

A toast to politicians

by Kevin Myrick

So you tell me that the world is crumbling,
That the whole this is grinding to a halt.
It seems that politicians are grumbling,
Looking for who might be at fault.

Let me tell you that's a doozie,
Makes me feel all dumb and woozie - especially since they're no
better
Than a pack of dirty Floozies.

I might not be much a rhyming man,
For I went to college in these Southern lands.
But I'll tell you this about this world: it ain't changin',
It still looks like a turd.

So here's a toast I give you this eve,
To politicians who are so naive.

To politicians who think things will stop,
When they finally let slip and drop -
this government of ours we call
The ultimate power of them all.

They who think this spinning earth -
Our planet blue and green and full of dearth -
Shall stop its rotation on its axis
For nothing more than a room full of asses.

Here's to you noble politician,
who seems to me has no ambition.
For while you get paid for doing nothing,
The rest of us will be out doing something.

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Hallelujah! Let's drink some Jack!
To politicians, who don't do jack.

