

POET ACT

We're having an election,
So it's time for our reflection.
This year we have three choices,
Though only two have voices:

There's the guy who squandered billions,
And the guy who married millions.
Do we vote for the flip-flopper,
Or the guy who told a whopper?

Did we wage a war on terror,
Or was it all in error?
Is free speech a great tradition,
Or is dissent sedition?

When the Texan blew the surplus,
Did he do it all on purpose?
Was it only his intention
To put Saddam in detention?

It sound's a bit sophomoric,
But the present is historic.
Will each candidate deceive us,
Or will our choice relieve us?

Should we care about the matter, all
The damage is collateral?
Are their words all mass deception,
Or is it my reception?

Can a man be patriotic
When his speech is vitriolic?
Was Iraq liberated,
Or is it occupied?

And what about Osama?
Sure and he's no Dalai Lama.
Has he gone to Heaven
With his AK-47?

It might sound like strict construction,
But the weapons of destruction,
Have managed to elude us,
So why does George delude us?

And sure there's no enjoyment
To think of unemployment.
Do we have the endurance
To live without insurance?

Outsourcing's no solution
Unless you count pollution.
Our homeland's now a safe fort,
We go barefoot at the airport.

Is the President a liar?
How was Kerry under fire?
Can you claim you're presidential
When your record's only dental?

Dare we go from bad to worse,
Or should we only stay the curse?
Will the tally be a swift vote?
And what about the Swift boat?

Though our state is not a battleground,
We weary of their strident sound.
And if either we decide on,
Can a touch screen be relied on?

By the time the polls are closing,
We will know we took a hosing.
This just in –
No one will win.

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The author is a Rockefeller Republican, who never
ate his young, supports a woman's choice, and is
wary of political dynasties.