

# Politicouscous II

*by Gary Hardaway*

## **Charlie Krauthammer**

He looks, on Fox,  
like something once  
embalmed and buried  
resurrected as an  
entertainment- grotesque  
caricature of the human.  
Re-inter that rotted corpse.

## **Field Test for the Class War**

"It'll take any finish clean off."  
He saturated the red cotton cloth  
and rubbed the Obsidian Black Metallic  
down to steely gray base metal  
in an arched brow just above the left headlight  
then balanced it out above the right headlight.  
The shiny SLK looked surprised.  
"See? Gone. Graffiti of erasure."

## **Same Shit, Different Era**

In which era was it not a scary world?  
Last century, the perils were both red and yellow  
after Jerry was undone. Now, they're brown  
and cross, without respect, the Rio Grande  
and, further west, less visible arid boundaries.  
None propose a fence across the north. I daresay  
it's Canucks that steal the best new jobs.

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Of course, we have the yellow peril still,  
inscrutable new wave capitalists  
mucking up the flow of cash and trinkets,  
picking up the slack from chastened Tokyo.  
The red that's most declaimed today is mostly ink  
though, damn, that dark-skinned POTUS looks  
a little pinkish when the light shines from the right

### **Philanthropy**

Please, don't add another wing  
to the DMA or seed-fund a public park  
as a young son's namesake. Build  
a non-predatory grocery store where  
working poor can catch a break  
from bleached pork and chicken  
with an altered expiration date.  
Build a widget works in Youngstown  
or Waxahachie. Do what you claim  
to have done amassing the wealth  
it takes to add a breast cancer pavilion  
to Presbyterian and take a real risk  
of only breaking even where  
forsaken siblings loiter, stunned and stoned.

### **Accelerate Extinction**

Vote for Mitt  
and let them just  
get on with it -  
the short last chapter  
in the horrifying

Book of Man.  
Drill baby drill  
so we can  
burn baby burn  
and taste Atlantic salt  
silent on a hill  
near Nashville.  
They have a plan  
and he's their man  
with head and breast  
of ready clay  
easy to mold  
whichever way  
the Kochs and Roves  
might say is best.

