the same, frontage seized for an extra lane. "It's just not the same."

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Tim Kistler

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