

# Hello Earl

By Robin Lipinski

The little squirrel pushing his winter supply of nuts into my mind.  
They read your mind, with their plastic signs acts of congress with every  
Clinger wanting a piece of the pie.  
Hopeful masses expressing a molded view bought and paid for by  
TV, never mind the consequences when the power goes out.  
Their answer is simple, "vote for me," or wipe.

The End