

## *This man Joe*

*Within the shade of Gilbert's spire,  
In earshot of its mellow choir,  
There toils a man without a foe,  
A pharmacist whose name is Joe.*

*In come the sick, in come the poor,  
With common purpose for a cure  
And cures they get for every ill,  
With lotions, potions, capsules, pills.*

*Plus free advice about the soul,  
Heartburn, weeds and birth control.  
Bikes and banjos, fleas and ink  
And how to clear a blocked up sink.*

*Music, migraine, finer arts,  
Belly grumbles, gas and tarts,  
Amputation and incision,  
Astronomy and television,*

*Love and methods of hypnosis,  
Skin grafts, lipstick and psychosis,  
Warts and moles, pigmented lumps.  
Cricket, corncobs, dental stumps.*

*Precious perfumes, cosmic rays,  
Languages, dramatic plays,  
A sunset or sweet-scented roses,  
And Marilyn's artistic poses.*

*In come the halt, the maimed, the blind,  
And categories undefined,  
With heavy hearts and tales of woe,  
To patient, understanding Joe.*

*Then out they trip, with lightsome mind,  
With all their worries left behind,  
To see things in their true perspective,  
Joe's tonics words are most effective.*

*Oh, what a man, and what a staff,  
Cheerful with a ready laugh,  
Mary, Nancy, Bella Ross,  
Like satellites around their boss,*

*Courteous and efficiently,  
Tending our needs whate'er they be.  
So if you're passing, in you go,  
You'll learn a lot from this man, Joe.*

*A poem by Chris Murray, of Dornoch, paying  
tribute to a local pharmacist, Joe Whickham.*