

Wurlitzer's

by Simon Foster

I am nine years old
A Golden retriever
With a bit of something else
I had been on a walk
Home, I and master arrived
I lapped the water
He was getting his dinner
I like to watch him
So I sat down upright
Paying attention
Then he went to something
Like a small robot
Combined with a toaster
He put a flying saucer in it
Then the YUK noise
Not to him though!
He kept putting it on repeat
What was that?
It made him all smiles
Merrily accompanying dinner
I found out!
It was a 'CD'
Of a thing called
Wurlitzer organ
He loved the melodies
Reminded him
Of Castro Theatre
In San Francisco
They have one too
Thank goodness my dog ears
Droop, they hang down
To blot out the noise
Master likes it though
At least he walked me
Fed me, watered me
Small price to pay
For the Wurlitzer hell
Or too high a price!
He knows from my look
He knew from my posture
This dog is not amused
When Wurlitzer organ
Accompanies dinner!