

Oh Joe
you and your Dojo



born in Quincy, an only child
with a big heart, the manner mild

grew up to have many brothers,
Jack, Gary, Greg, Jim, Phil, Curt and others.

to Denver they all crawled
to me, the River Rats they were called

hey, hey, my, my
rock and roll can never die

the long haired teacher he became
the dome house he would claim

camping, canoeing, cooking, and canning
the Rhodesian Ridgebacks he was commanding

having nieces and nephews he so treasured
it may be Penny who kept him so tempered

there's more to the picture than meets the eye
hey, hey, my, my

creating colorful gardens of veggies and flowers
he had the guns for those zombie prowlers

his rum and diet pepsi were ready for the hootenanny
with the smirk he delivered that was uncanny

this old world keeps spinnin' 'round
it's a wonder tall trees ain't layin' down

there comes a time, there comes a time

a methodical, smart, warm, thoughtful and introspective man
who aimed a bow 'n arrow like he was Batman

savoring his solitude out in redneck country
fiddling with turquoise in-lay and his Chai tea
valuing art and creepy green smoothies

radical about his home and work duties

there's more to the picture than meets the eye
hey, hey, my, my

buddhas, swords, plants and a heated floor
many different women he would allure

reading and martial arts were deep loves
and he also enjoyed the cannabis drugs

cooking channels ruled over football Sundays
cruising the Green River in a sarong on those days

cherishing his acreage oasis in the boonies
sauntering along to the driveway gate as a coolie

wishing he could have made it to retirement
watching sunsets on his deck into enlightenment

even with strong opinions that didn't agree
in my heart Joe, you will always be.

once you're gone, you can't come back
when you're out of the blue and into the black

sure hope there's a band playing in your head
and you're always a little bit high

