

Vacant Space

*On Saturdays when I was lad of six,
My dad would take the family to town,
For Mom to shop and send us kids to flix,
Like other country folk from all around.*

*And where, twixt stores, there was a vacant space,
A flatbed truck or wagon would there park,
And on each vehicle a man would pace,
And benefits of his elixir bark;*

*From gout and other aches, relief of pain;
For restful sleep, and maybe longer life;
Improve recall, eye sight and also gain
A lot more stamina to please the wife.*

*Of course crowds gathered round to buy:
Elixirs, tinctures, tonics, balms unguents—
And I till now, had thought them rubes to try
The patent medicines from such sly gents.*

*But ancient peoples also sought the same,
For these ills plague all as age slows our pace,
And so the charlatans still play the game,
But now mass media is the vacant space.*

Robert K. Goddard ©

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