

Hail To the Chief!

By Robin Lipinski

Ivory pillars of power,
Over shadowed by the blackness of night,
Holding the weight of the world in their hands.

Puppets with no master,
Still,
Puppets who can make you bleed with their sharp splinters of stupidity only mindless dolts of wood possess.

Look at them smile,
Taxpayer bought and paid teeth,
Chewing on the cud of comfort while others swelter in the late summer heat.

Tired and haggard,
So much time walking the job beat,
Cut off at the ankles,
Then the knees,
Gutted belly,
Slit throat,
Until only the finger remains.

This is for you in Washington,
You who call yourself the Countries Federal Family Friends,
As an American worker drowning in your mess,
My middle finger sticks out,
Until the end.

The End